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THE HAUNTED GLEN.

# MONTES, THE MATADOR.

BY A REMARKABLE MAN.

A FIRST ATTEMPT AT STORY-TELLING.

FROM THE 'FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.'



**Y**ES! I'm better, and the doctor tells me I've escaped once more—as if I cared! . . . And all through the fever you came every day to see me, so my niece says, and brought me that cool drink that drove the heat away and let me sleep. You thought, I suppose, like the doctor, that I'd escape you, too. Ha! ha! And that you'd never hear old Montes tell what he knows of bull-fighting and you don't. Or perhaps it was kindness; though why you, a foreigner and a heretic, should be kind to me, God knows.

The doctor says I've not got much more life in me, and you're going to leave Spain within the week—within the week, you said, didn't you? Well, then, I don't mind telling you the story.

Thirty years ago I wanted to tell it often enough, but I knew no one I could trust. After that fit passed I said to myself I'd never tell it; but as you're going away, I'll tell it to you, if you swear by the Virgin you'll never tell it to anyone, at least until I'm dead. You'll swear, will you, easily enough? they all will; but as you're going away, it's much the same! Besides, you can do nothing now; no one can do anything; they never could have done anything. Why, they wouldn't believe you if you told it to them, the fools! My story will teach you more about bull-fighting than Frasuelo or Mazzantini, or—yes, Lagartijo knows. Weren't there Frasuelo and Mazzantini in my day? Dozens of them? You could pick one Frasuelo out of every thousand labourers if you gave him the training and the practice, and could keep him away from wine and women. But a Montes is not to be found every day, if you searched all Spain for one. What's the good of bragging? I never bragged when I was at work; the thing done talks—louder than words. Yet I think no one has ever done the things I used to do. For I read in a paper once an account of a thing I often did, and the writer said 'twas incredible. Ha, ha! incredible to the Frasuelos and Mazzantinis and the rest, who can kill bulls and are called *espadas*. Oh, yes! bulls so tired out they can't lift their heads. You didn't guess when you were telling me about Frasuelo and Mazzantini that I knew them. I knew all about both of them before you told me. I knew their work, though I've not been within sight of a ring for more than thirty years. Well, I'll tell you my story: I'll tell you my story—if I can.

The old man said the last words as if to himself in a low voice, then sank back in the arm-chair, and for a time was silent. Let me say a word or two about myself and the circumstances which led me to seek out Montes. I had been in Spain off and on a good deal, and had taken from the first a great liking to the people and country; and no one can love Spain and the Spaniards without becoming interested in the bull-ring—the sport is so characteristic of the people, and in itself so exciting. In earnest I had set myself to study it, and when I came to know the best bull-fighters—Frasuelo, Mazzantini, and Lagartijo, and heard them talk of their trade, I began to understand what skill and courage, what qualities of eye and hand and heart, this game demands. Through my love of the sport I came to hear of Montes. He had left so great a name that thirty years after he had disappeared from the scene of his triumphs, he was still spoken of not infrequently. He would perhaps have been better remembered had the feats attributed to him been less astounding. It was Frasuelo who told me that Montes was still alive, and living in Ronda.

Montes? I can tell you about Montes! You mean the old *espadu* who, they say, used to kill the bull in its first rush into the ring—as if any one could do that! I can tell you about him. He must have been clever, for an old *aficionado* I know him. He swears no one of us is fit to be in his *cuadrilla*. Those old fellows are all like that, and I don't believe half they tell about Montes. I daresay he was good enough in his day, but there are just as good men now as ever there were. When I was in Ronda, four years ago, I went to see Montes. He lives out of the town in a nice little house all alone, with one woman he attend to him, a niece of his, they say. You know he was born in Ronda; but he would not talk to me; he only looked at me and laughed—the little, lanie, conceited one! You don't believe then, in spite of what they say, that he was better than Lagartijo or Mazzantini, for instance? No, I don't. Of course, he must have known more than they do, and that wouldn't be difficult, for neither of them knows much. Mazzantini is a good *matador* because he's very tall and strong, and that gives him an advantage. For that, too, the women like him, and when he makes a mistake and has to try again, he gets forgiven. It wasn't so when I began. There were *aficionados* then, and if you made a mistake they began to jeer, and you were soon pelted out of the ring. Now the crowd knows nothing and is no longer content to follow those who do know. . . . Lagartijo? Oh! he's very quick and daring, and the women and boys like that, too. But he's ignorant; he knows nothing about a bull. Why, he's been wounded oftener in his five years than I in my twenty! And that's a pretty good test. . . . Montes must have been clever, for he's very small, and I shouldn't think he was ever very strong, and then he was lame almost from the beginning, I've heard. I've no doubt he could teach the business to Maz-

zantini or Lagartijo, but that's not saying much. . . . He must have made a lot of money to be able to live on it ever since. And they didn't pay as high then, or even when I began as they do now!

So much I knew about Montes when, in the spring of 188—, I rode from Seville to Ronda, fell in love with the place at first sight, and resolved to stop at Polos' inn for some time. Ronda is built, as it were, upon an island tableland high above the sea-level, and is ringed about by still higher ranges of mountains. It is one of the most peculiar and picturesque places in the world. A river runs almost all round it, and the sheer cliffs fall in many places three or four hundred feet, from the tableland to the water, like a wall. No wonder that the Moors held Ronda after they had lost every other foot of ground in Spain! Taking Ronda as my headquarters, I made almost daily excursions, chiefly on foot, into the surrounding mountains. On one of these I heard again of Montes. A peasant with whom I had been talking and who was showing me a short cut back to the town, suddenly stopped and said, pointing to a little hut perched on the mountain-shoulder in front of us, 'From that house you can see Ronda! That's the house, where Montes, the great *matador*, was born,' he added, evidently with some pride. Then and there the conversation with Frasuelo came back to my memory, and I made up my mind to find Montes out and have a talk with him. I went to his house, which lay just outside the town, next day with the *abuelo*, who introduced me to him and then left us. The first sight of the man interested me. He was short—about five feet three or four in height, of well-knit, muscular frame. He seemed to me to have Moorish blood in him. His complexion was very dark and tanned; the features clean-cut; the nose sharp and inquisitive; the nostrils astonishingly mobile; the chin and jaws clearly defined and as white as his hair and thick moustache were snow-white, and this together with the deep wrinkles on the forehead and around the eyes and mouth, gave him an appearance of great age. He seemed to move, too, with extreme difficulty, his lameness, as he afterwards told me, being complicated by rheumatism. But when one looked at his eyes the appearance of age vanished. They were large and dark, and rather long and round; nothing wonderful, one would have said at first sight. But when he became excited the eyes suddenly grew round and became intensely lustrous. The effect was startling. It seemed as if all the vast vitality in the man had taken refuge in those wonderful gleaming orbs; they radiated courage and energy and intellect. Then as his mood changed the light would leave the eyes and they would assume their usual shape, the little, old, wizened, wrinkled face setting down into its ordinary, sharp, ill-tempered, wearied expression. There was so much in the face, such courage, such melancholy, such keen intelligence, that in spite of an anything but flattering reception I returned again and again to the house. One day his niece told me Montes was in bed, and from her description I judged he was suffering from an ordinary attack of malarial fever. This the doctor who attended him, and whom I knew, confirmed. Naturally enough I did what I could for the old man, and so it came about that after his recovery he received me with kindness, and at last made up his mind to tell me the story of his life.

'I may as well begin at the beginning,' Montes went on. 'I was born near here about sixty years ago. You thought I was older. Don't deny it. I saw the surprise in your face! But it's true; in fact, I am not yet, I think, quite sixty. My father was a peasant with a few acres of land of his own and a cottage.'

'I know it, I said. 'I saw it the other day.'

'Then you may have seen on the farther side of the hill the pasture-ground for cattle which was my father's chief possession. It was good pasture; very good. My mother was of a better class than my father; she was the daughter of the chemist in Ronda; she could read and write, and she did read, I remember, whenever she could get the chance, which wasn't often, with her four children to take care of—three girls and one boy—and the house to look after. We all loved her, she was so gentle; and then she told us wonderful stories; but I think I was her favourite. You see I was the youngest and a boy, and women are like that! My father was hard—at least I thought him so, and feared rather than loved him; but the girls got on better with him. He never talked to me as he did to them. My mother wanted me to go to school and become a priest. She had taught me to read and write by the time I was six. But my father would not hear of it. "If you had had three boys and one girl," I remember him saying to her once, "you could have done what you liked with this one." But as there is only one boy, he must work and help me." So by the time I was nine I used to go off down to the pasture and watch the bulls all day long. For though the herd was a small one—only about twenty head—it required to be constantly watched. The cows were attended to in an enclosure close to the house. It was my task to mind the bulls in the lower pasture. Of course I had a pony, for such bulls in Spain are seldom approached, and cannot be driven by a man on foot. I see you don't understand. But it's simple enough. My father's bulls were of good stock, savage and strong; they were always taken for the ring, and he got high prices for them. He generally managed to sell three *novillos* and two bulls of four years old each year. And there was no bargaining, no trouble; the money was always ready for that class of

animal. All day long I sat on my pony, or stood near it, minding the bulls. If any of them strayed too far, I had to go and get him back again. But in the heat of the day they never moved about much, and that time I turned to use by learning the lessons my mother gave me. So a couple of years passed. Of course in that time I got to know our bulls pretty well; but it was a remark of my father which first taught me that each bull had an individual character, and which first set me to watch them closely. That must have been in the two previous years. This summer I learned more than in the two previous years. My father, though he said nothing to me, must have noticed I'd gained confidence in dealing with the bulls; for one night, when I was in bed, I heard him say to my mother—"The little fellow is as good as a man now!" I was proud of his praise, and from that time on I set to work to learn everything I could about the bulls. . . . By degrees I came to know every one of them—better far than I ever got to know men or women later! Bulls, I found, were just like men, only simpler and kinder; some were good-tempered and honest, others were sulky and cunning. There was a black one which was wild and hot-tempered, but at bottom good, while there was one almost as black, with light horns and flanks, which I never trusted. The other bulls didn't like him. I could see they didn't; they were all afraid of him. He was cunning and suspicious, and never made friends with any of them; he would always eat by himself far away from the others—but he had courage, too; I knew that as well as they did. He was sold that very summer with the black one for the ring in Ronda. One Sunday night, when my father and eldest sister (my mother would never go to *los toros*) came back from seeing the game in Ronda, they were wild with excitement, and began to tell the mother how one of our bulls had caught the *matador* and tossed him, and how the *chulos* could scarcely get the *matador* away. Then I cried out, "I know 'twas Judas" (so I had christened him), and so I saw my father's look of surprise I went on confusedly, "the bull with the white horns I mean. Juan, the black one wouldn't have been clever enough!" My father only said, "The boy's right," but my mother drew me to her and kissed me, as if she were afraid. . . . Poor mother! I think even then she knew or divined something of what came to pass later.

'It was the next summer, I think, my father first found out how much I knew about the bulls. It came in this way. There hadn't been much rain in the spring, the pasture, therefore, was thin, and that, of course, made the bulls restless. In the summer the weather was unsettled—spells of heat and then thunderstorms—till the animals became very excitable. One day, there was thunder in the air I remember, they gave me a great deal of trouble and that annoyed me for I wanted to read. I had got to a very interesting tale in the story-book my mother had given me on the day our bulls were sold. The story was about Cervantes—ah, you know the man I mean, the great writer! Well, he was a great man, too. The story told of how, when he escaped from the Moors over there in Algiers and got back to Cadiz, a widow came to him to find out if he knew her son, who was also a prisoner. And when she heard that Cervantes had seen her son working in chains she bemoaned her wretchedness and poverty until the heart of Cervantes melted with pity, and at last he said to her, "Come, mother, be hopeful, in one month your son shall be here with you." And then the book told of how Cervantes went back to slavery, and how glad the Bey was to get him again, for he was very clever; and how he asked the Bey, as he had returned of his free will, to send the widow's son home in his stead; and how the Bey consented.

That Cervantes was a man. Well, I was reading the story, and I believed every word of it, as I do still, for no ordinary person could invent that sort of tale; and I grew very much excited and wanted to know all about Cervantes. But as I could only read slowly before I could get to the end. While I was reading as hard as ever I could, my father came down on foot and caught me. He hated to see me reading—I don't know why; and he was angry and struck at me. As I avoided the blow and got away from him, he pulled up the picket line, and got on my pony to drive one of the bulls back to the herd. I have thought since he must have been very much annoyed before he came down and caught me. For though he knew a good deal about bulls, he didn't show it then. My pony was too weak to carry him easily, yet he acted as if he had been well mounted. For as I said, the bulls were hungry and excited, and my father should have seen this and driven the bull back quietly and with great patience. But no; he wouldn't let him back even for a moment. At last the bull turned on him. My father held the good fairly against his neck, but the bull came on just the same, and the pony could scarcely get out of the way in time. In a moment the bull turned and prepared to rush at him again. My father sat still on the little pony and held the good; but I knew that was no use; he knew it too; but he was angry and wouldn't give in. At once I ran in between him and the bull, and then called to the bull, and went slowly up to him where he was shaking his head and pawing the ground. He was very angry, but he knew the difference between us quite well, and he let me come close to him without rushing at me, and then just shook his head to show me he was angry, and soon began to feed quietly. In a moment or two I left him and went back to my father. He had got off the pony and was white and trembling, and he said,

"Are you hurt?"

"And I said laughing, "No; he didn't want to hurt me. He was only showing off his temper."

"And my father said, "There's not a man in all Spain that could have done that. You know more than I do—more than anybody!"

'After that let me do as I liked, and the next two years were very happy ones. First came the marriage of my second sister; then the eldest one was married, and they were both good matches. And the bulls sold well, and my father had less to do, as I could attend to the whole herd by myself. . . . Those were two good years! My mother seemed to love me more and more every day, and praised me for doing all the lessons she gave me; and I had more and more time to study as the herd got to know me better and better. . . . My only sorrow was that I had never seen the bulls in the ring. But when I found my father was willing to take me, and 'twas mother who wanted me not to go, I put up with that, too, and said nothing, for I loved her greatly. . . . Then of a sudden came the sorrow. It was in the late winter, just before my fifteenth

birthday. I was born in March, I think. In January my mother caught cold, and as she grew worse my father fetched the doctor, and then her father and mother came to see her, but nothing did any good. In April she died. . . . I thought I should die too.

After her death my father took to grumbling about the food and house and everything. Nothing my sister could do was right. . . . I believe she only married in the summer, because she couldn't stand his constant blame. At any rate she married badly, a good-for-nothing who had twice her years, and who ill-treated her continually. A month or two later my father, who must have been fifty, married again, a young woman, a labourer's daughter without a *duro*. . . . He told me he was going to do it, for the house needed a woman. I suppose he was right. But I was too young then to take such things into consideration, and I had loved my mother. When I saw his new wife I did not like her, and we did not get on well together.

Before this, however, early in the summer that came after the death of my mother, I went for the first time to see a bull-fight. My father wanted me to go, and my sister, too, so I went. I shall never forget that day. The *chulos* made me laugh, they skipped about and took such extra good care of themselves; but the *banderilleros* interested me. They worked cleverly, and with the courage that I saw at once; but after they had planted the *banderillas* twice, I knew how it was done, and felt I could do it just as well or better. For the third or fourth *banderillero* made a mistake! He didn't even know out of which eye the bull was looking at him; so he got frightened, and did not plant the *banderillas* fairly. Indeed, one was on the side of the shoulder and the other didn't even stick in! As for the *picadores*, they didn't interest me at all. There was no skill or knowledge in their work. It was for the crowd, who like to see blood and who understand nothing. Then came the turn of the *espada*. Ah! that seemed fine to me. He knew his work I thought at first, and his work evidently required knowledge, skill, courage, strength—everything! I was intensely excited, and when the bull, struck to the heart, fell prone on his knees and the blood gushed from his nose and mouth, I cheered and cheered till I was hoarse. But before the games were over, that very first day, I saw more than one *matador* make a mistake. At first I thought I must be wrong, but soon the event showed I was right. For the *matador* hadn't even got the bull to stand square when he tried his stroke and failed. Ah, I see you don't know what that means—"to stand square?"

"Yes," I answered, "I do partly, but I don't see the reason of it. Will you explain?"

"Well," Montes answered, "it's very simple. You see, so long as the bull's standing with one hoof in front of the other, his shoulder-blades almost meet, as when you throw your arms back and your chest out; that is, they don't meet, but the space between them is not as regular, and therefore, not as large as it is when their front hooves are square. Now, the space between the shoulder-blades is none too large at any time, for you have to strike with force to drive the sword through the inch-thick hide, and through a foot of muscle, sinew, and flesh besides to the heart. Nor is the stroke a straight one. Then there's always the backbone, too, to avoid. And the space between the backbone and the outermost thick gristle of the shoulder-blade is never more than an inch and a-half. So if you narrow this space by even half an inch you increase your difficulty immensely. And that's not your object! Well, all this I've been telling you I divined at once. Therefore, when I saw the bull wasn't standing quite square I knew the *matador* was either a bungler or else very clever and strong indeed. In a moment he proved himself to be a bungler, for his sword turned on the shoulder-blade, and the bull throwing up his head, almost caught him on his horns. Then I hissed and cried, "Shame!" And the people stared at me. That butcher tried five times before he killed the bull, and at last even the most ignorant of the spectators knew I'd been right in hissing him. . . . He was one of your Mazzantinis, I suppose!"

"No," I said, "I've seen Mazzantini try twice, but never five times. That's too much!"

"Well," Montes went on quietly, "the man who tries once and fails ought never to be allowed in a ring again. But to go on. That first day taught me I could be an *espada*. The only doubt in my mind was in regard to the nature of the bulls. Should I be able to understand new bulls, bulls, too, from different breeds and of different race, as well as I understood our bulls? Going home that evening I tried to talk to my father, but he thought the sport had been very good, and when I wanted to show him the mistakes the *matadores* had made, he laughed at me, and, taking hold of my arm, he said, "Here's where you need the gristle before you could kill a bull with a sword, even if he were tied for you!" My father was very proud of his size and strength, but what he said had reason in it, and made me doubt myself. Then he talked about the gains of the *matadores*. A fortune, he said, was given for a single day's work. Even the pay of the *chulos* seemed to me to be extravagant, and a *banderillero* got enough to make him rich. That night I thought over all I had seen and heard, and fell asleep and dreamt I was an *espada*, the best in Spain, and rich, and married to a lovely girl with golden hair—as boys do dream.

Next day I set myself to practise with our bulls. First I teased one till he grew angry and rushed at me; then, as a *chulo*, I stepped aside. And after I practised this several times, I began to try to move aside as late as possible and only just as far as was needful; for I soon found out the play of horn of every bull we had. The older the bull the heavier his neck and shoulders become, and, therefore the sweep of horns in an old bull is much smaller than a young one's. Before the first morning's sport was over I knew that with our bulls at any rate I could beat any *chulo* I had seen the day before. Then I set myself to quiet the bull, which was a little difficult, and after I'd succeeded I went back to my pony to read and dream. Next day I played at being a *banderillero*, and found out at once that my knowledge of the animal was all important. For I knew always on which side to move to avoid the bull's rush. I knew how he meant to strike by the way he put his head down. To plant the *banderillas* perfectly would have been to me child's play, I meant to lead with our bulls. The *matador's* work was harder to practise. I had no sword; besides, the bull I wished to pretend to kill was not tired and wouldn't keep quiet. Yet I went on trying. The game had a fascination for me. A few days later, provided with a makeshift red *capa*, I got a bull far away from the others. Then I played with him till he was tired out. First I played as a *chulo*, and avoided his rushes by an

inch or two only; then, as *banderillero*, I escaped his stroke, and as I did so, struck his neck with two sticks. When he was tired I approached him with the *capa* and found I could make him do what I pleased, stand crooked or square in a moment, just as I liked. For I learned at once that as a rule the bull rushes at the *capa* and not at the man who holds it. Some bulls, however, are clever enough to charge the man. For weeks I kept up this game, till one day my father expressed his surprise at the thin and wretched appearance of the bulls. No wonder! The pasture ground had been a ring to them and me for many a week.

After this I had to play *matador*—the only part which had any interest for me—without first tiring them. Then came a long series of new experiences, which in time made me what I was, a real *espada*, but which I can scarcely describe to you.

For power over wild animals comes to a man, as it were, by leaps and bounds. Of a sudden one finds he can make a bull do something which the day before he could not make him do. It is all a matter of intimate knowledge of the nature of the animal. Just as the shepherd, as I've been told, knows the face of each sheep in the flock of a thousand, though I can see no difference between the faces of sheep, which are all alike stupid to me, so I came to know bulls, with a complete understanding of the nature and temper of each one. It's just because I can't tell you how I acquired this part of my knowledge that I was so long winded in explaining to you my first steps. What I know more than I have told you, will appear as I go on with my story, and that you must believe or disbelieve as you think best.

"Oh," I said, "you've explained everything so clearly, and thrown light on so many things I didn't understand, that I shall believe whatever you tell me."

Old Montes went on as if he hadn't heard my protestation. The next three years were intolerable to me; my step-mother repaid my dislike with interest and found a hundred ways of making me uncomfortable, without doing anything I could complain of and so get altered. In the spring of my nineteenth year I told my father I intended to go to Madrid and become an *espada*. When he found he couldn't induce me to stay, he said I might go. We parted and I walked to Seville; there I did odd jobs for a few weeks in connection with the bull-ring, such as feeding the bulls, helping to separate them and so forth; and there I made an acquaintance who was afterwards a friend. Juan Valdera was one of the *cuadrilla* of Giralda, a *matador* of the ordinary type. Juan was from Estramadura, and we could scarcely understand each other at first; but he was kindly and careless and I took a great liking to him. He was a fine man; tall, strong and handsome, with short, dark, wavy hair and dark, mustache, and great brown eyes. He liked me I suppose, because I admired him and because I never wearied of hearing him tell of his conquests among women and even great ladies. Of course I told him I wished to enter the ring, and he promised to help me to get a place in Madrid where he knew many of the officials. "You may do well with the *capa*," I remember he said, condescendingly, "or even as a *banderillero*, but you'll never go further. You see, to be an *espada*, as I intend to be, you must have height and strength," and he stretched his fine figure as he spoke. I acquiesced humbly enough. I felt that perhaps he and my father were right and I didn't know whether I should ever have strength enough for the task of an *espada*. To be brief, I saved a little money, and managed to get to Madrid late in the year, too late for the bull-ring. Thinking over the matter, I resolved to get work in a blacksmith's shop, and at length succeeded. As I had thought, the labour strengthened me greatly, and in the spring of my twentieth year, by Juan's help, I got employed on trial one Sunday as a *chulo*.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## INDIRECTION.

FAIR are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;  
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;  
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that proceeds it is sweeter;  
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows but a mystery guideth the growing;  
Never a river that flows but a majesty sceptres the flowing;  
Never a Shakespeare that soared but a stronger than he did unfold him;  
Never a prophet foretells but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;  
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is hidden;  
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;  
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolled is greater;  
Vast the create and behold, but vaster the inward creator,  
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;  
Back of the hand that receives, thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;  
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;  
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,  
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

RICHARD REAF.

'ORB' CORRUGATED IRON is the best iron manufactured in New Zealand.—ADVT.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

WHERE there's a will there's very often a lawsuit.

Alimony is the silver lining to the cloud of divorce.

The age of wisdom: From seventeen to twenty one.

Women are not always deep thinkers, but they are generally clothes observers.

No matter how much a man hates a creditor, he invariably asks him to call again.

The reason some people 'love at first sight' is because they don't know each other then.

A loud necktie doesn't necessarily indicate a depraved heart; the wearer's impulses may be better than his taste.

It makes no difference how much confidence a man has in a friend, he will always wish the day after he tells him his trouble that he had not told him quite so much.

Do not flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do fact and courtesy become.

Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair,' though written after its author had made a success as a novelist, was nevertheless, refused by every reputable house in London, the writer finally being forced to bear half the expense of publication.

Why do people wait until a man is sick and can't eat to send him good things? When he is well and would like something good no neighbour comes in with fancy jellies, old wines and things like that. Things are very unfair.

### POETRY AND PROSE.

'Where are you going, my pretty maid?'

'Into society, sir,' she said.

'May I go with you, my pretty maid?'

'If you've plenty of money, good sir,' she said.

'I have a penny,' she said.

'I wish you good morning, sir,' she said.

We all know that a woman cannot throw a stone with any certainty of hitting a mark as big as the side of a house; but she can thread a gross of needles while a man is finding the eye of one, and she can detect beauty in a squalling baby where no man can see anything more than a pudgy mass of unattractive humanity.

At a watering place in the Pyrenees the conversation at table turned upon a wonderful echo to be heard some distance off on the Franco-Spanish frontier. 'It is astonishing,' exclaimed an inhabitant of the Garonne; 'as soon as you have spoken you hear distinctly the voice leap from rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, and as soon as it has passed the frontier the echo assumes a Spanish accent.'

SUMMER IN ST. PETERSBURG.—As a rule, there is not much to see at St. Petersburg in the summer. The families of the great nobility are usually away in their country estates or at their villas in the island group which dot the Neva; while the Imperial Court is sometimes at Tsarskoye-Celo, but much more frequently at Gatchina. The Winter Palace, the Hermitage, the museums and picture galleries are open to sightseers; but there are no balls and no receptions, no races, and very few public amusements.

### MAINE JAW-BREAKERS.

Don't visit the commonplace Winnepesaukee,

Or the rivulet Onoquinapaskeanogio,

Nor climb to the summit of bare Woonauke,

And look eastward toward the clear Umbagog;

But come into Maine to the Welokenbacook,

Or to the saucy little River Essouqueagook,

Or still smaller stream of Chiquassabunticook,

Then visit me last on the great Anasagaticook.

THE SPREADING OF SLANDER.—A lady who had been in the habit of spreading slanderous reports once confessed her fault to St. Philip de Nevi, and asked how she could be cured. He said 'Go to the nearest market-place, buy a chicken just killed, pluck its feathers all the way as you return, and come back to me.' She was much surprised, and when she saw her adviser again he said: 'Now go back and bring me all the feathers you have scattered.' 'But that is impossible,' she said. 'I cast away the feathers carelessly; the wind carried them away. How can I recover them?' 'That,' he said, 'is exactly like your words of slander. They have been carried about in every direction; you cannot recall them. Go and slander no more.'

WIDOW-STRANGLING IN FIJI.—The death of a man was always closely followed by that of his wife, and in the case of a chief by that of all his harem. If a married woman died a passport to the shades was furnished her in the shape of her husband's beard, which was cut off and placed under her left armpit. Widow-strangling was carried out with imposing ceremonies. All the relatives of the deceased assembled in the hut which he had occupied in life, and to them the widow was brought in. Her brother if she had one, was the executioner, and the instrument was his waist-cloth, which he wound about her entrance. The victim was made to assume a position on hands and knees, and the long cloth was given a turn about her neck and held on either side by her brother and another man. She was then instructed to expel all the air from her lungs and hold up her hand as a signal that all was ready, which being done, the cloth was drawn tighl and a swift and nearly painless death ensued.

THE CIRCASSIAN BEAUTY A MYTH.—That the whole of the Caucasus abounds in lovely women is a mistake. What are called Circassian beauties are to be found not far from Batoum, in the Lowlands, and neighbourhoods of Akhazit, Ozergeth, and Lown, very small villages and so-called towns. They are also to be found in the north of the Caucasus, also at Anapa, and the small villages extending from that town to Lochi on the coast, but they are not beauties at all, and I can assure you that nine men out of ten would travel through those districts without noticing them. They are mostly poor peasant girls. They have lovely eyes, it is true, but without any expression. Up to the age of fourteen they have nice features, but after that age they become very coarse-looking indeed. Some have fair, some have dark hair, generally long and plenty of it. It was from the neighbourhood of Loguidi that the Sultan of Turkey originally procured girls for his harem. Of course we sometimes hear of one or two extraordinary beauties in that part of the world, such as the 'Bouones Klara von der Deckler of Tiflis,' but such women are only beautiful to the native eye. Europeans find nothing about them to admire.

## A FEW

# OLD TARANAKI SETTLERS



HOSE who took part in the early settlement of Taranaki are fast passing away from this earth, and old age has set its visible impress on those who are still spared; and in course of nature it is to be expected that every year will witness the departure of increasing numbers to that new country from whence no travellers return. In a very few years the numbers of those who took part in the early settlement of the colony—who bore the heat and burden of the day, and of whose brave deeds

and steady perseverance all later comers have reaped or are reaping the benefits—will be very small indeed. Already those living belong to a past generation, and a new generation is arising, and fast replacing their successors. Yet the history of the early days of their settlement, of the stirring events, strange scenes, startling incidents, ludicrous occurrences, great difficulties, brave efforts, hair-breadth escapes, and heroic steadiness of purpose remains practically unwritten. We give on another page the portraits of a few of the pioneer settlers who took part in founding the settlement of Taranaki, who are still living, and who we hope will remain hale and hearty for many years to come:—

## MR F. A. CARRINGTON.

The 'Father of the Settlement,' as Mr Frederic Alonzo Carrington is very appropriately called in Taranaki, is a gentleman verging on his eighty-fourth year, and is as hale, hearty, and cheery as he was forty years ago. Mr Carrington's life has been a very eventful one, but our limited space prevents us giving more than a brief outline of his adventurous career. When a young man he entered the Ordnance Survey Department of England, being appointed to that position in January 1826, by the Duke of Wellington. Showing a natural ability for topographical delineation and survey work he soon attracted the attention of the eminent engineers of the day, and when the Reform Bill was passed in 1832, he was selected by the Parliamentary Commissioners to describe the boundaries of the boroughs in the districts from Bristol to Manchester. For his services on that occasion he received the special thanks of the Commissioners. His several acquirements and the particular gift he possessed of being able to accurately delineate a country, was the reason he was selected by the Plymouth Company as its chief surveyor to go to New Zealand to choose a site for the settlement the Company proposed forming there. On his arrival at Wellington he interviewed Colonel Wakefield, and obtained from him all the information possible for the furtherance of the duties he had to

perform; and after securing the services of 'Dickey Barrett (the well known and experienced whaler) to act as pilot and interpreter, he left Port Nicholson for Taranaki with the view of selecting a site for the new settlement, the pioneers of which were then making arrangements in England for emigrating to New Zealand. On February 12, 1841, Mr F. A. Carrington and family together with his brother Mr Octa-

vius Carrington (who was his chief assistant) and the survey party arrived off Taranaki. The ferns and undergrowth were thick over the land at the time, reaching even to the sea shore, so it was a difficult matter to obtain a knowledge of the features of the country which is so essential when having to fix the site of a township. With great labour lines were cut through the dense vegetation, and a spot cleared—and after much difficulty the site for the Town of New Plymouth was laid out and surveyed under Mr. F. A. Carrington's directions. In September, 1843, Mr Carrington returned to England and on his arrival in London he found that the Directors of the New Zealand Company (which had absorbed the Plymouth Company) were thinking



Wrigglesworth & Binns, photo., Wellington.  
MR. F. A. CARRINGTON.

of ceasing their functions for a time, and accordingly Mr Carrington retired from their services, receiving a very complimentary testimonial from the Directors. Mr F. A. Carrington was soon engaged in connection with the railways, a mania for making them having about that time commenced in England. He surveyed lines, prepared plans, and made models of engineering works where difficulties occurred on the ground, so as to elucidate the same before the Railway Committees in the Houses of Parliament; and some of these models, at the request of the Prince Consort, were sent to Buckingham Palace, and Mr Carrington was personally thanked and complimented by His Royal Highness. During the time he was in England (1844-51) Mr Carrington gave a good deal of his time and attention to New Zealand matters, and tried to make Taranaki better known to the British public. Mr Carrington took with him to England a quantity of the Taranaki iron sand, and after having a very careful analysis made of some of the sand by Messrs Dymond of Holborn, he requested the same firm to have a bar of iron cast under their immediate inspection. He then took a sample of the sand and the bar of iron to the metal-brokers in the Royal Exchange, London, and desired them to give him a report upon it. Some days afterwards Mr Carrington called to hear the result, and one of the brokers—for there were two in the room—said, 'this iron is as good as Sykes' iron,' and the other added, 'it is better.' Mr Carrington asked them what was the value of Sykes' iron, and was told that if he wanted that information for the purpose of forming a company he had better get the market price from the agent for Sykes' iron who had offices at Charing Cross. Mr Carrington followed the broker's advice, and he learnt from the agent that the price in the market for Sykes' iron varied from £37 to £42 a ton. At this time Scotch pig iron was £2 10s a ton. Mr Carrington then saw one of the gentlemen he was negotiating with on the matter and having told him respecting the enquiries he had been making respecting the value of the iron, the gentleman remarked to Mr Carrington, 'You must have made a mistake, I never heard of such a price for iron. You must mean first-class steel.' Mr Carrington assured his friend that he had made no mistake but to make doubly certain he determined to see Sykes' agent again. He did so; when that gentleman expressed himself strongly on the matter, saying: 'There are only five thousand tons of "Sykes' monopolised iron" allowed to come into England per annum, and it is used for making all the finest steel ornaments, surgeons' instruments, etc. Most of the trade are ignorant of this matter. Sykes' iron (not steel, as I told you before) varies in price from £37 to £42 a ton.' On Mr Carrington returning to the gentleman he was negotiating with he found with him Mr John Bethel, brother of Lord Westbury, the Lord Chancellor, and Mr Bethel said that the statement

was quite correct; that Sykes' iron—not steel—varied in price from £37 to £42 a ton. Mr Carrington then entered into a lengthy correspondence with the Colonial Office, endeavouring to obtain a grant of the beach on the Taranaki shore, which resulted in his being requested to call at the office to receive the Secretary for the Colonies (Lord Gray's) decision on the matter. Mr Carrington was then informed that his request could not be granted, but Lord Gray had instructed the chief clerk to say that his lordship would give Mr Carrington a letter to the Governor of New Zealand, which on arrival there would ensure a grant of the beach being given to him, provided it had not been leased to any one before. As it would have taken too long in those days to have visited New Zealand and return home again with the desired information, the matter was for the time abandoned; but Mr Carrington exhibited the bar of iron and some of the Taranaki iron sand at the Exhibition of 1851, when he called the attention of the Master-General of the Ordnance Department (Sir H. De la Beche) to it. Mr Carrington also had a map engraved from his drawings showing the topographical features of the country around Taranaki. After visiting California three different times from London, in connection with mines, water-races, railways, etc., Mr Carrington again returned to New Zealand, having been absent nearly fourteen years, his object being the utilisation of the iron sand and other matters in connection with the district; and being backed by men of capital and standing, who took great interest in the colony, hoped to start the iron industry in Taranaki. The North Island was in a very unsettled state at the time owing to the natives showing an antagonistic attitude towards the Europeans, which in 1860 ended in hostilities which lasted for ten years. In 1862 Mr Carrington was appointed Government Engineering Surveyor for Taranaki, and in that capacity carried out in connection with the military authorities the road construction necessary in the district. On peace being restored Mr Carrington turned his attention to local matters, and consenting to be nominated as Superintendent of the province of Taranaki in 1869, he was returned by the electors and held that position till the provinces were abolished in 1876. He was also elected to a seat in the House of Representatives and held the position for several years. He retired from politics in 1880 finding that the late hours and the excitement of Parliamentary life were not conducive to his health. Seeing the necessity there was for Harbour accommodation at New Plymouth, Mr Carrington has for years agitated in the hope of getting protective works built that shipping might visit the port in safety. During the time he was in London in 1844-57, he was always urging the matter on those who had an interest in the district; and both as Superintendent and member of the House he was persistent in his advocacy for a harbour being built at Taranaki. It was chiefly through his exertions that a fourth of the land revenue of the district was set aside for Harbour purposes and a Harbour Board created which raised the money to carry out the work. On February 7th, 1881, Mr F. A. Carrington laid the first stone of the present structure thus crowning his labours as the founder of the Settlement of Taranaki.

## MR OCTAVIUS CARRINGTON.

When the Plymouth Company in 1840 sent as its Chief Surveyor Mr F. A. Carrington to superintend the formation of the New Plymouth settlement, they chose his youngest brother Mr Octavius Carrington as Chief-Assistant Surveyor; and prudently dispatched these two gentlemen by different ships, so that if disaster should overtake one of the vessels and not the other the affairs of the Company might not be necessarily brought to a standstill. Mr Carrington was a pupil of the celebrated George Hennet, M.I.C.E., London, then in very extensive practice, and who, associated with the eminent engineer Robert Stephenson, laid out the London and Birmingham railway line, and subsequently, associated with the equally eminent engineer Brunel, laid out the Great Western Railway line from London to Bristol. Mr Carrington was employed on both these works during his pupilage. After acquiring a thorough knowledge of his profession he received the appointment of Assistant-Surveyor on the Ordnance Survey, which position he held under Major-General Colby, R.A., during the years 1835-37. Previous to leaving home for New Zealand he was also engaged in the survey of the Cheltenham and Great Western Union Railway line (under Hennet and Brunel), and the Salis-



Collis, photo., N. Plymouth.  
MR. OCTAVIUS CARRINGTON.

bury and Exeter Railway line (under Hennet and Stephenson); and was Assistant to the Engineer-in-Chief of the South Eastern Railway. He was specially offered the office of assistant to the Surveyor-General of South Australia, which he declined. Mr Carrington arrived at Wellington in the *Staines Castle* in January, 1841, and at New Plymouth in the *Brougham* on February 11th, 1841. He belonged to the staff of the New Zealand Company until



Wrigglesworth & Binns, photo., Wellington.  
MR. THOMAS KING.

1845, when he was appointed, by Governor Fitzroy, an officer in the Land Purchase and Native Department. He was in this capacity entrusted by Governor Eyre with the task of surveying the claims of the Nanto-Bordelaise Company, which had taken up land at Banks Peninsula, in the South Island. Upon the surveys being placed under the Provincial Government control Mr Carrington received the appointment of Chief Surveyor for the province of Taranaki, which he held (together with his offices in the Land and Native Departments) until 1871, when he joined the Public Works Department as Engineer-in-Charge for Taranaki. This office he continued to fill until the year 1878, when he retired from the Public Service upon a pension earned by active service extending over a period of thirty-seven years. Mr Carrington has been through many hardships and dangers in the early days—frequently travelling on foot or on horseback among the hostile natives. He was in charge of a survey party at Waitara, the firing on which by the natives was the commencement of the war of 1860; and he was frequently under fire afterwards, but although he has had several narrow escapes he has never been wounded. Probably it was his popularity with the natives contributed to this, for 'E Oki' (as he was called by the Maoris) was permitted to move about through the country during the most troublesome times, unarmed and alone, without molestation. Mr O. Carrington has lived to see many of his pupils attain a high position in the profession; among whom may be named his son, Mr Wellington Carrington, A.I.C.E., Sydney; Mr S. Percy Smith, F.R.G.S., Surveyor-General of New Zealand; Mr Thomas Humphries, Chief Surveyor, Hawke's Bay; and Mr C. W. Hursthouse, Resident Engineer, Waikato.

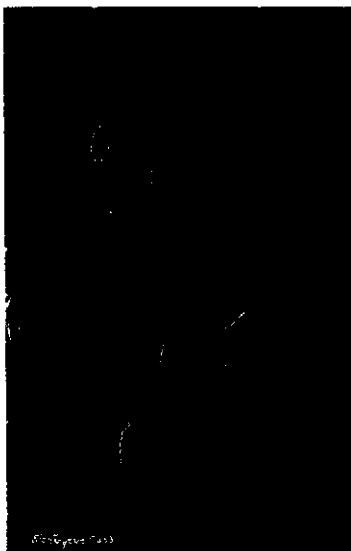
MR THOMAS KING.

The 'Pilgrim Fathers' who came from England in the first ship to form the New Plymouth Settlement in New Zealand, have nearly all joined the 'great majority,' but amongst those who survive is Mr Thomas King, whose portrait forms one of the group of 'Old Taranaki Settlers' to be found on another page. When a young man of about twenty years of age, the 'Plymouth Company' was being formed for the purpose of colonising New Zealand from the West of England, and being of an adventurous disposition Mr T. King made up his mind to emigrate. He purchased two 50 acre sections from the Company, and made arrangements for leaving England by the first vessel for New Zealand. Mr King sailed from Plymouth with his friend Mr Richard Chilman (whose sister he afterwards married) in the barque William Bryan on November 19, 1840, and they reached their destination on March 31, 1841. Having brought out with him a small quantity of goods, which were soon sold, he got employment as opportunity offered, and in 1843 commenced importing from England on a considerable scale for that time. In 1844, in conjunction with the late Mr Dorsett, he engaged also in the coasting trade by chartering a small schooner called the 'Carbon' a 12 ton boat. In this cockle-shell the two partners exported the produce of the district from New Plymouth to Manukau, Nelson and Wellington, and with the proceeds brought return cargoes of such goods as were in demand in those primitive days. The first wheat grown in New Plymouth was threshed by flail, or whipped across a cask; and was ground by the late Mr Samuel Oliver in the mill he had erected on the Huatoki river, the stones of which were made out of boulders on the beach. In 1844 flour was imported, but in the following year the partners, from the surplus produce grown in the place, exported a hundred tons in parcels of about ten tons. In 1848 Mr King took up some land in the Mangorei district, and commenced farming. It was here that Lord Robert Cecil (now the Marquis of Salisbury and Prime Minister of England), during his tour round the world in 1852, found Mr King, and where the two, seated on a log of a fallen tree, had a long chat respecting the state of the colonies and New Zealand in particular. When the Constitution Act was brought into force in 1852 Mr Thomas King was elected a member of the House of Representatives, and attended the first session of the General Assembly in Auckland in 1854, also the one held in 1855. During the years between 1856 and 1860 Mr King took part in the local politics of Taranaki, and represented the town of New Plymouth in the Provincial Council, and held the position of Provincial Treasurer. In 1860 he was again returned a member of the House of Representatives, and it was he who exposed in a letter to the *Nelson Examiner* what was known as the 'Royal Hotel Conspiracy.' In it, he described a meeting that was held in the Royal Hotel, Auckland, by the 'Peace at Any Price Party,' to concoct a scheme to go down to Waikato unknown to the Government, and negotiate terms of peace with Wiremu Tamihana upon any terms whatever. The letter caused a great sensation at the time, and no doubt affected the result of the election, which was on the eve of coming off. On the Bank of New Zealand being started in 1861, Mr King was appointed manager of the New Plymouth branch, which position he held for sixteen years with considerable ability and great advantage to that institution; and on his retirement he was presented with a handsome silver service of plate by the customers. Since 1880, Mr King has occupied his time with local matters; being a member of several of the local boards. He has always taken a great interest in the Harbour works at Moturos, and for the last ten years has been Chairman of the New Plymouth Harbour Board. By his careful financing he succeeded in staving off for a considerable time the Board's default in not meeting the coupons on its loan; notwithstanding the endowment fund was being gradually confiscated by the central General Government. And when the Government refused to enquire into the merits of the case, of the relations of the Harbour Board with the bond-holders and the ratepayers, he strove to prevent the Taranaki district from being unjustly treated. Mr Thomas King has been a great reader in his time and he still keeps himself well posted up in all affairs going on at home and in the colonies. He is full of information, and his retentive memory enables him to relate numerous amusing anecdotes connected with the early settlement of New Zealand. Dr. Truby King, in charge of the Seacliff Lunatic Asylum, near Dunedin, Mr Newton King, the well known merchant and auctioneer of New Plymouth, and Mr Henry King, one of the successful farmers in Taranaki, are sons; and the wife of Mr F. W. Marchant, C.E., of Timaru, is a daughter of the gentleman to whom we have been referring.

MAJOR PARRIS.

Major Parris' name has become historical in connection with all matters appertaining to the native race. He was

born at Tatworth, Chard, Somerset, of a family that has long been in the West of England—an ancestor of his, a Roundhead, having had his property at Axminster confiscated in the reign of James II. Fortunately William III. was shortly afterwards able to restore the estate to its original owner. Major Parris came to New Zealand in 1842, arriving at New Plymouth in the barque Bleenheim on November 7th, with his wife and family. On the Constitution Act coming into force, he took part in the early politics of the colony by standing for a seat in the Provincial Council of Taranaki, and was returned a member for the Grey and Bell district. Major Parris entered the Government service in 1857 as Land Purchase Commissioner, and in 1859 was appointed Assistant Native Secretary, which he held till 1865, when



Williamson & Co., photo, New Plymouth. MAJOR PARRIS.

he was made Civil Commissioner for the district. During the whole of the war with the natives Major Parris was found by the military authorities and the Colonial Government to be of invaluable assistance, and it was during those troubled times that he more than once put his life in the hands of the natives in assisting the Government to carry on successfully their endeavours to suppress the rebellion. In May, 1860, a plot was laid by a number of the Taranaki and Ngatirauaous to take his life, and but for Wetine, a Mokau chief, who advised him of the diabolical intentions of these natives, and the protection given to him by the Waikatos, he would have been killed. On two other occasions also it was determined by the natives to murder him, but Major Parris escaped almost miraculously. During



VEN. ARCHDEACON GOVETT, B.A.

the whole of the war Major Parris was attached to the Imperial troops and had command of the Native forces, also holding a commission as Major in the New Zealand Militia. There are few who know of the many nights of anxiety he has passed when danger threatened the district. The name of Major Parris was often mentioned in the despatches sent home by Sir George Grey, Colonel (now General Sir H. J. Warre), and other military commanders, who acknowledged his services in the most complimentary terms, and in some instances gave him the full credit of their successes. Sir H. J. Warre, in a letter says, 'When I recollect the valuable information you so freely afforded during that long and eventful period—dating, I

may say, from 1860, but under my personal knowledge from the following year,—and from 1863 when our poor fellows were murdered at Waitara, until the end of 1866 when I left the country, I am more than ever thankful that I had so able an interpreter; the value of whose services were proved by the repeated successes founded altogether upon the information afforded by which the hostile natives were driven from point to point, until at last the whole line of coast from the White Cliffs to Stony River was so thoroughly cleared, that the settlers were able to return to their desolated farms and to permanently occupy their land, which has now become what Nature always intended it should be, namely, 'the Garden of New Zealand.' The peaceful state of the Taranaki since I left the country, confirms my impression that owing to your skilful management of the natives, to your firm but judicious and conciliatory dealing with them, you have been able to maintain amicable relations between the Europeans and the natives, so that life and property are as safe now in your beautiful province as in any other part of New Zealand.' After the war Major Parris proved himself to be a most valuable officer owing to his tact and prudent advice to the Ministry in power. The peace that has ensued since is largely owing to Major Parris' diplomatic management of the natives. During the disturbances in 1868-9, it was through his influence that the natives north of Opunake abstained from joining the rebels occupying the southern portion of the district. Major Parris' services on his retirement from the Civil Service in 1875, were acknowledged by the Government as they deserved to be, and the Native Minister (the late Sir Donald McLean), in announcing to him that his wish to retire had been acceded to, took the opportunity of expressing his deep sense of the valuable services he had rendered to the colony. In his letter he referred to Major Parris' zeal and earnestness, as well as the personal courage displayed on occasions of great difficulty and danger, as deserving of the highest praise, and whilst regretting his retirement, trusted that he might live long to enjoy the rest he had so well earned. That rest, however, was not accorded to him, for he was immediately requested to assist Sir William Fox and Sir F. Dillon Bell on the West Coast Native Commission. The Commission having completed its work the final report was sent to the Governor, and in it Sir W. Fox refers to Major Parris' services in the following eulogistic language:—'Nor must I omit to record the grateful sense which I entertain of the invaluable assistance rendered by Major Parris (of whose services I was able, by an arrangement with the Government, to avail myself), in laboriously working out the practical details of a vast amount of very difficult business. His long experience in the service of the Government as Civil Commissioner in the Taranaki district; his extensive acquaintance with all the natives in it; his exact and minute acquaintance with the land titles and tribal relations; the great personal respect deservedly entertained for him by the natives; his entire abstinence all through a long career from all speculation in native lands; these and many other qualifications which no other living person known to myself combined in equal degree, were faithfully and zealously, during the whole period of my operations, brought to bear by him in contributing to their success.' Major Parris is now living a retired life in New Plymouth enjoying the repose he is so fully entitled to.

VEN. ARCHDEACON HENRY GOVETT, B.A.

Archdeacon Henry Govett was educated at Sherborne and took his degree at Worcester College, Oxford, leaving England shortly afterwards with two friends for the purpose of farming together in the district of Auckland. The party—one of whom was Mr (afterwards the Rev.) W. Bolland—arrived in Auckland early in 1845, and took land in partnership near the Tamaki, where Mr Govett remained for about two years. Mr Bolland, however, left after some months, and having taken Holy Orders was in 1844 given charge of the Taranaki district. Mr Govett's first visit to Taranaki was to see his old friend, and in 1845, he followed his example by being ordained at Wellington by Dr. C. A. Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand. The Bishop placed Mr Govett in charge of the Maori settlement at Waikanae, where he remained for about a year, when he walked to New Plymouth and was then taken on to Auckland in H.M.S. Driver for the purpose of being ordained Priest; finding his way back to Waikanae on foot via Kawhia and the Coast. After ordination as Priest Mr Govett married and took duty at Nelson for a few months; and in 1848 was placed in charge of the Taranaki District (in place of the Rev. W. Bolland who had died during the previous year), and excepting two trips to England in 1856 and 1884, the Archdeacon has been resident at New Plymouth ever since. He was appointed Archdeacon of Taranaki by Bishop Selwyn in 1859, and it appears from the 'Life of Bishop Selwyn' that the Archdeacon was one of those recommended by Dr. Selwyn to the Bishopric of Adelaide, when he was translated to the See of Lichfield in 1868. Archdeacon Govett has discharged his pastoral duties during the forty-three years he has had charge of the Taranaki district with devotional energy, gaining thereby the love of his people and the respect of all classes of the community. His pulpit utterances are dignified and earnest, and as he never obstructs his religious opinions on those of a different way of thinking, the members of other denominations are always ready to ask him to preside at their social gatherings. The Archdeacon has always been fond of gardening and was, we believe, the first person to introduce into the Taranaki district, amongst other plants, the guava and Lisbon lemon, both now common fruits in Taranaki; and it is interesting to know that on his first trip to England in 1856, owing to an exceptionally fast passage by the sailing vessel, the Archdeacon was able to take home some apples from St. Mary's Parsonage garden, which were eaten and enjoyed at his father's vicarage, Staines, Middlesex, and were probably the first New Zealand grown fruit ever seen in England.

LADY GYMNASTS.—Thirteen young Danish ladies have passed the requisite examination in gymnastics and dancing for becoming teachers in Danish female gymnasia. An officer, two doctors, two teachers, and two ladies officiated as censors. The young ladies passed, on the whole, exceedingly well, three obtaining the greatest possible number of points in both theory and practice. A class for lady teachers in gymnastics will commence in Christiania, the capital of Norway, the authorities having voted a sum for the purpose.

## BRAVE CHARLIE.

AN INCIDENT ON THE WEST COAST.



WAIMANGAROA is one of the busiest mining townships in New Zealand, and its claim to be considered one of the most picturesque spots in the world will be upheld by all who have seen and can appreciate its rugged beauty. It must be admitted, however, that where the *auri sacra fames* entices the adventurous, there, *notens volens*, must nature be dismantled of her garments and jewels. And such is the case with Waimangaroa, but the wild grandeur of its scenery has depreciated so little, despite the destructive hand of cultivating man, that nature can still hold up her queenly head and say, "Here am I seen at my best, behold my beauty and marvel!" I care not how facile the pen, how cultivated the mind, how susceptible the writer may be in describing the marvellous scenes which on every side delight the eye of the observer, he could never do justice to this sublime panorama. One must see to know, to feel, and to appreciate. It is easily reached being only eleven miles distant from Westport. 'Twas here that the events which I am about to relate took place. Waimangaroa then bore a different aspect from now. Railways were only dream of; mighty steam-engines were unsmirched; and the great works of the present illumined not the vision of the most imaginative. A few gold diggers' tents and huts with their little gardens, and a single store were all the habitations that lay scattered here and there on each side of the Waimangaroa River.

As this river is an important feature in my story I must tell you something about it. River is a misnomer, for it was nothing but a creek meandering through huge boulders and jutting rocks, and having on each side lofty craggy mountains, whose sylvan breasts and Alpine crests tunretted into the space above like so many Alantean castles of a weird Homeric imagination. During the dry seasons this limpid feeder of the toiling billows could be forded in several places by merely springing from stone to stone, and the diggers searched in its bed for gold; but a few hours of West Coast rain sufficed to metamorphose it into a wildly roaring, rushing, rapid, turbulent torrent, whose mighty force would be aided by the wealth of forest it stole from the banks as it pursued its angry course to the sea.

At the time we write of no bridge afforded the inhabitants safe passage from bank to bank, although a wire rope, to which a kind of cradle was attached, had been thrown across the river and secured on either side to a stout black birch. By means of this cradle one person with a few small parcels could pull him or herself across. On the left hand side of the river lived the only married couple in Waimangaroa at the time. The husband had built a comfortable slab but with thatched roof, and fenced it and a garden of about a quarter acre in, so as to keep the fowls and goats from destroying their vegetables. This work had been done on Sundays, or during the rainy weather, which prevented his search for gold. The wife attended to her small family of three—two girls and a boy—the garden, the fowls, and the goats. About half a mile further up were the huts of three other miners, mates of Jim Burton, the married man. On the right hand side were about a dozen tents and huts, and the afore-mentioned store, which had recently been erected and kept by a German named Charlie Terrapax, the hero of my story. Before Charlie had established himself there the hardy diggers were compelled to carry all essential requirements on their broad backs a distance of about ten miles through a dense bush, and by means of a weary rugged path.

On the 3rd of July, 1870, it became known among the diggers about Waimangaroa that Charlie Terrapax had received a large supply of merchandise, including four five-gallon kegs of Nahr's best beer, and three cases of Hennessy's brandy. As it was near the end of the month the diggers decided to 'wash up,' sell the gold to Charlie, who collected same for the banks, get in a supply of necessities, and enjoy themselves with the contents of the beer kegs and the brandy cases.

It must be here mentioned that as police authority was out a par with nonentity at that time, and as no hotels were then in vogue, liquor was disposed of without asking the permission of the Licensing Bench.

The next day about fourteen of those good old-fashioned diggers—alas! that they are becoming rare—met at Charlie's store. The night was spent in carousing. Next morning the fine weather, which had lasted for five weeks, ceased, and the rain came down in torrents. After their night's spree the men, who seldom had the opportunity of enjoying such a luxury, were altogether unwilling to return home, although they had their supply of stores carefully packed in their wagons. Charlie told them to retrench their steps on account of the heavy flood that would soon be pouring down, but in vain. Among the diggers present was Jim Burton, who, with that recklessness so common among diggers, determined to enjoy himself as well as his bachelor friends, although he was aware of the fact that his family were in the utmost need of provisions. But what recked he! It is seldom that these poor fellows have the opportunity of enjoying themselves; why should they fail to embrace such a splendid chance of becoming intoxicated and having some jolly fine fun? The rain couldn't last much longer than a few hours more, and the river would soon go down. What was the use of going so far as the wire-crossing and incur such danger before reaching it, when they could easily wade across the next day? Such were the thoughts that permeated their simple and honest minds. The next day came, and still no sign of change in the weather. The rain poured and poured and poured. Jupiter Pluvius appeared to have opened the flood-gates of his Olympian abode with such vehemence as if he desired a second deluge. The seething waters poured down the Waimangaroa with increasing velocity and impetus. The next day came, and still no change in the weather. Soon the river had overflowed its banks, and was still rising. It was then Charlie thought of the danger of Mrs Burton and her family. If immediate help were not

forthcoming they would be washed away. So Charlie asked Burton and a few others to come with him, and they would cross on the wire and succour the poor unfortunates on the other side, for, as could be plainly seen, the water was already level with the hut, and the bank was being torn away. The river was, however, so high now that it was a most dangerous undertaking; besides, Charlie could not rely much on his companions, whose brains were bedogged with their reckless limbing of the heavy spinnings.

It was a difficult task they had to perform. On they went for about half-a-mile until they reached Con's Creek—called after an old digger who has resided there for the last twenty years. But here the road became so dangerous that Charlie persuaded his friends to remain behind while he would make his way across and do the best he could. Over immense granite boulders twenty and thirty feet high; creeping along the jagged sides of the mountain, where death stared him in the face at every step, and where a false movement meant a terrible doom too horrible to contemplate; now swinging from one pendant branch to another; now wading waist deep in the infuriated water while he felt the stones giving way beneath his feet, now crawling carefully along on hands and knees while muddy masses of water were jerked through the concussion of some large boulder against another over him, thereby half drowning and blinding the hardy fellow. Many a time he was tempted to turn back, but the thought of the helpless woman and her young children on the other side urged him on. If he left them to their fate their ending would be a terrible one, for the little flat on which their hut stood was already inundated, and it would be impossible for them to save themselves by climbing the precipice, with its armament of nude and scraggy rock, which towered up to the skies from behind their little garden.

On, on he must, though almost overcome with the exertions he was compelled to use. Luckily he had provided himself with a flask of cognac, and taking a little, he felt refreshed, and pursued his perilous journey. Another hundred yards and he should reach the wire. These last hundred yards were the very worst, but he accomplished them torn, bruised, wet, and tired.

And, good Heavens! what was his reward for his bravery? His errand had been in vain; the wire-rope had vanished. One of the birch trees to which the wire had been fastened had been torn out by the roots by the fierceness of the downward rush of this violent flood. Charlie rested himself for a while, and pressed his hands to his head in despair.

'My God!' he exclaimed, 'have I come all this way for nothing? And must I, weary and worn, and so bruised and bleeding, and so sick and tired, hurry back to those drunken louts? Yes, yes! I must summon all my strength for the sake of that poor unfortunate woman and her helpless children. Surely something can be done to save them. It must be done! It must be done! God help me and them!' And then the sturdy heroic Charlie faced danger and death again. Once more that awful way was pursued. At last he reached his store thoroughly worn out, but still he refused to give way to the distressing call of health and nature. He told the men the unhappy state of affairs.

They had now become fully sensible of the great danger in which Burton's family found themselves. Something must be done to rescue them, but what? What could they do? No feasible plan entered their heads, and they appealed to Charlie's intelligence, whose late brave attempt had infused both awe and respect into their rugged breasts. Charlie cogitated for a while, and then revealed to them the only plan he could conceive, and it was that some one must carry a line across the river and construct a means of passage similar to the one which had been washed away further up. A couple of clothes lines should be tied firmly together, and one end fastened around the waist of him who should cross while his comrades held the other end; then a larger rope would be tied to the line, pulled across the river, made secure to a large tree on either side, and a large basket, which Charlie had in his store, and to which also a line would be fastened, placed on the rope, and used as a means of transit.

It was all very well to think out such a plan, but who was to put it into execution? It would be deliberate suicide to attempt to cross that tremendous flood. Look at it! It was now about twenty feet deep, turmoiling and surging rushing on with a velocity of a hundred miles an hour; huge boulders weighing thirty and forty tons were dashing against each other like so many thunderbolts; logs and trees thundered against rock and bank, and crashed as if they were common matchwood or were carried along with terrific impetuosity towards the sea. What! would any man be so venturesome and mad as to attempt it? No, it was impossible. No mortal could live in that tempestuous flood for five seconds without being dashed to atoms. No, something else must be attempted. But what, God only knew.

Thus reasoned Charlie's companions, who, be it said, were by no means deficient in courage; few diggers lack that noble virtue; for is not their whole life passed amid dangers which would appal many a man whose history has immortalised on account of great deeds of daring? But to attempt to cross that turbulent river appeared to them a useless waste of human life, and they told Charlie so.

'Very well, boys,' said he, 'that is the only way to save those poor people over there,' and if they are not rescued before another hour has passed, that hut of yours, Burton, will be swept away as if it were made of straw, and what will then become of your wife and little ones? After my futile journey to the wire-crossing I feel done up, or else I would endeavour to aid them, or perish in the attempt.'

Everyone present knew that Charlie was not boasting, but meant just what he said.

'Now, some of you fellows,' Charlie cried, 'are you going to let those poor people over there drown before our very eyes without doing your best to help them?'

'But, Charlie,' exclaimed Burton, who was naturally the most interested, 'if anything were possible I should do it. I would give my life willingly for theirs if I thought I could help them, but I would only be throwing away my life if I attempted to swim through that flood without doing any good. And besides, I cannot believe that God would inflict such punishment on me and my family as to let them drown before my eyes. God is good, and he will do something to help them.'

'Yes, Jim,' replied Charlie, 'that is all very nice, but God helps those who help themselves, and if none of you will make the venture I will.' And he meant it. 'Now, boys, look sharp! Get some clothes lines and the long coil of inch rope, and also that large basket. You'll find them all behind the counter.'

They remonstrated with him in vain about the utter uselessness of the attempt, but he was determined, and when a man like Charlie Terrapax, who was a giant in strength and a first-class athlete, besides his other many noble qualities, is determined, it would take a large body of men to prevent him carrying out his projects. Several of the others including Burton, now volunteered, they being inspired by his courage and led by his example; but he calmly but firmly told them he would make the attempt alone. He immediately set about it in a most practical manner. First he unrolled the two clothes lines, then tied the end of one to the end of another which he secured round his waist, and then told the men to take hold of the other end, and on no account to let it go, no matter how far he should float down.

'If I should get over safe, mates,' he said, 'tie the line to that rope, then make the other end taut to that big rata there; then I shall pull it over, if I am able, and make it fast to some other tree on the other side. But, hold on a minute, I was forgetting about the basket. Here, Jack, make haste and get a couple of more lines. That's right! Now let us make them fast to the basket, and then to the end of this line which I've got round me. So, now you see, boys, I shall be able to pull the basket across on the rope. I'm ready. If I should fail, just write to that address,' presenting an envelope addressed to a Miss Somebody, 'and tell her how I died. She's a good creature, and I was never fit to clean her shoes, but still I loved her. Shake hands, mates; if I don't get back, remember that Charlie did his best, and no man can do more.'

They all shook hands with the brave fellow, and tears stood in each one's eyes as they listened to his simple but touching speech. Again they tried to dissuade him from rushing into certain death, but all in vain.

'Good-bye, lads!' and into the foaming waters sprang the hero.

The men on the bank held their breath for several seconds in anxious expectation. They felt sure he was dead. But, look, there he is, battling against the mighty current, while logs and branches were all around him, one of which, if it struck him, would cause him to lose his footing. On, on he struggled against the flood, which carried him quickly down despite his brawny arms and powerful swimming. What what availed good swimming in such a mad whirling water? In another moment some mighty rock or tree would surely kill him. But no, he seemed to bear a charmed life. Sometimes he would be thrown three or four feet high so that the men on the shore could see his waist; at other times he would disappear for several seconds, when his mates would imagine that he could never rise again. At last they began to believe that he would succeed. He was more than half-way across now, although he had floated down below them over forty yards; but he had allowed for that, and as he floated away the men walked down the bank so as to allow for the length of the rope. But look, look! O God! Here comes a large pine tree right on to him. It is only twenty yards away. In another second it would be on to him, and he would be dashed to pieces. There, there, it's on him! Poor Charlie has met his fate at last. But, no, what is that? Is that not he on that off branch? Yes, yes, it is. The men saw and wondered in speechless amazement. How did he get there? Were the lines not tangled in the branches? Yes, they were, but Charlie had somehow managed to get them free. Miracle of miracles, the tree is being swept to the other side. In less time than it takes to relate the fact the tree on which Charlie could be seen was stranded on the opposite shore about sixty yards below Burton's hut. When they saw Charlie safe on the other side, these untamed diggers took off their hats and fell on their knees and thanked their Maker for having preserved the daring man, who had so boldly ventured his life to save others from miserable destruction. Charlie on the other side did not kneel down, for he saw that if he wished to save the woman and her children he had not a moment to lose; but still he thanked his God fervently for his preservation.

During that terrible swim Charlie had been bruised and knocked about in a dreadful manner. He was sore all over; blood was flowing from his head, back, left thigh, and breast copiously; and he had broken three of his ribs. Though in this afflicting and trying state he had yet much to perform. It was even a matter of great danger to reach the hut from where he stood. First of all he pulled the rope over, and with much difficulty fastened it to a large birch, and also made taut the line which was attached to the basket on the other side. This accomplished, he made his way to the Burtons. He found them in a state of despair. The water in the hut was already two feet high, and the poor wife, who was highly enceinte, and her three children, had taken refuge on the table, and sat there, their hands clasped in prayer.

Charlie readily recognised the dangerous and delicate position of Mrs Burton, and made up his mind that she should be the first to send across, but she would not listen to his good advice, and refused to go until the children were first safe. He remonstrated with her, and told her that she was only acting in justice to her family by first leaving; but the fond mother insisted so much that he promised to send the two little girls across the rope, then come for her, and then take care of her, who, being nine years old, was capable of taking care of herself until Charlie returned. The hero then took the two girls in his arms and endeavored to make his way to the rope, but he soon found that the unstable state of the ground would not permit of his carrying more than one child at a time, so he had to return. He left the second girl with her mother, and then made his way to the place where he had fastened the rope. This journey of about sixty yards was attended with much difficulty, for here and there moved small and large logs, roots of trees, and other debris, and besides all this, there were innumerable little holes into which he would now and then stumble, being almost precipitated into the water. At last the tree was reached, and Charlie pulled the basket over to him by means of his line. The shrieking child, who was naturally much frightened by the thundering of the waters and the peculiarity of her position, was then placed into the basket, and, lest the poor child should fall out by any untoward fear or shaking, tied well in by Charlie. He gave a signal to the men on the other side, who slowly pulled the basket and its precious charge to them. In a few minutes she found herself safe in the arms of her father. Charlie did not wait to see how she arrived, but hastened back for the other girl. Again he made the daring passage successfully. When he returned for the third time to fetch the suffering woman, she begged of him to take her boy first, but Charlie was obstinate, for he felt his strength

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.

Wrightlesworth & 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 evermore 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!

## THE EXPEDITIONS OF A HERMIT CRAB.

(BY PAGURUS, AUCKLAND.)

## INTRODUCTORY.

*"To wander, wander, is such bliss  
To wander."*

O sang a light-hearted maiden, gaily tripping over the sands one sunny morning not long ago. As I, a discontented old hermit crab basking on a rock, heard her carolling of the joys of roaming, life seemed very hard,

*"For I do sometimes feel a languishment  
For skies Italian, and an inward groan  
To sit upon an Alp as on a throne."*

Why, I mused, should I have the instincts and the ambition of a bird caged by the limitation of my physical powers? The question was no new one; nor was I singular in my trouble. But it was none the easier to bear that I had thousands of companions in misfortune.

That morning I think I must have been suffering from a bad attack of indigestion, for all nature and every living creature seemed to mock me. The tiny ripples breaking on the beach told of coral- and palm-fringed shores while they laughed with the wanton glee of motion. The birds hung on strong, lazy wings above my usual—not my favourite—pool, and then flew away with cries of rejoicing at the difference between their lot and mine. Fishes darted swiftly past, wagging contemptuous tails at my slow progress. The breeze which fanned the willows and the pohutakawas whispered of the pines of California, the firs of Scotland, the palm-trees of Brazil; and bore the very breath of poppy-lands, of waving tree-ferns and sturdy English oaks. A few heat drops that fell near me splashed out the news of the ocean from which they had found passage through air to sky; of the thirsty lands they had at different times refreshed, and of the diverse ways by which they had run back to the bosom of their mother. A fragile, pearly shell, which rode on the mane of a miniature white horse to my side, and there was thrown by the mischievous wave, had a wondrous tale to tell.

*"Of antros vast and deserts idle  
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven."*

The very plants and trees seemed stirred by the same hopeless longing to rove at will which darkened my life, and made me regard with painful intentness a half-empty box of "Rough on Rats" which lay on the beach, and which I concluded (with my usual quickness of perception) had been left by some picnic party. Seeing how the bushes on the cliff above me tugged at their roots and passionately threw themselves into the arms of the wind, as if praying him to carry them away, the verse of a sweet singer crossed my mind.

I am very fond of poetry, as you may have discovered. You may perhaps wonder at my knowing so much. My natural abilities are far above the average, but of course that would not account for my acquaintance with the English classics. But I have, in addition, an excellent memory, and when I discovered, some time ago, that a scholarly old gentleman was in the habit of reciting or reading aloud on the sands, I gladly seized the opportunity of enlarging my mind, and made a point of always being present—an attentive but unsuspected audience of one. In this way I gathered a store of quotations. But, not having recourse to a well-filled library to verify my fragmentary recollections, my readers, will, no doubt, excuse me if memory on occasion plays me false. Under the circumstances they will not, I am sure, expect the accuracy which is to be found—

*"Jewels five words long,  
Which on the stretch'd fore-finger of All Time  
Sparkle for ever—"*

in the letters and articles written for the *Herald*—chiefly on educational and political subjects—by a gentleman whose compositions are so profound, so full of fine language and quotation that they fill me with admiration, and with a sense of my own presumption in daring to employ the same medium of pen and ink to describe my trivial experiences in my poor homely style. However, we can't all be Shakespeares or —; and what a blank there would be if all lesser men were utterly to desist from writing!

The lines I was speaking of before this long digression run somewhat in this fashion:

*"Here are sweet peas, on tip-toe for a flight,  
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,  
And taper fingers catching at all things,  
To bind them all about with tiny rings."*

Only it was not sweet peas; it was clematis. It is a sad tale, and just a year old to-day, which may account for the indigestion and the despondency. She was the loveliest of all the starchy blossoms. As the tiniest bud she showed whiter and purer and more perfect than her sisters. The others were all higher up the cliff. She was not far above me, though still out of reach. For nearly a fortnight I worshipped at her shrine. The moon shone brightly, and I could hardly sleep by night or day for love-orn gazing on her pure, cold beauty. But my passion for her was hopeless. The wandering breeze made love to her, and my heart was wrung with agony when I saw that she yielded to his caresses, and returned his tender attentions with all her heart's devotion. When he drew near her in the first rose-flush of morn, in the tender twilight, or under the love-suggesting radiance of the moon, she thrilled with gladness, and emitted a stronger, sweeter perfume, which the favoured lover bore to me in insolent triumph.

But, alas! her love was her undoing, for on that fatal day when she yielded to his persuasions, I saw him tear her roughly from her home. For a few moments of exultant passion he teased her in his arms and waltzed madly and joyously with her; then he grew tired, and after bearing her out far over the bay, he let her fall into the cruel waves, which buffeted and drowned her, washing up her white corpse on the sand; and there was no one save the despised but faithful crab to mourn over her body or lay it to rest. When she met her doom I heard a shivering sigh from her sisters, it is true, but next day they were flirting again with her destroyer. Time after time since then have I seen one of the foolish things throw her white arms around him and leave her home to meet a like fate. Until this sad occurrence I was quite content with my home, but ever since I have been consumed with a longing to get away.

Faithful the egotistical volubility of a broken-hearted crab. It has been an unpeppable relief to put my sorrow-

ful romance in writing, and its recital has brought to my mind what never occurred to me before—that while the heart-craving of many who are settled and immovable is for variety and travel, still it does not follow that these are best for them. A few weeks past I felt inclined to petition the House of Representatives to introduce a Bill doing away with houses and roots, and substituting tents and wings. There is no doubt that this would have been strictly within their powers; but I begin to see that it would not be an unmixed good, and that there may be something to be said on the other side.

While I was engrossed by painful memories and hopeless longings, two girls came along the beach and sat down near me on the rocks. With their first words my attention was arrested, for, strangely enough, their conversation was on the same theme as my thoughts.

"It's all very well to talk," said one, in a discontented tone, "but you know you would grumble just as much if you had never been out of Auckland. You have seen something of the world beyond, and may go off again any day. But as for my chance of getting away! Here I was born, and here, I suppose, I shall die. What would I not give to visit old countries with a history; to see with my own eyes the ruins of past civilisations; to stand upon the actual spots made famous centuries ago by events which sound to us here like idle tales; to see the surroundings of great men and great deeds—the setting, as it were, of the cameos of history, and the flashing single gems of biography. Then the glorious scenery. How can any one set out calmly and unexcitedly to visit the enchanted lands of tropical forests, snow mountain tops, blue mountain lakes? Think of the beauty and romance of German rivers with their castled steep; the peaceful quiet of English meadows, where every locality has its own traditions; the jungles of India; the harbours of Japan; the sandy wastes guarded by the Pyramids! Why should some people have it all who care nothing about it, who are only rather bored by sight-seeing; inclined to grumble at the absence of home comforts, and seriously troubled at the cookery? I would give ten years of my life—I mean my present vegetable existence—to go for a long trip and see something and meet with some adventures.

Her companion laughed softly. A pleasant laugh, with no scorn or bitterness about it.

"It is surprising how far you may travel in these days without meeting with any adventure," she said. "And once started on a voyage, the most surprising and novel situations have a trick of coming about in the most commonplace way. But I love to hear you talk. You shake up all my slumbering passion for travel, and send my memory, at least, on a tour, or rather through a picture gallery collected on many tours. You call to life a hundred sleeping ideas—national customs, national prejudices, national habits of thought. Surely travelling must give, to even the most unsympathetic of the voyagers you scorn, wider views, and a deeper interest in their fellow-creatures."

"Oh, I don't mean that. I don't want to take a deeper interest in my fellow-creatures. I want to see the world, to be interested and amused, and to be able to talk about things outside this commonplace town. I want to see the oldest and the newest, the most savage and the most civilised, the most beautiful and the grandest sights on earth. I want to live. I'm tired of being a vegetating ignoramus. Every paper I take up has the most tantalizing advertisements of excursions and special trips to India, China, and Japan, to Europe, to Africa, to Australia, to the South Sea Islands, to our own Sounds and the Hot Lakes. Any one of them would be an entrance to Paradise for me, but the shortest and cheapest is not to be hoped for. What a happy man Mr Cook must be! What a delight he must take in mapping out routes for his fortunate tourists, and revelling in the memories which each calls up! Don't you think the mere word "tourist" leaves a nice taste in your mouth?"

"And yet, as you said a minute ago, many of these travellers get little enjoyment at the time, and no permanent benefit from their wanderings. If you are to see anything you must start out provided with eyes and a heart, as well as intelligence and curiosity. There is far more pleasure and profit to be found by anybody with these qualifications in the exploration of his own neighbourhood than by one without them on the whole surface of the globe. Madge, I have an idea!"

The last sentence was uttered in a much brisker tone, and Madge promptly responded:

*"Never!"*

"Now, don't be rude, and don't be impatient while I unfold my scheme. Do you know your neighbourhood thoroughly?"

"Is that all? I should think I did. No, you won't drag me to the top of Rangitoto as a substitute for Tenerife, or catch me visiting Waitakaree and pretending it is Niagara."

"I am not suggesting any such comparisons. Have you been to either of those places?"

"No; don't want to. Boots are too dear," was the indifferent reply.

"Have you ever been to St. John's College, the Tamaki, St. Helier's, Waitaki, Mangere, Avondale, Helensville, Birkenhead, Northcote, or Lake Takapuna?"

"Never!" The emphasis did not convey a flattering opinion of the localities named.

"Have you ever been down the harbour to Waitheke, or Motutapu, Motuhiri, Waitera, Kawau, Tiri-Tiri, the Great Barrier, Mahurangi?"

"Waitera, once for two days."

"Have you ever been through the charitable institutions—the Hospital, Lunatic Asylum, Costley Homes, Orphan Homes, the Home for the Blind, the Traunt School, the Kindergarten, Salvation Army Homes, or the Sailor's Rest?" pursued this relentless catechist.

"Nary one," was the enigmatical reply, given in a tone of utter indifference and slight boredom.

"Have you visited any of the large warehouses, factories, banking or business establishments?"

"I have been in Milne and Choyce's, the D.I.C., and Smith and Caughey's," replied the girl gravely; "also Wildman and Lyell's."

"Which means "no" to my question. Have you visited any studios or collections of pictures besides that in the Art Gallery?"

"Not even that one."

"Oh, Madge, you to talk about travelling when you shut your eyes to everything worth seeing around you! I suppose you have been inside the Free Library."

"I am not quite a barbarian; but I must confess I know very little about what is really valuable in it. And I have

not been there very often, because it is such a puzzle to find what book you want. To save you further questioning, and the repeated shock to your nervous system, I may as well acknowledge that I hate the North Shore; that I was only once in my life in Ponsonby; that it is five years since I stood on the top of Mount Eden; and that the Museum has never excited my curiosity enough to make me enter its door. Will the Court be merciful enough to pass sentence immediately, and not keep the prisoner at the bar in suspense as to her fate?"

"The sentence is (with all legal formalities taken as ready) that once at least in every week you shall set out on pilgrimage to some locality or institution in or around this city of Auckland, until you are thoroughly acquainted with the neighbourhood."

"Oh, mercy, most grave judge. Remember,

*"We do pray for mercy,  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy."*

"No, Madge, I will not let you off. You will find these little expeditions delightful. What were you just reading from the "Essays of Elia," with that intonation of pleasure and sympathy? Give me the book."

The speaker turned over a few pages and then read aloud: "Do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield—holidays and all other fun are gone now we are rich—and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savoury cold lamb and salad, and how you would pry about at noon-tide for some decent house where we might go in and produce our store, only paying for the ale that you must call for, and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth, and wish for such another honest hostess as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went fishing; and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us; but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savourily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall. Now, when we go a day's pleasuring, which is seldom more-over, we ride part of the way, and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense, which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage and a precarious welcome."

"That was delightful. But what comparison can there be between it and the treadmill you propose? It would be simply a weariness to the flesh and an abomination to the spirit."

"That is another reason why you should go, Madge. Such expeditions ought to be anything but a weariness and an abomination. You have been neglecting the very faculties which would enable you properly to appreciate a wider journey. If you let your capacity for observation and interest in your surroundings lie dormant, you will lose it as surely as that miserable crab has lost his armour, his freedom, and his power of locomotion through indolence and cowardice—his own or his ancestors'."

She was actually alluding to me! I did not realise it for an instant, and then indignation rose strong within me, and I moved off towards my pool—slowly, it is true, but with dignity. However, those two rude and ill-bred girls began to make the most impertinent remarks, and to laugh loudly at me. Such a thing had never happened to me before. I had nearly gained the pool when up sprang the younger girl, Madge, and picked me up, house and all. I thought I would give her a good pinch to show that I was not to be trifled with, but on second thoughts I decided that I should not like to inflict pain on any one, even though she had injured me, so I crept as far as possible into my shell (that I might not be tempted against my better impulses) and barred up the opening with my forelegs and my one long claw.

"Do you see a bottle anywhere?" said my captor. "I am going to take this little curiosity home. I want to make a sketch of him and his home."

Really, after all, that girl was a great deal more observant than her hateful companion.

A bottle was found and filled with salt water, and I was borne off in triumph. On the way from the beach other subjects were discussed by the two girls, but not before Madge had promised to accompany her friend once or twice on the proposed jaunts.

My thoughts dwelt upon that unpleasant remark about the absence of my "armour." I wonder whether there was anything in what that girl said, or if it was pure malice on her part. My interest also was strongly excited by the proposed expeditions, and I longed to make my ardent wish to accompany them known to my owner, who, I felt sure, would gladly have gratified me, as I could see she was very much taken with me. I had certainly nothing to complain of in the treatment I received at her hands. She provided me with a most comfortable little home, constantly supplying me with food and renewing the sea-water.

About three days later I found the two girls were making preparations to start on their first journey. I determined to make an effort to join them. Fortune favoured me, and I crept unobserved into a lunch-basket. But my experiences on my first voyage deserve a chapter to themselves.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE WEIGHT OF THOUGHT.

PROFESSOR MOSSO, an Italian physiologist of repute, has demonstrated by experiment that thinking causes a rush of blood to the brain, which varies with the nature of the thought. This has long been believed by students and literary men, but Mossó proved it by balancing the living subject in a horizontal position so delicately that when he began to think the accession of blood to his head turned the scale. When the subject was asleep, the thoughts or visions which came to him in dreams were sufficient to sink his head below his feet; and the same thing took place when the sleeper was disturbed by a slight sound or touch. Signor Mossó's balance even allowed him to tell when his friend, the subject, was reading Italian and when Greek; the greater mental exertion required in the latter case producing a greater flow of blood to the head.



## PARISIAN SLUMS.



NE peculiarity of exterior Paris, since the days of Baron Haussmann, consists in the fact that unlike other large cities, it has virtually no slums. Probably the lowest neighbourhood in Paris is La Villette. As may be supposed, this unusual openness of construction of the *Paris moderne* greatly favours the action of the police in their never ending warfare against occult vice and crime. The various haunts and houses of call for criminals—criminals, like other members of society, must have their resorts for purposes of business and of pleasure—are not by any means inaccessible, and are situated as often as not in the best parts of the city; under of course, the watchful tolerance of authority, which regards such places in the light of so many coverts, where it may be sure of drawing doubtful and dangerous game whenever the same is 'wanted.'

One of the most thorough-paced and characteristic of Parisian 'dives,' is the Caveau des Halles. It lies within the precincts of the great Central Market. You are in a clean, quiet side street; early morning is the hour, and two or three hundred yards away you can just discern the cheerful bustle of vending and purchasing crowds at the foot of the Halles' big glass and iron walls. A charming Parisian tableau of cleanly, orderly activity and industry. Step, however, through the narrow doorway of this little corner *marchand de vins*. Exchange, in passing, a glance with the *patron* or 'boss,' a large florid-looking man, whose head at all seasons of the year displays the adornment of a coarse fur cap. Then precipitate yourself down the narrow winding staircase at the extreme end of the room, which room, though narrow, is exceedingly long, and the next moment you will find yourself in the bowels of the earth and in the famous Caveau des Halles.

Here an extraordinary scene awaits you. Under the low arches of a vault—so low that you have to stoop for fear of knocking your brains out by coming in contact with the roof—gleams the uncertain light afforded by some score of guttering tall wax candles stuck in drooping tin sockets along the walls. On tables and chains of the coarsest stand glasses too thick for anything to break (thicker even than the skulls of those now drinking out of them), and the knives and forks which some are using are fastened down by means of short iron chains. So terrific is the din kept up by the half-hundred rogues, reprobates, and vagabonds of either sex here assembled, that at first your wits are not sufficiently collected for you to have more than a confused general perception of the appearance of those around. They, meanwhile, have been very closely and attentively examining yours.

When, finally, you are enabled to take a full view of the company among whom you have been brought by the indulgence of that sentiment named by Baudelaire *la curiosité de l'horrible*, you are somewhat startled to perceive how hideous are nearly all these beings. Less of sheer brutality about them, it may be, than about the lowest roughts in New York and London. Less abjectly filthy they are, too, in the matter of their clothing. But a great deal more abjectly filthy as to their facial expression. Herein is where the French ruffian triumphs: in his air of odious depravity, too utter for any less depraved than he to fully conceive, much less describe or suggest in words. And the women, in this respect, seem viler still than the men.

Songs of awful tenour are being, not sung, but squealed or howled or howled. Those glasses of leaden density are being hammered till they ring again upon the surface of the tables, scored deep with every obscene device and design. And now—immediately after a waiter who would be thought a somewhat specially evil looking creature if he were first caught sight of at some galleys, has got through serving you out your 'consummation' with one hand, while keeping the other hand extended for the reception of simultaneous payment—a desperate fight with knives breaks out between a couple of men in blouses who have for some time past been lavishing joint but rival attentions on a female with hair hanging down over her nose like a Skye's. Instantly three sharp-eyed men dressed to represent workmen, who had been sitting quietly at a table a little apart, dash forward and strive to separate the combatants. This new trio, needless to say, are members of the secret police. But before the pair, fighting and foaming at the mouth like savage beasts, can be checked and overpowered for purposes of arrest, one of the two has received a fearful cut extending from the nose to the lips, and falls to actively expectorating blood. The other has been pinched somewhere in the region of the abdomen, and looks, and says he feels, rather particularly bad. The woman with the Skye-terrier hair appears to think it all a splendid joke, for she leans with complete self-abandonment against a groaning table, and laughs till she nearly cries.

But one has seen quite enough of this agreeable resort near Halles, and now one may wend one's way towards Montmartre, with a view to exploring a 'dive' of somewhat different description, well known to the initiate under the name of 'Father Richard's.'

A ring—several rings—at a creaking-bell at a very ordinary-looking door in an up-hill street, and a sliding panel is withdrawn to permit a pair of glittering eyes to view you carefully and long from behind a wire grating. At length a door is opened and 'Father Richard' stands before you. A man of strikingly sinister visage, with livid complexion and coal-black anky beard and hair. Quite the classic poisoner or groiler of the boards. Down a long winding passage the 'Father' glumly conducts us, after one word from his lip, a heavy welcome, and the full view breaks upon one of a general Parisian pandemonium. Gas is flaring, and all too vividly lighting up the faces of a crew seated like Arthur's knights at a large round table, covered with all drinkables of the cheaper sort. Women are here in numbers; a less haggard-looking lot than at the Caveau, but perhaps in reality (if that be possible) more abominably vile. Concerning the representatives of the other sex who are present, one might wager that, if not in each case thieves downright, they are either card 'sharps' or gentlemen attached in a professional capacity to the society of the ladies present, or minor agents of the police that are here combining their business with their pleasure.

Room is promptly and obsequiously made for us at the

table; for something in Father Richard's manner has appraised these quick-witted knaves of one's being something a little out of the common run of the Father-Richard custom. And we sit us down alongside of a hat and a countenance—the men all keep their hats on at Father Richard's—belonging to a gentleman, who, if not a murderer, ought to be. Resisting courteously the blandishments of a lady not far off, who shows an eager desire to enter into sentimental conversation, we cast a circular glance along the walls and note, with amusement, perhaps, but no surprise, that twin portraits of Boulanger and Gambetta, marvellously lifeless and stiff, appear on either side of the mantel. Richard evidently is a patriot. His wife, a short, stout being, with one of those smoothly gentle faces not unfrequently to be found accompanying the worst degree of inward sinfulness and villainy, passes hither and thither, bearing, Hebe like, refreshments, which at this thrifty hour of night are in rapid consumption and demand.

But hark! So soon, that ominous rattle! It is—it is 'the box!' Decamp we must, and quickly, else we will be involved in that little game of dice now being improvised for the benefit of the unexpected visitor. One more 'dive' remains to be explored; one more 'flight' would be the more appropriate term, seeing this third place is perched on the very summit of the steep Montmartre height.

A climb, long and hard, through the last lingering shades of darkness before dawn, reminding one somewhat of Arnold's lines:—

'The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upwards through the night.'

And here is a little rustic-looking street, with trees, and walls, and never the hint of a pavement. 'Aux Assassins,' is the highly-appropriate sign of the wine shop whither one's steps are tending. They don't mince matters here. They claim 'assassins' for their customers, quite boldly. Quite truthfully too, one concludes, as one enters the establishment, where, behind shutters hermetically closed and sealed, cards, billiards, dice, drinking, cursing, singing, and more especially that species of amusement by our rule but graphic ancestors denominated 'drabbing,' are still at fever height. On the broken brick floor, breakdowns are being performed to the 'lascivious pleasing' of a fiddle, manipulated by a person—perhaps himself an assassin—who charges a couple of sous for every tune. 'If ye do not dance; but drink we do, because we must. Drink, pay, look on, and finally depart. Even the longest of night has an end (it is now seven o'clock in the morning), and three 'dives' in one row are enough for the most inveterate diver.—EDWARD DELILLE.

## A FAIR ADVENTRESS.

ABOUT fifteen years ago a young woman of noble birth, Miss Goolak-Artemovskaya, went from Volhynia to St. Petersburg, and soon became a figure in the leading social circles of the capital. Her youth, beauty, refinement, and sympathetic nature, as described, attracted to her drawing-room a host of admirers. Officers of high rank and young nobles paid homage to her. Miss Goolak-Artemovskaya lived in high style. Stories were current in the city about her vast possessions in the Crimea and Caucasus, which she had inherited, to account for the luxuries in which she indulged herself. But her days of glory were of short duration. One morning several military officers of high rank discovered that they had been taken advantage of by the beautiful Miss Goolak-Artemovskaya at the innocent game of *dooratshyky*, a most simple game of cards which is very common in Russia, and that since they had been acquainted with her they had lost many thousand roubles.

They reported their case to the police authorities, who found that the lady possessed no property, and that she derived her means of high living by fraud. Not only fleeing her admirers at the card-table, but even forging was traced to her. She was condemned to deprivation of all her personal rights and exiled to Siberia, in the Government of Irkutsk.

A romantic incident was connected with her fate. A young noble, one of her admirers, to whom she had paid but little attention in her palmy days, attested his true love for her. He married her in prison and followed her voluntarily to the place of her exile. He devoted his life and money toward making her comfortable. She, however, wearied of the dullness of her life and determined to escape. She played the pious woman and so successfully carried on her religious hypocrisy that she became widely known for her godliness and was finally allowed to settle in Irkutsk. Here, at last, she and her husband appeared quite happy. They set up a respectable little household and lived comfortably together, for a time. Their little parlours soon became the centre of attraction for the *jeunesse doree* and military dignitaries of the city. But reports reached the Governor that the penitent Goolak-Artemovskaya, who indeed visited the churches during the day, amused her guests in the evening with the game of *dooratshyky*. Notice was sent her that under no consideration should cards be played in her house, or she would be sent back to the village where she had been located before. So card-playing had to be given up.

The husband of the tricky woman found out after a while that she conducted her household on a larger and more luxurious scale than he could afford. He discovered, moreover, that she had dresses and jewellery which he had not bought for her. At last he learned that she had become too intimate with a rich merchant, who owned the house in which they lived. He remonstrated with her, but could get no satisfaction. Having convinced himself that the woman was incorrigible, he abandoned her, but she continued living in her accustomed fashion. Her charms were great, and she never lacked friends.

It seems, however, that her last trump was played this winter. Among her friends was a governess who had been brought from Moscow by one of the rich merchants at Irkutsk for his children. The lady was highly educated and refined, and in stature and appearance resembled Goolak-Artemovskaya. After her arrival in Irkutsk the wily Artemovskaya became her intimate friend. Last autumn both Artemovskaya and her friend, the governess, disappeared from Irkutsk. Searches were made, but the fugitives could not be discovered. At last a peasant reported that he had found the body of a respectably dressed woman near the river a few versts from Irkutsk. It was the body of the poor governess. As she had disappeared from the city together with the convict Goolak-Artemovskaya, suspicion arose that

the latter had played her foul in order to get possession of her passport. Searches for the fugitive convict were made with increased energy. She was discovered in the town of Maryinsk, in the Government of Tomsk. She had assumed the name of the poor governess and used her passport. She was arrested and taken to Irkutsk for trial.

## A BIG CONTRACT.

THE case of the Plymouth man who had his love letters produced and read in court should teach other lovers moderation in the making of oedipal contracts.

In a single postscript the Plymouth man undertook to deliver to the lady of his choice no fewer than 1,000,000,000 kisses, and as such contracts are not infrequently made in love letters, it may be well to give a thought to the magnitude of the undertaking.

Whoever will take the trouble to figure it out will find that even if this amorous swain should give the lady 15,000 kisses a minute (and we affirm that no person could hope to do more than that), and even if he could keep up this rate of osculation twenty-four hours a day, never pausing to sleep, eat or take a breath, working 365 days every year, it would take him more than 100 years to complete the contract and by that time, it is painful to reflect, the ardour of his love may have cooled.

Even at the end of 100 years, counting 15,000 kisses a minute, there would remain an undelivered balance of 200,000,000,000—a number which in itself might appal the most industrious.

We therefore feel constrained to advise writers of love letters not to undertake contracts of such magnitude.—*Tit-Bits*.

## FALLING IN LOVE BY TELEGRAPH.

THE telegraph companies of the United States are on the eve of abandoning the employment of women as telegraph operators. Mischievous Cupid is at the bottom of the trouble. It is he who will have to bear the responsibility of the close of a popular profession to the fair sex, and the mere mention of the word 'love' in any of the large telegraph offices has much the same effect on the managers and superintendents as a red rag would have on a bull. The managers complain that no sooner does a woman operator get thoroughly broken and become an adept in handling the wire, than she invariably falls in love with one of the male employés of the office, quits work, and gets married. This, of course, necessitates all the trouble of training a new operator, and of annoying changes in the constitution of the staff.

The managers have attempted to deal with this perversity and contumacious of their female operators by eliminating wherever possible all the male clerks from offices where women are employed. This, however, has proved useless, and has merely led to the development of a new feature of matrimonial business, of which until now the telegraphers have the monopoly. This may be briefly described as 'marriage on tick.' To fall in love at first sight is the lot of many, but it is reserved for telegraph operators to fall in love without any sight at all. The little telegraph instrument, with its brass key and sounding-plate, is made to take the place of eyes, and to stamp upon the brain the image of the one adored, though a thousand miles away. It is said that an experienced operator can tell from the sound of the click whether the sender is a man or a woman. The touch of the latter is more delicate than that of a man, and the little bright blue spark on the sounding-board from a woman's hand has often sent a thrill of joy through the heart of the receiver at the other end of the wire, and kindled the fire of love in his soul. Courtships of this kind are economical. There are no theatre parties, picnics, or ice-cream symposiums to be looked after. Innumerable have been the matches made in this fashion, where all the arrangements have been perfected over the wire, without either of the parties seeing each other except in picture form.

## THE PATH THROUGH THE CLOVER.

We strayed together where the path  
Goes winding through the clover,  
And 'cross the soft, sweet orchard glass  
Where apple boughs hang o'er  
We watched the waving of the hay,  
All ready for the mowing,  
And saw the blueness of the sky,  
And felt the fresh winds blowing,  
And to our light, few hearts the day  
Was glad as glad could be,  
And nothing lacked of fair or bright  
For Margaret and me.

But at the brook our ways diverged,  
Mine up the hillside leading,  
And here across the gentle slopes  
Where peaceful flocks are feeding,  
In slight uncertainty we stood,  
We thought not of dividing,  
While each the other's doubting steps  
Rebuked with playful hiding,  
In mood half vexed, half laughing, we  
Could never quite agree  
If I should cross the fields with her,  
Or she its hills with me.

At last we took our separate ways,  
Our hearts with anger burning;  
Each longed to call the other back,  
But scorned to think of turning.  
Ah, me, had we but read aright  
The omen clear before us,  
We had less lightly held the faith  
No future can restore us  
Nor sigh to think how better far  
For both of us 'twould be  
If I had crossed the fields with her,  
Or she its hills with me.

KATE TUCKER GOOD.

## A WOMAN ARRANGES HER OWN MURDER.

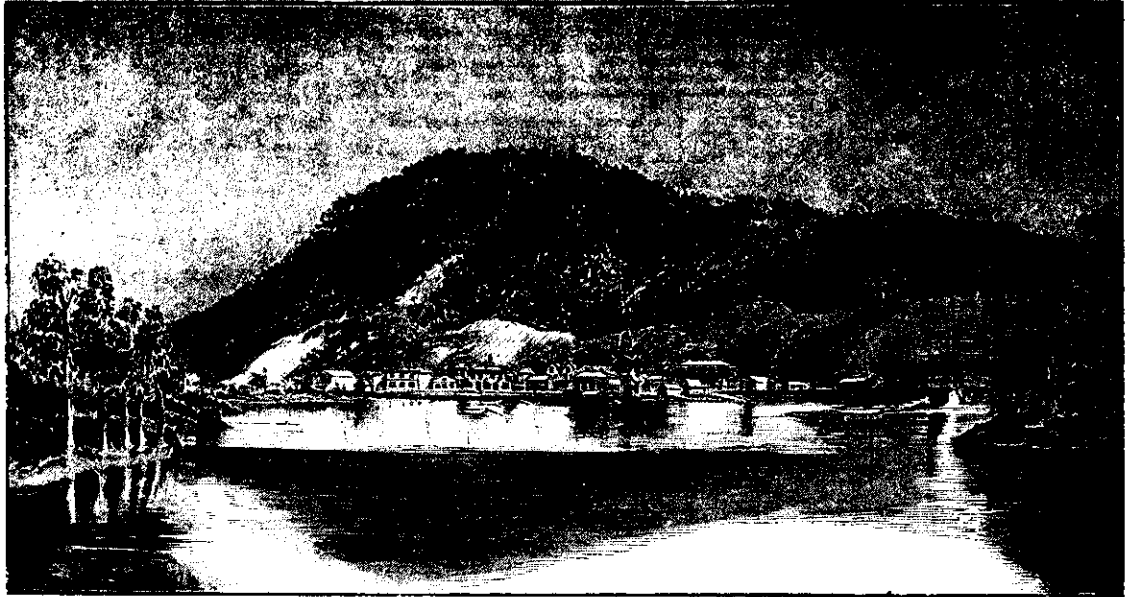
THE mystery surrounding the death of Madame Josefa Kirsch, a rich innkeeper in Detta, who was found strangled in bed a few days ago, has just been cleared up by the confession of an imbecile named Marcia Gilezan, who says that he killed the woman by her own wish, and for a consideration of two florins. According to a Dalziel's telegram from Buda Pesth, he also produces a letter in Madame Kirsch's handwriting in support of his statements. His story is as follows:—When, on the day of the murder, I visited the dead woman's inn, she sat down at my table and told me that she was tired of life and desired nothing better than a painless and speedy death. She asked me if I knew of a pleasant way of committing suicide, and upon suggesting strangulation, she said, "Yes, I think that would suit me, but I am afraid to do it myself, as I might again be interrupted by some busybody, as on two former occasions when I have at-

## PICTURESQUE PICTON.

BY 'N.Z. GRAPHIC'S' TRAVELLING ARTIST.

AFTER leaving Wellington, the first port of call in the South Island is Picton, situated on the immediately opposite side of Cook Strait at its narrowest part and within the deep recess of Captain Cook's favourite haven, Queen Charlotte's Sound, which he has tersely described as 'a collection of the finest harbours in the world.' Passing through the Tory

be summed up as a succession of parallel valleys and mountain ranges, running generally north-east and south-west, the most northerly and westerly valleys being those of the Pelorus and the Rai, which are covered by valuable forests prolific in such marketable timbers as the white pine, rimu, matai, and totara.



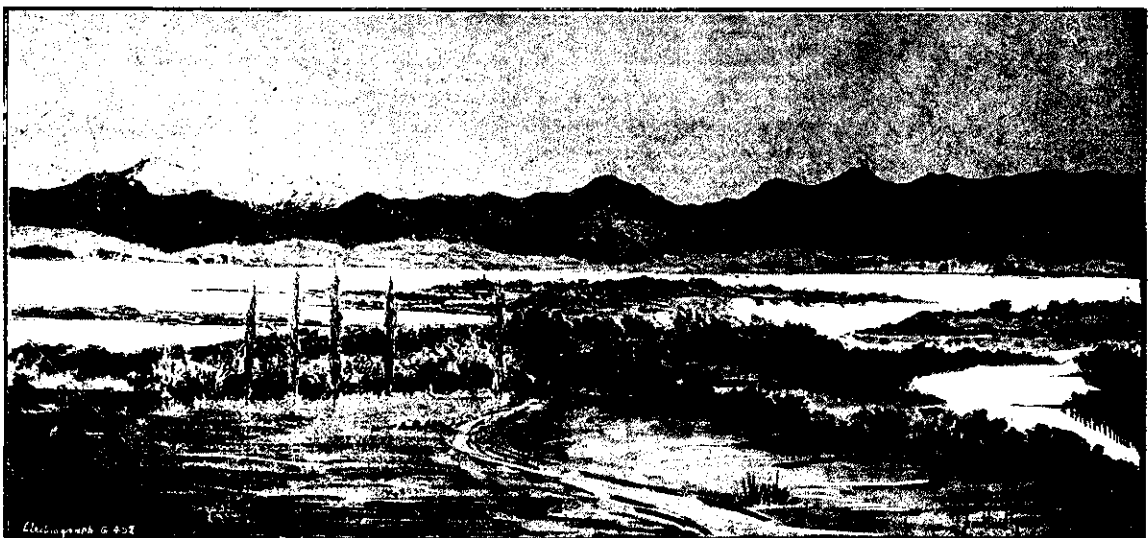
Wharf.  
PICTON, FROM THE SPIT.

Shaw, Saville's ship 'Nelson.'

tempted that method of suicide. Poison I detest for similar reasons; there always seems to be a stomach-pump ready to disturb one's peace." Then the woman asked me if I wanted to make a little money, and upon my answering in the affirmative, she said—"Come round about midnight, and I'll see what I can do for you." Gilezan further deposes that upon his arrival at the house the woman gave him a large bottle of schnaps, and bade him go to her room as soon as he had finished it. He did as he was told, and when he entered Mme. Kirsch's room, she said—"Have

Channel, we find the entrance to the Sound ample, the water deep, the tides regular, both shores indented with capital bays and coves, and fresh water and timber abundant. No wonder that this magnificent inlet always stood high in the estimation of the early navigators and whalers. Had there been a sufficiency of suitable land around its margin, it would long ere this have been known as the site of a prosperous city. The scenery is charming. Forest-clad hills, plashing streams emerging from gullies and gorges resplendent with tree-ferns, palms, flowering shrubs and trees,

Picton, a borough of about eight hundred population, is situated on a very pretty piece of water surrounded by high land, and forming a splendid harbour. The wharfage accommodation is at present rather limited, but will probably be increased considerably in the near future, owing to the rapidly increasing output of produce from the Marlborough district by steamers and sailing vessels from this port. The principal exports are wool, barley, flax, and hops, besides meats, frozen and preserved in other ways.



VIEW FROM STOKE,

NEAR NELSON, LOOKING ACROSS TO THE WAIMEA HILLS AND THE MT. ARTHUR RANGES.

you sufficient courage to kill me?" Gilezan said he was drunk enough to attempt anything she wished. "Then take the rope lying upon the table, together with your two florins and a letter to the police exonerating you from all blame, continued the woman. "Bind my hands and feet, and when it is done strangle me with both of your hands. But, mind, don't leave me until you are sure I am quite dead. Grip my neck with both hands for five minutes at least." Gilezan says he strictly followed these instructions, and, after killing the woman, he sprinkled the body as well as himself with holy water. Then he left, taking his two florins and the letter to the police with him.

birds of attractive plumage flitting about, and fish leaping from the placid bosom of the water—such are the constituent features of the *coup d'œil*. An amphitheatre of hills looks us in from the outer world. The White Rocks, Motuara and Long Island lie within the entrance, and abreast of Motuara are three coves, the most southern of which is Ship Cove, familiar by name to every reader of 'Cook's Voyages.' The double bay of Waitohi, on the southern side, contains the port and town of Picton, chief outlet for Marlborough, the smallest province of New Zealand. It was detached from Nelson in 1859, and has an area of about three million acres. Its physical geography may

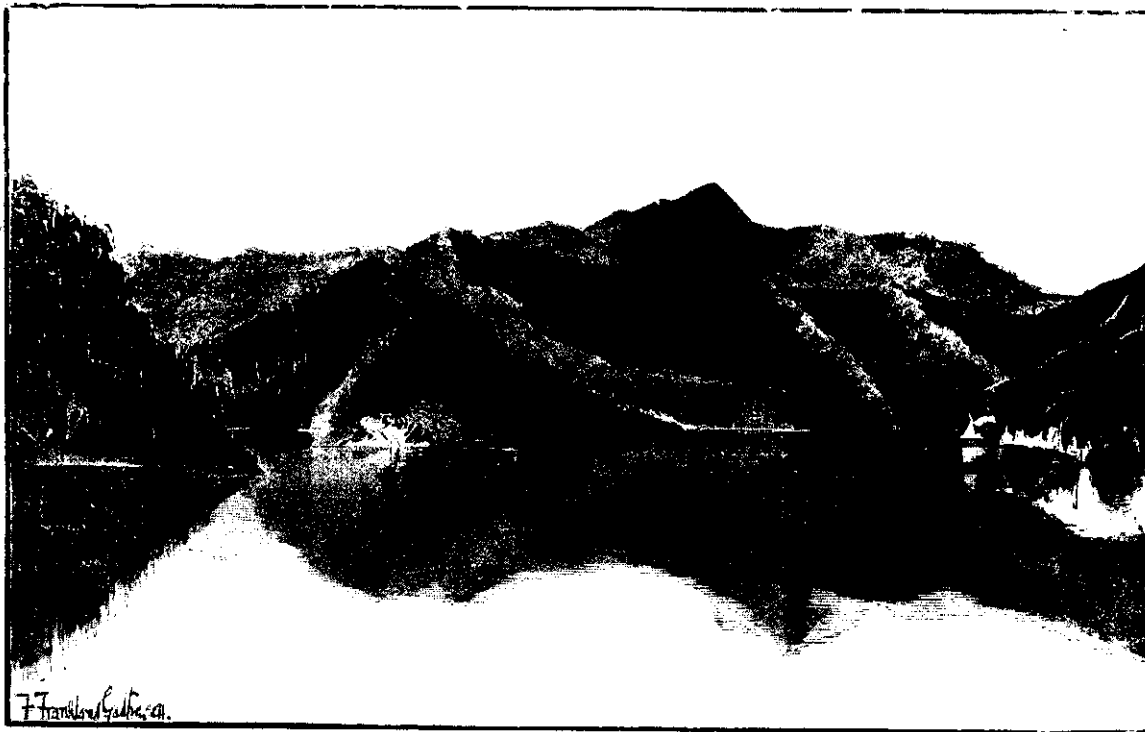
Picton, like most towns of its size, is a quiet little place; but the summer visitor must necessarily be very fastidious who could not profitably while away a month or so in the district, more especially if his tastes incline to the artistic in nature, as the scenery round about the Queen Charlotte and Pelorus Sounds is as beautiful as could be found in any part of New Zealand. Outside communication is, however, very frequent and easy. Blenheim lies distant about eighteen miles by rail, and there is a frequent train service, and coaches run also to connect with the boats from Wellington and Nelson. The Union S.S. Company's boats also call at Picton four times a week, and Mr Fisk's small steamers ply

daily between the town and Mahakiripawa and other places on the Sounds.

The streets are wide, out of all proportion to the buildings, looking as if designed for a distant future when Picton shall be the favourite watering-place of the capital of New Zealand. The street leading up from the quay bears the name of Wellington-street. Hereon is situated the Customs

Wairan Road we come to the Borough Council Office, and in the vicinity of Nelson Square—a pretty level green square of about two acres, leased and played on by the Picton Cricket Club (which, by-the-by, has an exceptionally strong eleven, or has had in past seasons)—is the Church of England, an unimposing wooden structure, which is, however, beautified internally by pretty stained-glass windows,

in and around the neighboring Sounds in fishing. Mr A. G. Fell (the present Mayor of Picton) has a large and very complete malt-house, and G. A. Smith and Co., have a timber-mill in the centre of the town. The R.M. for the district is J. Allen, Esq., and the member for Waimea-Picton, C. H. Mills, Esq., who, however, resides at Havelock. The cemetery is situated on the side



Mabel Island. Mt. Stokes.

PICTON HARBOUR.

LOOKING FROM PICTON UP THE HARBOUR.

and Post-office, and immediately opposite Oxley's Pier Hotel. A little further up is the Ship Hotel facing the water, and further on we come to Phillpott's store and the Bank of New Zealand's building. Facing Fell's malt house on the next corner is Jinkin's general store. In High-street, starting at the seaward end, is the Ter-

minus Hotel, kept by Mr Falconer; then come the U.S.S. Offices and Allport's Boarding House; whilst on the same street are situated the stores of J. Greensill and Co., J. Godfrey, Girling and Co., M. O'Donnell, and others. Here, too, are the publishing offices of the bi-weekly, *Marlboro's Express*, published by Mr A. T. Card, the agent for the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC. Passing across the railway line to the

those over the Communion table in memory of the late Mr Adams, of Langley-Dale, being especially beautiful. Close by are the Schools, Smith's Timber Mills, and near these again the brewery of L. B. Jones. Across the Square, and facing the Cricket Ground, is the Clarendon Hotel, kept by Mr S. Eyes. In this connection we forgot

of a hill a bit away from the town. In past times it was kept trim and neat by convict labour, but has, unfortunately been allowed to fall into a rather dilapidated condition. Our sketch of Picton, which embraces most of the town near the water, is taken from across the Spit; that of the harbour from between the railway station and Terminus



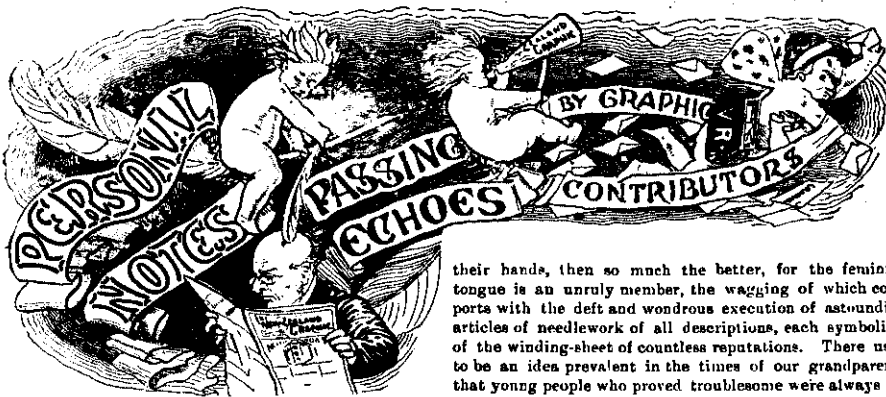
VIEW OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE SOUND, FROM THE SNOOT, NEAR PICTON.

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to mention the George Hotel, a good commercial house kept by Mr G. Harris on High-street. At the end of the same street is the Court House and Police Offices. Picton has a compact little hospital, the resident surgeon of which is Dr. Scott. There is an establishment for the drying and curing of this famous 'Picton herrings' and other fish, just across the harbour, and a good many men are employed

Hotel; and the view of Queen Charlotte Sound from the headland known as 'The Snout.'

'If I were to commit suicide,' said Gus de Jay to his father's physician, 'what kind of a verdict would the coroner bring in?' 'Justifiable homicide,' was the emphatic reply.



## The New Zealand Graphic AND LADIES' JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1891.

As King Gama in 'Princess Ida' says, 'isn't your life exceedingly flat when you've nothing whatever to grumble at?' Those who go to view the agreeable combination of humour, music, and stage spectacle in the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan are apt to miss the full force of philosophy or latent satire contained in their libretto. Much of it is dependent upon time and place, while that which is of universal application fails to get fully home to the intellect on account of the intervening distractions. But is it not sound, solid truth, at least with reference to the people of our race, that life without its petty annoyances would be intolerable? The notion of old King Gama roaming dejectedly about his earthly paradise, 'spoiling,' as our American cousins say, 'for a fight,' and never encountering opposition of any sort, is not only intensely amusing, but it is so true. He was past the age for physical resistance, but he had still enough mental vigour left to desire somewhat on which to expend this, and sooner than be continually wasting his energy in beating the air, was even willing to render up his body to be kicked.

As George Eliot has said, 'there is nothing more melancholy to contemplate in this world than the waste of energy. Energy is the overplus of vital force with which nature has endowed every mortal, until they reach that point in their earthly career when the vital forces do no more than balance those of decomposition. Then is their usefulness overpast. Hence when King Gama grumbled, like many others of us, he showed that there was life in the old dog yet. And if he sighed for lack of opposition, what wonder is it that so many homes are disturbed on account of the absence of objects upon which young people can expend the life and health with which nature has so bountifully endowed them?'

On this ground alone the increasing belief in young women going out into the world and espousing some sort of avocation is to be defended. If there is one fact more true than another with reference to mothers, it is that they are as fond of power in their little domain as any emperor or king is in his, and will not lay it down until physical infirmity compels them. As a consequence their daughters who have not yet succeeded in getting men to make them mistresses of households, are condemned to inactivity, and to this more than anything else the premature age and sourness supposed to be characteristic of old maids as a class is to be attributed. A complete answer to those who contend that the household is woman's province, and that she should be confined to that is found in the above fact, and the growing disparity between the numbers of the sexes is to a great extent the secret of the development of the women's rights doctrine.

Whenever it comes to be recognised that a marked proportion of spinsters can never get husbands, and no power on earth can indicate which are those who are destined to draw blanks in the lucky bag of marriage, a necessity falls upon the whole class to be each individually capable of doing something more than domestic work. As a matter of fact many young women, on account of the above 'I am here and I'm going to stay here' spirit of their mothers, receive but a very imperfect training for their possible housewifely office, and most young husbands are amply justified in adding to the other shortcomings of their mother-in-law the responsibility for the domestic tribulations and the culinary atrocities of the first year of wedlock.

Nothing is better for young women, and nothing more beneficial for the community than that they should be usefully employed. If it is with their heads rather than with

their hands, then so much the better, for the feminine tongue is an unruly member, the wagging of which comports with the deft and wondrous execution of astounding articles of needlework of all descriptions, each symbolical of the winding-sheet of countless reputations. There used to be an idea prevalent in the times of our grandparents that young people who proved troublesome were always ill-disposed or incorrigible, whereas the real defect lay in those who were responsible for their existence and up-bringing not taking due account of the necessity for every member of society being usefully employed if they are not to become a nuisance or a danger to their fellows. Looked at from this point of view, the greater tendency to give young women freer occupation and amusement is right, as it results in a wholesome vivifying and beautifying of their existence.

Threatened institutions live long, and the church bazaar still continues to flourish, though even some of those who derive profit therefrom pretend to scout the notion of its respectability. Possibly they do this in the belief that their resistance will be unavailing, and a little well judged protestation, when there is no danger of its succeeding, cannot do harm to any cause. We have no certain knowledge regarding the ecclesiastic who invented this mode of raising the wind in the dark days when the offertory-plate began to lose its power. Indeed, the offertory plate has for long ceased to have any chance whatever when making its septidial rounds for the simple reason that the material whereon to operate is elsewhere. If phlebotomy is to be practised in churches very successfully, it is above all things necessary that men should be brought within the fold. Women's half in the labour of the churches consists in attracting men to the gentle shepherd to be shorn, for little is to be made out of them in the base matter of the where-withal.

But the bazaar is an extraordinary and desperate resource, and has only been resorted to after all other expedients have failed. The ladies have charmed in vain with the Sunday bonnet. Women may frequent divine service in the most monstrous and novel of head-gear, but on these occasions they play to their own sex merely. Unmarried men take no interest in a woman's bonnet or hat unless it happens to envelop a particular head. As for the married men, never until the Great Doomsday Book gives up its secrets will it be known how many luckless Benedicts have been kept from coming within sound of the glad tidings by the thought of their wife's bonnet. There are latent tragedies sufficient in one Sunday bonnet to afford good material for at least one conventional novel, while when it is that of the incumbent's wife nature recoils from the thought of the silent struggles that decoration must entail upon the wearer's spouse. To think of the poor man having to raise his spirit to worlds unknown with the offending object continually bobbing about below, is terrible.

But after a long series of ordinary services, men are at last promised something more than a silent contemplation of the unattainable. There is to be a bazaar. The married men are not averse. Brown hopes that Mrs Brown may by selling Jones a bad brand of cigars of his own procuring, manage to make Jones sick, Jones having taken to keeping certain vagrant and destructive poultry who have played havoc with his garden. Mrs Robinson sees a chance of getting to know young Smith recently arrived, and who on account of his reputed wealth and accomplishments, is the lion of the hour. This is purely on her own account, for Miss Robinson is not out yet, nor does Mrs Robinson wish her to be. Little Miss Robinson also silently worships Smith from afar, but keeps her secret well, and in her capacity as a flower-girl looks to victimising him with button-hole bouquets innumerable. Robinson, though he affects contempt for the whole thing, is furtively saving up his money, so that he may go nightly and be dunned by the girls. Then he will get compensation, and all in the best of possible causes, for many Sunday bonnets wrung from his reluctant pocket sometimes. There is a general ripple of excitement throughout the highways and byways of the congregation, and a sudden quickening of the spirits of all in a manner formerly inconceivable. For the great day is approaching, the day of our church bazaar, and in that time ye shall know how much more potent are the wiles of woman in the matter of extracting the bawbees than are the entreaties or denunciations of a Lacordaire or a Massillon.

What is romance? Carlyle says that no age is romantic to itself. This is equally true of persons. No age realizes the aspect it will present to its successors, and no person realizes the impression they produce upon those whom they encounter. If, as we toil along under the oppressive heat of a summer's day, muttering imprecations under our breath upon the weather, sighing for interminable drinks, and feeling generally bilious and crotchety, we happen to meet a friend, we studiously dissemble all this and for the moment assume an aspect of sprightliness and contentment we are far from feeling. Possibly we may remark lightly *en passant* that it is 'rather hot,' or 'very oppressive to-day,' but this represents very feebly the condition of our feelings, for the expression of which no vocabulary hitherto invented by the fertile mind of man would suffice. Our friend is probably as dissatisfied with the state of things, possibly worse satisfied than ourselves, but he looks even more comfortable and content, and on separating you depart with a feeling that he is fortunate in being able to enjoy life under such a temperature. He all the time is dreaming of the delights of the winter season, and praying for its return.

Similarly when we form part of some spectacular function—a fancy dress ball or a romantic opera—we only see part of the fun. The element which we contribute to the general effect is lost to us; we are not romantic to ourselves. This, no doubt, was the idea floating in the mind of Shakespeare when he said, 'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women only players.' Egotistical as is human nature, it nevertheless is continually straining for something without itself, and in this consists the feeling of romance, the desire of self-oblivion. Hence no person is a hero or a criminal unto themselves; they are just themselves. The sense of romance, the impression of the heroic comes perhaps afterwards, when long years are past and the impressions are obscured and overlaid so as to come presented as if of some other person. So is it with scenes of historic interest within the shadow of which we have resided, and regarded indifferently as the mere commonplaces of our life. We marvel when they are beset by excited tourists who have expended much and travelled far in order to enjoy what never seemed notable or beautiful to us. Thus does strong imagination beguile the tedium of life and hold out promises which, if never fulfilled, give a leaven to existence.

### AN OLD STORY.

OH, you are fair and young, my love,  
But I am growing old,  
And in good sooth you do me wrong  
To ask a story or a song,  
For all my songs are sung, my love,  
And all my tales are told.

My voice has gone this many a year,  
My wit has grown so small  
I'm even forced to speak the truth;  
But somewhere lives a lucky youth  
Who'll tell you—lies, I think, my dear,  
But you'll believe them all.

He'll have a noble scorn of self,  
He'll sing and sigh and sne,  
He'll say his love will last for ay—  
And Heaven knows what he will not say—  
I've done this sort of thing myself,  
It is not hard to do.

He'll talk of dying, if you doubt  
The ardour of his flame;  
You'll save his precious life, my dear,  
And in a quarter of a year—  
But there—you'd better find it out—  
It's always much the same.

HERBERT E. CLARKE.

### EDUCATED HERSELF FOR MARRIAGE.

AMONG the graduates of the year says an American journal one brave young woman has completed a course frankly taken in preparation for matrimony. Like many girls who make society amusement their chief existence, this young woman did not realize the deficiencies in her education until she had won the friendship and love of one who was her superior in intellectual acquirements. With the realization of her ignorance came the determination to study for self-improvement. Entering as a pupil at a well-known school for girls, she took courses in literature, philosophy, and other studies which would enable her to write and speak with accuracy and would teach her the best methods of thought. She entered classes of political economy and studied the newspapers under competent direction. Urging her teachers to correct all imperfections in her speech and manner, she made constant effort to attain the standard which might bring her nearer to an equality with her future husband. The struggle was not easy. There were trials of pride in studying with girls of a more youthful age; there were many moments of mortification from the exposure of her ignorance. Determination to succeed won its usual rewards. The society girl, whose bright mind had been eclipsed by the routine of pleasures, became renowned in the school as one of the most earnest and satisfactory pupils. When she graduates this year into the refined home that has been in preparation for her she will meet her husband upon an equality, and entertain his friends with a feeling of cheerful confidence. She says that the whole world seems more stable since she has been sure that her sentences are grammatical and her pronunciation according to the best authorities.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE PAINS AND PLEASURES OF LIFE.

ACROSS AFRICA BY BALLOON.

M. HENRI LECOMTE, the director of the Meteorological School of Aeronautics at Paris, proposes to endeavour to cross Africa by balloon starting from Mozambique. The balloon is to be furnished with a special apparatus for making hydrogen gas during the night time, is to carry provisions for 100 days, and have a capacity of 10,000 cubic metres. Many experienced aeronauts have expressed their opinion that the attempt is a rash one and the aim is quite impracticable.

THE BREACH LOADING STEEL RIFLE.

The great breach loading steel rifle, the first 12-inch high-power gun was fired for the first time at New York on July 25th. A Board of expert army officers witnessed the test, and pronounced it a complete success. With a reduced charge of 250lbs. German pismatic powder and a projectile weighing 1,000lbs., an initial velocity of 1,475 feet per second was attained, with a pressure of 20,000lbs. to the square inch. The range of the new gun was five miles. Therefore it is fair to presume with an ordinary service charge of 340lbs. a range of twelve miles or more will be reached.

THE DEEPEST COAL PITS.

The deepest of very deep colliery workings is on the Continent of Europe. Ashton Moss colliery, in Lancashire, has a depth of 2,850ft. below the surface, and the celebrated Monkwearmouth pit in Durham has a depth of 1,800ft. In Bohemia there are two shafts which, measured from the surface, have a depth of 3,546ft. and 3,509ft. respectively, but the commencement of the sinking is 1,760ft. above the sea level. In Prussian Saxony there is a boring which has been carried down to the prodigious depth of 5,736ft. In Belgium a shaft has been sunk below sea level 3,084ft. and this is supposed to be the deepest penetration of the earth's crust yet effected. At these depths the workmen are always perspiring. They have a uniform temperature a trifle too high for comfort.

A CURIOUS STORY OF A BULLET.

A few months since, whilst cruising in the Bay of Biscay on board the Frederick the Great, a Mr Hans Lohmann unfortunately was shot by a rifle bullet, which entered his head, making a hole of some considerable extent. He was landed at Gibraltar and sent home, where the best possible medical assistance was obtained. The wound healed, and he was considered to have recovered from the effects of the accident, when a swelling appeared on the opposite side of the head to that where he had been shot. This was opened, and, to the astonishment of the medical gentleman interested, the bullet was discovered, it having passed from one side of the head to the other. It was extracted, and Mr Lohmann now has it mounted in gold, and wears it on his watch chain. It bears two dates—one that on which it entered his head, and the other when it was extracted.

THE PROPOSED EXPEDITION TO THE SOUTH POLE.

Another attempt is being made to raise the required sum of £15,000 to fit out an expedition of geographical and commercial research to the Antarctic regions. Sir Thomas Elder has signified his intention of subscribing £5,000. The hon. secretary of the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia, South Australian branch, have received from Baron Sir F. von Mueller information of the following telegram from Stockholm:—'Swedish Consul just received telegram. Nordenskjold declares £15,000 amply sufficient; £5,000 are found here (Stockholm). Please inform me if you mean to say that £10,000 have been found in Australia.' Baron Nordenskjold will command the expedition if sufficient funds are forthcoming to meet the expenses. Some £10,000 have been guaranteed, leaving now only £5,000 more to complete the required sum, and this amount it is endeavoured to obtain by an appeal.

THE ANTS AND THE BAKER.

A pretty ant story comes from Chicago. A pastrycook in that city found his shop invaded by a colony of ants, who feasted nightly on the delicacies deposited on a certain shelf. After cudgelling his brains for some time in order to discover a plan for stopping the depredations of the active insects, he resolved to lay a streak of treacle around the tray containing the coveted food. In due time the ants came forth in their hundreds, and were led towards the feast by their chief. On reaching the line scouts were sent out to survey, and eventually the 'word of command' was passed around, and instantly the main body of the ants made for a part of the wall where the plaster had been broken by a nail. Here each snatched up a tiny piece of mortar and returned to the spot indicated, where their burdens were deposited upon the molasses. By this means and after an infinite amount of labour, a bridge was formed and the triumphant army marched forward to partake of the fruits of victory, the baker meanwhile standing by filled with wonder.

HOW TIGERS SECURE THEIR PREY.

A sudden dash of two hundred yards in the open is nothing uncommon, and the author mentions the case of one tigress, with whom he says he was at one time quite intimately acquainted, who used to catch hog or deer almost daily on a perfectly open and burned-up plain. Small animals are, for the most part, despatched with a blow of the paw; but in the case of the more bulky, the experienced tiger, leaping on the back of his victim, grips the neck in front of the withers with his jaws, one fore-paw clasp the shoulder of the animal and the other fully extended under the throat. Should he be unable to crush the spine with his jaws, he will then jerk the head back violently and thereby break the neck. An expert says: 'I have examined hundreds of animals killed by tigers, and have never yet detected injury to the blood-vessels of the throat, but invariably marks attributable to the above mentioned method.' In removing his prey the tiger frequently displays almost phenomenal strength and activity. In one case cited a young tigress leaped up a perpendicular rock some six feet high with a man weighing nearly eleven stone in her jaws, and on another occasion a male tiger dragged an exceptionally large buffalo up a bank at least ten feet high.



THANK you, John. Gentlemen, here's looking at you,' said the seedy man as he raised his glass to his lips. 'Ah, gentlemen, Shakespeare may have been right enough when he wrote that all the world was a stage, and all the men and women merely players. But life isn't a play.'

'What is it?'  
'It's more like a rehearsal.'  
There was a pause, and then the seedy man looked carelessly at the waiter and said: 'Gentlemen, let us go back over that scene.'

The waiter quite understood him.  
'Talking of rehearsals,' said the seedy man, 'I had a most curious experience the other night.'

'Up there?'  
'Yes; in the shades. We were all sitting around talking, when a light shade came in and whispered something to Shakespeare.'

'That'll go all right. I won't change it,' said Shakespeare testily.

But, said the shade, 'we must do something. Those plots are all played out, and old Fate says that he is tired of cheebants. He wants something original.'

'Tell him I'll come and look at the rehearsal,' said Shakespeare, and the shade disappeared.

'Do you want to come?' said Shakespeare to me.  
'Where?'  
'To the rehearsal.'

'What rehearsal?'  
'Come, I'll tell you as we go along.' So I went.

'No doubt,' said Shakespeare, 'you've been very much surprised lately to find real life so very dramatic. The extraordinary sensational murders and scandals and things have, I hear, been raising a great deal of talk down below. Well, the fact is, we are writing the plots of human lives now. The Fates had become quite prosaic, life on earth had become quite uninteresting, and the latest idea has been that we dramatists should concoct the careers of men and women.'

'But are all those things prearranged?'  
'Why, of course. They're all rehearsed beforehand.'

'But I don't remember having any rehearsal.'

'I dare say not. You only recognise things when you are in the body by pleasure or pain. When you are rehearsed you don't feel any pleasure or any pain; you simply go through the form. You're only a soul in a state of insensibility. Sometimes, perhaps, you may have felt that you have gone through certain scenes before, haven't you?'  
'Yes, I have.'

'That was a shadowy reflex of your rehearsal.'

There before us was a great amphitheatre, with a great big stage, and a whole crowd of shadowy figures were being rehearsed, just as they do actors in a new play in the ordinary earthly theatre. There was some objection to me, because there were no mortals allowed in the amphitheatre.

'Never mind,' said Shakespeare to the shade at the door, 'let him in. He's nearly all spirit.' And they let me in. A very important looking figure beckoned to Shakespeare. It was old Fate himself.

'See here, William,' said Fate, 'that last plot you sent us won't fit.'

'Why?'  
'Two or three times I've had to send out and have the human frame entirely altered to suit your ideas, but I can't possibly make a man like the hero of this story.'

'I don't see it.'  
'Can't you see that a fellow with this chap's genius would need about four times the usual number of brain cells, and the muscular capacity of an earthquake?'

'Well, you can do anything, can't you?'  
'I can do a great deal, but if I made a man fifteen feet high, with twenty-five pounds of brain matter, as soon as he was seen there, they'd put him in a dime museum, and end his usefulness.'

'That's true.'  
'If he didn't get into a museum he'd be so uncomfortable he'd blow his twenty-five pounds of brains out and get back here. You must keep down this desire for novelty a little. You are making things altogether too dramatic. I don't mind a little difference in mortals, just to make things interesting; but, hang it all, the men and women we've had to make since we engaged you dramatists to invent real human lives have simply puzzled me and upset the scheme of creation. The earth is stuffed full of cranks, and even old Lucifer came up the other day to say that he didn't know what to do with them when they came to him.'

'This is the old cry,' said Shakespeare. 'You manufacture the same old patterns of mortality you have been making for a hundred thousand years. The same old things—two legs, two arms, a trunk, a neck, a head, two eyes, a nose, two ears and a tuft of hair on the crown. Why can't you strike something original? For heaven's sake, give our genius a chance. How can anybody invent plots for beings like that? Give us some leeway. They want a change down there themselves. Why don't you make men with one leg, or three legs, with feet behind and before and a face on both sides of their head, or something new anyway?'

'What's that?'  
'See here, why should a man only be able to look one way? Why shouldn't he be able to run any way he likes? It has always seemed to me that you Fates are the most primitive inventors.'

'There's something in your idea, William. I can't myself see why a new kind of man could not be made with those advantages.'

'And if I might suggest—' I put in.  
'Who are you?' asked Fate.  
'He's a mortal just upon a visit.'

'Great heavens, a mortal. How did you get up here?'  
'Haven't you met Mrs. Blavatsky? I asked.  
'Blavatsky? Never heard the name.'

'She was buried a few months ago, but her soul keeps marching on.'

'I'll have a warrant issued for her arrest. This won't do at all.'

'We down there wish you would.'  
'Well, anyway, what can you suggest?'

'I should think, to put it mildly,' I said, 'that after making several billion millions of people you would require no argument to prove that life is a failure. I never saw

such a singular case of misfit as humanity has been.'

'Oh, indeed.'

'If I might venture to remonstrate, I would say that you should be discharged and somebody with sense put in your place. You may mean well, but that is an excuse very often for cruelty and more frequently for idiocy.'

'I'm sorry,' said Fate. 'I thought I was doing very well. Just take a look at the rehearsal.'

'What are those?' I asked.

'Those are souls.'

'Have they lived on earth before?'

'Certainly; some of them several times.'

'You do not provide each body with an original soul then?'

'Oh, dear, no; we couldn't afford that. Let me see.'

He turned to a kind of book-keeper. 'How many souls are there altogether?'

'About fifteen hundred millions.'

'Yes, that's about it. We have to keep a few here always to supply unexpected needs. There are about thirteen hundred millions of people using souls now, I think.'

'Then there is reincarnation?'

'Decidedly.'

'Why can we not remember our previous existence? Have I lived on the earth before?'

'Yes. Let me see. What number is this gentleman's soul? Just look him up.'

The book-keeper looked me up. He came over and whispered to old Fate.

'Ah! You were rather distinguished. You were a priest of Osiris in the time of the Ptolemies.'

'And after that?'

'We gave you a rest. We always give them a greater or less holiday when they come back.'

'And why can't I remember all about it?'

'Because the old brain cells are decayed and doubtless you are a mummy somewhere in Egypt now.'

'And is that all memory is?'

'Yes; that's all.'

I turned away and looked at the rehearsal.

'Tell me, I said, 'why do you make that woman's life so miserable? See, she loves that man, and he loves her, and you part them. You make this man inconstant, that woman unfaithful. Yet he would be constant to her and she would be faithful to him. What benefit is it to make life a torture when it might be happiness?'

'That would not do at all. Life would have no excitement.'

'Is pain excitement?'

'Of course. Look how happy she is because he comes to her and takes her in his arms and tells her he loves her. There is luxury in forgiving, delight in the reaction from despair. It is a lie. He does not love her; it will not last, but after all there is an intensity in her happiness that faith and constancy could never give.'

'Why does that man have all the wealth and comfort, and this other, so much better fitted to appreciate it, only the struggle for existence?'

'This poor man would be wretched if he had not something to struggle for; that rich man is ten times more unhappy for all it looks so different. He had his happiness before he got his money.'

'And so we mortals never know what is best for us?'

'No, my dear friend, happiness is like everything else, it varies in quality more than in quantity. The skies are blue, the woods are beautiful, the sea is a delight, the thousand charms of nature thrill your senses, because they come as change from toil and struggle in the city's smoke. Money is not as much when you have it as when you want it. The rich man cannot for all his gold buy the enjoyment that the poor man gets out of his pittance. The desire for riches is an unhappiness that does not touch the heart; the care that money brings is not as satisfying as it looks. See, they are rehearsing there. That man will be poor, he will be hungry. He will be in despair. He will meet a friend. He will earn a dollar. He will eat. He will grow rich later; but never in all his wealth will he know a meal like that. You see, my friend, there is only a certain amount of happiness for every life. Sometimes it is diffused over all the years, and then, like diluted wine, it is mildly pleasant. In other lives it is concentrated in moments, hours and days of intense delight. Where the happiness is concentrated the misery is diffused; where the misery is concentrated the happiness is diffused. So all lives are balanced, and we—well—we Fates do the best we can.'

PETER ROBERTSON.

LONG AGO.

I ONCE knew all the birds that came  
And nested in our orchard trees,  
For every flower I had a name—  
My friends were woodchucks, toads and bees;  
I knew where thrived in yonder glen  
What plants would soothe a stone bruised toe—  
(Oh, I was very learned then,  
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill  
Where checker-berries could be found,  
I knew the rushes near the mill  
Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound;  
I knew the wood—the very tree  
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,  
And all the woods and crows knew me—  
But that was very long ago.

And pining for the joys of youth,  
I tread the old familiar spot,  
Only to learn this solemn truth—  
I have forgotten, am forgot.  
Yet here's this youngster at my knee  
Knows all the things I used to know;  
To think I once was wise as he—  
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain  
Of whatsoever the fates decree,  
Yet, were not wishes all in vain,  
I tell you what my wish would be:  
I'd wish to be a boy again,  
Back with the friends I used to know,  
For I was, oh, so happy then—  
But that was very long ago.

EUGENE FIELD.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE,

OCTOBER 2.

We have, strange to say, for we expected no more until next session, had two dances this week, and, unfortunately they both fell on the same night. One was given by Miss Emily Johnston, daughter of the late Hon. John Johnston, at her house in Fitzherbert Terrace, and the other by the Misses Tuckey in Spiller's Hall, Boulcott-street. Miss Johnston's was a very enjoyable affair, all the appointments, as you may imagine, being perfect. It was an 'At Home,' and was especially given in honour of Mr. Earl Johnston, her nephew, who has come out to visit his family from England. His brothers, Messrs Guy and Featherstone Johnston, were both there. Among the guests were Mrs. C. Johnston, Mrs. W. T. L. Travers, Mrs. Coleridge, Mrs. Grace, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. (Dr.) Newman, Mrs. (Dr.) Collins, Mrs. Barron, Mrs. W. Moorhouse, Mrs. Izard, Mrs. Robt. Hart, Mrs. J. M. Grace, Mrs. E. Williams, Mrs. E. Richmond, E. and L. Izard, Russell (Hawke's Bay), Baillie (Hlenheim), Holmes (Dunedin), Duncan, Harding (2), Menzies (2), and Medley, and Messrs C. Johnston, Maxwell, Moorhouse, Travers, Walrond, Buller, Richmond, Ross, Tripp, Kemp, Avise, Battersworth (Dunedin), Barron, Bethune, Anson, and Dr. Grace. The dance began at 9.30 o'clock, which I cannot help thinking too late for the colonies. Ours—I think I may safely speak in this general way, as there are so few exceptions—is such a busy life out here, that it does not do to allow our pleasures to interfere too much with our daily occupations. It seems unkind to say so after having enjoyed our kind hostess's hospitality, but I do think it was a wee bit inconsiderate, and I think everyone shared my humble opinion. We did not get away until 2.30 o'clock, and this is most unusual nowadays. I would like you to have had just a glimpse of the house as it looked that night, for it was exceedingly pretty. Everywhere the eye rested there was something to please it. Huge branches of yellow broom, heaps of flowers, pot plants, ferns, etc., intermingled with fairy lamps, drapery and beautiful shaded lamps helped to give the artistic result. We danced in the drawing-room, and had delicious little screened-off nooks for two, besides an awning to sit in, and had supper upstairs, and altogether it was one of the best private dances of the season. There were no new dresses, but one could hardly expect that at the end of the season. The Misses Tuckey must have had about eighty guests at their dance. Mrs. Werry and Mrs. Friend chaperoned the party in the absence of Mrs. Tuckey. Miss Tuckey wore a soft creamy gown with gold trimming, and her younger sister wore pale blue. Among those present were the Misses Morah, Halse, George, Friend, Barron, Fairchild, Heywood, etc. The floor was beautifully polished, and the music good, so that a splendid dance was the result.

I have not heard of any more gaiety, and think it must be all over. Mr. Prouse, our baritone singer, who has just returned from the old country, where he has been taking lessons, is to give a concert in a few days. We naturally watch his progress with interest.

We are to lose the Rev. Mr. Still and Mrs. Still this month. Mr. Still has resigned the incumbency of St. Paul's, and has accepted a living at home. The family leave almost immediately, Mr. and Mrs. Still following a little later. St. Paul's parishioners, of course, wonder who they shall have next. It is a large parish, and needs a good man for so responsible a position, but up to the present nothing has been decided. The Rev. Mr. Walker has lately been appointed curate in St. Paul's parish. Mr. Walker has quite recently been to Christchurch to be married to Miss Cottrell, and has now brought his bride to live amongst us.

Town seems so dull now that all the session people are gone. Amongst the last to go were Mrs. and Miss McKenzie, Miss Seddon, Miss Russell, Miss Baillie, and Lady and Miss Hall. Sir John Hall has gone home lamenting. He has worked hard for the Woman's Franchise and almost succeeded. I firmly believe that we will have our 'rights' next year, but after hearing the Hon. Dr. Grace's speech on the subject, I do not feel nearly so anxious for the right to vote, and I always strongly objected to the thought of women entering Parliament. Dr. Grace said he opposed it because he thought so highly of women, and the Hon. C. U. Bowen's gallant speech also won my heart, and was very much to the same effect. But I must say it does seem very hard that women with property, and who have just so much stake in the country as anyone else, should not be allowed a say in the matter of governing the country. One night during the latter end of the session the ladies in the gallery of the House got very enthusiastic, and sent down a long list of names headed, I believe, by the Premier's wife, Mrs. Ballance, thanking Sir John Hall for his energy and sympathy in their cause. It has, of course, been the discussion of most interest to us during the session, and whenever it was expected to come on the gallery was crowded with ladies.

We had the jolliest little dance imaginable at the end of the week. It was quite an impromptu affair given by Mrs. Charles Johnston in honour of her son's (Mr. Earl Johnston) birthday. There were very few besides relatives present. Mrs. Grace was there, and Mrs. Newman, and the Misses Grace, Izard, Menzies, Richmond, Gore, and Barron, and Messrs Tripp, Richmond, Williams, Vogel, and many others.

RUBY.

## PANIATUA.

DEAR BEE,

SEPTEMBER 23.

As you have no correspondent from this part of the world, I thought I would send you an account of a ball which the bachelors of Pahiataua gave us. It really was the very best ball that has been given in this rather dull place, and every credit must be bestowed on the bachelors for the successful way in which they carried out the affair. They evidently spared neither trouble nor expense to make everything go smoothly. They were most attentive to their guests. The hall was prettily decorated, the music (piano and cornet) was good, and the supper, which was laid on the stage, was simply delicious. Now I must tell you the ladies' dresses. Mrs. Bently, black; Mrs. Bryce, white spotted muslin, berths of white flowers, pretty sash at the back; Mrs. Clarke, brown satin trimmed with plush of same shade; Mrs. Hyde, black cashmere, with pretty beaded front; Mrs. Whitcombe, black velveteen;



## CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE,

SEPTEMBER 23.

The late muggy weather has made us vow vengeance against the absurd length of walking dresses of the present fashion, and made many wish they could stalk about in such a one as that lately seen in THE GRAPHIC, just ten inches from the ground. Perhaps this costume will come in with the 'Female Suffrage Bill,' as it will be perfectly impossible to sit for hours in draggled skirts. We are truly a progressive race! But adieu to politics and Parliament for some months. The members have said all the bitter things they had to say to one another, and returned to their homes not so well paid as they would wish to be, and very dissatisfied with the Upper House for using the curb so freely.

The Earl and Countess of Onslow have transferred their distinguished presence to us, and I hope our clerk of the weather will be gracious to them that they may enjoy their visit to this generally-considered most English of colonial towns. The lanes and country round about Christchurch for many miles in their summer beauty are worth driving through, and as I understand the Governor means to drive a four-in-hand here they will make some grand excursions.

I told you of the very excellent performance for the parish of Merivale in my last. The gipsy concert for St. John's, which came off the same evening, was so successful it is to be repeated at the Oddfellows' Hall, the chorus being strengthened by friends. The dresses were most picturesque, while the performers' faces were apparently stained, so that they were the correct colour. Many favourite airs from the 'Bohemian Girl' were on the programme.

At Opawa, on the same evening, Dr. Murray-Aynsley delivered a most instructive and interesting lecture on 'How to take care of Number One,' with several tableaux of the use of St. John's Ambulance Association in any sudden mishap. You know, Bee, there are sceptics now who are inclined to laugh at this most useful Association, but let them get a broken bone and have to be moved a distance, it will soon tell whether a little ambulance knowledge is good or not. The tableaux were interspersed with music—solos on the piano from Mrs. Wilding and Miss Tallot, and songs by Mrs. H. Murray-Aynsley, Miss Fry, and Mr. G. March.

On the same day Mrs. Cunningham had a most enjoyable evening at her house, Merivale, Captain Kidley, of the Ionic, being among the guests. Prior to the departure of that fine steamer two luncheon parties were much enjoyed by friends of the genial Captain on board, and though the weather was decidedly cross-grained, nothing else was, and every disagreeable was forgotten in the kind hospitality of our host and his officers. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. P. Cunningham and Miss Cunningham; Mrs. Stead and her niece (Miss Palmer), Mr. and Mrs. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Callender, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Thomas, Mrs. and Miss Graham, the Hon. E. V. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Chynoweth, the Misses Akman, and others. Captain Anderson was also present, and a most enjoyable time was spent, as after luncheon music and recitations passed the afternoon all too quickly.

I am glad to tell you Mr. J. T. Matson has sufficiently recovered from his recent illness (a narrow escape of rheumatic fever) to go to the Hot Springs at the Hanmer Plains. He is accompanied by Miss Matson, Mrs. (Dr.) Thomas, Mr. Hockley, and one or two other friends. I hope the genial air, companionship, etc., will soon restore him to his usual jollity.

A very interesting wedding took place at St. Mark's, Opawa—that of Miss Ethel Harley, eldest daughter of Mr. E. T. Harley, Manager of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Company, to Mr. J. D. Millton, of Birch Hill. The day was as miserable as it well could be—just that soft rain that makes everything so dirty, but the church and the bride looked lovely. Mrs. A. M. Olivier, with a number of willing assistants, are to be congratulated on the very effective decoration of the church. The altar was almost covered with a bank of white camellias, the vases being filled with the graceful snowflake and delicate Narcissus. The lectern was covered with white flowers, beginning with the heavy ones and fern fronds at the bottom, finishing with snowflakes. The altar rails and pulpit were alike beautifully decorated. The bride wore an exquisite dress of the richest ivory white duchesse satin, with high puffed sleeves, a long bodice having frills of embroidered chiffon, long full train, the front of the skirt edged with a tinkled tulle. A half wreath of orange blossoms and plain tulle veil, with magnificent bridal bouquet with long streamers, completed a most tasteful toilette. Her bridesmaids, six in number, made a pretty group, all attired in primrose-coloured Liberty silk. They were the Misses Nellie, Ella, and Pearl Harley, Miss Millton, Miss Banks, and Miss Delamain. The dresses were made with pleated bodices, full sleeves, and paniers, plain full skirts; the younger girls' skirts were tucked. They wore hats of Tulle lace straw trimmed with folds of primrose *cripe de chine* and white ostrich tips. They carried lovely bouquets of primroses tied with long white streamers, and each wore a moonstone bangle, the gift of the bridegroom. Mrs. Harley was handsomely dressed in a pale heliotrope beguine silk trimmed with gold embroidered galon; bonnet

of gold and heliotrope, and bouquet of yellow jonquills made a strikingly handsome costume; Mrs. Banks (the bride's aunt) wore a charming dress of shot-grey silk with trimming of fine black lace and jet, black lace straw bonnet with pink flowers, and posy bouquet of hyacinths; Mrs. Taylor (aunt of the bride), dark silk dress, three quarter cloak of white Limerick lace, black bonnet with heliotrope, and bouquet of primroses; Mrs. W. V. Millton, an elegant dress of a soft grey satin merveilleux trimmed with fine black lace, bonnet *en suite*, and a lovely bouquet of violets and snowflakes; Miss Millton, peacock blue dress with toque to match. Mr. E. B. Millton acted as best man, and Messrs F. and A. Millton and the three brothers of the bride as groomsmen. As the bridal pair left the church four little girls in white strewed their path to the gates with primroses. A very large number of guests were present, among whom were Mrs. Peacock, in a dark ruby silk dress, with black silk and lace mantle, black bonnet with white flowers; Mrs. P. Cunningham, brown silk with fawn embroidered vest, ruby velvet bonnet; Mrs. Stead, pretty tweed, with jacket to match, lace straw bonnet trimmed with fawn and beaver; Miss Palmer, a very pretty costume of flowered foulard trimmed with lace, lace straw hat with vieux rose ostrich feather; Mrs. Rhodes, an exquisite silver-grey brocade, black and steel bonnet; Miss Rhodes, an electric blue, with brown vest bordered with fawn and two rows round the skirt, tiny black and yellow bonnet; Mrs. Townsend, dark green cloth with embroidered vest, black bonnet with pink roses and foliage; Mrs. A. M. Olivier, a fawn costume, lace straw bonnet with pale blue, and a lovely bouquet of pink camellias and sprays of forget-me-not; Mrs. Staveley, black merveilleux, with maize front veiled with beaded net, bonnet to match; Mrs. Murray-Aynsley, black, with pink ostrich tips in her bonnet; Mrs. H. Murray-Aynsley, handsome black brocade, and cream hat; Mrs. and Miss Cowlishaw, Mrs. and Miss Tabart, Mrs. and Miss Withnall, Mrs. J. Anderson, Mrs. F. Robinson, Mrs. Enbling, Mrs. Charles Clark, the Misses Newton, Mrs. Winter, Miss Thomson, and several more. At the house a large marquee had been erected, and it was splendidly managed so as to seem just like another room. Here the bride and bridegroom, under a horseshoe of primroses, stood to receive the congratulations of the numerous guests. The bride's travelling dress was a perfectly-fitting blue-grey corduroy cloth, with vest of gold embroidery, hat to match with white ostrich feathers. They left for the South about four o'clock, and instead of a stinging shower of rice, soft sweet primroses. It was called a primrose wedding, and they certainly were in profusion. The table decorations were composed entirely of them, ferns, and soft silk. The presents were very handsome and choice, numbering about a hundred and fifty, but it would take too long to tell. Two days later a dance was given at Birch Hill in honour of the occasion. The wool shed was gaily decorated, and guests came from all the neighbouring stations. During the evening Miss Millton and her brothers, with several friends, joined the dancers, when the health of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Millton was drunk with three cheers.

Mr. W. F. Warner, of the Commercial Hotel, and known, I suppose, throughout the length and breadth of New Zealand, was also married the same day as the marriage of Mr. Millton to Miss Little, of Nelson. The ceremony took place at Avonside Church, the Rev. W. A. Pascoe officiating. It was a quiet wedding, the bride and bridegroom leaving that evening by the steamer for Wellington.

Mrs. W. B. Common had a pleasant little supper party that evening. The table looked most dainty with its decoration of pale green Liberty silk and spring flowers. Mr. Rolland, Miss Wm. Black's brother, sang several songs.

Mrs. Michael Campbell, Papani, had a dance for young people the previous evening, which was a great success. The music was supplied by the lady guests, and there were no programmes, so it proved one of those old-fashioned, informal, thoroughly enjoyable affairs. The house was made a perfect bower with flowers, and Mrs. Campbell, in a black lace dress, a most gracious hostess, ably assisted by her daughter in a cream gown. Mrs. J. R. Campbell wore white with sprays of japonica; Mrs. F. Hutton, in yellow; Mrs. George Harper, black; Miss I. Cowlishaw, white silk; Miss Loughnan, blue; Mrs. H. Murray-Aynsley, black lace and ermine; Miss L. Murray-Aynsley, black, with knots of yellow ribbon; Miss Maude, black; the Misses Helmore, one in cream, the other heliotrope; Miss Palmer, cream; Miss Hutton, black, with tan shoes.

The annual athletic cross-country steeplechase came off at Plumpton Park. It was a very cold day, and a long way from town, yet a goodly number of ladies were on the stand. It is astonishing, if our brothers or cousins, or even friends are taking part, what we will not endure. Mrs. Cunningham chaperoned a large party in a drag driven out by Mr. Douglas Kimbell.

You know the old saying, it is impossible to please everybody, but for once it is very near pleasing everybody when I speak of the appointment of Mr. W. B. Percival as Agent-General. Their departure will be a great loss to Christchurch.

DOLLY VALE.

## MERRYTHOUGHT SLAVES.

HAVE you ever made any merrythought slaves? They are very comical in appearance, and readily bring in sixpences at bazaars. The merrythoughts must be thoroughly cleaned, and have little heads and feet added in black sealing-wax, the eyes being formed of white chalk beads. Little cloth coats and collars and undershirts complete the outfit of the little creature, each one of which should bear a label inscribed with the following rhyme:—

Once I was a Merrythought,  
Now I'm a little slave,  
Sold to wipe your pen.

Mrs Gould, cream broché with cardinal plush panels; Mrs Black, black grenadine with pink chiffon; Mrs George Moore, grey dress with vest of pink plush; Mrs Falla, a lovely dress of cream satin, plain front with lace flounce caught here and there with ribbon, train and Medici collar; Miss Gregory, black lace skirt, satin bodice; Miss Banner and Miss Cole cream nun's veiling, ribbons and lace to match; Miss Davis, in white muslin, white satin ribbon, and white; chiffon frills; Miss Hart (Wellington), a sweet dress of a gauzy material with satin stripes of a pink shade, berthe of daisies; Miss Gravelle, black lace over red; Miss Hayward (visitor), in black; Miss Beacock, slate-coloured net, scarlet trimmings; Miss Moore, cream nun's veiling.

MYRTLE.

## DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, SEPTEMBER 30.

I am afraid I shall have an uninteresting letter for you this week, as in the matter of gaieties things have come to a temporary lull. The Ladies' Savage Club has closed, and that is one pleasant evening in the week less.

The pony races would have attracted a good number to Carisbrook, but it was an intensely cold day, and towards evening we were treated to slight showers of hail.

The check to the fine spring weather that we were having a month or six weeks ago has prevented us yet any display of spring costumes, the only change, perhaps, that is noticeable is a discarding of furs and winter wraps. Every second woman you meet is wearing one of the short cloaks now so fashionable, and there is a great prospect of them becoming very common.

Afternoon teas are growing fewer, the only one I know of this week being given by Mrs Quater. It was a very pleasant affair. Among those who were there were Mrs and the Misses Rattray, Mrs and Miss Sise, Mrs and Miss Dymock, Misses Spence, McLaren, Boyd, Mackenzie, Davies, Hosking, Webster, Reynolds, Roberts, Le Cren, and Mrs Michie.

I forgot to tell you in my last letter of the marriage of Miss Ethel Jones to Mr J. Stewart. Miss Jones is a daughter of Mr J. E. Jones, of Dunedin. The ceremony was performed at an early hour in the morning, and in the very quietest manner possible, so that there are no dresses to describe.

Great sympathy is felt here for Mrs Dowling in her sudden bereavement. It was only five years ago that she was married here, where she lived from childhood. They have brought Mr Dowling from Auckland (where he died rather suddenly after a short illness) to Dunedin to be buried. Mrs Dowling is the eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs Farquhar, of this city.

Quite an exodus of our public singers has taken place lately, and still is taking place. Mr H. Smith went to Sydney a short time ago, and Mr Danvers is spoken of as about to depart, and a benefit concert is now in preparation for Mrs William Murphy, who in about a month's time will leave for Melbourne, where she intends to settle. She is deservedly a favourite here, and will be much missed in musical circles. 'The Queen of Leon' will be given upon the benefit night, among other good items, with Mr Charles Unburns taking the part. Mr H. Smith previously took of Philippe d'Aquila. Mr Birch is to conduct, Mr G. Parker will be leader, and Misses Rose Blaney, Blanche Joel, Messrs Jones, Manson, and Signor Squarise will, among others, also give their services. Mr Arthur Hunter, who has frequently, during the past two years, given his services, is to have a benefit also one night this week.

Mrs Rattray gave a small but very delightful dance since my last letter. The rooms were very tastefully decorated, and looked remarkably nice. Among the guests were Misses Dymock (2), Spence (2), McLaren (2), Williams (2), Webster (2), Sise, Grierson, Macassey, Neill (2), McNeil, Siewright, Reynolds, Stanford, Roberts, Garratt, Kenyon, and Driver. Miss Grierson looked very nice in a white net; Miss Grierson wore a lovely dress of pale pink chiffon; Miss Ruby Neill, yellow nerveulleux; Miss Ethel McLaren, in white Liberty silk, looked very nice; Miss Dymock, white fisherman's net over white silk; Miss Alice Dymock, grey satin; Miss Mary Williams looked well in black fisherman's net over black satin; Miss McNeil wore a lovely dress of cream gauze and silk; Miss Macassey, white silk with poppies and cornflowers; Miss Sise, primrose nerveulleux.

Dr. and Mrs Scott gave a dinner party. Among those present were Mr and Mrs Robert Turnbull, Mr and Mrs Galloway, Mrs and Mrs C. Reynolds, Mr and Mrs Hosking.

The Bland Holt Company still delight a big house at the theatre every evening. 'The Belle of Hazlemere' followed a week of 'London, Day by Day,' and a good house, as is usual to expect, greeted the performance. The scenery is really quite pretty enough to go to see, almost without a play, alone. I have noticed in the circle, looking very nice, Mrs Denniston, wearing a handsome black silk; Mrs Belcher, ruby silk; Miss Belcher, quaint white frock, with bunch of daffodils; Miss Fodor, pale pink silk relieved with black velvet; Miss Kenyon, grey opera cloak with Medici collar lined with pink; Mrs Stilling, yellow Liberty silk; Mrs Branagan, brown velvet with gold front. Miss Blande, in 'The Belle of Hazlemere' wears some pretty dresses; in fact, all her dresses are pretty. The first is a simple buff-coloured material, with pale pink sash, and pink chiffon trimmings at the throat, and pink hat. Another was a white finished with black ribbon velvet, and a walking costume of cinnamon cashmere braided with gold. Miss Vivienne looked charming in white, and Mrs Bland Holt as pretty as ever. The moving scenery is really wonderfully worked. Scene after scene completely changes, without the curtain dropping. Evening deepens to night, and the lights appear in the windows, and a river scene seems to take one a journey of miles, as it all moves and changes as easily as a panorama. There is a large scene, with the real forge all glowing and the bellows, and Bland Holt, as the blacksmith, takes the glowing iron from the fire and makes a horseshoe before our eyes. Very little, indeed, is left for the imagination. Scene after scene is enacted with all its natural surroundings.

MAUDE.

'I am afraid, madame,' said a gentleman who was looking for apartments, 'that the house is too near the station to be pleasant.' 'It is a little noisy,' assented the landlady, 'but from the front verandah one has such a fine view of people who miss the train,' she added, with an air of triumph.

## AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, OCTOBER 6.

The sports at Potter's Paddock, held under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic and Cycle Club and Rugby Union, were well attended, particularly by the masculine sex, a good number of ladies also being present. The sports were held for the purpose of raising funds towards sending an athletic team to England to compete at the championship meeting. The programme included handicapped races, football tournaments, bicycle handicap race, astephase, and other events, all of which were well contested and most interesting. The afternoon was rather dull, and in consequence not many new spring gowns were worn. Amongst the ladies present I noticed Miss Hesketh, wearing a handsome gown of light blue summer tweed with large spots, and a dainty fawn hat with blue ribbons introduced amongst the trimming; her younger sister looked well in a biscuit-coloured costume, and hat to match; a young lady with them looked pretty in a silver-grey costume, and hat to correspond; Mrs H. Gould looked well in a stylish hat and gown in a reddish-brown shade; Mrs Uppill wore a dark brown costume, and small brown hat; and Mrs Hunter a stylish black costume; Miss White, pretty green costume, and hat to correspond; Miss Atkinson, stylish grey and white spotted gown, white hat with a cluster of ostrich feathers; Miss Wright, all black costume; Mrs Neil McLean looked pretty in a myrtle green gown, hat to match, and seal plush jacket; Mrs J. Arnel wore a light green costume, and a pretty fawn hat; Miss Williams, stylish navy costume, and pretty little Bond street hat; Mrs Hackett, black silk gown trimmed with velvet, silk mantle, and dark green bonnet; Miss Owen, pretty crimson gown, fawn hat, and seal plush jacket; Miss Paterson, seal brown costume, hat to correspond; Miss Cassar, black gown, plush jacket, and small black hat; Mrs Warren, pretty black costume, and fawn hat trimmed with feathers; Miss McMaster, black costume, and black hat trimmed with cornflowers; Miss Cotterell wore all black; Miss Hay, grey tweed gown, hat to match; Miss Russell, navy blue gown, hat to correspond, and plush jacket.

The Payne Family gave one of their enjoyable entertainments in the Opera House for the benefit of the Helping Hand Mission, a crowded attendance being present. The Family have appeared at various centres throughout the week, and have everywhere been received by crowded and enthusiastic audiences.

The drapery establishments are now resplendent with new spring goods and novelties of every description, whilst in town I have met several ladies wearing handsome spring costumes. Mrs Barton (Whangarei) looked exceedingly pretty in a stylish gown in the lightest shade of fawn summer tweed, with large spots; the bodice was made in the popular Newmarket style, with vest of cream silk embroidered with gold, dainty Leghorn hat trimmed with white ostrich tips and ribbon; Miss Biddle (Remuera) wore a stylish gown in a shade between a light grey and a biscuit, large white hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Masfield looked well in a well-fitting fawn gown with light brown trimmings, hat to correspond; Mrs W. J. Napier, silver-grey tweed costume with large spots in a darker shade, and one of the new flat sailor hats; Miss A. Scott also wore a pretty grey tweed gown with spots, and light grey hat; Miss Harrison, stylish electric blue costume, white sailor hat; Mrs Taylor, pretty fawn tweed gown fawn hat with brown trimmings; Miss Devore, stylish olive green costume, and one of the new three quarter caps to match lined with cardinal silk, hat to correspond; Mrs Walker, black, and her daughter, navy blue; Miss Worsp looked charming in deep red cashmere trimmed with black braid; hat with feathers; Mrs Haines, black; Mrs Dignan, dark green coat; Mrs L. Nathan, grey trimmed with red velvet; Miss Davis (City Road), pretty green dress; Mrs Cotter, black; Mrs Pollen, black; Miss Stevenson (Ponsonby), brown; Miss Garlic, grey, black hat with white feathers.

The Pakuranga bounds met at Mrs A. K. Taylor's residence, Mount Albert, where a substantial luncheon was given, but the hostess was, unfortunately, too ill to receive her guests, so the honours had to be done by her daughters and sons. Amongst those riding I noticed Messdames Thiele, Laurie, Bloomfield, Misses Masfield, Williamson, Evans, Devore, Firth, Bull, Dixon, Durant, Kerr-Taylor, Dannel, Buckland (2), Percival, Banks, McLaughlin, Yonge, Martin, Sellers (2), Driving, Mrs Ireland, and family, Mr and Mrs Cottle, Misses Von Sturmer (2), and Burrell in a waggonette and pair; Mr and Mrs Taylor (Paraeti) in a dog cart; Mrs Mahoney, with a friend in her dog cart; Mrs (Col) Dawson, in a buggy. The gentlemen I noticed riding were Messrs Percival, Stubbins, Beale, Dannel, Ballantyne, Lockhart, Stewart, Kettelwell, Challice, Gilmore, Spera (2), and others. Mr Garrett was conspicuous by his absence, being a president of the Athletic sports. It was a splendid afternoon for the sport and over a hundred assembled. The first drag was laid by Mr V. Kerr-Taylor. It took a northerly direction towards Morningside, through level paddocks and scoria land, then turning westerly towards Avondale, then circling round the mountain, finishing up on the Oehunga road. The jumps were principally stone walls of a fair average height. Amongst those who were the leaders were Messrs D. Tomks, Stewart, Martin, Motion, Miss Kerr-Taylor, and our gallant Colonel. Two other ladies—Misses Dannel and Buckland—started, but returned by the road, finding the country too rough. The second drag was laid off by Messrs J. and W. Martin, Kerr-Taylor, and R. Sandall, which started from Messrs Kerr-Taylor's property to Three Kings, and thence through Epsom to Potter's Paddock, and the stiff jumps in this drag thinned out the field considerably. The only lady whom I saw following was Miss M. Buckland. Those whom I saw at the finish were Messrs Bloomfield, Stewart, Tomks (2), Percival and our gallant Colonel. Mr F. Spera caused a great deal of amusement again. He was riding a big bay, which stood in the middle of the road bucking and stopping all the traffic for some time. They have decided if possible, to hold another hunt, which will take place at the North Shore.

Mrs Ransom, of 'Chaunty,' Remuera, gave a large afternoon tea last week. She was stylishly frocked in heliotropus and grey plaid, and her sister, Mrs Gamble, wore a pretty gown of soft grey. Amongst the guests I noticed Mrs I. Morrin, brown; Mrs L. D. Nathan, red silk dress, fawn stripes; Mrs R. Browning, black; Mrs Hesketh, a stylish green plaid skirt, brown plush dolman; Mrs Bloomfield, striking grey dress and grey toque; Mrs Ching, grey,

trimmed with black; Mrs Biddle, grey and black; Miss M. Anderson, black; Mrs Thomson (Mrs) Gillies, lately down from Sydney; black; Mrs A. Carrick, Mrs James Russell, Mrs S. Morris, Mrs Moss Davis, Mrs Kerr Taylor, Misses Rees and Webb, and others I cannot remember.

The members of the Ponsonby Social Union brought their very successful season to a close with a ball, which proved delightfully enjoyable. The interior of the Oddfellows' Hall was completely transformed with gaily-coloured flags, ferns, and flowers, while at the top of the room a large mirror was placed tastefully surrounded with prettily-draped flags and greenery. The floor was in capital order, and the music supplied by a band of four musicians all that could be wished. Mr Buchanan supplied a splendid supper, which was supplemented by dainty trifles, custards, etc., kindly made by Messdames Rees, Morrin, and Gentles. The ladies had no reason to complain of lack of partners, for the masculine sex were in the majority. Indeed, in every respect the ball was a pronounced success, and the management are to be congratulated upon a very delightful termination to a sociable and enjoyable season. Many handsome new gowns were donned for the occasion, amongst the number being Mrs Reeves, handsome silk gown in the palest shade of blue, trimmed with olive green plush; Miss Rees, pretty flowered blue net gown finished with pink roses; Mrs Campbell, rich cream silk gown; Mrs Gentles, pretty pale blue veiling gown; Mrs Morrin, rich black satin and lace gown; Miss Morrin dainty gown of cream Indian muslin finished with bows of cream ribbon; Miss Wright, crimson brocade gown relieved with white lace; Mrs Drummond, pretty gown of pale blue gauze striped with silver, and made over blue cashmere; Miss Watkins, pink silk and net gown, finished with clusters of crimson poppies; Miss Owen, cream satin and net gown with gold trimmings; Miss McMillan, cream cashmere gown pretty embroidered with gold, the low bodice finished with gold gauze; Miss Billington, handsome gown of amber-coloured silver tinselled gauze made over amber; Miss Clara Billington also wore a pretty gown of white embroidered tulle over white; Miss Mary Edwards, pretty heliotropus veiling gown, the low bodice finished with a frill of white chiffon; Miss Ria Edwards, dainty gown of primrose-coloured veiling tastefully trimmed with ribbon the same shade; Miss Dickey, stylish pale pink veiling gown; Miss M. Dickey looked nice in a cream veiling gown; Miss Philcox (North Shore), cream gown prettily trimmed with pale blue ribbons; Mrs W. Boak, becoming white Brussels net gown, with shoulder knots of pale blue ribbon, and large bluesilk moiré; Mrs A. Littler, handsome trained gown of white moiré silk; Mrs W. J. Gaddis, cream broadcated silk, the front of the skirt tastefully draped with gold spangled gauze; Miss Bastard, black silk and lace gown finished with cardinal poppies, and cardinal silk sash; her sister looked nice in a pink evening dress; Mrs J. M. Laxon, white evening dress relieved with pink; Miss Geddiss, black silk gown, with pink shoulder knots; Miss Knight, cardinal cashmere evening dress finished with agrettes of black feathers; Miss Laxon, white evening dress with cardinal sash; Miss Tapper also wore white; Mrs Bartlett, cream net finished with ruby plush; Miss Hayles, cream flowered gown with pale blue ribbons; Miss Morgan, pretty pink net gown finished with ribbons; Miss Kells, black gown.

The following from a recent society paper will, I am sure, be read by you with interest. 'The latest way for ladies to kill time is to play at work. Spinning is coming into fashion as a drawing-room pastime. The spinning-wheel brings to mind many a pretty picture of the olden time, and doubtless ladies are taking to spinning principally to realize some of these pictures in a sort of *tableaux vivants* fashion. A pretty girl at a spinning-wheel may be expected to inspire the nineteenth-century masher with some of the ceremonious chivalry of the times when ladies really were industrious. The picture, indeed, will not be complete unless there is a swain in the background, or seated perhaps nearer the spinner, and whispering soft nothings. A spinning-wheel would give a decidedly picturesque touch to a proposal, and young ladies expecting their lovers to "come to the scratch" should certainly get a wheel. There are wheels within wheels. This paragraph is a decided hint to the young men who, as I happen to know, let their eyes wander over these columns. If they see their lady love spinning they will certainly take it that the psychological moment has come to fall on their knees. This will turn the spinning wheel to some account.'

MURIEL.

## GISBORNE.

DEAR BEE, OCTOBER 3.

Since I last wrote to you our gaieties have been on the increase, both in the town and the country. Mrs Langdale Sunderland gave a very pleasant party, when about one hundred guests were present. I will, in my next letter, give you fuller particulars; and at Te Arai, on the same evening, the Hugo minstrels gave a performance to benefit the School funds. It was by a local amateur company, and was very successful. Mr A. Sawyer sang one or two songs in first-class style, and it would be well if these musical reunions were more frequent.

Now we are in full swing with the Juvenile Opera Company, which opened here with 'La Mascotte' to a crowded house, and if applause and smiling faces can be taken as a guarantee of the complete satisfaction of the audience, then its success was certain. I have seen the opera played by adults, but never saw it better performed than by the juveniles. 'La Mascotte' was followed by 'Mikado' and 'The Pirates of Penzance,' the latter being repeated one night as being the most popular, but to my mind 'The Mikado' was the best of their productions. Too much cannot be said in favour of the acting of Messrs Stepiens and Quenly, and Miss Lily Everett, both in 'La Mascotte' and 'The Mikado.' Young Stepiens was Prince Laurent in 'La Mascotte' and I Koko in 'Mikado,' in both of which he was very nearly perfect. He is a natural humorist, and I recommend all your readers to go and see for themselves; and his little sister Lily, in the part of Pitti Sing in 'Mikado,' as her song says, is quite 'Yum-Yum.' The voice of Miss Mitchell, who was added to the company in Wellington, is quite marvellous in so young a girl, and fully justifies the very favourable critiques which one sees of her performances. She must try and quickly acquire stage action; but there is little doubt that under the able tuition of Mr Pollard she will be as exemplary as

other of his pupils. I think the little ones will take with them happy reminiscences of Gisborne. They have had one or two outings into the country, having been entertained by Mr Brady, formerly of Hamilton, and now of Te Arai, at his handsome residence.

Our next disipation will be at the Race Meetings, of which several are about to take place. First the Trotting Club, then the Gisborne Racing Club, then the Poverty Bay Turf Club, *et multos alios*

MADGE.

**TIMARU.**

DEAR BEE,

OCTOBER 1.

This week I have a quiet but pretty little wedding to tell you of. The ceremony took place at St. Mary's Church, when Miss Bamfield, eldest daughter of Major Bamfield, was married to Mr Frederick Clissold, of Fielding. The wedding was at first arranged to be at two o'clock, but the bashful bride (or bridegroom) fearing spectators, unexpectedly altered the hour to twelve o'clock, thus considerably 'selling' many who had meant to be witnesses of a ceremony so very rare in Timaru lately. Consequently only very few were present. The bride wore a pretty pale fawn Newmarket costume, and very becoming black hat with trails of Banksia roses. Miss Minnie Bamfield, sister of the bride, looked pretty in pale grey; and Miss Flo Bamfield, in an electric blue with black velvet panels; they wore black hats trimmed with maize ribbon. Among the guests were Mrs M. J. Kimbley, sister of the bridegroom, in myrtle green dress, cream bonnet; Mrs Laing-Meason and Mrs Buchan, in black; Miss Buchanan, Miss Pearson, etc. Mr Clissold was attended by his brother, Mr E. Clissold, of Otaio. The happy couple left by express in the afternoon *en route* for Fielding, their future home.

I hope they are enjoying as beautiful weather in the north as we are down here. Really, the climate of South Canterbury is as near perfection as possible, and I heard a gentleman, who has just returned to Timaru after two years' travel, declare that, having been almost all over the world, he had come to the conclusion that it was preferable to any other. Driving in the country the other day, I was struck afresh with the extreme beauty of the Timaru Downs. The vivid green of the grass, and the more tender green of the weeping willows which mark the meanderings of different streams, and the intense blue of the sky, together with the snow-capped hills in the background, make an exquisite picture which, in its way, could scarcely be surpassed. The crops, too, are looking beautiful after the splendid rain we had last week, which was sorely needed by the farmers, certainly, but I could not help thinking of the poor little lambs, and I fear the cold weather which accompanied the rain must have done considerable damage among them.

The South Canterbury Jockey Club held their annual spring meeting at the racecourse. There were a great many horses entered for the different events, as many as fourteen or fifteen competing in some, and the finishes were very close. I heard many say that they had never seen better racing. The ladies of Timaru are not very enthusiastic about racing, and not many were present. Among them were Mrs George Rhodes, in a handsome plaid costume, seal skin jacket, and black hat; Mrs E. C. J. Stevens (Christchurch), navy dress beautifully braided, lace mantle and bonnet; Miss E. Rhodes (Christchurch), brown checked tweed; Mrs W. Stuart-Lindsay and her sister, Miss O'Brien, Mrs Cook and her daughters, the Misses Lovegrove, and a few others, including two ladies from Ashburton. The second day's enjoyment was rather marred by a thick sea fog which came up in the afternoon.

A fitting close to this pleasant spring gathering was an amusing entertainment given on the first evening by the Y. and B. Moreoork Minstrels. The first event on the programme was a pretty little operetta, entitled 'Grass Widows.' The only three characters in this were cleverly taken by Mr C. A. Jefferson, one of the Minstrels, and Mrs Smithson and Miss Connie Lovegrove, who kindly gave their services. The stage was artistically arranged as a drawing-room, and the whole operetta went smoothly and well, the singing especially being much admired. Mrs Smithson looked charmingly pretty in a pale grey gown with trimmings of buttercup velvet, and Miss Lovegrove's delicate cream and heliotrope suited her very well. The second part was a metre of songs, recitations, etc., of which Mr Morton's banjo solo and Mr Frank Perry's spirited recitation were quite the gems. The Moreoork Minstrels entirely occupied the last part, appearing in the orthodox nigger dress, etc. Massa Johnson, Mr C. A. Jefferson, and the Jones Brothers especially excelled themselves. The music was very good. The orchestra, consisting of the Messrs Collins and Bilton, was a treat in itself, and the singing of the troupe reflects great credit on the conductor. The Boating Club is to be congratulated on the large increase of funds which must have been the result of the good house which assembled.

Last week the various football clubs had a Rugby Tournament on the S.C.A.A.C. grounds. Play was very exciting altogether, but the most interesting match was the Senior Final—Timaru v. Union First Fifteen. This resulted in a win for the latter by two points to half a point. Timaru played very well in this match, especially considering that they were playing fresh opponents, and had themselves just beaten Waibi in a hard game. It was a very enjoyable afternoon, the weather being perfect.

Now I have exhausted my small stock of news, so goodbye.

ESTELLE.

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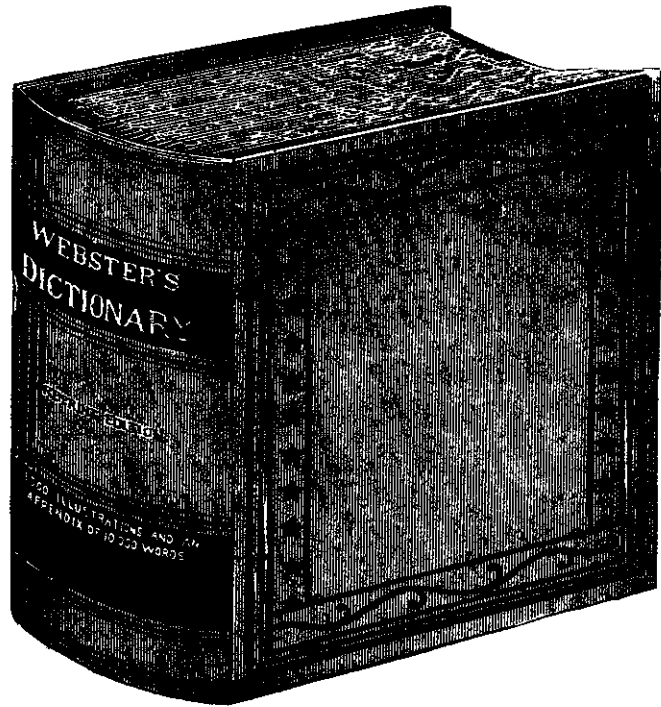
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**A GIRL'S CAPRICE.**



WILL never forgive you, Charlie Dalton, not if I should live to be a hundred! You have no right to speak such words to me. Even my patience has a limit, and I am tired of your jealous caprices. I will not be dictated to. I shall please myself as far as Harold Anderson is concerned. I intend to treat him with the courtesy due to a gentleman from a lady.

The sweet clear voice rang out in indignant protest, the lovely face was flushed with anger, the pansy-blue eyes flashed, and the small golden head was crested proudly. She was in one of her 'tantrums,' as someone had wickedly dubbed the fits of wrath in which Lillian Vane was known at times to indulge. Sweet Lillian Vane! A spoiled child, a capricious little witch, the only child of her doting parents, who were wealthy and influential. Looking upon her now—this small fury—a tempest in a teapot—Charlie Dalton's heart misgave him. Was he wise to give all the love of his great manly heart to this little tantalizing fairy, who nearly tormented his life out with her sweet tyranny, which after all was so irresistible? But he was desperately in love, and love is a tyrannical despot which must and will have his own way, no matter what the consequences may be. But all the same, Charlie felt a strange little pang at his heart as he listened to Lillian's declaration of independence.

'She does not love me,' was the first thought that flitted through his brain, 'or she would never speak like that. Surely Harold Anderson has not won my darling's heart away from me!'

They were standing under the shade of a huge Christmas tree which grew near the beach of a charming New Zealand township. Lillian turned her blue eyes to glance across the water, where a white-sailed craft was dancing upon the waves. Charlie's gaze followed hers, and he saw that the sole occupant of the boat was Harold Anderson.

He was a fine-looking fellow, with a dashing air, and was very popular in society. His bold black eyes were fixed upon the two under the tree, and he turned his boat about and made straight for the beach at the point where they were standing. A little later the boat's keel grated upon the sand, and Harold Anderson sprang out, and, securing the craft, came swiftly forward, lifting his hat to Lillian with courtly grace. She smiled into his face with a swift little glance, that made Charlie Dalton's heart grow cold. He did not know that Lillian really meant no wrong; but that the spirit of coquetry and mischief spurred her on, and she was indiscreet instead of intentionally culpable. But Charlie was downright angry now, so with a cool adieu he turned and walked away. Harold's eyes followed the retreating figure.

'Our Knight of the Rueful Countenance looks troubled,' he observed, slyly, with a mocking smile which made Lillian's heart shrink with aversion. 'Miss Lillian, surely it is not true, this rumour that you are engaged to marry young Dalton? I hope not, for if it should be true your life would not be a happy one. And I—'

He stopped short with a sigh which would have made Lillian smile, so lugubrious was it, only she felt really too troubled to smile. Why had Charlie gone away and left her alone with Harold Anderson? It looked as though he were virtually resigning his claim to monopolise her society. Her eyes met the black orbs bent closely upon her, and she made answer a little more coldly than was necessary: 'My relations to Mr. Dalton cannot affect you.'

Harold's face flushed. He darted to her side and caught her hand in his own.

'Lillian, hear me!' he cried, eagerly. 'I can keep silent no longer. I love you—I have loved you long! You are too fair and sweet to marry a jealous tyrant like Dalton. Be my wife, Lillian, and I swear to make you happy!'

She wrenched her hand away from his grasp, and, pale with indignation, turned upon him, her blue eyes flashing wrathfully.

'I have given you no cause to address me in this way, Mr. Anderson,' she cried, angrily. 'You are almost a stranger to me.'

He drew nearer her side and attempted to take her hand once more. His face was pale with anger. He had been wounded in his pride and self-esteem, and that was almost more than he could bear; for Harold Anderson, like many society men, believed himself irresistible. But Lillian turned away, pale and angry, and a moment later had darted from the spot and was lost to sight.

The sun had set and a storm was brewing. She dashed upon the beach—on, on. She was quite a stranger in

the place, having only come to this coast resort a few days previous. What wonder that when she turned to leave the long, white, sandy beach and strike into the belt of pine woods beyond—through which she must pass to return to the house where she and her parents were stopping—she should lose her way? It was growing rapidly dark, and the hoarse muttering of the storm frightened the timid girl, and the bright lightning flashing across the inky sky in lurid streaks brought terror to her heart; and then she began to realize the truth—that she had lost her way and knew not in which direction to turn.

Darker, darker grew the sky; the rain began to come down, and in a few moments poor Lillian's thin white gown was drenched, and she could scarcely make her way a step further in her wet garments. She came to a terrified halt at last. There was no sign of a human habitation, and the very blackness of darkness engulfed the scene, save when the lance-like lightning flashed athwart the dense blackness of the sky.

Utterly exhausted, and so frightened that she was almost bereft of reason, Lillian sank down at last at the foot of a tree.

'Heaven help me!' she moaned, in her terror and despair. 'I shall die out here all alone, and I have no idea which



AN IDEAL FRENCH COMBINATION.

way to turn to get home again! Oh, if I had not been so cross and bad to Charlie he would not have left me alone! But he is so proud, and he fancied I preferred Harold Anderson's society to his, so he left me although he had brought me to the beach. I suppose he thought that Mr. Anderson would escort me home, but I hate him—I hate him, and I will never speak to him again as long as I live!'

She was sobbing bitterly now, her slight form trembling with grief and terror. All at once a thought struck her, and she began to shout aloud at the top of her voice: 'Charlie! Charlie! Oh, help, help!'

There was the tramp of hurrying feet, the flash of a lighted lantern, a low cry of joy, and she was clasped in Charlie's arms, where she sobbed like a child. And the ludicrous part of it all was that she had been lost within a stone's throw of her home. The white cottage with its glowing

lights, where her anxious parents awaited her, was just around a bend in the path, quite near the spot where Charlie had found her; and when his arms went round her and she felt the comfort of his presence, Lillian sobbed out a contrite confession of her own foolishness, and all was made right. Mrs. Charles Dalton often thinks of the lesson that she learned that night in the storm and darkness, and how she learned to prize a true heart's love.

**AN IDEAL FRENCH COMBINATION.**

THE costume in the sketch is an ideal French combination. It is a gown of white voile, with a long coat bodice, cut up in tabs, and opening over a vest of pale lilac silk. The collar and the wide waist-belt are made in embroidery in lovely shades of gold, dull red, indigo, and pale pink. On the corsage there are rows of old gold grelots. The hat is a lovely shape, ornamented with white ribbon and white gauze. The gloves are also white to correspond.

**THE WORK CORNER.**

**SOME USEFUL ARTICLES MADE OUT OF APPARENTLY USELESS MATERIALS.**

'AT the Industrial Exhibition, Hammersmith,' says the correspondent of a ladies' paper, 'the offer of several prizes for the most useful articles made out of apparently useless materials had evidently highly commended itself to many industrious people of good will to work, but small ability to purchase materials, and quite a goodly array of articles had been sent in. As the most absolutely useful one, prominence must be given to a most attractive and comfortable-

looking little garment entirely composed of old stockings, sewn to a foundation of old calico. The actual workmanship of the garment was executed by a little maiden aged ten years, and reflected the greatest possible credit upon her, as well as upon the mother, who had probably tacked in position the stocking legs, which were quite artistically planned in such a manner that the front of the little bodice and a portion of the skirt were of a deep crimson or black, the whole being united by rows of carefully executed feather or coral stitching.

'The prize for needlework was naturally awarded to the maker of this little garment, but in close competition to her piece of work were several little bodices manufactured on the same principles, and I cannot too warmly commend to my readers this really valuable means of utilising the upper portion of warm merino stockings, which in this manner form most comfortable and warm articles of wearing apparel.

'Very good use has been made by one competitor of the covers and back of an old account book, to which he had affixed three sides of wood and thus formed a most compact and useful box, the opening of one side forming the lid, revealing an interior neatly fitted up with compartments for holding reels of thread, buttons, etc., and thus providing a really useful piece of furniture for a poor man's wife or sister. Curiously enough since noting this book-cover box at the exhibition, I have heard that just now it is quite the fashion in Paris, to pick up old-fashioned leather book bindings, and have them fitted with sides by a carpenter, after which the outer edges are gilded and the interior lined with delicate old-fashioned satin or brocade, finished off by gold or silver gailon, the boxes thus formed being used for photos or smaller objects of bijouterie. The suggestion is one that may well be worked out to good purpose by anyone happening to come across any of the large account book covers, which might be entirely covered with brocade or needlework, and so form delightful receptacles for pamphlets, monthly magazines, etc. But to return to the useless materials, a word must be given to some neatly made workbags formed from fish or game bags, and to some handy little sets of drawers for holding seeds etc., composed of empty match-boxes glued one above the other, and fitted with little ribbon handles by which the drawers so formed could be pulled out. Painted oyster shells fastened together so as to form hanging receptacles for letters and bills, models made of old corbels, toys from empty reels, and various other objects, more or less creditable in their construction, found a place in the collection, similar ones to which may, I hope, be permitted to form a part in other exhibitions of a like nature.'

**HOW TO REPRODUCE A PATTERN.**

THE most successful method of reproducing a pattern on to serge or woollen material is to prick the design with a fine needle, then after placing it upon the material in the position it is to be firmly secured it with pins and rub it over with a mixture of very dry and finely powdered pipe clay. The pattern must then be carefully lifted off, and the line showing on the cloth must then be painted over with flake white oil paint diluted with turpentine, a long sable brush, called a rigger, being the best kind to use for this purpose.

A more simple way, and one which answers very well if carefully done, is to trace the pattern upon a piece of coarse muslin, known by the name of leno, which may be obtained from any draper. The leno must then be firmly pinned or tacked on the woollen material, and the pattern be carefully traced over with a pen dipped in a mixture of whiting and gum, pricking the pen in and out so that the colour may penetrate through the coarse open muslin.

OLD LETTERS.

AY, better burn them. What does it avail  
To measure the dumb words so dear to us?  
Like dead leaves tossed before the autumn gale  
Will be each written page we cherished thus,  
When Time's great wind has swept them all away—  
The smiles, loves, tears, and hatreds of to-day.

Living, we heard our letters, holding them  
Sacred and safe, as almost sentient things;  
So strong the yearning tide of grief to stem,  
So true, when doubt creeps in, or treason stings;  
Parting may smile, such golden bridge between;  
Change cannot come where such stamp'd faith has been.

Dying, we leave them to our children's care,  
Our well-prized solace, records of the time  
When life lay spread before us, rich and fair,  
And love and hope spoke prophecies sublime;  
Lore slowly gathered through laborious hours,  
Wit's playful flashes, sweet poetic flowers.

All these to us, to us—and for awhile,  
Our loved will guard the casket where they lie,  
Glancing them over with a tearful smile,  
Touching their yellowing foldings tenderly;  
A little while—but Life and Time are strong,  
Our dearest cannot keep such vigils long.

And by-and-bye the cold bright eyes of youth,  
Lighting on such old fatesam of the past,  
The shattered spars of trust, and hope, and truth,  
On the blank shore of Time's great ocean cast,  
Will read and judge, with naught of soft behoving,  
Dissecting, sneering, anything but loving.

So, let us burn them all, the tottering words  
The guided baby fingers wrote us first,  
The school-boy scribble—lines the man affords  
To the old eyes that watched—old hands that nursed,  
The girl's sweet nonsense, confidence of friend,  
And these, our own, ours only, till the end.

Heap them together, one last fervent kiss,  
Then let them turn, ere we do, into dust,  
Ashes to ashes. Well and wise it is,  
To meet the end that comes, as come it must;  
And leave no relics to grow grey and rotten,  
Waiting the certain doom of the forgotten.

Exchange.

THE MOST PRACTICAL CHARITY.



HERE is a deal of absurdity about the ordinary form of almsgiving," remarked a woman of experience, as she closed the door on a professional beggar who had importuned and wept in a heart-broken way which was really quite affecting to the lookers-on. "I presume you think me rather hard-hearted, and I suppose I am; but after a rather extended observation and some practical work in the line of charity, I have arrived at the conclusion that a good deal of the so-called charity is a humbug, and by far the greater part of it is unworthily bestowed. "In the first place, we don't begin right. If I were to potter about my room, and read or sew, or even work, and pay no attention to my children until they climbed upon the window-sills and fell and broke their necks, or played with fire until they were burned to death, I don't think I would deserve a great deal of sympathy; do you? Indeed, I would, doubtless, be brought into court and tried as accessory to their deaths; and, certainly, I would deserve it.

"But charity leaves little children to grow up in the streets, to contract vicious habits, to become steeped in vice and crime; and then far over the land we hear the cry: "Come and help us rescue the perishing! Help us to reform the hundreds of thousands of poor sinners who are going at a breakneck pace to destruction!" And benevolent souls give of their abundance; and what is the result? Many of the tramps are able-bodied and quite intelligent enough to know that the more they wail and moan, the more they will be filled. If they are urged to work, they will invent excuses even to the conjuring up of the most dreadful diseases, with which they claim to be afflicted. Indeed, for months, one man, a fairly well-dressed fellow, came regularly to my door and begged for his Sunday dinner. He never came any other day, and when in talking with a neighbour, I expressed some surprise at the fact, I was told that he had regular places for certain days and meals. When asked one day why he did not work, he told a most pathetic story of heart-disease, declaring that he was likely to drop dead upon the slightest exertion. It so happened that some friends who had heard his pitiful story were passing a low tavern in the neighbourhood and saw the poor fellow dancing a "break-down" after the most approved fashion.

"The tramp instinct seems natural to some people and must be counteracted early in life, if at all. The great need of humanity is training for the children, not asylums, refuges, institutions or homes; but places central, convenient and comfortable—places which are open at all hours of day and evening, where children and youths may be amused and looked after while they are very small, and guided and put in the way of earning a good living when they are older. "Every town, village and neighbourhood and every city at suitable intervals should have some central meeting-place for children and youths—a place under the immediate charge of some competent person. Every visiting child should have its name enrolled on books kept for that purpose. There should be frequent concerts, lectures with illustrations, magic-lantern views, panoramas, plays and games and exercises in which the children should join. Of course, it would necessitate some money and more painstaking and hard work; but that certainly is better than the expense and disgrace of the reformatory, penitentiary and the hang-man's noose.

"In these rooms—"pleasure-rooms," for lack of a better name—there should be the fewest possible rules, but these should be strictly observed. Children should be taught to observe the rules which govern polite society. Offences of

all sorts should be referred to a committee of children selected by vote, and offenders should be punished by suspension, or as might be agreed upon. To taunt a suspended child with its disgrace should be considered as a punishable offence.

"Cards or certificates of merit should be issued, and the names of the holders of these should be posted in a convenient place, as evidence of good behaviour.

"The idea is susceptible of almost endless elaboration even as far as children are concerned, but it is quite as important as regards half-grown boys and girls and young people. As long as there are men and women in the world, and just so long there will be love-making and marrying and giving in marriage. What conveniences have young persons for making proper acquaintances or continuing them after they are made. There is no place save the street where they can have a moment's uninterrupted conversation, and street courtships are scarcely to be commended.

"When we consider that it is largely from the marriages of young persons of little or no means or education, that the rank and file of our lawmakers come, it seems that society should provide some suitable place for the safe and healthy development of family instincts. How much better that an acquaintance should be formed and continued in an atmosphere of refinement and quiet, with elevating and educating surroundings, and under the watchful eyes of some judicious matron, rather than on the streets, in the beer garden, or in the public parks or on the by-ways. What is wanted is a rival to the saloon, a place which practically never closes, and is always light, warm and cheery, where no matter what the condition of the mind or body, there is a welcome and a light, warmth and words of good fellowship. A cup of hot coffee, tea or milk on a cold, stormy night would keep many a man, woman, and boy from the rum shop and ruin. A certainty of a smile, a bright, warm room and a cheap lunch, no matter what the hour or the condition, would be far more acceptable to many persons than the grog-shop. When the church opens a rational as well as aggressive campaign against the saloons, then, and not till then, will there be some hope for the salvation of the race.

"Every honest and pious door closes early, and the poor and practically homeless thousands in our cities have no place of refuge, but the saloons," said a well educated but half-vagrant man, whom I once tried to argue with.

"But haven't you any place which you call home?" I asked.

"No, ma'am; I have a place to sleep, but can only be there for that purpose. There is no waiting-room, no opportunity for rest. If I am restless or don't care to retire, I must go to a bar-room or saloon where I am expected to drink something, no matter whether I want it or not. It is bad enough for a settled man, but for boys and young men, the temptations are something dreadful."

"And I thought it over and had to agree with him."

THE GENTLE ART OF BEAUTY.

'MAKE UP.'



HIS being the gay and festive season when amusements are plentiful, a few words on the subject of 'beautifying' may not be amiss. It is an acknowledged fact that most of the notorious beauties who reign supreme and hold entire sway over the heart of man, owe their triumph to no small measure to the mysteries of the dressing-room. This was, however, more particularly the case in the bygone ages. But, unfortunately for the beauties of the present generation, the recipes and prescriptions were kept so profoundly secret that all traces of them was lost on the death of the possessor of the knowledge; and although we know of them from hearsay—which is not infrequently both exaggerated and deceptive—still, judging from all accounts, when taken into comparison with the toilet mysteries of the present period, they seem crude and unfinished, the results presenting to the eye of the beholder in most cases an appearance precisely the reverse of that undoubtedly intended.

Certainly our mode of procedure is less extravagant, and we rarely, if ever, hear of even the wealthiest of our sex indulging in a bath of mashed strawberries, and being afterwards sponged with perfumed milk, as did the famous Madame Tallien.

Indeed, speaking generally, I fancy we prefer the strawberries and milk applied internally rather than externally, and with no further perfume than the delicate aroma of the fruit itself; but of course tastes differ. The powder, patches and head-dresses of Madame de Pompadour were world-famed; but, on the other hand, it is said that although Diana of Poitiers meddled with many cosmetics to enhance her wondrous loveliness, she preserved her complexion to a great extent by morning dew, which being freely translated, means early rising.

According to my mind, anything pertaining to 'make-up' which is directly preceivable, is quite unjustifiable, and nothing should be more readily nor more heartily desisted and avoided. But I am one of those that hold that it is a duty woman owes, not only to herself, but to mankind generally, to make the best of the beauties God has given her and therefore to show herself off to the greatest advantage.

An authority, whose name I cannot for the moment recall, tells us that no woman is ugly, each possessing some charm or other attribute, which in itself redeems her from being classed under the category of 'things ugly'; and, given even one noticeably good feature, the woman of taste, knowing that she cannot entertain even the remotest hope of being designated a beauty, will still go carefully and artistically to work to add to her personal appearance, to literally make the best of herself, and what is more, will rarely fail.

The great point, it seems to me, is that a woman who thinks that she is plain, or to use an expressive Americanism homely, is too apt, as a rule, to let herself go, to lapse into mediocrity, and actually, as it were, instead of bucking on

her armour, both literally and figuratively this time, and going forth to the fray with renewed vigour and an improved appearance, which is after all but the result of a little care and attention, becomes more and more discontented and consequently plainer.

I trust my readers will not think by this that I am advocating the use of the innumerable preparations which can be classed under the heading of this column. What I wish to maintain is, that there are a few things which are really harmless improvements, to improve a term for them, and although their number may be said to be limited, there will still be found sufficient for the ordinary use of the majority of us.

For example, the possessor of a white face is occasionally in despair at her lack of colouring, more especially when on some particular occasion, such as a dinner or a ball, she is anxious to present a blooming countenance to such portion of her small world who will be present and, as any true woman naturally would, scorns the use of rouge, either in its many advertised forms, or even the pure powdered carmine, which is, in most cases, the basis of all such preparations.

The juice of an ordinary beetroot can scarcely be called a toilette 'make up,' but it is equally effective, and certainly less injurious to the skin. The face should be gently sponged with tepid water (if possible without soap, to which has been added a few drops of eau de Lubin, eau de Bully, or best of all, Mason's Essential Oil of Eau de Cologne (this giving a very desirable feeling of freshness), and then dried on a soft towel. Then damp the face again with a fairly strong solution of alum water, leaving it to dry on, and after some minutes use a nice powder, putting it on with a piece of chamois leather, instead of the ordinary puff, as it can be rubbed into the skin, and so remains on much longer.

When this is done, dip a rather thick camel's hair brush into the beetroot juice—which is prepared by simply cutting up the vegetable and leaving it to stand and drain for a while and paint the cheek as desired, afterwards, when quite dry going over it again with the brush, in order to tone down too *boyant* colouring. The indiscriminate use of powder is not a thing to be admired; indeed, it is absolutely disgusting, especially to men, to see a woman take out of her pocket a small puff, and proceed calmly to embellish (!) her face as is too frequently done in these degenerate days. On the occasion of a ball, however, where, after incessant dancing, one is apt to look flushed and slightly dishevelled, a short retirement to the seclusion of the ladies' room will be beneficial to the outward appearance, and the powder-leather can then be brought into use with wonderful results.

In such case the superiority of the piece of leather over the puff is proved by the fact that the powder dabbed on to a not naturally damped face is bound to show plainly; whilst the face can be carefully wiped over with the leather, and the powder softly rubbed on afterwards, and, when this is carefully done, only the good effect, and not the cause of the effect, will be visible, the skin having a natural whiteness and delicacy, and the powder being indistinguishable.

Should, however, the conservatively inclined still hanker after the use of the old-fashioned puff, they will find it a capital thing to keep on the toilet table a small soft brush (such as is used for the head of a very young infant), and after putting on the powder to use the brush for going carefully over the face, so imparting a soft appearance to the skin.

Let us now turn our attention to the eyebrows, which, frequently overlooked, are in reality an important feature. The use of the usual eyebrow pencil is perhaps more noticeable than any other 'make up,' and, if only for that reason, should be left alone, but the brows can be improved and trained into any desired shape. After washing the face, pass one finger covered with a good brilliantine over the eyebrow, and then with the thumb and first finger coax it into order, afterward touching it up gently with a fine comb. There is no need for any dye, the brilliantine itself keeping the hair several shades darker. Should the brows meet over the nose, the superfluous hairs can be plucked out with a pair of tweezers.

The lips, too, can be improved on occasions by wetting the finger with scent and rubbing it on them, this causing them to become a lovely red tint, and afterwards, when the scent has dried, just touched with cold cream, which renders them soft and supple. The scent, however, must only be applied rarely, as, if used constantly, it would make the lips hard and dry.

An important point in wearing evening dress is the appearance of arms and neck, which are not always so white as might be desired. They should be sponged with tepid water (perfumed, if desired), thoroughly dried, then sponged with a lotion composed of equal parts of glycerine and rose-water. Whilst this is still damp, add a thick coating of powder, applied with a puff this time, leaving it on until the last moment for putting on the bodice, and then rub it thoroughly, but very gently, into the skin until it is white, and the powder has disappeared. This will serve its turn for the evening, but it is hardly necessary to remark that it should be well washed off with hot water before retiring.—*Centllewoman.*

NOT RIGHT.

THOSE who undertake to correct the speech of their fellow-mortals sometimes get unexpected results.

'Bridget,' said a young housekeeper, who was somewhat fresh from college, 'it would be useless for me to disguise the fact that your ignorance of grammar is very marked. Let me try to correct you. For instance, does it sound right for me to say, "Bridget, you've been a-settin' in the drawin'-room?"'

"No, ma'am," said Bridget, frankly, but with evident surprise, 'no, ma'am, it don't sound right, but I were only a-settin' there the mather of a half-hour or so wid my cousin Terence, who is just over. I s'pose that second girl has been a-tattlin'.'

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

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## 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.

### RULES.

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

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

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

## QUERIES.

ASPARAGUS SOUP.—I should be much obliged for a recipe for this, as asparagus is just coming in.—MODENA.

SAUCES.—If you have any recipes for sauces—no sweet ones—would you kindly put some in THE GRAPHIC?—SALLIE.

I would like to know if there is a less tedious way for taking ironstains out of linen than by using salts of lemon.—HOUSEKEEPER.

## ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

'Ginger.'—I cannot find a recipe for ginger ale. I am sorry to say. Here is one for hop beer: To 10 gallons of rain water add half a pound of hops and half a pound of bruised (not ground) ginger; let it come to the boil, stirring occasionally. Mark the time it commences to boil, and when 20 minutes have elapsed add nine pounds of sugar (light brown), stir till dissolved, and immediately take up without allowing it to boil again. (It is in the long boiling of hops that all their delicate aroma escapes, while all the bitterness is brought out; boiling the sugar causes muddiness.) Strain into an open wooden vessel, and leave until milkwarm; then add one quart of yeast, and cover it with a thick woollen cloth, and let it work for 24 hours; in the meantime one ounce of tartaric acid and one ounce of brewers' isinglass should be soaking in one quart of cold water, and at the end of twenty-four hours should be added to the beer to clear it. It will be ready to bottle the next day, and will be fit to drink in two days, but it is much nicer if left for a week. The bottles should be washed at least a day before, and left upside down to drain, and any corks inside them should be extracted; they must be perfectly dry before being used. The corks should be soaked in some of the hop-beer, and left with a weight on them till wanted. The brewing-tub should be used for no other purpose, but should be kept filled with water from one brewing to another. If the isinglass used by brewers cannot readily be obtained, save up the eggshells used a week before for custards, puddings and cakes, and take the whites and shells of two fresh eggs, beat them all together, and add with the ounce of acid. Tie the corks down tightly, and when the beer is put away throw a damp blanket over and around the bottles, so as to insure a cool and pleasant drink.

'Olive.'—Sausage rolls are very easily made, only requiring some well-made puff pastry, and if you like to have the sausage-meat made at home that can be so easily done, cutting up and passing through the mincing-machine some fresh pork, then season it with a little pepper and salt, and to each pound of meat add two ounces of breadcrumbs, and if you like the flavour of sage add half a small teaspoonful very finely chopped, then mix well together. Roll the puff paste out about a quarter of an inch in thickness, then cut it in stripes about three inches wide and four inches long. Moisten the edges with a little cold water and place in the centre a small quantity of the sausage meat, fold the paste over and take care that the edges are firmly fastened, then place the rolls on a baking-tin—the side with the folded edges being next the tin. The tin should have been previously brushed over with cold water. Brush the sausage rolls over with whole beaten-up egg and cut the tops of them here and there with a sharp knife and bake in a fairly quick oven for about twenty-five to thirty minutes. Patty-pies are very good. The patty pans must be thinly lined with puff pastry, and then veal and ham cut in thin slices and seasoned with pepper and salt, a little mace, and finely chopped parsley must be arranged in the tins, and a little clear well-flavoured meat jelly put into the tins, then cover with pastry, which should be rather more than a quarter of an inch thick, and brush the top over with whole beaten egg, and bake for about half an hour. These little pies are very much improved by having an oyster in each, but they are very nice when plainly made. They are also very good when made with mutton, and should then be flavoured well with black pepper and salt and a little finely minced onion. After these little pies are cooked, the lids should be carefully removed and a little good clear meat jelly should be poured into them and the lids put on again, and they should be left in the tins until they are cold and the jelly has set.

## RECIPES.

POTATOES A LA PRINCESSE.—The potatoes must be plainly boiled first of all, and should be as dry as possible; then they must be passed through a wire sieve or potato masher, and an ounce and a half of butter mixed with them, one and a half yolks of eggs, and an ounce of grated Parmesan cheese, a pinch of salt, and a little cayenne pepper—these quantities must be added to each pound of potatoes. Mix all together, and when cold roll the mixture into little rolls, using a little flour while doing so to prevent the mixture from sticking to the slab. The rolls should be an inch and a half long and barely an inch in diameter. After they are shaped, place them on baking tins which have been

buttered, brush them over with a whole beaten-up egg, and bake them until they are a pretty golden colour; then, after having placed them on the dish they are to be served on, pour a little warm butter over them and sprinkle them with a little finely-chopped parsley.

CROQUETTES DE BŒUF AU RIZ.—Make some nice mince of raw beef, season with pepper, salt, chopped brown onions, and parsley, add a little fine breadcrumbs and sufficient yolks of eggs to make a good consistency; roll into balls, fry them a light brown in boiling fat, into which an onion has also been sliced; skim the fat off the contents of the frying pan, add a little good stock, pepper, salt, a tomato cut up, put the balls into a small saucepan, cover with the gravy and simmer for half an hour. Serve in the centre of a border of well-boiled rice.

ORANGE CAKE.—To make an orange cake, take six eggs and put them into a tin saucepan or a basin, whichever you like. I think a saucepan is really the better utensil to use, as it has a handle, and therefore is easier to hold. Add a small teaspoonful of essence of vanilla, the finely-chopped rind of three oranges, ten ounces of castor sugar, and a little saffron-yellow. Whip this mixture over boiling water until it is just warm, then remove it from the fire and continue whipping the mixture until it is cold and is about as thick as cream which has been whipped, then add six ounces of fine flour which has been warmed and passed through a sieve, stirring the mixture while doing so with a wooden spoon as lightly as possible; brush a plain mould with warm butter and line it with buttered paper and dust the paper with flour and sugar mixed in equal quantities; pour the mixture into the mould, taking care only to pour in enough to fill the mould only half full; then bake the cake in a moderate oven for one hour and a quarter. When the cake is cold, cover it with orange glacé, which is made in this way:—Take three quarters of a pound of icing sugar which has been passed through a sieve, and mix with it three tablespoonfuls of orange juice; then warm very slightly and pour over the cake at once.

## SUMMER DRESS HINTS.

THE lace costume has taken the place that used to belong to the coarse, square-meshed grenadine that a great many years ago was known as the 'iron frame,' and which could not be comprehended for its beauty, but only for its air of quiet refinement. The grenadine gradually grew finer and finer, until one day the 'piece lace' appeared, and since then a black lace gown is considered one of the desirables in the wardrobe of the general woman. The lace best liked is the Chantilly, with a small figure thickly scattered over it, or else in a full, deep flounce. Spanish lace, notwithstanding its great beauty, is rather heavy looking, a fault which is also found with guipure; but the Chantilly and the light French laces are not only lighter to wear, but have a cooler look. Then, too, they retain their blackness better, a something much to be desired.

### A LACE-TRIMMED GOWN.

A LIGHT wood shade in surah silk makes a lovely foundation for a deep lace flounce. The skirt is made almost plain in front, and is just full enough to be graceful at the back. A deep lace flounce is all round the lower edge, its sewing to position being concealed by a narrow, black silk braid. The bodice is smoothly fitted across the back, and laid in soft folds just in front, concealing the closing. The sleeves are sufficiently full to be easy and are the real Valois ones, coming in a decided point over the hand. The girdle, which conceals the skirt band, is of the silk folded over and having a stiff little bow that conceals the fastening at the side.

The chic at giving the bodice comes from the black lace cape which is worn with it, and which is gathered round the neck, the stitching concealed by a ribbon which ties in front. A little quilling of lace finishes the neck.

### THE JETTED GIRDLE.

SOMEbody who has followed the fashions and made a plain full skirt of deep lace flouncing, intends that her bodice shall be decorated with jet, and made the special part of the costume. So she has to decide whether it shall be a long bodice with a Cleopatra girdle, or a round one with a deep pointed girdle, and she chooses the last because she does not believe she will tire of it so soon. The typical lace bodice is decorated with jet. Over the usual close-fitting lining the lace is drawn in soft, fine folds, both back and front, the closing which is in front being hidden under the full lace. The girdle is of black velvet, deeply pointed both in back and front, and closing with hooks and eyes at one side. It is thickly covered with finely cut jets that sparkle like so many black diamonds. A somewhat high collar that rounds down in front, permitting the throat to show between, is also of velvet, overlaid with the jet, as are the deep cuffs that form the finish to the full gathered sleeves.

A BODICE like this could be worn with merely a ribbon girdle, the collar might be a pleated one of ribbon, and the cuffs of ribbon to correspond; but of course the same elaborate air would not be gained that results from the use of the jetted garnitures. The girl who has the time and the inclination to be economical, can buy the jets and make gorgeous her own belt and belongings, making it cost her in this way just about one-third of what the price would be if she bought it ready made. For people who have time there are so many ways of economising, that it does seem a shame that every woman under one hundred years old does not look well dressed.

I WANT to say one little word here about your laces and furberlows. Keep them in the best possible condition, don't let a tiny little hole grow into a long tear, and don't believe that the dust can't be brushed out of lace, if care is taken, as well as out of any other material. A lace gown, of course, needs to be treated a little more delicately than does a heavy cloth one, but, like the cloth, it shows whether it is getting the right sort of treatment or not. When you mend your laces, get a piece of this net like its background and do not carefully darn but stitch with your needle firmly and strongly, so that the patch is sure in its position and yet the stitches are not conspicuous. With

care, a lace gown may last many seasons, and after that it may be used for frills, bonnets, parasol trimmings, and no end of small furberlows. It may, indeed, be the material to work out the economies over which you and I take so much delight, and which are, after all, our greatest pride. To make something pretty out of materials called 'nothings' is great joy.

## MADAME BERNHARDT.

AN American paper gives the following amusing account of 'Sara in Maori land'—Bernhardt received by old Chief Paul and his warriors:—

'Sara Bernhardt is nothing if not original. She wants to see everything, and attempts to do almost everything that she sees done by others. In her travels around the world "the divine Sara" had heard a great deal at various times about the Maoris of New Zealand. When Tawhiao, the Maori king, was in England, Sara paid him a visit, and was delighted with the tattooing on the old man's face. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that when Sara reached Auckland, New Zealand, recently, she should visit the Maori in his home. The Alameda remained only twelve hours at Auckland, so the queen of tragedy had to be contented with a visit to Chief Paul at Orakei, a small native settlement about five miles from Auckland. An interpreter went along and, upon arriving at the village, explained to the old chief who his visitor was. Paul was delighted, and walking up to Bernhardt, grasped her hand, drew her toward him, and before Sara knew what he was going to do was saluting her in the Maori fashion—rubbing his nose against hers.

Not satisfied with this greeting, Paul called out his youngest wife and introduced her to Sara. The wahine also wanted to rub noses, but as her appearance indicated that handkerchiefs were not a part of her personal effects, Sara entered a most vigorous protest. Choking with laughter, the interpreter informed Mrs Paul that Mme. Bernhardt desired to postpone the ceremony. The old chief then showed the company through the village. Upon reaching his own house, he invited Sara inside and presented her with a beautiful mere—a weapon of warfare cut out of jade. Only a chief is allowed to carry these weapons. They are treasured as heirlooms, and chiefs have been known to refuse £100 for them. Paul also presented her with a tomahawk, the handle of which was exceedingly long and the blade made of jade.

'Sara asked Chief Paul if she could not see a few Maori dances. The tribe was called up and a haka was danced. Sara thought this very pretty, but desired to see something more exciting. She asked for a war dance, and the warriors, arming themselves, gave her a splendid exhibition. Sara was delighted, and got one of the young men to show her the different motions and contortions. Old Paul was delighted with the rapidity with which she learned the dance, and said she would make a great warrior.

As the Bernhardt party was driving down Queen-street, Auckland, to the wharf, Sara ordered the carriage to stop and, getting out, with her mere in one hand and tomahawk in the other, danced the Maori war dance on the sidewalk before a large crowd. Her warwhoops drew the attention of everybody, and the ease and agility with which she executed the various contortions and movements drew forth round after round of applause. A policeman came up to arrest the dancer, but when informed that she was Sara Bernhardt, allowed her to go. The good people of Auckland are reported to have been very much scandalized over the affair. The men enjoyed it, however.'

## LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

### VERY ELEGANT AND BEAUTIFUL MANTLES.

(SEE FASHION PLATE, PAGE 497.)

THE mantles of the present season certainly bid fair to eclipse those of all previous years in the way of graceful designs and beautiful texture. From a well-known London house, where the latest and most chic novelties from Paris may always be seen, and where, at the present moment, a wonderful selection of cloaks and capes may be found, our artist has chosen four as the subject of the sketches on page 497.

No. 1 is a very smart mantle of black Lyons velvet with novel velvet epaulettes edged with an embroidery of jet. The long velvet sleeves fall back in front to show a tight-fitting under-vest of lace covered closely with a handsome garniture of black and gold beads. All round the mantle there is a wonderfully beautiful fringe of fine jet, over a flounce of black Chantilly lace.

No. 2 is a graceful mantle of black *peau de soie*, bordered with quite a novel kind of black Lyons lace, the lace being enriched with a handsome appliqué of black velvet, surrounding in each case a circular centre of gold embroidery. The mantle is further edged throughout with a narrow gold galon, ornamented with large nail-heads of jet. This galon is used to head a fringe of fine jet most exquisitely made.

No. 3 is a long cape of pale heliotrope cloth trimmed all over with small pendant balls covered with fine jet. The yoke and the high collar are of jetted embroidery, while the cloak is bordered throughout with a narrow band of jetted galon. The folds from the shoulders must be noted as being particularly graceful and becoming.

No. 4 is a Henri II circular cape of black velvet with three rows of jetted lace insertion going all round the cloak and giving it a very quaint appearance. The yoke and the high collar are of heliotrope velvet closely covered with handsome jet embroidery. Round the yoke there is a handsome chain of jet with large links, the two ends of this chain reaching below the waist at the back.

FLAG BRAND PICKLES AND SAUCE cannot be equalled. HAYWARD BROS., Manufacturers, Christchurch.—(ADVT.)

'ORB' CORRUGATED IRON is the best and cheapest in this or any other market.—ADVT.

LADIES, for Afternoon Tea, use ADELPHOCK'S Oolong Biscuits and Cakes, a perfect delicacy.—(ADVT.)

## Ladies' STORY Column.

## THAT PRETTY MISS TRELAWNEY.

BY CLYDE RAYMOND.



Y far the prettiest girl ever seen in Low-  
boro', commented Tom Brundage, with  
admiration glowing in every line of his  
good-looking, blonde face, as he settled  
himself back comfortably in his chair on  
the verandah after bowing with extreme  
politeness to a young lady who was  
slowly cantering by on a beautiful, jet-  
black pony, and followed at a respectful  
distance by a smart groom in livery.

'But as poor as she is prettily, it  
seems,' replied his mother, hastily.  
'For Miss Smith heard Mrs Trelawney  
emphatically declare with her own lips,  
that, although she meant to give her  
pretty cousin every social advantage

while under her guardianship, she had no intention  
whatever of leaving her her money. There was no mistaking  
her determination on that point, went on the lady with  
somewhat nervous earnestness. 'And, indeed, there is no  
good reason why she should make the girl her heiress, since  
Miss Beth Trelawney is related to her merely through  
marriage, and rather distantly at that.'

'Which makes no earthly difference, so far as I can see,'  
retorted the good-looking young fellow with provoking cool-  
ness, 'since Miss Beth Trelawney is quite charming enough  
in her own right to dispense with the fictitious attractions  
of her cousin's wealth.'

Mrs Brundage turned and for fully half a minute gazed  
fixedly into her son's innocent, unvarnished countenance, a sort  
of horrified wonder and anxiety slowly materializing upon  
her own.

'Tom!' she exclaimed at length, reproachfully, 'you  
don't mean that you would let your admiration of that girl's  
pretty face run away with your common sense? Surely,  
you wouldn't think of marrying her?'

Tom Brundage gave his blonde head an impatient toss,  
and lifted his eyes to meet his mother's inquisitorial gaze  
with a slightly bitter little laugh.

'If I did it wouldn't be likely to do me much good,  
mother mine,' he answered drily. 'There's Phil Living-  
ston, the very best catch in the town, doing his utmost to  
prevent my having any show in that quarter, not to men-  
tion a dozen or two of other fellows more or less desirable,  
in her train. Oh, no, mother—with a playfully despondent  
shake of the head—you needn't be afraid, there's no  
such luck in store for me.'

Mrs Brundage, however, had her own private opinion  
about that.

The idea that her handsome son could not succeed in any  
suit which he had really set his heart upon, was to her  
mind preposterous. However, she thought it wisest to keep  
that roseate view of the matter locked up in her own breast,  
so she only said in a mild, pleased tone:

'It quite relieves me to hear you say that, Tom. Of  
course it would never do for you to marry a girl without  
any prospects, as is the case with Beth Trelawney. She  
has not a relative in the world, so I understand, excepting  
this rich cousin, whose interest in her will cease as soon as  
she has enabled Miss Beth to establish herself in life by  
making a suitable marriage. But, of course, Tom,—with  
a quietly decisive look and accent—you have too much  
common sense of your own to commit any such folly as that,  
without needing advice on the subject from me.'

The young man made no reply, only smoked away medi-  
tatively, and the subject was dropped.

Very soon after this a brilliant reception and ball was  
given at the grand mansion on the hill, which, upon its com-  
pletion but a few weeks previous, had been taken possession  
of by Mrs Trelawney and her beautiful young cousin, who  
had so quickly taken the town by storm.

All the *élite* of the place were present, among them, of  
course, Tom Brundage and his mother, as well as the  
former's most dangerous and determined rival, Philip Living-  
ston, whose pretty married sister had hitherto been the  
recognized leader of society in Lowboro'.

The scene was gay and beautiful beyond description, and  
Mrs Trelawney, still young enough to look exceedingly well  
in her costly gown of heliotrope velvet and modest array  
of diamond ornaments, presided over it with the stately grace  
of a duchess.

But the real queen of the occasion was her lovely cousin,  
Beth Trelawney, who, despite the exquisite simplicity of her  
attire, was the fascinating star to which every wandering  
glance was constantly returning.

There was something fairly dazzling in the loveliness of  
her snow-white skin, her flashing grey-blue eyes, her tawny  
golden hair, and the little grace of the slender figure, with  
its soft clinging draperies of white, pearl-besprinkled mull.

No wonder that so many feminine hearts beat anxiously  
as, understanding so thoroughly her portentious condition,  
they were obliged to witness the blind adoration of sons or  
brothers, for whom they had far more ambitious views, at  
fair beauty's shrine.

'Tom is perfectly bewitched,' Mrs Brundage groaned in-  
wardly, as she watched the young man following beautiful  
Beth about like her very shadow. 'Upon my word, I must  
invent some plan to put a stop to that affair.'

Soon afterwards she managed to obtain a few minutes'  
*à la tête* with the dangerously charming girl, which brought  
to Beth's dainty cheeks a few shy dimples, and to her bright,  
blue-grey eyes a flash of silent laughter, which her suddenly  
drooped lashes hid from her companion.

But it was noticeable that during the rest of the evening,  
she kept poor Tom at a much greater distance, setting the  
infatuated fellow half distracted by the unaccountable  
change in her manner toward him.

Nor was Mrs Brundage the only person present who  
deemed it necessary to interfere with the happiness of Beth's  
admirers.

The haughty sister of Philip Livingston took occasion  
to acquaint the young lady in her delicately supercilious  
fashion, of her lofty aspirations for her brother's future and

her unqualified disapproval of any serious attentions on his  
part to one whose only dowry was her beauty.

Again Beth's lovely face dimpled with demure, yet  
roguish smiles, and again those bright eyes danced and  
sparkled behind their gold-fringed curtains.

'I cannot pretend to misunderstand you, madam,' she  
said, with a pretty, graceful air of dignity, as the lady con-  
cluded. 'I think the situation is hardly so formidable as  
you seem to fear; but should such a crisis ever arise, I shall  
know how to decide it in the way you wish.'

And, with that laughing light in her brilliant eyes and  
an irrepressible curl of her proud lip, Miss Trelawney glided  
back into the glittering throng, and was soon seen in the  
very midst of it waltzing with Philip Livingston himself.

That same evening she was called upon to face the crisis  
of which she had spoken to his sister.

Gently, but very firmly, Beth refused the offer of his  
hand and heart which Philip Livingston made to her so  
ardently, when he at last succeeded in luring her, for a  
moment, into the conservatory.

'Well, there is one case disposed of,' she murmured to  
herself, with a smile and a sigh, as the disappointed lover  
left her with all the happy light gone from his handsome  
face. 'I trust his sister will cease now to worry about his  
infatuation for poor, penniless Beth Trelawney—the smile  
brightening suddenly on her charming lips. But there is  
Tom Brundage—poor fellow! I hope I shall not be com-  
pelled to repeat this experience with him. He is really  
desperate, though, and I'm afraid it's going to be unavail-  
able. But it's so funny to see the horrified looks of their  
watchful relatives! I wonder what they will say when—'

'Miss Trelawney!—Beth! Oh, I am so happy to find you  
here alone. I wanted to ask you why you have avoided me  
so persistently for the greater part of the evening?'

It was Tom Brundage's voice, of course. He had seen Mr  
Livingston leaving the conservatory alone, and the look on  
his rival's face had told him a great deal, and given him a  
sudden hope for himself. Beth turned a rather startled face  
upon him.

'I—I think I'm engaged for this dance, Mr Brundage,'  
she returned, in slightly altering tones. 'Shall we go back  
to the ballroom? I was about to do so when you came in.'

She made a step toward the door, but he laid his hand  
lightly on her arm, detaining her.

'Please don't go. Oh, Beth, you must know how I love  
you. Surely you have—'

'Mr Brundage,' she interrupted softly, a slight irres-  
pressible smile wavering across her exquisite lips, 'is this  
the way you should address me, when—when, as I have recently  
learned, you are the affianced husband of Miss Ethel Lane?'

'Ethel Lane's—affianced husband—?' he fairly gasped,  
an almost comical look of consternation on his face. Then,  
the light of a sudden hope succeeding it: 'Oh, it is not so  
—you know it isn't, Beth; that smile betrays you. But  
who could have— Ah! I see!—a swift flush rising to  
his brow. 'I know that is a favourite project of my  
mother's, but it will never be—never! whether you can  
care for me or not.'

And then he poured out such a rapid, passionate decla-  
ration of his love for her, that Beth's heart ached for the pain  
which she knew she must soon deal him.

They were very hard to say—those few words whose  
utterance blasted all his hopes; but in a few minutes it  
was all over, and Tom knew that the heart he coveted had  
long since been given to another, to one who was coming in  
a few weeks to claim, not it alone, but also beautiful Beth  
herself.

'I tell you this, my little secret, because I really like  
you, Tom,' she explained, with a sweet confidence that  
looked half the sting out of his bitter disappointment. 'Be-  
cause, though I cannot accept your love, I do want your  
friendship. But to the rest of Lowboro'; it is to remain a  
secret still.'

In due time he came, the conquering hero who had won  
the heart of beautiful Beth Trelawney. His name was Jack  
Standish, and he was a handsome, manly fellow, with a  
dashing figure and a dark, bright, honest face that won your  
liking at a glance.

Then fashionable Lowboro' was astonished by the re-  
ception of wedding-cards. There was a quiet, beautiful  
marriage ceremony in the grey stone church, and later a  
magnificent reception at the mansion on the hill; and  
through it all, the bride's fair loveliness was the theme of  
every tongue.

'A lucky fellow that Standish, by Jove!' exclaimed one  
of the guests as the young couple drove away to begin their  
wedding journey. 'If the bride was only as rich, now, as  
she is beautiful, why—'

'And so she is, Mr Damon,' said Mrs Trelawney, who  
chanced to overhear the remark. 'All this property is hers  
in her own right, and a great deal more besides. Yes, in-  
deed, Beth Trelawney is a great heiress, with more money  
at her command than she knows what to do with.'

'Is it possible?' ejaculated Mr Damon, almost paralyzed  
by this bit of news, while the other guests began to flock  
around them with faces whose expressions were simply in-  
describable. 'Why, my dear Mrs Trelawney, we all  
thought the fortune was yours, and that your charming  
cousin was living—ahem!—well, sort of dependent on your  
bounty, so to speak.'

'Not at all,' laughed the widow pleasantly. 'Quite  
the reverse is true, I assure you. You see, Beth has some  
whims of her own, as all heiresses have, I believe. Learn-  
ing accidentally that such a mistake in regard to our posi-  
tions had gained ground somehow in Lowboro', she declared  
it would be a good joke to keep it up until after her marriage,  
and persuaded me to silently acquiesce. The little face  
has afforded her much innocent amusement and has injured  
no one. Hereafter, however, you will see her in her true  
position, and like her none the less for having first known  
and admired her for herself alone.'

As to Mrs Brundage and her fellow-marplots, I have nothing  
more to say. Their shame and consternation was some-  
thing which can only be imagined, not described.

## THE AFRICAN NATIVE CHOIR.



LONDON, may, with a difference, be likened  
unto a mighty spider's web. The spider  
Amusement has an insatiable appetite, and all  
is grist that comes to his mill. The 'differ-  
ence' is that the flies of Entertainment are not  
killed by him, but are rather supplied with  
ample means to live. It may not, at first  
sight, appear complimentary to say that, as  
we have our frozen mutton from New Zealand,  
our roast beef from the States, our eggs from  
France, and our butter from Kiel, we have also our *prime*  
*doane* from Canada and Australia, our *tenori* from martial  
Poland and musical Italy, our *danceuses* from everywhere.  
Before now America has sent us her coloured minstrels,  
and it is but fitting that South Africa should send us a  
native choir.

Apart altogether from the marvellous exploits of Stanley  
in that hitherto 'dark horse' of continents, Africa contains  
within her bosom secrets that make us gasp with wonder as  
to what will be. Her power is stupendous; her strength  
enormous, and her possibilities open up a vision to which  
the wildest of Arabian nights' entertainments are flat, stale  
and unprofitable. Who can yet gauge the extent of her  
unfathomable wealth, or the magnitude of her diamond fields?  
Enterprise has done much to open up South Africa, but, as  
yet, we are merely sipping at what must prove, in genera-  
tions to come, a splendid mouthful. There is a fascination  
in the future of Africa from which it is almost impossible  
to tear one's self away. The idea of forming a native choir  
and bringing them to England originated with the Rev.  
James Morris, a Wesleyan missionary. He was, however,  
unable to carry out the idea, and Messrs E. C. Howell  
(brother of the M.P.), James Henry Balmer, and Walter  
E. Letty, put the idea into effect and started from Kim-  
berley some seven months ago with four natives, travelling  
some 3,000 to 4,000 miles, visiting the different Educational  
Mission Colleges and augmenting the choir *en route*.

Many were the difficulties to be overcome on this long  
journey. There is a strange prejudice against natives in  
South Africa. For instance, one hotel proprietor refused  
accommodation to the Europeans on account of their being  
connected with the native choir. One town (Worcester, in  
Cape Colony), refused accommodation to the whole of the  
choir, and they were compelled to put off the next day's  
concert and leave the town in the night. At another town  
the European members waited till the hotel keeper had re-  
tired, and then gave up their rooms to the natives, and  
walked about all night. Prejudices were finally overcome  
and strong sympathies enlisted in the cause. The object of  
the visit of this choir to England is to interest the public in  
the internal, social, and material progress of South Africa  
and its native population, by the establishment of trade  
and technical schools, for teaching manual handicrafts,  
domestic economy, cooking, nursing, and such other useful  
arts as are essential to the future well-being of the native  
people of Africa. The choir consists of sixteen well-educat-  
ed natives, representing seven different tribes. These are  
Amaxosa, Fingo, Basuto, Tembe, Zulu, Bapedi, and  
Cape.

The provisional patron list in this country contains many  
well-known names, such as the Duke of Sutherland, the  
Bishop of London, Lord Knutsford, Mr Burdett-Coutts, Sir  
Donald Currie, and a number of others. Among the female  
members of the choir, we may single out for remark  
Johanna Jonkers, a pure Zulu girl, daughter of a woman  
who suffered terrible hardships at the hands of some Dutch  
people, who had brought her as a slave out of Zululand,  
the woman obtaining her freedom by running away from  
her cruel masters and finding refuge and help in the town  
of Burgersdorp; Makhombe Manye, a Basuto girl of the  
Bapedi tribe—she was a school teacher in the colony, and,  
besides a good, sound education, she speaks and writes five  
different languages, displaying a remarkable intelligence  
and possessing a very plaintive, pathetic mezzo-soprano  
voice; Mbikazi Nobengula is of the Fingo tribe; Malabese  
Manye, Basuto; Mrs Xiniwe an Amaxosa, and F. Gqoba.

Since their arrival in this country the choir have made  
many successful appearances in aristocratic circles, the chief  
being a performance before Her Majesty at Osborne. It is  
not a little singular that all the South African visitors ex-  
pected to find their Queen much older-looking than she  
really is. The fact having been conveyed to Her Majesty  
that among the singers was a man who had fought against  
her flag in the Basuto War, the Queen, between the parts of  
the concert, desired him to be pointed out to her. When  
this was done Her Majesty rose from her chair and bowed  
with much ceremony to Standish. The Queen's reply to the  
man who made a speech of thanks is worth recording: 'I  
am pleased to see you all here this afternoon, and have ad-  
mired the singing very much.' The Duchess of Teck was  
present at a garden party given by Mrs Master, and ex-  
pressed herself charmed by the singing of the choir.

The Duke of Sutherland had the choir at a reception at  
Stafford House, Lord Dysart at one of his garden parties at  
Ham House, Petersham, and the Bishop of London at Ful-  
ham Palace. The choir are engaged to appear at Lady  
Burdett-Coutts' house, Stratton-street, Piccadilly. After  
their successes in town the South African Choir start on a  
provincial tour under the management of Mr N. Vert. His  
Excellency Sir Henry Brougham Loch and Lady Loch, have  
all along taken the deepest interest in this interesting  
venture, and their enthusiastic patronage has done much to  
popularise the enterprise.—*Ladies' Pictorial*.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, PLANTS AND FERNS for the draw-  
ing-room, dining-room, and hall. MRS POPE has a splendid  
assortment. Art Needlework and Fancy Repository.  
Mortens Buildings, CHRISTCHURCH.

**D.I.C.** WHOLESALE & FAMILY WAREHOUSES,  
CASSELL STREET, CHRISTCHURCH;  
AND AT DUNEDIN AND LONDON.

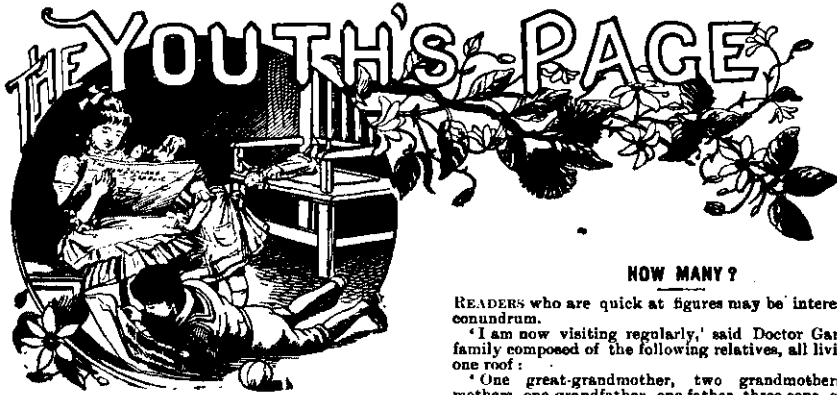
Largest Stock and best variety in the colony to choose from;  
sold in any quantities at WHOLESALE PRICES. Special facilities  
for country orders and distant customers. Samples, prices, and  
full particulars on application.

B. HALLENSTEIN, E. C. BROWN,  
Chairman, Manager.

An erring husband, who had exhausted all explanations  
for late hours, and had no apology ready, recently slipped  
into the house about one o'clock, very softly, denuded him-  
self gently, and began rocking the cradle by the bedside, as  
if he had been awakened out of a sound sleep by infantile  
cries. He had rocked away for five minutes, when his  
wife, who had silently observed the whole manoeuvre, said:  
'Come to bed, you idiot, the baby ain't there.'



LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.—VERY ELEGANT AND BEAUTIFUL MANTLES.—SEE PAGE 495.



## JUVENILE CHRISTMAS STORY COMPETITION.

ANY of the young readers of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC who are under sixteen, are invited to write a story for this competition. These are the rules:—

1. All competitors must be under 16.
2. Three prizes will be given.

**FIRST.**—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO 'THE GRAPHIC,' FROM JANUARY 1ST, 1892.

**SECOND.**—HALF-A-YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION.

3. The story must have something about New Zealand in it, and be written on one side of the paper only. It must not contain more than three thousand words, which would be about two columns of THE GRAPHIC, and must be original.
4. The manuscript must be addressed to the 'Lady Editor, GRAPHIC Office, Auckland,' and must not bear the writer's name, but a motto. The motto must be written on the outside of an envelope which contains the name and address in full. The envelope must not be enclosed with the MS., but must be posted separately.
5. All stories must reach the GRAPHIC Office by November 28th. The prize-winners will be published in the New Year's number. Any others considered good enough will be published later on.

### ON WRITING STORIES FOR COMPETITION.

(BY THE LADY EDITOR.)

FIRST, you must think of some incident about which you can write a story. You may be fortunate enough to know some pretty Maori legend which will work up into an interesting tale; or you have heard your parents or friends tell of the funny things that happened in the early days of the colony; or the dangers they ran in the Maori war; or the accidents that befell them before New Zealand became as civilized as it is now; or you may have been on an expedition, and had some amusing or exciting adventure; or you can invent something 'out of your own head,' as the little ones say.

Do not have too many people in your story. They are apt to get mixed up, and puzzle the reader as to their identity. You should not introduce one character that is not necessary to help you to tell your story clearly.

Do not use long words when shorter ones will answer the purpose.

Try and make the people in your story talk and act just like the people you come across every day. You do not often meet some of the story-book people who tear their hair, and weep tons of tears which do not redden their eyes, but make them look even more beautiful than before.

Write naturally and easily, but certainly not slovenly. By this I mean, do not use the same word continually in successive sentences. This is frequently done, as, for instance, I might write: 'The frequent employment of a certain word frequently spoils a paragraph, when if other words had been employed a certain frequent feeling of annoyance would not have spoiled the reading of the paragraph.' Do you see what I mean?

Again, remember to write distinctly, and to mind your stops. Always begin a sentence with a capital letter. Always, when you want to show that some one is speaking, use inverted commas, and begin a fresh line.

'I hope you will all read this,' said Mr Brown, merrily.

'Of course we shall,' the children laughingly answered.

Again, write in ink, and on white paper. Lately I read a long MS. on painfully bright green paper, and actually written in pencil.

One word more. Fasten your carefully-numbered pages together at the top left hand corner, and always leave a little blank space there, so that when your MS. is read it may not be necessary to remove the fastener in order to puzzle out the words which it conceals.

Finally, try, all of you, and may you have great success in your literary labours.

### COMFORT OF FRIENDSHIP.

To lie in calm content  
Within the gracious hollow that God made  
In every human shoulder, where He meant  
Some tired head for comfort should be laid.

CELIA THAXTER.

### A LITTLE DOSE OF POISON.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.



HE was usually a cheery little body, but for the last day or two she had been mournful, and, as her brothers were quick to discover, peculiarly susceptible to teasing. There was no apparent cause for this unhappy state of affairs. The summer vacation had begun, the weather was all that anybody could ask, and she was in good health.

'Don't you feel well, dear?' her mother asked as Laura, with an unpleasantly resigned expression, began to gather up the dinner dishes for washing. Monday was a busy day, and the one servant could not do everything.

'Yes, thank you, mamma, quite well,' answered Laura, and her downcast eyes did not see the quick little smile which flitted across her mother's face. 'Mamma' was a recently bestowed title; it had been 'mother' until two days ago.

A sudden recollection made Mrs Burton ask: 'What became of that illustrated paper that you found on the porch last week?' 'I wanted to save the large picture; it was really pretty.'

'It is up in my room. Shall I get it?' But there was a reluctance in the question which the mother noticed.

'It will be time enough when you have finished the dishes. Did you find anything interesting in the paper?'

'Oh, yes!' and Laura's voice suddenly became animated. 'There was a very interesting story.'

'Now if you can remember it well enough to give me an outline of it,' said Mrs Burton, 'it will beguile the time of the dish-washing very pleasantly. Can you?'

'Oh, yes,' replied Laura unhesitatingly. She had a good memory and an agreeable voice, and she liked both to read aloud and to recite from memory. 'It was called "A Trodden Heart,"' she began, and somehow the title, which had seemed to her so romantically sweet, sounded just a little foolish, but she went on. 'The heroine, Imogene Desespoir, writes her story herself. She was left an orphan when she was very young—almost a baby—and she inherited a great estate and an immense fortune in money, which she was to have when she was eighteen; but she was to have ever so much to spend in the mean time. Her father's cousin was to be her guardian, but though the father had believed him to be a very good man, and had trusted him entirely, he was really a rascal, and he meant to manage so that he could steal the money a little at a time, and then, when she had nothing to go to law with, to show a forged will, and seize the estate.'

'Excuse me for interrupting you, dear,' said Mrs Burton, 'but I am afraid your author was inspired by the mournful ballad of "The Babes in the Wood."

'Oh, I don't think so, mamma,' replied Laura, eagerly. 'It's quite different. You see this was her cousin, not her uncle, and there wasn't anything about a forged will in "The Babes in the Wood." Well, she grew up radiantly beautiful, so beautiful that everybody who saw her fell in love with her, and was ready to die for her.'

'And she mentions this herself' inquired Mrs Burton, smiling. 'My dear child, what would you think of a woman who told you such a thing as that? Should you consider her refined, or even well-bred?'

Laura was truthful. 'No, mamma, I shouldn't. But, you see, it sounds very different as she tells it in the book. I didn't think how it would be in reality. I suppose it would be just as bad for a person—a real person—to tell how many lovers she had, and what they said to her, and what she said to them. I don't know how it is—it all seems to come different as I tell it, like the verses in *Wonderland*. Do you want me to finish, mother?'

'Yes, dear, I do. I want you to see what the story really is stripped of its high-flown style and put into your every-day thoughts; but you may condense as much as you please, for the dishes are nearly done.'

'Well, then, she was very fond of her guardian until he was so cold and—unpleasant that she couldn't be any longer; and he stole the money, just as he meant to; and then all her lovers and all her friends but one old servant simply didn't have anything more to do with her at all. It wasn't natural; people's friends don't really behave so. It seems as if it was just put in to make the story. She went to live with the old servant, and she kept selling her jewels till they were all gone, and at last she was so poor that she took in washing from a boarding-house, and in the pocket of a linen coat she found a sealed letter directed in her guardian's writing to a very bad lawyer, and it was a statement of just how he meant to manage about the money and all the rest.'

'A sealed letter, did you say?' inquired Mrs Burton. 'Why, yes, mother. Oh, I never thought; I was so interested in the story. What kind of a thing must she have been to read a sealed letter plainly directed to somebody else? I don't wonder her friends deserted her. I'll make short work of the rest of her; it's too silly for anything. She got it all back, of course, and then she wouldn't let them put her guardian in gaol, and the lover she liked best—Lord Deforest—came back from India, and the lover she liked best had been obliged to go away just after she had lost her money, but that he had really loved her all the time. I don't see how she could believe him now, though it seemed quite natural as I read it. So they were married.'

'And after palaces and castles and noble lords and thrilling poverty, a nice big cheerful farm-house and an every-day loving father and mother and brothers and good health and pleasant friends seemed quite too commonplace and tiresome to be enjoyed,' said Mrs Burton.

Laura looked as she felt—astounded. 'Oh, mother,' she said, 'I didn't put it just that way, but I did think it was stupid never to have anything happen; just to keep on, day after day and year after year, doing the same commonplace things over and over again.'

'And yet,' said Mrs Burton, 'this is just what by far the larger number of the people in the world must do, and this is why, it seems to me, stories which represent life as a series of striking events and startling adventures often do so much harm to people who do not do their own thinking. I am glad to believe, dear, that you have, at least, begun to think, so I will not say any more about the unintended

### HOW MANY?

READERS who are quick at figures may be interested in a conundrum.

'I am now visiting regularly,' said Doctor Garcelon, 'a family composed of the following relatives, all living under one roof:—

'One great-grandmother, two grandmothers, three mothers, one grandfather, one father, three sons, one great-grandson, one grandson, six sisters, six daughters, one daughter-in-law, two great aunts, five aunts, one uncle, three brothers, one widow, one stepdaughter, four granddaughters, one great-granddaughter, one great-grandson, two wives, one husband, one grandnephew, one grandniece, four nieces, two nephews.

'The question is,' said the doctor, 'how many people are there in the house?'

### A GREAT STAMP COLLECTOR.

THE Duke of Edinburgh is a great stamp collector, and has stamps which are worth a very large sum of money. Officers in the navy who know his Royal Highness's weakness for these valuable little pieces of paper collect those of what-ever foreign station they may be at and send them to the Royal Admiral, says the *London Truth*. There is one private collection in England which has been valued at £50,000; and even the heads of the magnificent house of Rothschild are not above investing considerable sums in the purchase of rare and valuable stamps. The German stamps of the old pattern will be of no value in circulation after March next. A complete set of them will, however, be very useful in a collection, and efforts are being made to secure these for many of our best known collectors.



### A WISE RESOLUTION.

TEACHER (natural history class): 'You will remember, will you, Tommy, that wasps lie in a torpid state all the winter?'

Tommy (with an air of retrospection): 'Yes, but they make up for it in summer.'

### A TOAD'S TONGUE.

HOW IT IS USED TO CATCH THE UNSUSPECTING FLY TO FEED THE TOAD.

THE toad, which is one product of the tadpole, has some wonderful peculiarities. Did you ever see this clumsy and rather lazy-looking hopper in the act of catching a fly? He darts his tongue out several inches, so quickly that you can hardly see it, and with all its activity the fly hasn't the ghost of a chance to escape. How does the toad do this? You may have heard the saying that a terman's tongue is hung in the middle and thus wags at both ends. In the case of the toad the tongue is hung exactly the reverse of the human tongue, that is to say, the fastening is at the front of the jaw, while the loose end hangs backward to the throat. Now, when the lazy toad sights a fly he works his way up to it slowly until he gets within range for his tongue-shooter. Then he suddenly opens his mouth, the tongue flies out like a line from a fishing-pole, it strikes the fly and a glutinous substance on the tongue holds the victim until it is dumped into the toad's capacious mouth.

Another strange thing about the toad is that if its mouth be kept open the animal will suffocate. This is because it has no ribs and no means of dilating its chest, and therefore it must swallow air as it swallows food. If its mouth be forcibly kept open the air will pass to the stomach instead of entering the lungs. There is one variety of toad that has no tongue at all. It inhabits dark places in Guiana and Surinam. The way in which the eggs of this animal are hatched is as wonderful as its lingual peculiarity. The male toad places the eggs in little pits on the back of his spouse and affixes a lid for each pit. Then the female goes about her household duties something in the style of an Indian squaw with a papoose strapped upon her back. After some days little toadlets are hatched from the eggs on the maternal back, and when they are strong enough they force the lids off the pits and hop out.

moral of this foolish story. But I think we both want something to take the taste of it out of our mental mouths, so now you must listen for a minute to my favourite passage in "Lucile":

Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its will,  
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby,  
The spirits of just men made perfect on high,  
The army of martyrs that stand round the Throne,  
And look into the Face that makes glorious their own,  
Know this surely at last, Honest love, honest sorrow,  
Honest work for to-day, honest hope for to-morrow,  
Are these worth nothing more than the hands they make weary,  
The hearts they have saddened, the lives they leave dreary?  
Hush! The sevenfold Heaven to the voice of the Spirit,  
Echoes, "He that overcome shall all things inherit."

QUEER INDIAN CRADLES.

GIRLS and boys who sleep the happy sleep of infancy in luxurious bassinets are fortunate indeed as compared with the red babies of the American plains, whose little beds are far from comfortable. The Indian cradle is used for a variety of purposes. It has generally the shape of a huge shoe, and when the child is laced up within its folds, the baby looks like a wee mummy more than a living infant. When the tribe is on the move, then the cradle is strapped on to the mother's back, and some of the women in this position bear an unpleasant resemblance to a butcher carrying a joint on his tray. One of the simplest kinds of cradles was that used by the Comanche Indians. It consisted of a piece of black bearskin thirty inches long and twenty wide, and when the baby was wrapped up in it the sides were laced together; and a very cosy bundle it made. What think you? The Pitt River Indians used a cradle that must have been nearly as uncomfortable as a plank bed. A pole was bent double in the form of a big tennis racquet; the two ends were passed through a thin slab of wood that served as a foot-rest, and were then bound together with thongs of buckskin. Then planks were fastened across the upper part of the frame, and upon them the infant was laid, its tiny feet resting against the foot-board. The Mohave cradle was a sort of ladder or trellis-work; and the Yaqui cradle was merely a bundle of reeds. When shredded willow has been heaped upon these articles, the bed was supposed to be 'made.' On the other hand, the Sioux cradle was more elaborate. Two planks placed in the shape of a big V formed the frame, crosspieces of wood keeping them in position at top and bottom. The cradle was attached to the lower part of the framework, and the two ends of the V projected some eighteen inches beyond the bed, and were adorned with brass-headed nails. The shoe-shaped cradle of hide or birch-bark was ornamented with beads or painted designs.

PARODY ON CASABIANCA.

A CASE OF BOY-SPANKING.

The boy stood at the master's desk,  
Whence all but he had fled;  
The master dozed while urchins bold  
Shield pellets at his head;  
Yet bolt upright the good boy stood,  
Though all the school should storm,  
For when the teacher woke he would  
Be first boy of the form.

The games went on, he would not go  
Without the master's word;  
The master, fast asleep by now,  
His voice no longer heard,  
He called aloud, 'Say, teacher, say  
If yet my task is done'  
His new pot hat now caved in lay,  
His lunch was also gone.

'Speak, teacher!' once again he cried,  
'If I may yet be gone'  
And—but the urchins ink pots abied,  
The master still snored on,  
They spattered ink upon his clothes,  
They tugged his waving hair,  
They dropped a form upon his toes,  
But still he did not swear.

And shouted but once more aloud,  
'O, teacher! must I stay?'  
Until at last the yelling crowd  
Rushed headlong on their prey,  
They clapped his slate upon his head,  
They chucked his bag on high;  
It skimmed and turned, and onward sped  
Bang in the master's eye.

There came a burst of thunder sound,  
The boy! O where was he?  
Ask of his mates, who made no sound,  
But hugged their sides with glee,  
The master pinned him to a chair,  
And warmed a tender part;  
And when a boy is punished there,  
I tell you, don't it smart!

F. H. SMITH.

SCALING THE HEIGHTS.

It takes a small brother to inform the world of a big brother's accomplishments.

Two boys were bragging of the respective merits of their older brothers, when one was overheard to say:

'My brother's doin' a big business. He makes £2 a week by sittin' at a big desk and doin' sums.'  
'Poh!' returned the other, scornfully; 'my brother writes poetry. He's had two half-calf books printed already.'

OLD COLONISTS, MERCHANTS, AND OTHERS INTERESTED.—Old Postage Stamps from letters dated from 1850 to 1869 are of value, some being worth from 3d per doz. to 3s each. We are cash purchasers of all Old Australian and New Zealand Stamps. Cash sent by return. STAMP COLLECTORS. The Improved Stamp Album No. 10; best and cheapest ever made, and without binding which we will give with each album sold 50 stamps enclosed in pocket inside cover. Price 2s 3d post free. Collectors send for Approval Sheets.—A. E. LAKE & Co., 207, High-street, Christ church.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

LITTLE PEOPLE'S LETTERS.

SOLUTIONS OF PUZZLE STORY NO. 2.

THE little cousins are answering the puzzle very cleverly. I shall put in three letters this week, and some more next, taking them as I receive them. Then I will tell you all what the real answer is, and you will see how close your solutions are to the right one.—COUSIN KATE.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I have thought out your puzzle. There was a little dog named Jack. One day his master came in late for his dinner. Jack got up on a chair, and saw a nice-looking chop, and thought he would like to have a meal from it, so he began to eat. As soon as he had finished he heard a footstep on the stairs. His master came in and found his dinner all eaten up, so he gave Jack a good whipping.—RICHARD TUCKEY, age 12. Wellington.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I read the children's page in the GRAPHIC, and like it very much, and I am now going to try and answer the puzzle, which I see in this week's GRAPHIC, correctly. The first picture shows where Mr. Turner's dinner has just been put on the table ready for him, when a little dog came into the room and began to look about him. He spied Mr. Turner's dinner on the table, and so he jumped on to the chair and looked at it. It smelt so nice that he jumped up on to the table, then he took it off the plate and began to eat it. Just as he had done he heard Mr. Turner coming. He looked up at the door, and when Mr. Turner came in and found the dog had eaten his dinner he whipped him. This is the first puzzle I have ever answered, but I hope it will not be the last.—DAISY PILKINGTON, age 10. Tamaki West.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—A lady once had a little dog. It used to have its meals at table with the lady. One day its mistress was late and the dog got hungry, so it thought it would smell the meat; so it smelled the meat, and it thought it would take a bite, so it took a bite, and the meat was so nice it ate it all up. The dog had just finished the meat when it heard a step, and who came in but the cook. She gave the dog a whipping, and it went without its meal that day.—E. MURIEL SINCLAIR, aged 10. Blenheim.

BLOWN FROM THE CAR.

IT is wonderful what dangerous experiences a person may undergo without loss of limb or life, and hardly less wonderful what slight accidents will sometimes result fatally. A little girl, three years of age, named Helen Harmon, was travelling in the South with her parents. At the close of a day's ride in the cars the child had become tired and restless. She was a dainty creature and had attracted the attention and admiration of her fellow passengers.

Mr. Harmon had retired to the smoking-car, and Mrs. Harmon sat talking with a chance acquaintance. Helen climbed into her mother's lap, and, as tired children do, teased for one thing after another.

At length she began calling for a drink of milk, and to divert her attention, her mother told her to go and get some water from the ice tank. This took her fancy at once, and she started eagerly for the water at the rear of the car. Here she amused herself for several minutes, Mrs. Harmon turning her head now and then to watch her movements.

Helen knew that her father was in the other car. She had once been there with him, and now she took it into her childish mind to go and find him. She was not afraid; she went up to the door and peeped through the glass.

The day had been cloudy. The wind blew in fitful gusts, and sometimes, heightened by the speed of the train, seemed almost a hurricane.

Unobserved by her mother, Helen opened the door, hesitated a little, and then went out on the platform. She clung to the door handle for a moment. Then someone pulled on the door, and at that instant a violent gust of wind struck the car; the child released her hold, and was whirled from the platform. She screamed and vanished into the blackness of the night.

Only a moment before a lady had said to the mother, 'Your little girl has gone out of the car.'

Mrs. Harmon, in great alarm, rushed to the door just in time to hear the poor child's shriek of terror, and to catch a glimpse of her white dress as the blast whirled her away.

The parents were well-nigh distracted, and entreated the conductor to stop the train and go back for the child.

He refused, kindly but firmly. 'It is impossible,' he said. 'This train is now behind time; the express is close upon us. Fifteen minutes' delay might send us all to destruction. The little girl may be blown a good way, and at any rate we couldn't find her in the dark. I'm sorry,'—and the conductor was seen to wipe his eyes.

At the next station Mr. and Mrs. Harmon, accompanied by several of the sympathetic passengers, left the train, intending to go back and make their sad search.

Meantime the express was speeding on behind. The engineer's keen eyes discerned a peculiar-looking object on some bushes beside the track, as the rays from the headlight lighted up the gloom.

'Why, that's a child,' he said to himself. He whistled 'down brakes,' and the train soon stopped. The engineer sprang from the cab and ran back to the bushes. As he came near he heard a child crying. Firmly lodged in a thick-growing clump of blackberry bushes little Helen was lying. She was badly scratched and frightened, but otherwise none the worse for her perilous fall.

The engineer removed the girl with some difficulty from her prickly bed, and took her into his cab, and at the next station she was delivered safe and sound into her mother's arms.

WHISKERS' REVENGE.



OLD WHISKERS lay on the top of a sunny garden wall, blinking his eyes in the bright light, but showing no other sign that he heard the rude conversation of three young Angora kittens in the garden below.

Very beautiful were the kittens, with their long, delicate fur and small paws. One of them, named Fluff, was as white as snow, and always had a bright blue ribbon tied round her neck, on which hung a silver-bell that went tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, wherever she went. Fluff was very vain, for she was accustomed to hear herself admired so much that she thought no one could be so lovely as herself, so she did what a great many children do who are spoiled by over-indulgence and foolish petting. She gave herself airs, and behaved in a manner that quite spoiled her good looks, and made people dislike and laugh at her.

Looking up she saw old Whiskers on the garden wall, and began to speak in her usually silly manner.

'Look,' she said to the other two kittens, 'at that stupid great Whiskers. What a fright he is! He has lost the best part of his ears, and one eye is smaller than the other, because he will fight the great rats, and says it is his duty, as they destroy his master's property. What shall we do to tease him?'

Then these three kittens put their heads together and began to whisper and giggle. What rude kittens they were! Presently they climbed up a high cherry tree that grew in the garden and hung just over the place where Whiskers was lying.

Whiskers was sound asleep by this time. He had felt very much hurt by the words of Fluff, for he had been very kind to her always; but he dozed off just before the kittens climbed the tree, being very tired from a fierce fight he had had with a rat, and wishing to rest himself before going to the corn-loft to look for a larger and fiercer rat which he knew lived there, and did much damage in his master's corn-bins.

Up in the tree the kittens watched the good old cat, and then all at once down came Fluff, right on his back.

Whiskers was very angry for a moment, but when he saw it was Fluff he moved quietly away without speaking, for he could not bear to speak unkindly to a little delicate thing like her.

Fluff knew why Whiskers did not speak, and the knowledge should have taught her to love and respect him, but she thought only of amusing herself. So she followed him until he found another sunny seat, and then she rudely pushed against him and said, 'I want to sit there.'

'Very well,' said Whiskers, and walked away again, and this time he went to the corn-loft.

'Come along!' said Fluff to the other kittens, 'let us follow him.' But the other kittens were busy running after their own tails, and did not answer her, so she followed by herself.

Up in the corn-loft Fluff had never been before, and she felt half afraid to go, for she had heard her mother speak of the great battles that had been fought there between the cats and rats for many years. But as she looked round she saw nothing that would alarm her. The sun shone in brightly, and the floor was quite warm; the loft door was open, and there sat Whiskers washing his face, and looking happy and contented.

'Ah!' cried naughty little Fluff, 'now I have caught you sir. I thought all your tales about the rat were made up; and now I see you come here to enjoy the sunshine and sleep.'

Directly Whiskers heard Fluff he got up and said: 'Do not come here; if a rat were to catch a tiny kitten like you, he would kill you.'

'I don't believe there are any rats,' said Fluff. Then she began her old game of wanting to sit wherever Whiskers was, until at last the old cat was really angry, and said: 'Very well, I will leave you in the loft alone, and away he went.'

Fluff sat in the warm sunshine and washed her face, and played with a piece of straw, and was just beginning to think she would fetch the other kittens, when she heard a strange noise, and looking up she saw close to her a great grey old rat! Oh! how her heart beat. She set up her back and spat at the rat, who only grinned, and said, 'Ah! ah! I have caught you, have I, and was just about to spring upon her, when something dark came between them, and there was dear old Whiskers, holding the rat in his mouth.

A dreadful fight they had, for the rat was very strong, and no cat had been able to kill him. He bit Whiskers dreadfully, and Fluff screamed with fright. Soon the great rat was dead, and Whiskers stood growling over it, looking so fierce that Fluff was quite afraid of him. At last she went up to him and said:

'Oh! Whiskers, dear, brave Whiskers, can you forgive me? I am so sorry for being so rude to you, and so thankful to you for saving my life.' Then she rubbed her nose against Whiskers and licked his face, and the good, brave, old cat forgave her, and from that day Fluff learned that good looks are nothing compared to brave hearts and kind actions.

It is no merit to be pretty if we are made so. But there is great merit in conquering a wayward or fearful spirit, and becoming gentle, brave, loving.—Exchange.

Mother: 'Don't talk just now, Belle, I have to write something, and I want to think.' Seven-year-old Belle, who writes letters too: 'Well, mother, you needn't think at all. I get all my words out of the dictionary.'

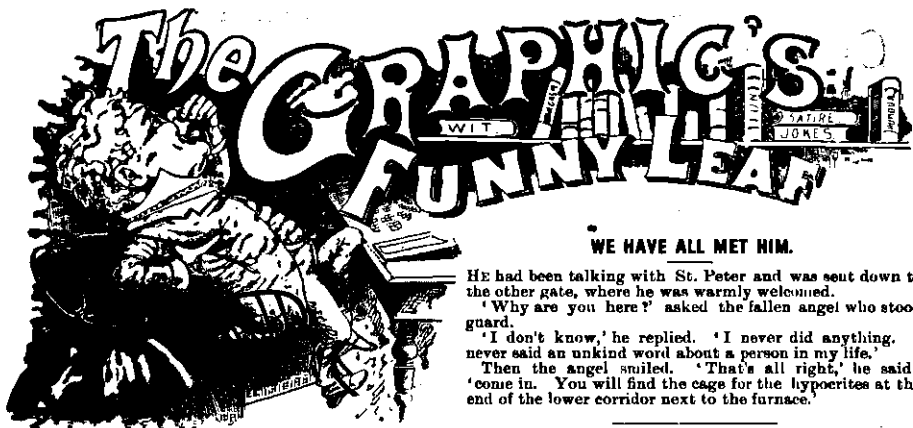
The New High Arm Davis Vertical Feed is acknowledged by experts to be the most perfect Sewing Machine the World has yet seen.—ADVT.

FLAG BRAND PICKLES.—Ask for them, the best in the market. HAYWARD BROS., Christchurch.—(ADVT.)

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

LOCAL INDUSTRY v. IMPORTATIONS.—Competent judges assert that the JOZONOGA, Jubilee and No. 2000, manufactured by ALLENBROOK & Co. are unequalled.—(ADVT.)

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



WE HAVE ALL MET HIM.

HE had been talking with St. Peter and was sent down to the other gate, where he was warmly welcomed.  
 'Why are you here?' asked the fallen angel who stood guard.  
 'I don't know,' he replied. 'I never did anything. I never said an unkind word about a person in my life.'  
 Then the angel smiled. 'That's all right,' he said; 'come in. You will find the cage for the hypocrites at the end of the lower corridor next to the furnace.'

THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

Ah, pretty one, for many a day  
 (You're pretty, that I know;  
 The voice that echoes far away  
 In somewhere tells me so)  
 I've wondered why you always say,  
 'Hello, hello, hello!'

I tell you plainly whom I want;  
 I pause and make it slow.  
 It seems you love your might to flaunt  
 While I indignant grow;  
 You keep it up, this tiresome taunt,  
 'Hello, hello, hello!'

No doubt you smilingly deride  
 My wretched words that flow.  
 'Tis sad that time you've not applied  
 To learning years ago,  
 To say a few short words beside  
 'Hello, hello, hello!'

HE DIDN'T KNOW WHY THEY LAUGHED.

A CLERGYMAN, reading in public from 'The Tramp Abroad' unconsciously turned into a farce the description of the ascent of the Alps and the ensuing accident. 'The snow gave way,' he said, 'and hurled five of them, all guides, into one of the crevices of the glazier.' The audience began to titter. 'I suppose you people don't know the meaning of a glazier,' said he angrily, and continued his reading until he reached the passage. 'Dr. Forbes uttered the prediction that the glazier would deliver up its dead at the foot of the mountain thirty-five years from the time of the accident,' when the audience laughed aloud. 'I really don't know what you people are laughing at. It's quite true,' said he, more angrily than before. 'Forty-one years after the catastrophe the remains were cast forth at the foot of the glazier,' whereupon the chairman nearly rolled out of his chair with laughter. 'I don't know what you are laughing at, Mr Chairman. I should have thought it was very sad. The deceased had carried food with them, and the guide said that the mutton had no odour when he took it from the glazier.' Shrieks of laughter brought the reading to an abrupt conclusion. The indignant clergyman refused to go on, and to this day he has never been able to see the joke.

QUITE ANOTHER AFFAIR.

STRANGER: 'If a man falls down an open coal hole, can he sue the owner of the premises for damages?'  
 Lawyer: 'Certainly, sir, certainly; big damages, and get them, too. Give me the particulars.'  
 'Well, as my brother was passing your house this morning he fell through a coal hole and broke his leg.'  
 'H'm! Did he use ordinary vigilance to prevent such accident? Did he look at his feet as he walked? Did he stop and examine the condition of the pavement before entering upon it? Answer me that, sir!'  
 'Stop! Why no—'  
 'Ah, ha! I thought so. Guilty of criminal negligence. He might have fallen on one of my own family under that coal hole—might have killed us all, sir. As it is I shall sue him for damages for musing up my coal bin.'



HIS MOTHER: 'Here, now, sir, what are you doing up there?'  
 Tommy: 'Oh, nothin', ma, nothin'. I'm jist lookin' for me Sunday-school lesson sheet; it's got lost somehow.'

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF SHORTHAND REPORTING.

THE crack reporter of a Brooklyn paper displayed rare enterprise. This reporter, sent by an early train to witness an execution that morning, on arrival found that the criminal was not to be hanged till mid-day, an arrangement altogether incompatible with the despatch of his report in time for insertion in his paper issued at two p.m. He hurried off to the sheriff and implored that official to give orders that the ceremony should take place an hour earlier. At first the sheriff refused, but the reporter at last coaxed him into promising that he would authorize the hour if the person chiefly concerned could be induced to consent thereto. The reporter was then admitted to the condemned cell, where he briefly explained his wishes. Drinks were freely partaken of, and the reporter made himself so agreeable that presently the doomed man volunteered the statement that 'he did not mind being hanged an hour before his time to oblige so pleasant a fellow.' Which was accordingly done; and the two o'clock edition was 'saved.'



PROFESSOR RUXLEY: 'But what is your league established for?'  
 Mrs Hardhead (President of the Female Emancipation League): 'We desire to make women entirely independent of man.'  
 Professor: 'That's easy enough.'  
 Mrs H.: 'How?'  
 Professor: 'Let her marry the man.'

MUST HAVE THE BODY.

'SAY, pard, they ain't none o' these fellers here got anything,' said train robber No. 1.  
 'Yes they have, too,' said No. 2. 'That ar' dude's got gold fillin' in his teeth. Got yer forceps?'  
 'Naw.'  
 'Then gimme yer corkscrew. We gott'er get them teeth.'

AN IMPERFECT INVENTORY.

MOTHER: 'And so your friend Clara is soon to be married?'  
 Daughter (just returned from long absence): 'Yes; doesn't it seem strange? I hadn't heard a word about it until I called to see her this morning. She showed me her trousseau. It's perfectly lovely, just from Paris, and she has the handsomest ring I ever saw, and she showed me the house she is to live in, and the furniture she has selected, and the horses and carriages she is to have. She showed me everything except the man she is going to marry. I guess she forgot about him.'

AN ACCOMPLISHED WIFE.

'AH, old fellow,' said a Texas gentleman to another on the street, 'so you are married at last. Allow me to congratulate you, for I hear you have an excellent and accomplished wife.'  
 'I have, indeed,' was the reply, 'she is accomplished. Why, sir, she is perfectly at home in literature, at home in music, at home in art, at home in science—in short, at home everywhere except—'  
 'Except what?'  
 'Except at home.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

FUSSY OLD GENTLEMAN: 'There's a fly on your nose, mum.'  
 Irrascible Old Lady: 'Well, he ain't yours, is he?'  
 SURE TO GET THERE.—'That flannel shirt you bought for me is too small. Let Willie have it.' 'It's four sizes too large for Willie.' 'Well, wash it till it fits him.'  
 'I say,' said the victim to the awkward barber, 'you are using a different kind of shaving soap than you used last week.' 'Why do you think so?' 'It tastes different.'  
 'Ah, Jim, we poor folks has our trials!' 'Yes, I see had a good many; but it ain't the trials what annoys me, it's the verdict they brings in afterwards.'

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

'You needn't open  
 Your mouth so wide.'  
 The dentist remarked.  
 'I shall stand outside.'

An Irishman, when asked why he permitted his pig to occupy the same quarters as his family, exclaimed: 'Why not? Doesn't the place afford ivery convenience that a pig can require?'

Willby: 'How are your poems selling, Billy?' Billy (the poet): 'The first edition was exhausted on the first day. My uncle bought the whole of it.' Willby: 'To save the family honour, I suppose.'

Mrs Longwedde: 'Such a charming husband as Mrs Von Pickel has! So tender after ten years of marriage.' Mr Longwedde: 'Quite natural. It would make a rhinoceros tender to be kept in hot water for ten years.'

TO THE POINT.—'Don't think I'm getting proud, Augustus Henry, because I ain't; but when a fellow's only got a cent and that has to do for three persons, he don't want no hungry friends a follerin' of him!'

Father (indignantly): 'How does it happen, sir, that you have such a miserable report this term?' Small Son: 'I guess it's because you ain't a school director any more.'

A PROPER OFFER.—'I don't see how you gentlemen can render a verdict of not guilty,' said the judge. 'Well, your honor,' said the foreman, politely, 'if you'll watch us close we'll do it over again and show you how.'

UNANSWERABLE.—Priest: 'Well, Pat, I understand you are going to be married again?' Widower: 'Yes, your reverence. Priest: 'But your wife has only been dead two months.' Widower: 'Yes, your reverence; but, sure, ain't she as dead now as iver she'll be?'

A farmer recently sent a sixpenny stamp to a man who advertised to send for that amount the way to work a farm without being troubled with potato bugs. The answer received was as follows: 'Plant fruit trees instead of potatoes.'

Judge: 'If you wished to quit work you had a right to. No one denies that. But to fall on the man who took your place and beat him is quite another affair.' Striker: 'Why, judge, I done it for his own good. I knowed if he took the job at them wages he'd starve to death.'

'What is that young man's name?' 'What young man, papa?' 'The one who stayed till after twelve o'clock.' 'His name is William, papa.' 'Bill, for short?' 'I suppose so.' 'Well, it isn't complete.' 'Not complete?' 'No; it ought to be Gas Bill for short.' And the old man went down into the cellar, and held a lantern up to the metre once more.

A.: 'Are you happier since your second marriage?' B.: 'Oh, much happier. Feel much more settled, you know.' A.: 'In your mind?' B.: 'Yes, and all other ways. I was never quite clear in my first venture who ran the house, but in this case everything is plain sailing, and no occasion for dispute.' A.: 'She knuckled, eh?' B.: 'Oh, no. She's master.'

PROPER DISCIPLINE.—Meek little Henpect lay at the point of death. With streaming eyes the family had assembled about the bedside to hear his last words. 'John! John!' cried the weeping wife, 'You mustn't leave me! Slowly Henpect's dimmed eyes sought her face, and in an apologetic little voice he murmured meekly, 'Just as you say, Maria, just as you say.'

ELIGIBLE.

LAWYER: 'But if you have carefully read the newspapers you surely must have some opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused.'

Would-be Jurymen: 'But looky here, Judge, I read all the papers, don't you see? If I'd read only one paper I might maybe a' had some ideas on the matter. As it is, I don't know nothing about it.'



GOODFELLOW (nearing Jollyfellow's house very late at night after a 'time' at the Club): 'I shay, Jollyfellow, zhe there. There's burglar getting into your house by the window.' Jollyfellow: 'So he is. Shay, wait a (hic)—wait a little. My wife'll zhink he's me and (hic) she'll half kill him.'