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THE DEATH.—LION-HUNTING IN AFRICA.

MONTES, THE MATADOR.

BY A REMARKABLE MAN.

A FIRST ATTEMPT AT STORY-TELLING.

FROM THE 'FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.'

II.

'I SUPPOSE,' Montes went on, after a pause, 'I ought to have been excited and nervous on that first Sunday — but I wasn't; I was only eager to do well in order to get engaged for the season. The blacksmith, Antonio, whom I had worked with, had advanced me the money for my costume, and Juan had taken me to a tailor and got the things made, and what I owed Antonio and the tailor weighed on me. Well, on that Sunday I was at first a failure! I went in the procession with the rest, then with the others I got my *capa*; but when the bull rushed at me, instead of running away, like the rest, I wrapped my *capa* about me and, just as his horns were touching me, I moved aside—not half a pace. The spectators cheered me, it is true, and I thought I had done very well, until Juan came over to me and said—

'"You mustn't show off like that. First of all, you'll get killed if you play that game; and then you fellows with the *capa* are there to make the bull run about, to tire him out so that we *matadores* may kill him."

'That was my first lesson in professional jealousy. After that I ran about like the rest, but without much heart in the sport. It seemed to me stupid. Besides, from Juan's anger and contempt, I felt sure I shouldn't get a permanent engagement. . . . Bit by bit, however, my spirits rose again with the exercise, and when the fifth or sixth bull came in I resolved to make him run. It was a good, honest bull; I saw that at once; he stood in the middle of the ring, excited, but not angry, in spite of the waving of the *capas* all round him. As soon as my turn came, I ran forward, nearer to him than the others had considered safe, and waved the challenge with my *capa*. At once he rushed at it, and I gave him a long run, half round the circle, and ended it by stopping and letting him toss the *capa* which I held not quite at arm's length from my body. As I did this I didn't turn round to face him. I knew he'd toss the *capa* and not me, but the crowd rose and cheered as if the thing were extraordinary. Then I felt sure I should be engaged, and I was happy.

'Only Juan said to me a few minutes later:

'"You'll be killed, my boy, one of these fine days if you try those games. Your life will be a short one if you begin by trusting a bull."

'But I didn't mind what he said. I thought he meant it as a friendly warning, and I was anxious only to get permanently engaged. And sure enough, as soon as the games were over, I was sent for by the director. He was kind to me, and asked me where I had played before. I told him that was my first trial.

'"Ah!" he said, turning to a gentleman who was with him, "I knew it, Senor Duque; such courage always comes from—want of experience, let me call it."

'"No," replied the gentleman, whom I afterwards knew as the Duke of Medina Celi, the best *aficionado*, and one of the noblest men in Spain; "I'm not so sure of that. Why," he went on, speaking now to me, "did you keep your back turned to the bull?"

'"Senor," I answered, "'twas an honest bull and not angry, and I knew he'd toss the *capa* without paying any attention to me."

'"Well,' said the Duke, "If you know that much, and aren't afraid to risk your life on your knowledge, you'll go far. I must have a talk with you some day, when I've more time; you can come and see me. Send in your name; I shall remember." And as he said this, he nodded to me and waved his hand to the director, and went away.

'Then and there the director made me sign an engagement for the season, and gave me one hundred *duros* as earnest money in advance of my pay. What an evening we had after that! Juan, the tailor, Antonio the blacksmith, and I. How glad and proud I was to be able to pay my debts and still have sixty *duros* in my pocket after entertaining my friends. If Juan had not hurt me every now and then by the way he talked of my foolhardiness, I should have told them all I knew; but I didn't. I only said I was engaged at a salary of a hundred *duros* a month.

'"What!" said Juan. "Come, tell the truth; make it fifty."

'"No," I said; "it was a hundred," and I pulled out the money.

'"Well," he said, "that only shows what it is to be small and young and foolhardy! Here am I, after six years' experience, second, too, in the *cuadrilla* of Girvalda, and I'm not getting much more than that!"

'Still, in spite of such little drawbacks, in spite, too, of the fact that Juan had to go away early, to meet "a lovely creature," as he said, that evening was one of the happiest I ever spent.

'All that summer through I worked every Sunday, and grew in favour with the Madrilenos, and with the Madrilenas, though not with these in Juan's way. I was timid and young; besides I had a picture of a woman in my mind, and I saw no one like it. So I went on studying the bulls, learning all I could about the different breeds, and watching them in the ring. Then I sent money to my sister and to my father, and was happy.

'In the winter I was a good deal with Antonio; every day I did a spell of work in his shop to strengthen myself, and he, I think, got to know that I intended to become an *espada*. At any rate after my first performance with the *capa*, he believed I could do whatever I wished. Often he used to say God had given him strength and me brains, and he only wished he could exchange some of his strength for some of my knowledge. Antonio was not very bright, but he was good-tempered, kind, and hard-working, the only friend I ever had. . . . May Our Lady give his soul rest!

'In the next spring when the director sent for me, I told him I wanted to be a *banderillero*. He seemed to be surprised, told me I was a favourite with the *capa*, and had better stick to that for another season at least. But I was firm. Then he asked me whether I had ever used the *banderillas* and where? The director never believed I hadn't worked in any ring before I came to Madrid. I told him I was confident I could do the work. "Besides," I added, "I want more pay," which was an untruth; but the argument seemed to him decisive, and he engaged me at two hundred *duros* a month, under the condition that, if the spectators wished it, I should work now and then with the *capa* as well. It didn't take me long to show the *aficionados* in Madrid that I was as good with the *banderillas* as I was with the *capa*. I could plant them when and where I liked. For in this season I found I could make the bull do almost anything. You know how the *banderillero* has to excite the bull to charge him before he can plant the darts. He does that to make the bull lower his head well, and he runs towards the bull partly so that the bull may not know when to toss his head up, partly because he can throw himself aside more easily when he's running fairly fast. Well, again and again I made the bull lower his head and then walked to him, planted the *banderillas*, and as he struck upwards swayed aside just enough to avoid the blow. That was an infinitely more difficult feat than anything I had ever done with the *capa*, and it gave me reputation among the *aficionados* and also with the *espadas*; but the ignorant herd of spectators preferred my trick with the *capa*. So the season came and went. I had many a carouse with Juan, and gave him money from time to time, because women always made him spend more than he got. From that time on, too, I gave my sister fifty *duros* a month, and my father fifty. For before the season was half over my pay was raised to four hundreds *duros* a month, and my name was always put on the bills. In fact I was rich and a favourite of the public. . . .

'So time went on, and my third season in Madrid began, and with it came the beginning of the end. Never was any one more absolutely content than I when we were told *los toros* would begin in a fortnight. On that Sunday I was walking carelessly in the procession beside Juan, although I could have been next to the *espadas* had I wished, when he suddenly nudged me, and said:

'"Look up! there on the second tier; there's a face for you!"

'I looked up, and saw a girl with the face of my dreams, only much more beautiful. I suppose I must have stopped, for Juan pulled me by the arm, and said: "You're moon-struck, man; come on!" and on I went—lovestruck in heart and brain and body. What a face it was! The golden hair framed it like a picture, but the great eyes were dark, and the lips scarlet, and she wore the *mantilla* like a queen. I moved forward like a man in a dream, conscious of nothing that went on around me, till I heard Juan say:

'"She's looking at us. She knows we've noticed her. All right, pretty one! we'll make friends afterwards."

'"But how?" I asked, stupidly.

'"How!" he replied, mockingly. "I'll just send some one to find out who she is, and then you can send her a *palco* for next Sunday, and pray for her acquaintance, and the thing's done. I suppose that's her mother sitting behind her," he went on. "I wonder if the other girl next to her is the sister. She's as good-looking as the fair-haired one, and easier to win, I'd bet! Strange how all the timid ones take to me!" and again he looked up.

'I said nothing; nor did I look up at the place where she was sitting; but I worked that day as I had never worked before. Then, for the first time, I did something that has never been done since by anyone. The first bull was honest and kindly; I knew the sort. So, when the people began to call for *El Pequeno* (the little fellow)—that was the nickname they had given me—I took up a *capa*, and when the bull chased me, I stopped suddenly, faced him, and threw the *capa* round me. He was within six paces of me before he caught my look, and began to stop; but before he came to a standstill his horns were within a foot of me. The people cheered and cheered as if they would never stop. Then I looked up at her. She must have been watching me, for she took the red rose from her hair and threw it into the ring towards me, crying, '*Bien! Muy bien! El Pequeno!*'

'As I picked up the rose, pressed it to my lips, and hid it in my breast, I realised what life holds of triumphant joy! . . . Then I made up my mind to show what I could do, and everything I did that day seemed to delight the public. At last, as I planted the *banderillas*, standing in front of the bull, and he tried twice in quick succession to strike me and failed, the crowd cheered and cheered and cheered, so that, even when I went away after bowing, and stood among my fellows, ten minutes passed before they would let the game go on. . . . I didn't look up again. No! I wanted to keep the memory of what she looked like, when she threw me the rose!

'After the games were over, on that afternoon, we met. Juan had brought it about, and he talked easily enough to the mother and daughter and to the niece, while I was silent. We all went, I remember, to a restaurant in the Puerta del Sol, and ate and drank together. But I said little or nothing all the evening. The mother told us they were from the north. Alvareda was the family name, and her daughter was Clemencia; the niece was called Liberata. I listened and heard everything, but I scarcely spoke, while Juan talked and told them all about himself, and what he meant to do and be. While Clemencia looked at him I gazed at her in peace. Juan, I remember, invited them all to *los toros* on the following Sunday, and promised them the best *palco* in the ring. He found out, too, where they lived in a little street running parallel to the Alcala, and assured them of our visit during the week. Then they left, and as they went out of the door Liberata looked at Juan, while Clemencia chatted with and teased him.

'"That's all right,' said Juan, turning to me when they were gone, 'and I don't know which is the more taking, the niece or Clemencia! Perhaps the niece; she looks at one so appealingly; and those who talk so with their eyes are always the best. I wonder have they any money. One might do worse than either with a good portion.'

'"Is that your real opinion?" I asked hesitatingly.

'"Yes," he answered; "why?"

'"Because, in that case leave Clemencia to me. Of course you could win her if you wanted to. But it makes no difference to you, and to me all! If I cannot marry her I shall never marry."

'"Whew!" he said, "how fast you go, but I'd do more than that for you; and besides, the niece really pleases me better."

'So the matter ended between us. Now if I could tell you all that happened I should. But much escaped me at the time that I afterwards remembered, and many things that then seemed to me to be as sure as a straight stroke, have since grown confused. I only know that Juan and I met them often, and that Juan paid court to the niece, while I from time to time talked timidly to Clemencia.

'One Sunday after another came and went, and we grew to know each other well. Clemencia did not chatter like other women: I liked her the better for it, and when I came to know she was very proud I liked that, too. She charmed me; why? I can scarcely tell. I saw her faults gradually, but even her faults appeared to me fascinating. Her pride was insensate! I remember one Sunday afternoon after the games, I happened to go into a restaurant, and found her sitting there with her mother. I was in costume and carried in my hand a great nosegay of roses that a lady had thrown me in the ring. Of course as soon as I saw Clemencia I went over to her and—you know it is the privilege of the *matadores* in Spain, even if they do not know the lady—taking a rose from the bunch I presented it to her as the fairest of the fair. Coming from the cold North, she didn't know the custom and scarcely seemed pleased. When I explained it to her, she exclaimed that it was monstrous; she'd never allow a mere *matador* to take such a liberty unless she knew and liked him. Juan expostulated with her laughingly; I said nothing; I knew what qualities our work required, and didn't think it needed any defence. . . . I believe in that first season, I came to see that her name Clemencia wasn't very appropriate. At any rate she had courage and pride, that was certain! . . . Very early in our friendship she wanted to know why I didn't become an *espada*.

'"A man without ambition," she said, "was like a woman without beauty."

'I laughed at this, and told her my ambition was to do my work well, and advancement was sure to follow in due course. For love of her seemed to have killed ambition in me. But no! She wouldn't rest content in spite of Juan's telling her my position already was more brilliant than that of most of the *espadas*.

'"He does things with the *capa* and *banderillas* which no *espada* in all Spain would care to imitate! And that's position enough. Besides, to be an *espada* requires height and strength!"

'As he said this she seemed to be convinced, but it annoyed me a little, and so afterwards as we walked together, I said to her:

'"If you want to see me work as an *espada* you shall."

'"Oh, no!" she answered, half carelessly; "if you can't do it, as Juan says, why should you try? to fail is worse than to lack ambition."

'"Well," I answered, "you shall see."

'And then I took my courage in both hands and went on.

'"If you cared for me I should be the first *espada* in the world next season!"

'And she turned and looked at me curiously and said:

'"Of course I'd wish it if you could do it!"

'And I said, "See, I love you as the priest loves the Virgin; tell me to be an *espada* and I shall be one for the sake of your love!"

'"That's what all men say, but love doesn't make a man tall and strong."

'"No; nor do size and strength take the place of heart and head. Do you love me? That's the question."

'"I like you, yes? but love—love, they say, comes after marriage."

'"Will you marry me?"

'"Become an *espada* and then ask me again," she answered laughingly. . . .

'On the very next day I went to see the duke of Medina Celi; the servants would scarcely let me pass till they heard my name and that the Duke had asked me to come. He received me kindly. I told him what I wanted.

'"But," he said, "have you ever used the sword? Can you do it? You see we don't want to lose the best man with *capa* and *banderillas* ever known, to get another second-class *espada*."

'And I answered him:

'"Senor Duque, I have done better with the *banderillas* than I could with the *capa*. Believe me I shall do better with the *espada* than with the *banderillas*."

'"You little fiend!" he laughed, "I believe you; but now for the means. All the *espadas* are engaged; it'll be difficult. . . . But early in July the Queen has asked me to superintend the sports, and then I shall give you your chance. Will that do? In the meantime, astonish us all with *capa* and *banderillas*, so that men may not think me mad when I put your name first on the bill."

'I thanked him from my heart, as was his due, and after

a little more talk I went away to tell Clemencia the news. She only said—

'"I'm glad. Now you'll get Juan to help you." . . .

'I stared at her.

'"Yes!" she went on a little impatiently; "he has been trained to the work; he's sure to be able to teach you much." . . .

'I said not a word. She was sincere, I saw, but then she came from the North, and knew nothing. . . . I said to myself, "That's how women are!"

'She continued, "Of course you're clever with the *capa* and *banderillas*, and now you must do more than ever, as the Duke said, to deserve your chance!" And then she asked carelessly, "Couldn't you bring the Duke and introduce him to us some time or other? I should like to thank him."

'And I, thinking it meant our betrothal, was glad, and promised. And I remember I did bring him once to the box and he was kind in his way, but not cordial as he always was when alone with me, and he told Clemencia that I'd go very far, and that any woman would be lucky to get me for a husband, and so on. And after a little while he went away. But Clemencia was angry with him and said he put on airs, and, indeed, I had never seen him so cold and reserved, therefore I could say nothing in his defence. . . . Well, all that May I worked as I had never done. . . . The Director told me he knew I was to use the *espada* on the first Sunday in July, and he seemed to be glad; and one or two of the best *espadas* came to me and said they'd heard the news and should be glad to welcome me among them. All this excited me — and I did better and better. I used to pick out the old prints of Goya, the great painter — you know his works are in the Padro — and do everything the old *matadores* did, and invent new things. But nothing "took" like my trick with the *capa*. One Sunday, I remember, I had done it with six bulls, one after the other, and the people cheered and cheered. But the seventh was a bad bull and, of course, I didn't do it. And afterwards Clemencia asked me why I didn't, and I told her. For you see I didn't know then that women rate high what they don't understand. Mystery is everything to them. As if the explanation of such a thing makes it any easier. A man wins great battles by seizing the right moment and using it—the explanation is simple, the feat is difficult. One must be great in order to know the moment, that's all. But women don't see that small men alone exaggerate the difficulties of their work. Great men find their work easy and say so, and you'll find that women always underrate great men and overpraise small ones. Clemencia really thought I should learn the *espada's* work from Juan. Ah! women are strange creatures. . . . Well, after that Sunday she was always bothering me to do the *capa* trick with every bull.

'"If you don't," she used to say, "you won't get a chance of being an *espada*." And when she saw I laughed and paid no attention to that she became more and more obatinate.

'"If the people get to know you can only do it with some bulls, they won't think much of you. Do it with every bull, then they can't say anything."

'And I said "No! and I shouldn't be able to say anything either."

'"If you love me you will do as I say."

'And when I didn't do as she wished,—it was madness—she grew cold to me, and sneered at me, and then urged me again, till I half yielded. Really, by that time I didn't know what I couldn't do, for each day I seemed to get greater power over the bulls. At length a Sunday came, the first, I think, in June, or the last in May. Clemencia sat with her mother and cousin in the best *palco*: I had got it from the Director who now refused me nothing. . . . I'd done the *capa* trick with three bulls, one after the other, then the fourth came in. As soon as I saw him I knew he was bad, cunning I mean, and with black rage in the heart of him. The other men stood aside to let me do the trick, but I wouldn't. I ran away like the rest, and let him toss the *capa*. The people liked me, and so they cheered just the same, thinking I was tired; but suddenly Clemencia called out: "The *capa* round the shoulders; the *capa* trick!" and I looked up at her; and she leaned over the front of the *palco* and called out the words again.

'Then rage came into me, rage at her folly and cold heart; I took off my cap to her, and turned and challenged the bull with the *capa*, and, as he put down his head and rushed, I threw the *capa* round me and stood still. I did not even look at him. I knew it was no use. He struck me here on the thigh, and I went up into the air. The shock took away my senses. As I came to myself they were carrying me out of the ring, and the people were all standing up; but, as I looked towards the *palco*, I saw she wasn't standing up: she had a handkerchief before her face. At first I thought she was crying, and I felt well, and longed to say to her, "It doesn't matter, I'm content"; then she put down the handkerchief and I saw she wasn't crying. There wasn't a tear in her eyes. She seemed surprised merely and shocked and perhaps a little anxious. . . . I suppose she thought I could work miracles, or rather she didn't care much whether I was hurt or not. . . . I came to myself in my bed, where I spent the next month. The doctor told the Duke of Medina Celi—he had come to see me the same afternoon—that the shock hadn't injured me, but I should be lame always, as the bull's horns had torn the muscles of my thigh from the bone. "How he didn't bleed to death," he said, "is a wonder; now he'll pull through, but no more play with the bulls for him." I knew better than the doctor, but I said nothing to him, only to the Duke I said:

'"Senor, a promise is a promise; I shall use the *espada* in your show in July."

'And he said, "Yes, my poor boy, if you wish it, and are able; but how came you to make such a mistake?"

'"I made no mistake, Senor!"

'"You knew you'd be struck?"

'I nodded. He looked at me for one moment, and then held out his hand. He understood everything I'm sure; but he said nothing to me then. . . Juan came to see me in the evening, and next day Clemencia and her mother. Clemencia was sorry, that I could see, and wanted me to forgive her. As if I had anything to forgive when she stood there so lithe and straight, with her flower-like face and the appealing eyes. . . . Then came days of pain when the doctors forced the muscles back into their places. . . . Soon I was able to get up, with a crutch, and limp about. . . . As I grew better, Clemencia came seldomer, and when she came, her mother never left the room. I knew what that meant! She had told her mother not to go away; for, though the mother thought no one good enough for her daughter, yet she pitied me, and would have left us alone—sometimes. She had a woman's heart. But no, not once. Then I set myself to get well soon. I would show them all, I said to myself, that a lame Montes was worth more than other men. And I got better, so the doctor said, with surprising speed. . . . One day, towards the end of June, I said to the servant of the Duke of Medina Celi—he sent a servant every day to me with fruit and flowers—that I wished greatly to see the Duke. And the Duke came to see me the very same day.

'I thanked him first for all his kindness to me, and then asked—

'"Senor, have you put my name on the bills as *espada*?"

'"No; but I can still," he replied, "though if I were in your place, I should wait till next season!"

'And I said, "Senor Duque, it presses. Believe me, weak as I am, I can use the sword."

'And he answered my very thought. "Ah! She thinks you can't. And you want to prove the contrary. I shouldn't take the trouble, if I were you; but there! Don't deceive yourself or me; there is time yet for three or four days: then I'll come again to see you, and if you wish to have your chance you shall. I give you my word." As he left the room I had tears in my eyes, but I was glad, too, and confident. They should see. . . . Save Antonio, the blacksmith, and some people I didn't know, and the Duke's servant, no one had come near me for more than a week. . . . Three days afterwards I wrote to the Duke, claiming the fulfilment of his promise, and the very next day Juan, Clemencia, and her mother all came to see me together. They all wanted to know what it meant. My name as *espada* for the next Sunday, they said, was first on the bills placarded all over Madrid, and the Duke de Medina Celi had put underneath it—"By special request of H.M. the Queen." . . . I said nothing but that I was going to play; and I noticed Clemencia wouldn't meet my eyes.

'What a day that was! That Sunday I mean. The Queen was in her box with the Duke beside her as our procession saluted them, and the great ring was crowded tier on tier, and she was in the best *palco* I could get. But I tried not to think about her. And really my heart seemed to be frozen. Still I know now I worked for her even then. . . . When the first bull came in and the *capa* men played him, and the people began to shout for me—"El Pequeno! El Pequeno! El Pequeno!"—and wouldn't let the games go on. . . . So I limped forward in my *espada's* dress and took a *capa* from a man and challenged the bull, and he rushed at me—the honest one—and I caught his eye and knew 'twas all right, so I threw the *capa* round me and turned my back upon him. I saw all the people rise in their excitement, and the Duke lean over the front of the *palco*—just for one moment—then, as the bull stopped and they began to cheer, I handed back the *capa*, and after bowing, went again among the *espadas*. Then the people christened me afresh—"El Cojo!" (The Lame One!)—and I had to come out and bow again and again, and the Queen threw me down a gold cigarette case. I have it still. There it is. . . . I never looked up at Clemencia, though I could see her always. She threw no rose to me that day. . . . Then the time came when I should kill the bull. I took the *muleta* in my left hand and went towards him with the sword uncovered in my right. I needed no tricks. I held him with my eye, and he looked up at me. "Poor brute!" I thought, "you are happier than I am." And he bowed his head with the great, hurt, kindly eyes, and I struck straight through to the heart. On his knees he fell at my feet, and then rolled over dead, almost without a quiver. As I put the sword in the *muleta* and turned away, the people found their voices, "Well done, Lame One! Well done!" . . . When I left the ring that day I left it as the first *espada* in Spain. So the Duke said, and he knew. . . . After one more Sunday the sports were over for the year, but on that second Sunday I did better than on the first, and I was engaged for the next season as first *espada*, with fifty thousand *duros* salary. Forty thousand I invested as the Duke advised—I have lived on the interest ever since—the other ten thousand I kept by me.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SONG OF SEA WINDS.

How it sings, sings, sings,
Blowing sharply from the sea line,
With an edge of salt that stings;
How it laughs aloud and passes,
As it cuts the close cliff grasses;
How it sings again and whistles
As it shakes the stout sea thistles—
How it sings!

How it shrieks, shrieks, shrieks,
In the crannies of the headland,
In the gashes of the creeks;
How it shrieks once more, and catches
Up the yellow foam in patches;
How it whirls it out and over
To the cornfield and the clover—
How it shrieks!

How it roars, roars, roars,
In the iron under-caverns,
In the hollows of the shores;
How it roars anew and thunders,
As the strong hull splits and sunders;
And the spent ship, tempest driven,
On the reef lies rent and riven—
How it roars!

How it wails, wails, wails,
In the tangle of the wreckage,
In the flapping of the sails;
How it sobs away, subsiding,
Like a tired child, after chiding;
And across the ground swell rolling
You can hear the bell-buoy tolling—
How it wails!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

TEETOTALLER'S MOTTO.—Don't let your spirits go down.

Even the quietest wedding will be celebrated by the ringing of a belle.

Marriages are called 'matches' because they are sometimes followed by scratching.

One man finds satisfaction in the thought that he is as good as others, and another in the knowledge that others are no better than he is.

We believe that it was a retired banker who, having bought a country villa, tried to hatch oysters by putting them under a setting hen.

'Oh, Why Should They Bury Me Deep?' is the title of some verses sent to this office by a poetess. After reading the poem the reason seems very clear.

Five pews were recently offered for sale in a New England church, and one of the advantages stated was that the contribution box was not passed to these pews.

There may not be any royal road to wealth, but there is a royal road to learning. When a man gets rich the world is willing to regard everything he says as the utterances of a sage.

Conclusion of a love letter:—'And now, adorable Frieda, disperse my doubts, say you will be mine, for I cannot live without you; above all, let me know your decision by return of post, as I have another party in my mind's eye.'

Mrs Fibbins has written to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to know if something can be done to prevent horses being scratched. She is sure it must be very painful, because her husband is quite upset, and she hears him groan in his sleep about a horse being scratched.

A great, coarse man, with auburn hair
(His fortune was immense),
Boldly sought the maiden fair
With wooing so intense
That she was won. Still from afar
The poet reverenced his star,
And laid the blame all on her sex.
(He had no better sense.)

SUMMER PERILS.

Just now up looms the summer girl,
Her campaign's just begun;
She'll flirt, and flirt, and flirt, and flirt,
To her all men are one.

And yet it often comes to pass
That ere the frosts of fall
She falls in love herself, and then
To her one man is all.

On a certain occasion at Indore, in Central India, a triumphal arch was put up. On one side were the words, 'The Governor is Coming,' on the other side, 'Heaven Help Us;' while at a certain station in the Lerars, over the entrance of a cemetery, an arch was erected, on which was emblazoned for the edification of the expected magnate, 'Welcome.'

There will be published in Boston very shortly 'Russian Traits and Terrors: a Faithful Picture of the Russia of To-day,' by E. B. Lanin (a collective signature employed by several contributors to the *Fortnightly Review*). This work out-Kennans Kennan in its description of the atrocities practised by the Russian Government, and includes the ode written by Swinburne in justification of tyrannicide.

VICTORIA AND JANE.—At a recent exhibition in an English town the Queen was present, with the Princess Henry of Battenberg. The local Mayor, a highly respected tradesman, accompanied by his wife, was of the Royal party. As usual, the Queen placed her name in the visitors' book as 'Victoria.' The Princess followed with 'Beatrice.' Then came the Mayor's wife, who, seeing what had gone before, wrote, with a bold, steady hand, 'Jane.'

A GOOD DEAL WAS THE MATTER.—A Chinese settler in Victoria who wanted to obtain a divorce has put forth the following pleas. The erring spouse, it seems, 'too muchey talkee with neighbours, too muchey paint face and eyebrows, too muchey drink Yulepean brandy, too muchey fight, too muchey snore in sleep, too muchey boss, too muchey dream, too muchey say, "killum husband," and too muchey no good.' A lengthy catalogue truly, but we fancy the gist of the accusation lies in the 'too muchey boss.' As an epigrammatist once remarked, 'Women are all for Union—with Home Rule.'

A GUIDE TO GOOD COMPANY.—All Indians greatly dislike what they call the white man's smell, and can detect it with perfect ease. 'I have,' says a Western man, 'entered tepees of the Utes filled with Indians who had not bathed for a year, and whose aroma rose to heaven, and every one of them would complain of the odour that I brought in with me. The same feeling is manifested by the Chinese, who themselves have a very marked odour that is intensely disagreeable to whites. As a matter of fact, each race has its peculiar odour, which is not perceptible by people of similar origin, but which is plainly noticeable by those of different blood.'

A MIXED POPULATION.—There is probably not a civilised roof in South Africa which covers people of only one nationality; as a rule they are of three or four. We take a typical Cape household before us at the moment; the father is English, the mother half Dutch and half French-Huguenot, with a French name, the children sharing three nationalities; the governess is a Scotchwoman, the cook a Zulu, the housemaid half Hottentot and half Dutch, the kitchen-girl half Dutch and half slave, the stable boy a Kaffir, and the little girl who waits at table a Basuto. This household is a type of thousands of others to be found everywhere throughout Africa.

'SOMETHING LIKE A TUNE.'—Here is an interesting story for musicians. When the Italian band of Signor Donizetti, the brother of the composer of 'I Puritani,' played for the first time before the Sultan Mahmoud, they tried for two hours to soothe the Caliph's ears with selections from the great Italian and German composers. Their labour was in vain. The Sultan only scowled: and in the time of the formidable destroyer of the janissaries a fiddler who failed to please was in danger of having his neck encircled by a bow-string of a different kind. Their instruments being exhausted the fiddlers took to tuning their violins, with the usual horribly discordant results. 'Mashallah!' exclaimed the Commander of the Faithful, 'that is indeed a tune! Let the Giaours play it again.'

THE * BOROUGH * OF * PICTON.

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

THE Borough of Picton received its charter of Corporation on August 11th, 1876, Mr Williams, at that time owner of the Picton Brewery (now of Timaru), being elected first Mayor. The Borough Council members are elected and retire in rotation every three years. The present Mayor, Mr A. G. Fell, one of the best-known and most respected men in the Marlborough Province, has retained office during the last three years, being returned unopposed on each occasion of re-election. Mr Fell, who was formerly Mayor of Blenheim, owns one of the largest malting establishments in the colony, his malt house in Picton being second only in point of size to any in New Zealand. Mr Fell is also agent for several companies—shipping and others. It is in a great measure due to his untiring exertions that the waterworks (opened this month) is a completed fact. The members of the present Council comprise Mr A. P. Seymour, formerly member for Waimea, Picton, and also the Wairau constituency, his brother, Mr Herbert Seymour; Mr Falconer, the popular proprietor of the Terminus Hotel; Mr Philpotts, one of the largest storekeepers in Picton; Mr George Harris, of the George Hotel, High-street, and Messrs Webster, Blizzard, Cragg, and Summerville. The clerk to the Council and Inspector of Public Works is Mr Younger, which position he has held for some ten years past, having formerly been town surveyor and secretary to the Board of Works in Nelson.

MR T. PHILPOTS.
Councillor.

THE NEW PICTON WATERWORKS.

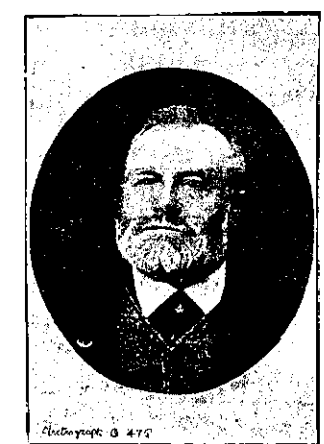
Though highly gifted by nature, Picton has long felt the absence of an adequate supply of water for the township. In the effort to remedy this defect the Borough Council entered into a contract with Mr Carr, of Blenheim, for the construction of a reservoir in Eason's Gully, which was formally opened upon the 2nd of last September. The following description will give our readers some idea of the nature of the new works:—The cost of these will probably amount in all to about £6,200. For this purpose, £5,500 was borrowed from Government under the Local Bodies Act at the reasonable interest of 5 per cent. As the Mayor pointed out at the opening ceremony, this sum also provides for a sinking fund, and that the principal and interest of the Loan would be entirely made up in the course of twenty-five years, after which time the waterworks would become the absolute property of the town free in perpetuity. The reservoir is constructed about three miles from town on the Waitohi stream, the bed of which is composed of solid rock, and by the construction of a concrete dam a pool is formed with a capacity of about 27,000 gallons of water. A weir has been cut out of the solid rock to pass the superfluous water (see illustration). The dam itself is situated at a very pretty spot, and, indeed, the track altogether which winds by the side of the Waitohi, crossing it no less than seven times, forms a very pretty walk, overhung as it is by the thick bush trees on the one side, and accompanied by the winding stream on the other. The dam is about 278 feet above sea-level, and the water is conducted by about three miles of main piping, six inches in diameter, to the town, where the pressure varies from 70 to 120lbs. to the square inch. About fifty fire hydrants, sufficient for existing needs, have been erected in Picton. Great praise is due to Mr Darnall, C.E., of Nelson, the engineer, and to Mr W. Carr, for the promptness shown by him in executing the contract to time, and with every detail of work faithfully done. As to the utility of the water service, it will be found of the greatest benefit and convenience to the Borough, and will do much to immediately advance the port of Marlborough. There is the convenience of water laid on in every house, then reductions in insurance premiums through facilities for fire prevention; again the electric light will be available for household use at little expense, and the advantage of hydraulic engines and hydraulic lifts, cannot fail to be of advantage to a rising trade centre such as Picton. Altogether, the £1,241 paid to Mr Carr, with the other outlay on pipes and material has been well spent.

MR G. HARRIS,
Councillor.

MR FALCONER,
Councillor.

The inaugural ceremony was performed by the Mayor, Mr Fell, in the presence of the Borough Council and some three hundred spectators. Mr Fell opened the proceedings with an address as follows:—'The importance of providing a sufficient supply of good pure water for household, manufacturing, and fire extinguishing purposes for the township of Picton has been before the Borough Council for a few years past. Hitherto the inhabitants have depended for their supply on rain water stored in tanks and wells, which at some seasons of the year became low, or nearly dry, and besides being unsatisfactory in quantity, and quality did not provide any pressure for extinguishing fires. This state of things has now been brought to a successful termination. The source from which the supply is taken is the Waitohi Creek, a clear stream of pure soft water which flows down the pretty wooded precipitous and rocky gorge of the valley, passing under the railway viaduct. The water is taken from the stream at a point about 2¾ miles from the wharf, and about 278 feet above the level of the sea, where a concrete dam has been constructed in the creek; the banks and bed of which are composed of solid rock, and the stream above this point is backed up for a distance of 6 to 8 chains, thereby enclosing a body of water equal to 270,000 gallons. This has the effect not only of raising the head of water, but the body of water thus impounded also acts as a settling pond in time of flood. A bye-wash, or waste weir, has been cut out of the solid rock at the side of the dam for the purpose of passing the surplus water. The water is first let into a vertical standpipe (composed of cast iron cylinders 3 feet in diameter) by means of inlet valves 7 inches in diameter, placed at the centre and top of the water; and the outlet or delivery valve to the town by means of a 7-inch valve placed at the bottom of the standpipe. All these are covered with copper screens to prevent leaves, fish, or other *débris* from entering the pipes. These screens can be let down, or drawn up the slides to the top of the standpipe at pleasure, or whenever it is necessary to clear them from leaves, iron covers being provided with chains attached to replace the screen in the interval. Should the inlet or outlet valves require repair at any time, the inlet valves can be closed and the vertical standpipe will soon empty itself, when the workmen can descend by an iron ladder provided for the purpose; or if the valves do not act, the iron cover can be let down the slides and cover the entrances to the valves, every facility being provided for contingencies of this kind. All the valves are opened or closed from the top of the standpipe by small horizontal wheels, neatly placed in a well-finished cast-iron column; and the top of standpipe is covered over with two cast-iron plates, removable at pleasure. The outlet pipe to the town is passed from the standpipe through the concrete dam by means of a circular culvert 2ft, 9in. in diameter, formed in the concrete plug at the upper end, enclosing the delivery pipe. This arrangement will permit the enlargement of the pipes at any future time without breaking up the concrete dam, and it also served a further purpose, viz., of enabling the contractor to get rid of the flood water during the construction of the dam. To provide against any sediment being lodged in course of time inside the drain, a 15in. sluice pipe has been provided with a sluice valve at the other side of the drain. By this means access can be obtained to it at all times, and the impounded water can be passed through this sluice in about an hour if the stream is at its summer level. It is not anticipated that this will be required often, as the bed of the creek and mountain slopes are composed nearly all of solid rock. In order to make a safe bed for the water pipes as well as to provide a means of conveying them up the precipitous winding and rocky gorge, a sledge track 5 feet wide has been made, chiefly in the solid rock; and the water mains are laid on the inside of the track, trenched 15 inches into the rock. The sand and Portland cement for the concrete dam and cast iron sluice and standpipe were also conveyed up the narrow track by means of three-wheeled trollies with tires 6 inches wide (somewhat on the principle of the Railway dobbins). As much as a ton was taken up at one time with one horse by Mr Gomez, who showed eminent ability and perseverance for the work. On the pipe and sledge track there are seven substantial bridges over the streams and gorges, planked 7 feet wide, having a third separate beam placed at the side, on which the water main is bolted, planked at the sides, and covered over the top with galvanised iron ridging. The water mains are 3 miles in length, of the spigot and socket pattern, 6 inches in diameter, caulked with yarn and lead, and the distribution pipes are 3 inches in diameter and 4½ miles in length, all covered with Dr. Augur Smith's patent coating to preserve them from rusting, or accretions in the pipes. The house services are of galvanized iron with high pressure screw-down stop cocks. Twenty-six valves are provided in the larger pipes for the purpose of cutting off or diverting the water during repairs or attachments. Forty-nine fire hydrants are also provided, and so placed as to cover the buildings at present erected. The dwelling houses at Picton number about 180, occupied by 814 inhabitants. The plant for the waterworks, about 390 tons, was supplied by Messrs W. Briscoe and Co. of Dunedin, made by the firm of Messrs Laidlaw and Son of Glasgow; and although plans of the ironwork, and schedules of the material were made by Mr Dartnell, the Engineer in New Zealand, he states that everything was made carefully and satisfactorily throughout, and no hitch occurred in carrying out the works. The sledge track was constructed by Mr G. F. M. Fraser, but the pipe laying and concrete dam was carried out by Mr W. Carr of Blenheim. Mr Johnson acted as overseer of the pipe-laying contract.. The pressure of the water is from 100 to 120 pounds the square inch, according to the level of the outlet. The pressure on the higher terraces, viz,—at Mrs Speed's and Mr Johnston's—is 70 pounds to the square inch; and at the top of Wellington street, near Mr Conolly's 80 pounds. A one-inch muzzle placed at the corner end of the town will throw a column of water 100 to 130 feet in vertical height. It was feared at one time that many of the pipes would be broken or damaged in transit from Glasgow, in consequence of removing them hurriedly to stop a leak in the vessel caused by striking a rock near Bahia, whither the captain had to put in for a fresh crew. On arrival, however, there were only 4 to 5 per cent. damaged, and most of these were cracked slightly at the ends. The track to the dam will be a favourite promenade, and place of resort during the summer months, as a more lovely and picturesque walk can scarcely be found. When the Main Trunk Railway connects Christchurch with Picton *via* the Tophouse (a work which should be hurried on by the Government and Commissioners with all speed), it is confidently asserted that the varying outlines of the mountains, the famous Sounds with their deep, clear-blue waters, and the magnificent sunsets, will all contribute to make Picton a favourite resort for tourists and health-seekers from many parts of the world.'

MR A. G. FELL,
Mayor of Picton.



MR YOUNGER,
Town Clerk.

At the conclusion of his speech, Mrs Fell formally christened the dam, and set in operation the works by turning on the water and breaking over it a bottle of champagne. The day concluded with a social re-union at the Public Hall, which passed off in a manner agreeable to all those who participated in it.

We have to acknowledge photographs from the following firms:—Wrigglesworth and Binns, that of Mr G. Harris; Mr Thos. Fall, that of the Mayor (Mr A. G. Fell).

THE SUMMER WIND.

OH, that summer wind! speaks to my mind,
As it comes up from the glassy sea,
With a soft, low sigh as it passes by,
And wanders o'er the grassy lea,
And lightly breathes 'mong blossom wreaths,
And whispers through the leafy tree.

Like a sad, sweet lay of a far past day,
A tale of childhood's happy dream,
Of a summer day and children at play
On a grassy bank by a crystal stream,
Atwining flowers in the sunshine hours,
While each sigh a long lost name doth seem.

But it sighs again in a deeper strain,
Like a voice that is choked with grief and tears,
Where the long grass waves o'er our forefathers' graves
Like a voice from out the tomb of years,
And sinks in the soul where life's dark depths roll,
Life's heights and depths, life's hopes and fears.

C.M.

OLDEN TIME MANNERS.

UNTIL about the year 1650 all the barbers in France and most other countries of Europe practised the art of surgery. In dark and dirty shops they shaved and bled, cut hair and applied cupping glasses, opened tumours, and performed surgical operations still more difficult and dangerous. They were despised as labourers, as everyone was despised who made a practical application of his knowledge in the form of a trade regularly followed. As a class they were much liked by the common people, who applied to them for all ordinary medical service, but as society became more refined, and consequently more exacting in respect to neatness, it became necessary to separate the care of the hair and beard from the treatment of diseases, not only because the association of the two professions was often repugnant in itself, but there was great danger of the transmission of diseases. Louis XIII. first ordered the separation of the two professions, directing that the barbers should confine themselves to the hair and beard and operations incidental thereto, but the shavers and hair-cutters appealing to Parliament the matter dragged on for nearly forty years, and was not definitely decided until the issue of an edict by Louis XIV. in 1673. As a French writer remarks, this was none too soon, it being absolutely necessary that there should be a trade whose business it should be to care for the general neatness of the public.

At this epoch the Parisians, and much more the inhabitants of the other cities of France, had almost lost the habit of cleansing the face and hands with water, to say nothing of other parts of the body. In the dark ages it had not been quite so bad, there remaining in Gaul something of the Roman custom of bathing, which gradually disappeared, owing to the opposition of the monks and clergy. An ecclesiastical work published in 1760 declares that the use of the bath is only to be regarded as a necessity, never as a luxury. So filthy were the monks of the fifteenth century that they put to flight the beggars at their gates if the wind happened to blow from the direction of the monastery. Nuns of the same epoch and later were no better provided for, as we learn from the experience of a noble lady, who, being a temporary inmate of a convent, and having demanded a foot-bath, was refused by the superior, the luxury being unheard of within those walls. In default of other appliance she made use of an old trunk, with no other result than to produce a general inundation of the sacred edifice.

In 1292 there were twenty-six public baths in Paris, then a small city. Bath tubs were common in private houses at the same epoch, made usually in the form of a half-hogshead, the use of metals for the purpose being unknown. Wash basins were also familiar objects in the palaces of kings and in the castles of the nobility. There were bath tubs at the barber's shops, used indiscriminately, as it would appear, by the well and sick, a circumstance that helped to render neatness unpopular, and keep the people from visiting them. Therefore, the public baths being discontinued for want of patronage, and those at the barbers' shops feared for sanitary reasons, the practice of bathing, common to a certain class in the dark and the early part of the middle ages, disappeared. Having ceased to bathe the person, the hands and face became equally neglected, the application of water once a week being considered sufficient among the nobility, and once a month, or not at all among the burgesses and the common people. In one of her dialogues Margaret of Navarre, author of the 'Decameron,' says to an imaginary lover: 'Look at these beautiful hands. I have not washed them for a week, but I will wager they are cleaner than yours.' It was some two hundred years later that the eccentric Lady Mary Wortley, friend of Horace Walpole, made a reply quite as characteristic to some one who remarked that her hands were not as clean as they might be—'*Si vous voyiez mes pie ts.*'

The habit of bathing was less common in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth than in France, whence it appears at this epoch to have almost disappeared. The virgin Queen insisted that the gentlemen and ladies of her court should be magnificently dressed, but their fine apparel often covered persons that were repulsive. Bath tubs were not common in the castles of the nobility, and they would not have been much used if they had been. Henry IV., who was Elizabeth's contemporary, was as careless of his extremities as Lady Mary, if the Protestant d'Aubigny is to be believed; but if this testimony is not sufficient we have that of another writer of the epoch, who alleges that the King was once told by a lady of his court that 'he smelt like a dead horse.'

The generations that succeeded did not practise this cardinal virtue much more efficiently, but outraged neatness revenged itself in sending swarms of parasites to torment the human race. Methods of killing fleas and other animalcule that infest the human body, formed one of the principal features of the handbooks published in France during some hundreds of years. Recipes were given for ointments to be used as insecticides, which were the germ of all the cosmetics, pastes, essences and perfumes which have from that day to this been among the most essential elements of a lady's toilet.

The range for these toilet appliances was at its height at the commencement of the reign of Louis XIV. If at this epoch there was a festival given at the Louvre, noblemen and grand dames, reeking with the accumulated nastiness of weeks of abstinence from water, but arrayed in silks and satins, and covered with pastes, perfumes and precious stones, came on horseback to the palace, the wife on a pillion behind her husband. Then they seated themselves at table, and, using a knife now and then (the fork had not yet come into general use), thrust the food into their mouths with their hands, making such constant use of the napkin that it was necessary to change it with every course. The use of the handkerchief was not then determined, and it was permitted to *se moucher* at table, but always with the left hand, the right hand being needed to convey the food to the mouth.

In 1640 a book called 'The Laws of Gallantry' appeared in Paris, suggesting among other things that it would be well to go once in a while to the baths, and to wash the hands at least once a day. The face, it is added, should be washed almost as often, the cheeks should be shaved, and at intervals it would not be a bad thing to wash the head. When society had arrived at such a degree of refinement that it seemed desirable to wash the face almost every day, it began to see that it was not a very sensible thing to be shaved or have the hair dressed by a barber who lanced ulcers, dressed wounds, and performed other common acts of surgery. So the barber's duties became a trade apart, and the surgeon's duties a nobler profession.

For generations after it became a sort of habit to wash the hands and face. Water was rather tolerated than loved and was used sparingly. Most of the people confined themselves to the use for the morning toilet of perfumed alcohol, applied to the face with a cotton ball or sponge. Throughout the middle ages and down to a date not long preceding the French Revolution, neatness was supposed to be a virtue appealing only to the eyes. If the principal garments and shoes were reasonably clean, one did not trouble himself greatly about what they might conceal. A manual of politeness published in the seventeenth century says one should keep the head, teeth, eyes and hands clean, and the feet sufficiently so not to '*faire mal au cœur a ceux avec nous conversons.*'

THE DAM.

PICTON BOROUGH WATERWORKS.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

THE STUDY OF ORCHESTRATION.

WHATEVER may be claimed for the merits of orchestration of the modern school of music, it must be said that much of the simplicity (and, therefore, beauty) of the orchestral work of Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart has been lost to music, so to speak. The manner in which the brass is used, for instance, in a score of the old masters and in a score of one of the more modern masters differs greatly. Simplicity is one of the most difficult things to obtain in art, and simplicity in orchestration is something very much to be sought after as maintaining one of the truest principles of musical art. It is true that a master of orchestral writing is given a poetic license, or rather assumes that license to introduce effects which the critic may decide as being beyond the bounds of true art. Berlioz may be said to have used *bizarre* effects which have at times over-coloured what, without the redundancy of instrumentation, was beautiful art work. The orchestral instruments are capable of a very extensive and what might be called flexible use in music. The combinations which may be made with them in a score are almost innumerable.

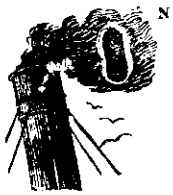
After the composer has become familiar with the technical uses of the various instruments, their combination in a score for artistic purposes becomes largely a matter of æsthetic taste; a taste which is likely to be practically exercised according to the quality and extent of his natural endowments. Every eminent orchestral composer exhibits a style peculiarly his own, and may be recognised by that style, as a rule, just as the worker in literature may be recognised in his production by his style. The tendency to overcrowd, or in other words to over colour, his score is one of the most marked faults of the young composer, because to secure a rare effect with scant means is one of the tests of musical genius; or, for that matter, of genius of any description. The student of music may diligently acquire a practical knowledge of counterpoint and orchestration; but to use this knowledge in practical musical composition is quite another thing, and demands of him the exercise of innate poetic conception, if he has any. The student may be gifted to acquire a knowledge of the analytical side of music, for which he will possess a large portion of the actual technical knowledge of the composer; but the synthetical side of the art requires a different set of faculties or gifts, going to prove the generally accepted fact that an individual may acquire a theoretical and practical knowledge of music without being at all gifted as a composer. The faculty, therefore, of artistic orchestration is a natural as well as an acquired gift in the musician.

The more the student studies, the more he will become convinced that the innovations introduced in orchestral writing by many modern composers are of questionable value to musical art, and are the best examples of the idiosyncrasies of musical genius rather than their rules, if genius may be said to be bound by rules. The scores of Wagner are the last which should be taken as models by the young student of orchestral composition. Not that they do not exhibit great musical genius and a strongly marked intellectuality, but because they are to a great extent the unique productions of a colossal individuality which was a 'law unto itself.' Few can doubt Wagner's genius as a musician; but, at least to the young student, his musical fancies, while they are the work of genius (as all genius is given to more or less fancy) are not likely to serve as a model in pure, exact, and delicate orchestration. We, of course, set no limit to the study of Wagner's scores on the part of the advanced musician; but the young student had better leave them for his most advanced studies.

The study of orchestration presupposes a knowledge on the part of the student of harmony, counterpoint, canon, and fugue. His first exercises after he has learnt the compass and qualities of the instruments should be in writing for the strings alone, then for the family of wood wind instruments, and lastly for the brass. After he has become familiar with these three groups of instruments separately, he must learn to combine them. Then he is fairly launched on the practical study of orchestration, with its many difficulties, contradictions, and discouragements. He will find it by no means easy work, but diligent and systematic study will vanquish many of the difficulties. It will be best for him to confine himself strictly to rules, and not to attempt early in his career any colouring or combination of instruments which is not governed by the plain, simple rules of orchestration. He needs to be particular not to employ the brasses too freely, as they are likely to destroy the effect of the strings and reed instruments. It is also necessary to avoid the mistake which young orchestral writers are likely to fall into, of writing outside of the possible compass of the instruments. He will, of course, learn by means of his mistakes, and he will be liable to make many mistakes before he acquires a fair amount of knowledge of practical orchestration.

THE TWO MIDSHIPMEN.

A TALE OF THE EAST AFRICAN COAST.



N the afternoon of a certain sultry day in the month of June two handsome bronzed midshipmen accompanied by a native guide, might have been seen wending their way in an easterly direction along the banks of the Kingani river, which discharged itself into the Indian Ocean, close to the town of Darra Salaam on the east coast of Africa. These two midshipmen, named Harry Vaughan and Oswald Graham, carried guns in their hands and game-bags slung over their shoulders; and their guide—an undoubted negro with shiny black skin, blubber lips and frizzled hair—was eqnipped in the same manner, but in addition to a gun he carried a heavy rifle and a quantity of ammunition. A peep into the game-bags would have disclosed the fact that there were only a few quail and wood-pigeons in them, in spite of the fact that the afternoon was now fast drawing to a close, and that the young sportsmen—who belonged to H.M.S. Galatea, then lying at the Darra Salaam anchorage—had been ashore in quest of game ever since sunrise. The fact was that these young gentlemen had conceived the ambitious project of shooting hippopotami—which animals abound in the Kingani river—and the greater part of the day had been spent in various ambushes on the banks of the stream close to the usual haunts of these unwieldy great animals, with the result that two of the monsters had been slaughtered. It had been found, however, impossible to secure the carcases of the slain creatures owing to the strength of the current; and, much to the chagrin of our midshipmen friends, they found themselves forced to return without being able to triumphantly bear back any trophies of their prowess to exhibit to their messmates in the Galatea. Their native guide, Booboo, was equally disappointed at the turn affairs had taken, though, as he kept perpetually observing to his young masters during the homeward tramp: 'Massa! You no make bobbery 'bout dis ting, for sho'. Next time de Galatea make anchor at Darra Salaam, Booboo get one big canoe ready and take Massa up de riber—oh! eber so many mile up; and dere am tousand of 'potamus waiting for Massa shoot. Booboo get plenty friend up dere, and s'all make easy to bring de 'potamus body on s'ore.'

'But suppose we never come back to Darra Salaam, Booboo,' young Graham observed after one of these speeches. 'I believe we are off to Bombay next week, and may not return to the Coast of Africa again.'

'Oh, yes! Massa come back for sho,' the negro answered, 'else all de country am fill up wid de rascal slave-dealer, who now am make hide der ogly head. Oh, yes! Galatea come back to coast in de monsoon and make plenty prize money; and den Massa want to shoot 'potamus. Booboo am ready wid de big canoe, and dere am sport plenty mosh, Massa, make sure.'

'Well, we won't forget you, Booboo, if the Galatea does come back,' observed Oswald Graham. 'We've had a stunning day of it, anyhow; haven't we Harry?'

'I should think so!' returned his companion. 'Oh, how jolly it is to get ashore in these wild jungles with one's gun, instead of being cooped up on board ship!'

'And though we didn't manage to get any trophies,' continued the other, 'we shot the hippopotami stone dead, for I saw them being washed down the river. I don't think it was bad for our first attempt at big game.'

'We've got some quail and wood-pigeons to show the fellows,' said his messmate, peering into his game-bag, 'which is lucky, or we should have been a good deal chaffed.'

Harry Vaughan and Oswald Graham, as my readers will doubtless have conjectured, were sworn chums, and had already been serving together on board the Galatea (which was an 8-gun sloop) for two years. They were at the time of our story sixteen years old, and were handsome, well-grown boys, devoted to sport and manly exercises of all kinds. Their firm friendship had never been marred by disputes or quarrels, and Captain Madden, who commanded the Galatea, looked upon them as the two most promising young officers in the ship.

Darra Salaam, where the Sultan of Zanzibar has a residence, is situated upon the coast only a few degrees south of the equator, and so the whole region in its neighbourhood is extremely hot, especially up the rivers, where, owing to the dense overhanging jungles and multitudinous mangrove bushes, the cooling influences of the life-giving sea-breeze are almost unfelt. The rude track which our midshipmen friends were returning by as a rule followed the sinuous course of the river; and, though, the fierce rays of an almost vertical sun were intercepted by the umbrageous trees overhead, which 'wove twilight o'er the path,' the air was so stagnant and so permeated with the pestilential vapours which arose from the alligator-haunted mud-banks of the stream, that the heat was more than usually oppressive on this particular afternoon; so much so that even our two midshipmen, who had spent a couple of years in the tropics, and were therefore to a certain extent acclimatised, began to feel its debilitating influence.

'I say, Oswald, old chap,' exclaimed young Vaughan at length, 'I vote we rest under the shade of those bamboos and take it easy for half an-hour. This heat is almost unbearable.'

'Right you are, Harry. You know we needn't be on board till 8 o'clock, so we've heaps of time.'

Even the almost naked Booboo was not sorry to avail himself of the midshipman's proposal, and the trio were soon stretched upon a convenient piece of grassy sward under the shade of the lofty, motionless bamboos, listening to the never-ceasing quaint chorus of bird and insect cries emanating from the gloomy depths of the surrounding jungle.

Suddenly Booboo, who was squatting upon the ground in negro fashion, started, and appeared to be listening intently.

'What's up, old Booboo?' asked Graham. 'Do you see a fetich in the jungle?'

'No fetich, Massa, but I tink one leopard am prowl about amongst de trees. Booboo not bery sure, but plenty mosh tink his eye not deceive.'

'A leopard! What a spree it would be to shoot it!' exclaimed Oswald Graham excitedly, as he seized his gun; 'shall we go after it, Harry?'

'It would be jolly fun to knock over a leopard,' answered his chum, 'but to tell you the honest truth, I'm rather fagged, and should prefer resting here. If you like to follow the beast up with the rifle, Oswald, and take Booboo with you, I'll stop here till you come back. I suppose you won't be gone long, old man?'

'Ten minutes at the outside,' answered his friend, 'but I wish you would come too.'

'I'm too lazy really, and have got a bit of a headache, and as we have only the one rifle, you may as well make use of it.'

Seeing that his friend was really indisposed for more sport, and intending to return immediately, should it turn out that Booboo had raised a false alarm, Oswald took the rifle from the negro, carefully examined it, and then, followed by his sable attendant, plunged into the recesses of the forest, Booboo marking a tree here and there as they proceeded, in order to obviate any difficulty in finding the way back.

Leaving Harry Vaughan stretched out drowsily under the clump of bamboos, we shall follow the fortunes of Oswald and the negro.

'Booboo,' said the midshipman, as he forced his way through the tangled brake, 'did you actually see the leopard?'

'I see de tip of um tail, Massa, as he wriggle um way troo de jongle, and I think him no trabel bery far dis hot afternoon—bery foolis leopard else, massa.'

'Well! I only hope I'll bag him,' observed Oswald; 'his skin would make a lovely rug for the mater.'

Booboo now advised silence, and the two glided stealthily along, making as little noise as possible.

A few minutes had passed in this way, when, just as the middy had entered a particularly dense piece of jungle, he heard a rustling sound among the underwood close by, and in another second a large and handsome leopard sprang out almost under Oswald's nose, and before that startled young gentleman could raise his rifle to fire, had bounded off in the opposite direction, sheltered from observation by the great boles of the forest trees.

'Well, that is a sell!' said the middy, in a disappointed tone.

'Nebber you gib him up, Massa,' exclaimed Booboo, encouragingly; 'I tink him lie low in de forest, not bery mosh distant.'

Oswald followed up eagerly on the animal's trail, but for once that artful stalker of the wild denizens of the forest, Booboo, was at fault; for the spotted cat did not again expose himself incautiously to view, nor could the slightest sound be detected to give a clue to his whereabouts.

At length, hot, and in a not very amiable temper, Oswald halted and consulted his watch.

'I told Harry I should not be away more than ten minutes,' he exclaimed, 'and we have been exactly twenty. I'm very sorry, Booboo, but I must go back at once; I had no idea how the time had flown.'

The negro made no objection, and the two made their way back in silence to the spot where Harry Vaughan had been left half asleep.

On coming in sight of the clump of bamboos, Oswald was surprised to see that his friend was not stretched out under their grateful shade. Nor was there any trace of gun or game-bag. Thinking, however, that he might be searching for birds' nests or plants somewhere close by, he gave a loud Australian coo-ee, which might have been heard a mile away.

There was no response.

'My gosh! What am de meanin' of dis?' exclaimed Booboo, in an alarmed tone; can de foolis' leetle officer make bathe in de riber? Dat case he am gobble up by de hongry alligator! What can do, Massa Graham?'

But Oswald had already rushed to the river's brink, and was anxiously scrutinizing its turbid surface—shouting his friend's name again and again in loud and agonized tones.

But there was no answer to these repeated cries, and, overcome by his feelings, Oswald sunk down upon the muddy bank and buried his face in his hands. He felt bitterly that he ought never to have left his friend alone in the forest, and that at any-rate he ought to have returned in ten minutes, as he had promised. He had broken his word, and it was probable that his messmate's death had resulted from his thoughtlessness.

He was aroused by Booboo, who put his dingy hand upon his shoulder.

'Massa no gib way in dis fashion,' said the honest negro. 'I think now that Massa Vaughan hab lost him way in de jongle, and we must make search and shout like de mad ting. Soon sall find leetle officer, Massa, you makee sure.'

Oswald felt that this was good advice, and rousing himself with an effort, he resolved to leave no stone unturned in the endeavour to find his missing chum, and immediately set off with Booboo and penetrated a considerable distance in every direction into the forest, shouting loudly at intervals. Still there was the same mysterious silence, and no trace of the absent midshipman could be discovered.

Disconsolate and weary, and a prey to the most gloomy forebodings, Oswald returned to the clump of bamboos and proceeded to narrowly examine the ground to see if there was any trace of footmarks. He was busily engaged in this task when a sudden shout from the negro made him look up.

What he saw made him feel sick at heart. Booboo had extracted from some mangrove bushes, close to the margin of the river, Harry Vaughan's game bag and a pith helmet which he had been wearing, and was holding them up to view.

In a moment Oswald had sprung to the negro's side, with a face as pale as death and said: 'Booboo, what is the meaning of this? Is it possible that some cruel natives can have taken my friend prisoner? Are there any robbers about in these jungles?'

The poor negro had turned almost green with anxiety or fright while the middy was rapidly pouring out these questions. At length he gasped out: 'Robber, Massa? No such ting am known on dis part of the coast; but, Massa!'—here Booboo convulsively clutched the young middy's arm—'I bery mosh afraid dat some rascal Arab slaver man hab catchee leetle buccra officer and take him in dere canoe up de riber. De Arab man, Massa, no care what him do to white or black man!'

'Then what shall we do?' exclaimed the midshipman, aghast; 'where do you suppose they——'

Oswald stopped short, for his eye had fallen upon two negroes who at a rapid pace were paddling a small canoe down the river. So strong was the current that the little craft appeared to fly; and the occupants, as they caught sight of the middy and Booboo, gave several loud shouts, and appeared to be endeavouring to steer the canoe in the direction of the clump of bamboos. Fearing that their intentions might be hostile, and that they were only the advance guard of a large force, Oswald seized his gun and held it pointed menacingly in their direction. Booboo did the same.

It soon became apparent, however, that the two negroes were friendly, for they made signs of amity, and appeared to be unarmed. In a few seconds they had run their canoe ashore close to the spot where our friends were standing, leaped out, and immediately accosted Booboo in some native dialect. Oswald, of course, understood not a word that was uttered, but he gathered from the vehement manner and numerous gesticulations of the speakers that they were imparting some important intelligence.

And so it proved.

Booboo listened in silence to his compatriots' story, and, as soon as it was finished, turned to Oswald with a scared and anxious face:

'Massa! these two men hab just come down the riber and dey say dat about one mile up de stream dey met seberal canoe, which am belong to one large slave dhow, dat it make anchor long way up. In one of de largest of dese canoe dey see one buccra leetle officer who am tied wid de coir rope, and look all like one white corpse. De slaver man shout to dem to keep out of de way, and say dat if they tell de 'tory of what him see in de canoe to any of de white man, dat der troat shall be cut at anoder time. De Arab no try to catch him at dat time, Massa, as de current am berry strong, and dey can do noddin. Now, Massa, it am quite plain dat dis leetle officer am Massa Vaughan, and de Arab teef hab carry him off when him sleep under de tree. Ah! de rascal teef what buy and sell de human flesh!' and Booboo shook his black fist angrily in the direction in which he believed the slavers to have gone.

Oswald had immediately made up his mind what he should do. Darra Salaam, where the Galatea was at anchor, was only two miles distant, and he would at once return to the ship and report what had happened. The negroes offered the use of their canoe, which was sufficiently large to hold four; and in the space of ten minutes or so she had been sent spinning down the river and guided alongside the sloop, when Oswald quickly gained the quarter-deck and informed the officer of the watch of what had happened.

A few minutes later the Galatea's blue-jackets were busily engaged in manning and arming boats, for it had been determined to at once despatch a powerful force up the river in order to rescue Harry Vaughan and capture the slaver. Every one worked with feverish energy, for it was well understood that the unfortunate young midshipman's life depended upon the celerity with which the expedition could be got underway. Captain Madden had decided himself to command the flotilla of boats, leaving the first lieutenant in charge of the Galatea. The force was to be conveyed in the steam pinnace, two cutters and the jolly-boat, and was to consist of fifty blue-jackets armed with cutlasses and revolvers, and twenty marines with their rifles and bayonets. The steam pinnace, which was to be commanded by the Captain in person, would take the other boats in tow, and was armed in the bows with a 9-pounder Armstrong gun.

In an hour's time all preparations had been made, steam was up in the pinnace, all the men told off for the expedition were in their places, and as Captain Madden, standing erect in the stern-sheets, gave the order 'Shove off forward!' a loud and hearty cheer was given by the men on board the sloop, which was energetically reciprocated by their comrades of the flotilla. The twin-screws turned ahead, and in a few minutes the line of boats was well inside the mouth of the river.

Oswald Graham had been told off—much to his own gratification—to accompany the Captain in the pinnace, and Booboo and the other two negroes, who were to act as pilots and interpreters, went in the same boat. The cutters were commanded by junior lieutenants with midshipmen under them. The tide had fortunately begun to flow when the expedition started—which was considered a good omen, and much facilitated the passage up the broad but tortuous Kingani river.

A bright outlook was kept by the officers, for it was thought probable that an attack might be made upon the boats at any moment, especially as there were many convenient creeks overhung with mangroves and palms, where canoes could easily lie in ambush without fear of discovery.

Oswald was full of excitement, and longed to cross swords with the cowardly slaver's men who had so cunningly and impudently kidnapped his chum. One terrible fear oppressed him, and that was that the Arabs, on learning that a relief expedition had been organised, would murder Harry Vaughan, and then retreat up the river, out of reach of an attack.

The sun began to get low in the heavens, and as the twilight in tropical regions is exceedingly brief, Booboo advised that before darkness set in the flotilla should anchor for the night. This, however, Captain Madden would not hear of. He was determined to push on at all hazards and promised the negroes a handsome reward if they safely piloted the boats before midnight to the spot where the slave dhow was supposed to be lying. It might be feasible to make a night attack, and so take the rascals by surprise.

As was soon brought forcibly home to the naval officers,

however, Arab slave-dealers are not very easily overreached in cunning or strategy.

Just as the blood-red sun was descending to the horizon amid a glorious assemblage of purple and golden clouds, it was perceived from the pinnace that a large canoe was approaching round a bend in the river. On perceiving the man-of-war boats the occupants hoisted a white flag and appeared to wish to communicate. The pinnace's engines were stopped, and in a few moments the canoe had dashed alongside. In her were three unprepossessing-looking Arabs, one of whom handed Captain Madden a letter. As it was written in Arabic characters the missive was handed to Booboo, who deciphered it as follows:

TO THE GREAT ENGLISH SEA CAPTAIN:

I, Mahomet Ben Ali, write these lines to inform you that the young officer who has fallen, by the will of the Prophet, into our hands, will be restored to his ship if the great sea captain will pay me £500, and allow my dhow to go to sea without molestation. Otherwise, the little officer's throat will be cut.

MAHOMET BEN ALI.

Great was Captain Madden's indignation on hearing the impudent message thus conveyed to him. He consulted for a few minutes with the other officers, and then turned to Booboo.

'Tell them,' he said, sternly, 'that I am willing to pay a ransom of £100 for the release of the young gentleman, provided that he is at once restored to us. As to my allowing the dhow to go to sea, I have no power to prevent her doing so if she is a lawful trader. If she is a slaver she must take her chance of being captured; but I will undertake that she is not molested while in the river, if Mahomet Ben Ali will agree to my proposition about Mr Vaughan.'

The envoys listened attentively while Booboo translated this message to them, and then, remarking that they thought it probable that their captain would agree to the proposed terms, they shoved off, and paddled up the river as hard as they could go.

The flotilla proceeded about a couple of miles further up the river, and then anchored in a convenient place to await the return of Mahomet Ben Ali's messengers. There now seemed every probability of a peaceful solution of the difficulty; and, though Oswald would have dearly loved a brush with the rascally slaver's men, and to have had a hand in capturing the dhow, he was immensely relieved to know that his chum Harry was alive, and that there was every chance of his being restored to them safe and sound that very night.

The brief tropical twilight had long since been merged in the gloomy shades of night, but there was a partial moon, which though occasionally obscured by driving masses of cloud, lit up the turbid, sullen current of the river and the nigrescent overhanging trees with a weird and ghostly glamour, which made the scene a very impressive one; and this was enhanced by the strange sounds that came ever and anon booming from the shadowy depths of the surrounding jungles, conspicuous among which was the reiterated howl of the hungry prowling jackal.

A bright look-out was kept for the expected messengers, but Oswald's keen eyes were the first to distinguish the phosphorescent gleam of the water at the canoe's bows, as she swept at a rapid pace around a projecting point, and steered for the spot where the flotilla was at anchor with lanterns displayed.

As the little craft approached every eye was strained to see if Harry Vaughan was in her, and a murmur of disappointment went round when it was seen that he was not a passenger by her. Nevertheless, the envoys brought satisfactory and peaceable news. The slaver captain—they informed Booboo—was willing to agree to Captain Madden's proposal, but he wished to receive the £100 before handing over his prisoner, and therefore begged that the Galatea's boats would proceed up the river and deliver the money on board the dhow, when the young midshipman would be at once returned unharmed to his countrymen.

To this proposition Captain Madden was fain to agree, and he was not averse to seeing with his own eyes what manner of vessel the dhow really was. Foreseeing that a sum of money might be required by the slavers, he had had the good sense to bring a considerable sum in English gold with him, and so there seemed to be no further difficulties to contend with. As for Oswald, he was overjoyed at the glad prospect of his friend's speedy release, for he could not conceal from himself that he had been responsible to a considerable extent for the disaster.

Anchors were at once weighed, and every preparation made for proceeding up the river. The envoys informed Booboo that the dhow was only ten miles further up, and that she was lying near the right bank with a light suspended from her yard. Captain Madden offered to tow these Arabs back to their vessel, but this they declined, and having pushed for the shore and disembarked, drew their light craft up on the bank, and immediately disappeared in the gloomy recesses of the adjacent forest.

Under the careful guidance of the black pilots the flotilla made rapid progress up stream, and the moonlight was sufficiently bright to allow of near objects being distinctly seen. In spite of the pacific overtures of Mahomet Ben Ali, it was thought prudent to be on the *qui vive* against a surprise, and a careful watch was kept on both banks as the boats swept onward. Nothing suspicious, however, was seen, and no sounds were audible but the puffing and throbbing of the steam pinnace's engines, as her bows clave the darkened waters; and the weird cries of the forest prowlers.

At length, shadowy and indistinct, the huge outline of the anchored dhow hove into sight, not a quarter of a mile distant. The pinnace's engines were now stopped, and the other boats were cast off and ordered to proceed under oars. Again the little steamer went ahead at half-speed, and every moment the dhow became more and more clearly defined in the ghostly light. How Oswald's young and affectionate heart beat with the happy anticipation of being the first to jump on board and assure his chum of his safety.

The huge, unwieldy vessel was lying about twenty yards from the right bank of the river, and, as the envoys had predicted, a lantern hung swinging from her yard. There seemed no signs of life on board, and, consequently, Captain Madden hailed in a loud tone and ordered Booboo to do the same. There was no response to this, but to the surprise of the onlookers a dark form was suddenly seen to drop in a hurried manner over the stern of the vessel into a canoe, and then paddle away hurriedly to the shore. Booboo shouted to this mysterious individual, but elicited no reply.

'Queer fellows, and no mistake!' ejaculated the captain; 'run us alongside the dhow,' he continued, turning to the coxswain.

In a moment the pinnace had dashed alongside, but much to the astonishment of the naval officers, there appeared to be an unaccountable and ominous silence reigning throughout the vessel.

Like lightning Oswald sprang up her side, for he was seized with a sudden misgiving which made him feel sick at heart. The captain and some of his followers followed suit.

The dhow was deserted!

There could be no doubt of this fact, for she was a large hollow, undecked vessel, and by the light of the moon every portion of her was revealed to the anxious scrutiny of the Galatea's officers. There was some ballast in her, but nothing more, as far as could be seen.

Poor Oswald, as pale as death, stood like a statue, surveying the scene with a piteous expression of grief upon his handsome young face. He could not collect himself to speak.

'The rascally villains have deceived us!' shouted the Captain, in a rage; 'where's that fellow that we saw making off in a canoe?'

'He has just landed, sir,' answered the coxswain of the pinnace; 'shall I pick him off with a rifle?'

'Shoot him down like a dog!' answered the Captain, emphatically.

The man was just about to disappear amid the trees as the bluejacket raised his rifle; but, as if some sudden thought had occurred to him, he paused for a moment and glanced back in the direction of the dhow. The act was fatal to him, for the coxswain took advantage of the movement to cover him with his rifle. There was a sharp report, and the Arab fell heavily forward upon his face—a corpse.

Little knew the naval officers at that moment how richly this villain had deserved the tragical fate that overtook him thus precipitately!

Oswald and some of the bluejackets began making a systematic search of the dhow, while the captain conferred with the officers in the cutters as to the best course to pursue. Booboo, meanwhile, was holding an earnest conversation with the negro pilots, who were evidently much excited at the unexpected turn affairs had taken, and kept pointing vehemently in the direction of that portion of the forest which lay upon the right bank.

At length Booboo approached Captain Madden. 'Dis pilot man say, Massa Captain,' he began, 'dat the rascal teef what am own de dhow hab all make run away into de jongle, and take leetle Massa Vaughan wid dem, but him say dere is one large fortify village not bery far from dis, and him make sore dat de slaver man hab run away dere, and Massa Captain like dey can——'

The rest of the Booboo's speech was cut short by an appalling yell from the bows of the vessel where Oswald Graham and his party had made their way. Then the middy and his followers rushed aft with blanched faces.

'What's the matter, my boy?' demanded the Captain, drawing a revolver.

'Gunpowder!—fuse!—fired!' gasped Oswald in terrified tones.

Instinctively the Captain grasped his meaning. 'Into the boats, every one!' he thundered. 'Your lives depend upon your celerity, but let there be no confusion!'

With great presence of mind the men obeyed these orders, and scarcely had the boats quitted the dhow's side than a fearful explosion rent the air. Into the darkness of the midnight sky shot a huge mass of flame accompanied by eddying dense volumes of grey smoke, amid which were hurled innumerable fragments of the ill fated vessel, which quickly descended about the boats in a perfect storm. Fortunately, no serious damage was done, but several men were wounded by the falling woodwork and other débris.

There was now no longer any doubt as to the mission of the solitary Arab whose corpse lay in the dark grass on the river's brink. He had been deputed to remain on board till the flotilla was sighted, with orders to light a train which would blow up the dhow just after the arrival of the Galatea's party on board. By the mercy of Providence, this diabolical plot had not taken effect in the way that had been intended, for not a single life had been lost. It had, however, been an extremely narrow escape.

It was at once determined to land the force and march upon the village, which was only a couple of miles distant, without delay, in the hopes of taking the inhabitants by surprise. Booboo and the pilots offered to act as guides, and leaving the boats in charge of an armed party, with orders to anchor out in the stream, the remainder of the force set off along a beaten track through the jungle, which led—the negroes affirmed—straight to the village, whither it was supposed the slaver's men had fled.

Poor Oswald's feelings on realising the extreme jeopardy in which his chum stood may be imagined. With pale face and set teeth he marched on with his company, inwardly praying that they might yet be in time to save him from the clutches of the ruthless Arabs who had kidnapped him with such deliberate cruelty.

It soon became evident that it would not be possible to take the village by surprise, for the jungle was infested with small bodies of the enemy, who, as opportunity offered, opened a desultory fire upon the advancing bluejackets and marines from behind the cover of the trees, but this was promptly and effectively returned by the naval brigade, who poured in galling volleys from their deadly rifles, which drove the skulking foe to seek shelter further in the bush. Fortunately, too, the jungle was soon left behind, and the force found itself on an open, cultivated stretch of country, dotted with fruit trees, which seemed to point to the proximity of a native village.

No enemy was visible, and advancing at the double, Captain Madden and his men soon had the satisfaction of beholding the palisaded settlement, where Harry Vaughan was believed to be incarcerated.

'Forward, men!' roared the captain. 'A sovereign for the first man over that palisade!'

The thin line of determined men swept on to the attack—the weird moonlight illuminating their rugged, resolute faces and glistening on rifle barrel, cutlass and bayonet. The advance was made in grim silence, for orders had been issued to that effect.

The oppressive stillness which reigned for a time supreme was suddenly broken by the inhabitants of the village, who, crowding up inside the palisade, uttered terrific yells of anger and defiance, and brandished their weapons with menacing gestures. Then came gushing from their musket barrels the ruddy death-flames, and ping, ping, sang the bullets about the heads of the advancing brigade. Fortunately, however, firearms were scarce among the garrison, the majority being armed with spears and swords. The marksmen, too, were very indifferent shots, and but few of their bullets found a billet.

Calmly and deliberately the seamen and marines poured in a withering volley, which did tremendous execution amid the ranks of their opponents. Then, with fixed bayonets they swept on to engage the foe hand-to-hand, led by Captain Madden, who, waving his sword over his head, shouted to them to follow him to death or victory.

Feeling secure in the power of their numbers and in the strength of their deep ditch and palisades, however, the Arabs and their allies stood their ground with wonderful tenacity, and seemed nothing loth to join in a general melée. They had not long to wait, for under a galling fire from above, the gallant seamen and marines threw themselves into the ditch, and a few moments later were clambering over the awkward palisades, in spite of the furious endeavours of the enemy to frustrate the attempt. Oswald, excited beyond measure at the stirring scenes in which he was taking a part, and anxious to distinguish himself in the attempt to rescue his brother midshipman, had managed to keep well to the front during the attack, and assisted by a couple of bluejackets, who warded off the numerous blows that were aimed at the plucky youngster's head, was the first to place foot on the other side of the palisades. Fortunately, he was promptly followed by a score of men, or his life would undoubtedly have been sacrificed to the fury of the enraged Arabs.

The latter made a strenuous resistance, but it was of no avail. The Galatea's men carried all before them and fought with such splendid *élan* and dash that after a few minutes' desperate resistance the villagers turned and fled in the greatest consternation, throwing away their arms and everything that would serve to impede their flight.

A strict search for Harry Vaughan was made throughout the village, but to the general horror no traces of him could be found in any of the houses, and the prisoners resolutely refused to answer any questions. For more than an hour was the quest continued with the same disappointing results. Then the force was divided up into parties, who were told off to scour the adjacent country in hopes of finding some clue in connection with the missing midshipman. Of one of these parties, Oswald accompanied by Booboo, took command and made a careful search of that portion of jungle which lay adjacent to the village. All seemed in vain, and the young middy, sick at heart, was about to withdraw his men from what seemed a hopeless task, when he suddenly spied a dark figure descending a huge tree not many yards distant. In spite of the uncertain light he instantly recognised the figure of his chum, and with a wild cry of delight rushed forward to meet him.

It was indeed Harry Vaughan, and what is more, he was quite unhurt, in spite of the many dangers he had encountered. While the garrison had been making their preparations for defence he had managed to give them the slip; but when climbing over the palisades was observed by some of the Arabs, who instantly gave chase. Being a fleet-footed boy, however, he kept well ahead of his pursuers, and on reaching the jungle managed to climb into a sheltering tree, where he lay in safety, but was afraid to descend for fear of again falling into the hands of the cruel Arabs. My readers may imagine how happy the two midshipmen felt as they steamed down the river again to Darra Salaam, and how thankful those who had been left on board the Galatea were when they learned of the success of the expedition.

ARTHUR LEE.

WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE?

WHY don't the men propose, mamma?
Why don't the men propose?
Each seems just coming to the point,
And then away he goes;
It is no fault of yours, mamma,
That everybody knows;
You fête the finest men in town,
Yet, oh! they won't propose.

I'm sure I've done my best, mamma,
To make a proper match;
For coronets and eldest sons
I'm ever on the watch;
I've hopes when some *distingué* beau
A glance upon me throws;
But though he'll dance and smile and flirt,
Alas! he won't propose.

I've tried to win by languishing,
And dressing like a blue;
I've bought big books and talk'd of them
As if I'd read them through!
With hair crop'd like a man, I've felt
The heads of all the beaux;
But Spurzheim could not touch their hearts,
And oh! they won't propose.

I threw aside the books and thought
That ignorance was bliss;
I felt convinced that men preferr'd
A simple sort of Miss;
And so I lisp'd out nought beyond
Plain 'yesses' or plain 'noes,'
And wore a sweet unmeaning smile;
Yet, oh! they won't propose.

Last night, at Lady Ramble's rout,
I heard Sir Henry Gale
Exclaim, 'Now I propose again—'
I started turning pale;
I really thought my time was come,
I blushed like any rose;
But oh! I found 'twas only at
Ecarté he'd propose.

And what is to be done, mamma?
Oh! what is to be done?
I really have no time to lose,
For I am thirty-one.
At balls I am too often left
Where spinsters sit in rows;
Why don't the men propose, mamma?
Why don't the men propose?

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

NEW PRESERVING METHOD.

A GENTLEMAN of Chicago has announced the discovery of a compound powerfully effective in preserving animal and vegetable tissues. The preparation is supposed to consist of some form of sulphur, in combination with sassafras, cinnamon, and certain essential oils. The method of use is very simple. All that is necessary is a pint and a half of the compound and a box sufficiently large to contain ten gallons of pure air; the body is placed in the box, which must be air-tight, on supports, so that the gas will circulate freely about it. The compound is then lighted, and the box closed for twenty-four hours. The combustion of the compound produces displacement; it consumes the vapours from the body, and the displaced gases are replaced by the antiseptic gas. Fruit, legs of mutton, etc., subjected to the process, and thus kept for months, were found to remain perfectly sweet and wholesome.

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BULL-FIGHTING IN MEXICO.

It has been recently declared by Mr Seton-Karr that in Mexico it is rare to find that any horse has been killed in sight of the spectators. A correspondent writes:—A year ago last February, my brother and I, when in the city of Mexico, were present for about forty-five minutes one afternoon in the principal amphitheatre in the city (that on the left of the Parso, going away from the Almeda). During that time we saw two bulls receive their *coups-de-grace*, having killed between them four horses in full view of the spectators, and a horrid exhibition it was. This is the only bull-fight I have witnessed, but I was told by several *habitués* that it was nothing unusual. In this case the horses were not blindfolded, although they were furnished with visors, which could be lowered over the eyes. I may add that in the city the usual duration of a bull-fight is two to two and a-half hours, during which six or seven bulls are killed, unless, as occasionally happens, the bulls won't fight.

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IS THE DIAMOND A METEORITE?

The material in which diamonds are often found embedded resembles that of fallen meteorites, and a black meteoric stone which fell in Russia was actually found to contain a number of small crystal diamonds. The really useful commercial diamond is only found in a zone running through Southern Asia, South Africa, and South America, where the conditions of the surrounding earth often seem to confirm the aerolite theory. In South Africa the majority of the diamonds are found at a good depth below the surface, and the burnt track of the meteorite may frequently be traced in the soft soil. On the other hand, particularly in Brazil, mines are heard of which have become completely exhausted after a short working, pointing to the probable circumstance that the diamond carrying meteors have, in this case, been of comparatively small size, or have fallen upon extremely hard rocks, on which they have at once been dashed to pieces.

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RAIN BETTING IN INDIA.

In England horse-racing is the favourite object of the gambling propensities of mankind; in India it is 'Sutta,' or what is called rain-betting. Calcutta seems to be quite as much addicted as Bombay to this kind of excitement. On a Saturday night in last July it is stated that a very large sum of money changed hands in the former city among the Marwaris and others who congregate in Burra Bazaar, Cotton Street, and other busy haunts. Bets were made on the question whether the long-looked for rain would fall on Saturday night, and the Marwari who maintained the affirmative won, it is said, by exactly thirty minutes. 'It was a close thing' (adds this account), and the excitement as midnight approached and a storm was seen to be racing up from the bay is described as having been intense. Another half-hour of the rainless suffocating weather which has never relaxed during the past three weeks, and the speculating public would have 'spoiled the Egyptians.'

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ELECTRICITY AND OPTICS.

Some one who is anxious to anticipate events has asked —Why not replace the glass of which the object lenses of telescopes is formed, and which is only a medium transmitting light at a different velocity from air, by a properly-constructed electric field? It is conceivable that an electric field fifty feet in diameter could be arranged. Just what the nature of this field should be, with our present knowledge, we cannot say, but some day it will be known, and then the secrets of the other planets will be ours. Ether (says a technical paper) is now paramount with experimentalists; some day it will form the basis of all electrical text books. We seem to be on the verge of discovering something really great in the world of ether. The early experiments of Faraday, the marvellous mathematical researches of Maxwell, and the crowning experiments of Hertz, all show the intimate relations which exist between electricity and light. They have so entirely changed our views of science that it has been truly said that electricity has annexed the whole domain of optics.

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PAUPERISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

Pauperism and the United States are ideas which it is difficult for the mind to associate; nevertheless the census returns show us that pauperism is there not wholly unknown. Some of the American paupers are supported by contract with private persons, who receive them on their farms or places of residence. Others are maintained in public almshouses, and of this class of poor there are now 73,045, which is less, however, by some 5,000 than the figures in 1880, when the population was little over 50,000,000. Of this number the negroes and mulattos count for 6,418, the Indians for 36, and the Chinese for 13. It is amusing to note the reluctance in America to call these institutions 'almshouses'—our term 'workhouses' is, of course, unknown. In Arizona (says Mr Howard Wines), in California, Colorado, and Nevada they are termed 'hospitals;' in Ohio, 'infirmaries;' in Indiana, 'asylums;' and in North Carolina the names of most almshouses were changed by a recent Act of the Legislature to 'homes for the aged and infirm.'

THE HOME OF THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE.

SHIRAZ is a Persian town, the name of which is associated with some of the most romantic episodes of Oriental literature. It has many most interesting features about it, with much that is charming in its surroundings. The site lies upon a very fertile plain, and its rose gardens scent the air for miles around. These together with its nightingales inspire many of the songs of two of Persia's most celebrated poets, Hafiz and Saadi, who were both born at Shiraz, and lie buried there, their tombs being held in great veneration by all the people.

A Scotch artist thus describes a day spent at Shiraz: He had permission to paint in the Governor's house and in his courtyard and garden. While he was sketching, the Governor asked him to paint his portrait. While he sat for the portrait he transacted his legal and court business, with scribes and secretaries squatted around him and the artist. The administration of justice was a remarkably expeditious process. No time is spent over long-winded discussions on legal points or in trying and sentencing criminals. There is no weak indecision or red tapeism about the Begler Begi; he makes up his mind in a minute as to the merits or demerits of every case and claim; no one dares argue with him, and with a sign he orders here a nose and there an ear to be cut off, or so many sticks to be broken over some poor wretch's feet.

The Governor posed very well for his portrait considering his official distractions. Suddenly eight or ten men rushed into the courtyard or garden, and a letter was placed by them on the ground, containing the news that his father, who was leading an expedition against some robbers, had captured both the robbers and the village where they had been harboured. Drums were beat, and singers went about the town chanting the praise of the father's bravery and skill. Strolling dancers, who had heard the good news, entered the garden with monkeys, in order to give a performance, but they were dismissed with a present.

Breakfast was then suddenly announced. Water in a silver basin and a towel were produced. The usual custom in Persia is to eat squatted on the floor, but, in deference to the stranger, a table had been provided. Round the edge of the cloth, which was a fine cashmere fabric, was laid a continuous row of thin flat loaves, overlapping each other. Each loaf was of the shape of a pancake, of about three feet long to one and a half broad. These pancake loaves serve at once as plates, cloth protectors, and bread. About one dozen china basins held as many kinds of edibles. There was 'mutton broth, with mutton floating amongst the fat, roast knuckles of bone, balls of meat and vegetables in green gravy, roast lamb with prunes (a first-rate dish), two curries, vegetable marrow preserved in honey and sugar, dates, butter with the sour milk remaining in it, pancakes, etc., and, in front of the host, a huge plate of rice.' There were three at breakfast; directly eating began talking ceased, and the whole meal was finished in silence. As a matter of courtesy, dainty bits selected from different basins were piled upon the guest's plate, and there being no 'courses,' the plate was soon filled with an olla-podrida of mutton, dates, pancakes, rice, butter, etc. Basins and silver ewers of deliciously-scented rose water were at hand, and all indications of having eaten a typical Persian breakfast, without knives and forks were at once removed. This over, the kalione, or water-pipe (the constant companion of man, woman and boy in Persia), was handed round.

The artist's servant having received a hint from one of the attendants that the garden would be required in the afternoon, when the artist saw black servants coming with gilt cages containing nightingales, he took the hint and left. The Governor's wives intended to spend the afternoon in eating sweets among the roses, and the garden had to be made, if possible, more lovely and pleasant than it generally was. The beauty of the garden beggared description. It is surrounded by a wall twenty feet high, ponds with goldfish being cunningly distributed throughout it, and the air is heavy with the fragrance of roses, lilacs, orange trees, verbenas, and lilies. The perches of the nightingales' cages that were carried into the garden were wrapped round with turkey red cloth, and the floors of the cages covered with a like material. The modest-looking bird appears out of all harmony with its surroundings.' The cages are hung among the orange trees, and the voices of the little prisoners soon attract the wild birds. By sunset the garden has a melodious chorus, singing 'in full-throated ease,' and the music lasted long into the clearest of moonlight nights.

'Far off, and where the lemon grove
In closest coverture upsprung,
The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung.'

Thus it is in Shiraz to-day as 'it was in the golden time of good Haroun Alraschid.'

JAPANESE SWORDSMEN.

THE pictures and carvings of Japan, as a rule, present their warriors armed with two swords, one on each side. This two-sword matter is more a part of ceremony and state than anything else. When a Japanese means business he needs only one sword. They are not so skilful of fence as the Europeans, but nevertheless have a number of cuts and slashes which, being in their nature so many surprises, would give a swordsman unused to their methods some little trouble.

The first move a Jap makes in a sword fight is fraught with danger to his opponent. There are no preliminaries with a Jap. The fight begins with him while his blade is yet in his scabbard, and as he draws his weapon wisdom will give him about forty feet of room. Grasping the scabbard near the centre he slightly tilts it so that the point of the sword as it hangs by his side is, if anything, a little higher than the hilt. The sword itself is curved, very heavy, and with its single edge is keen as twenty razors. When he draws it streams from the scabbard like a beam of light, and as it comes he makes a prodigious step forward with his right foot, accompanying the whole with a rapid circular slash upward of the back-handed sort. The whole performance is one motion, and rapid in its execution as thought.

Your Jap will reach a man a dozen feet away, and the keen blade starting its work low will split an opponent like a mackerel. A Japanese swordsman always make this upward sweep on drawing his weapon, whether an enemy is in sight or not.

WHY COLONIAL GIRLS MARRY.

BY A CANADIAN LADY.

AN Englishman once said to me, 'I cannot understand why so many of our fellows, who have had no thought of marriage while in England, become engaged directly they go to your Canadian stations.' Since then I have heard the question many times discussed, but seldom is the real reason given. That it is an undoubted fact that almost every regiment and man-o'-war leaving Halifax after the term of service has expired carries away with it some fair lady to a new home, few people who know anything of the matter will be prepared to deny. The reason is not far to seek. It does not lie in the girls themselves—they are no prettier, wittier, wealthier, or more well-bred than their English sisters—but in the home life and social life that surrounds them.

To begin with the home life. Almost every girl, whether rich or poor, is brought up to be helpful and energetic at home. Servants are hard to keep, and as the experienced ones drift off to the States, those left require careful training from their mistresses. Of necessity, then, every mistress must not only know how things ought to look when well done, but must be able to show her servants how to do them. This necessity is an excellent thing for the girls themselves; it makes them self-reliant, quickens their perceptions and gives them a knowledge of household management which, while it will enable them to marry poor men, will fit them no less for rich men's wives. A Canadian girl from long practice has learnt the art of doing much at home with her own hands, and yet not being dragged down by it as by a burden too great to bear, but taking it all cheerily as part of the day's work, in no way interfering with her pursuits and amusements.

Then the social life, too, helps to influence her character, and I think with a better result than the social life of the upper middle class in England. The amusements are so varied; the life, though by no means as wildly unconventional as many people believe, is so free. A girl brought up to join in many of her brother's amusements—such as canoeing, lobster-spearing, fishing, and boating in summer, and skating, tobogganing, and snow-shoeing in winter—becomes more of a companion to him, and mixes more among his friends, than any girl has a chance of doing in England; unless, perhaps, she be the daughter of some country squire. This does not tend to lessen her womanliness, though it perhaps adds to it some of the attributes of a man. She no longer looks upon man either as her natural enemy or her natural prey, but is more than content to hail him as a friend with whom she has much in common. Most men are glad to meet her on these terms, knowing that neither she nor her friends will imagine he is in love with her simply because he drops in more than once to have a chat in her father's house. In many cases a friendship does ripen into love with the consent of both parties, but the friendship is not begun with that end in view. Another remark made in England is that it is wonderful to see men of good English family anxious to marry the daughters of large tradesmen or merchants. It must be remembered that in a new country everybody works. There is no rule of primogeniture here. Most of the merchants and tradesmen whose daughters marry gentlemen are themselves well educated and very likely come of some good old Scotch or English stock.

In conclusion, one little word of advice to English parents. If the pretty, ladylike girls one sees about in England were only brought up to be a little more useful with their hands and heads, so that they might be able to live on small incomes if occasion required, and if society would encourage more friendly intercourse between the sexes than is possible at present—when a man needs to be engaged to a girl before he can study her character!—I think we should have no need of the magazine articles and letters to the papers which are all too prevalent in England now on the vital question of 'Why don't men marry?'

K.C.B.

DREAMING OF HOME.

IT comes to me often in silence,
When the firelight sputters low—
When the black, uncertain shadows
Seem wraiths of the long ago;
Always with a throb of heartache
That thrills each pulsive vain,
Comes the old, unquiet longing
For the peace of home again.

I am sick of the roar of cities,
And of faces cold and strange;
I know where there's warmth of welcome,
And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead,
With an aching sense of pain.
But there'll be joy in the coming
When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music
That never may die away,
And it seems the hands of angels,
On a mystic harp, at play,
Have touched with a yearning sadness
On a beautiful broken strain,
To which is my fond heart wording—
When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window
Is the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the autumn shadows
Come drifting, drifting in.
Sobbing, the night wind murmurs
To the splash of the autumn rain;
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH, M.P.

WITH the death of Mr W. H. Smith, the greatest of English booksellers, the present Conservative Government of England loses one of its most solid and consistent pillars of support. It was curious that a man sprung from the trading class should have become an exponent of the policy of the privileged stratum of society, but this fact represents the change which has come over the face of English Conservatism in the last generation and the wholesome tendency of English politics. Instead of rending itself rudely away from all sympathy with the people it prefers to bridge over the chasm by the importation to its ranks of brilliant *litterateurs* such as Disraeli, or substantial shopkeepers such as the deceased statesman here noticed.

Mr Smith's great position in public life was due to the fact not that he was a man of vast wealth combined with commanding ability, but that he represented 'the Man in the Street' as that man has never been represented before. France worshipped Voltaire and Victor Hugo, because they typified the two highest French ideals of human genius and character. Mr Smith typified all the ideals of 'the Man in the Street.' Wealth, respectability, propriety in thought, word, and deed, sobriety, of expression, correctness of bearing, smooth, conciliatory civility, attentive business habits, and an entire absence of any outward sign of genius, intellectual brilliancy, literary and scientific culture; these are some of the qualities that made Mr Smith what he was, Mr Spenlow it will be remembered, argued that as the price of wheat had never been higher than when Doctors Commons was in the plenitude of its power, so if you touched 'the Commons' you would ruin the country. England has, as 'a nation of shopkeepers,' grown rich and powerful under the guidance of the type of mind which has reached its apotheosis in Mr W. H. Smith; to challenge his right to lead the House of Commons was to ruin the Empire. Walt Whitman now-a-days admits that Democracy is eliminating 'something that gives the last majesty to man.' In giving Mr Smith as the leader of the House of Commons, Democracy invested the Representative Chamber with a halo of bourgeois domestic virtue. But it must be allowed that it has also eliminated from it the last element of Imperial dignity, by the assumption of which leaders of the classical school created the illusion that the House of Commons was a modern reproduction of the Roman Senate. Nobody could possibly mistake Mr Smith for what Montague Tigg termed a 'toga-like Roman.'

Saiute Beuve said of Louis XIV. that he had good sense, and that in having it he had a good deal that went to make success in life. Perhaps this is the only respect in which the Leader of the House of Commons and newly-appointed Warden of the Cinque Ports resembled the kingliest of kings. His career, indeed, was the triumph of common sense and of the patient industry so often associated with that admirable quality.

To begin with, Mr Smith had never been above his business. The son of a rich man who made a fortune as a newspaper-vendor, he enjoyed all the educational advantages that money could bestow; yet he did not despise the sources of his fortune—on the contrary, he set himself to develop them. At an age when the heirs of opulent tradesmen leave school or college to waste their lives on sport or playing at soldiers, varied by baccarat, Mr Smith set himself to 'stick to the shop,' on Richardson's principle that if one does so, the chances are that the shop will stick to him. And it did. Mr Smith, by hard and unattractive work, acquired a very competent knowledge of every branch of the great business of which he was for so many years the presiding genius—a business which gave him in the end the same sort of influence, direct and indirect, over the electors of Westminster, which a feudal baron wielded over his vassals. When he contested Westminster against the late Mr John Stuart Mill, he was supported on the broad ground that he was a safe man without much brain, opposing a man with too much brain who was by no means safe. His victory surprised the country. In the House of Commons this enlightened view of the Westminster election prevailed. Mr Smith, at all events, would not lecture it with an air of aggravating superiority, and the man who had delivered it from Mr Mill was sure of a warm welcome. From the outset Mr Smith's success was assured. He entered Parliament at a time which was most favourable for those who were party men without partisanship—politicians without politics. No other man could have been got with Mr Smith's local influence and bottomless purse to rock in the cradle of Registration such a constituency as Westminster was till it was broken up by the last Reform Act, and few men ever entered Parliament with feebler political prepossessions.

Mr Smith had the art of conciliating opponents, and he practised it without ceasing. He expressed a general antipathy to reforms, but in a manner which left even Radicals sorrowful because they had not succeeded in converting such a good and worthy soul, so obviously reasonable that very little was needed to convert him. He was soon discovered to be of an obliging disposition. He was always ready to do anybody little friendly services. Whenever duty that involved drudgery fell to eminent politicians of his own side, Mr Smith was ever willing to take much of it on himself. Very soon he came to be looked on as the general utility man of the Conservative party, and his service on Committees and in facilitating the transaction of non contentious business gradually made him a *persona grata* to men on both sides of the House, who believe, with Macaulay, that compromise is the essence of politics. He developed, moreover, a very pretty talent for negotiation, and in time when intrigues had to be carried on with sickly Liberals, it was found that nobody could approach them with a manner that was more caressing and less alarming than the member for Westminster. For a long time he seemed to live by gnawing Blue-books, and he 'got up' the details of financial administration pretty thoroughly. About this period it became clear to his leaders that they would find life much pleasanter if they had such a useful and amiable person for a colleague rather than a critic, and so Mr Smith went into office as Financial Secretary to the Treasury, where again his complaisant manners and imperturbable temper strengthened his hold on official life.

In his first great office, that of First Lord of the Admiralty, he was, however, less successful, and there was a time when it seemed as if Mr Smith's career had ended with the fall of that famous Beaconsfield Administration, which contrived, like the Yankee editor, to make so many big men out of small material. The spirit of the Fourth Party was abroad, and it was in conflict with those forces of order and decorum of which Mr Smith was the most oppressive representative. But again Mr Smith was 'in luck's way.' When that spirit triumphed, and all the virtues of the Tory Party went down before all the talents, an unexpected accident happened. The vanity and caprice which caused the collapse of Lord Randolph Churchill's leadership, together with the chattering of the Opposition, and the strong rivalry among Conservative politicians, each eager to wrest the leadership of the Commons from his neighbour, told in favour of Mr Smith. Nor was Mr Smith unworthy of support. He worked hard. He smoothed down everybody who got ruffled in controversy. In time he amused the House by the air of complete earnestness with which he uttered the most respectable commonplaces on the most solemn and critical occasions; and if a man has not genius, there is no better way of gaining the favour of the House of Commons than by affording it a little innocent amusement at one's own expense.

The following are the salient features in the political career of the deceased statesman. He was the son of Mr William Henry Smith, of the Strand, London, and Bournemouth, Hampshire, bookseller, publisher, and news-agent, was born in Duke-street, Grosvenor Square, London, June 24th, 1825. He was educated at the Grammar School, Tavistock, and became, in due course, a partner in the well-known firm in the Strand. In July, 1865, he unsuccessfully contested Westminister in the Conservative interest, but his candidature was renewed with success in November, 1858, when he defeated Mr John Stuart Mill. He continued to sit for Westminister down to 1885, when, after the Redistribution Act, he was returned for the Strand, being again elected in 1886. He was Financial Secretary of the Treasury from February, 1874, till August 8, 1877, when he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, in succession to the late Mr Ward Hunt. He went out of office on the retirement of the Conservatives in April, 1880, and was appointed Secretary of State for War in 1885 on the formation of the Salisbury Conservative Government in June of that year. On the resignation of Sir William Hart Dyke in January, 1886, Mr W. H. Smith was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, but the Salisbury Government fell immediately afterwards, and he held the appointment for only six days. In Lord Salisbury's second administration he was appointed Secretary of State for War. When the Ministry was reconstructed on the resignation of Lord R. Churchill, Mr Smith became First Lord of the Treasury and Leader of the House of Commons.

THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH, M.P.

JENNY LIND.

THE Rev. H. R. Haweis, writing of Jenny Lind, says that a life of more ideal completeness than that of hers it is hardly possible to imagine. All its aims were worthy; all were achieved; rise, development, progress, culmination, immense gifts, numerous opportunities, a great example of honest work and spotless integrity, and a splendid legacy of benefactions innumerable, in the shape of hospitals, schools, and institutes founded by her own unaided efforts, in addition to unknown and unnumbered private bounties. Such is the record of Jenny Lind's life, and it has assuredly not been written in vain.

The phases of this unique career seem to follow each other with an almost dramatic propriety and scenic completeness. She appears to us on her way attended by the clamour, and heat, and vociferous applause of the surging multitude. But she moves like one all robed in white—a saintly presence, inspired, somnambulistic, and unconscious of the lower world—with eyes raised heavenwards, absorbed only in her most perfect and all purifying work; passing through a troubled and polluted world of chicanery and lust—as a beam of sunlight passes into the depths of foul and noisome caverns, yet without contracting any stain. She seems to me at once the most real and the most ideal creature ever born.

I can see the little plain girl of nine years old, with her sensitive face and spare figure—shrinking, suspicious, not kindly treated at home, but ever singing to herself and her cat 'with the blue ribbon,' both seated in the deep window niche. The passers-by stop to listen: the good Herr Credius, Court singing [master is attracted, will have her officially trained. Behold, the incredulous and severe Herr Puke, who will hardly consent to listen to the little girl, and then bursts out crying at the exquisite pathos of the child's voice. What a gift of tears, what *larmes dans le gosier* she had! How many more were to cry at that voice in the coming years!

Little Jenny is at last installed as pupil, under official auspices, to be taught 'piano, religion, French, history, geography, writing, arithmetic, and drawing,' and so trained for the stage. She meets with kind people—specially her maternal grandmother, who impresses her sensitive, eager heart with that steady moral principle and those deep religious feelings which, as the years lengthened, became her most striking characteristics. At first Jenny seemed destined for the spoken drama; she was by nature a consummate actress—such abandon and spontaneity. But her extraordinary voice asserted itself irresistibly. It was said by a great critic, 'If she had not been the greatest singer, she would still have been the greatest actress of the age. She was destined to be both. At eighteen, her singing-mistress listened to her in silence one day; Jenny had been doing her very best to please her, and felt disappointed at no least word of approval. 'Am I then so stupid?' she said, with a little pout. 'My child,' said her mistress, while the tears coursed down her own cheeks, 'I have nothing to teach you; do as Nature tells you.'

SIX HUNDRED FEET OF FROZEN GROUND.

SCIENTIFIC men have been perplexed for many years over the phenomenon of a certain well at Yakutsk, Siberia. A Russian merchant in 1828 began to dig the well, but he gave up the task three years later, when he had dug down thirty feet, and was still in solidly frozen soil. Then the Russian Academy of Sciences dug away at the well for months, but ceased when it had reached a depth of 382 feet, and the ground was still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1844 the Academy had the temperature of the excavation carefully taken at various depths, and from these data it was estimated that the ground was frozen to a depth of 612 feet. Although the pole of the greatest cold is in this province of Yakutsk, not even the terrible severity of the Siberian winters could freeze the ground to a depth of over 600 feet. Geologists have decided that the frozen valley of the lower Lena is a formation of the glacial period. They believe, in short, that it froze solidly then, and has never since had a chance to thaw out.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE KING OF MILLINERS.

I AM, says Mr Worth, as is well known, an Englishman. I was born in the town of Bourne in Lincolnshire. My parents desired that I should become a printer, and accordingly, at the age of thirteen, they apprenticed me to learn that trade. But I always had a great dislike to the occupation, having an instinctive repugnance to soiling my fingers. I only remained seven months in that position, for the dream of my life at that time was to go to London. Chancing to know a gentleman who was then a solicitor in Parliament street, I wrote to him begging him to find some position for me in the capital. He interested himself in me, and induced the dry goods firm of Swan and Edgar to give me a post in their establishment, where I remained for seven years. I was always treated with great kindness and consideration by the heads of the house. On one occasion (my health in my youth always having been very delicate) I was attacked with inflammation of the lungs, and owe, I think, my recovery to the watchful care and attentions of Mrs Edgar herself.

But my position was not one in which I was able to gratify my natural tastes and aspirations. I was kept at desk work, and was sent to match samples of goods, or to make payments, or to deposit money in banks. My great delight was in inspecting the cases of dresses, cloaks and bonnets that were sent over from Paris as models, and I used to give hints about trimmings and alterations, etc., which were found to be valuable; and so my taste and opinions came to be frequently consulted. I was wont in those days to talk a great deal to the buyers, who were sent from London to Paris, about matters and things in the latter city. A visit to Paris was then no small undertaking. The actual journey took two days and a half each way, so that the buyers from the house of Swan and Edgar used to consume from sixteen to seventeen days for each visit.

Finally, Paris became the goal of my aspirations, as London had formerly been. I used to spend my evenings in the study of French, and whenever any French customers visited the shop, I invariably sought them out and tried my best to talk with them. One of my customers went into business at Caen, and I was in hopes that he would take me into partnership, but on being disappointed in that quarter, I resolved upon going to Paris and trying my fortune there at all hazards. I had no idea of where I should go or what I should do when I got there. But I was so fortunate as to secure a position almost immediately, in the house of Messrs Gagelin and Co., in the Rue Richelieu, then one of the most extensive and best-known establishments of its kind in Paris. I arrived there in the year 1846. Two years later came the revolution which overturned the throne of Louis Philippe, and affairs went very ill till after the establishment of the Empire. But by that time I had made my way in the house and had been appointed director of the cloak department, being shortly after taken into partnership.

At that time the Maison Gagelin did not make dresses, it being considered derogatory to the dignity of the house to do so. The few therefore that I supplied were made outside under my supervision, by a dressmaker in my own employ. In fact my actions were subjected to so many restrictions, and such vehement objections were made to all my efforts to extend the business, that I finally quitted the firm and went into business for myself. This was in the year 1858. My partner was a Swedish gentleman, M. Bobergh, and the firm continued to be Worth and Bobergh till the fatal year of the Franco-German war, which saw inaugurated my house as Worth alone. Before I left the Maison Gagelin, the firm counted many clients at the Imperial Court, although the house was looked upon as decidedly Legitimist in character, as it dated from the days of Marie Antoinette, and had hanging on the walls of its chief reception-room a drawing in India ink of that queen coming to shop there soon after the accession of Louis XVI. It was extensively patronised by the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, and one of them introduced me to the Countess Pourtalés, through whose influence I first submitted one of my creations to the Empress. It was a walking dress in grey taffetas trimmed with black velvet ribbons, the skirt and jacket made to match, which was then an entirely new idea, though the style has since become so universal. The Empress admired it extremely. 'But, M. Worth,' she said, 'I should not like to be seen in public in so novel a costume. I must wait till some one else has appeared in it; for in my position I ought not to attempt to set the fashion. I must be content with following it.' So the Countess de Portalés took the dress, and six months later I made one precisely like it for the Empress, which she wore at the Vincennes races. She was then in slight mourning for her sister, the Duchess d'Alba, and I furnished her at the same time with a house dress in black moire antique, cut princess, that is to say, with skirt and corsage in one piece, the first dress ever made in that style. This was the first order for my imperial custom that I ever filled.

Before this epoch I had taken medals at the International Exhibitions of London, in 1851, and of Paris, in 1855. This was whilst I was still at the Maison Gagelin. My exhibit at the first Paris Exhibition was a court-train in white moire antique, the ground almost entirely disappearing under embroidery in gold thread and pearls, the pattern of which was my own designing. It represented a series of graduated flounces in gold lace, spreading out in the form of a fan, and even at that epoch of low prices, when £20 was considered an extravagant amount for a lady to pay for a magnificent dress, was valued at £1,200. After the close of the exhibition, I took the mantle to the Tuileries to display it by permission to the Emperor, as there was then talk of its being purchased by the State to be deposited in the Conservatoire des Artes-et-Metiers. The Emperor greatly admired it; but whilst he was examining it M. Bacchiochi, then one of the imperial Chamberlains, who was present, exclaimed, 'There has been a *fleur-de-lys* introduced into the pattern of the embroidery.' This remark was not altogether correct, as the figure was not really a *fleur-de-lys*, but as the style of the work was that of the Renaissance, some of the interwoven lines of the design might have assumed a form not unlike that of the obnoxious emblem of the Bourbon dynasty. At all events that speech put a stop to any project the Emperor might have formed of purchasing the mantle, and it was consequently left on my hands.

The rumour that my house was founded mainly through the influence of the Princess de Metternich is wholly inexact. The lady was, at the outset of my career, one of the best and most appreciative of my customers, as she has since always continued to be; but that was all. Two things at the beginning of the Empire combined to give to feminine dress an added importance. One was the invention of the crinoline and the other was the rage for fancy costume balls. The first one of these entertainments took place at the house of Mme. Tascher de la Pagerie, one of the relatives of the Emperor, and was a comparatively small affair of an intimate and private character. The Empress appeared at it in her first fancy costume, which was furnished by me, and which was a dress in black tulle and marabout feathers, representing Night. She gave her own first fancy ball at the Hotel d'Alba, then on the Champs Elysées, but long since torn down. For this entertainment I made her an elegant costume, in which she was to have personated Diana. The quiver was in silver, and the Empress had caused a portion of the diamonds of the crown to be mounted as a long garland of oak leaves and acorns, which she was to have worn fastened transversely across the corsage. This garland was disposed of last year at the sale of the crown jewels. But the mysterious death of a young relative of the imperial family, who was shot by some person or persons unknown, prevented her from appearing at the ball, except incognita, and shrouded in a plain domino.

The most successful fancy costumes of that time were a gipsy dress which we made for the beautiful Countess de Brigode (now the Baroness de Poilly) and one in which the Duchess de Mouchy, then the Princess Anna Murat, appeared as a flower basket. The corsage of this last dress was covered with gilt wicker work, and represented a basket turned upside down, from which a cascade of flowers fell over the skirt. The Countess Walewska impersonated a fortune-teller, and the Princess de Metternich an Austrian vivandière. The celebrated dress in which the Countess de Castiglione appeared at a subsequent entertainment of this character as Salammbo, and which was said to be so extremely indelicate, would scarcely cause a remark if worn at the present day. It was a robe in black and scarlet plush, and was made without sleeves and with only a narrow gold band passing over each shoulder, a style that is universally adopted now, but which, in the days when evening dresses were all made with short lace-trimmed sleeves reaching half way to the elbow, had a rather startling effect. This, of course, was enhanced by the beauty of the wearer, who was formed as perfectly as a statue.

I supplied the Empress with several other fancy costumes. One was that of Juno, and another the splendid dress of a Dogaressa, or wife of the Doge of Venice. For this last-named toilet she caused to be fashioned the necklace in diamond network, with a great imitation pear-shaped pearl suspended in each interstice of the network, which was sold amongst the crown jewels, and the fact of the pearls not being real created a good deal of talk at the time of the sale. She never wore this authentic and picturesque, but cumbersome ornament. She tried it on several times, but it always marred the effect of her costume. It was sold for £800, a price far beyond its intrinsic value. Another fancy costume which I made for her was an exact reproduction of the dress of Marie de Medicis from a contemporary portrait. When she tried it on for the Emperor's approval he found it too sombre, and to replace it we furnished, at twenty-four hours' notice, a copy of the toilet worn by Marie Antoinette in the well-known portrait of Mme. Lebrun.

I last saw the Empress on the occasion of her brief visit to Paris a few weeks ago. She has almost entirely regained her health under the treatment of the famous physician of Amsterdam, whom she consults annually, and with her health she has regained a large portion of her beauty. Her complexion has naturally lost its freshness, but the grace of her carriage, the fine outlines of her features, and the beautiful mould of her bust and shoulders, are as striking as ever. I have dressed many lovely women, but never a lovelier one than the ex-Empress of the French. The hooped skirt was invented by the Empress to conceal the approaching advent of the Prince Imperial, and it was the expected birth of the Princess Beatrice that led to its immediate adoption by Queen Victoria. This was in the year 1855.

The amplitude given to the skirts of ladies' dresses by the new invention was something extraordinary. Ten breadths of satin or velvet became necessary to fashion the simplest skirt, and in lighter materials, where flounces, ruchings, etc., were used as trimmings we hesitated to promise a second dress out of a pattern of sixty or sixty-seven yards, till the first was finished. Once I made a dress in whose construction one hundred yards of silk were employed. It was in light glacé taffetas in three shades of purple, from delicate lilac to deep violet; the whole skirt was covered with close full ruchings in the three shades, and when completed the dress looked like a huge bouquet of violets.

Hemus, photo, Auckland.

GROUP OF AMAZONS, IN 'PRINCESS IDA,' BY AUCKLAND OPERATIC CLUB.

FIRST ROW.—MISS KNIGHT, MISS HARPER, MISS CULPAN, MISS MARTINSON, MISS HARDING, MRS COOPER, MISS REEVE, MISS M. MAYS, MISS FITZ, MISS MAYS. SECOND ROW.—MISS TURK, MISS PATCHETT, MISS LOGAN, MISS A. TWINAME, MISS MAY HARPER, MISS TWINAME, MISS STEVENSON. THIRD ROW.—MISS WHITE, MISS JACKSON MISS DAVIS.

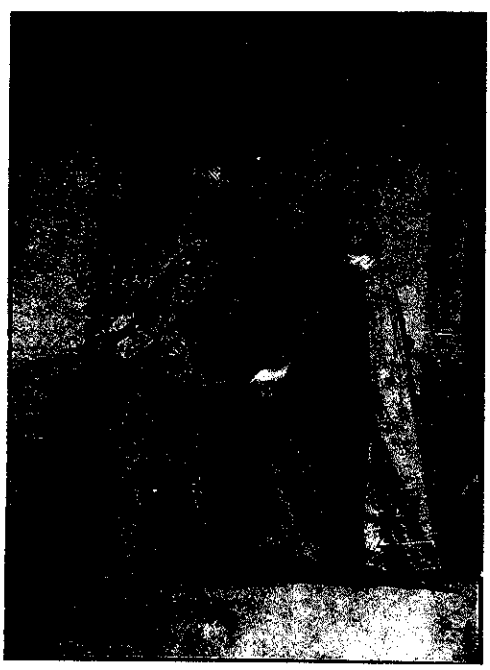
OLIVE SCHREINER.

OLIVE SCHREINER, the authoress of 'The Story of an African Farm,' was the ninth in a family of twelve children. Her father was a German missionary, her mother the daughter of an English Presbyterian minister. Where she obtained her singularly unorthodox views it is hard to determine genealogically. She was born on a lonely mission station in South Africa, peopled entirely by blacks, and found in this somewhat dismal situation the material for her dismal book. She is a singular woman, and possessed of a strong determined character and an investigating mind which, it is said, has led her to dip deeply into nearly all the experiences possible to women. She spent many years of her life at this mission station, and was a grown girl before she ever saw a town. Deep in her heart has lain the determination to make London her home ever since she was four years old, when she began saving all her pennies in the hope of some day having a pound—a tremendous sum, which, at that age, she fully believed would defray her travelling expenses from South Africa to Great Britain. Although she outgrew this fond illusion, she continued to save her pennies, and she has lived in London for the last seven years. She constantly contributes to English periodicals, and her work is always characterised by a certain mysticism and an indefinable, but quite perceptible, element of gloom. Into the 'African Farm' she is said to have crowded the result of her varied experience, and this book, which was her first, is prophesied by those who know her well, to be, also, her last.

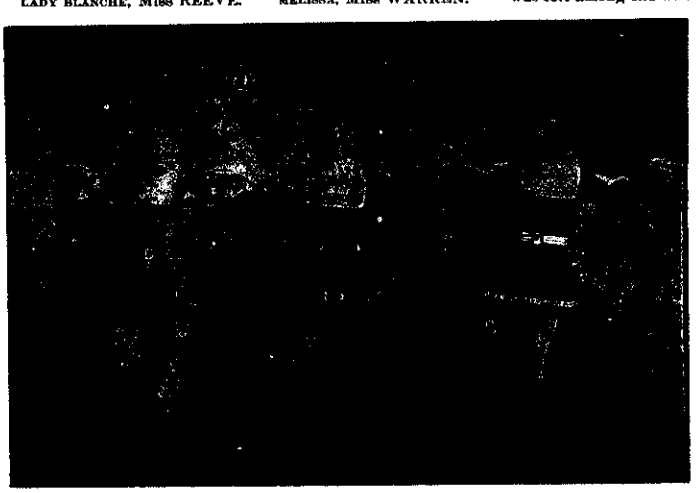
Marie: 'Would you be surprised if I told you that Jack White proposed to me last night?' Louise: 'Not at all. I knew his creditors were pressing him terribly. I fully expected he would do something desperate.'

'PRINCESS IDA,' AS PERFORMED BY THE AUCKLAND OPERATIC CLUB.

Hemus, photo., Auckland.
KING GAMA, MR ARCHDALE TAYLER.



Hemus, photo., Auckland.
LADY BLANCHE, MISS REEVE. MELISSA, MISS WARREN.



Hemus, photo., Auckland.
HILARION, MR JACKSON. CYRIL, MR REID. FLORIAN, MR CHAMBERS.

CHARACTERS IN 'PRINCESS IDA'.

Two weeks ago we published a critique of the performers of the 'Princess Ida' by the Auckland Amateur Opera Club, but were at that time unable to procure the portraits of the leading performers for reproduction. In the present issue these appear, and represent very faithfully some aspects of what was on the whole a most enjoyable representation of the work—the first which has taken place in any of the chief towns of New Zealand.

We have to thank Mr Hemus, of Queen-street, Auckland, for the right of reproducing the accompanying portraits.

AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

America has always been the home of large gooseberries and mares' nests. Never since Columbus has it ceased to make discoveries ten fold more wonderful than itself. One of its most pleasing inventions is American journalese. So admirably fitted is this form of literary vice to corrupt the taste and secure the pence of the democracy, that under the auspices of certain earnest Radicals, who despise gain and revere the People, it has flourished triumphantly in the British Isles. Englishmen have smiled at its vulgarity, have welcomed its flash headlines and brief paragraphs, as so many labour-saving machines; but they have not yet exalted it as a model for all time. It has been reserved for a certain Professor of English literature who hails from Columbia, U.S.A., to declare that the perfection of real style is to be sought in the American newspapers. Hobbes and Milton, Addison and Steele, Swift, Gibbon, and Matthew Arnold, even the peerless Mr Howells himself, who is a 'stylist' or nothing, have lived in vain. Their bucket has never been dipped in the well of English undefiled. The American editor alone possesses the secret of 'real style.' You may not look for nervous and expressive English beyond the limit of 'These States.'

The 'fictive art' of America has its champions, and it has long been an established fact that the only straight road to immortality lies through the American magazine. But neither the novel nor the 'profusely illustrated' article absorbs Columbia's choicest spirits. Even the sermon handled by such pulpiteering mountebanks as Ward Beecher himself, must yield in 'sharpness and rapidity' to the 'editorial.' There is in fact 'no body of written English so strong and effective, or even so correct and, in the true sense, classical in point of style, as we find day after day in the best editorial writing of our American newspapers.' This is a marvellous pronouncement, and it is the best possible proof that the only prospect for a democracy is blank, irremediable degradation. The mob called American journalese into being; the mob applauded its vulgar acuity, and mistook its virulent insolence for wit. And so completely does the mob dominate even the seats of learning that you find a professor truckling so meanly to the free and ignorant citizen that he can describe as classical the very worst English that ever was penned.—*National Observer.*

A RUSSIAN BASTILLE.

Some fifty miles from St. Petersburg, upon the Lake of Ladoga, there is a small granite island entirely occupied by a fortress. It is Schlusselburg, the dreadful prison of State, worse than the French Bastille, worse than the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, with its Troubetzkoi and Alexeevsky ravelins and its underground cells. The most resolute of the revolutionists, men and women, who have taken part in actual conspiracies, whom it is not considered safe to keep in the fortress of Peter and Paul, are sent there. The absence of any inhabitants except those employed in the service renders it possible to isolate the prisoners to a degree unattainable anywhere else. No one is allowed to land upon the island; sentinels have orders to shoot anyone who approaches. If the near relatives of a prisoner inquire concerning him at the Police Department in St. Petersburg, they are sometimes told 'alive' or 'dead'; sometimes no answer is given. The soldiers and guards are themselves prisoners, who mingle only with each other, and are carefully watched on the rare occasions when they are allowed to make a visit to the mainland.

It was possible to establish secret communications with even the most jealously guarded ravelins of the St. Petersburg fortress. But the fortress of Schlusselburg remained dumb, like the grave it is. Though some of the best-known men of the revolution party, in whom the greatest interest was felt among the whole body of revolutionists, were kept there, we rarely could even tell whether they were alive or dead. A few months ago, however, our friends in Russia received some news from this place of endless misery. It is very brief, only such as can be conveyed upon a bit of paper smuggled with the greatest danger through some friendly hand. It merely tells which of the prisoners are dead and which are still alive, but even this summary is eloquent enough. We learn from it that out of the fifty-two prisoners sent there in the course of the last eight years, twenty, or about forty per cent., are already dead. Several of those who survive should be added to the list of the dead. They are insane, and have lost what is as precious, if not more precious, to a man than life.—*Free Russia.*

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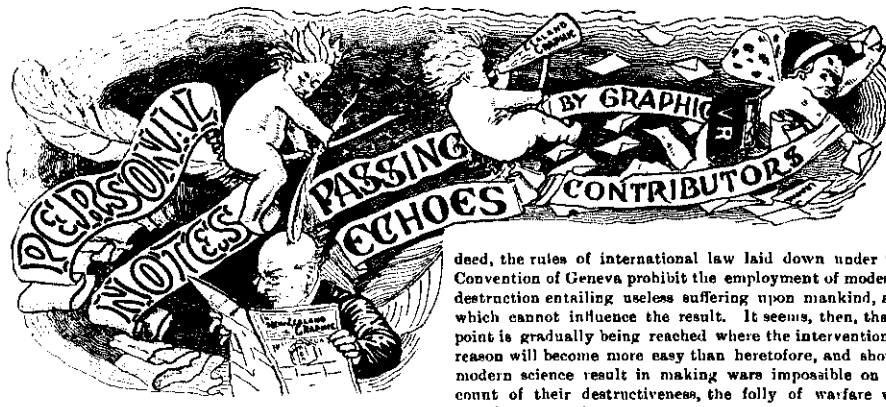
Luxuries Cost—Plain Father: 'It didn't use to cost me a tenth part as much to live when I was at your age.' Son: 'I know, father; but you didn't have the advantages then of associating with an extremely fashionable young man like me.'

Hemus, photo., Auckland.
PRINCESS IDA, MRS COOPER.

Hemus, photo., Auckland.
PSYCHE, MISS HARPER.

Hemus, photo., Auckland.
KING HILDEBRAND, MR EDMISTON.



The New Zealand Graphic

AND LADIES' JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1891.

AT present there are wars and rumours of wars. Chili has just concluded her petty blood-letting, and reports of impending strife are now coming from the other side of the globe, where the map is thickly dotted with names pregnant of slaughter in the days that are no more. It is wonderful how coolly the human race accepts the idea of war. In nothing else is the force of habit and association of ideas more remarkable. Even a people like the Americans, who took their origin under conditions comparatively peaceful, and had not to consolidate themselves politically by successive wars as have the European States, could not get along without fighting somebody, so they first hatched out two difficulties with their mother and then had a squabble among themselves. Three wars in a century is a very good record for a young Anglo-Saxon community; but the history of the Spanish colonies of Central and South America far surpasses this. Their struggles to get free from Spain, and their repeated quarrels among themselves during the last seventy years have been characterised by a ruthless cruelty of which the branches of the English race have not been guilty towards each other, and show that states growing by colonization and not by conquest are capable of exhibiting traits of savagery which would not have been predicted.

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In these colonies of Australasia we have only had the Maori War. This in point of destructiveness and brutality compared very favourably with the wars waged between European races and barbarians, and the effect of it for a variety of reasons has not materially influenced the colonial character. It was partial to the northern part of the North Island, it was waged chiefly with the imperial soldiery, and the feeling between the combatants was never embittered by contempt or by needless cruelty upon either side. The real effect of war upon the national character is to be perceived where the expectation of it is always imminent, as in France or Germany, or in the states along the Danube, where the probability of war is the absorbing topic of interest from the time one war ceases until the next begins. Indeed it is hard to imagine what peoples who as yet have not attained to the industrial and complicated stage in which we are living can have wherewith to beguile the *tedium vitæ* unless it be the prospect of a war. It is the supreme excitement of existence is that of killing one's fellow creatures, and provided there is no immediate danger to themselves, every man and even every woman views war as a good sort of physic to prescribe unto their fellows. In these colonies there is probably less sensitiveness regarding the horrors of war than there is even in Europe. Here it seems to be regarded with a childish curiosity, as a thing difficult to realize, while yonder there is a sort of baneful fascination encircling the whole subject, as if of something lurid, horrible, and yet attractive.

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M. Zola, the novelist, who cannot be accused of ignorance of the subject, as he has been saturating himself with material for a novel entitled 'War,' proclaims war to be a great regenerator and purifier of mankind. This is an account of the self-denial it requires, and the enthusiasm for an idea which it creates. No civilized person now-a-days contends that the motive which aways modern armies is the desire of individual killing. War is every year becoming more a question of science in which the feeling of personal animosity is lost, and the glory gained is more and more collective. Indeed, it is growing to be more in the nature of an athletic pastime where the element of skill predominates. Either side would dispense with slaying its adversaries were there any other less harmful method by which victory could be achieved. Indeed, the rules of international law laid down under the Convention of Geneva prohibit the employment of modes of destruction entailing useless suffering upon mankind, and which cannot influence the result. It seems, then, that a point is gradually being reached where the intervention of reason will become more easy than heretofore, and should modern science result in making wars impossible on account of their destructiveness, the folly of warfare will then become evident.

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There has been a great 'rot' among the notabilities of the earth lately, some four or five prominent names having passed away from the page of current history. Four of the landmarks of the oldest generation still survive—the Queen, Emperor Francis Joseph, Bismarck and Gladstone. Count Bismarck blossomed late in life, but for forty years the other three have been prominently in view of their fellows, and have seen more than two generations of celebrities pass away from off the stage of men. Of the heroes recently deceased none were of the first rank, and their reputation has been of comparatively recent growth. Rarely, unless a person is born into the class of the privileged, do they achieve prominence before the best of life has been spent, and great longevity is essential if the career of the hero is to be of long duration.

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Hero worship seems to be essential to the existence of mankind. Newspapers, which with all their peculiarities reflect the propensities of human nature, do their best to minister to the inclination apparently ineradicable, of having somebody to talk about. With the growing rapidity of modern life, too, there seems to develop a greater succession of popular heroes, and persons who a century ago would never have been heard of beyond their own little sphere or country obtain an extended reputation through the medium of the journals. Modern taste clearly is much more rapacious of details concerning those who emerge a little above the crowd of their fellows, and it has also a liking for novelty and a comprehensiveness much greater than that of the age of our great-grandparents.

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The end of two or three of the lately deceased notabilities has not been such as to present the career of ambition in a very favourable light. General Boulanger, President Balmaceda, and Mr Parnell were none of them either full of years or full of honours when they took their exit from the earthly scene, and while they may have attracted a certain amount of wonder and attention, few will be inclined to envy them their career. In viewing the passage of such men as these across the stage of life one is disposed to ask themselves what pleasure or reward it was that they found in walking along such treacherous eminences? Is it the love of power, which, rather than fame, forms the last infirmity of masterful minds, and that induces such to endure? Rarely does the climber of the empyrean remain long under the delusion regarding the value of fame except in so far as it conduces to the acquisition of power. He knows that it is not native worth but eminence which constitutes fame, and that the possession of a certain power and position is the secret of popular admiration. When the former is lost the latter quickly follows, and then the reaction upon a full and feverish existence sets in, and the mind or constitution collapses. In seeing the end of such abortive ambition one realizes the old adage that tastes differ widely in this world, and while a restful existence suits some, a career full of excitement, worry, detraction, and disappointment is what others select and deliberately follow.

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Horrible and incredible as it may seem to persons of the 'hard-shell' type of mind, the day will probably arrive when women will take the initiative in certain things exactly in the same way as men do at present. The notion that the female sex should have the monopoly of the virtues of seclusiveness and passivity is one which has become ingrained like most other ideas by mere force of habit, and until twenty years ago was regarded with something akin to religious veneration. With people aforetime views on all topics, sacred or secular, were inherited much as were their garments. A traveller in the reign of George II. from the west to the east of England, for a journey of two hundred miles constituted a traveller then, describes the inhabitants of Somersetshire as wearing the clothes and fashions of fifty years before. Just to dream of a woman of the present day even in these colonies appearing in the fashion of the year of Her Majesty's accession or the costume of her grandmother! Formerly such adherence to ancestral practices was accounted not only regular and conventional but virtuous. The presumption of wisdom was always in favour of the old or the long established.

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Now-a-days, however, the tendency is rather in the other direction, and from being enthroned in pedagogic absolutism the antique is coming to be questioned and even put upon its trial for the mere reason that it has laid down the law so long. The subordination of women is one of these discredited theories, and seeing the length to which this doctrine has been pushed it is not surprising that women should revolt. The history of woman-kind when it has not been one of oppression has been one of enforced self-suppression. Self-control is a good principle, and reasonable enough. Society would be impossible without self-control, which is consideration for the rights or the convenience of our neighbour. But self-suppression is something more than this. It means the crushing down of some aspiration the gratification of which would inflict no substantial injury upon anybody, and might even do the aspirant and the world some positive good. Such disability, too, has in the past been inflicted not merely upon women, but upon men as well. There being a sort of iron clad standard of male and female virtues, the two being drawn as wide as possible apart, every effort was made to dragoon boys into conforming to the one, and girls into conforming to the other.

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The mistake lay in the belief that as between men and women the distinction of sex should be made the more marked by a fictitious creation of characteristics which were not necessarily innate. There is no necessary connection between a woman's present conventional style of dress and mode of behaviour and her sex. The obligation of being as gentle and courteous as is consistent with the advancement of our interests in life applies as much to men as to women, and much of the progress in civilisation during recent years has been shown in the infusion of some of the softness peculiar to intercourse with women into the ordinary affairs of men. The obligation of women being attired in a manner which hampers the free and active use of the body is, on the other hand, not an essential custom, but a mere survival of a time when women's office was sedentary and stay-at-home because it was unsafe for her to venture very far out-at-doors. The peculiarities of the sexual ideals were in fact the offsprings of a barbarous and imperfectly organised society which has now almost disappeared.

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Of similar origin are the partial and unjust customs of men asking women to dance or to marry them. No good reason has ever been given for these except usage, which means nothing unless it is fortified by sense. They both savour so much of Orientalism and the slave-market that they should be abolished as soon as possible, and social intercourse put upon a perfectly just and natural footing. It is bad that a woman should not show her liking for a man either as a partner for one dance or as a companion for life. Society is the loser in every way, for much time is lost and many congenial partners in either line never come together who would do so under the more sensible rule. Certainly a man's vanity may get less rein by discovering that he is not acceptable to absolutely every woman he meets, but this will be more than equalised by the sense that he is appreciated in certain quarters he has never suspected. Perhaps men shun assuming the onus of refusing, but habit would accustom women to this, and the good sense and tact begotten of experience would tend to bring about a condition of things which to those who grew up therein would appear eminently natural and agreeable.

THE MOUNTED KNIGHT.

BESIDE a window sits the maid, a harp within her hand;
In robes of golden silk arrayed, she looks out on the land,
And sings a song of a mounted knight, who crossed the distant plain—
Ting-a-tang—ting-a-tang—ting-a-tang—ting-a-tang—and ne'er returned again.

Ten years pass on and yet the maid sits by the window there;
Another fashion is the style in which she wears her hair,
And loudly on her harp she plays that weird, familiar strain
Of the mounted knight who went him forth and ne'er returned again.

Another ten years fleet go by; the maid is in her place;
Her silken robes have faded and the rose has left her face,
And yet her voice keeps, as of old, the never-changed refrain
Of the knight who left his native land and ne'er returned again.

Still one more decade; yet the maid the old, old story sings
While age-bent fingers try to creep across the few left strings;
And the reason why she sang this song her weary lifetime thro'—
Ting-a-tang—ting-a-tang—ting-a-tang—ting-a-tang—'twas the only one she knew.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, OCTOBER 13.

The Juvenile Opera Company have at last arrived, and throughout the week delighted audiences have assembled nightly in the Opera House to witness their charming performance of 'La Mascotte.' As you have already seen the little people I will not describe their clever performance, but will devote my space to a description of some of the gowns worn amongst the audience. Mrs S. Thorne George wore a black evening dress, and handsome crimson cloak; a lady with her wore a handsome cream costume, and cream cloak; Mrs George's two charming daughters wore pretty white gowns and blue sashes; Mrs and Miss Lusk wore black costumes (mourning); Miss Moss-Davis, pretty pale blue silk gown, the low bodice finished with handsome lace, ruby plush opera cloak; Miss Shirley Baker, becoming cardinal evening dress; her two sisters wore pretty pale yellow gowns, the low bodices finished with chiffon; Mrs Lévisohn, black gown, and handsome plush jacket trimmed with sable; Mrs Urquhart, black silk and lace evening dress, crimson wrap; Miss Owen, pretty white muslin gown, pale blue sash; Miss Wright, cream evening dress, the corsage finished with crimson poppies; Miss Wilkins, pretty pale blue gown, cream opera cloak; Mrs Henderson, handsome black silk gown; Miss Hudson, black silk and lace gown, the corsage relieved with a cluster of natural azaleas, pretty plush mantle; Miss Brophy, stylish pink evening dress; Madame Schmitt, handsome green silk gown, cream lace cap; Miss Brown, dark blue costume; Mrs Wilson, stylish grey costume; Mrs Macindoe, black costume; Miss Macindoe, black skirt, and pretty crushed strawberry silk blouse bodice; Misses Eaton, dark coloured gowns; Mrs D. B. Cruickshank, handsome black silk costume, the corsage relieved with a cluster of natural flowers; Miss Gill, pretty cream evening dress. In the orchestra stalls I noticed Miss Johnstone (Parnell), Mrs Lewis, and the Misses Davis, Mrs Moss-Davis, Mrs H. Nicol, Mrs Falconer, and numerous others. At the matinée I saw Mrs J. M. Alexander, in a pretty greeny-grey costume trimmed with black velvet leaf embroidery, dainty bonnet of chiffon and greyish ribbon velvet, with gold spangles and butterfly; her two little daughters wore drab frocks relieved with navy blue, large cream hats; Mrs Rattray, grey gown trimmed with gold, black hat; Mrs Ross Watts had quite a large party with her—Misses Kensington, Spicer, Sheath (2), Tanner, etc., Mrs A. Buckland (Junr.), was in black, and had no less than seven little ones under her charge. The children bestowed several bouquets on the actorettes and actorines, as they are called.

I hear that the wedding of Mr Bedlington, surveyor, to Miss Meldrum takes place shortly.

Miss Scott's annual ball to her pupils took place in the Choral Hall, and proved in every respect a brilliant success. The hall was most artistically and beautifully decorated for the occasion, and during the progress of the dances the scene presented to the onlookers was both animated and beautiful. The walls were hung with gaily-coloured flags, surrounded with a profusion of ferns, nikau palms, and evergreens of every description, amongst which were quantities of arum lilies and other flowers tastefully arranged. Above the gallery was the appropriate motto, 'On with the dance, let joy be unconfined,' in white letters on a red ground. Beautiful garlands and wreaths of evergreens and flowers hung from the roof, and the front of the orchestra seats was completely hidden with ferns, palms, and flowers prettily arranged. A large arch of greenery and lilies placed at the top of the hall was exceedingly pretty. On either side stood a young prince in handsome costume, who handed pretty programmes to the dancers as they passed under the arch in the Grand March at the opening of the ball. The orchestra seats and gallery were crowded to excess with spectators. Many others, I am told, were unable to gain admission. There were about ninety couples dancing, an equal number of whom were in fancy and plain dress. During the evening the gavotte and cotillion were gracefully danced by pupils attired in Court costumes. The young ladies who danced the gavotte were Miss P. Cossar, in a handsome costume of a lovely shade of coral pink cashmere, with Court train, and angel sleeves of jewelled cream lace; Miss Querée, lovely white satin costume, with jewelled and silver trimmings; Miss Knight, cream Court dress, with rich silk trimmings and gold embroidery; Miss Annie Scott, delicate shade of heliotrope cashmere, with front of jewelled and embroidered cream satin, angel sleeves beautifully embroidered with silver. All these ladies wore high collars, powdered hair and patches, and in the quick movements of the gavotte they manipulated their long trains with elegant gracefulness. The gentlemen who took part in the dance were Messrs Davis, H. Cossar, Theo. Querée, and A. McLean in Court costumes also. The cotillion was also gracefully danced by four couples—the Misses Dickey (2), P. Cossar, and A. Scott, and Messrs H. Cossar, Cooper, McLean, and Scott. Miss Scott, than whom none looked fairer, wore a beautiful gown, made high to the throat and trained, of white veiling trimmed with lace; the bodice was of white satin prettily trimmed with jewelled silver embroidery and areophane lace, angel sleeves of white areophane caught on the arm with silver armlets; Mrs Rees wore a rich black silk costume; Miss Rees, dainty white silk evening dress; Mrs Young, black lace evening dress; Mrs Short, black silk gown; Miss Short looked well as Dorothy; Mrs Morgan, black silk costume; Mrs Cossar, black silk evening dress; Miss Brown, handsome cream silk gown; Miss Brophy wore one of the loveliest dresses in the room, made of rich cream silk merveilleux trimmed with cream tulle; Miss Warren, dainty cream evening dress; Miss Hackett, pretty white satin and tulle gown; Miss Read looked pretty as a Postboy, and Miss Morgan made a charming Fiametta; a lady in a Roman costume looked exceedingly well; Miss Davies was a pretty Juanita, the Spanish dress suiting her well; Miss Court, in a pale blue cashmere gown, represented Marguerite from 'Faust;' Miss Bylünd wore a charming gown of eau-de-nil Liberty silk; Mrs Schappe wore a lovely evening dress of rich yellow merveilleux. Many other lovely gowns were worn. The supper table was beautifully laid, the flowers used in the decorations being simply lovely. The Misses Scott provided the supper which was really excellent. The supper-room was also gaily decorated, indeed, the decorations altogether reflected the utmost credit upon Messrs Davis, Le Quesne, H. Cossar and the other gentlemen who assisted. Adams' band supplied excellent dance music, and the floor was in perfect order. The children's ball takes place in the Choral Hall in a few weeks, and is expected to be a great success. A feature of the evening will be the fairy dance, in which pupils attired in fairy costumes, will take part.

It is rumoured that our popular tenor, Mr T. M. Jackson, shortly leaves Auckland for Australia, where he purposes adopting the operatic stage as a profession.

The football match played between Auckland and Wellington under the Association rules at Potter's Paddock was only moderately attended by the public, the aquatic sports on Lake Takapuna, no doubt, keeping many away. The contest was very interesting, although not nearly so exciting as the Rugby game, and resulted in a very easy win for Auckland, Wellington not even getting a chance to score. Amongst the ladies on the grand-stand were Mrs R. C. Carr, who wore a neat navy blue gown, and white hat encircled with ostrich feathers; Mrs Gould wore a stylish dark blue plaid tweed gown and small hat; Mrs Upfill also wore a stylish gown of navy blue, and becoming little hat; Mrs Jervis, navy costume, white hat with feathers; Miss Thomas (Remuera), stylish grey costume, large grey hat with grey feathers; Miss Wilson, pretty black gown, and one of the new gem hats with black velvet band.

I hear that owing to the extensive patronage bestowed upon the performances of the Amateur Opera Clubs throughout New Zealand, and the consequent loss to the professional companies who, from time to time, tour the colony, the performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas by amateur companies will in future be prohibited. I understand that owing to the decision the Auckland Amateur Opera Club contemplate for their next production the beautiful opera 'Carmen,' the copyright of which can be easily acquired.

A correspondent, 'Ida,' very kindly writes as follows:—I think the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC an extremely nice paper. I find many of the hints most valuable. Your suggestion of a floral ball is very good. It was pretty nearly carried out at Mrs Colonel Dawson's dance in September. 'Arborfield' has beautiful gardens, and its wealth of flowers was lavishly used in the floral decorations. Large quantities of that lovely wild creeper, the New Zealand clematis, was used; in fact, the hall and staircase was one mass of it, being most gracefully arranged by Miss Gypsey Walker. Camellias, arum lilies, and the white clematis were the flowers most used. The ladies' bouquets were a feature. Our hostess, Mrs Col. Dawson, had an exquisite pink ivy-leaved geranium, with a fern-like foliage geranium mixed with it; Mrs Bloomfield's, scarlet heath and camellias; Miss Kilgour's, white flag lilies; Miss Thomson's, white azaleas; Miss Walker's, white clematis; and numerous others equally beautiful. They were all large, and tied with streamers. Now for the dresses. The married ladies—Mesdames (Colonel) Carré, Bull, Dawson, Walker, Elliott, and others were in black; Mrs Bloomfield, lovely white satin. The young ladies were mostly dressed in airy fabrics. Miss Walker, crimson and gold tulle dress; Miss Heywood, white; Miss Thomson, pale green; these were among some of the pretty dresses which took my eye. There were between eighty and ninety guests, so it is difficult to remember all the dainty dresses. There were numbers of dancing men. I saw no wallflowers. The rooms are large, so we were not crowded. One side of the spacious verandah was enclosed, lined with flags, and lit with Japanese lanterns. This had many cosy seats, and was much used. The supper was laid in the library, the table being arranged by three of Mrs Dawson's girl friends, and was most artistic.

Mrs McMillan (Remuera) gave a very large afternoon tea, which was really a very successful affair. The rooms, four in number, were just crowded with guests. She resides about three miles and a-half from town—quite the other side of Remuera. The house is very unique and picturesque, it being painted red, and all the outbuildings and gates to match. Against the green foliage this is most striking. The grounds are very pretty, every shrub and tree being clipped and kept in perfect order. What with the little grottoes, fountains, arbours, and ferns you would think you were in fairyland. To return to more commonplace items. Our hostess was frocked in a rich green plush, let down the front with pink silk. Amongst those who sang were Mrs Upton, her rich clear notes ringing through the rooms. Every word was distinctly heard. This was a treat, as we so rarely hear the words of most of our singers. Mrs Ching sang 'Cherry Ripe' extremely well. She wore a black silk dress and grey bonnet. A lady in a stylish grass dress, who, I believe, was a Miss Campbell, from Nelson, sang very sweetly, and was accompanied by Mrs McMillan, dexterously manipulating the mandoline, whilst one daughter played the guitar, and the other the piano. It was, of course, the gem of the afternoon. Mrs McMillan and her whole family are extremely musical. Mrs Moss Davis and her daughter sang a duet. We had also a solo by Mrs Kilgour, and another by Miss Burchell. Mrs (Col.) Carré looked charming in black silk, with a grey bonnet; Mrs Bourne, stylish black silk; Mrs D. Cruickshank, in grey and heliotrope; Mrs A. Clark, dark grey; as also was Mrs A. Taylor (Parnell); Mrs Otway, stylish grey costume; Mrs Williams and Mrs Pritt, mourning; Mrs Carr, navy; Mrs McKechnie, black; Miss Larkins, pretty brown plaid; Miss Ireland, grey, and sailor hat *en suite*; Misses Von Sturmer and Upton both wore grey; Miss I. Worsp wore a becoming dress of brown and white; Misses Baker, one wore a pretty grey, and the other black; Miss Hardie, grey trimmed with olive velvet; Misses Whewell and Bull both wore becoming grey dresses; Miss Stevenson (Ponsonby) navy; Misses Binney, grey: Miss Kilgour, a pretty combination of grey and green; Miss Suttie, navy velvet trimmed with grey check; Miss Gorrie, grey, with charming white hat; Miss Coleman, grey satin: Miss McCrae, black; Miss Anderson wore a very stylish costume of small check of black and white trimmed with white flannel and black braid. There were also Mesdames Ireland, Thomas Morrin, S. Morrin, Gamble, Ransom, Aitkin, Whitney, Bull, Thomson, Von Sturmer, Stevenson, Brown, Dignan, Aitkin-Carrick, Burchell, Misses Stevenson (Remuera), Kerr-Taylor, Harrison, and others.

The Pakuranga Hounds met at North Shore. It seemed rather a strange thing to do, was it not? to go across such a large extent of water for a hunt. After a little trouble we led all our horses on board. Amongst those present were Miss Percival, on Prestissimo; Miss Kerr-Taylor, Premier; Miss Dunnet, Sir Roger; Miss Evans, Billybilly; Misses Devore, Masefield, Wilkins, Puckie; Mr Percival on Jim; Mr Gordon, Tommy; Mr Tonks, Odd Trick; Col. Dawson, Ike; Mr Lockhart, Eros; Mr Shera, Bradlaugh; Mr V. Kerr-Taylor, The Count; Mr Bloomfield, Bachelor; Mr Gilmore, Tomato; Messrs Stewart, Martin (2), Motion, Ware, England, etc. About fifty horsemen and horsewomen went across. The first mishap occurred as we were nearing Devonport. The steamer gave a lurch, and one of the passengers to save himself from a fall, caught the wire of the fog-horn, which, of course, resounded very loudly and the result was really very terrible, for every horse started and drew back, and there was quite a confusion on board, everybody trying to keep their horses still. Cries of 'Stop that!' 'Whoa!' 'Keep still!' 'You idiot, what are you doing?' echoed on all sides, but the individual, quite unconscious of the harm he was doing, still continued to hold on, wondering, no doubt, why the horn was not stopped, until somebody kindly went to the rescue, and showed him who was doing the mischief; but, of course, many by this time were well bruised trying to steady their steeds amongst such a crowd. There was no other mishap until we started, the first jump being a low wall and a high gate beside it. One gentleman, who seems to have a very adventuresome spirit, thinking, no doubt, that he held the Odd Trick in his hand, went for this gate, though many advised him not, saying it was a foolhardy thing. The result justified the remonstrances. He and his charger lay sprawling on the other side. I heard many a murmur, 'Serve you right.' The country was not exactly stiff which we had to pass over. Some jumps were made for us by putting rails across the wire. Most of the jumps were large ditches with a very high embankment on one side, but what was most difficult was a ditch on each side of the embankment, and those not expecting it, would land into the ditch on the other side. I saw Mr Gordon disappear, horse and all, into a ditch. Mr Fred Shera cut his horse's knees very badly, and his brother had a nasty fall over one of the fences. We arrived safely at Lake Takapuna Hotel, where we all refreshed ourselves well, with tea, of course, especially the gentlemen, then went down to watch the sports on the lake. About four we remounted and returned by the same route we had come, but there was not much jumping needed, as all the fences and everything of that description was knocked flat. Miss Percival was the only one who came to grief on our return. Her horse swerved at a jump and unseated its rider, whom I saw reclining gracefully on the ground. We returned back to Auckland on a smaller boat, so those who were not first had to wait patiently for the next one. We were rather overcrowded, and the boat pitched dreadfully, so it was with great difficulty we steadied our horses.

There are such lovely photographs of some of the amateurs who took part in 'Princess Ida' now being exhibited in Mr Hanna's studio. Of course they are in costume, and are executed in the new opaline style.

Mr and Mrs T. Morrin entertained Monsignor McDonald and his excellent drum and fife band at Prospect House. They played very prettily on the lawn to a delighted audience.

MURIEL.

NELSON.

DEAR BEE, OCTOBER 5.

I am sorry to say our dances for this winter are over. The last was a very enjoyable ball, although not quite so successful as all the former ones, chiefly, I think, owing to so many being absent. The hall looked exceedingly well, being decorated with nikau palm and draped with Liberty muslin, the whole giving a most pleasing effect to the eye as one entered the room. The supper table was also prettily arranged with bowls of primroses and yellow Liberty muslin. In the centre of the table was a large stand with arum lilies, which looked very handsome. As to the supper itself, of course that was of the most *recherché* description. After the last dance we all adjourned to the supper-room, where Mr Joynt in a short speech, proposed the health of the committee, of which he was a member. Mr Fell responded, and added, 'especially the ladies,' who had helped to make the whole series such a success. He also proposed the health of the Secre-

tary, Mr E. L. Broad responding, after which 'Auld Lang Syne' was sung, when we all went home tired, but having thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. And now, Bee, for some gowns. Mrs Glasgow wore a handsome black satin, small cap; Mrs A. Glasgow, lovely thick corded silk with long train, the front of the corsage being covered with ostrich feathers; Mrs Watts, black lace over pink satin; Mrs Oldham, black corded silk, pretty cap; Mrs Booth, cream merveilleux draped with deep cream lace; Mrs R. Kingdon, pale heliotrope corded silk, with velvet train of a darker shade of heliotrope; Mrs Percy Adams, handsome robe of cream merveilleux embroidered in gold, two gold bands in her hair; Mrs Pearson, pretty pink silk and chiffon, high ruchings of silk on the shoulders, and large gold butterflies on the skirt; Mrs Buckland, black lace over black silk; Mrs Fell, cream silk, trained, peacock blue plush opera cloak; Mrs Thornton, white silk and chiffon, bunches of white feathers on the skirt; Miss Wood, sweet robe of palest pink merveilleux with chiffon frills; Miss L. Fell, white cashmere; Miss Sealy, black fisherman's net relieved with yellow; her sister, red nun's veiling; Miss Gibson, black satin draped with black lace, primrose bows; Miss Mackay, heliotrope robe; I could not get a near enough view to see of what material it was composed, but it had chenille spots on it; Miss Pitt, pink net, with train and bodice of terra cotta silk; Miss G. Pitt, becoming gown of black velvet relieved with white satin; Miss H. Edwards, soft white silk, with Swiss belt embroidered with gold; Miss Curtis, blue silk and chiffon; Miss Ledger, black lace and silk; Miss Morgan, blue satin and cashmere; Miss Preshaw, pink striped net; Miss Heaps, white merveilleux, with ruchings of white net; Miss Glasgow, soft white silk, with primrose silk sash draped prettily on the skirt, the same silk appearing on the corsage; Miss Seymour, black lace relieved with yellow; Mrs Lightfoot, black fisherman's net, with three bands of white ribbon on the skirt.

Mrs Richmond had a few friends to afternoon tea at the Cliffs, when Mesdames Kenny, Leggatt, Broad, Williams, Kempthorne, Blundell, Chatterton, Sealy, and Locking spent an enjoyable afternoon. The view from the Cliffs is so beautiful that one finds it hard to turn one's attention from admiring the beauties of nature to the more solid attractions of tea and cakes. On the next day the Misses Richmond had an afternoon tea for their girl friends. There were about twenty of us altogether, and we had such fun. Misses Wood, Sealy (2), and G. Jones sang, and Misses Fell and Broad played; Miss Oldham also sang. Others there were Misses Hunter-Brown (2), Morgan, Gribben, Jones, Pitt, Heaps, Glasgow, Renwick, Cock, and Preshaw. As a few wore their new spring gowns, I must give them to you, Bee. Miss Gribben looked well in a fawn costume, with fawn cloth three-quarter cloak; Miss Morgan, pretty French grey, grey silk three-quarter cloak, grey lace straw hat; Miss Preshaw, grey and black flaked tweed, small white straw sailor hat; Miss Oldham, fawn cloth, brown straw hat with brown feathers; Miss W. Hunter-Brown, bluey grey tweed, black hat with grey pompoms; Miss Broad, grey beige braided with silver, small sailor hat; Miss F. Sealy, stone grey tweed, white straw hat; Miss Renwick, pretty costume of fawn tweed, with fawn hat covered with feathers.

Now, Bee, you must laugh at our mild dissipation, but even if you do I shall still have to tell you that we went to another afternoon tea at the end of the week. The scene of this one was four miles from town. It was given by Mrs Oldham to her daughter's (Mrs Coote) school friends. Mrs Coote is staying with her mother for a short time, and we were all glad to see her again. There were about ten of us altogether, and we spent a very merry time. The Misses Richmond (2), Sealy, Hunter-Brown, Preshaw, Broad, and Pitt went from town. We were glad to welcome Miss A. Oldham home again. She has been to the North Island for the last three months.

Great excitement prevailed at the Boys' College over the opening of the cricket season. A match had been arranged between the town and college. The college went in first, and at the end of the afternoon were still in. When wickets were drawn they had made 320 runs, and the town had not been in at all, so our boys have reason to be proud of their first day's cricket. The only ladies present were Mrs G. Wood, Misses Bell, Morgan, and Fell.

Mr Littlejohn, president of the Rugby Union, presented the cups to the fortunate winners for this year. The senior cup is held by the Prince Albert Club, and was received by their Captain, Mr Simpson, while the junior cup was received by Mr C. H. Sigly, Captain of the College Club.

PHYLLIS.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, OCTOBER 6.

It was thought by many to be a mistake of the Amateur Opera Company to revive such a played-out piece as 'H.M.S. Pinafore,' but they have proved they were right, for it has had a most successful run of five nights and an afternoon performance, the latter being well-patronised by children and country residents. Mrs C. Edgar, as Josephine, scored an immense success, her acting and singing alike being charming, and when robed in her cream satin gown looked most fascinating. Miss E. Buchanan was excellent as Little Buttercup, making her points with telling effect. Both ladies were deluged nightly with lovely bouquets. Their homes through the week must have been like flower stalls. Miss Button made the most of Hebe's part. Mr Wanklyn took the part of Sir Joseph Porter, but lacked the dignity of the Admiral. Mr Maitland Gardner, as Captain Corcoran, was admirable. Mr E. R. Anderson's Ralph excited everyone's sympathy to think such a handsome 'jolly tar' should be condemned to a dungeon, while Dick Deadeye could not have fallen into better hands than Mr Millar's. He was ungainly and repulsive enough for anything, and his fine voice in the concerted pieces came out grandly. Little Percy Barnett was a properly captivating Midshipman, and did his part with much ease. The introduced song, 'The Midshipmite,' sung by Mr H. Weir, was much appreciated. The mounting and business of the opera were excellent, the smallest detail being faithfully carried out, and great praise is due to their conductor, Mr F. M. Wallace, and to Mr E. W. Seager, as stage manager. I am glad to hear they have made a little money, as the attendance was good throughout the week.

Mrs Worthy had one of her enjoyable afternoons, when tennis and Badminton were the staple amusements. Mr and Mrs Harrison were there, Mr and Mrs Walters, Mr and Mrs Wells, the Misses Clark, Helmore, Loughnan, Hennah, and Mr Maxwell Stuart. I hear the latter returns to England shortly; then we shall meet, and we shall miss him.

The Earl and Countess of Onslow, family, and suite have arrived. The Hinemoa started with them, but the weather looked so threatening Captain Fairchild persuaded them to wait a night, which they did, fortunately, for we had a big blow that night. It looks quite cheerful to see the vice-regal flag flying from the house on Park Terrace. The residence of the late Hon. W. Robinson is to be their abode while with us. The Governor went South immediately to see after carriage horses, I believe. The fishing season has just commenced, so His Excellency will be able to indulge in the gentle art. Several nice fish have been landed, some weighing ten pounds.

The new class-rooms in connection with the Boys' High School were opened with great *eclat*, the spacious rooms being well filled by the boys, their parents and friends. In one of the large upstairs rooms some good music was provided by Mr and Mrs Bevan-Brown, Mr Püschel, and Mr Morton. The boys sang some glees very nicely, and Master Pemberton gave a recitation in a most praiseworthy manner.

Mrs Banks gave a delightful little dinner party. Dr. and Mrs H. Murray-Aynsley, Mrs Napier Bell, Miss Tanner, Mr B. Lane, and Mr W. Macdonald were there. The table was exquisitely appointed, and a charming evening was spent.

The 'Waihinis' have held yet another last and regretful meeting, this time at Miss Tabart's, Opawa. Much as we regret giving up these delightful meetings, with the fine sunny days and all the tennis courts open we should only long to be outside. Miss Palmer gave a very pleasing innovation, a solo on the accordion, that much-despised instrument, but played with that young lady's skill was very acceptable. Songs and piano solos, tea, cakes, etc., filled up a very pleasant afternoon.

Mr George Kettlewell and Dr. Nedwill both returned by the Tainui from a trip to England, neither having been absent many months. It seems such a little thing to go to England and back these times. Dr Nedwill has only made a holiday of the sea trip, for he says he never worked so hard in his life as during his short stay in London, being passed on by eminent physicians from one important operation to another, so that he might have the benefit of being present for the sake of his profession and suffering humanity. He was eagerly welcomed back by his numerous friends.

Mrs Ogle, with her small daughter, is on a visit to Christchurch, staying with her mother (Mrs Palmer), 'Woodford,' Papanui Road. Extensive alterations have been made to the house since Mr Palmer took up his residence there, and some six or seven rooms added.

Miss Dora Stack had a girls' gathering, and a good many turned up in spite of the heavy showers, among those present being the Misses Maude, Sanders, Helmore, Delamain, Meeson, Hoare, and Withnall. A very enjoyable afternoon was spent with music, songs, etc, etc.

Mr F. Graham left for England last week on a business trip. He only expects to be absent a short time. Mr J. J. Kinsey, Miss Kinsey, Mrs and Miss Dampier-Crossley are all touring in Australia. Mr Cowlishaw and Mr G. G. Stead have also been in Melbourne recently.

The end of the week took us back to midwinter, and we began the day with showers of snow, sleet, hail, and rain, and hearts down to zero, as there was a very interesting tennis match to be played at the Cranmer Square Courts, and the opening day of Merivale. However, as the sun rose higher he swept the board and came out quite brightly, leaving only a very keen wind to fight against. The hills all round were covered with a glittering coat of snow, which looked very pretty, but not comfortable. A large number assembled at Cranmer Square during the afternoon, and watched with increasing interest the games between Messrs Marshall and Harman, the former again being victorious, so still holds the Champion Cup, which was presented in a neat speech by Mr Wilding. Mrs Bruges and an army of young lady assistants kindly provided tea and cake. The cold afternoon made both unusually acceptable. I saw Mrs Laurie there in black silk, with long grey cloak trimmed with fur, hat to match; Miss Campbell, in a blue dress, with three-quarter cloak; Miss Clark, an electric blue dress braided with black; Miss G. Robison, a red dress, black jacket and hat; Mrs Way, a neat brown costume; Mrs Wells, also in brown; Mrs Willock, in grey; the Misses Withnall, Grey, Strouts, Lean, Lingard, Cotteril, Meeson, etc. Mrs Bruges wore a handsome cloak of crimson brocade. At Merivale a very pleasant afternoon was spent, though not so many present as there would have been but for the counter attraction at Cranmer Square. The gentlemen provided the tea, and Mrs Cunningham and Mrs F. Graham acted as hostesses.

Another old and respected resident has passed away in the person of Mr J. H. Moore, who may have been seen for many years doing duty as sidesman in the Cathedral. He was buried in Linwood Cemetery, Bishop Harper, the Dean, and many of the clergy attending his funeral.

I forgot to mention a very pleasing little act which came between the two last performances of 'Pinafore.' By the kind invitation of Mr and Mrs Wallace, the whole company proceeded to their house, Armagh-street, and partook of a cold collation or high tea. A splendid spread was provided, and Mr Wallace finished up by presenting each lady with a pretty bonbonnière filled with choice confections. The time spent was marked by the utmost cordiality and enjoyment, showing the pleasant relations existing between the conductor and the members of the company.

In a stroll through the shops the other day I was struck by the preponderance of grey over every other colour—countless varieties of shades, but inclining to grey, while in the millinery black and gold and black and yellow of all shades seems very fashionable. The cotton goods are charming, but during snow-storms one's thoughts will not turn to cotton frocks, and in our climate a tweed gown is a necessity. I have already seen several new ones of different tones of grey with Newmarket jackets, and very smart and serviceable they look.

DOLLY VALE.

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, OCTOBER 7.

Miss Jennie West has undertaken to produce 'the Messiah' in a few months' time. She is said to be the first lady conductoress in New Zealand who has undertaken so ambitious a task. About one hundred responded to her invitation, and met for the inaugural practice the other night, but it is believed that the chorus will be more than doubled, as upon that evening many musical people were elsewhere.

A wedding of considerable interest took place at Port Chalmers, when the daughter (Jeannie) of Captain McCullum, the deputy harbour-master, was united to Mr Alexander Grant Simpson, of Rangitikei, North Island. The ships both at Port and Dunedin were quite gay with bunting, and the Presbyterian Church was crowded to get a peep at the bride, who looked very nice in a gown of white brocaded satin, with long train with the usual veil and orange blossoms, and lovely bouquet. Five bridesmaids attended her, four being her sisters, and a Miss McCullum from Auckland, making the fifth. This lady wore a remarkably pretty dress of cream nun's veiling, with a stylish hat to match. The two elder sisters were attired in dresses of white nun's veiling trimmed with gold braid and white crêpe hats relieved with gold. The two little sisters of the bride wore terra-cotta, with Liberty silk sashes and hats. All wore gold bangles and brooches, the gift of the bridegroom. The bride's mother wore a handsome black satin dress with cream lace. The bridegroom had Mr R. C. Bruce, late member for Rangitikei, for best man. The breakfast was held in the Foresters' Hall, where about fifty guests sat down. Among the guests were Mr Mills, M.H.R., Captain Anderson, Captain Cameron, the Rev. Mr Ryley, Mr Allen, and the Mayor of Port Chalmers. The happy couple have gone to Oamaru for their honeymoon.

Talking of weddings reminds me that Miss Hale's marriage with Mr Jowitt is arranged for February. The bridesmaids are to be six in number—Misses G. McLean, Butterworth, A. Roberts, Macassey, Carew, and Tui Stephenson.

We had a glorious day for the laying of the stone of Dr. Burns' statue, which will be directly opposite to that of Robert Burns, the poet. It is a magnificent gift to the city by Mr Robert Chapman. He (Dr. Burns) was the pioneer minister of Otago, and a great number of the old identities of the first church were present. Dr. Burns was appointed minister to the Otago settlement in 1845 by Sir William Chambers, but did not leave for the colonies until 1848. For almost a quarter of a century he was a prominent member here, not only as a minister, but as a man who took a lively interest in public matters. To him also the settlers were indebted for the first public library. The gift of Mr Chapman is a very handsome one, and the citizens feel very grateful.

The lovely afternoon tempted a good many of Mrs David Ross' friends out to her pretty new home at Ravensbourne, where they spent a delightful time. Mrs Qualter has also had a delightful afternoon tea, where many familiar faces were assembled. Mrs Sise also gave an afternoon tea, and Mrs Henry Mackenzie a delightful evening at the 'Chalet.' Mrs Mackenzie's parties are always much enjoyed, for she is a delightful entertainer.

The daughters of Mr and Mrs Roberts entertained their young friends at a small dance at Littlebourne House. As neither of these ladies is 'out' yet, it could not be a large affair. Mr and Mrs Roberts are expected from England shortly, but Miss Roberts and Mr George will remain behind. Among the young ladies at the dance were Miss F. Spence, in a very becoming white; Miss Rattray, cornflower blue nun's veiling; Miss A. Dymock, terra-cotta muslin; Miss G. Neill, pale pink silk; Miss R. Neill, pretty yellow silk; Miss A. Roberts, pale pink nun's veiling; Miss Lulu Roberts, two shades of green cashmere; Miss Macassey, pink silk covered with net; Miss C. McLaren looked very well in dark red; Miss Scott, black silk grenadine. Others were Misses Ramsey and Webster.

The Ladies' Savage Club was supposed to close with a gentlemen's evening, but which having been unavoidably postponed, another ladies' evening was held at Mrs Colquhon's. It was an invitation evening, and a large number were present, amongst whom were Mesdames Mackenzie, Batchelor, Ferguson, Monkman, Joachim, Scott, Qualter, Bridges, Valentine, Belcher, Bathgate, Woodhouse, Fenwick, Stilling, Sise, Melland, Pim, De Zouche, Moore, Driver, Dymock, Ogston, Macassey, and the Misses Fenwick, Rattray, Reynolds, Spence, Scott, Sise, Stanford, Qualter, Cargill, Stephenson, Roberts, and Williams. Miss K. Rattray occupied the chair. Mrs De Zouche sang a song; Misses M. Williams and Roberts gave a pianoforte duet; Mrs Melland and Miss Stephenson, very interesting readings; Misses Stephenson, a scene from 'Rudder Grange,' Mrs Melland, an appeal addressed to lady novelists, entitled 'A Plea for Shorter Heroes;' Mrs Pim sang a song, and Mrs Bridges exhibited and explained the method of making a working apron.

The weather was gloriously fine for a week, and now we are having a rain that is making glad the hearts of farmers and gardeners, both professional and amateur. It has been steadily coming down for twenty-four hours.

The Bland Holt season has been one of unqualified success. As I imagined it would, 'The Bells of Haselmere' took even better than 'London Day by Day.' Upon the last night of the first-mentioned piece the house was as crowded as on the first night it was put on; and on the first night of 'The Golden Ladder,' although a Saturday night, and usually an unfashionable night in the circle, it was crowded there as well as below stairs. In fact, in all parts of the house people were content to stand the whole evening. I for one am extremely sorry the season is over, although every night this week offers something. A series of farewell concerts (of Mr Hunter's I will tell you before I close), the Tui Minstrels, and a play, 'Look in the Glass,' composed by Henry Belcher, son of Dr. Belcher. The Tui Minstrels are not a travelling show, but formed from our young gentlemen here, and I learn that every seat in the circle is booked for their opening night, so I shall have plenty of news for you next week. But to return to the theatre. The last two nights it was densely packed, scarcely good standing room being obtainable. Mrs Bland Holt looks lovely in the first act of 'The Golden Ladder,' wearing a terra-cotta silk, made in a very quaint style, as only actresses manage to get their dresses made. The circle was really too full to distinguish

one from another, but I noticed Mrs Bowen, in brown satin; Miss Sievwright, in French grey with yoke and girdle of pink; Miss Halenstein, white; Miss Reynolds, black dress, and long grey opera cloak; Mrs Martin, cream and red; Miss Belcher, grey velvet; Miss Stephenson and Miss Tui, white brocaded opera cloaks; Miss Isaacs, black. We are very grudgingly giving up our theatrical treat. Mr Walter Howe is a splendid actor. You will see a magnificent piece of acting in the furnace scene of 'Master and Man,' but, as the season progressed, we saw him taking the part of nobler characters, and his Frank Thornhill in 'The Golden Ladder' leaves behind him a pleasant recollection. He looked every inch the brave young missionary he represented. Mr Baker is also a fine actor, and manager, so irresistible does he make his villains, to carry the sympathies of the audience with him, and although he generally represents a 'good-for-nothing,' still we are always delighted when he comes out safe. Miss Blande need only to repeat her visit to prove how much she has won upon the people. Both she and Mrs Holt were the recipients of some lovely flowers.

A farewell concert was given to Mr John Deaker, who is leaving for Sydney. For ten years past he has always most good-naturedly assisted at charitable affairs, and his many friends gave him a good send off. Miss Rose Blaney, looking very pretty in pink silk, sang 'Kathleen Mavourneen' in her own sweet way, also, 'My Faded Violet.' Miss M. Graham, wearing a very pretty black evening dress, sang 'Ever of Thee,' and was greatly appreciated. Mr W. Woods was among the soloists, and, of course, Mr Deaker, who received a big ovation. Miss Mary Drumm acted throughout the evening as accompanist playing with expression, and looking very nice in a pretty terra-cotta dress.

Another farewell concert was the one I previously alluded to, given to Mr Arthur Hunter. To tell the truth I was not there. I could not find it in my heart to miss the last night of the theatre, but I hear it was in every way a success. Miss Rose Blaney sang charmingly, and Miss Blanche Joel and Miss Cooper were among the lady vocalists, Mr Charles Umbers, Mr Densem, and Mr Manson among the gentlemen, but if I don't leave off writing I shall miss the mail. I wish I were going with my letter as far as Christchurch to be present there at the opening night of 'Master and Man.'

MAUDE.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, OCTOBER 9.

We are having the queerest weather you can imagine. First it is beautifully warm and a few days later we have it just as cold as winter, and a week or so ago we saw the distant hills which surround us covered with snow.

Some of the grass Tennis Courts have opened again, and we have had some excellent play. It is very early, but singularly enough, the ground is in splendid condition, probably owing to our exceptionally mild winter. I think, as usual, Mr and Mrs Charlie Johnston were the first to open theirs, but next month all the clubs open, and we shall soon turn our attention towards tournaments. The late Mrs D. Riddiford's Tennis Court will be greatly missed during the next winter. I have not heard who is to take the house.

Dr. Newman has lately bought that valuable property in Hobson-street, which belonged to Mr George Schultz, and the family intend residing there. Dr. Adams has also just made a new purchase of that fine residence on the Terrace which belonged to Mr Godfrey Knight.

We have had absolutely nothing going on of interest this week except Mr Prouse's concert. This took place at the Opera House, and attracted a large audience. The programme was a very popular one, including 'Nazareth' and 'The Wanderer' (Schubert), sung by Mr Prouse, and 'Bel Raggio' (Rossini) by Miss McClean. Mr R. B. Williams sang 'An Evening Song,' and 'Smile and Bid Me Live,' and the Misses Hammerton played the Sclavonic dances. Miss Grady sang a serenade very prettily. Mr Prouse gave the concert as an announcement of his return from England, where he has been receiving lessons from the best masters. The improvement in his style and voice is great, but I should imagine he hardly allowed himself time to accomplish all he intended with his powerful voice. He will be warmly welcomed back among his brother musicians, for he used always to be so good in helping at concerts, etc. Miss McClean was in capital voice, and sang beautifully, the flexibility of her powerful soprano voice being especially noticeable in 'Bel Raggio.' Mr Williams was just as pleasing as ever. His quiet, sympathetic tenor voice is always listened to with pleasure, Mr McDuff Boyd played a violin solo, and a trio by Miss McClean, Mr Prouse, and Mr Williams was, I think, generally considered the gem of the evening. Miss McClean wore a beautiful black velvet gown made with high puffed sleeves and a very long train, the front being of soft white material laced across with black. Miss Grady wore mauve with bands of dark velvet. The Misses Hammerton, respectively, wore black with white sash, and white with maize sash. Altogether Mr Prouse is to be congratulated upon the evident success of his first concert in Wellington. Mr Parker conducted. Miss McClean had two bouquets thrown to her, and Miss Grady one after her song. Mr Prouse was greeted by prolonged applause on his appearance.

An excellent entertainment tendered to Mr Barcham has just taken place at the Opera House. The first part was musical, and consisted of songs by Miss Trehair-Osborne, Mrs Parsons and Mr Nairn; violin duets by Misses Cable and Pilcher, and Messrs McDuff Boyd and Maginnity; a zither solo by Herr Theo Geyzer; pianoforte pieces by Miss Louise Wilson (late of the Royal Academy of Music), and a sketch by Mr C. Hale. An overture was then given by Jupp's private band, and then came the second part, which consisted of a farcical comedietta called 'A Happy Pair,' which was acted by Miss Moeller (Mrs Honeyton) and Mr A. S. Patterson (Mr Honeyton). Mr J. Maginnity accompanied the vocalists, and Messrs Patterson and Stansfield acted as joint secretaries.

Next week you shall hear of the Harmonic Society's concert. They are to have 'The Revenge' again. The soloists are to be Mr R. B. Williams, Miss Stanford, Miss Grady, and Miss Upham. Mr Parker, as usual, will conduct.

Let me think of some of the new spring dresses I have seen lately. Mrs E. C. Reynolds, who is visiting us from Dunedin, and staying with her mother, Mrs Ed. Richardson, is wearing a pretty silver-grey tweed with white shirt front, and black hat with feathers, and a fluffy grey fur boa. Mrs C. Pharazyn and Miss Pharazyn have also been visiting Wellington, the former wearing a handsome fawn Phaeton cloak with silk hood looped with gold cord, and a large brown hat. Mrs Newman is wearing a handsome fawn tweed made with a long basque, and bonnet to match; Miss Medley, a light grey tweed, with Newmarket coat, and black hat with light feathers; Mrs Travers, dark blue, the sleeves and trimmings brocaded with large dull red spots, and jet bonnet; Mrs Wardrop, terra cotta cloth braided with black, and tiny jet bonnet; Miss Kemp, fawn three-quarter cloak, and fawn hat with feathers; Miss McClean, a handsome Scotch green and blue plaid, and black jet bonnet with bright green velvet; Miss George, a grey tweed; Miss M. George, a pretty fawn gown, and small fawn hat; Miss Dransfield, a dark blue gown and shirt front; Mrs G. Knight, black three-quarter cape, and jet bonnet; the Misses Harding, fawn three-quarter capes, and large hats.

The Star Boating Club opens with a large afternoon tea at the sheds. There is also to be a procession of boats. It is always a fashionable gathering.

The Wellington Football Club have just had their annual sports at the Basin Reserve. Unfortunately, the weather was unpleasant—cold and windy—but there were still a great number of people present. The Ladies' Bracelet Race was won by Mr Morrah, and amongst others who distinguished themselves were Messrs Barnett (2), Pownall, W. Turnbull, Heywood, Anderson, Hume, and Cruickshank. We were most hospitably entertained with afternoon tea by the Club. It was served in the grandstand, and proved most acceptable.

RUBY.

NAPIER.

(Delayed in transmission.)

DEAR BEE, OCTOBER 2.

The Cinderella dance takes place to-night, but as I want to catch the mail, I am afraid I cannot wait to tell you about it. Next week I shall hope to do so. I believe it is to be a splendid ball. The town is certainly full of country people if that is any criterion, but, at any rate, the more the merrier, and I think I may safely predict a great crowd.

Mr and Mrs Kettle gave a fancy dress ball last week. It was a most enjoyable dance, and not only a dance, for there were charades, too, during the early part of the evening, and then dancing, which was kept up until a late hour. The house is delightfully planned for a dance. The large covered-in verandah affords so much extra space, and then the garden is so delightful. The dresses were very quaint and pretty. Mrs Logan and Miss Minna Chapman both looked exceedingly well, so did Miss Ida Tiffen. Mrs Pat McLean's costume was much admired; it was that of a Greek Girl; and Miss Dixon looked very charming in her pretty costume. Miss Leslie Thompson looked so nice. She went as an Iris, and had her white flowing robes trimmed with these very effective flowers; she also carried a large bouquet of the same. Everyone seemed to enjoy the dance very much indeed. Miss St. Hill, Miss A. St. Hill, and Miss Nelson were there from the country. Miss St. Hill looked one of the best in the room.

When the Bowling Green was opened the weather promised to be fine, but I am sorry to say the fine weather did not last, and it came on most intensely cold and bleak. Notwithstanding this drawback a large number of people assembled on the ground, and during the afternoon some of the ladies dispensed tea, and handed round cake and bread and butter. I noticed Mrs Balfour looking very nice in a becoming dark gown, and Miss Hitchings and several others. The Bowling Green is looking very nice; the lawn is a perfect picture now. It will be a pity if it gets dried up, although we cannot expect it will retain its lovely present green appearance all the hot summer. We think the courts will be well patronised when once the fine weather sets in.

Napier is looking most lovely at present; indeed, I really think this is the time of year for a stranger to visit our pretty town. The hills are beautifully green, and there are a number of acacia trees in bloom. The contrast of the green against the yellow is very charming, with an occasional glimpse of blue sea thrown in.

The Napier Operatic Society are very busy rehearsing for 'Madame Favart.' We are looking forward to a glorious opera season. The performers are all well up in their parts, and are sparing no pains to make it a success. During the opera a Court *minuet* is to be danced by Misses K. Hitchings and Guy, and Messrs Von Sturmer and Arthur Kennedy. The ladies are to wear exceedingly handsome dresses with very long trains, which it has taken considerable practice to learn how to manage. I believe there are to be more than a hundred new dresses made especially for this opera—in fact no stone has been left unturned to make the season one of the most enjoyable that has ever been in Napier. I will tell you more about it after it is over.

Mrs W. Tabuteau gave an afternoon tea last week, and varied the usual entertainment by inviting gentlemen as well as ladies. I do not see why the men should not be invited to afternoon tea sometimes. They come out of their office tired and hungry, as a rule, or at any rate thirsty, and I am sure must bless the good Samaritan who asks them to a most enjoyable afternoon tea and cake *ad lib.* Amongst those present at Mrs Tabuteau's were the Misses Fulton, Iris Fulton, Millet, Hughes, Humpheries, Hamlin, Roy, and others, and Messrs Arthur Kennedy, Von Sturmer, and another. Mrs Tabuteau is a charming hostess, and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent.

I must tell you of yet another engagement—that of Miss Welsman to Mr Tennent. We believe the engagement is not to be a very long one, and is to terminate shortly in matrimony. Mr Tennent is fortunate in having secured an exceedingly nice girl for his wife.

I am glad to be able to tell you that Mrs Harry Warren is a little better, and has been able to walk about a little just for a short time each day. I heard that Mr and Mrs Warren are going to reside for a time at that lovely place, 'The Lawn,' at Clive, but cannot say if the report is a correct one.

Miss Thompson is still with her sister. Mrs and Miss Hamlin have returned from Wellington, and are looking all the better for their trip. Mrs Horace Baker is also back. She took her young daughter to Wellington to Mrs Swainson's school.

I noticed Mrs Hoadley in town looking very nice in grey gown, stylish hat; and Miss Kate Hitchings, in salmon pink flannelette; also Miss Lascelles, in navy gown, fawn jacket, large hat with feathers.

DEAR BEE, OCTOBER 8.

The last of the Cinderella dances has taken place, and was one of the very best balls that have ever been held in Napier. Great credit is due to Mr W. Anderson for the pains he took to ensure the comfort of everyone. On the morning of the ball he actually got up about four in the morning and went down to the theatre to see what he could do. I am sure he must have felt gratified when he saw the result of so much trouble. To begin with the supper table was exceedingly pretty. All our lovely spring flowers are now in full bloom, and evidently nobody grudged sending their best and choicest blooms. Prominent on the table was an exquisite basket of jonquils, lilac, lilies, and other flowers most tastefully arranged by Mrs J. P. Hamlin, who, as everybody knows, has the knack, if anybody has, of arranging flowers. When the curtain drew up the supper-table looked very tempting, the dishes being many and varied, and seemed to be endless, for as fast as one dish was emptied another was put in its place. We had oysters, too, Bee, and delicious soup, with cream. Now I must tell you about the gowns. There were so many people at the ball it is almost impossible to remember every frock, so those who are not mentioned must forgive me. However, I will do my best. There were numbers of country people in for the dance, and some of the gowns were exceedingly handsome. Mrs John Moore, from Rakamoana, looked exceedingly well in a black and yellow gown; the sleeves were so pretty, being caught together by tiny yellow bows; Mrs Hamlin looked very nice and natty in yellow silk, high collar, red rose in her bodice, and red flower in her hair; Mrs Gore looked very well in white silk trimmed with exquisite chiffon edged with gold; she wore a diamond star in her hair; Mrs W. Tabuteau was much admired in bright pink silk elegantly made; her two sisters, Miss Fulton and Miss Iris Fulton, also wore pink; Miss Fulton, a very pale pink; Miss Moss (who has come down from Mrs Joe Rhodes) wore white trimmed with chiffon; Miss Large, white, with red flowers (a pretty frock); Mrs J. Rhodes, from Runtaniwha, wore cream; Miss Glendining, an extremely stylish gown of white satin with overskirt of soft grey net (one of the handsomest in the room); Mrs Glendining wore black and red; Mrs Walker, bright blue silk, white front; Mrs Olliver, pale blue; Miss Millet, cream, with heliotrope spots; Miss Nelson looked very nice in her pretty heliotrope gown; Miss Lucy Williams, her lovely maize silk with red flowers; Miss Newton, blue; Miss Daisy Newton, bright cardinal net; Miss Beamish, dark green net spangled with silver; Miss Fanny Beamish, white and silver; Miss Weber, pink fisherman's net; Mrs Logan looked very charming in white; it suited her to perfection; her sister, Miss Taylor, wore black; she looked exceedingly well; Miss Rhodes, pale pink; Miss Locke, pretty pink frock; Miss Milly Rhodes very handsome white silk trimmed with white and gold chiffon (Christchurch gown). To my mind Miss Ida Tiffen and Miss Hewson were decidedly the belles. Miss Tiffen did look really quite bewitching in a most lovely white gown glistening with dewdrops; Miss Hewson wore a very pretty pale pink net, with silk bodice (an English gown); Miss Mary Lowry, a lovely heliotrope with sprays of real clematis; Mrs P. S. McLean, red underskirt, black lace overskirt. We were so pleased to see Mrs Vickerman at our dance. She was such a favourite with us all when she lived in Napier—always so bright and merry. As one lady remarked, it did her good to see her amongst us once more. She wore black and rose (a pretty gown); Miss Shaw looked very handsome in pale blue; Miss Hughes, black net, with a very handsome red sash; Miss Thompson, graceful white gown; Miss Jago, black embroidered with yellow; Miss Minna Chapman, a becoming gown of pink trimmed with silver braid; Miss Flossie Bell, heliotrope; Miss Dixon looked very charming in pink. This ball might well be called a pink ball, for so many were the pink gowns worn. Mrs Balfour looked extremely well in eau-de-nil silk; her niece, Miss Barton, wore white with marguerites, and carried an exquisite bouquet of the same; Miss Hitchings looked well in white; Miss Hilda Hitchings, pink; and Miss Kate Hitchings, white and yellow striped net; Mrs Kells also wore a very handsome gown—white silk covered with spangles; and Miss Bower, a very becoming gown of pale pink silk, shoes to match. For a wonder we were short of men, which is not usually the case, and in consequence there were rather more wall-flowers than usual. I missed several of our dancing men, and I also missed Miss Hamlin and Miss Lascelles. The latter young lady has recently lost a niece, and we presume kept away on that account. We had a real good gallop to wind up with, which everyone seemed to fully enjoy, and before leaving the ball-room three cheers were given for the energetic secretary, which were heartily responded to.

I am told the boating season is to open shortly. Our young men are busy getting their boats painted and done up ready for the opening of the season, an auspicious day, and generally looked forward to by both sexes.

We are losing another of our residents Mr. P. A. F. Birch and family. We much regret their going. Mr Birch was some little time ago reduced by the Government. He accordingly went to Australia, to look round, as the saying is, and succeeded in getting a really good billet. He returned last week for his wife and children, and I believe leaves again for Australia to morrow. It seems a pity our old residents are going from us in this manner. Napier is not what it was a dozen years ago. We don't see the same old faces now that we saw then.

Well, Bee, no time for more, I am afraid, so must leave the rest of my news for my next letter.

GLADYS.

JOURNALISTIC LOYALTY.

LUCY (indignantly): 'To think of our names appearing in this paper—your paper—as being engaged! And there's not (sob) a word of truth in it!'

Von Faber (calmly): 'Then, as a loyal scribe, let us make it true. Will you be my wife?'

Lucy (faintly): 'Well, for the dreadful paper's sake—yes.'

HASTINGS.

(Delayed in transmission.)

DEAR BEE, OCTOBER 2.

We have been having quite a gay time lately what with one thing and the other, and one entertainment was of a very novel character. It was a big dinner given in the Town Hall by the Hastings Farmers' Association, and was a grand success. Everything on the tables was of local produce, and the numerous and varied dishes were delicious, one and all. Of course I couldn't taste all of them, but I heard the encomiums passed on them. I couldn't tell you the names of all the dishes either, but I must mention one 'joint' we had. It was called a barron of beef, and was enormous—in fact, so large that a dish had to be made specially for it. What do you think of that? I believe it is the first barron of beef that has ever been served up at Hawke's Bay, if not in New Zealand, so oughn't we to be proud of Hastings. It shows what a go-ahead place this is. I didn't taste any of the beef, but was told it was very good. The carvers were kept well employed. I always pity the carvers at a big dinner. They have no sooner helped everybody and are trying to get a taste themselves, when up come the plates again. Amongst other good things there was a very pretty iced cake, not an ordinary cake, but something quite new. I believe it was made at McGlashan's. There were all sorts of drinkables, all of local produce, but I heard it whispered there was no whisky. There was a very large number of people present, and the fun waxed fast and furious, especially as the night wore on. The speeches were some of them too funny, and so good, especially Mr Alick Lean's. He made a capital speech, and Mr Minden Fenwicke, too, was very good. He replied for Messrs Nelson Bros., and was applauded to the echo. Amongst those present I noticed Mesdames Hobbs, Tyreman, Wellwood, Sheath, Blake, E. D. Smith, Price, Caulton, and the Misses Clark, Wallace, Dennet, and a number of other ladies; also Messrs Hobbs, Tyreman, Fenwicke, Pinckney, Lean, King, Galwey, Wellwood, Vickerman, and several others.

Immediately following the dinner, at least a few nights after, there was a gymnasium ball, which was held in St. Matthew's Schoolroom, and was undoubtedly a success in every sense of the word. It was at first feared there would not be enough people to make the ball a success, but it turned out that such fears were groundless, for the room was positively as full as it could be of dancing people. The music was very good. When I tell you we had Newbould's string band the name is sufficient. There were very few wallflowers, for the men predominated by a good many. It is a treat to see that at a ball, and I must say we are very fortunate in that respect here. The supper was laid in a marquee, and the dishes looked so inviting nestling among the leaves and flowers and pretty fairy lamps, and the good things tasted every bit as good as they looked. The room was very prettily decorated, and the floor was perfection. The general opinion was that Miss Luckie was the belle. She looked so nice and so handsome in a blue spangled gown with flowing angel sleeves; Miss May Chapman also looked very pretty in white; Miss Dennett also looked very charming; her gown was most becoming. Amongst the guests I noticed Mesdames Hobbs, Tyreman, Wellwood, Sheath, Brooke, Taylor, Roach, Knight, Bennett, Beilby, and the Misses Percy (2), Chapman (2), Clark, Wallace, Kelly, Dennett, and several others. I have so much to tell you about this time that I cannot describe all the gowns. Miss Percy wore a very pretty black gown, and Mrs Blake an exceedingly handsome black broché. The dance was kept up until a late hour, and one and all agreed it had been a most delightful ball, and hoped there would be another next year. The energetic secretary, Mr F. Roach, deserves a word of praise, although he is here no longer, I believe, and has gone to Gisborne to help to get up dances there, amongst other things.

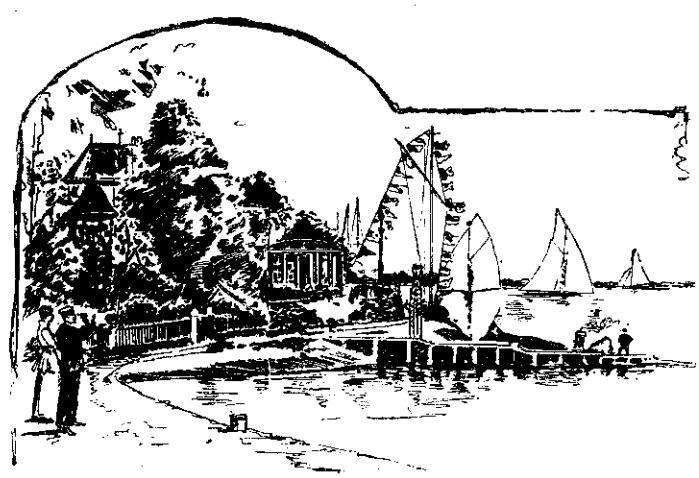
Mr Murdoch gave a reading of his new play in St. Matthew's schoolroom. It is composed by himself, and is called 'The Fourth Estate.' It was exceedingly good. The piece abounds with amusing bits, and is very cleverly written, to say the least of it. We are looking forward to seeing it produced at no very distant date. Among the audience invited to hear the reading of this piece we noticed Messrs Barnard, Galwey, Loughnan, Smith, Fraser, and several others. It was listened to most attentively throughout. We believe Mr Barnard is to be one of the performers when the piece is produced, and he is known to be very good at that sort of thing, so we may look forward to a treat.

To turn now to sporting matters, I am not very well up in racing, Bee, but I know enough to be able to take an interest in anything that is going on in that particular line. Mr Gollan left us a week or so ago, and has gone to Australia with his trainer, Mr Percy Martin and eight of his valuable horses. I hear the animals caused quite a flutter in racing circles in Wellington, and the wharf was crowded with spectators while these interesting animals were being got on board. I do hope they will render a good account of themselves. It seems such a long way to take them, it would be a thousand pities if they disappoint their owner and their backers. How proud we Hastings people will be if one of our Hawke's Bay horses wins the Melbourne Cup!

Next week I shall have a lot of interesting news for you, Bee. I know you like to hear about all that is going on.

DEAR BEE, OCTOBER 7.

I promised to tell you all about the gowns worn at the races, and shall just have time to write you a short account of those worn on the first day. Those worn on the second day and at the show must come into a future letter. The first day of the races broke gloriously fine; indeed, a more lovely day could not have been made to order, and so beautifully warm, just suited for the most ravishing spring toilettes. It would have been impossible to have worn a thick gown without feeling very uncomfortable. By the time the first race started an immense crowd of people had assembled on the course. The scene was most gay, and the course itself was like a glimpse of fairyland, especially when luncheon was going on. The different tables under the willows, and the varied colours of the ladies' costumes must have struck most people (at any rate, those who are lovers of nature) as a scene not easily to to forgotten. Now for the costumes. Mrs Ormond was there from Napier; she wore black, with black bonnet trimmed with gold stars. Her two daughters were with her. Miss Ormond wore a pretty claret and fawn figured delaine richly braided with claret-coloured braid, hat to match; Miss Ada Ormond (who looks very well after her trip up country), white cashmere gown beautifully embroidered with pale pink and grey, cream hat with cream poppies; Mrs Captain Russell, black gown, black bonnet; Mrs Herbert Russell (from Turanui), black gown trimmed with white silk, black boat-shaped hat with white silk trimmings and black feathers; Mrs Arthur Russell (Palmerston North), green figured delaine, half vest of white silk, the green coming in folds from it to the other side, green velvet bonnet with lovely spray of what children call one o'clocks—those pretty feathery things they blow and tell the time with; Miss E. Williams looked so extremely well in a lovely heliotrope gown trimmed with white embroidery; the insertion on the skirt was put lengthwise, and in the distance looked like stripes, three-quarter fawn cloak, exquisite white hat trimmed with cream feathers, and tied with pretty narrow strings under the chin. I did admire the wearer of this gown. Miss Russell, to my mind, wore one of the most ladylike costumes there. It suited her admirably—pale grey, or rather dove-coloured gown, three-quarter cloak of same material, and pretty small black toque trimmed with white silk (an elegant costume); Mrs Vickerman also wore a very neat and ladylike gown; it was navy figured delaine with cut-a-way jacket, high Medici collar, perfectly tight-fitting white vest, and tiny bonnet to match; Mrs Moore looked very handsome in a lovely fawn gown checked trimmed with brown velvet, small bonnet of brown velvet, ruby flowers; Mrs Kettle, dark green gown trimmed with green braid, white hat, cream poppies; Mrs Logan, grey checked tweed, very stylish brown straw hat trimmed with brown velvet; her sister, Miss Taylor, also wore grey tweed and small black hat; Miss Shaw, handsome fawn gown, small hat; Miss Maud Shaw looked very nice in a navy gown, cut-a-way jacket, and pink and white striped shirt, Tom Tug white sailor hat; Miss Greenwood looked well; she is from Christchurch, and wore navy gown, black jacket, black hat with black pom poms; Mrs Loughnan, fawn gown, terra-cotta vest, white hat trimmed with wheat-ears and lace. Two ladies, strangers, I noticed, one in black and white striped skirt, three-quarter cloak, and black hat with tiny white flowers, narow black velvet strings; the other lady wore black gown, black hat with strings; Mrs Hoadley, pretty grey tweed, black hat, pink poppies; Miss H. Hitchings, fawn gown, white bonnet; Mrs Sainsbury, very stylish grey and blue tweed, tiny bonnet; Mrs Balfour looked so well in her handsome navy and black costume, smart little bonnet; her niece, Miss Barton, wore a cream gown, cream three-quarter cloak, and small boat-shaped hat.



CLUB HOUSE OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON, COWES.

I cannot say I like the three-quarter cloak for girls; it is all very well for married women, and it certainly makes them look older, but, of course, we have not all the same taste, most fortunately. Mrs Coleman wore an exceedingly handsome gown of black corded silk; the front was of pale lemon silk, with fine black lace over it, exquisite black and gold bonnet; this was one of the handsomest costumes worn; Mrs Pat McLean, blue checked pongeé, waistcoat of darker blue braided with gold, hat to match; Miss Dixon (who always looks nice) also wore a blue gown, and white hat with cream trimming; Mrs Gordon, fawn gown, white hat with narrow yellow velvet, cream feathers and yellow strings; Mrs Harry Smith (from Petane), fawn gown, black and gold hat; Mrs Joe Rhodes, fawn gown, black hat with yellow trimmings and flowers; Miss Milly Rhodes, prune tweed, white hat with yellow; Mrs Donnelly looked extremely well (she always does) in black skirt, white shirt, black jacket, white *chic* hat, navy band; Mrs Fenwick wore a most elaborate white costume trimmed with pale blue chiffon, small white bonnet with forget-me-nots; her sister, Miss Wilkins (from Auckland), wore a similar costume of grey figured delaine with grey silk sleeves and sash, small bonnet of pink roses; Mrs Luckie, brown tweed, brown bonnet; Miss Luckie looked very handsome in fawn gown, fawn toque; Miss Cotterill, rose-coloured figured cloth, small toque-shaped hat; Miss Bowen, fawn gown, hat to match; Miss Raine (Christchurch), fawn gown, green and yellow ruchings, fawn hat with feathers; Miss Gore looked so well in her wedding gown, I presume, of fawn, trimmed with white silk and gold braid, tiny white bonnet, exquisite white sunshade; Miss Moss, Dolly Varden gown with sage-green trimming, white hat with strings; Miss Dennet, cornflower blue gown, small hat; Miss Gilpin (Havelock), white frock, white hat.

DOLLY.

Three things that are seen in a peacock—the garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil.

THE GOODWOOD OF THE SEA.

COWES in the regatta week becomes the Goodwood of the sea. There the cream of England's beauty congregate to witness the white wings of the yachts spread and speed before the not always favouring breeze, to talk more or less correct nautical language, and to look generally radiant and bewitching. This year the company at the Isle of Wight is as numerous and select as ever. Her Majesty with a pleasure party including the Prince and Princess of Wales, are at Osborne, and the good town of Cowes itself is crammed with yacht-owners and the more ornamental members of the various squadrons and clubs. There is no falling off in the entries for the various events, some of our most famous greyhounds of the Solent having entered for the various cups. The yacht attracting the most attention here is Emperor Wilhelm's Meteor, entered for the Queen's Cup. This yacht, formerly the Thistle, which successfully competed for the American Cup, has now been altered and improved, and her new trial is awaited with considerable interest both by her Imperial owner and the thousands who love yachting.

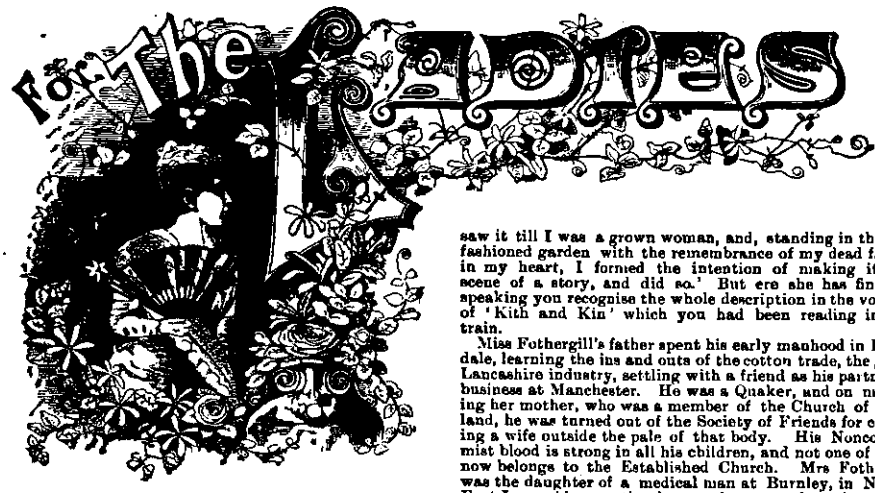
FIREPROOF DRESSES.

IT would be superfluous in a journal concerning itself so largely with the very important question of dress, to insist upon the enormous boon it would be to society if ladies would make a practice of wearing dresses of a non-inflammable nature. Possibly some of our readers will, upon the mere suggestion, have horrible visions of hideous fabrics perfectly impossible for any lady of taste to wear. Nothing could be a greater fallacy. There is no reason why a lady wearing one of the daintiest and flimsiest of ball-dresses, perfect in design and exquisite in material, should not enjoy the additional pleasure of feeling a sense of absolute security from accident by fire. In the course of an extremely interesting lecture given by Mr E. L. Fleming, at the Society of Arts, John-street, Adelphi, recently, it was stated, and proved, that by steeping it in a solution of borax the most delicate fabric may be rendered completely fire-resisting. No hesitation need be felt in adopting the borax system of rendering a dress non-inflammable on the score of injuring the fabric treated, as borax will not injure it in the slightest degree. How valuable the knowledge of such a fact may be is easily understood when some of the awful catastrophes of recent years are recalled, notably that of the unhappy children at Leeds, many of whom were burnt to death through their fancy dresses catching fire at an entertainment; and it is to be hoped that not only ladies, but theatrical managers, will adopt the idea, rendering non-inflammable their curtains and the diaphanous draperies of the ballet, and thus eliminating the risk of fire from their entertainment. As borax is so cheap, costing only threepence or fourpence a pound, there is no possible reason why it should not be universally adopted, and the lecturer was good enough to explain that by steeping a dress of any material in a solution in the proportion of one pound of borax to a gallon of water it could be made perfectly non-inflammable. Mr Fleming proved his case by submitting a strip of borax-steeped tulle to the fire test with obvious success. The lecturer also gave his audience a host of interesting information as to the application of borax to the preservation of food, to medical purposes, etc., and also as to the sources of supply and the method of manufacture, the whole lecture proving of quite exceptional interest.

The necessity of adopting every possible precaution has now been further and most painfully emphasised by the lamentable occurrence in Brompton by which Lord Romilly lost his life. Such incidents, sad as they are, may yet be turned to good purpose if they lead to greater precautions on the part of the public at large.—*Exchange.*

LATE AUCKLAND NEWS.

VERY sincere regret is felt at the unexpected death of Miss Laura Dixon, third daughter of Mr J. J. Dixon, late Deputy-Registrar of Deeds, who, with his family, has been living in Auckland for the last few years. Miss Laura Dixon had been seriously ill with rheumatic fever, but her mother's unremitting good nursing pulled her through, and the medical attendant pronounced her convalescent. She, however, was taken suddenly ill the early part of the week, dying the same evening. The immense amount of sympathy for their loss, and the great esteem in which the bereaved family is held, was shown by the numerous and beautiful floral tokens which decorated the coffin. The funeral was attended by a large number of sorrowing friends. Miss Laura was such an unselfish girl, and such a devoted daughter, that her death creates a terrible blank in the home circle and amongst her young friends.



SOME WELL-KNOWN LADY WRITERS.

MISS JESSIE FOTHERGILL.

AS this talented young authoress has recently died, a few reminiscences of a visit paid to her—taken from a London journal—may be of interest to the readers of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC. Miss Fothergill's best-known works are 'The First Violin,' and 'Kith And Kin.' The lady's home is in a quiet street lying off Oxford-street, one of the main thoroughfares of Manchester; and the house, one of a modest little row, is small and ordinary. The rooms are larger than might have been expected from its exterior, notably Miss Fothergill's own 'den,' as she calls the place where she spends nearly all her time. It is upstairs, and has two windows facing south, between them stands a large writing table, from which the authoress rises to welcome you. It is literally covered with papers and manuscripts. 'You think it looks extremely untidy,' she says, with a bright smile, after the first greetings are over. 'It is not untidy for me because I can put my hand on everything that I want. I am much cramped for space, too, in which to arrange my books as I would have them. I have a great many more than these, and they are scattered about in different other rooms in the house, which is only my temporary home, and everything is in disorder now, as I am on the eve of departure for sunnier climes.'

The furniture is arranged with the greatest simplicity, but it is all very comfortable; there are several easy chairs, a good resting couch, and plenty of tables, heaped up with the books, papers, and magazines of her daily reading. Over the fireplace is a large and very good autotype of Leonardo da Vinci's 'Monna Lisa,' with her mysterious smile and exquisite hands. There are likewise many photographs of Rome, and the art treasures of Rome. On another wall are two of Melozzo da Forti's angels, after those in the Sagrestia dei Canonici at St. Peter's, Rome, and a drawing of Watts' 'Love and Death' made by a friend.

'It is all extremely simple and rather shabby,' Miss Fothergill remarks placidly, 'but it suits me. I rarely enter the downstairs rooms, except at the stated hour for meals, and, though I detest the dirt and gloom of Manchester, and am always ill in this climate, yet for luxury I do not care. Sumptuous rooms, gorgeous furniture, and an accumulation of "the pride of life" and "the lust of the eye" would simply oppress me, and make me feel very uncomfortable.'

It is only fair to remark that on this occasion Manchester has put on a bright and smiling appearance. Though the fogs and rain can be as persistent as they are in London, the latter indeed much more frequent, the sun to-day shines brilliantly over the great city, and 'dirt and gloom' are conspicuous by their absence.

In person the authoress is moderately tall and slight in figure. She is pale and delicate-looking, with dark brown curly hair brushed back from her forehead, and fine grey eyes, which have a sparkle of mirth in them, and indicate a keen sense of humour. 'I have a keen sense of fun,' she replies in answer to your remark, 'and see the ridiculous side of things, if they have one. It is a blessed assistance in wending one's way through life. My mother and all her family possessed it, and we inherit it from her.' She wears a soft black dress, trimmed with lace and jet embroidery, and she is so youthful in her appearance as to look like a mere girl.

Jessie Fothergill was born at Cheetham Hall, Manchester and is of mixed Lancashire and Yorkshire descent. Her father came of an old Yorkshire yeoman and Quaker family, whose original home—still standing—was a lonely house called Tarn House, in a lonely dale—Ravenstonedale, Westmoreland. From there, in 1668, the family, having joined the Society of Friends, removed to a farmhouse, which some member of it built for himself in Wensleydale, Yorkshire, a district which until lately has been quite remote and little known, but which is now beginning to be sadly spoiled by the number of visitors from afar, who have found it out and who are corrupting the primitive simplicity of the inhabitants of the dale. This old-world farmstead was called Carr End. It is still in existence, but has passed out of the possession of its former owners.

'My father spent his childhood there,' says Miss Fothergill, 'and used to keep us entranced, as children, living in a stiff Manchester suburb, with accounts of the things to be seen and done there—of the wild moors, the running waterfalls, the little lake of Semirwater hard by filled with fish, haunted by birds to us unknown, and bordered by grass and flowers, pleasant woods and rough boulders. I never saw it till I was a grown woman, and, standing in the old fashioned garden with the remembrance of my dead father in my heart, I formed the intention of making it the scene of a story, and did so.' But ere she has finished speaking you recognise the whole description in the volume of 'Kith and Kin' which you had been reading in the train.

Miss Fothergill's father spent his early manhood in Rochdale, learning the ins and outs of the cotton trade, the great Lancashire industry, settling with a friend as his partner in business at Manchester. He was a Quaker, and on marrying her mother, who was a member of the Church of England, he was turned out of the Society of Friends for choosing a wife outside the pale of that body. His Nonconformist blood is strong in all his children, and not one of them now belongs to the Established Church. Mrs Fothergill was the daughter of a medical man at Burnley, in North-East Lancashire, another busy, grimy manufacturing town.

'I, however,' says our young hostess, 'knew very little of these northern towns, or the characteristics of their people, the love of which afterwards became part of my life, for, though my father's business was in Manchester, our home was at Bowdon, a popular suburb some eight or ten miles on the Cheshire side of the great city, and as utterly different from its northern outskirts and surroundings as if it belonged to another world.'

Misfortune soon brought the young girl in contact with other scenes. When she was a mere child at school, and all her brothers and sisters very young, her father died. Much reduced in circumstances, the family went to live (because it appeared best, most suitable, and convenient) at an out-of-the-way house appertaining to a cotton mill, in an out-of-the-way part of Lancashire, in which her father and his partner had had a business interest.

'There must have been something of the artist,' continues Jessie Fothergill, 'and something also of the vagabond in me, for I quite well remember going home to this place for the first Christmas holidays after my father's death, and being enchanted and delighted—despite the sorrow that overshadowed us—with the rough roads, the wild sweeping moors and fells, the dark stone walls, the strange, uncouth people, the out-of-the-worldness of it all. And the better I knew it the more I loved it, in its winter bleakness and its tempered but delightful summer warmth. I loved its gloom, its grey skies and green fields, the energy and the desperate earnestness of the people, who lived and worked there. I photographed this place minutely under the name of Homerton in a novel called "Healey." Here I passed a good many years after that turning point in a "young lady's" career—leaving school. Alas! there was little of the "young lady" about me. I hated company, except exactly that in which I felt myself at home. I loved books, and read all that I could get hold of, and have had many a rebuke for "poring over those books" instead of qualifying myself as a useful member of society. Almost better, I loved my wild rambles over the moors, along the rough roads, into every nook and corner of what would have been a beautiful vale—the Tadmorden Valley—if man had but left it as God had made it. But I liked the life that was around me too, the routine of the great cotton and flannel mills, the odd habits, the queer sayings and doings of the work-people. It was only when compassionate friends or relations, wishing to be kind and to introduce me to the world, insisted upon appearing in carriages, presenting me with ball-dresses, and taking me to entertainments that I was unhappy. I wove romances, wrote them down, in an attic at the top of the house; dreamed dreams, and lived, I can conscientiously say, far more intensely in the lives and loves of my imaginary characters, than even in the ambition of some day having name and fame.'

Both of Jessie Fothergill's two first books 'Healey' and 'Aldyth,' according to her own account, 'fell flat and dead to the ground.' Nothing daunted, however, by their failure, she paused for a while before writing anything more. Soon after their publication, she paid two visits to the Continent as the guest of friends, delighting much in all the new and wonderful things she saw. But the real enjoyment of foreign life came on a subsequent journey, when, with a sister and two young friends, she found herself established in a German boarding-house at Dusseldorf, on the Rhine, utterly without any of the luxurious hotels, drives, dinners, or any correct sight-seeing which she had enjoyed on her former visits, but with a thousand interests brought by the opening of a new life, the wonderful discovery of German music, the actual hearing of all the delightful things she had previously only heard of, which naturally inspired her imagination and fancy. At Dusseldorf she began to write 'The First Violin,' weaving into the scenes which passed every day before her eyes a series of imaginary adventures of imaginary beings. It was written 'in spasms,' she says—often altered, again completely changed in plot and incident several times, and it was not actually finished for a very long time after it was begun.

During the fifteen months spent at Dusseldorf she took every opportunity of studying the German language and life, and at the expiration of that time she went back to England—'to the house at the end of the world,' she says, smiling; 'and soon after my return I took a secretaryship, my heart in my books, making several efforts to get some enterprising publisher to take "The First Violin." I went to the firm who had brought out my two first unlucky efforts, but they kindly and parentally advised me, for the sake of whatever literary reputation I might have obtained, not to publish the novel I submitted to them. Much nettled at this, I replied, somewhat petulantly, that I acknowledged their right to refuse it, but not to advise me in the matter, and I *would* publish it. Next I took it to another firm who made it a rule never to bring out any novels except those of some promise. If it were possible to grant the premises of my story, the action itself was consistent enough, but it was up in the clouds and (though so elevated) was below their mark. Finally Mr Bentley took pity on it, and brought it out in three-volume form, first running it through the pages of *Temple Bar*. Since that time I have not experienced any difficulty in disposing of my wares, though continuous and severe ill-health has been a constant restraint on the rapid production, and has also kept me quiet and obliged me to seek rest and avoid excitement at the expense of many an acquaintance and many a pleasure I should have been glad to enjoy.'

On looking back, Jessie Fothergill cannot remember anything which caused her to write beyond the desire to do it. Her first attempts began when she was a mere child. Passionately fond of fairy tales, or any other, good, bad, or indifferent, she read them all, literally living in them when doing so. Then at school she used to instigate the other girls to write stories, because she wished to do so herself. She would tell them marvellous romances, which she had either read or invented. Her talent for writing fiction cannot be called hereditary, since the only family literary productions of which she is aware are a volume or two of sermons preached by some Fothergill who was a Friend, a missionary, and a man of note in his time. 'Then, long ago,' says the authoress, 'there was a celebrated Dr. John Fothergill in London. I came across his name in one of the volumes of Horace Walpole's letters. He not only made a fortune, but wrote books—purely professional ones, I imagine. My father's people were brought up narrowly as regards literature and accomplishments, as was the fashion in his sect in that day, but he himself was an insatiable devourer of novels and poetry, and introduced me to the works of Dickens and Walter Scott, exacting a promise that I should not read more than three chapters of any given book in one day, a promise which was faithfully kept, but with great agony of mind.'

Jessie Fothergill forms her plots as follows: She imagines some given situation, and works round it, as it were till she gets the story, all the characters except the two or three principal ones coming gradually. Next she writes them out first in a rough draft, the end of which often contradicts the beginning, but she knows what she means by that time. Then it is all copied out and arranged as she has settled it clearly in her mind. She is quick in composing, but slow in deciding which course the story shall take, as all the people are very real to her, and sometimes unkindly refuse to be disposed of according to her original intentions. 'I write much more slowly,' says Miss Fothergill, 'and much less frequently now that my health is so indifferent. As a child I learnt very quickly, and sometimes forgot equally quickly, but never anything that really interested me. I remember winning one prize only at a very early age, and choosing the most brightly bound of the books from which I had to select. It has always been my great regret that I did not receive a classical education. If I had, I would have turned it to some purpose, but when I was a child, music, for which I had absolutely no gift, was drummed into me, and a little French, German, and Italian I have learnt for myself since.' 'The Lasses of Leverhouse' (Messrs Tillotson, of Bolton) was her third book, but 'The First Violin' (Messrs Bentley) scored her first success. It went through several editions, and was followed by 'Probation,' 'Kith and Kin,' 'The Well-fields,' 'Borderland,' 'Peril,' and 'From Moor Isles.' Most of these passed first through *Temple Bar* before being issued in book form, and each has been warmly welcomed and favourably reviewed. Some have appeared in Indian and Australian journals, and most of her works are to be found in the *Tauchnitz* edition. 'A March in the Ranks' is the authoress's latest book. Besides these, she has written numerous short stories, among them, 'Made or Marred,' 'One of Three,' and a great many articles and essays for newspapers and magazines.

Full of interest and incident, carefully and conscientiously worked out, there is one prevailing characteristic running through all Miss Fothergill's novels. She is thoroughly straightforward and honest. Hating shams of all kinds, she pictures what seem to be things that happen, with due licence for arranging the circumstances and catastrophes artistically and dramatically. 'The First Violin' is a book for all time; 'Probation,' 'Kith and Kin,' 'Peril,' and 'The Well-fields,' are decidedly nineteenth century stories, as many of the interesting questions of the day appear in them, and it is evident that the said questions occupied the gifted writer's mind not a little. 'I have absolutely no sympathy,' she says, 'with what is often called realism now, the apotheosis of all that is ugly in man's life, feelings, and career, told in a minute, laborious way, and put forth as if it were a discovery. Life is as full of romance as Italy is full of roses. It is as full of prose as Lancashire is full of factory chimneys. I have always tried to be impartial in my writings, and to let the pendulum swing from good to bad, from bad to good; that has been my aim when I could detach myself enough from my characters.' Here Miss Fothergill draws off a seal ring which she long ago had engraved with the motto she chose to guide her through life. 'Good fight, good rest,' she says. 'It embodies all I have of religious creed. It means a good deal when you come to think of it.'

Miss Fothergill is a great reader. She delights especially in Ruskin, Darwin, Georges Sand, and George Eliot's works, which she says have solaced many an hour of pain and illness. In lighter literature she prefers some of Anthony Trollope's novels, and considers Mrs Gaskell's 'Sylvia's Lovers' one of the masterpieces of English fiction, and 'Wuthering Heights' as absolutely unique and unapproachable. Herbert Spencer and Freeman are great favourites, whilst in poetry, Browning stands first of all in her affections, and next to him, Morris, Goethe, and bits of Walt Whitman. Of her own works she says modestly, 'It seems to me that I have not much to say of them. What little I have done has been done entirely by my own efforts, unassisted by friends at Court, or favour of any kind. It has been a regret that owing to my having never lived in London I have not mixed more with scientific or literary people, and that I only know them through their books.'

The authoress has so thoroughly studied her own native city, and is so conversant with its doings, past and present, that she has much interesting information to impart about its ancient history, the sources of its wealth, and the origin of the place, which is so remarkable for the importance of its manufactures and the great extent of its trade. Manchester may be traced back to a very remote period of antiquity. It was once distinguished as a principal station of the Druid priests, and was for four centuries occupied by the Romans, being amply provided with everything requisite for the subsistence and accommodation of the garrison established in it. It was as long ago as 1352 that the manufacture of 'Manchester cottons' was introduced, and the material was in

reality a kind of woollen cloth made from the fleece in an unprepared state. At that period Flemish artisans settled in the town, where, finding so many natural advantages, they laid the foundations of the trade and brought the woollen manufacture to a great degree of perfection. Nor is the industrious city without later historical reminiscences. In 1744 Prince Charles Edward visited Manchester, where he was hospitably entertained for several weeks at Ancoat's Hall, the house of Sir Edward Moseley, Bart., returning the following year at the head of an army of 6000 men, when he took up his quarters at the house of Mr Dickenson in Market-place. In 1768 Christian, King of Denmark, lodged with his suite at the ancient Bull Inn. Early in the present century the Archdukes John and Lewis of Austria, accompanied by a retinue of scientific men, spent some time in the place, and in 1817 the late Emperor of Russia, then the Grand Duke Nicholas, visited Manchester to inspect the aqueducts and excavations at Worsley, and was escorted all over the principal factories.

But the shades of evening draw on; you have to get back to London to-night, and having likewise been 'hospitably entertained,' you bid Jessie Fothergill good-bye, with an earnest hope that under southern skies, and in warmer latitudes, she may soon regain her lost health and strength —a hope, alas! not destined to be realized.

AVOCATIONS OPEN TO WOMEN.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

UNDER the inexorable wheel of life which is forever turning, those who are rich to day may be poor to morrow. Still worse than the loss of property, many are helpless; untrained in any practical occupation, dependent upon brothers, uncles or friends, the gentle, refined victim of reverses endures an agony of dependence worse than death.

Under the probability of future contingencies, the wise mother will see to it that her daughter learns to do one thing well. The very discipline which is necessary for that will enable her to fit herself for another avocation, should it be necessary. It will also produce those feelings of self-respect and of power which are quite as excellent as a 'still, small voice in woman.'

It is only the silly and inexperienced who think ladyhood and work to be incompatible. During the youth of his beautiful daughters the King of Denmark was comparatively poor. So these scions of an ancient race learned to do up their laces and trim their hats, besides accomplishing other tasks not so easy as those. Yet the regal beauty and grace of the Princess of Wales and the Empress of Russia were no whit lessened thereby.

'What can the poor girl do? She has never learned how to do one thing thoroughly' is the remark often made after reverses have come upon the father.

One generation ago and the door of woman's opportunity, only slightly ajar, gave tempting glimpses of what might be. To-day it is two-thirds open, and through it pour a motley crowd, the well-equipped, the half-fitted and the ignorant, all intent upon success.

Among unusual pursuits followed may be reckoned that of the study of astronomy, by Maria Mitchell, LL.D. Among her pupils two or three have won fair distinction, though none have discovered a comet.

In the field of medicine, women have shown more pluck, energy and real heroism than can well be estimated. When Dr. Jacobi—then Mary Putnam—sailed from New York to prosecute in Paris the study denied to her in the United States, she encountered ridicule and opposition. To-day 8,000 women are ministering to the relief of their own sex and to children, and the rankest prejudice is being disarmed.

Quite lately several women have been graduated from dental colleges, and are doing a fair practice.

In finance, women have had little opportunity to become expert; in fact, many at the present time, would find it as hard to draw up a note as to pay one when it became due. But there are those who have a proclivity in the direction of finance. In America there is a successful bank president, and several cashiers and tellers. The cashiers of large retail shops, usually young women, are reported by their employers to be alert, honest and wonderfully expert in detecting counterfeit money. They are also good bookkeepers.

In the manufacture of fine jewellery and in gem-setting, women ought to be successful if quick eyes and a light touch count for anything, yet we seldom hear of women jewellers.

As florists and caterers, women have been and are now successful. In deftness, taste, originality of conception and sense of colour, woman ought to take the lead. In fruit culture she has already proved her capacity for success. Miss Austin, in Fresno county, California, with her three partners, all women who were weary of teaching, won for themselves a beautiful home and established an extensive business by the raising and curing of raisins and prunes. In this industry they were foremost among successful growers of fruit. In the year 1886 no less than 6,000 boxes of raisins were picked, dried and packed and forty-five tons of apricots, fresh and dried, sent to market from their farm, which contained but little more than one hundred acres.

A few years ago a woman left penniless by the protracted illness and death of her husband, found herself compelled to support two little children, then hardly more than babies. At first she took the agency of a skirt and stocking supporter, and succeeded measureably well. But she was bright and energetic, and desired to do better.

Setting her wits to work, the widow invented a new clasp, then an attachment to the supporter, followed by a shoulder-brace, upon all of which she secured patents. These she put into the hands of a manufacturer of small 'notions,' receiving therefrom a royalty upon each one sold. This gave her means for leisure, and she continued to invent other appliances adapted to the toilet. To day she owns twenty-one patents, seven of them her own inventions, and is the owner of the largest manufactory of woman's notions in the country, if not in the world. She is still a beautiful woman, at the head of a handsome establishment, and unites, in a remarkable degree, the capacity to make money honourably and to spend it wisely.

A young woman of good family, who had been left almost destitute by the sudden death of father and brother, rallied after the first blow, and looked about to see what was before her. There was a cottage home, with the dear mother left as housekeeper, and property sufficient to give the two £20 a year. The mother was a semi-invalid, and separation was impossible. Whatever was done must be done at home.

Then she remembered her local reputation as a cake-maker. At once circulars were printed and sent to friends, in which orders were solicited for sponge and layer-cakes of all kinds. Special mention was made of the 'fillings,' such as almond, banana, chocolate, cocoanut, date, fig, lemon, orange, peach, and raisin.

Gradually orders for cake flowed in, partly out of friendship, and partly out of curiosity to see what a certain kind of cake might be like. And it must be confessed the shrewd girl knew that to announce a new kind of cake—especially a new kind of 'filling'—is to attack a weak point of the average housekeeper, to say nothing of the housekeeper's husband and children. And so at the end of three months Miss Blank engaged the service of an expert cook to assist, and as her prices were good, she and her mother are now living in honourable, though busy, independence.

Another young woman, once fond of ordering and supervising the menu of an elaborate dinner, is now a professional 'table-dresser.' Her duty is to superintend the details of a stately breakfast, luncheon or dinner. If desired, she makes out the bill-of-fare, for which she does the marketing. Everything goes on under her direction, from the garnishing of the dishes to the serving of the coffee. She arranges the flowers, attends to the lighting and into each function interpolates some dainty original conceit.

Perceiving that another service was needed she has joined to her first profession that of decorating the drawing-room and the dressing-rooms for company. With her help the house-mistress is able to be occupied with her friends until it is time to dress, and yet have no solicitude concerning the preparations. Of course it costs something, but there are wealthy people who think nothing of that.

These examples of ways in which woman can gain pecuniary independence are unusual; they are intended to be. Drudgery is common; so is mediocrity. It remains for the bright, the thoughtful, the plucky and the persistent to rise above the level, do better work and receive its compensations.

CURIOUS EXAMPLE OF ILL-CHOSEN EULOGY.

A MISSIONARY in India was shot, as he sat in his verandah in the dusk of the evening, by his own *chowkeydar*, or watchman, whether intentionally or by accident will never be known. Near a public road stands his solitary grave. On the headstone is the inscription :—

SACRED
to the
MEMORY
of
THE REV. P. SONNENTHAL.

He
Translated
the
Scriptures
into the
AFGHAN
tongue,
&
was
SHOT
by
his own
CHOWKEYDAR.

:—:

"WELL DONE, THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT."
Reader, "Go thou, and do likewise."

AT THE DAWNING.

BY NANCY PATTON MACLEAN.

OUT in the hush of the morning breaking,
There came a twitter of startled bird;
I turned to see if the child, awaking,
The first faint herald of daylight heard.

Sweet eyes looked love into mine that love them,
In the grey peace of the dawning dim,
As the birds woke up to the light above them,
Thrilling the morn with their matin hymn.

Quiet we lay and smiled to each other,
Over the side of the little bed,
Till the child said softly—'I hear you, mother.'
'Darling, I did not speak,' I said.

A happy light on her face came playing;
'Yes, you *is* speaking—I hear, I know—
Your eyes are talking! I see them saying:
"Dear little girl, I do love you so!"'

Then she nestled down to her restful sleeping,
Laying a pink palm 'neath her cheek,
With childish trust in the watchful keeping
Of the love that needed not to speak.

The birds sang on, and their praises, swelling,
Bore up a prayer on their melody,
And the peace that passeth human telling
Fell on my little child and me.

CULLED BRIC-A-BRAC.

A CURIOUS and amusing incident happened some time ago of which I have only recently heard, but which is too funny to miss. It being known that a certain Bishop was about to circulate a series of questions in his diocese, with a view to obtain an accurate statement of the work done by his clergy, a parody was printed before the Bishop's genuine letter, and some outrageously absurd questions were asked, and seriously answered by many of the incumbents. Here are one or two specimens :—

How much have you spent during the last year in the purchase of sermons? To which one man apologetically admitted that he had erred to the extent of three shillings!

Have you ever applied for preferment or expressed a desire to be a residentiary Canon? To which several pleaded guilty, and hoped they might be forgiven.

What form of penance do you adopt when you oversleep yourself or commit serious indiscretions in diet? To which one ascetic, perhaps a survivor of the Flagellants, said that he had got a brother priest to scourge him severely on two separate occasions.

How many embroidered slippers and smoking caps have you received this year? Six or seven clergymen, all bachelors, allowed that they were honoured with marked attentions in this way.

It is difficult to know which to admire more in the victims of this clerical hoax, their simplicity or their honesty.

FEW women know the value of cold water as a pick-me-up, when applied to certain parts of the body.

If a woman has been busy shopping all day, or even if she has only been occupied in pleasuring, she sometimes arrives home utterly fagged and worn out, feeling, perhaps, that she has friends coming to dinner, and that she is so hot and flustered that she knows she will look her worst when she enters her drawing-room a few minutes later. And yet she has not time to lie down and get cool as she would wish.

Let her try bathing her wrists with cold water to lower the temperature of her body. She will find it work like a marvel, bracing up the nerves at the same time as it reduces the distressing heat. Then a plentiful use of warm water for her face will speedily transform the fatigued woman into a comparatively fresh and happy hostess.

Also it is a fact little known that, in case of faintness, cold water applied behind the ears has far greater powers of restoring the circulation than bathing the forehead or the hands. It was a little Frenchwoman who told me this, and I have proved the wisdom of her advice over and over again since then, and been thankful to her both for myself and for others.

IN the published account of the first Mahommedan marriage ever celebrated in England, I was very much struck with the beauty of the wording of the vows made by the bride and bridegroom, and I wish they could be substituted for those used in our solemnisation of matrimony. In the Mahommedan contract the words repeated by the bride ran thus: 'I stand here in the presence of God, and all who are assembled, to unite my heart to your heart, and my destiny to your destiny, and to be called by your name. Thy sorrow shall be my sorrow, thy happiness shall be my happiness.' It seems to me that the above is much more beautiful and solemn, as well as more poetical, than our 'with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow'; for, in the Mahommedan form, the bridegroom uses the same words as the bride, omitting, of course, the words 'to be called by thy name.'

THE loneliest man in Europe is Herr Peter Lechner, who is connected with the Weather-Bureau service, and is stationed on the top of the Schonnblick Mountains, in the Austrian Alps. There he lives month in and month out, engaged in noting the meteorological changes in the highest station in Europe. It is the custom of the villagers on Christmas Day to cut their way through the snow-clad valley and up the mountain, carrying presents to the lonely observer. This is the only time throughout the year that Peter Lechner sees a human face.

THE following quotation shows how little is really known of the colonies in England, and how curious are the views held even by educated people about our manners and customs :—

'I have observed a very sensible letter from a "Colonist," addressed to an evening paper. It touches upon that apparently unanswerable problem—how to prevent the Old Country from being practically overrun by women. One solution is emigration, and among the lower classes this project has been favourably received. The societies for transferring a portion of the female population of Europe to the colonies, have undoubtedly done much, but they are rarely patronised by women of education, or refinement, and yet, if we are to believe a "Colonist," there are comfortable homes and happy lives awaiting the right kind of women out in the far West and South. Hundreds (of men in the colonies) never do marry because the average colonial girl is entirely unsuited; not having seen much she knows little. What a pity this should be so when there are hundreds of nice, sensible, English girls, and pretty girls too, who never marry because there are not enough men for all of them, and those who would marry can't afford it. Our friend concludes: "If you could devise some scheme whereby the better class of those who emigrate could meet with suitable English wives, you would be helping to make colonial posterity what it ought to be—British to the backbone. No mothers in the wide world would be equal to English mothers, no home like an English home." Fine and sensible words these, and worthy of the consideration of many of my sisters.'

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.*

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

'Modena.'—I always think well-made asparagus soup one of the most delicious thick soups it is possible to make, and the hard stems of the asparagus, which are quite useless for eating purposes, do quite well to flavour the soup with. To make the soup take a little celery, when procurable, and cut it up finely, also the white part only of two leeks, one onion, and a bunch of herbs, and one and a-half pound of asparagus. The tender tops of the asparagus must be cut off and put on one side to use for garnishing the soup with. Put the vegetables into a stewpan with about two ounces of butter and let them all fry together for a quarter of an hour, then add about three small tablespoonfuls of crème de riz, mix all together and then add three pints of white stock, or if a maigre soup is required, milk can be used instead. The vegetables must simmer for about three-quarters of an hour, when they should be tender, and any scum which may rise to the surface must be removed. When the vegetables are cooked the liquor must be strained from them, and they must be pounded, then the stock should be mixed with it and the whole rubbed through a fine sieve or tammy cloth, after which the purée should be rewarmed, add to each quart half a pint of warm cream, the yolks of three eggs, and a very few drops of lemon juice should be added. The points of the asparagus must be cut in small pieces and cooked in boiling water with a little salt and soda in it until tender.

'Sallie.'—Dutch sauce is very useful. French vinegar, butter, and yolk of eggs are the ingredients used for making it, and the following is the method and quantities of materials required:—Put four tablespoonfuls of French vinegar into a small saucepan—a copper utensil, I always think it is the best kind to use when making this sauce; add two bay leaves, and six or eight crushed black and white peppercorns. Let the vinegar boil quickly until it is reduced to half the quantity, then take the pan off the fire, and when the vinegar has cooled a little, add the raw yolks of three eggs; return the pan to the stove, standing it in a bain-marie, and add by degrees, stirring the sauce all the time, three ounces of fresh butter. The sauce should become the thickness of good mayonnaise sauce when it is finished, and must be wrung through the tammy and served at once. Of course in making this sauce the thing to guard against is not to allow it to become curdled, which it will very soon do if allowed to become too hot after the yolks of eggs have been added to it. To make really good egg sauce, fry together in a stewpan two ounces of butter and the same quantity of flour, then mix on to them half a pint of boiling water, and stir the sauce till it boils; add a quarter of a pint of cream, the juice of half a lemon, a little salt, and a dust of white pepper. Strain the sauce, and then add three finely-chopped hard-boiled eggs. This sauce should always be served very hot. The parsley, after having been finely chopped, should be pressed in a cloth until quite dry, and then you will find no difficulty in sprinkling it as lightly as you wish. I don't know why it is, but I have frequently found parsons who really know a good deal about cooking, and yet it has never struck them that before the chopped parsley can be used it should have all the moisture pressed out of it.

'Housekeeper.'—A correspondent kindly suggests, in answer to your inquiry about ironstains, that you should try the following plan. Personally I do not think it any less trouble than using salts of lemon. However, I am always pleased when my readers are sufficiently interested in this column to reply to or ask queries. Here is the recipe: 'Mix soft soap with powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of a lemon. Apply this to both sides of the stains with a painter's brush, and leave the articles exposed to the sun and air till the stain disappears. If you are troubled with mildew, fine powdered chalk and yellow soap, if well rubbed in, will generally remove it.' Perhaps some other reader will help us.

RECIPES.

CLEAR OX-TAIL SOUP.—First of all, cut the tail up in moderately small pieces, and put it in a saucepan and cover it with cold water; add a little salt, and bring the water to boiling point; then strain the water from the tail, and rinse it well in cold water, and then put into a stewpan and cover it with cold water, or, if you have it, gravy stock may be used. This, of course, will make the soup much richer. Three or four quarts will be required for a good large tail. Add one or two carrots, a turnip, one or two leeks (according to the size, taking care that they have been thoroughly washed and are free from grit), three or four onions, a little celery and parsnip. Tie up in a piece of muslin the following spices, and a good bunch of herbs, a dozen peppercorns (mixed black and white), four or five cloves, two blades of mace, and about four Jamaica peppercorns. Put these into the pan, and bring the water or stock gently to boiling point, then let the soup simmer gently for three or four hours, and should any scum rise to the surface it must of course be removed at once. When sufficiently cooked strain the stock into an earthenware basin, and when cold remove the fat and clarify the stock as for consommé. When it is strained put it into a stewpan, and for each quart of soup add a dessert-spoonful of arrowroot which has been mixed with a little sherry, stir the soup until it boils, and before serving add some small pieces of tail and some of the vegetables which were cooked with the tail, cutting them into thin slices, and then stamping them out into pretty designs with vegetable cutters. Any pieces of the tail that are left can be curried or served as an entrée, garnished with macedoine of vegetables and mushrooms, and a rich brown sauce poured over them.

RYE BREAD.—Take one pound of flour and put it into a basin, add a teaspoonful of salt, and then rub into the flour until smooth one and a-half ounces of butter. Take an ounce and a-half of German yeast and mix with the yeast a pint and a-half of new milk, which should be made tepid. When the yeast is quite dissolved in the milk stir it gradually into the flour and work it into a light dough. Cover it with a cloth and place the basin in a warm place and let it rise for twelve hours, then mix with it one and a-half pounds of rye flour and moisten the dough with rather more than half a pint of tepid milk and water; again cover it with a cloth and set it to rise for about three hours, then knead it and make it into loaves and bake in a moderately warm oven for about an hour.

MILLET PUDDING.—Millet is rarely used—not as much as it ought to be. Treated like rice, it makes a very good baked pudding; or, for a boiled one, take three tablespoonsful of millet seed, boil it in a pint of milk; when done, add two well-beaten eggs, a little white sugar, and the grated rind of a lemon, or a little essence; put into a buttered pudding mould and steam for an hour and a-half; turn out, serve with white sauce flavoured with lemon. A little candied peeling much improves this pudding.

LINSEED-MEAL POULTICE.—Scald your basin by pouring a little water into it; then put a small quantity of finely-ground linseed-meal into the basin, pour a little boiling water on it, and stir it round briskly until you have well incorporated them; add a little more meal and a little more water; then stir it again. Do not let any lumps remain in the basin, but stir the poultice well, and do not be sparing of your trouble. What you do next is to take as much out of the basin as you may require, lay it on a piece of soft linen, and let it be about a quarter of an inch thick.

COMMON SENSE IN HOUSE-CLEANING.

BY HELEN JAY.

THE greatest amount of worry and ill-health can be avoided if the house-wife exercises common sense and system in her spring cleaning. There is a homely old saying which gives this advice: 'Let your head save your feet.' An ounce of planning saves pounds of anxiety. Before anything is attempted, provide the sinews of war, so that the campaign need not be interrupted by lack of means to prosecute it. Supply yourself with soap, sapolio, household ammonia, borax, lime, copperas, tar-paper, brushes; cleaning, drying, and polishing cloths.

Early in the season engage a man to shake your carpets and clean the garden or diminutive city yard; fever germs and all manner of bacilli lurk in even a tiny pile of rubbish exposed to the spring sun-light. Have every inch of your out-door domain carefully cleaned before you begin in the house. No muddy foot-prints and droppings from wheel-barrow or basket will then mar the result of your in-door purification.

The cellar is almost invariably the best point at which to place the lever of renovation. It should be as immaculate as the drawing-room, for in it are the lungs of the house; bad air—caused by decaying scraps of vegetable matter rising as all air does—poisons alike 'the queen in the parlour and the maid hanging out the clothes.' Therefore after the walls, ceiling, and floor have been swept, scrub them with soap and water in which a pound of copperas has been dissolved. When dry whitewash the ceilings and walls, adding to the lime another pound of dissolved copperas. It is a good plan to have a bucket of chloride of lime constantly in the cellar; mice run away from it and it is a wonderful atmospheric purifier.

From the cellar go to the garret or store-room. On some unpleasant day, long before the calendar says it is time to begin house-cleaning, look over the magazines, papers, disabled furniture, discarded garments, and household ornaments, which even twelve months accumulate so wonderfully. Be brave, and do not save an indiscriminate mass of articles against the possible needs of the seventh year of which we hear so much. Give away the best of the old garments and sell the remainder. The magazines and papers which you do not intend to have bound or to utilize in your scrap book, will be eagerly read in some hospital or other institution. Even the furniture and ornaments will greatly brighten the dreary surroundings of some poor family. A large share of the health and comfort of the home depends upon an orderly store-room where one can turn about without danger to limb and temper, and where moth and dust do not generate. Have the courage of your convictions in dealing with the contents of trunks and boxes. Dispense with non-essentials and systematize the remainder, and your reward will be a delightful sense of space and a feeling of almost physical relief.

The closets should be next attended to, beginning at the top of the house and working downward to the kitchen cupboards. This work may be so interwoven with the regular household tasks by taking one at a time as to cause no discomfort to any member of the family. At this stage of the work it is a good plan to attend to repairs. Before the upholsterer has more than he can do, send him the mattresses which are to be remade, and the furniture which needs mending.

The bedrooms can now be cleaned. A day or so beforehand, arrange all the drawers, cleaning every 'get-at-able' lurking place for dust. Wash all the washable bric-a-brac, and do what gilding, varnishing and polishing you deem necessary; you will not then be so exposed to draught and over-fatigue as will fall to your lot if you leave everything to be done at once. The first thing in the morning send the bedding and mattress into the fresh air; then clean the bedstead thoroughly with ammonia; dust the furniture and place it in the nearest room, and shut the door, leaving the hall free from temper-trying and time-wasting obstructions. When the wood work and floor are cleaned, it will be such a comfort to feel that the furnishings are ready to be put back in their old quarters.

By a little sum in division you can manage so that only part of your carpets needs beating in the spring, and it will not be necessary, as in your grandmother's day, to live on bare boards for a week. After the sleeping rooms are in order, clean the sitting-room, parlour, dining-room and, lastly, the kitchen. One factor in household comfort is too often overlooked, namely, the keeping of the range in good working order. Have it cleaned thoroughly by a man who understands the business and can be trusted to investigate the condition of the chimneys as well. The furnace and stoves should also receive attention. A good blacking will protect the latter from summer dampness, which quickly generates rust, and a furnace in perfect condition enables you to avoid much discomfort when the autumn fires are started. Do not follow the ancient but dangerous practice of cleaning all the beds at once, then flying after all the carpets, then after all the furniture, and all the china, from the baby's dog to the best platter. Never disturb more than one room at a time. In brief, employ common sense.

TO CLEAN MATTING AND CARPETS.

MATTING is washed with salt and cold water, and carefully dried. Rub the very dirty spots first with water and corn-meal. If white matting has turned to a bad colour it can be washed over with a weak solution of soda, which will turn it a pale butter-yellow. Use a pint of salt to a gallon of water. Use a flannel cloth, not a brush.

If a carpet is wiped over now and then with a flannel cloth wrung out of warm water and ammonia (a pail of water and a tablespoonful of ammonia), it will always look bright. It must be wiped dry with a clean cloth. After a carpet has been well shaken, it will clean and brighten it to wipe it over with a flannel cloth dipped in high-proof kerosene, and well wrung out; until perfectly dry, say for forty-eight hours, no matches or fire should be allowed in the room. Tea-leaves and wet bran, sprinkled over a carpet before sweeping it, are wonderfully cleansing; but if the carpet is of delicate tinte either of these will stain it. If ink is spilled on a carpet, cover it immediately with blotting paper, and renew it as soon as soiled. A velvet carpet is cleaned by sprinkling it thickly with damp bran and brushing it off with a stiff broom.

Another plan for cleaning carpets after they have been beaten and laid down again, is to wash them with one pint of ox-gall to a full pail of warm water. Soap a piece of flannel, dip it in the pail and rub a small part of the carpet; then dry with a clean cloth before moving to another spot. Before laying carpets have the boards scrubbed with two parts of sand, the same of soft-soap and one part of lime-water. This will kill and keep away insects.

To remove grease from carpets, cover the spots with flour or dry corn-meal, and pin a paper over it. Repeat the process every six hours until the grease is drawn out, brushing the old flour off each time.

HOW TO AIR A BED.

IT is not everybody who can make a bed well. Beds should be stripped of all belongings, and left to air thoroughly.

Don't, however, leave a window open directly upon the bed and linen with a fog or rain prevailing outside. It is not uncommon to see sheets and bedding hanging out of a window with, perhaps, rain not actually falling, but with ninety per cent. of humidity in the atmosphere, and the person sleeping in that bed at night wonders the next day where he got his cold. A room may be aired in moist weather, but the bedding and bed must not absorb any dampness.

WHEN YOUR SHOES ARE WET.

GIRLS and ladies, and for that matter their husbands and brothers, are all liable to get their feet very wet. Then they come home, throw off their boots, forget them, and when next they are wanted, they are hard and dry, or mouldy, and only fit to be thrown away. Even if they are remembered, very few know what to do with them. Stand them up, put them in shape, and then fill them with oats, such as they feed to horses. This will, in a few hours, draw all the moisture out of the leather, keeping the boot in shape meanwhile, and leaving it soft and pliable. The oats can be used again and again. This is a relic of the days when no railroads existed, and travelling was done under difficulties, and in weather the present generation has no conception of.

A SONG OF SPRING.

BY A POETIC HOUSEKEEPER.

BLOW, softly blow, sweet springtime wind,
O'er budding lanes and fields of green—
(I must get Mike to fix that blind;
The back door needs a new wire screen.)

Brown robins flutter from the hedge
Where nests are hidden—(Gracious me,
The boys have notched this railing's edge
Until its really minced—See?)

Swift lights and shadows on the hill,
Bring back dear visions, dear, in vain—
(We can't put up lace curtains, till
We paint these window-frames—again!)

Oh, fairest dream! Oh, softest charm!
If I could seize it—(Yes, I hear!
Tell Kate to make the suds quite warm,
And I'll be down directly, dear.)

Adieu to toil, to sordid cares—
(The junk man, is it? Very well,
Just ask him if he'll step up stairs
And see these stoves I have to sell!)

Ladies' STORY Column.

VERLIE MASON'S HEART.

BY LIZZIE M. MULHERN.

A LITTLE dark, elfin face, a mass of tawny, waving hair, a pair of deep, dark, luminous eyes, looking half-bravely, half-shyly into the grave, proud, yet kindly face of Warren Eversleigh, as if mutely pleading for welcome.

She was very lonely—very desolate, poor little girl! as she stood there in her simple mourning dress, worn for her father, whom she had left sleeping in a foreign land.

His last words to her had been: 'Go to Warren Eversleigh, Verlie, when I am gone. He was a true and loyal friend to me, and he will be the same to my child. Tell him I sent you and that will be enough. You will do this, Verlie?'

Verlie had given her promise and had kept it, and Warren Eversleigh looked at her, a strange tenderness dawning in his eyes, and then:

'You are welcome to Eversleigh—very welcome, little one, for your father's sake and your—your mother's as well,' he said, and then he bent his stately head, and, taking her face between his hands, kissed her gently on her low, broad brow.

She was very little more than a child, and scarcely dreamed all that the kiss meant, for she had never heard the romance of Warren Eversleigh's early life—never heard of the passionate love he had given her mother—her fair, young mother, who had died when her own baby eyes first saw the light—never dreamed that this grave man of thirty-eight still treasured a tress of long, brown, silken hair among his most precious mementoes of the past.

He was not a handsome man, this Warren Eversleigh; even in the heyday of his life he had not been that, but he was one whom all men honoured and trusted—a man to whom women and children would turn instinctively in danger, or in seeking a friend in the time of need.

His was a brave and loyal heart, and his early pain and disappointment, instead of warping his nature, had purified and strengthened it.

'There is some one yet to welcome you, Verlie—I may call you Verlie, for you seem a child to me, though you are—seventeen, is it not? You will be friends, I hope, for this is to be your home, for some time at least'—seeing the expression that crossed her face—then, with a smile that seemed to warm her heart; 'Child, your father sent you to me. You have fulfilled his wish in the letter, are you not willing to do so in the spirit? He knew I would do what was best for you, can you not trust me?'

An answer hovered on her lips, and then the window that led to the balcony was opened, the silken draperies pushed aside, and a woman entered the room—a woman tall, slim, and stately, with a face of almost flawless loveliness, and a wealth of red-gold hair crowning her dainty head.

She came forward with a slow, undulating motion that somehow made Verlie Mason think of a snake, though realizing her beauty with quick, artistic eye, as she came to her side.

'This is my cousin, Miss Barton. Ione, this is the child of friends tried and true. Don't you think we can make her happy with us!'

'We can at least try,' Ione answered, as she took the girl's hand in hers, and drawing her toward her, laid her warm red lips to Verlie's shy mouth.

That was the beginning of the first brightness that had ever crossed Verlie Mason's young life.

For many years her father had been a querulous invalid, who could hardly bear her from his sight; and continual attendance on an irritable person, no matter how much beloved, is certainly not conducive to cheerfulness.

But her life was very bright at Eversleigh, and she blossomed in her happiness till she was almost pretty.

Wherever she went Frank Barton was at her side—Frank Barton, Ione's brother, whose home was at Eversleigh as well, and had been for years.

He was a very handsome man, this Frank Barton, and a genial companion, liked by men and women in general, less for his laughing eyes and handsome face than his gay, debonair manner.

He and Verlie were standing together, neath the shadow of drooping trees, and from a window overlooking the glade Warren Eversleigh was watching them with an undefinable expression in his eyes.

Undefinable? Well, not perhaps to one who, leaning on the balcony, half-hidden by its vine-wreathed column, let her eyes rest on his face with an expression of mingled pain and passion—Ione Barton.

Her red-gold head was drooping, her attitude listless, but suddenly she drew her slender form to its full height, her dainty head was thrown back, and a greenish light shot into her eyes.

'I must have been a fool,' she said, 'not to have seen it before! My God can it be possible that this little gipsy-looking girl can win without an effort what I have tried to win for years? No, no! I love wealth and position, but were Warren Eversleigh to lose his birthright I still would love him. Oh, my darling, my darling!'—holding out her hands in the passion and pain of the moment—'must I lose you before I win you?'

Just then a burst of musical, girlish laughter rung out on the summer air, and Ione's face darkened.

'She will never come between me and my love—I have sworn it, and I will keep my oath. I would perjure my soul and risk my salvation, for his arms to once encircle me, his lips to meet mine in a passion of love.'

She left the balcony and entered the house, and a few minutes later glided up to Warren Eversleigh's side.

'They are a well-matched couple, are they not?' she said, her eyes following his to where Frank and Verlie still stood; 'wedding-cards will be next in order.'

Her companion turned at her words.

'What do you mean, Ione? Verlie is too young.'

Ione laughed.

'Too young to be loved or to learn to love? Neither one nor the other. Love has come to her and she has nestled him to her heart. There is only one shadow on her sweet love-dream, and that is—— Oh, Warren, you will not be annoyed if I tell you?'

Annoyed? Even in the gathering gloom she could see the unwonted pallor of his face, though his voice was perfectly steady.

'What is it,' he said, 'this shadow on her happiness? Can I remove it, Ione?'

'It is this,' Ione answered slowly, 'she thinks that somehow you are not pleased about it. She is singularly sensitive, and without your sanction, she would not be happy, even with Frank's adoration, for it is something very like that, is it not? He is in earnest this time.'

To tell the truth, as far as he was capable of loving anyone but himself, Frank Barton loved Verlie Mason, but his nature was light as his manner was genial, and the full power of divine passion would be a sealed book to him through life, its power of suffering and self-abnegation something never understood and perfectly incomprehensible.

'How do you know this, Ione?' Warren said, referring to what she had said.

'She is singularly childish in some things,' Ione answered, 'and she told me so.'

'She will not feel so after this,' he said. 'I am glad you told me, Ione.'

Glad she told him, and yet all that night she could hear him pacing his room with restless footsteps, fighting the bitter battle he had fought once before—fighting it inch by inch, till his strength of will conquered.

So roses came, and roses faded, and winter snow lay white upon the ground; but a strange, hunted look had crept into Verlie Mason's clear dark eyes, and the ready smile on her lips seemed to contradict the unrest of her manner.

One evening Ione sought her in the quaint old library, and found her kneeling before the glowing embers of the old-fashioned fire.

The firelight gleamed on her pale little face and misty eyes, that seemed heavy with unshed tears, as Ione sunk down gracefully beside her.

'Look, Verlie,' she said, holding out her slim white hand, on which a diamond solitaire gleamed in the firelight, shooting out its rays in glittering splendour, 'is it not beautiful? Oh, Verlie! I am so happy. Do you not wish me happiness? Warren and I——'

'Every happiness. Yes; oh, yes, but—but, oh, Ione, my head aches, and I feel——'

She had risen from her knees as she spoke, and as the last words left her lips she reeled blindly forward, held out her hands with a low, gasping cry, and fell white and senseless at Ione's feet.

Next day dawned bright and clear, the ground crisp and hard, the sky overhead blue and bright.

'An ideal winter day, and just the day for runners,' Frank Barton said. 'Who is for the pond to-day? This question is only put for courtesy, let it be understood, for no one can say nay.'

Ione laughed.

'Will you come, Warren? I know Verlie is always ready; you are the only demurrer at any time.'

'I will not demur this time. It is too fine a day to be indoors, so I am at your service,' he answered.

So, as no one said nay, an hour later the quartette were among the pleasure-seekers on the ice.

Ione watched Verlie in wonder.

Was this girl, with cheeks aglow and eyes like stars, and whose laugh rung out each little while like tinkling music, the same little pale thing who had lain senseless at her feet in the glow of the firelight the evening before?

To tell the truth, Ione was half frightened at the bold game she was playing; but Warren Eversleigh was going away in a few days on business that would detain him for some time, and she would watch well till then.

Verlie was standing beside Frank when Ione shot past them, a glittering vision in royal-blue velvet and snowy ermine, with cheeks like roses and eyes like violets, her red-gold hair falling in heavy waves beneath her white-plumed, velvet skating cap.

'A race—a race!' someone cried, as Warren Eversleigh followed at the same flying speed; and then, from a broken oak on the bank above a limb came smashing down, and Warren Eversleigh lay white and motionless on the ice, the red blood streaming from a jagged wound on his temple.

And then, quick as a meteor, a slender form had shot from Frank Barton's side, and a dark-eyed girl with pallid face and horror-filled eyes was kneeling at his side, and had raised his head to her shoulder.

Then Ione knelt down beside him.

His eyes opened and rested on Ione, and then they turned to Verlie.

'Darling—darling, I must speak,' he said. 'Oh, my precious one, bend down and kiss me once. Soon another will claim them all, and I will be alone—ah, God so utterly alone.'

Verlie glanced at Ione, and it seemed she read the truth in her beautiful, treacherous eyes.

'I think there must be a mistake all round, Ione,' she said.

And then she bent her head and laid her lips to Warren's brow.

'Warren—Warren! speak to me again. Did you call *me* your darling? Speak to me, beloved. Oh, God, he is dead! Warren—Warren!' she cried in a frenzy.

Helping hands were plenty now.

'He is not dead,' some one said, 'only unconscious. He must be got home at once, and his injuries attended to. No one can tell much till the doctor comes.'

He was far from dead, however, and in two weeks was pronounced out of danger, and then he sent for Verlie.

'I want you to forgive me, little one, for what I said that day—to forgive me and forget my words. I was scarcely conscious of what I said, and I would not have pained your tender heart for all this earth could give me.'

She was a brave little thing in her own way, and she showed it now.

'Do you mean you are sorry you called me "darling," while I—— Oh, I was so glad—so proud! Oh, Warren, Warren! do you not understand?'

He must have been blind had he not read the truth in her tender eyes.

'Can I call you darling?' he whispered low. 'Do you mean, Verlie, that no one else has a better right? Sweetheart! sweetheart!'

'No one else has a better right,' she answered softly, 'and do you think you will always call me it?'

And she could be generous as well, this Verlie Mason, for she never told him the story of Ione, and the diamond ring, but only thanked God for the gift of his love, as he folded her close in his arms, his own forever more.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

SOME SPECIALLY CHIC SPRING STYLES.

(SEE FASHION PLATE, PAGE 521.)

THE sketches for the fashion plate this week are from costumes made by one of the most popular London firms, and represent in a very striking fashion the latest and most tasteful novelties of the season.

No. 1 is a simple foulard gown in petunia and white, trimmed with white lace and velvet of a darker shade than the flower on the silk. The skirt is draped in graceful folds and trimmed with lace and ribbon velvet. The bodice is slightly full yet fitting the figure. It has a lace vest and a shaped piece down the back of the bodice. The pretty hat worn with this gown is made of fine white straw, trimmed with feathers and ribbon to match the colours of the gown.

No. 2 is a most becoming coat made in black velvet. It is very long in the skirt which is cut in deep tabs, edged all round with narrow feather trimming and bright jet. The fronts are loose, opening over a very handsome beaded waistcoat, the whole being lined with rich corded silk in a deep shade of heliotrope. The bonnet worn with this coat is of pale heliotrope velvet and feathers.

No. 3 is a charming gown for afternoon wear, made in a soft dove coloured fancy poplin, with a satin check. The skirt is slightly draped, and trimmed round the bottom with two narrow cross-way frills, each being piped with light moss-green velvet. The bodice is made in a most becoming style with two narrow frills round the hips to match the skirt. Half the front of the bodice is made of green velvet, the other side being formed of graceful folds of poplin. The trimming is of rose-pink *crepe de chine*, finely tucked and drawn into the waist. The hat is a fawn straw trimmed with feathers to match.

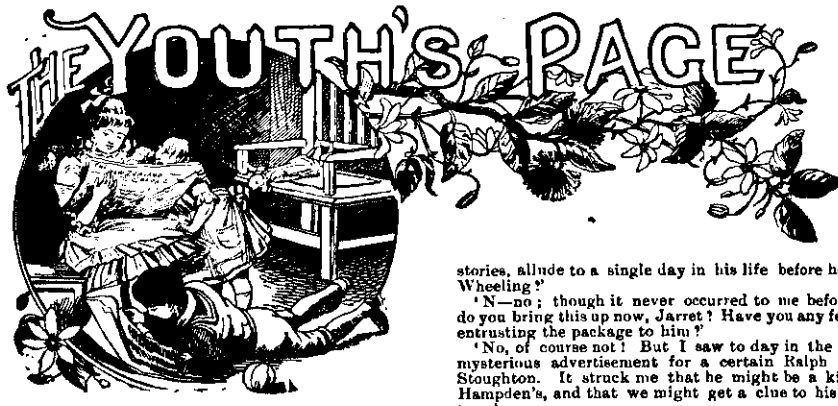
For spring and early summer wear I saw some pretty fancy spot materials in various shades, the skirts laced up the sides, and skirts of foulé, in cornflower blue and all the new shades, handsomely braided. A very effective diagonal twill in a pretty shade of réséda, with panels of bengaline, and a handsome costume of the new cotélé in a delicate shade of grey, the front of the skirt cut in tabs, edged with cord over a flounce of silk, and full fan back. A fine cashmere fawn cloth, profusely embroidered with cream and brown appliqué, and trimmed with bengaline silk to match, and a printed pongee silk, with a flounce across the front, and trimmed with ribbon. An extremely handsome costume is of striped silk, trimmed on the skirt and basque with beaded fringe; the yoke of the bodice is trimmed with gimp.

A pretty bonnet of Tuscan straw is trimmed with gold tinsel ribbon and foliage, and stylish little pinnacle turbans, with velvet rosettes in any two colours and ospreys. An extremely becoming hat has a brim of gathered yellow gauze, lightly covered with black lace, and an openwork jet crown. It is trimmed with yellow wheat-ears, and finished off by black-velvet strings.

In the mantle department some remarkably stylish goods are shown, a fashionable French cape, with braided V-shaped yoke back and front, and another, with the yoke trimmed with jet and jet fringe, and pinked-out edge. A specially handsome cape of fawn cloth, with a V-shaped yoke of brown velvet appliqué, edged with gold, and a handsome coaching or driving cape, with a yoke of gold braid are lovely. This latter is sure to be very popular, as the style is perfect, and the material novel, being similar to that used for gentlemen's overcoats. Long travelling cloaks of navy, fawn, or grey, with yokes of silver or gold embroidery, and a pretty little black jacket, with revers of silk, which can be worn open or closed, are very useful goods.

A writer in an English journal says:—'You may be interested in hearing of a pretty idea for bridesmaids' presents I saw carried out the other day. It was at a very pretty and smart country wedding, at which the bridesmaids were dressed in ivory and daffodil coloured silk, trimmed with gold passementerie, and carried lovely posies of daffodils, and the bridegroom's gifts to them were so in character with their frocks, and so pretty and artistic altogether, that I could not help writing to tell you about them, knowing how interested you always are in novelties, especially wedding ones. They were large cream gauze fans, edged with lace, and carved ivory framework, and on the gauze was painted a dainty group of daffodils, and near to them the initial letters of the bride and bridegroom's names in gold. The fans were finished off with long bows of yellow ribbon and were greatly admired.'

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.—SOME SPECIALLY CHIC SPRING STYLES.—SEE PAGE 520.



KENT HAMPDEN.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE PACKAGE.

EVENING was rapidly drawing near, about seventy years ago, as two men were walking up one of the four hilly streets of Wheeling. Now a large manufacturing centre, Wheeling was then only a quiet village. Its four streets straggled along the slope of high, wooded hills. In front of them the Olio ran, while a wide creek of a peculiar emerald clearness cut them in two, and emptied its green flow into the muddy river.

Two or three steamboats from some point down the river usually lay at the little wharf, which was piled with cotton bales brought from the South, or with freight which had been brought in waggons along the New Road. The wharf was faced by large warehouses for the storage of this freight, and during the day was alive with joking, leisurely groups of merchants and clerks. The little town then put on an air of lazy industry.

But now, in the twilight, wharf and streets were deserted, and through the windows of the dwelling-houses shone the red lights of the huge coal fires within.

The wind blew sharply down the gorge, behind the town. The men buttoned their long frogged surtouts tightly.

'What a pull up that hill!' said one, a man with an unctuous voice that smacked of sixty years of good meals. 'I'm glad, on the whole, that Duff isn't going, and that we can get Hampden to take the package to Polden for us. My legs are giving out and——'

'And you smell Mrs Hampden's supper,' said Jarret, laughing. 'I am of the same mind with you, judge. Let us go in.'

They turned into the cross street. Their change of plan, as they thought, affected only the question of supper. But, in fact, it determined the fate of more lives than one.

The house to which they now hastened was a plain brick building, standing near a church. A row of locust-trees grew before it. At the side and back was a large garden, shaded by lilacs and huge cherry-trees.

Little Carey Hampden was perched in one of these trees. She scrambled down when she saw the men. Mr Jarret nodded to her.

'Queer child! They are a peculiar family, judge; not like Wheeling people. Hampden himself never seems to be quite one of us.'

'Hey? Well, now, Jarret, that never struck me. There is not a more popular, hospitable fellow in town than Ralph, and his wife is one of the finest women I know. Why, I'd trust her eye to choose venison as soon as my own! Oh, I see what you mean! Hampden likes to dress, to give game suppers? You think he's an airy, feather-headed fellow, hey?'

'No not that precisely. His easy ways are not to my liking—but these make him popular. Why, they talk of electing him to be Mayor instead of Coles! Now, Coles's grandfather took up a claim here by the side of Zane and Wetzel; but who is Hampden? Had he ever a grandfather? I went down rafting one summer, and when I came back, here was Hampden, established, and everybody's friend!'

'Oh, yes! He began as a bookkeeper, and soon pushed his way up, opening a forwarding-house. He's a capital fellow, is Hampden.'

'Of course, he's a capital fellow! Everybody says so. But *who* is he? We old Wheeling people know each other — the Zanes, the McCullohs, the Chaplines, and the rest. But did you ever hear Hampden with all his jokes and stories, allude to a single day in his life before he came to Wheeling?'

'N—no; though it never occurred to me before. Why do you bring this up now, Jarret? Have you any fears about entrusting the package to him?'

'No, of course not! But I saw to day in the *Gazette* a mysterious advertisement for a certain Ralph Hampden Stoughton. It struck me that he might be a kinsman of Hampden's, and that we might get a clue to his early history.'

'Just so! There certainly is something a little mysterious, perhaps, about him! Now I think of it, he is talkative about everything but that. Have you that newspaper about you?'

'It's in my pocket.'

'Aha! Read it to him to-night. Mind you, when I am there.'

Next to a piece of venison pie, the judge relished a racy bit of gossip.

They had been standing not far from the steps as they talked. They knocked, and Kent Hampden opened the door. He was a boy of fifteen, with much of his father's cordial, winning manner; but the boy's eyes were dark and slow-moving, while Mr Hampden's blue ones kindled with every changing thought.

'We saw you coming,' the boy said, leading them to the supper-room. 'Mother is pouring out your coffee now.'

They met a hearty welcome. When Judge Morris shook hands with his host, and looked up into his handsome, beaming face, the small cloud of suspicion melted from his brain as fog does in broad sunshine.

'Ha! A bear-steak!' he exclaimed, glancing expectantly at the table. 'I did not know that any trappers had been in town to-day. You think too much of the good things of this life, Ralph. We did not intend to make this foray upon you, madam; we started for Captain Duff's. We had heard he was going with you to-morrow, Ralph, and we thought we would ask him to—'

'To transact a little business for the bank,' interrupted the cautious cashier. 'But we have learned that he is not going, and so we must ask you to do us this favour.'

'Command me in anything, gentlemen,' said Mr Hampden, courteously. 'Try a spiced pear, judge. Have you read Mr Calhoun's speech on the tariff?'

The conversation drifted into politics. Mrs Hampden and Kent exchanged anxious glances. They guessed the business which had brought the officers of the bank to the house.

There were no express companies or telegraphs in those days. The mails were carried in coaches, or on horseback, and were not used as they are to-day. It was a universal custom to entrust large sums to individual travellers. A journey across the mountains was a serious event, talked of long before it was undertaken. The traveller was usually encumbered with parcels and letters.

'Father will have to take the great trunk, now,' said Kent, when he was alone with his mother.

'No. It is probably money that they wish him to carry. It will not be bulky. But—' she stopped significantly.

'I wish you or I could go with him, mother.'

'He has twenty commissions already,' said Mrs Hampden.

'Father would lose the nose from his face! Excuse me, mother! I did not mean to be impertinent.' Kent added, hurriedly.

'You forget yourself,' his mother said, sternly. 'If your father is careless about trifles, it is because his mind is occupied with matters which children cannot understand.'

Kent sat down to his lessons, while his mother her sewing in hand, entered the parlour. Mr Jarret stopped speaking as she came in.

'Go on,' said Mr Hampden, 'I have no secrets from my wife, gentlemen. She is the balance-wheel of this household. My dear, Judge Morris wishes me to take charge of a package of money for a bank in Polden. You must stitch it in a belt to be worn under my clothes.'

'You have so many commissions already, Ralph,' she ventured timidly, 'and Captain Duff is going.'

His face clouded. 'One would think you were afraid to trust me, Sarah. You will give our friends the impression that I am careless. Captain Duff has changed his plan, and is not going. Send the package to me to-morrow, judge.'

He walked with an irritated air up and down, stirred the fire and threw up the window-sash. Then, his vexation suddenly gone, he seated himself, smiling affectionately to his wife. Judge Morris hastily brought out the tariff again for discussion.

Mrs Hampden saw that Mr Jarret's eyes were fixed upon her husband with a keen scrutiny. He had taken an old newspaper from his pocket, and was slowly unfolding it. Then he waited.

Mr Hampden had begun to relate an amusing anecdote. He was an excellent story-teller, even for that day, when men studied conversation as the first among personal accomplishments. His wife watched his dramatic action and sensitive, animated face, and glanced with secret pride at Mr Jarret to see if he were listening.

There certainly was something peculiar about the cashier. He was a spare little man with hair, skin, and eyebrows all of one sandy hue, and a pair of round, watery grey eyes, which were now staring admiringly at her husband. But the mouth was the aggressive feature of his face. It never was at rest. Now the teeth were grinding together, now he smiled, now he bit his dry lips, puckered them to whistle, wet them with his tongue, or showed his teeth like a wolf. The mouth seemed to have escaped from his control, and to act for itself. Carey, watching him through the glass door, made a picture of him on her slate as an ogre.

He flattened and patted his newspaper, until the story was finished.

'What a wonderful memory you have, Hampden!' he said. 'Ahem! I observed a singular item in the *Gazette* to-day, on which I thought you might be able to throw some light. Let me see! Where was it?' He ran his finger down the rows of tiny black pictures of houses, horses, and runaway slaves in the advertising columns.

Mr Hampden tossed back his curly hair and smiled. He liked to be consulted, or asked for advice.

'Oh, here it is! It is an inquiry for a man who left Colebrook about the time you came here. I thought from the name he might be one of your kin.'

He peered up, his finger pointed to the advertisement. Hampden was not smiling now. His face was quiet, and void of expression.

'What is the name?' he asked.

'Ralph Hampden Stoughton. Oh, you have heard it before! I thought he must be one of your family. Hampden's an uncommon name, and so is Ralph.'

Mr Hampden raised his hand to his hair, and let it fall as if with uncertainty, but said nothing.

'Eh? A relation? You never have told us anything about your people, you know.'

'No,' said Hampden; 'I have no kinsman of the name of Ralph Hampden Stoughton.'

'Oh?' The busy mouth gave a slight incredulous curve, while the rest of Mr Jarret's body was bowing deferentially. 'It was just a notion of mine. Would you like the paper?'

'No, thank you.' But Jarret thought he saw an alarmed eagerness in the way in which his eyes followed it.

'Well, I must be off,' said Judge Morris, rising. 'Good luck, Ralph! Eat some terrapin at the Indian Queen for me. *Bon voyage!*'

As he and Jarret went down the hill, he said, 'I suspect that this missing man is related to our friend, and that Ralph is ashamed of him.'

Jarret did not reply directly. 'I had no idea,' he said, after a few moments, 'that Hampden was so successful a man. He has just bought that house. He will no doubt be elected Mayor, and I hear he is going to ask Colonel Congdon to appoint Kent cadet. It seems to me that is a good deal of headway for a man whom nobody knows. Mind, I like Hampden; I trust him. But,' he lowered his voice, 'after what we have seen, I am sure that many people would suspect that the missing Ralph Hampden Stoughton is our friend himself.'

'Absurd!' growled the judge. 'Hampden is as honourable a man as any in Virginia!'

He was crusty with Jarret the rest of the way, feeling that the cashier was unduly suspicious. Yet he was secretly uneasy, and almost wished that Duff had not decided not to go.

Mrs Hampden, after they were gone, sat silent, furtively watching her husband over her sewing. She hoped he would say something about the advertisement. Why had he evaded Jarret's question? At last she threw down her sewing and went to him. 'Ralph is this missing man one of your family?'

'I said that he was not, Sarah.'

'Yes, but—you kept something back! You have always kept a part of your past life hidden from me!'

It was said at last! Hampden turned away. His unnatural quiet showed how deep the blow had sunk. He looked at her presently with an expression on his face which she had never before seen there.

'Sarah,' he said, taking both her hands, 'you must trust me. That is all I can say.'

She was wholly repentant. Was there ever a nobler soul than that which looked out of his kind eyes? Had she not known for sixteen years how honest and true he was?

And yet, that night there came into her mind many stories of good men who had been tempted to errors and sins in their youth.

No secret crimes, apparently, clouded Mr Hampden's spirits the next morning. He went gaily about the house, singing as he packed his things in a great carpet-bag before starting on his journey, while Carey trotted at his heels. He sent her away presently.

'What shall I bring the child, Sarah. I thought of a crimson silk frock, or a chinchilla turban with a gold buckle.'

'Nonsense! You fill the child's head with vanity, Ralph. We cannot afford such finery!'

'No, I suppose not,' he said, with a vexed, boyish laugh. 'But I'd like to give you and her and Kent all the good things of this life! I often think, what if I should find a great fortune—a pot of gold, say? I would build a house with——'

'Hadn't you better finish your packing?' said Mrs Hampden, drily. She opened the carpet-bag. 'What a mess it is in! Coats, shirts, papers, all jammed down together. I will pack it for you, Ralph.'

'You are a good soul, Sarah. Is that Kent playing hockey with young Jarret yonder? I'll go stretch my legs with them.'

But the boys met him in the hall. 'My father is coming,' said Josiah Jarret. He was a slow, quiet lad, with his father's grey, lack-lustre eyes.

'I have brought the package,' said the cashier, as Mr Hampden ushered him into the parlour. 'It is very kind of you to burden yourself with it. Two thousand pounds. Count it, if you please. Wait—one minute!' He closed the door leading into the dining-room, and drew the curtain over the upper half, which was of glass.

'Nobody there but Kent and Si,' said Mr Hampden, as he counted the notes. They were of large denominations and easily counted.

'I trust no business secrets to boys,' said Mr Jarret. 'Nobody knows from me that you have this sum in charge. The amount is correct?'

'Yes. Will you have some cider? I keep nothing stronger.'

'Cider, eh?' said Jarret. 'I observed last night that there were no decanters on your buffet. You are a queer fish, Hampden! No—no cider for me. Oh, here is the receipt. Just put your name to it.'

This formula was unusual in those easy-going days. Mr Hampden's colour rose as he signed his name.

'Well, good-bye, and good luck!' said the cashier, pocketing the receipt. 'Come, Si, to your dinner.'

The boy hung back. 'Let him stay,' said Hampden, courteously, though he wished to be alone with his wife and children. His father gave his consent, and took his way down the hill.

Mr Hampden turned to meet his wife. 'That pettifogger asked for a receipt!' he exclaimed, as the boys left them.

'As if he were likely to forget that he gave me the package, or that I had taken it. Feel the weight of that!'

The notes were folded in an oblong bundle wrapped in heavy foolscap, and again in several thicknesses of brown paper. The whole was put into a case of black oilcloth.

Mrs Hampden, like Jarret, shut the door. 'It is very cumbrous,' she said. 'They are afraid of dampness, I suppose. Wait, I can manage it.'

The chief treasure of her wardrobe was a crêpe shawl, brought to her by a sailor uncle. It was kept wrapped in Chinese silk paper. She ran upstairs, and brought down this paper.

'How clever you are, Sarah!' He stood by, praising her deftness while she folded the notes in the light, tough web, and tied them in a sheet of the brown paper, replacing them in the oil cloth case.

'You can hang it by a strap to your shoulder under your coat, Ralph.'

He made a wry face. 'It wouldn't do to put it in the sack? There, there! Don't lecture me, I'll not let it go out of my sight once. £2000! Why, here is the pot of gold! I could buy that house now.'

'Do not talk so idly, Ralph. If any one should hear you!'

'Any one would know I am not a thief,' he said, quietly. 'Let us have dinner. The stage-coach will soon be here.'

The meal was hurried and quiet. The journey was as much as a voyage to Europe is now. All the neighbours were on the watch to see the departure. Mr Hampden had not left the table when the great red coach, with its four white horses and its many-caped driver, dashed around the corner and stopped at the door.

Mr Hampden ran upstairs to get a forgotten parcel, followed by his wife and Carey. When they came down again, Mrs Hampden brought the package out of the parlour. "You would actually have forgotten it,' she said, reprovingly, 'but for me. Promise me, Ralph, you will not let it go out of your sight again!'

He kissed her, laughing. 'Possess your soul in patience with me, Sarah.'

Carey was under his feet, Kent and Si were dashing madly in and out, clamouring for leave to ride on the boot as far as the toll-gate.

'How many passengers, boys?' asked Mr Hampden.

'Three, sir. A lady, a clergyman, and a blind man. The driver says there's not one to Polden but yourself.'

'All aboard!' The bugle blew, the horses strained their huge flanks, the neighbours waved their hands. Mr Hampden kissed his hand from the coach roof—there was a great cloud of dust and they were gone.

'God send him home safely,' murmured Mrs Hampden, as she wiped away her tears. 'But oh!—that money!'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE THREE FIRST MEN.

THERE are few stories of a legendary nature that are not related in several different forms. This one appears in two or three.

When the Great Spirit created the world, He first made three men, all of the same colour. Then he led them to a pool of water, and bade them jump in and bathe. One of them obeying at once, leaped in in advance of his fellows, and came out clean and white.

The others hesitated, but one soon followed the first. When he went in the water had become somewhat stained, and he came out copper-coloured.

Then the third man went in. By that time the water of the pool had become black, and he was consequently black when he had bathed.

Thus it happens that there are white men, red men and black men in the world.

Then the Great Spirit laid down three packages before the three men which contained their future fate. Out of pity for the black man, He permitted him to have his first choice of the parcels.

The black man, without hesitation, took the largest of the parcels; the red man, whose turn was next, took the next largest parcel, and the white man got the remaining one, which was very small.

Then the men opened their packages. That of the black man was found to contain shovels and other implements of labour; the red man's contained bows and arrows; and the white man's small parcel consisted of pens, ink, and tools for fine, light work.

From that time on, each man made use of the tools he had chosen.

A CELEBRATED DOG.

A CELEBRITY amongst English dogs, the well known 'Railway Jack,' died recently, aged thirteen, at the house of his master, Mr Moore, Mayfield, Sussex. Mr Moore was for many years station-master at Lewes, and his dog was known far and wide as a constant traveller by rail. He began when quite young by taking short trips on the L.B. and S.C. line; then he went up and down to town, and eventually extended his travels south as far as Exeter, and north to Edinburgh and Glasgow. Once, I believe, he went to Paris, but he always found his way back to Lewes.

A favourite stopping-place was Norwood Junction Station where he had many friends amongst the officials; and it was at Norwood, some years ago, that poor Jack met with the bad accident which entailed the loss of one of his fore legs. On that occasion—I had the account from one of the porters—Jack for the first time, tried to reach the down platform for Lewes by crossing the line. It was his habit to go down the stairs and through the subway like an ordinary traveller; but on this occasion he was foolhardy, took the short cut, was caught by a passing train and badly hurt. The porter also told me that Jack was never known to take a wrong train. How he knew the right one was a mystery; but when, just to test his knowledge, he was put into one not bound for Lewes, he used to jump out again, wagging his tail as though to say, 'You can't take me in.'

The late Lady Brassey introduced 'Jack' to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Eastbourne, and from Her Royal Highness he received a pretty collar with an inscription. He had no less than three collars and a silver medal. At Cowes he was introduced to Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and wherever he went he was a favourite; his manners were so gentle, and he was so bright and intelligent. Since his accident he never made a journey alone.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

LITTLE PEOPLE'S LETTERS.

SOLUTIONS OF PUZZLE STORY NO. 2.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—The master's breakfast was already on the table for him when the dog came in and smelt a nice smell. He looked all round to see where it came from. At last he jumped upon a chair near the table. He saw a nice chop there (1), so he said to himself, 'that looks nice;' (2) so he jumped on to the table. (3) He took it out of the dish and began eating it. (4) He has finished eating it, and the master calls out, 'Pup, what are you doing?' (5) The master seizes him and beats him, and the poor dog cries loudly.—FRANK VICKERMAN. Union Bank, Hastings.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—Mr Peggy felt very hungry, so he jumped upon a chair which was near to look what was on the table. He saw a chop, glass, knife and fork, and table-napkin ring, but he thought the chop looked more tempting than anything else, and so he jumped on to the table, and went close to the plate and took the chop off the plate and began to eat it. Then he heard someone coming, and in a short time his master came into the room, and saw Mr Peggy eating his breakfast, and so he took him by the neck and smacked his head, and put him outside in the cold rain.—KATHLEEN. Christchurch.

The following is from a very little boy:—DEAR COUSIN KATE,—This is the answer to the puzzle: (1) Bob sees a chop; (2) he takes it; (3) he goes to sleep; (4) he wakes up; (5) he gets whipped.—H.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—A man was one day eating a chop when he went out to get something. His little dog that was sitting by him saw him go out, and directly he was gone he got on the chair and saw the chop, and got on the table to get at it. He gets it and eats it up with great delight. He has finished, and is looking very contented when his master comes in, and is very angry at having his chop taken, and catches hold of the dog by the back of the neck, and gives him a box on the ears for taking his chop. I am only just twelve and hope I am not too old.—GEORGE BROAD. Nelson.

[No, you are not too old.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I have never tried to answer any of your puzzles before, so I do not expect this one will be correct. Once upon a time a gentleman had a dear little puppy dog. One day when he was sitting at breakfast with the dog by his side, he thought he would like to go out for a few minutes and look at the snow. When he was away the dog saw a chop that was lying on his master's plate. He first jumped on to his master's chair, then he put his paws on the table, then he jumped right on to the table and walked up to the plate, then he took the chop off the plate and ate it up. He now sat down on the table and waited for his master. When his master came in again to finish his breakfast it was all eaten up. He was very angry, and seizing the dog by its neck, gave it a good slap and threw it out of the door.—WILHELMINA, aged 10.

THE RESCUE OF CLARISSA.

(BY WILL PHILIP HOOPER.)

CLEAN, safe, shining beach where each wave, as it rolled in, seemed to try to outdo the other waves in gently smoothing the bright sand.

A big, good-natured Newfoundland dog, with a wooden pail in his mouth, and trotting by his side a sweet little girl.

'My gracious me, Rover,' said Amy—his name was only Rover, but she always called him 'My gracious me, Rover'—'it's lucky we didn't bring Amanda; the wind would snarl her curls, and if she got sand in her shoes it would make her cross.'

The beach was in full view from the summer cottage where Amy's mother and Amanda could see the little girl at any moment.

After digging, with Rover's earnest help, a big hole, and piling up the sand so as to make a kind of a throne, Amy began to gather treasures to place around it. Rover was equally interested in this, and vied with her in finding the biggest shells, and these were arranged around the throne with smooth pebbles and bits of seaweed; but the seaweed was what Rover most liked hunting for, and he was not contented with dragging up the pieces which were already on the shore, but insisted on swimming in the beautiful, cool, green waves after bits of floating weed; while Amy, wild with joy, danced up and down seizing the pieces as soon as they were out of the wet, and urging Rover on to renewed efforts.

Suddenly he swam further out than usual, and seemed to be after a mysterious object bobbing up and down in the waves in a most comical way. It almost seemed alive, and Amy fancied she could see it give signals of distress; then some wave, larger than usual, would for a moment entirely conceal it.

But Rover was not to be daunted, and on he swam; finally he turned and went round in a circle, then she knew he must be examining it. Suddenly he went straight at it, then a big wave with a roar splashed over him, and both he and the mysterious object disappeared. But water has no terrors for a Newfoundland dog, and, a moment later, Rover, with something in his mouth, loomed up over the breakers, and quickly reached the shallow water, where he stood for an instant, proud as a king, while Amy, on seeing what he held, dropped her pail and shovel in amazement.

And what do you suppose it was?

A great, big, yellow-haired doll! Yes, a real doll; clothed in what was once a beautiful gown.

With a cry of astonishment Amy rushed for the treasure and pressed her, all dripping wet, in her warm arms. The poor dolly's eyes were closed and she seemed very cold.

Then Amy remembered the rules she had heard about how to revive people who were nearly drowned. First she laid the doll down on the hot sand, and gently patted her back, while a lot of water came out of her mouth.

Next, she quickly took off some of her wet clothes, which, even in her excitement, she noticed were very rich and fashionable. Then, after giving her a gentle rubbing, she remembered the pictures of rolling a half-drowned person over a barrel, so she seized her little wooden pail and began rolling the doll on it. Suddenly she heard a very faint, queer voice saying:

'Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How—I—won-der—what—you—are!'

'My gracious me,' almost yelled Amy, holding the doll at arm's length. 'How I wonder what *you* are! My Amanda can say papa and mamma, but I never before heard a poetry doll.' And even Rover, who had been most interestedly watching Amy's efforts, gave a surprised bark.

But in a moment Amy was working with renewed energy over the wet doll, whose eyes were now wide open, and again the strange voice spoke, saying:

'Break, break, break,
On thy cold, grey stones, O sea!'

'Poor dolly,' said Amy, almost crying with sympathy and excitement. 'She must be out of her head and don't yet know she is saved from the ocean.' And Rover, who seemed equally anxious, licked the dolly's cold, wet face.

Amy realized the next thing was to wrap her up warmly, and let her rest; so placing her little cape softly around her, she hugged the doll in her arms, and seated herself in the pile of hot sand.

It was a warm morning, and the hard work had made Amy feel a good deal tired also. She found it very comfortable to sit quietly, holding the rescued doll, with Rover lying at her side.

Suddenly the strange little voice began again, and Amy could hear every word:

'Once I was a young girl, a young girl, a young girl;
Once I was a young girl, and then, oh then—'

'O, what then!' cried Amy, anxious to hear all about it. 'Do tell me, what then?'

There was a long silence; even Rover crawled a little nearer. Then the doll in a distinct, though husky, voice said:

'They do these things so differently in Paris.'

'Oh dear,' said Amy, feeling afraid she had not exactly followed the rules for reviving a drowning person, 'Oh dear, what things?'

'Does sea water discolour an imported French gown?' murmured the doll, rolling up its big china blue eyes to Amy's anxious face.

Now Amy was a sensible little girl, who had been well brought up, and she was surprised that any doll, at least any doll of education, should begin to worry the very first thing about dress; and there was Rover with his ears up, hearing every word, and the doll had begun to talk of her gown, before expressing one word of thanks to him for saving her life.

Amy was so afraid his feelings would be hurt that she felt annoyed with the doll, and she answered rather sharply:

'There are a good many things in this world of more importance than dress!' Then, in a kindlier tone, she continued, 'Do tell us how you happened to be drowning all by yourself, out in the ocean?'

'Because I couldn't swim,' said the doll.

'But how came you to fall in the water?'

'I didn't fall in, I was washed overboard. You see we were all on a picnic in a lovely yacht. I had just been making myself entertaining. I am never seasick, not even when I went to Paris——'

'What!' said Amy, forgetting how rude it was to interrupt, 'Have you been to Paris?'

'Indeed I have. Why haven't you ever heard of Clarissa Clarion? I'm the famous talking doll. Why, we, myself and our set,' continued Miss Clarion, in her vainness mentioning herself first, 'made a deal of talk in Paris.'

'I should think so,' said Amy.

'Oh, I don't mean that *we* talked a great deal, but that people talked a great deal *of us*; we were considered so interesting. We were everywhere received with great honour, and were one of the sights of the great Exposition.

'Oh, I've seen pictures of the buildings,' cried Amy, all interest. 'Do tell me all about it, Miss Clarion. But first, how did you get washed overboard?'

'Well, I was over-bored with the company of some very common dolls, who could only say mamma, and after having amused the party with my recitations of "Twinkle, twinkle," etc., I was resting on one side of the yacht, the sea was pretty rough and there was a good breeze. Suddenly a big puff of wind struck us, and I heard the captain cry, "Heads from under," and, amidst shrieks from the girls, everyone rushed from my side as the big boom swung over. Then the boat seemed to turn and tip way over on my side, and, almost the same instant, a big wave washed over me, and I was thrown violently from my seat, amidst the wildest excitement, and soaked through and through; and, before anyone could reach me, I was seized by another great wave—'

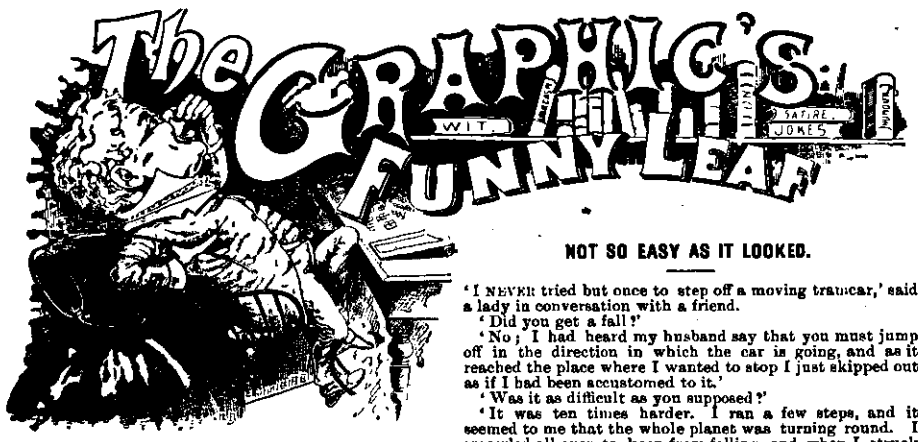
'Oh,' cried Amy, 'how awful!'

'Yes,' cried the doll, getting very much excited. 'Before I could say "twinkle," another big wave like a mountain swept down upon me. Seizing me in its grasp, I was whirled into the midst of the raging ocean.'

With a shriek, Amy sprang up—it seemed as if she too could feel the great wave seizing her, as if the cold ocean was already around her. And something *was* pulling at her and she *did feel* the cold wave—the tide had quietly come in while she was wrapped up in Clarissa's story, and Rover, dear old Rover, was pulling at her dress to make her get up.

Time and time again, little Amy would take Miss Clarissa to a quiet nook and try to induce her to finish the story of being washed overboard, or to tell of her Paris trip and the great Exposition, but nothing more than poetry could she ever get from the doll's lips.

However, Amy still believes that *some time*, after the effects of the accident have worn away, Clarissa will again resume her story—and perhaps she will.



WHEN WE GET THERE.

ON the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month or the eighth day of the week,
On the twenty-fifth hour of the sixty-first minute we'll find all things that we seek,
They are there in the limbo of Lollipop land, a cloud island resting in air,
On the Nowhere side of the Mountain of Mist in the Valley of Overthere.

On the Nowhere side of the Mountain of Mist in the Valley of Overthere,
On a solid vapour foundation of cloud are palaces grand and fair;
And there is where our dreams will come true and the seeds of our hope will grow,
On the thitherward side of the Hills of Hope, in the hamlet of Hocus Po.

On the thitherward side of the Hills of Hope, in the hamlet of Hocus Po,
We shall see all the things that we want to see, and know all we care to know,
For there the old men will never lament, the babies will never squeak,
In the Cross Road Corners of Chaosville, in the County of Hideangoseek.

In the Cross Road Corners of Chaosville, in the County of Hideangoseek,
On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month or the eighth day of the week,
We shall do all the things that we please to do, and accomplish all that we try
On the sunset shore of Sometimeorother, by the beautiful Bay of Bimeby.

PROPHECY FULFILLED.

BETWEEN sixty-five and seventy years from the present time, when Sir Frederick Pollock was a boy in St. Paul's School, London, he drew upon himself the displeasure of Dr. Roberts, the somewhat irascible headmaster of the school, who frankly told Sir Frederick's father, 'Sir, you'll live to see that boy of yours hanged.' Years afterwards, when the boy of whom this dismal prophecy was made had distinguished himself at Cambridge and the bar, Dr. Roberts, meeting Sir Frederick's mother in society, overwhelmed her with congratulations upon her son's success, and fortunately oblivious of his former misunderstanding with his former pupil, concluded his polite speeches by saying, 'Ah, madam! I always said he'd fill an elevated situation.'

CHOLLY LITEWAITE (member of the Hightone Athletic Association): 'Aw, I thay, doctah, I'm tewwibly afwaid there'th thomething the matter with my arm. I've been exerthithing with the Indian clubth for about thix monthe, and there'th a gweat lump on my fore arm. Do you—can it be an—an abtheth?'

Doctor (feeling his arm): 'My dear young man, I really——'

Cholly: 'Oh, what, for pity'th sake?'

Doctor (gravely): 'I really believe you're actually getting a little muscle.'

NOT SO EASY AS IT LOOKED.

'I NEVER tried but once to step off a moving tramcar,' said a lady in conversation with a friend.

'Did you get a fall?'

'No; I had heard my husband say that you must jump off in the direction in which the car is going, and as it reached the place where I wanted to stop I just skipped out as if I had been accustomed to it.'

'Was it as difficult as you supposed?'

'It was ten times harder. I ran a few steps, and it seemed to me that the whole planet was turning round. I sprawled all over to keep from falling, and when I struck the footing I nearly knocked two men down who were passing, in my attempt to preserve an equilibrium. As I reeled away I heard one of them exclaim, "It's a shame to see a woman in such a condition in the public streets—she ought to be arrested." I could not run after him to explain matters, but I have never had the slightest ambition to jump off a tramcar in motion since. Yet it does look so easy when John does it.'

PRETTY FAIR ARM.

MAMMA: 'Hadn't you better come in now, dear?'

Gladys Herbean: 'Oh, mamma, such a lovely night. Mayn't I stay out a little while longer?'

Mamma (solicitously): 'It's getting quite chilly. Have you anything around you?'

Gladys: 'Oh, yes; lots!'

Mamma: 'Very well, then.'

FAKIR: 'Out of a job, Footlights? Why, I thought you were engaged as first walking gentleman in De Bust's company.'

Footlights: 'So I was; but I had to walk all the way home.'

ASTRONOMY.

IT was at New Brighton, on the end of the pier.

They were all alone.

There was no moon, but the stars were big and bright, and so full of self-conceit that they looked at themselves in the water and winked.

It was the sort of night on which a man could make love to his own wife—and those two, Edouard and Alicia, had not yet spoken their tender vows.

'Do you know anything about the stars?' inquired Edouard, in a voice like the murmur of the wind in soft undulating summer trees.

'A little,' answered Alicia, tenderly. 'I know some of the constellations—the Great Bear—the——'

'Yes,' interrupted Edouard, 'I know all about the Big Bear, and I can find the Pole Star, but over here is a group. Do you know the name of that?' and Edouard threw his arm across Alicia's shoulder and pointed to a cluster of bright shining worlds in the east.

Alicia leaned towards him. 'I don't know what that is,' she breathed as one who did not care.

'And here is another constellation just over our heads,' Edouard passed his arm round her neck, and placing his hand under her chin so tilted it that it would be easy for her to see.

And to Alicia's eyes the heavens became one grand carnival of constellations. Shooting-stars chased each other athwart the firmament, comets played riotous games among the planets, and finally there came a soft and radiant blur which hid them all.

Edouard had kissed Alicia.

Pew-renter: 'I want to tell you, Dr Hornblower, how much I liked your sermon on brotherly love yesterday morning. It was powerful, and right to the point.' Dr. Hornblower: 'I am very glad if you enjoyed it.' Pew-renter: 'Enjoyed it! Well, I should say I did. There are a lot of people in that church that I hate like poison, and you simply gave them fits.'

AFTER SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

'MA, Teacher took my new whistle.'

'Well, I suppose you were making a noise with it.'

'No, I think she wanted it for her little brother.'

MAGISTRATE: 'Forty shillings or a month, Patrick.'

Patrick (after long thought): 'Sure, I'll tek the forty shillings, yer honour.'

THE END OF THE SITTING.

THE hands of the clock pointed to 11.25 p.m., but the young man had not yet reached for his hat.

'What is that noise, Miss Gertie?' he asked, with some trepidation.

'I think,' replied the Senator's daughter, listening a moment, 'it's papa opening the front door. He will apply the cloture in about five minutes.'

The young man immediately went into executive session and shortly afterward adjourned.

MISCELLANEOUS.

'WHAT became of that Samuels girl that Potterby was flirting with last summer?' 'You mean the girl that Potterby thought he was flirting with? She married him.'

Winter visitor: 'I should love dearly to go sailing, but it looks very dangerous. Do not people often get drowned in this bay?' Waterman: 'No, indeed, mum. The sharks never lets anybody drown.'

POSITIVELY MURDEROUS.—Van Holstein Junr.: 'Aw—what would you do, father, if I gave up my gay life, don't you know, and came to settle down quietly at home?' Van Holstein Senr.: 'Well I should feel strongly inclined to kill a calf.'

Proud Parent: 'How's that for a baby?' Old Bachelor (who is a great dog fancier): 'Well, my experience with babies is limited; but I think this one might possibly be worth bringing up.' Then suddenly struck with an idea, he put the question 'Why not try?'

Edith: 'You can't imagine how Mr Bullfinch complimented your singing.' Ethel: 'Did he, though?' Edith: 'Yes, he said 'twas heavenly.' Ethel: 'Really?' Edith: 'Well, just the same thing! he said 'twas simply unearthly.'

Mr M'Brusher: 'Oh! Miss Belle, I'm so disappointed, those academy people have not yet "hung me" this year!' Miss Belle (sarcastically thinking of the horrible daubs in Mr M'Brusher's studio): 'Never mind, Mr M'Brusher; I've no doubt they'd like to.'

Lady Customer: 'You have the impertinence to recommend this margarine to me as best fresh butter?' Butterman: 'Well, ma'am, the gentleman from whose factory it comes is surely more to be relied on to turn out a good article than a poor unreasoning cow!'

A bride complained to her husband that she had been 'too busy to get off her feet at once.' And that unhappy man, who had already discovered several surprising make-ups in her *tout ensemble*, exclaimed in amazement, 'Great Jerusalem crickets! do they come off too?'

As the late Professor Hamilton was one day walking near Aberdeen, he met a well-known individual of weak intellect named Jemmy. 'Pray,' said the Professor, 'how long can a person live without brains?' 'I dinna ken,' said Jemmy, scratching his head; 'how old are ye yoursel'?'

A Yankee went one day to hear a great gun of the English Church in London at Easter-tide. The text was, 'And the lion shall lie down with the lamb.' The Yankee being asked what he thought of the sermon, said, 'Very good, but I guess the lamb will lie inside the lion.'

Enthusiastic but short-sighted lady artist (to old labourer): 'My good man, what are those beautiful waving objects near those trees, rivalling the latter themselves in grace and beauty of outline, making such a beautiful variety in the landscape, and seeming to hang 'twixt earth and heaven?' Old labourer (gruffly): 'My shirts.'

Master Tommy went into the room where his sister was entertaining her beau. 'Oh, you've found it again, haven't you, Mr Simth?' he said. 'Found what, Tommy?' asked Mr Smith, blandly. 'Your head, sister said you lost your head last night when you popped to her.' Awful silence, followed by Master Tommy's retreat from the room.

VERY POLITELY.

AN Irishman was going along the road, when an angry bull rushed down upon him, and, with his horns, tossed him over the fence. The Irishman, recovering from his fall, upon looking up saw the bull pawing and tearing up the ground (as is the custom of the animal when irritated), whereupon Pat, smiling at him, said, 'If it wasn't for your bowing and scraping and your humble apologies, you brute, faikes, I should think you had thrown me over this fence on purpose!'