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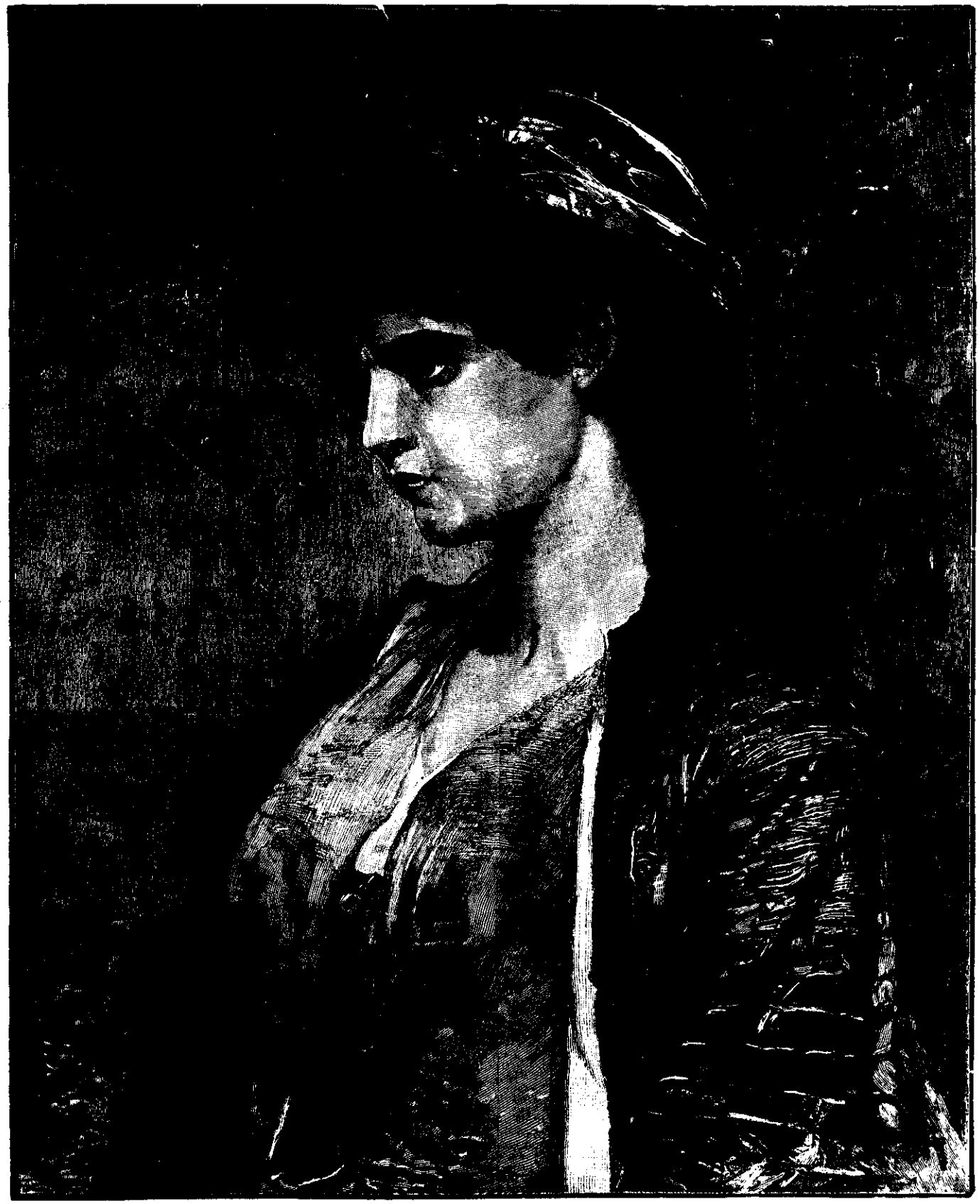


A BULGARIAN MAIDEN.

PADRE SALVATORE.

BY THE MARQUISE CLARA LANZA.

CERTAINLY, Padre Salvatore was very lonely in the little rectory. He had never before felt so isolated and completely cut off from the society of his fellow-men. Besides, ever since his arrival in the village, his southern blood seemed chilled by the dazzling atmosphere of that northern latitude, where even in mid-summer the sun-piercèd air was often cold and penetrating. But he thought the place itself charming in its vivid and varied picturesqueness. The island, lying in the blue straits in the upper portion of Michigan, was swept by the fresh breath of the Great Lakes, and from the thick forests behind the primitive settlement came the pungent odour of the waving pines and the faint scent of woodland flowers. Whenever the sunk sank behind the purple mists that hung cloudlike over the dim outlines of St. Ignace, the rippling waters of Huron glinted strangely in long streaks of tender violet and opalescent green, and then he was forcibly reminded of Italy, and would try to imagine that the Canadian fishing smacks sporting the English colours and the tiny steamers puffing their way to Sault Ste. Marie and Les Cheneaux were real Italian craft, and that he had only to turn round in order to see the placid Bay of Naples, the olive and orange-groves, the exquisite verdure of the Italian hills, and the smoking summit of Vesuvius. It was chiefly the climate that he found hard to bear, in addition to the solitude, for he had no companions. Most of the village folk were French Canadians, uneducated, and densely superstitious. He could not talk to them. They had nothing in common with him. His books were his only comfort. He was an industrious and earnest student.

One day, a change came in his life. The first letter he had received during his residence on the island was put into his hands, and with eager curiosity he tore it open. It was from a distant cousin who had lived in America for the past twenty-five years, and at whose instigation Padre Salvatore had finally summoned courage to cross the ocean. He wrote now to make a proposition, hoping it would prove acceptable. The proposition was as follows: The writer, who had married an American woman, had an only daughter, Rosa by name. The girl had been ill and ailing for some time, and the physician had recommended a brief sojourn in the North as a means of restoring her to perfect health. If convenient, would Padre Salvatore allow her to visit him for a time? Perhaps he needed a housekeeper, and if so, Rosa would be invaluable. Of course, it was not customary for priests to have young girls as housekeepers; but this was an exceptional case; and, then, Rosa was a relative, which made all the difference in the world. Nobody could cook as she did. Padre Salvatore naturally would be glad to receive such a jewel, and so forth.

Padre Salvatore turned the letter over in his long, slim fingers and deliberated. He was absolutely ignorant of young women and their ways, and the mere thought of taking his cousin to live with him, even temporarily, caused a delicate flush to dye his cheeks. Then there was the bishop to consider. Would he approve? He wondered, also, how the village people would take it. He had lived among them long enough to know that they were hard and exacting, forever gossiping and often displaying a moral obliquity that astonished his own unfailing simplicity and charity. But he was not a weak man. He had a proud and independent spirit, and presently his resolution was taken.

Nobody could fathom the intolerable sense of desolation that had long oppressed his genial nature, and involuntarily his thoughts travelled to the approaching winter, when, he had been told, the entire village would be snow bound, and for days at a time he would be unable to leave the house except to cross the street to the church by a path he must perforce cut for himself through the massive snow-drifts, with the thermometer at twenty degrees below zero. It was not for him, of course, to complain. He did not mean to complain, but all this appalled him. As yet he had had no housekeeper or even a servant. Both were hard to obtain in that neighbourhood, and he had depended almost entirely upon the good-natured services of an old woman, bent and withered, who came every day, for an hour or two, to scrub, wash and dust, and perform such menial offices as might be required. Padre Salvatore always took charge of the church unaided. He washed and ironed with his own hands the linen altar-cloths, vigorously polished the immense silver candlesticks, and dusted the artificial flowers one by one. On Saturday he removed his *soutane*, rolled up his sleeves, and scrubbed the floor from the outer door to the sacristy. There was no carpet in the church except within the chancel-rails. The people said they were too poor to buy one. But he took the greatest possible pride in keeping the precious relics of Father Marquette in perfect order. The holy Père Marquette was regarded almost as a saint on the island. His name was always spoken reverently. The spot whereon he had established his Indian mission chapel was looked upon as a sacred shrine, and Padre Salvatore adored his memory as did the people. The great chalice of embossed gold; the crucifix of ivory and silver; the gorgeous vestments, stiff with embroidery whose lustre time apparently could not dim; the vellum-bound missals and illuminated parchments, all were carefully overlooked once a week by Padre Salvatore, and then restored for safe-keeping in an antique oaken chest in the sacristy. He generally carried the key in his pocket, so as to be always ready to exhibit the treasures to any visitors who might happen to come.

He answered the letter by and bye, giving his cousin a cordial invitation to come and remain indefinitely. It would be delightful to have a young person near him, and she could be of great assistance in the house. He would do all he could to make her happy while she stayed.

When he had finished writing, he fetched his hat from the entry, where it hung between big bunches of rosaries and scapularies that he kept for sale, and walked down to the post-office. He met a number of acquaintances on the way, and to each of them he made the same remark, in his broken English, smiling and showing his brilliant white teeth:

'I shall not be alone any more, no! My cousin, she come to keep the 'ouse. She maka the macaroni much better nor me, yes! That nice for me, yes!'

The people stared open-mouthed, and as they passed on, shrugged their shoulders.

'*Hé!* we must have an eye on *M'sieu l' Curé*,' they said among themselves, with ready suspicion. 'A woman—*une créature* in his house! And how are we to know that she is his cousin? We must look out, and, if we see anything wrong, it shall be our duty to tell *M'sieu l'Evêque*. He comes for confirmation in the early autumn, and then we shall see about *M'sieu l'Curé* and his cousin—*si!* He is Italian, and everybody knows that the Italian priests are not like the French ones.'

But Padre Salvatore did not hear, and even had he done so, it would not have mattered to him. He had nothing to conceal. His life was open and blameless, and they might watch him as much as they pleased.

He studied no more that day. He put everything in order downstairs. Then he went to the spare room that he reserved usually for the bishop or the priests who came occasionally from St. Ignace, Marquette and other places near by. It was a very nice room, by far the best he had. The furniture was of prettily painted wood, and a matting covered the floor. Filled with a vague yet pleasurable excitement, he got out a pair of sheets that were in the closet, and made the bed, tucking his *soutane* about his waist, so that he might move about more freely. Then he brought from the small parlour a couple of *terra cotta* figures representing Neapolitan mandoline players, and arranged them with much precision on the chimney-piece. He stood in the doorway with half-closed eyes, viewing the effect.

'*Madonna mia!* It is fit for a signorina,' he murmured, in a voice tender with emotion.

When the eventful day arrived, he was cold with nervousness and a trepidation he could neither explain nor subdue. He had never seen Rosa; on the one occasion he had visited his cousin, Rosa had been away at school, and now, in thinking of her, he began to wonder vaguely whether she looked American or Italian, and whether she had learned to speak his language. He hoped she was pretty. He had all the passionate love of beauty that is part of the Italian temperament, and he was as sensitive as a woman where personalities were concerned. He himself was remarkably handsome. His dark eyes were softly luminous, and his clean-shaven lips and chin revealed a finely-cut mouth. He had the aquiline nose of the Latin race, and the slight stoop in his shoulder, born of much continued study, did not add in the least to his thirty-five years. He was tall and strong, carrying his head erect, and although the people complained that they could not understand his French, they were forced to admit that he sang the mass beautifully, in full, rich tones.

He went into the garden when breakfast was over, to gather a bouquet for the visitor. The tiny enclosure that surrounded the house was brilliant with rich bloom and fragrant with perfume. He weeded and planted and watered day by day, for he loved the modest little garden, and he adored flowers. He selected some full-blown damask roses, to which he added a few sprays of jasmine. These he placed on the table in Rosa's room and in so doing discovered that he had forgotten to fill the water-jug. He laughed at his stupidity, calling himself '*bestia*' and 'savage,' as he trudged down to the clear, deep well behind the house.

The July afternoon was glorious. Lake and sky were radiantly blue. The sunlight fell in a shower of palest gold on the water and shimmered amid the foliage, against whose sombre green the white houses of the village stood out with a scintillant distinctness. The long, projecting wharf where the lake steamer had just been moored was alive with an expectant crowd of people of all sorts and conditions. There were drummers from the new hotel just opened on the far end of the bluff, curious yet sleepy-looking half-breeds, alert negro porters, a few genuine Indians, any number of French Canadians, and a sprinkling of plain American citizens. Among them all stood Padre Salvatore, the sunlight shining full upon his bronzed face, scanning the passengers as they filed cautiously from the heaving deck to the creaking landing. He glanced intently at every person that passed out, and suddenly his features glowed with pleasure, for a young girl, fair and blonde, was coming directly toward him. He proffered his hand, embarrassed and uncertain, being overcome all at once by a strange timidity.

'You are Rosa! You knew me?'

The girl replied pleasantly and easily:

'Of course; I knew you at once by your dress. Besides, one sees that you are an Italian, Padre Salvatore.'

'Oh, you must call me "cousin"—yes?' He laughed, feeling quite at ease again.

'Yes, we are cousins, certainly,' she said, seriously. 'But'—changing her tone—'how lovely it is here! The air is like wine. I have never been so far north before. Oh, I am sure I shall be very happy!'

'*Si—si*—I 'ope,' he answered. 'It is beautiful; only a little cold—for me. I am not used to this climate. The winter, they say, is terrible. I 'ate the winter; I love the warm climate;' and he sighed.

They walked along the broad, winding road to the rectory, passing the shops gay with Indian curiosities and the thatched cabins where whole families of somnolent half-breeds ate, slept and lived in one stuffy room. Rosa, in spite of her fatigue, regarded everything with a delighted interest and a charmed surprise. Several of Padre Salvatore's parishioners went by and looked askance at him and his companion, with a muttered '*Bonjou', M'sieu l' Curé.*' He raised his hat proudly and smiled in his usual way.

'You see,' he said to each one, 'she 'as come—my cousin Rosa. She will keep the 'ouse. Now I shall 'ave the fine dinner—the macaroni—the risotto.'

But the people put their heads yet closer together, saying among themselves:

'She's too young and too pretty, *la p'tite*. But we shall watch him and see. After all, the priests are but men like any others. Wait until the bishop comes. *Hé! M'sieu l'Evêque* will have something to say to the *Père* Salvatore—sure.' And they laughed and frowned in the same breath.

Padre Salvatore, however, went bravely home and conducted Rosa to her room with much punctilious ceremony. While she freshened her dress and bathed, he prepared some refreshment—cold meat and ripe peaches soaked in Marsala. Later they sat in the study and talked until supper time, when he accompanied her to the kitchen, explaining as he went just how many minutes the macaroni should be boiled. All the while a tender happiness illumined his features. He laughed and clapped his hands in boyish glee, marvelling at the cleverness with which she set to work, and Rosa, catching some of his high spirits, laughed too. After supper he took her to the church and exhibited the relics, telling her the simple story of Father Marquette.

Rosa examined everything with an interest that amounted to awe.

'And are they worth much money?' she asked, opening her blue eyes wide.

'Oh, *si!* I should say. They are worth much, indeed,' he responded, loftily.

Then, as he replaced the crucifix in the chest, he pressed it to his lips.

'But isn't it dangerous to leave them here? Suppose somebody should come in the night and break open the chest?'

Padre Salvatore gave a little shudder at the bare suggestion. But he answered, confidently:

'Oh, nobody steal. The lock is strong, an' I carry always the key, you see?' And he lifted his *soutane*, putting the key into his pocket as he spoke.

Rosa said nothing more. In going out she knelt beside him for an instant in front of the altar, whence a tall blue-and-gold Mary looked down benignly from under a pale canopy of stars. The girl bowed her head and made the sign of the cross.

The lagging summer days that followed were a delight to the simple soul of Padre Salvatore. Nobody had ever attended to his comfort as did Rosa. Nobody understood him and entered into all his moods as she did. He was never lonely now. In the performance of his most irksome duties he was always dimly conscious of her presence. Shut in his study, writing laboriously the little sermons that he was obliged to translate into both French and English and to adapt to the meagre comprehension of his flock, he would pause now and then to listen to her voice singing, as she went about the house. By-and-bye, a sombre thoughtfulness overcame him. He wondered what he should do when she went away. How could he exist during the horrible, much dreaded winter, without her? Whenever this thought assailed him, he took refuge in his books, to escape the frightful sadness that dulled his senses. Every morning when he awoke, his first idea was of her final departure: 'One day less! *Dio mio!*' he would reflect with a pang of sharp misery. But his manhood asserted itself later. He reproached himself bitterly, and prayed to be delivered from weakness. What was Rosa's going or coming to him? Was he not a priest by the grace of God, and wedded to the church? Why should he shrink from either disappointment or hardship? He called himself foolish and unworthy. But even Rosa noted the change that had come over him little by little. His coward gaze avoided her. He spoke little. He brought a book to the table at meal times and absorbed himself in reading, to escape conversation.

One cool August evening as they sat on the balcony, with the creeping twilight descending through the sun-streaked mists, he complained of feeling tired, and went to his room with the intention of retiring early. As he rose from his chair, he touched her softly on the shoulder:

'Good night, *felicissima notte, Rosa mia*,' he said.

'Good night, Cousin Salvatore,' she replied without looking up, and a moment later she heard his door shut quickly. She remained sitting in the gloom, waiting to see the wondrous spectacle of the moonrise. She loved to watch the great, crimson disk emerge slowly from behind Bois Blanc, and as it mounted, turn first to fiery gold and then to whitest silver, flooding the placid waters with a track of argent light. The pine-trees bent before the breeze, and from the shadows whispers of the romantic Indian legends, that were associated with every nook and cranny of the island, seemed to emanate and die away in long-drawn sighs. Opposite, the yellow church glinted in the yellow moonlight, and Rosa, straining her eyes and ears, thought at last to see a lithe figure that came suddenly from the obscurity into the full splendour of the night. It stood still for a moment, and then disappeared mysteriously behind the sacred edifice. She started and trembled. Presently she rose noiselessly and went into the house.

Padre Salvatore was generally a light sleeper, but on this occasion fatigue made his rest more profound than usual. All at once, however, he wakened with alarm, for his sleep-dulled hearing had caught a sound that assailed him with dread and terror. He sat up in his narrow iron bedstead and listened. Surely he had heard it. He had not been dreaming. He had distinctly heard the church-door creak on its rusty old hinges. He sprang from the bed and peered through the curtainless window. The church was shrouded now in darkness. The moonlight had vanished beneath a veil of clouds. He began hurriedly to dress, trembling violently. Somebody was in the church. His trained ear had not deceived him even in his sleep. Some one was there; some thief had gone in to steal the relics. An intense excitement, from which, however, all fear was eliminated, took possession of him. He did not stop to think of himself or any danger he might incur. He only thought of the holy relics that were to him a sacred trust. If they were stolen, it should be at the risk of his own life. He would preserve them at any cost. He must hasten to save them from the desecrating hands of robbers—perhaps assassins. He remembered his pistol that was lying in the drawer of his study-table. It had recently been cleaned and loaded. He thrust it beneath a fold of his *soutane*, and went out. With his hot Italian blood seething madly in his veins, he mounted the steps of the church, and tried the

handle of the door. That yielded easily to his touch. He slipped into the darkness of the interior, breathing hard. A vertigo seized him. Near the altar, a mild bar of nebulous moonlight streamed through a window and touched the image of Mary. Padre Salvatore dipped his cold fingers into the holy-water basin, crossed himself, and bent his knee. Then, fortified by this simple ceremony, he advanced with bold carriage and firm tread into the sacristy. As he threw open the door, appearing on the threshold as might the black shade of an avenging power, a faint brightness struck his eyes, confusing him for an instant. Then he recoiled, with an involuntary cry of horror and dismay.

Crouching on the bare floor beside the oaken chest and grasping the golden chalice so that it glinted in the light, was Rosa, pale and terrified, while before her, holding an uplifted candle whose flickering flame shed a dim brilliance on Padre Salvatore's face, stood a stranger—a young man. His frightened glance swept the priest, and he uttered an exclamation of surprise. Padre Salvatore had grown livid. He staggered back against the door, and the pistol fell clattering to the floor. Presently he summoned courage to speak.

'What—what you do here, Rosa?' he asked, in hardly audible tones. 'Why you disturb the relics?' He seemed to gain courage from the sound of his own voice. He drew himself up and crossed both hands over his chest. 'You would steal—you?' he said, passionately. 'An' for what? For whom?' He pointed with one finger to her companion. His pallid face flushed scarlet. 'Is it—is it—for him, Rosa?'

She burst into tears and did not answer.

''Ow came you by the key? Answer me,' he said, imperiously.

'I took it while you slept. Oh, do not look at me like that! Forgive me. If you only knew—'

The young man had lowered the candle and stood with averted gaze, biting his lips until they bled. Padre Salvatore took no notice. He came forward, took the chalice gently in his hands, put it back into the chest and turned the key in the lock. He wheeled about and strode out of the sacristy, holding his head aloft.

'Come back to the 'ouse—both,' he said, briefly.

Dazed and ashamed, they followed him through the echoing aisle of the church. When they reached the house, Padre Salvatore was standing in the reception-room, drawn up to his full height, his hand resting upon the bare centre-table. He had lighted the kerosene lamp, and in its wan radiance his features looked grey and rigid. He appeared to have aged horribly.

'Who is he—this person?' he inquired, unsteadily, not meeting Rosa's glance.

She turned her eyes imploringly upon the young man, who answered for her. Padre Salvatore listened like one who only half understands. He heard the miserable little love story with compressed lips and fixed gaze. He comprehended as in a dream that the two had long desired to marry, but that Rosa's father had opposed the match because the suitor had no money to establish himself in business, and no prospect of getting any. So that was why Rosa had been sent away to visit the priest. Her father thought she would forget her foolish attachment. But she had not forgotten, nor, had her lover forgotten. He had found out where she was, and had come to the island to persuade her to run away and get married in St. Ignace. She had consented. They had met several times in the village, and all their arrangements were made. Only they had no money; merely a few dollars, which were insufficient. She had thought of the relics which were worth a great deal, and were of no use to anybody, lying in the old chest in the sacristy. That was all.

A blush of shame dyed Padre Salvatore's colourless cheeks. For a brief space he could not speak. Then he asked vaguely:

'There was no other objection to your marriage? Only the money?'

'No, there was no other objection,' they said.

Padre Salvatore knit his brows.

'It is well,' he said, moving towards the door. 'We can talk to-morrow; now it is late.'

He ushered the young man with ceremonious courtesy to the portico without; then he closed and bolted the door. His white lips trembled.

No more was said. He motioned to Rosa, and led the way upstairs, carrying the lamp uplifted, so that the yellow glimmer illumined one side of his face. He passed into the study, and sinking upon a chair, leaned his head upon his hands. He remained thus until the night was far spent, struggling bitterly with himself. A fearful blight seemed to have fallen upon him and crushed his buoyant spirit. Rosa's sin resembled some bitter disgrace of his own. Yet, try as he would, he harboured no anger against her; he felt naught but a tender pity. The grey morning found him still sitting there, but now a look of determination shone in his eyes. By-and-bye he rose, and, approaching the small hair trunk, that occupied one corner of the room, removed therefrom a wooden box, that he opened almost lovingly. It contained five hundred dollars, that by dint of enforced self-denial he had saved since his residence in America, and that he had meant to send at Christmas to his mother—an old, hard-working Neapolitan peasant. How much personal sacrifice was involved in this handful of gold no one but himself knew. Many a time he had gone without meat and clothes in order to save the money for his mother. Often, as he sat alone during the long winter evenings, warmed only by the lamplight, he had pictured to himself her joy when she should receive the gift. He imagined the tears of happiness coursing down her brown withered cheeks. He saw her calling to the neighbours to tell them who had sent it, and how it had come all the way from America, a wonderful country where the very streets were paved with gold.

Padre Salvatore's own eyes glistened as he placed the money on the table. Then, seeing that it was five o'clock, he recited his office and made preparation for the early mass. Rosa was waiting for him on his return from the church. She silently put the earthenware cup of strong coffee and the plate of dry bread upon the table, but as she turned to leave the room he called her back. At the sight of his white, quivering face she broke down, sobbing and imploring his pardon.

He took her hand in his, murmuring soothingly in Italian a verse from the Gospel:

'"Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone."'

Aloud he said, trying to be calm:

'I am very sorry, Rosa, but I do not condemn. I, too, am sinner. I have offended God, an' He punished me. Go, and sin no more.'

Two tears overflowed upon his cheeks. Then he took the box and pressed it into her hands.

'See,' he said, forcing a smile. 'Ere is money for you, Rosa. You shall marry the man you love. Tell your father that I make you present; then it be all right. Now go; I much occupied.'

He almost pushed her from the room. He sat down to drink his coffee. A cheerful smile was on his lips.

When Rosa had gone, the village people, in spite of their vigilance, rarely saw him for days and days, except when he appeared at mass or to hear confession. He began to practice a desperate economy. The thought of his mother tortured him night and morning. He felt as if he had robbed her in her old age, and he prayed for forgiveness. He denied himself wine and macaroni, living on dry bread, with now and then a little fish. He sold a few things he did not need, and he saved nearly the whole of his meagre salary. In this way he hoped to send her something substantial at Christmas. But he had, in that short period, grown haggard and pinched and broken. The people remarked his changed appearance, and put their own construction upon it.

'*Hé!*' they whispered among themselves. 'We know! It is all on account of *la p'tite* he kept with him for so long and who left so suddenly. He said she was his cousin, but we know better. Now, next week comes *M'sieu l'Evêque*, and then *le Père* Salvatore shall see that we are not so blind and stupid as he thinks us. He shall be told everything—*M'sieu l'Evêque*. The *Curé* Salvatore is a bad man. He is not like the French priest we had last year.'

And when the bishop came in the evening preceding the ceremony of confirmation, the people assembled in a great mass near Padre Salvatore's door, hesitating as to whether they should march boldly in and demand an audience, or summon His Reverence outside. While they waited and took counsel among themselves a bright light shone all at once in the tiny parlour, and on the old worn linen blind were reflected the pale silhouettes of two figures—one tall and portly, that of the bishop, standing with outstretched hands, as if granting benediction. The other figure was smaller and appeared to be bowed in supplication.

'*Oh, hé! l' Père* Salvatore, he is making confession, as, indeed, he ought,' the people murmured. 'The bishop will come out and tell us how bad he is.'

The door opened presently, and on the dark threshold the bishop's form and that of Padre Salvatore stood out against the light. Something in the bishop's face caused the people to fall back in dismay. Padre Salvatore was white as death, and his shrunken limbs seemed lost in the long, loose folds of the bishop's coat that he wore. The sleeves hung down and hid his emancipated hands. The bishop waited for a moment before he spoke.

'My friends,' he began, in vibrant tones, and with that he extended one arm; and placing it about Padre Salvatore's neck, gathered him to his side as he might a child in distress—'my friends,' he repeated, after a significant pause, 'I bring you your pastor, a worthy son of God. I commend you to his care and his teaching, the more so, as lately you have condemned him unjustly in your hearts. For, verily, in the pure soul of Padre Salvatore is reflected the divine spirit of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour.'

The bishop made the sign of the cross. For an instant the people stood as if spell-bound. Then, without a word, they slunk away, one by one.

By and bye only the bishop and Padre Salvatore remained standing on the chill threshold of the illuminated doorway, and the faces of both were wet with tears.

THE WOOD-MAID.

WHY will ye bring me your bold, brown faces,
Crowned with the leaves of my plundered wood?
Why will ye lurk in the low, leafy places,
Peering and jeering, and wooing me rude?

You frighten the bee from the linden blossom,
The doe in the dell, and the shy wood-dove,
The hare in its haunt, and the heart in my bosom,
With all your talking of love, love, love.

Here I live merry until you beset me;
What the birds sow is the harvest I reap.
Here I live merry till you come to fret me;
The heart in my bosom I keep safe asleep.

With the wit of your words to your will you would bind me,
As you bind the wings of the meek wood-dove;
In a snare, like a hare, you would wound me and wind me.
And bind me to the service of love, love, love.

Is love as sweet as the bloom the bee knoweth?
Is love as deep as the deep streams run?
Is love as pure as the wind when it bloweth?
Is love as true as the shining o' the sun?

I'll loose my locks to the free winds blowing,
I'll give my cheek to the sun and the rain,
I'll give my image to the clear stream's showing,
But I'll give not my lips to the lips of a swain.

Go hunt the bee with the sweet spoil laden!
Go hunt the hare, and the doe, and the dove!
Come not a-hunting a poor, merry maiden,
With all your mocking of love, love, love.

Come, Wind, kiss me! kiss and forsake not!
Smile to my smiling, thou constant Sun!
Heart in my bosom, wake not, wake not,
Till streams in the forest forget to run!

HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A RAGGED coat finds little credit.

What we learn with pleasure we never forget.

'Whatever induced you to marry Fred?' 'Fred, of course.'

Adam was perhaps the first man who deemed marriage a failure.

It is remarkable; but the unfair umpire was never known to decide for our side.

It is all right for a man to shine in society; but if his clothes do it is quite a different matter.

It's a mighty little hammock that won't hold two souls with but a single thought.

Though there isn't much wit
In a statement like this,
Still a man makes a bit
When he Mrs a Miss.

Some men are born great; some achieve greatness, and some couldn't tell to save their necks how it happened.

AN EXCEPTION.—Some men cannot keep their eyes off the ladies unless, perhaps, they have seats in a horse-car and the ladies are standing.

A Philadelphia surgeon has dissected and mounted the complete nervous system of a human being—something never before accomplished.

Extremes, though contrary, have a like effect; extreme heat mortifies like extreme cold; extreme love breeds satiety, as well as extreme hatred.

AT A DISADVANTAGE.

She has changed her seat within the church
Because the sun shone through
The coloured window at her side
And turned her nose sky blue.

The smallest screws in the world are used in the manufacture of watches. The screw in the fourth jewel wheel, that appears to the naked eyes like a bit of dust, is so small that a lady's thimble would, it is stated, hold 1,000,000 of them.

Among a multitude of good things Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has said none better than this:—'The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire, "Why wasn't it done the other way?"'

INCIDENT IN A PARISIAN CAFE.—There are people in Paris who will die willingly if only they can die in public and with *éclat*. Thus, at a Belleville haunt, an old soldier ordered a repast, coolly enjoyed it, drank his coffee afterwards, and then—blew out his brains. On searching his note-book, the police discovered that the suicide had therein recorded his impressions to the moment that he had sat down to his last meal. It finished in these terms: 'All the same; there are some men who have no luck. I might have remained an honest man, but I was not allowed. When I have finished drinking my *petit verre*, I shall blow up the powder magazine.'

AN ADAPTABLE POEM.

They stood beside the open grate
(For summer, substitute a gate);
She was blonde (if you prefer
Why make a brunette out of her).
He spoke of love (they all do that,
And she? Her heart went pit-a-pat.
The speed, why you yourself can fix,
From seventy up to ninety-six.
She hung her head, she blushed, she sighed,
She laughed; or possibly she cried.
Just take your choice and have her do
Precisely as you wish her to.
She did et cetera, until
Her George, or Jack, or Jim, or Will.
Or any name you like the best;
But why go on? You know the rest.

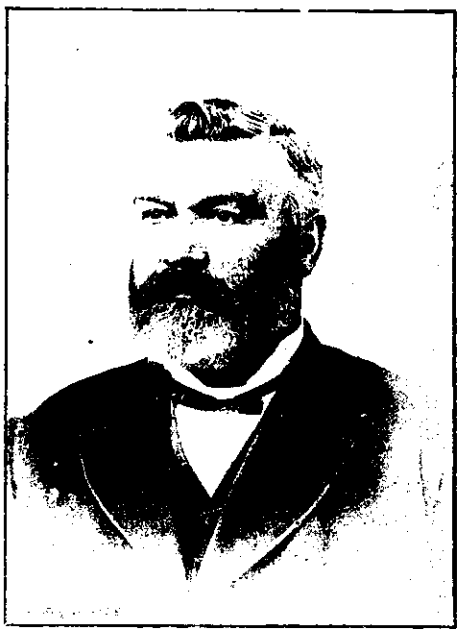
SUNDAY IN THE OLDEN TIME—The old English Sunday in the North of England seems to have been characterized by some strange practices. Sunday announcements of forthcoming auction sales and other equally secular matters were in some instances made by the parish clerk in the churchyard, or even in the church itself. It seems, moreover, that at Wigton, in Cumberland, during the reign of Charles II., a Sunday meat market was held. Butchers put their carcases of meat at the church door, and customers actually took the joints they had bought inside the building, and hung them on the backs of the seats till service was finished. The clergyman was, we are told, so disturbed by this irreverent custom that he made a journey to London on foot, and secured the change of market day to Tuesday.

SOLO DANCING.—Engaging dancing ladies to display their agility at evening receptions, in London, now enables a great number of artistes to gain very handsome remuneration. The idea was, probably, started some months ago by the Queen commanding a very graceful young dancer, Miss Smith, to appear before her, to show her skill in her art; and since then one or two leading ladies of fashion have engaged her and other clever artistes in the 'poetry of motion' for the purpose named, the new departure meeting with the greatest success. It is thus quite likely, from a fad or craze of the hour, this long neglected art may again be brought into repute; for kicking and plunging violently on the stage, and tearing round like beings distraught in a ball-room, can scarcely be termed dancing, which should embody all the grace of which the human form divine is capable.

REUNITED IN OLD AGE.—Jackson Thomas married forty years ago a young woman, and after a few years they were divorced. Both found new and presumably more suitable companions. Death robbed each in a short time of the happiness thus found. Each tried a third matrimonial venture, and the new relations continued until recently, when again, by a singular coincidence, the visitation of death left each alone in the world. Uncle Jack, as he is called, is now eighty-one years old, the lady who was his first wife, sixty-nine. Old targets for Cupid, surely. But the little archer knew that under the dead ashes of a double bereavement in the old man's heart there was still something inflammable, so he aimed an arrow—a fiery arrow, so to speak—at the ancient breastworks, and the old flame of forty years ago burst forth again. It was carried by Uncle Jack to the woman from whom he separated thirty-five years ago. The flame caught and spread. Now the fire on the household altar is burning again, after a brief courtship.

THE DUNEDIN CORPORATION.

MR JOHN CARROLL, the present Mayor, was born in the County Tipperary, in the south of Ireland, on June 11th, 1836. He emigrated to Victoria, and came over to Otago on the outbreak of the rush to Gabriel's Gully. He worked at his trade as a stone mason for about twelve months in Dunedin, and then returned to the diggings, being fairly successful on the Shotover River. He married in Dunedin in 1863, and soon afterwards started in the hotel business, in which he continued until he was called to fill the mayoral chair. He was first returned as a member of the City Council of Dunedin in October, 1869. There were then only eight members of that body. From that time to the present, with the exception of two small breaks when he declined to accept nomination, he has served the citizens continuously, and has been returned unopposed on several occasions. He was for several years a trustee of the Benevolent Institution, and has acted as treasurer of that body. He has also represented the City Council for the last four years on the Harbour Board. He was one of the few citizens who were instrumental in inducing the Provincial Council to transfer the old Hospital site, on which the present Corporation Buildings stand, and also part of that reserve for a market site. When the City and Suburban Tramway Company applied for an extension of their lease from the Corporation from 14 to 21 years, Mr Carroll determinedly opposed the extension of the concession, until the Company had agreed to forego a clause in their original lease under which the Council were obliged to take over the tramway plant and goodwill at valuation. What a signal advantage Mr Carroll was able to secure for the citizens may be gathered from the fact that if the original agreement had been adhered to the city, when taking over the plant, must have been saddled with a liability of from £80,000 to £100,000. In November of last year the citizens, in acknowledgment of his long and faithful services, elected Mr Carroll to the mayoralty by a majority of 490 over his opponent, this being the largest majority that has ever been obtained in any civic election in Dunedin.



F. C. Jones, photo., Dunedin

MR. J. CARROLL,
Mayor of Dunedin.

MR W. B. TAYLOR, TOWN CLERK.

Mr William Brook Taylor was born at Framingham Pigot, near Norwich, England. At an early age he was sent to King Edward VI. Grammar School at Norwich, then under the mastership of Dr. Woolley, who with his family was subsequently lost in a voyage to the Australian colonies. Shortly after Dr. Woolley's death the subject of this sketch went to Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School at Ipswich to be under the supervision of Dr. Stephen Rigaud (afterwards Bishop of Antigua). While there he was for some time under the private tuition of Mr Montagu Williams, afterwards well-known as a leading barrister. On leaving school Mr Taylor was articled to his father, a solicitor practising in Norwich, but losing his father shortly afterwards, he finished his articles with the firm of Field, Roscoe, and Francis in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, and passed his examination in 1864. After spending some years in London, and disliking the life of a crowded city, he returned to his native city. In 1872 he determined to visit New Zealand, and in 1873 he arrived in Dunedin with the intention of taking up station life with a friend of his family who resided in Southland. But this project had to be abandoned because his friend was on the eve of leaving the colony owing to ill-health when Mr Taylor reached here, and as a matter of fact never returned. At this time the Hon. W. J. M. Larnach had the control of the Dunedin and City Gasworks, and he offered Mr Taylor the position of collector, and on the purchase of the property in 1876 by the City Council, Mr Taylor entered the service of the Corporation. He acted as accountant of this branch of the Corporation's business until March, 1890, when Mr Adam Gibson, the then Town Clerk, after a lengthy and honourable service, sought and obtained six months' leave of absence. Mr Taylor was then appointed acting town clerk, and on Mr Gibson deciding to relinquish the position, Mr Taylor was permanently appointed Town Clerk and city treasurer of Dunedin.

THE TOWN HALL.

During the term of their corporate existence the City Fathers of Dunedin have occupied many abodes. In the early sixties, and at a time when the land was over-run by the 'new iniquity,' as the digger was called by the early settlers, the then Town Board transacted the civic business in a pretentious building, which occupied the site on which the Cargill monument now stands. Then for a time they were conveniently quartered in Princes-street, in rooms above the present warehouse of the Dresden Music Company. Thence they migrated to the building in Maclaggan street, so long occupied afterwards as a police depôt. The next shift was to the Octagon, where they took possession of some of the old hospital buildings at the rear of their present premises. Next they occupied part of the University building in Princes-street, but on it being sold to the directors of the Colonial Bank—a sale which the City Fathers ought never to have permitted, as the property was first offered to them at a price that was 'dirt cheap'—they moved into the old Atheneum building at the corner of High and Manse-streets, where they remained until 1880, when the present spacious and handsome edifice was opened for public business by the then Mayor (Mr H. J. Walter), the foundation having been laid two years previously by his predecessor (Mr R. H. Leary). The City Council had called for competitive designs for the new buildings, and nearly all the best known architects in the colony sent in designs, the accepted one being the work of Mr T. B. Cameron, then of Auckland, but now of Dunedin. His plan was, however, greatly modified, and the duty of carrying it out was entrusted to Mr R. A. Lawson, who personally supervised the construction. The cost of the amended plan was £15,230. Since then a clock and a peal of bells have been added, so that the actual expenditure on the buildings up to date represents a sum of £23,348; but as the municipal accountants have, from time to time, written off certain sums on account of depreciation, the present value of the building as an asset stands in the corporation ledgers to-day as £18,842. The site was originally set apart for hospital purposes, and continued to be used in this way, until the erection of the exhibition building in Great King-street. For some years the portion facing the street was used as a market place, but its central and special advantages as a site for the Town Hall commended itself to the council and the public, and steps were taken to secure it for this purpose. It occupies the centre of the town, standing on the Octagon, a wide space about five or six chains in diameter, which is now being permanently fenced, and, thanks to the activity of the Dunedin and Suburban Reserves Conservation Society, laid out as an ornamental garden.

Only a portion of the original design has yet been carried out, owing to the shortness of funds. The buildings comprise a commodious Council Chamber, capable of holding nearly four hundred people; on the second floor, committee rooms, a suite of apartments for the Mayor, and a library; on the first floor, the offices of the Town Clerk, assistant clerk, secretary of the Gas Department, Gas Inspector, three committee rooms, and the public office or large room, in which the general municipal, water, and gas business is transacted. On the basement the City Surveyor and his staff are quartered. Provision is also made in the building for the officials of the Charitable Aid Board. At the south west corner of the reserve the fire station is situated. Here under the care of Superintendent Robertson, who has been in the employ of the Corporation for more than a quarter of a century, the fire apparatus is kept with scrupulous care, and everything about the premises may be found in 'apple pie' order at any hour of the day or night. Provision has been made for the erection of a market place and a town hall, but 'strict economy' has been the watchword of the burgesses for some time, and it will be years before they sanction any expenditure on either of these purposes.

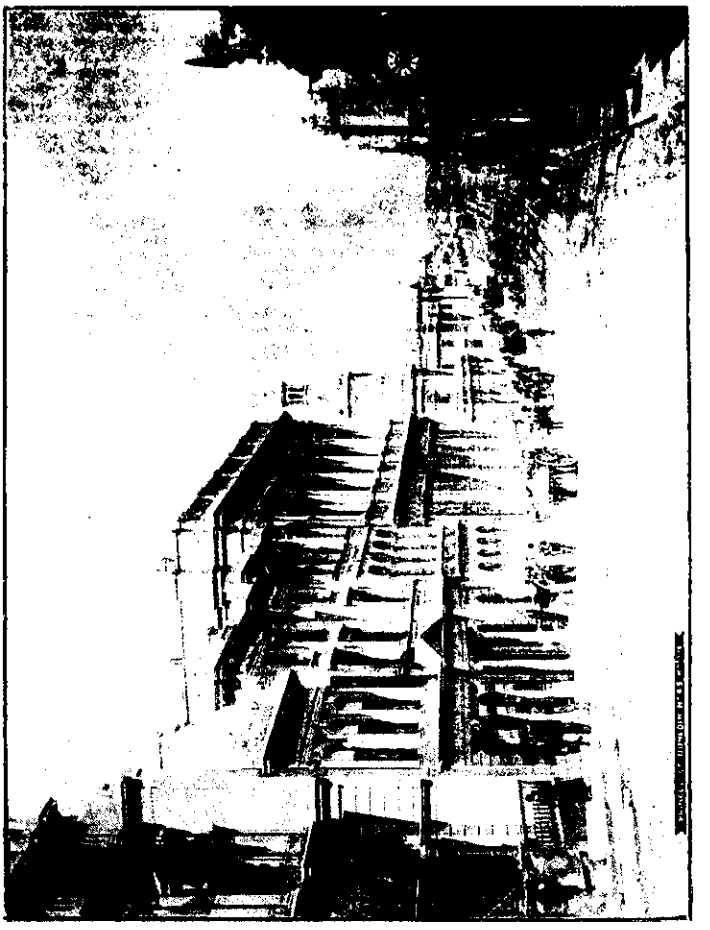
MR. W. B. TAYLOR,
Town Clerk, Dunedin.

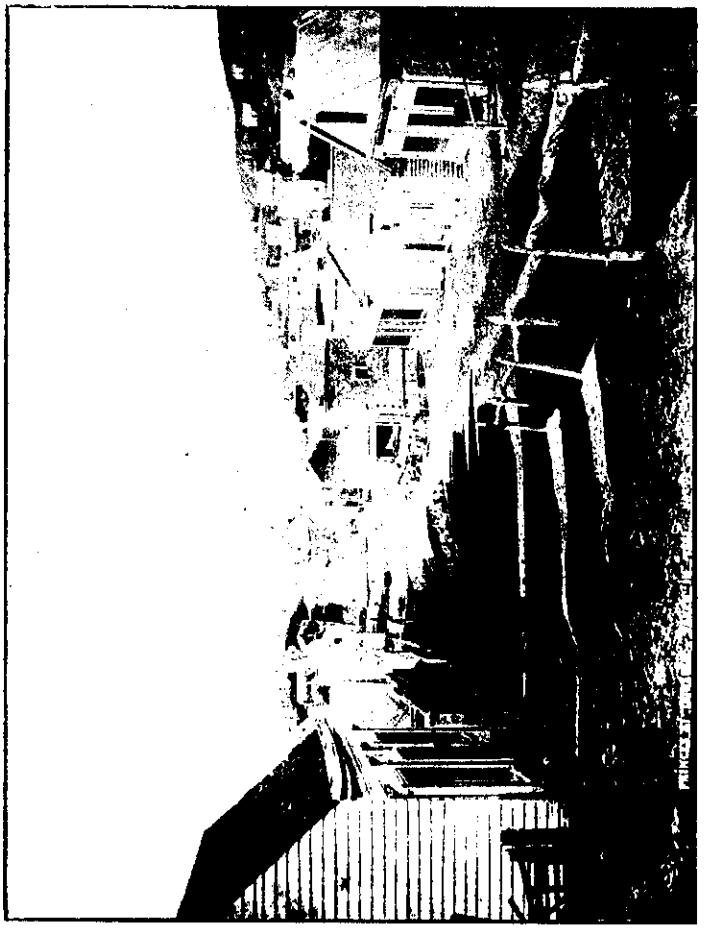
F. Coxhead, photo., Dunedin.

DUNEDIN TOWN HALL.

THE CANDID CRITIC.

THE present Shah of Persia is not only a prose writer of considerable merit, but has also some pretensions to the character of poet. One day, however, having completed a poem which particularly delighted him, he deigned to read it to one of the most prominent men of letters attached to his household. 'What do you think of it?' he asked, after reading his verse aloud. 'I do not altogether like the poem,' was the candid answer. 'What an ass you are to say so!' exclaimed the offended sovereign. There was certainly much wisdom in the royal words, for the misguided critic was forthwith ordered to the stables to be flogged. A few days later, the Shah, having written another poem, once more desired to hear the opinion of the learned scribe whom he had consulted before. Hardly had he read a few lines of his latest lucubration when the learned man turned abruptly away and prepared to run out of the room. 'Where are you going?' thundered his majesty. 'Back to the stables!' cried the critic in desperation. So amused was the king of kings by this repartee that he forgave the delinquent and forbore to have him flogged a second time.





OLD AND NEW DUNEDIN.—SEE LETTERPRESS, PAGE 628.

LOST—A BACHELOR.

YOUNG Aspinwall-Jones was angry and he stalked into the club-house and ordered something to quiet his nerves. He was in love with the glorious Miss Paulson, and there was a lover who was more favoured than he.

He would not have minded so much if it had not been so mysterious. He did not know who the favoured lover was.

It was only that morning that he knew any one else was in the field. He had called on Miss Paulson at her cottage and was ushered unceremoniously into the library.

When the footman announced his name he entered and found to his utter dismay that there was tobacco smoke in the air, a door was slammed and a pair of masculine boots were just disappearing.

It was very ill-bred in the man, whoever he was, to smoke in a lady's library, but that was not exactly what troubled young Aspinwall-Jones. He did not like the idea that a man was on sufficient terms of intimacy to smoke in Miss Paulson's library.

And so his morning call on that young lady was not particularly pleasant, although as he now recalled it she was very nice to him and all that, and treated him in a delightfully frank manner.

That was what charmed him so much—her frankness. There was a candour in her large innocent blue eyes and a truthfulness in the tones of her voice that seemed to young Aspinwall-Jones very attractive. Then she was so very tall and so very graceful and so very clever that he quite fell in love with her, though she had been in Lenox scarcely a week. She was a very handsome woman and attracted a good deal of attention, but very few people appeared to know her. It was odd, too, considering her beauty and evident good breeding.

'She seems very nice,' Mrs Leland remarked to one of her friends at a tennis party, as she watched the graceful figure of the girl flitting about the tennis court, 'but I don't think I shall allow my son Archie to have much to say to her. She may be very fascinating and all that, but we know so little about her, and I think at times her manner is too bold, to say the least.'

But young Aspinwall-Jones didn't think so at all. She was an agreeable girl and a new girl. If she didn't know many people it wasn't her fault. And if she wasn't exactly in the swim how could her people manage to get a cottage in Lenox and how could she manage to get invited everywhere?

Nevertheless, at many dances, although Miss Paulson seemed to be invited, she received very little attention. She knew very few men, and so young Aspinwall-Jones had her pretty much to himself.

'Do you know,' he said to her one night after a waltz, 'I think you are awfully pretty.'

She merely answered this remark by a shake of her head, and acknowledged the compliment by a dazzling smile that showed a set of creamy teeth.

'Yes,' he continued boldly, 'I do really. And I like you very much.'

He might have got further if his particular friend 'Cholly' Peabody had not looked across the room at him in a warning way and started to come to him.

He noticed Peabody, nodded slightly to Miss Paulson, and then locking arms with him they strolled into a conservatory.

'You're very young,' began Peabody, 'and very simple,' he added.

Aspinwall-Jones was so wildly happy that he did not deny either of these assertions. He still remembered a woman's smile and he broke away from his companion and started away.

'Where are you going?' asked Peabody.

'Oh, in here! Oh, I say, Cholly, old boy, do you know what it is to be in love?'

'Idiot,' exclaimed Peabody. 'You're in a land of dreams. People never are in love nowadays; they merely get married.'

'But I'm in love,' remarked the other.

'With yourself,' put in Peabody, cynically.

'No, sir, by Jove! With the prettiest girl you ever laid your eyes on. If you had been here this morning, and seen me with her before, you wouldn't talk that way. But I'm glad you have come, for you may presently congratulate me—that is, I hope so.'

'Foolish boy!'

'You are quite right, old fellow, but she's adorable—she's an angel! She's too good for me.'

'Don't be too sure of that. You don't want to get married anyhow. I shouldn't advise it. You're an idiot to think of such a thing. Look at me, old fellow.' Aspinwall did look at him, and was duly impressed with his single eyeglass, his hair parted accurately in the middle, and his snub nose. 'Look at me. Do you think you will ever go to my wedding? I think not. I'm a bachelor, and you remember, old fellow, you are with me, as they say at the Bowery. We are "in it" together. You remember our compact. I marry, you marry. I remain single, you remain single. Don't break your word.'

'Oh, that was such a silly compact,' broke in Aspinwall-Jones. 'I was a small child when we made it. I didn't know any better. I hadn't met Miss Paulson then.'

'Miss Paulson? So she's the charmer. Why, my dear fellow, you don't want to marry her. She isn't very well known about here. She's not in society much, and she evidently hasn't much money. I wouldn't marry a girl I didn't know anything about, and besides I don't see what there is about her to attract a man of your good taste.'

Young Aspinwall-Jones pulled the straggling ends of his charming moustache and glared savagely at Peabody.

'Oh, she's a heavenly creature,' he said with fervour. 'Such eyes, so handsome, and you know, old fellow, I always adored handsome girls. And then she treats me so nicely; she doesn't think I am a little boy. And she isn't a bit haughty; and, well, she is perfection.'

But after that morning call young Aspinwall-Jones changed his mind. He wondered how a girl cared to entertain callers who were ashamed to be seen.

He loved her just as much, to be sure. Perhaps he was misjudging her. It might be a long-lost brother, or something of that sort. But why should this 'brother' be afraid to meet him?

Nothing particularly odd happened until one night at a german at the pretty assembly rooms near Curtiss'. Aspinwall-Jones had good luck that night and plucked up courage enough to ask his divinity to marry him.

His mother had warned him if he did anything of the sort she would never forgive him, and his sister had strongly advised him not to do it, but Miss Paulson looked so beautiful in a charming toilet of white, with a faint colour in her cheeks and a shining light in her eyes, that he quite forgot all his mother had threatened.

And presently he burst into his friend's room at the hotel and embraced him effusively.

'Congratulate me, old fellow!'

'Er—what?' gasped Peabody, unclasping his friend's arms from his neck, and taking off a ruffled collar and looking at it regretfully.

'I'm the happiest man in the world!'

'That's a pretty strong statement.'

'But I am, you know.'

'Has she accepted you?

'Well, not exactly that, you know. She said I might call on her to-morrow morning, anyhow.'

'What is there so wildly happy in that?'

'Oh, I hinted at something, and the way she looked at me I know she means to accept me.'

'Seems to me you are taking a good deal for granted.'

Then Peabody went on to induce his friend to give up Miss Paulson. He reiterated their agreement, made long ago, to remain bachelors, and finally said that he thought Aspinwall-Jones was a man of his word.

'You seem to take a good deal of interest in this thing,' said that young man, presently. 'If I want to get married I will, and that foolish compact that we made when just out of college doesn't bother me in the least. I am going to marry Miss Paulson.'

'The devil you are!' exclaimed Peabody with vigour. At this young Aspinwall-Jones left the room abruptly, slamming the door behind him.

'I thought Cholly was a fellow who could sympathize with a man,' he muttered, as he went to his own room. 'But something is the matter with him, and I wonder what.'

Young Aspinwall-Jones was more perplexed than ever when he went out of the hotel the next morning to get into his carriage to drive to the Paulsons as he saw Peabody's cob waiting there.

He had driven but a short distance when Peabody came tearing past him, his horse going like mad.

'What's the rush, old fellow?' he shouted to him.

But Peabody only turned a very white face at him and smiled as he waved a hand containing a cigarette he was smoking.

The smoke was wafted back by the wind, and Aspinwall-Jones wondered where he had smelt that particular odour before. It was an odd brand of cigarettes Peabody smoked, and the odour from them was particularly pungent.

Then Aspinwall-Jones gathered the reins in his hands and jerked them decisively.

The mysterious man who had disappeared so suddenly from Miss Paulson's library smoked the same kind of cigarettes!

Aspinwall-Jones urged his horse on faster, and the minutes that elapsed before he reached the pretty cottage of the Paulsons were occupied by him in thinking over everything that had happened the past four weeks.

His mind was racked with alternate hopes and fears.

Could it be that Peabody had known Miss Paulson before she came to Lenox? But what if he had? He knew very many girls, and it was not at all unlikely.

And then young Aspinwall-Jones thought of the beautiful girl herself with her guileless blue eyes and her baby-like features. And would she sometime be his?

He was so occupied in a blissful dream of future happiness that he narrowly escaped taking a wheel off as he turned in at the gateway, and the carriage so tipped that the groom behind jumped to the ground in affright.

He got out of his carriage a short distance from the house to walk across a path he well knew to the house. Many times he and his beautiful Miss Paulson had strolled along it, and he thought if he went to the house that way it would be an omen of good luck.

He reached the house and was told that Miss Paulson was in the library. He started off quickly to find her, and the servant again announced his name and again found her there. This time she was alone, and there was no odour of cigarette smoke in the air. Outside, up and down the driveway, a groom was walking a badly blown chestnut cob. But Aspinwall-Jones did not see this. He was aware only that Miss Paulson had taken his hand cordially and asked him to sit down.

He took a small square box from his pocket and joyfully it down on the table and pulled away nervously at the glove on his left hand.'

'It was very good of you to let me come here this morning,' he began.

'Oh, not at all,' was the answer. 'I am always glad to see my friends.'

He thought she put an accent on the last word, and was thus cast down several degrees.

He thought of saying something about wishing to be more than a friend, but somehow he could not. He looked longingly at the square box he had laid on the table and then at Miss Paulson.

There was a far-away look in her eyes, and she was glancing towards a door nervously.

Young Aspinwall-Jones thought she looked bored, and he began clearing his throat.

'I—er—Miss Paulson—oh, I don't like that, it sounds too formal'—and he floundered on helplessly until a noise by the door arrested him, and, happy and smiling, in burst Peabody.

'Hello, old fellow!' he said to the bewildered Aspinwall-Jones.

'Where did you drop from?' he managed to stammer.

'I have been in the drawing-room talking with Mrs Paulson for a few moments,' was the answer. 'And,' he continued, nodding to the girl, 'it's all right.'

Aspinwall-Jones scarcely knew what was going on. It seemed odd that Peabody should have the run of the house in such a familiar way and talk so confidentially to Miss Paulson.

There was an aggressive air of happiness about his friend that he did not like, and that struck him with a chill of coming ill-luck.

'We needn't stand on ceremony with Aspinwall Jones,' continued Peabody in answer to a warning look from the girl. 'He's an old friend of both of us.'

'I don't think I quite understand,' said Aspinwall-Jones, looking from the smiling face of Peabody to the contented countenance of Miss Paulson.

'It's very simple,' answered the man. 'Miss Paulson and I have been engaged to be married for the past three months.'

For an instant Aspinwall-Jones could scarcely believe his ears. Then he knew why Peabody had advised him not to have much to do with the girl; then he knew how she had played with him when engaged to another man. And he was so much occupied in thinking of how his trusted friend had played him false and how a woman had deceived him that he did not hear Peabody's uneasy excuses:

'I thought I would cure you, old fellow, of flirting with every pretty girl that comes along. And you mustn't blame her, for she couldn't help it if you did like her, and you must forgive her and me and give us your congratulations.' He wrung his friend's hand, but it fell limp to his side.

Young Aspinwall-Jones looked from one to the other.

'I wish you joy,' he said.

Then, with a gesture that was pathetic in its dignity, he picked up the little square box from the table and put it sadly away in his pocket, and without looking back he left them alone in the room.

THE MONOTONIES OF DAILY LIFE.

NOT long ago a prominent merchant, who committed suicide, left a note stating that his reason for the act was that he was tired of doing the same things over every day. The monotony of life had become unendurable to him. It hardly seems a sufficient reason for so desperate a resort as suicide, yet, if the truth were known, it is probably the one reason for many of the suicides that occur among particular sorts of people in middle life, and this is the period of life when suicides are more frequent. After men have reached the hopefulness of youth and before they have reached the resignation of age, it is then existence becomes a very dull thing; to dress and undress at the same hour 365 times a year. To sit regularly, at regular hours, at the same table and consume the same viands; to go to the same place of business and handle the same books, make the same bargains, perform the same duties, do always the same thing with little variation, with little prospect of variation, till death supervenes and brings it all to an end, offers not a bright outlook. But it is the reality of life—to most lives—and the higher the race rises in civilization, the further the division of labour goes, the greater becomes the monotony. Each worker learns to do some one thing and continues to do it, and does it over and over, year after year.

But this sort of feeling is experienced only by persons who are filled with nervous energy, who are impatient of the restraints of society or the exactions of the ordinary duties of life. Such a person would fill the rôle of explorer, wanderer, a seeker of adventures in strange lands, caring little whither his progress led, if only it be the realization of change, the finding of something new. To such a constitution and temperament the monotony of prosperity would be as unbearable as the monotony of a narrow fortune and exacting daily labour. There are places for such restless spirits if they could always secure them. For such there might be in store something brilliant and distinguished, although they would be most likely to realize the meaning of the proverb about the rolling stone. True, life is prosy and monotonous enough, but not too much so for most people. The urgent demands of practical existence do not leave much time for romance, but nevertheless there are still nooks and corners into which the light of fairyland shines, while few hearts are denied the delights of love, the consolations of friendship and the stimulating influences of duty and devotion to principle. But all can neither be heroes nor saviours any more than all can be monsters of depravity. Most of us have to be commonplace persons. Let us be thankful rather than foolishly dissatisfied with our lot.

OUT OF TUNE.

SWEET little maid! whose golden-rippled head
Betwixt my grief and me its beauty rears
With quick demand for song—all singing's dead;
My heart is sad, I cannot sing for tears.

Nay, do not ask me why; I cannot sing—
Mine ill-tuned notes would do sweet music wrong:
I have no smile to greet the laughing spring,
No voice to join in summer's tide of song.

More from the forest's dying splendour takes
My heart its hymn, and fuller sympathy
Finds with the hurricane November wakes
To tear its tribute from each groaning tree.

Or when the last sere leaves in winter fall,
While all the world in grim frost-fetters lies,
I'll envy them the snowflakes' gentle pall
That hides their sorrows from the frowning skies.

Were it not sweet to slumber at Earth's breast,
O'er the mad scene to pull the curtain down,
Never to feel again the drear unrest
Of baffled love or unfulfilled renown—

The weariness of patient work uncrowned,
The bitter medicine of hope destroyed,
The fierce desire, the thing desired found
Void of enjoyment when at last enjoyed?

Nay, dear, not now, not yet! let the slow years
Fulfil their office. Oft, at close of day,
The far grim range all beautiful appears,
Kissed into kindness by the sunset ray.

So bygone sorrow takes a tenderer hue,
So time can tinge the memory of pain,
Old songs are ever sweeter than the new,
And some day, sweet, we'll sing them all again.

R. WARWICK BOND.

THE ACE OF HEARTS.

THESE Russians are certainly differently constituted from us. With their temperament of refined civilization and savage barbarism, they do the most astounding things in the most unexpected way.

It was thus Boris Mirskhow amazed me yesterday by relating, in the coolest, most nonchalant manner, the strange end of his flirtation with Princess de Z——.

Now, this handsome blond Boris is a delightful comrade, charming, suave, with the doll-baby face of a woman, the last one in the world I would ever imagine such a wild, extraordinary adventure could happen to. It makes me shudder to think of it.

'You knew the Prince de Z——,' he said; 'at least you knew him by reputation. A cripple from birth, nailed to his chair, he had but one passion in life—gambling. His feeble hands had barely strength sufficient to hold and shuffle the cards. In return his head was extremely cool, his intelligence more than ordinarily clear. No one knew better than he the combinations of ecarte. He was called the Moltke of gamblers.

'As to the Princess, what Parisian does not know her and her history? When I was taken into her favour, they said I was the twentieth, only counting the distinguished ones.

'The Prince took everything in the most philosophical manner. He made a point of seeing nothing. When they spoke of a deceived husband before him, he would always ask, "Was he aware of it? Did he know it?" If they answered "No," then he would say, "He was not deceived; it is in this as in play; one is not cheated if he doesn't know it."

'If the Prince was the Von Moltke of ecarté, the Princess was the Robert Houdin of coquetry.

'There are no jugglers so skilful but what they miss the mark sometimes. Our mischance was caused by malevolence.

'The Princess had a favourite maid, a Tzigane, as devoted as a tame panther, but alas, a cruel panther still.

'One evening, as this girl was showing me the boudoir of her mistress, she said, (I know not why), "I love you." I burst out laughing. She repeated, "I love you, and have loved you a long time. I am determined you shall not see the Princess any more."

'In spite of her sharp accents and the savage light in her yellow eyes, I could only see her ugly, tawny face, and laughed more and more, gently repulsing her, for I thought she had taken too much koumiss and felt very indulgent to her fault, as my own head was a little astray from too much champagne.

"You will not listen to me?" she said, clinging to my arm and kissing my hand.

'As I laughed still more she suddenly raised up, grinding her teeth, and said in a low, determined tone, as she threw open the door of the boudoir, "You will repent this, monsieur."

'An hour later, as I was sitting beside the Princess on a grand divan, covered with blue fox, we heard a great clamour in the ante-room, which preceded the boudoir. 'It is the voice of the Prince. Can it be possible?" said the Princess. Yes, it was the voice of the Prince, exclaiming in sharp tones: "Come put me down; you are mad; you make me ill. Put me down, I tell you!"

'Other voices were heard, a confused noise of cries and approaching footsteps, but above all this buzzing uproar could be heard the furious falsetto of the screeching Tzigane: "You shall see. Everybody shall see. Don't dare to touch me, not one of you. If you do I will strangle him. Quick, open the door."

'The door was violently thrown open. About a dozen people entered the room, friends of the family and domestics, Tzigane in the midst of them carrying the Prince in her arms like a puny child. I understood it all. In her fit of rage, with the violence of a tempest whirling a broken leaf, she had brought the Prince here by main force, and throwing him on the floor howled, "Now, see for yourself. Say, do you see?"

'"Seize her," said the Prince, "and send her to the mines."

'"What does that matter?" she cried, holding her wrists for the manacles. "What do I care now that I am revenged?" Then turning to me she added: "I told you I would never allow you to see the Princess again."

'They raised the Prince and placed him in an armchair. He ordered every one to leave the room except two friends he begged to remain; then turning to me he said:

'"I could kill you, monsieur, as I have the right to do. But I do not wish to punish you in that way. I demand reparation by arms."

'I had a desire to laugh. A duel with that poor cripple! And what kind of duel, as he could hold neither sword nor pistol in his feeble hands?

'The Prince understood my thoughts, and replied: "Do not think me mad or more generous than I am. The duel I offer you is very possible, as you will see." Touching a bell a servant entered.

'"Go and bring me a pack of cards from the salon," he said.

'When the cards were brought and the armchair of the Prince had been drawn up to the table, he motioned me to a seat, and, with a calm, almost affable air, said: "We are now going to play a game of cards, Monsieur, and the one who loses shall kill himself before twelve o'clock to-morrow. Do you accept, *mon cher*?"

'"I accept. What game shall we play?"

'"Ecarté, if you please."

'"So be it. For how many points?"

'"Five."

'The game commenced, witnessed by the two friends and the Princess, who drew near, drawn in spite of herself by the singularity of the strange duel.

'The Prince was my master, that was plainly to be seen, but chance favoured me in the most surprising way. Soon we were 4 to 4.'

'Parbleu,' said I to Boris, 'no need to finish your story. I can guess it; as you are here the Prince lost.'

'Not at all; the Prince won.'

'But how——'

My lip curled with scorn, for I thought Boris had been too cowardly to carry out the wager. He smiled maliciously, and continued:

'Hold, read this, which I received a quarter of an hour after the game, as I was examining the chambers of my revolver.'

He handed me an ace of hearts, upon which the Prince had written:

MONSIEUR.—According to my theory you have not been cheated, as you did not perceive it. But I feel from this time it will be impossible for me to touch cards after having dishonoured them, and to live without them I cannot. I cheated awhile ago, Monsieur, for the first and last time in my life. We were 4 to 4. I made a king appear. Pardon me. I shall now make a Prince disappear.

The next day before 12 o'clock the Prince was dead.

THE STORY OF MARY LEE.

ON the great plains of Kansas, seventy miles due north of Sheridan, there is a lonely grave on the crest of a sterile mound. It may be that no one could find the spot to-day, for the storms of summer and winter wash great ravines in the earth and level even the hilltops after a time. Twenty years ago at its head stood a board on which was painted:

HERE LIES
MARY EMMA LEE,
WHO WAS
KILLED BY INDIANS
ON THIS SPOT, AFTER A HEROIC
DEFENCE, IN JULY, 1867.

As two hundred cavalrymen grouped around that lonely grave every man uncovered his head in reverence for the dead, and the story of that young woman's death has never been told around a camp-fire in the West without making men's hearts ache.

This is the story: There were five or six families of emigrants journeying across the lonely plains when they were beset by hostile Indians. Mary Lee was a girl only eighteen years old, and had been brought up on the Iowa line. The family consisted of father, mother, two sisters and a brother. The attack was made very suddenly, and Mary, who was riding her own horse, was cut off from the band. When she realised this she turned and rode away and was pursued by seven Indians. This was about nine o'clock in the morning. Her horse carried her thirty-six miles before he became exhausted, and when he fell she made her way to the crest of the mound and there scooped out a shallow rifle-pit, piled stones up round it and prepared to die fighting.

The Indians were three miles behind her when her horse gave out. She had a light Winchester rifle, which was fully loaded, but no extra cartridges. Her first shot killed an Indian and her second crippled another for life. The other five dared not charge her position. On the second day she killed another Indian, and the other four posted themselves in positions and waited for hunger and thirst to conquer her. On the third day they were joined by twenty of their band, but the girl was not attacked. On this day an Indian, who was creeping up to spy on her, was shot through the right lung, and the others contented themselves by dropping a fire at long ranges to harass her.

On the fourth day not a shot was fired. The weather was terribly hot and the sun glared down on that mound until the grass withered and shrivelled and seemed about to flame up. On the fifth day, an hour after noon, the girl shot herself through the head and was dead before anyone reached her. I afterwards talked with one of the warriors who was there and he told me that she had been almost roasted alive by that fierce sun. She had neither food nor drink and was little better than a skeleton. The Indians simply stood about and looked down upon her. She had a wealth of golden hair, but they did not scalp her. She had rings on her fingers, but they left them there. They did not even take her rifle nor the saddle from her dead horse.

'White squaw heap brave—fight hard—no scalp.'

That was hero eulogy. Two or three years later her scattered bones were collected and buried by a surveying party, and to-day her dust mingles with the sterile soil fifty miles from the nearest dwelling of one of her race. Bronzed and bearded Indian fighters, reckless and desperate cowboys, stern-faced and taciturn pioneers have whispered the name of Mary Lee round the evening camp-fire a thousand times since her death, but ever and always with gentle tongue and a swelling of the heart. She was not only a woman, but she died game.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

HE is portly, but very erect,
And always—to somewhat digress—
Artistic and quite circumspect
When it comes to a question of dress;
A lover of whist and of chess
And a little disposed to be gay,
Yet I pity him, nevertheless,
The old bachelor over the way.

For I know when his life I dissect
There is lack of the wifely caress,
No children around him collect
His home-coming nightly to bless;
And to scan him again I confess
He's a trifle inclined to be grey,
In spite of his social success,
The old bachelor over the way.

And I feel my surmise is correct,
When I look at him closely and guess
That when he takes time to reflect,
He misses the true happiness;
For the lack of a home will depress,
And his boyhood was happy, they say;
I fancy that dreams must oppress
The old bachelor over the way.

ENVOY.

What! married? This morning, no less,
For who shall King Cupid gainsay?
Well, well, he is in for distress
The old bachelor over the way.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

ABOUT CANCER.

DR. BAYARD HOLMES presents some interesting conclusions in regard to cancer. He says that the disease is the work of a parasite and it is 'a close mesamate of man.' It attacks only those who have passed the reproductive period.

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INVISIBLE LIFE.

Notwithstanding the assertion that there is no animal life in Death Valley, California, U.S.A., the American government surveying party has found two hundred varieties of mammals and sixty varieties of reptiles, specimens of which have been forwarded to Washington.

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VENTILATING RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

A new method of ventilating railroad carriages and preventing dust from entering with the air has appeared in France. The more quickly the train moves the more rapidly the apparatus works. The air is made to traverse a receptacle containing water, which cools it and relieves it of dust, after which it goes through another filtering before entering the carriage.

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THE COMING ALUMINIUM AGE.

The age of aluminium is slowly creeping upon us. At least the metal is becoming cheaper, and a boat ten feet by five constructed of it has just been launched in Germany, propelled by a naphtha motor. More ductile and light by far than steel, and possessed of vastly greater tensile strength, it only remains for the discovery of more ready methods in extracting this metal, which is omnipresent in the earth's crust, to revolutionize industry again.

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USE OF OLD SHOES.

The old boots and shoes which, when quite past wearing by anyone, find their way into old dustbins, are extremely valuable, and find their way into our houses in most artistic forms. They are soaked in many waters to remove the dirt, all nails and threads are picked out, and the leather reduced to a thick pulp, from which is made the now fashionable wall paper, screens, etc. Bookbinders and frame makers also know full well the value of this pulp, and carriage builders press it into sheets, which are invaluable for the roofs of the most luxurious vehicles.

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ELECTRICITY FROM WATER-POWER.

There has been frequent reference to the utilization of water-power to electricity in Switzerland, but the great activity in this line of work there demands further note. During the past year it is said that no less than eighty projects for utilizing water-power were being carried out. One scheme is to obtain 10,000 horse-power from the Rhine at Rhinefelden, and the capital already subscribed is £650,000. At Solothurn a company has been formed to make a canal between the Emma and the Aar to utilize the power thus obtained. A Zurich concern will erect woollen mills to employ 600 workmen, the power to be used being electricity.

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A SUBJECT OF CONTROVERSY.

That a man can feel pain in an amputated limb is still a subject of controversy; A physician who believes it says:—'Many of the nerves that furnish communication between the brain are not injured in their activity by the amputation of their lower portion, and convey sensation as readily as ever. The brain fails to recognise the fact that the function of the nerve has changed, and that the part in which it formerly terminated exists no longer. Therefore, when a sensation is felt conveyed by a nerve that in the unmained body led to the foot, the feeling is the same as if the foot were still in place. If certain nerves in an amputated leg be touched the feeling is exactly the same as if the foot were touched, and the sensation of pain is felt not where it is applied, but where the mind has been in the habit of receiving communications from the nerve in question.'

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PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOON.

Objects upon the moon, says a contemporary, are detected by their shadows, and a projection or eminence fifty feet high casts a shadow large enough to be seen through the Lick telescope. If Professor Holden, studying his series of photographs, should discover some day a new shadow where none had been cast before when the moon was at the same position and under the same light, he would know that something had been erected under the surface, either a part of the crust upheaved by some internal movement or a building put up by living creatures. The shape of the shadows might tell the name of the projection. If the moon were inhabited, it is very likely the works of man would have been seen before now; the growing and harvesting of crops would produce changes of appearance easily distinguishable by the aid of such a glass as the Lick telescope. The moon appears to be a desolate waste of played-out volcanoes and cooled-off lava beds, without atmosphere.

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ARTIFICIAL RAIN.

The *Optician*, commenting upon the fact that the United States Government has voted £1,800 for the purpose of experiments in the artificial production of rain, says:—If argument is wanted to prove the fallacy of the precious gunpowder theory, and to conclusively prove the perspiration theory of abnormal rainfalls, a fairly reliable substantiation will be found as follows:—According to Professor Huxley, one soldier may be expected to give off in battle half a gallon of water by the skin and lungs. Now, twelve hours is a fair estimate for the average time of conflict in battle. This gives six gallons of water per man during twelve hours, which, by further calculation, we find will cover twelve square feet three quarter-inch deep. This is as plain as day, and if the United States Government hopes to succeed in its meteorological efforts, it had better turn its attention to the sweat of the brow and discard the villainous saltpetre and its congeners.

OLD AND NEW DUNEDIN.

(SEE ILLUSTRATIONS, PAGE 625.)

TWO years ago Dunedin was the centre of attraction to those in New Zealand who were bent upon spending a holiday in the pleasurable excitement of sight-seeing such as is peculiar to places where an exhibition is progressing. Twice at an interval of a quarter of a century Dunedin has been the scene of a celebration of this order, but if among the many thousands who resorted to the last in 1889, there were any who were present at the previous one of 1865, they could not fail to be struck with the altered aspect presented by the city.

Princes-street may without doubt be awarded the palm as being the most imposing thoroughfare of New Zealand, as well in length as in the size and solidity of its buildings. No one, however, who beheld it in 1861, as it appears depicted in the earlier of the accompanying illustrations, could have anticipated the change which was destined to creep over its face. Those were the days of the gold rush and of Gabriel's Gully, and Dunedin was beginning to experience the first real impetus in her progress which, combined with the noble and commodious nature of her unequalled situation, promises to make her the most imposing commercial port of the Southern Britain. Lying as she does partly on the spurs of enormous dark green hills of more than one thousand feet in height, and partly upon a very extensive flat, Dunedin has united in herself the capacity for the creation of picturesque residences and a business quarter suited to the needs of a city of half a million inhabitants. In 1861, as may be noticed here, the appearance of what is now a striking looking thoroughfare, was of that sort peculiar to primitive communities where the wholesome influence of the much abused city fathers has not begun to exercise itself upon the roads. No doubt in those days the sun shone as brightly and the mornings were as beautifully bracing and treacherous as they are now in early spring; but when the showers descended they wrought inconveniences no longer felt in this generation. Nowhere in this colony are there better shops in which ladies bent upon doing the block can take welcome shelter when surprised by the deceitful elements than in Princes-street, Dunedin, which thirty years ago could not boast the modest dignity of a good country road.

We have to record our obligations to Mr Morris, photographer, of Princes-street, Dunedin, for the views of Dr. Stuart and Knox Church, Dunedin, which appeared in our issue of November 14; also for the views on page 625 in this issue. The view of the Town Hall, Dunedin, on page 624, is from a photo. taken by Mr. F. Coxhead, Princes-street, Dunedin.

THE WORLD'S FOOD SUPPLY.

INSUFFICIENCY of food can never be more than a temporary evil in any highly civilized community. The reasons for this—reasons which overthrow opinions once held by thinkers of the Malthus school—are such facts of experience as these: Man's food animals are more prolific than man, and plants produce more fruit than animals bear young. This is the general law of productiveness, which seems to be well established by the discoveries of modern science.

The doctrine of Malthus, that population increases at a geometrical progression, while man's subsistence, produced at a slower rate, becomes less competent for the purpose every year—a law which threatens at some future time to extinguish human life on the earth—is no longer tenable. It was not necessary for Levasseur to write three volumes on vital statistics to explode a theory that has been refuted by all the classified knowledge of the century and is repugnant to common-sense itself. But to superficial observers the famines in the East, and such as occasionally depopulate parts of Europe, indicate the existence of at least a low ratio incompatible with general prosperity in some countries. These sporadic 'starving times,' in the judgment of all recent writers on the history of civilization, as well as of everyday thinkers, are caused by bad government or an imperfect social organization.

The ryots of India and the mujiks of Russia perish because the rule over the former is alien and does not comprehend the wants of a population so different from the rulers in race, religion, and customs; and in the latter because the tyranny of the 'White Czar' is alike ignorant and heartless, caring only for the means wrung from the peasantry with which to maintain a costly aristocracy and bureaucracy, and wars of conquest. If we knew the inner working of the Chinese administration as well as we do that of the Hindoo or the Russian, it would not be necessary to invent a Malthusian reason for the swarms of the slowly dying Celestials hurried by river floods and resulting famines into their graves, to be worshipped by their attenuated successors as ancestral deities.

Levasseur cites the United States, where the race has increased with much greater rapidity than in Europe, all the time enlarging the productive capacity of plants and animals in proportion to the population. The rate of increase is diminishing, however, but not because of any prescience in nature forboding the approach of a struggle for existence. This reduction in the rate of increase of population, notwithstanding the improvement in sanitation, is the strongest kind of an argument against the geometrical hypothesis. But the alleged arithmetical progression in the means of subsistence has no better foundation in fact. About 1820 the French harvested 142,000,000 bushels of wheat when the population was 32,000,000.

To day, when it has increased to 38,000,000, twice that quantity is gathered. Improvidence, bad political administration, drought or flood may produce a shortening of the volume of subsistence, and therefore a shortening of population, but never, so long as the United States are governed as well as they are, and Kansas, Minnesota, Texas and other States produce as well as they do of the bread and flesh consumed for sustaining life, will the writer on vital statistics find it necessary to resort to an exploded theory, inconsistent with the other facts of human history and incomprehensible in view of the common belief in the wisdom and goodness of a Divine Order in the world.

HOW ANCIENTLY THE PASSING HOUR WAS TOLD.

THE Romans lived for 500 years in complete ignorance of methods of measuring time. The ordinary day was divided into three parts, morning, noon and evening. The only town clock was the usher of the Senate, who, as soon as he perceived the rising sun between the rostra and the græcostaxis, sent his rude call over the roofs of the city from the heights of the Capitol, and by the same means informed the less observing when he saw it disappear between the column Mœnia and the prison. In the year 491 the city council placed a sun dial in the Forum, and four years after a clepsydra, or water clock, which marked with comparative accuracy the hours of the day and night.

Before the appearance of this useful invention, which had been a long time known elsewhere, the only means of estimating the hour of the day at Rome was the distance of the sun from the horizon, a practice still employed by hunters or by households when the family timepiece is out of order and there is no town clock to be consulted. In the matter of measuring time the Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks and even the Hebrews had all anticipated the Romans. The following passage from Isaiah is supposed to throw a certain light on the civilisation of the chosen people: 'Behold I will bring again the shadow of the degrees which is gone down in the sundial of Ahaz ten degrees backward. So the sun returned ten degrees, by which degrees it was gone down.' From which it has been inferred by some scientists that Ahaz had caused a staircase, steps or 'degrees,' to be constructed, each step of which indicated a certain fixed time in the progress of the sun through the heavens. The method is sufficiently simple, so simple that any farmer might imitate it by dividing into equal spaces, representing hours, the east and west sides of his barn, there being naturally some intervening object to cast a shadow. The sun dial simply indicated mid-day, or the moment when the sun is at the zenith, or if it served for further use that use was of limited value, whereas the water-clock marked the hours, and was, therefore, not only more complicated but of much greater utility. It seems, therefore, hard to believe that the more useful and more intricate method should have been first known to mankind.

The water-clock is of unknown antiquity among the Chinese, and one, very old and somewhat cumbersome, may still be seen at Canton. The most simple form of this instrument is that of a glass vessel in the form of a funnel, with an opening at the bottom to permit the water to escape slowly. Fill this vessel with water and at the expiration of an hour indicate the level of the water by a mark on the glass. At the expiration of the second hour make another similar mark, and so on till the receptacle is empty and you have a clepsydra capable of marking time with comparative exactitude. If the water is made to fall into a second receptacle of glass this may be marked in the same manner, if it is preferred. This being taken as a starting point, the principle may be applied in many ways, and the instrument may take highly complicated, or highly ornamental forms.

Water clocks received many modifications in the course of time, and were in use long after the invention of clocks. Some of them had combinations of wheels, and the weight of the water, for which in time metal weights were substituted, was made to accomplish many wonderful things. The most celebrated of all, was sent by Haroun el Raschid the Magnificent, to Charlemagne in the ninth century. The mechanism of this seems really wonderful, for every hour was marked by the exact number of small brass balls which fell upon a bell placed below, while at twelve o'clock twelve knights came out of twelve windows, which closed at once behind them, the windows being previously open. And these are only a few of the wonders of this intricate machine, which would be curious even in the present age of marvels. This clepsydra is said to have been made in Persia. It was not till 300 years after this that clepsydras striking the hours were made in Europe, the first heard of being one at Citeaux in Burgundy, which sounded the hour of meeting for that monastery. About the year 1200 they are thought to have been common in the churches of Paris. As in the dark ages everybody could not have a water clock, nor even every church or convent, and for their religious exercises the monks and clergy were obliged to know the time with a certain exactness, the church bells sounded at all hours of the day or night. To know the hour for ringing the bells in the day time the monk watched the sun and observed its distance from the horizon. At night he went out of doors and consulted the stars if it was clear; if the sky was overcast, he read a certain number of psalms and estimated the time accordingly. The canonical intervals for sounding the bells were every three hours, beginning at midnight, but they were also rung for other offices, and the hour was always understood by the people living within hearing. Persons exercising the various trades began and finished work by them. Shoemakers, silkspinners, carpet-weavers, and other ordinary trades left their work when the bells sounded vespers in their separate parishes. Bakers were authorized to continue open till matins sounded, and so on. At the grain and fish-markets, which were within hearing of the bells of Notre Dame at Paris, the hours of the sales were regulated thereby by royal edict. Even members of Parliament had their hours of labour regulated by the offices of the church. Shepherds in the mountains, not being within the hearing of church bells, determined the hours of the night by means of a piece of lead attached to a cord and suspended before the North star.

As the time when the clepsydra was first used is unknown, so the epoch when the weight of water was replaced by that of iron, iron weights and a regulator is left in obscurity. French historians inform us that Philip the Handsome was possessed, in 1314, of a clock of silver moved by two weights of lead, and that in 1328 there was a clock at the Louvre Palace. King John of France, while a captive in England, whither he had gone, taking his clock with him, having a great deal of trouble with it, was obliged to send it to France to get it repaired, and as even then it did not go well, he found it necessary to order another. The first clocks were so imperfect that Charles V. of France preferred the old method of marking time, and kept constantly in his chapel a huge candle marked in twenty-four divisions corresponding with the hours of the day. In 1370 it was decided to place in one of the towers of the royal palace a clock that would sound the hours in a manner that would render it less necessary for the common people to depend on the church bell. Thenceforth good clocks, public and private, increased in number and became more perfect, not losing or gaining generally more than from fifteen minutes to half an hour daily. They were also made in portable form, and Louis XI. had one constructed which he could carry about with him, by enclosing it in a trunk, which was transported on the back of a horse. The man who had the care of it received for his own wages and for his horse threepence a day, which may give some idea of the meagre wages paid at that period. Clocks were then as now suspended against the walls, with their weights falling below, or on tables or pedestals. Hourglasses were, nevertheless, often used and water clocks continued to be manufactured in France till the middle of the seventeenth century, or nearly to the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV.

To make a portable clock, that is a watch, it was necessary to find another motor, and this result was achieved in the beginning of the sixteenth century by replacing weights and cords by a spiral spring and leaving the balance wheel free on its pivot. The invention came into France from Nuremberg, already celebrated for its clocks, and the first seen at Paris was ordered by Francis I. Thirty years later they had become comparatively common, and assumed various forms. They were made round, oval, hexagonal, rectangular, spherical, in the form of stars, shells, books, olives, hearts, acorns, pears, lilies, Maltese crosses, etc. If they were destined to be much seen they were covered with miniatures, with enamel or filigree work. Ladies and gentlemen in high society wore their watches suspended about the neck by a cord or chain, or ostentatiously displayed on the breast. An ancient writer relates that a youth detected in the act of severing the chain of a gentleman's watch was hanged on the spot. These watches generally varied a quarter of an hour a day. Some were so small that ladies wore them as earrings. Anne of Denmark, wife of James I. of England, had a watch in a ring that struck the hours, not on a bell, but on the finger of the wearer.

Once the Duke of Orleans, at one of his morning leeves, perceived that a striking watch which he valued highly had disappeared. To some one suggesting that everybody be searched, he replied with an impulse of generous feeling, 'Let everybody leave at once for fear the watch may strike and discover the person who has taken it.' This peculiarity of watches played its part in the private life of the epoch, and rules regarding it appeared in the codes of good manners. One of these declared that this sound, occurring so often in company, disturbed the conversation, and suggested that the striking watches be replaced by others having raised figures that might be felt in the pocket by the owner, thus enabling him to tell the hour without being guilty of the impoliteness of consulting his watch in the presence of others.

A COLD-BLOODED WOOING.

THE testimony in the Searles-Hopkins will case at Salem, Massachusetts, already has developed a comedy of human life as grotesque and exceptional as any of those which employed the busy pen of Balzac. It would be hard, indeed, to find anywhere in the pages of romance a more calculating, cold-blooded wooing than that by which the decorator Searles succeeded to the hand and fortune of the widow of the multimillionaire, Mark Hopkins.

From his own testimony it appears that he first met her at San Francisco in March, 1883, through the opportunity of a letter of introduction with which he sought to look through her house—his business being that of house-decorating. He met her several times, and, being a man of pleasant personal address, she soon became attached to him. He was then forty-six years of age and she was seventy-three, and, notwithstanding the disparity of age, she fell in love with him. She was a remarkably preserved woman, and she had sufficient emotional capacity and passionate vigour to kindle a flame in the ashes of her old attachment to Mark Hopkins, which goes to show that there are cases, exceptional though they may be, in which a woman long past the age at which it is supposed the power of loving has been lost may prove herself a peer with the youngest and most emotional of her sex. There is no question that Mrs Hopkins fell head and ears in love with Searles, and that Searles knew it, and knew also that his fish was so securely hooked he need not be in haste about landing it. This was in March, 1883. In the fall of that year he met her in New York. She began the wooing herself. She made a proposition of marriage to him herself, and expressed her willingness to sever all her ties of association and place her vast fortune at his disposal. Cool, calculating Mr Searles held her off for a year, and in December, 1884, consented to entertain her proposition. He entertained it over three years, affecting an indifference which only made the poor woman all the more eager. Time was flying faster with her than with him. In 1886 he was her guest on a visit to Florida, and magnanimously allowed her to pay all the bills. From 1885 to 1887 he superintended the construction of her palatial home at Great Barrington. In September of that year he agreed to accept her proposition and marry her, and the marriage was consummated on the 8th of the following November. 'Was ever woman in such humour wooed?' The marriage contract conveyed to Searles millions of property, but this contract subsequently was cancelled, and turned up as an asset in a co-partnership. Everything now was set on a business basis. We have seen the inducements that urged this doting and infatuated woman to cling to Searles. The following extract from his own testimony will show what considerations were urging him:—

'When and where did you agree?'

'In September, 1887, in New York, I think. I don't absolutely remember.'

'Why did you enter into a matrimonial contract with a woman twenty-one years older than you were?'

'Because I wished to.'

'Why?'

'Because I had had three years' acquaintance and experience with her, and I admired her.'

'Was the marriage for love?'

'It was for everything she had. It was for money and love both.'

'What was the stronger inducement, love or lucre?'

'I don't know as I am obliged to answer that question. I should not have married her if there was nothing but money.'

'Please answer my question.'

'I married her for herself.'

The final outcome of Searle's cold-blooded wooing was a will which he recently offered for probate giving him all her property, variously estimated at from $30,000,000 to $70,000,000, which the adopted son, Timothy Hopkins, is seeking to break.

THE OLD GAME OF FOOTBALL.

LIKE most of our outdoor games, football can boast of great antiquity. Fierce wordy warfare has been waged about the invention of printing, of gunpowder, of the mariner's compass, and so on, but these mysteries would be trifles light as air compared with the serious effort, if any man were sane enough to make it, to discover the inventor of football. 'Depend upon it,' as one has truly said, 'the simpler ball games are as old as the human race, and the man, woman, or child who first kicked something round or threw it about sportively gave rise to the rough and ready pastime, out of which football and a host of other games grew during the centuries.'

We owe football to the Romans. There is no doubt that it came over to England with Julius Cæsar. The conquered learned the game from their conquerors, and it soon got that firm foothold in the country which it has ever since retained in spite of Acts of Parliament and kingly edicts. Edward III., the hero of Crecy and Poitiers, was the first English monarch who forbade indulgence in the game on pain of imprisonment, and this edict was renewed by his unhappy grandson, Richard II. Coming down the stream of time, we find our English Solomon—

> King James, with his wide-frilled breeches,
> Who held in abhorrence tobacco and witches,

also holding in equal abhorrence the old game of football, and issuing from his Parliament at Perth on May 26th, 1620, the following :—

Item : It is astute and the king forbiddes that no man play at the fute-ball under the paines of fiftie schillings to be raised to the lordes of the land ais oft as he be tainted, or to the schirefe of the land or his ministers gif the lordes will not punish sik trespassoures.

But there was the making of first-rate sport in the game, and it was as idle to attempt to crush football by the word of a king, as for Canute, according to the venerable story, to attempt thus to repel the waves of the sea. It flourished in spite of all opposition, and is to be found among the village sports which were patronised by courtly, good-hearted Roger de Coverley. The garrulous Mr Pepys, in his 'Diary,' under date January 2nd, 1665, states that on his way to Lord Brounuker's, in the Piazza at Covent Garden, he found the streets full of footballs, it being a great frost,' and Misson describes the game as played in the streets of London town, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, thus :—'In winter football is a useful and charming exercise. It is a leather ball about as big as one's head, filled with wind. This is kicked about from one t'other in the streets by him that can get it, and that's all the art of it.'

Seeing the footballers were so devoted to the leather that they dared the frowns and threats of Royalty, we need not be surprised to learn that once a year they had a grand festival entirely devoted to the game, the day selected being Shrove Tuesday. Allusion is made in William Fitzstephen's 'History of London' (written in the reign of Henry II., about 1175) to the young men withdrawing to the fields after dinner to indulge in the game of England. Both sexes played football on Shrove Tuesday, and easy-going folk doubtless wished the festival at Jericho, for before it was over it was no uncommon thing for horseplay and rioting to be seen on a large scale. Windows had to be barricaded and doors secured, so serious was the risk of damage and danger on these occasions. At the village of Scone, in Perthshire, the married men and the bachelors until recently engaged in a conflict of this kind on Shrove Tuesday. The game at Scone originated in this way. In the days of chivalry a certain Italian visiting Perth challenged all the parishes around. The challenge was refused by all but Scone, who accepted it and defeated the foreigner, and in commemoration of that victory the game was instituted—yes, and insisted upon too, for any man, no matter his rank, refusing to support the married or single side was fined.

Derby used to be noted for its football saturnalia on Shrove Tuesday, and the observance of the festival was primarily intended to commemorate the route of the Romans at Deventio, known to people of these times as 'Little Chester.' The ball, a huge, heavy spheroid, which used to be hugged, not knocked, was thrown up in the market place at two o'clock in the afternoon. The contending sides were known at 'All Saints' and 'St. Peter's,' and the goals the extreme boundaries of these respective parishes. The game was one of fearful excitement. The ball was frequently carried miles into the country, and much havoc and desolation marked its progress. Fences were destroyed, strong iron palisades torn down, gates snatched up, and all signs of vegetation trampled out of existence. Free fights, rioting and dangerous practical joking often accompanied the game, and at last the mischief and devastation wrought and caused became such an intolerable nuisance that on Shrove Tuesday, 1646, the game had to be put down *vi et armis*.

Sometimes we read of complaints about the violence of the game, and no doubt accidents do happen occasionally. But hundreds of years ago it was a terribly rough and brutal sport. In a letter descriptive of the sports of Kenilworth Castle (1575) wherein mention is made of a certain bridegroom being lame of a leg 'that in his youth was broken by football,' Master Stubbs describes the football of three hundred years ago. He writes :—

'For as concerning football playing I protest unto you it may rather be called a friendly kinde of fight than a play or recreation, a bloody or murthering practice than a felowly sporte or pastime. For dooth not every one lye in wait for his adversarie, seeking to overthrowe him and to picke him on the nose, though it be upon hard stones, in ditch or dale, in valley or hill, or whatsoever place it be, hae careth not so he have him down. And he that can serve the most of this fashion he is counted the only felow, and who but he, so that by this means sometimes their nerks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their armes, sometimes one part thrust out of joynt, sometimes another, sometimes the noses gush out with blood, sometimes their eyes start out, and sometimes hurte in one place and sometimes in another. But whosoever escapeth away the best goeth not scot free, but is either sore wounded, crushed and bruised, so that he dyeth of it, or else escapeth very hardly, and no marvaile, for they have the sleights to meet one betwixt two to dash him against the hart with their elbowes, to hit him under the short ribbes with their gripped fists, and with their knees to catch him upon the hip and to pick him on his neck with a hundred such murthering devices, and hereof groweth envy, malice, rancour, choler, hatred, displeasure, emnittie, and what not else, and sometimes fighting, brawling, contention, quarrel and picking, murther, homicide, and great effusion of blood, as experience daily teacheth.'

Even in 'these degenerate days,' when rules have been drawn up to govern the game, football seems (to use the words of King James I., in his Basilikon Doron) to be 'meeter for laming than making able the users thereof.'

HUMAN NATURE AT SUMMER RESORTS.

IT was a favourite adage of Napoleon's that 'Human nature was always and everywhere the same.' It is certainly pretty much the same, year after year, at the different places of summer resort. There is your invalid, for example, to whom no topic is interesting that does not treat of the condition of his tongue and stomach, sitting on the sunny side of the piazza, buttoned up to his chin, in a chair that rests, like his constitution, on its hind legs. He pounces on unhappy listeners, and bores them, always and everywhere the same, with minute descriptions of his ailments. Then there is your country clergyman, who came to be jolly, and would fain be so; but, before he can make up his mind to it, must settle the important questions whether rolling ten-pins would be considered a sacerdotal act by Deacon Grim of his parish, and whether he ought to countenance, by his presence in the ladies' parlour, any song but 'Hark from the Tombs a Doleful Sound.'

There is the bachelor who knows the flirtation ropes : and though he has no objection to carry a young lady's shawl or parasol, also carries a rhinoceros hide over his heart, from which her little arrows glance harmless, though ever so skilfully aimed from ribbon, slipper or curl. There is your widow—cultivated, refined, intelligent, self-respecting ; yet fettered in every word and action by the knowledge that every person in the house imagines that her earliest and latest thoughts are employed in the construction of adroit mantraps. There is grandma—dear, saintly grandma—who, in her best cap and gown, sits hour after hour on the same rocking chair in the ladies' parlour, watching the tide of life as it ebbs and flows past her, well pleased to be spared the petty strife for place and power, and smiling benignly on young and old, as if to say : 'Some day *you*, like *me*, will be glad to rest ; meantime, my dears, get all you can out of it!'

And here is our belle—blonde or brunette, it matters not—with her wondrous changes of rainbow raiment, languishing or lively, as best suits her style, angling for admiration, with hook and line skilfully concealed, but none the less effective ; beautiful as a dream, and, like a dream, very unsatisfactory to the wide awake ; numbering her victims by the thousand, and knowing nothing more earnest in life than a perfect toilet and an intoxicated adorer. From the tip of her wicked little slipper to her pearl of an ear, she is but a mockery and a snare.

Then there is the wife who has waited weary weeks for the arrival of her husband, and now he's coming! She is a plain little woman, judging her artistically ; and yet to-night her face is quite beautiful with the illumination of love. She has a natural flower in her hair, and her little girl has on her best dress ; and all the guests feel her little interest in that stranger husband's arrival, and listen anxiously, like herself, for the coming of the train, as she paces up and down the piazza, too restless to sit still. Now, if he should *not* come after all! Wouldn't he deserve lynching? That is the universal verdict. But he *has* come! 'Papa! Papa!—John! John!' It is dark at the station, but *that kiss* was heard ; and all went their separate ways, satisfied, now justice had been done. Human love, imperfect as it is, is a beautiful thing. Husband! wife! child! These ties, after all, are *life*.

DUKE OF ORLEANS.

MADAM MELBA.

A remarkable diamond has just been received by an Amsterdam merchant from the South African diamond fields. It has no flaw, and is of the finest water, but is of a 'blueish tint,' and has, therefore, been called the 'Blue Star.' The weight, uncut, is forty carats.

THE FARM-PUPIL SWINDLE.

YEAR ago the revelations of the Birchall trial at Woodstock, Canada, showed what a swindle had been going on for many years, and that thousands of victims were scattered all over Canada and the United States. It was then believed that the exposures of the Birchall trial would put an end to the business. This has not been the case, however. The farm-pupil swindle in spite of exposure goes on finding new victims every week.

For a few months following the Birchall trial there was a cessation of the delusive advertisements in the London newspapers. But then they began again with new names substituted for the old, and a fair sample is the following from a recent number of an English newspaper:

Canada farmer, university man, six years in the Colonies, desires to form co-partnership with younger son having small cash capital. No experience required, except in handling horses, and work will consist of supervising hands. Farm of 400 acres, is in good hunting country, with plenty of ground and feathered game; trout and salmon waters near. Applicant can spend three months on farm before concluding final arrangements. Eight hundred pounds will purchase half interest with good annual profits. Address.

FINSBURY PAVEMENT.

This is almost identical with the bait thrown out by Reginald Birchall to lure Benwell and Pelly to death. To anybody with a knowledge of the conditions of Canadian life or possessing ordinary business sense it would be apparent that some swindle was concealed behind this announcement. In the first place no Canadian farmer spends his time supervising 'hands,' but has to bustle for himself. Then he has little time or money for hunting or fishing, and to make both ends meet he must be a hard worker and a man of experience.

It was, however, just such an advertisement as this which induced Benwell and Pelly to pay out about £200 each before they had even seen the 'farm,' and Birchall, of course, knew nothing of farming and never owned a foot of land in Canada or anywhere else. But he knew the social conditions of English life, which is absolutely necessary to any one intending to prosecute the farm-pupil business, and apparently there are others as desperate as he cultivating the same field.

There is a thread of social exclusiveness running through these advertisements. The advertiser is a 'university man,' and he desires to meet a 'younger son.' The younger son is not required to know anything about trade or manual labour. He need only know how to handle horses, which is itself regarded as an aristocratic achievement, although very common in England. Then he is to spend his time 'supervising hands,' although it is not stated how he could supervise them if he knew nothing of farming. The alleged farm is 'in a good hunting country.' Now, it is probably true that there is not in the whole of Canada a good hunting country, as those words are understood in England, for fox-hunting is meant, and in Canada foxes are hunted with guns instead of by a pack of hounds and red-coated riders.

The English love for outdoor sport is strongly appealed to in all such cases. As in this instance it is nearly always the case that much more is said about hunting, fishing, etc., than about the real nature of the proposed investment. And yet very little difficulty is apparently encountered in finding fresh victims. But the victims of the farm-pupil business are all drawn from the educated classes, who ought to know better. Benwell's father, for instance, was a wealthy retired army officer, and Pelly's father was a clergyman. Being assured of the 'respectability' of the man with whom their sons were about to enter into partnership, they did not hesitate to pay down large sums of money for a share in a scheme which they did not even take the trouble to investigate.

The farm-pupil business is in Canada meant to include all of these farming swindles which are worked upon the superfluous sons of the upper classes in England, who constitute in themselves a large army of the unemployed. A common scheme that is worked is to secure a lot of these young men to come out to Canada and learn the farming business. They pay £100 to £300 apiece. For this they get their cabin passage paid to New York and fare and expenses to some place in Ontario. Arrived at their destination they are met by an alleged farmer who has already received his share of the swag. The farm pupil is then allowed to work on the farm for a year without receiving any wages or but a small nominal sum. The clear profit to the gang when they receive £200 is over £180, for in addition to his share of the plunder the 'farmer' gets the labour of the pupil for a year for nothing.

Of course very few of the farm pupils ever work out the year. Sometimes they discover the swindle in a day or two, but it generally takes them some months to get their eyes open. Then, ashamed to return to their relatives in England with the confession that their career as agriculturists has been a failure, they hang about the province waiting for something to turn up, and laughing at every new farm pupil who arrives in the town.

The latter nearly always wears a check suit and a single-barrelled eye-glass. He hangs on to the monocle until his eyes are opened. Then he drops it into the soup where he has himself fallen, and tries to become a Canadian. The Canadians, who laugh at these new arrivals, have several times tried to break up the farm-pupil business, but it rests upon the ignorance of their own country prevailing in England, and this will not be dissipated.

The country about Woodstock is full of these victims of the English game, while others have wandered off to Manitoba and the new provinces of the Northwest. Some of them go into business and a few have made money. The majority of them, however, affect to despise life in the large cities. They want to live in the country as amateur farmers, or hunting ranchmen, in which few of them ever succeed.

The supply of these gullible young men in England seems to be inexhaustible, and a high authority there says the reason they are unfit for serious work is because of the English system of education. They are nearly all highly educated. Birchall, for instance was an Oxford man, but that did not prevent him from becoming a murderer. He had originally been sent to Canada by Ford, Rathbone and Co., of London, the originators of the farm-pupil business, whose industry was broken up by the Benwell murder. Birchall being sharper than the average farm pupil, quickly saw the swindle, and after spending two days on a farm near Woodstock he went into business himself. Pelly, whom he nearly succeeded in throwing into the Whirlpool Rapids at Niagara, was a student of Harrow, and Benwell came from Eton. They had an elaborate wardrobe of eight or ten trunks each, with opera glasses, dress suits, smoking jackets, etc., and, of course, the indispensable eye-glass.

In this they were fair samples of the farm-pupils who are now being induced to come to the same field upon cash payments, for which they get nothing in return. Many of them, it is true, are younger sons or black sheep whose families in England are glad to be rid of them on any terms, but others are only sons just setting out in life, with loving parents 'at home' anxious for their welfare. It takes a year or two of poverty and disappointment to knock the nonsense out of most of them. As soon as they get a little hard sense of the Canadian or American variety they are apt to develop rapidly into valuable citizens.

THE GAUCHOS OF THE PAMPAS.

IT would be difficult for one to imagine a being who leads a wilder and freer life than the Gaucho of the Pampas. His domain is that immense track of level country which stretches from the mouth of the Rio de la Plata to the foot of the snow clad Andes—an almost boundless scope, beautified by groves of palms and covered with a carpet of flowers. With Spanish blood in his veins, and blessed with a magnificent physique, which shows to the best advantage when sitting astride his blooded horse, this monarch of the South American plains should be, as he probably is, the happiest creature under the sun. When he is herdsman and breeder, in turn, he is at liberty to sell his land to any of the States that border on the Pampas, and in the wild forays of the frontier his red poncho is seen and feared by the enemy. Of course the Gaucho knows the trails of the Pampas as the cowboys of the West know their cattle grounds. He builds his hut of the stalks of the giant thistles that cover portions of the plains at certain seasons of the year. Sometimes the dwelling is merely an enclosure, destitute of a roof, and almost invariably he surrounds it with hedges of cacti, which often resist successfully his bitterest foe, the Pehuenches, or Pampas Indians.

The Gaucho shows best when mounted. Then, indeed, does he confirm to himself the romantic title of the Centaur of the Pampas. If he be the owner of a large herd, he will appear in a white shirt with white trousers well laced, a rich poncho over his shoulders, boots of polished leather with enormous spurs jingling at the heels, a wide-brimmed hat with a fantastic band, and in one hand a rebenque or cattle-whip, made of cow hide, with a handle of massive silver for his grip. Such, briefly photographed, is the Gaucho. He has comrades, of course, whose attire does not equal his, but by-and-bye they will become owners—then for the silver spurs and the embroidered trousers! Like the Comanches, the Gaucho seems to live on his horse. He is hardy and sparely built, like the Bedouins of the desert. His pillow is often his saddle, and his bed-covering his inseparable poncho or the glittering stars. When he first saw the light of day in the rude cacti-enclosed hut of his parents, he was left to swing from the roof in a queer-looking cradle of bullock's hide, the four corners of which were drawn towards each other by strips of the same materials.

What a childhood he had! More than once before he could walk his mother gave him a sharp knife a foot long to play with, which perhaps accounts for the quick manner he has of using it when he quarrels with some rival at a fandango at some estancia. He was taught to ride before he walked, and his childish amusements consisted in riding fractious colts and lassooing dogs and birds about the hut. Sometimes the Gauchos are descended from excellent Spanish families, but life on the boundless Pampas has weaned them from the restraints of civilisation as it exists in the Argentine Republic. That they are not altogether 'wild' is shown by the fact that in almost every hut is found a small image or picture which came through the hands of the simple priests of Mendoza or Cordova. They will carry their children for miles across the Pampas, and face the dread pampero, to have the little ones formally baptised, and in like manner they will carry their dead across a horse for burial in consecrated ground.

Sir Francis Head, the famous rider and traveller of three-quarters of a century ago, spent much time among the inhabitants of the Pampas. He rode, hunted, ate, drank, and slept with them, and left his impressions in a quaint old book of London make called 'Head's Narrative.' Sir Francis accords genuine hospitality to the Gaucho. In the summer, when the huts are infested with fleas and binchucas (bugs as large as black beetles and unpleasant bed-fellows), the whole family sleeps on the grass before the dwelling. When a traveller arrives at night he places his saddle or recado close to the sleeper most suited to his fancy. There is nothing to assist his judgment but a lot of bare feet and ankles, but the close observer can generally tell whether he is to dream alongside a Gaucho belle or by the pillow of an aged crone. In winter, when the winds that sweep the Pampas force the traveller to draw his poncho close, the hut is the bed-chamber. The guest's supper is cooked on a great iron spit, and he is invited to seat himself on the skeleton of a horse's head to enjoy it. The family sit around on similar stools, and with their long knives cut large mouthfuls from the roasted haunch. A lamp made of bullock's tallow lights the hut and reveals the bridles, spurs, and lassoes that hang from pegs of bone on the walls. Plump children, good natured, black-eyed, and nearly naked, lie around and thump each other playfully while they eat, and the family poultry wink drowsily at the guest from their perches in one corner.

The Gaucho turns no wayfarer from his humble domicile. His hand is always as open as his heart. He will ride thirty leagues a day without fatigue, and brand cattle from sunrise to sunset without a mouthful of food. When night comes he will sometimes ride to some lonely pulperia, or drinking shop, and make merry with companions of his own ilk. Here he sometimes meets strangers, and cana flows too freely. Music and dancing are always on the programme. When the rout is at his highest, a hot word or a jealous look brings two Gauchos face to face, and the ever-ready knife flashes in the lamp-light. With the Gauchos a sharp word often means a sharp blade. At times, at these uncurbed fandangoes on the Pampas, two swarthy rivals are asked to try their improvisatore talents against each other to the musical accompaniment of a guitar. The crowd forms a circle round the wall, and the contest begins. Verse succeeds verse alternately from the contestants, and the spectators applaud vigorously each 'hit.' Both men in the middle of the floor are doubtless well filled with cana. At last one taunts the other in sarcastic song—tells him to go back to his hut and sing to the tame vultures he keeps there. The jeered improvisatore becomes angry and strikes back with compound interest. Word follows word, jeer succeeds jeer, amid the taunts and laughter of the crowd. At length one of the poets throws down his lyre, and Apollo transforms himself into a God of War. The challenge is quickly accepted, knives are drawn, and some Gaucho leads across the Pampas and through the starlight a horse whose burden is a dead man in embroidered and bloody garments. The scene is too often repeated for the Gaucho's good; but his nights at the pulperias do not make him any the less the king of horsemen and the prince of lassoers.

As the Arab's best friend is his horse, so is the steed of the Pampas the Gaucho's dearest companion. He manages his horse as if it were part and parcel of himself. When he wants to mount he places one end of his lance on the ground beside the animal, catches it with one hand at a point a short distance above his head, and, with a dexterous spring, seats himself securely on the steed's back. A Gaucho horseman will clutch the mane of a galloping horse and land on his back with the ease of a practised acrobat. At the present day the Gauchos number many thousand souls. They occupy established settlements on the Pampas, and seem to be gradually losing their wildness. Now and then a foray of Pampas Indians swoop down on the grouped huts like a lot of red eagles; the stockades are set on fire, and the women and children mercilessly massacred. When the men return, a hunt for vengeance is organised. The tocsin of war is sounded under the walls of every post, and woe the Indian who falls into the hands of the avengers. When stirred to resentment by wrongs, the Gaucho can outdo the savage in cruelty, and his lance often comes home tipped with the long black tresses of the Pehuenches belle. No other people in the world possess a country like the Gauchos. It seems to stretch from horizon to horizon, as boundless as the ocean, but far more beautiful. It boasts of groves of palms of countless species, miles of clover and blooming cacti, towering thistles of stately beauty, and a carpet of flowers such as can be found nowhere else under the sun. We must add to this a soft sky and an atmosphere that breeds no malaria. Is it a wonder that the Centaur of the Pampas enjoys life where God has placed him?

NOBLE EXAMPLES OF HEROISM.

RECENTLY there died in France a general of the army of the Republic who had made himself famous by bravery in battle, and by heroic endurance of suffering. He had been wounded in several engagements before he entered at the head of his regiment—for he was then a colonel—the battle of Sedan. A bombshell struck him, exploded, and took off both his arms. He told the story of what followed in these simple words, without, it will be seen, any reference to his physical suffering:

"I was off my horse, and my arteries were cut. Our army was in retreat. Two soldiers passed and saw me. I was perfectly conscious, and I called the soldiers. "Boys," said I to them, "come and take my watch and my pocket-book. I should rather they'd go to my countrymen than to Prussians." After they had done so I asked them to brace me up against the hedge, with my face to the enemy, and then leave me. They objected, but I said, "It will make, perhaps, ten minutes' difference in the length of my life. What does that amount to? Thank you, boys. Now run along!" They seated me with my back against the hedge and left me. I was growing weaker; my blood was flowing in abundance. However, the flesh or the thickening of the blood seemed presently to stop the arteries. I had no notion of fainting. Presently I heard footsteps behind me. It was my two soldiers come back again. "We can't leave you so, colonel," they said. "There's an ambulance over there. We're going to carry you to it." In spite of my refusal they picked me up, and finally left me in a little hut. The surgeon came, hastily dressed my wounds, and rode away at a gallop. Then I was forgotten for thirty-six hours; and I did not die. I was fearfully thirsty, and I could not keep off the swarming flies with my stumps. At last I was taken away in an ambulance, with six companions picked up on the road. All six of these died, but I did not. I was taken to Belgium, and lay for months in a hospital there, between life and death, and then came back to France.

This man, honoured with the rank and title of general, lived more than 20 years amid the praise and admiration of his countrymen. His heroism had well earned them. But there is another sort of heroism, which meets with no public recognition, and which has not the inspiration of valiant service in the field. It is the sacrifice of the hopes and prospects of a life to a sense of duty to others. A simple case, which is no doubt paralleled by many others, may be cited. A recent reunion of a class in one of our colleges was attended by many men who had won some prominence in the world. One or two had distinguished themselves in war, others in the world of letters or of science, and others in politics, while some had won enviable positions in the professions or in business. Among the members of the class who attended the reunion was one man who had stood high at college, and had given proof there of excellent ability and of scholarly tastes. What distinction had he won in the 30 years since his graduation? The distinction of living, most of that time, the life of a simple farmer, and taking care of his father and mother, now grown very aged. For many years his parents had been dependent on him, and did not wish to leave their old home. So the son had thrown away all hopes for a brilliant career, and had devoted himself to his parents, and to the hard toil of the farm. Perhaps it was the knowledge of this fact which caused his classmates to welcome him as he might have been welcomed if he had been a military commander, and had won brilliant victories.

THE BATH.

THE first attention paid us when we enter this world and the last as life departs from us is a bath. The unwashed body conveys the last significance of indignity and forlornness. Outside these two functions most mortals deal with water sparingly as possible—that is to say, they wash when they feel dirty, drink when they are parched, but are unconfessedly glad to escape the necessity of either. It is hard to tell what children hate most, learning a Sunday school lesson or taking the Saturday bath exacted of them.

It takes as much cultivation to appreciate a bath as to enjoy a painting. A country lad will find interest in looking at Verestchagin's war pictures, but their terrible eloquence is lost upon him. Curious that in an age when conveniences for bathing are common as street lights there is not the most distant need of warning devout souls against too great indulgence in the pleasures of the bath, as Holy Church in the middle ages found necessary. Bathing was allowed to the devout as sparingly as a prohibitionist would permit alcohol in collapse, and as many good reasons were alleged against the external use of water once as there are against the inward use of spirits to-day.

Once upon a time a noble lady in retreat in one of the richest abbeys of France made up her mind to have a bath. It was objected to, with the admirable excuse that nothing existed in the house which would answer for a bath-tub. Nothing daunted, the lively dame seized upon a large coffer lined with metal, which would serve for her foot bath. She had it dragged to her room, filled with water from the kitchens, and took, let us hope, a partial bath, for alas! it leaked. The water ran through floors and injured some fine painted ceilings beneath it.

People then, as now, put taste before decency. I notice that public spirited persons, or those who mean to be such, are anxious to secure a classic picturesqueness for the facade of the free baths which they design to inflict upon the public, while they overlook provisions indispensable for refinement and safety from contagion. Public gifts demand closer scrutiny than they are likely to receive, and none more than a public bath-house.

The bath has a hundred benefits besides acting the part of washerwoman in laundering our garment of skin. It refreshes by change of temperature, for man is not at his best in air over 75 degrees or below zero. Very few people know, what the Russ and Finn are well aware of, that a hot bath in winter will so heat and stimulate the body as to enable it to bear cold better for days. Few understand the necessity for freely perspiring persons of two baths daily in hot weather, to clear the pores and cool the body, morning and night. Prostration by heat would be almost unknown if this were the habit of all classes, especially of working men who sweat copiously. The bath as a means of physical development is hardly known. A properly fitted bathroom is not second to a gymnasium for perfecting the body.

People take their baths too much by theory. The rigid disciplinarian bathes in cold water the year round as a corporeal and spiritual benefit and a protest against weakness of the flesh. The nervous, conscientious woman endures it, hoping to harden and strengthen herself, dreading above all things making herself tender. The injudicious parent urges her shivering children into the cold tub or the more dreadful shock of the shower-bath, never dreaming of the mischief she does.

To break the constitution of a susceptible child and lay the train for paralysis, hysteria and epilepsy nothing is surer than a course of hardening in early youth. If the cold bath or the shower is dreaded, if there is catching of the breath and tremor as the child enters the water, empty the bath of its cold flood and turn on the warm water till he is glad to get in and play in it. A mother would be alarmed if a child fully dressed took a chill from cold air, which lowers the bodily warmth far less than the morning chill of cold water she administers daily. If you want to give a girl a weak constitution by all means insist on the various systems of discomfort which excellent persons consider improving.

A woman speaking of this sort of bringing up said that in looking back to her childhood she could hardly remember ever being comfortable, as she was either made to wash in cold water or weighted with too much clothing when she went out of doors, forbidden to hover round the fire for fear of getting tender, and obliged to sleep in an icy chamber for the same reason, while diet and habits were regulated with an ingenious spirit of torture. Instead of hardening it undermined her constitution and left her one of the most susceptible of creatures. We can breathe and move in cold air, though that is ingeniously warmed before it reaches the skin and lungs, but I doubt if we were ever made to delight in cold water in cold weather.

The coldest nations take the hottest baths, and are not enfeebled by them. It is blood heated by youth or the fire of full life which likes the cool dip or spray, but beware how you have to nerve yourself to endure it. A cold bath may be a risky experiment.

The rule that cold bathing is safe when followed by good reaction is not wholly sound. A woman who used to take baths of the coldest well water daily and find great refreshment from them, afterwards charged weakness of the heart and general debility to this excessive stimulus. A doctor says all the persons he has known who boasted of breaking a film of ice to take their baths died early, yet doubtless they felt good reaction at the time. It is doubtful if any grown person, if allowed free choice, ever persisted in cold bathing which left a chill. It is safer to say, take a cold bath only when it is absolutely delicious in anticipation and actual enjoyment.

If you would have vigorous, fair, healthy children make their baths a diversion, having the room and water kept so warm that they can play in it to their hearts' content. Do not hurry them out of it, for water is a stimulus to growth and a tonic to muscles and nerves. Half an hour in a room heated to 80 degrees at the walls and free from draughts and cracks, with water not allowed to fall below 85 degrees at any time, the children permitted to get in and out of the tub and run about, to spatter and frolic, is as good a system of physical development as you can devise for all under twelve years of age.

One reads with envy Mr Lafarge's description of the Japanese habits, 'a whole family—father, mother, children—fling down to the big bathroom at the corner, whose windows were open,' where he 'heard them romp and splash and saw their naked arms shining through the steam.' A bathing garment for the elders would satisfy all the proprieties, and we might have in our own houses the charming scenes French artists imagine from Greek, well-known by the photographs, where women and naked children lounge and frolic in the marble-lined, flower-decked pools of the spacious bathing rooms. Our public and private baths are much too business-like, and in dingy surroundings hardly more tempting than sculleries.

QUEEN OF BORA BORA AND SISTER, SOCIETY ISLANDS.

ODOARDO BARRI, THE COMPOSER.

ODOARDO BARRI, the composer of so many popular drawing-room ballads, held, years ago, a prominent position on the American operatic stage. Indeed, he gave every promise of becoming a second Sims Reeves.

The great fire of Chicago in October, 1871, changed all that, however. During the horrors of those three days and nights Signor Odoardo Barri—or, to give him his real name, Mr Edward Barry, for he is an Irishman — who chanced to be sojourning in the city, lost everything he possessed, his hair turned almost white, and, most serious of all, his fine tenor voice deserted him forever.

Finding it impossible, after this, to follow his profession, he determined to go to London. His early experience there was of the roughest. Yet he did not allow himself to be discouraged.

Pending his establishment as a vocal tutor, he took to composition, and one day he carried a setting of a ballad to Messrs J. B. Cramer and Co., in Regent-Street, by whom, to his great joy, it was accepted and purchased. But this was not all. As often as he presented himself to this house with a MS. he was received with the utmost courtesy, and the sum asked for the copyright was at once paid to him. There was, however, a sequel to all this.

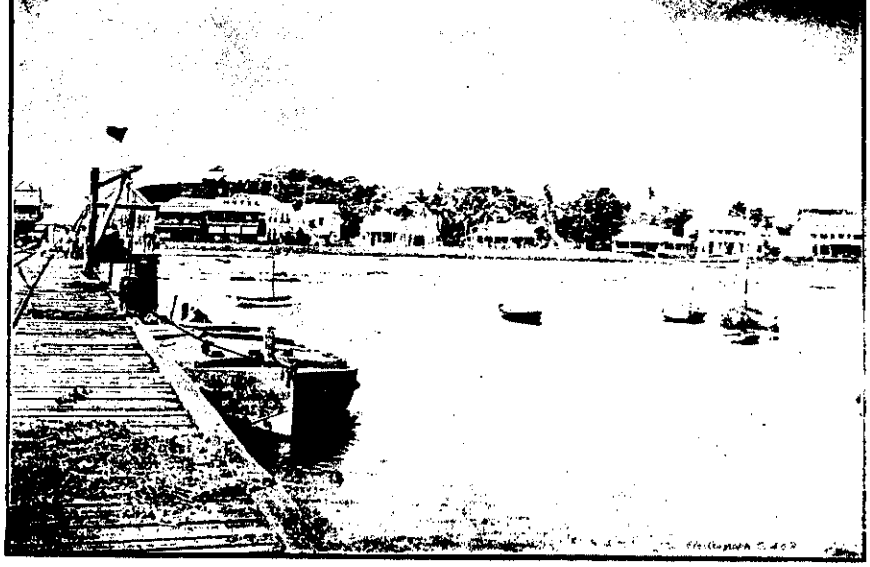
For several years these self-same MSS. were kept under lock and key, so that, so far as Messrs Cramer were concerned, the name of Odoardo Barri never reached the public ear; nor was it until after the composer had achieved some success with an operetta entitled 'M.D.' that they brought forth his songs, one by one to the light of publication. At the present time 'Signor' Odoardo Barri has no difficulty in commanding high prices for his songs; but, like many another artist, he has come to recognise the truth that the way to fortune lies through the stage door.

PICKING PEACHES.

THICK on the drooping branches
The leaves were shining green,
With the downy crimson peaches
All glowing in between.
With bare white arms uplifted,
In every motion grace,
Gleaming tresses floating
Around her winsome face;
With dainty rounded ankles
That her kirtle barely reaches
A witching little maiden
Stood tip toe, picking peaches.

I've danced with courtly ladies
Where wealth and beauty met,
And thrilled at languid glances
From blonde and fair brunette;
I've stemmed the foaming breakers,
With belles at all the beaches,
But this sweet maid plucked out my heart
As she plucked the growing peaches.

S. W. HARDCASTLE.



SUVA, FIJI, IN 1888.

ENERGY.

ENERGY is potential and active. Potential is simply stored energy, power to do work. The water in the reservoir is the same as the water a hundred feet lower, but it can do work that the other cannot, because it has energy stored in it. When that water is running down the hill and turning the wheel, it shows its actual energy. The earth revolving is another case of stored up energy, as is also a wheel in motion. A spring is an example of elastic energy. In a boiler we have kinetic energy transformed from the heat of the fire. These are all mechanical forms of energy. The cannon ball shot into the air shows energy of motion in its ascent. When it reaches the highest point, it has energy of position. Besides this there is energy of temperature, which the hot cannon ball possesses. There is another or electric energy, another chemical and another radiant. Every form of energy is convertible into any other, sometimes at so great waste as to be impracticable for use. In converting mechanical energy into heat it is almost perfectly efficient, but in converting heat to mechanical motion 90 per cent. is lost. The energy of heat is disorganised as contrasted with the organised, direct energy of motion. A disorganised army, each soldier going his own way, can do little. The tendency in nature is to degrade energy.

The New Zealand Graphic

AND LADIES' JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1891.

THE situation in Russia seems to be growing acute. Famine is raging, and in the stricken districts the starving population shows a disposition to revolt. The empire has long been in a deplorable condition financially, and there is general surprise that its Government has been able to bear the strain which the increasing expense modern armament imposes without breaking down. If it be true that the grain accumulated for military purposes is being diverted for the relief of the famine-stricken districts, and that the visitation is likely in one form and another to cost the empire more than a hundred millions sterling, we may assuredly look for the development of further events from the present disturbed situation in Russia. In the main Russia is the guardian or the possible violator of the peace of Europe, and indirectly of the peace of the world. England also has her say in the matter, but she is less mistress of the situation than the Colossus of the North. Her sword may be invaluable for turning the scale in the event of a great contest, but her influence does not operate like that of Russia to retard or hasten the precipitation of the catastrophe which everyone dreads.

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Does misfortune embarrass or hold the hand of Russia as in the present case, then is the opportunity of Germany. Germany is nervously apprehensive of the growing wealth and military strength of France, and only seeks an opportunity of catching her alone and trying to crush her for ever. France, on the other hand, is only waiting the favourable moment when the domestic unrest or ambition of Russia shall embroil her with Austria and Germany to endeavour to wrest back the provinces riven from her by Germany in the war of twenty years ago. If Russia moves against Constantinople she will immediately come to loggerheads with Austria, and by virtue of the Triple Alliance Germany is bound to support her neighbour, Francis Joseph, against aggression. If England sees that there is any danger of Russia getting the Dardanelles she will at once take possession of Constantinople, probably on the invitation of the Sultan. The situation is most momentous and precarious, and no reiteration on the part of those who persist in prophesying peace while the combustibles for a frightful cataclysm are yearly being piled up higher, should blind us to the impending danger.

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The internal condition of Russia is as menacing an indication of the political drift of affairs as any. A troubled community nearly always ends by becoming disagreeable to her neighbours, and this tendency is even greater in a pure despotism like that of the Czar than in a country more constitutionally governed. The domestic history of Russia for the last thirty years has been most interesting to those who love to watch the evolution of the senses of liberty and national self-respect in a hugely growing but primitive social organism. The late Emperor Alexander the Second, perceiving that serfdom was an anachronism, with a stroke of his pen gave freedom to the Russian peasantry in 1861. From this moment Russia, from being a sort of Frankenstein—a soulless moving monster—began to develop a dawning of national consciousness and political intelligence.

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The emancipation of the lowest stratum of the population sent a pulsation of enthusiasm through the more refined classes above, and young men and young women of good birth and education began to attempt the elevation of the masses by voluntarily descending and associating with them, often in midst of surroundings of the most sordid and dreary kind. Noble and delicately-reared young girls would bury themselves as school-teachers or nurses in lonely villages, and there seek to impart to mothers a knowledge of nursing and cooking, and to their children a slight acquaintance with letters. At the universities, too, a rapid development of ideas caught from the most advanced writers of Western Europe on science and politics took place, including the doctrine of women's rights, and young Russian women might be found studying medicine by themselves in Geneva or Paris at a time when an English girl-graduate was regarded as a curiosity in her own land. Among the provincial deliberative bodies, also, a desire was evinced to secure a certain measure of popular representation in the councils of the nation, which was, however, rudely checked by the rulers.

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The Government took alarm at all this and for twenty years have been endeavouring to repress the rising aspirations of the people with ever increasing severity. The Russian Government consists of a close corporation of officials headed by the Czar, and the overwhelming business of the enormous Empire is practically managed, or rather mismanaged by them. In every department incompetency, procrastination, and venality are rife, and however desirous the Czar may be of seeing his people happy, his best efforts are frustrated and his orders headed wherever his personal influence does not directly operate to secure their execution. In distant towns and villages abuses flourish and officials tyrannize without there being the slightest possibility of redress. The local press is gagged, no editor being allowed to publish any complaint in his paper of which the local authorities disapprove; no person is allowed the right of directly preferring a petition to the Czar; and inasmuch as there is no Russian parliament to petition, or local representative to ventilate the complaints of his constituency before the elect of the nations, the Russian people lie dumb at the mercy of the body of officials which chance or favouritism have for the time being combined to put over them.

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As may be expected of all bodies of persons who fatten upon the privileges and pickings of office, this official class is ferociously conservative as compared with even the bureaucrats of any other continental power, for it is the only one which is not subjected to parliamentary control of any sort. Its sole object is to use the autocratic authority of the Czar to perpetuate its domination, and to prevent any alteration of the existing situation by the institution of parliamentary government. While nominally the Czar is absolute master of his dominions, in reality he is only allowed to know as much as his ministers choose, and any reforms which he may generously direct, if they do not absolutely vanish in the mire of official obstructiveness, take but very partial shape after their long journey through the various offices of the circumlocutary system. As for the monies appropriated for specific objects of government, never does a large percentage fail to stick to the official palm by the way, so that even in the all important matter of the war department glaring inefficiency is the rule.

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How the liberal-minded minority in Russia will succeed in breaking through this dead-weight of tyranny, it is impossible to predict. For twenty years the more enthusiastic and daring spirits at the centres of intellectual activity have been struggling to make their voices heard. The danger of even a slight expression of opinion in Russia is inconceivable to those bred in free democratic societies, for the Russian law lays down that even to harbour an *intention* of altering the existing Government is criminal, and all combinations to agitate, even peacefully, for reform are treasonable conspiracies, and the participants liable to condemnation to exile for life together with hard labour in the Siberian mines. In the endeavour to detect such disaffection the Russian Government violates the sanctity of its subjects' freedom, and of their correspondence with the most utter unscrupulousness, and will imprison and terrorize over women in the hope of forcing them to betray their brothers, their lovers, or their friends. No sort of tyrannical baseness is too great, as the writings of Kennan, Lanin, Krapotkin, and Stepniak testify.

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The number of persons who are rotting in solitary confinement near St. Petersburg, or dying prematurely of hardship in the bitter winters of Siberia, for doing what is esteemed virtuous in other communities, can be counted by hundreds. As for the horrors of transport to Siberia, they are frequently such as cannot bear publication, and even when suffered by confirmed criminals sicken the mind to contemplate. Despite, however, the ruin and misery which loom up ahead of the reformer in Russia, the impulse of modern free thought is irresistible, and is ever sending fresh and willing victims to perish in the breach. Some of their names are recorded, but the bulk of them will ever remain unknown. That these reformers or revolutionists die in a cause which is destined to ultimate success is undoubted, for the day of reckoning with officialism will arrive when the corn is ripe for the sickle. A war precipitated by Russia upon her neighbours will be terrible, but if the present abominable system of repression of opinion is continued by the Government, a revolution within Russia herself will be more terrible still, for the horrible wrongs committed there surpass any which begot the whirlwind of retribution which overtook and wrecked the domination of the French aristocracy a hundred years ago.

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The Australian cantatrice, Madame Melba, is excelling herself, and she is at present, perhaps, the best advertised woman in the world. There seems to be no sort of measure to the way in which Australian prodigies emerge into prominence. For awhile they flame with an exceeding fierce light, and then disappear as rapidly as they rose. During the last fifteen years we have been treated to the spectacle of a dozen celebrities in the athletic field, who have certainly attracted considerable attention, but whose course has not been such as to indicate great staying power. Like the great sculler Beach, the renowned cornstalk *prima donna* had obtained pronounced maturity before she made her name. It remains to be seen whether her career will be more prolonged.

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Madame Melba is probably the first great singer who has shot up with such triumphal rapidity from being a mere local amateur into the first flight of world-renowned artistes. It is not given unto many matrons with a growing family to achieve in four or five years the distinction of rivalling Adelina Patti, and of getting their name mixed up with that of a prince royal of the oldest blood in Europe. The cup of Madame Melba should be full to overflowing, because her price will reach its high water-mark within the next few months unless she can by some method or other succeed in getting her name associated with that of the Prince of Wales. These are the adversities the uses of which are sweet as an advertisement adding immensely to a woman's market value, and from an artistic and worldly point of view Mrs Armstrong's public career has so far been wondrously successful. Still, judging by cable reports, Madame does not seem to appreciate this kind of distinction, and is preparing to defend her good name. What Mr Armstrong thinks of it all we can only divine. If in the early days of matrimony he apostrophised Mrs Armstrong as his own 'his guiding star,' he has probably changed his tune since he discovered how changed and altogether meteoric has become her course as Madame Melba.

MY SWEETHEART.

WHENEVER I play on the old guitar
The songs that my sweetheart taught me,
My thoughts go back to the summer time
When first in her toils she caught me;
And once again I can hear the sound
Of her gleeful voice blown over
The meadow, sweet with the scent of thyme,
And pink with the bloom of clover.

The faded ribbon is hanging still
Where her dimpled fingers tied it—
I used to envy it stealing round
Her neck, for she did not chide it;
And the inlaid pearl that her ringlets touched
As she leaned above it lightly
Glows even now with a hint of gold
That it once reflected brightly.

Whether her eyes were as blue as the skies
On a noon-day in September,
Or brown like those of a startled fawn,
I can't for the world remember;
But when she lifted them up to mine
I know that my young heart tingled
In time to the tender tune she sang
And the airy chords she jingled.

Yet now, though I sweep the dusty strings
By her girlish spirit haunted,
Till out of the old guitar there trips
A melody, blithe, enchanted,
My pulses keep on their even way
And my heart has ceased its dancing,
For somebody else sits under the spell
Of the songs and the sidelong glances.

M. E. WARDWELL.

As everyone knows, a billion is a million millions. Allowing that so many as 200, which is an outside number, could be counted in a minute, it would, excluding the 366th day in leap years, take one person upwards of 9,512 years before the task of counting a billion would be completed.

Here is a characteristic story of the American girl abroad: Scene—Windsor Castle. Young woman seeing the sights asks a man whom she meets, 'Butler, is there any chance to see the Queen?' Gentleman addressed, with dignity: 'I am not the butler, I am the Prince of Wales.' 'How lucky! Is your mother in?'

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, NOVEMBER 17.

The children attending Miss Scott's juvenile classes terminated their season with a plain and fancy dress ball in the Choral Hall. Upwards of one hundred and thirty pupils were present dancing, while the orchestra seats and gallery were crowded with the parents, grown-up friends, and interested spectators of the youthful dancers. The sight presented to the lookers on was indeed a charming one, the gaily decorated hall adding not a little to the beauty of the scene. The walls were covered with palm branches, fern fronds, and bright evergreens, amongst which were tastefully arranged white lilies and other flowers in the greatest profusion. Miss Scott is, I understand, indebted to the boys principally for the lovely flowers and beautiful decorations, and especially so to Masters P. Cousins, J. Whitelaw, Cecil Leys, Archie Dennes, W. Allen, Roy Cooper, and C. Hemus, who worked hard. Garlands of beautiful flowers extended across the hall from side to side, from which depended lovely wreaths, the work of Masters Cecil Leys and Archie Dennes. A handsome archway of evergreens and flowers was placed at the top of the hall, under which the dancers passed in the opening march, led by Master Edgar Hewsen, a very tiny gentleman, and Miss Amy Scott, an equally tiny maiden. One of the prettiest features of the evening was the fairy fern dance, in which twenty-six girls took part, all attired in fairy costume, each carrying a large fern frond, and singing meanwhile. The dance is sweetly pretty, and requires to be seen to be fully appreciated. In one figure bowers were formed with the fern fronds, and two dainty fairy queens—little Alice McDonald and Amy Scott, wee mites of seven—danced through them. In another figure the fairies gracefully recline on the floor, while the two tiny queens bend over them waving their ferns, and all singing in subdued voices a very pretty lullaby. Again two lines were formed, and two young princes made their appearance—Masters M. Cossar and F. Scott—and, taking the little queens for partners, dance through the lines a stately *minuet* with the utmost grace and dignity. The fairies finished with other figures equally pretty, not one mistake being made throughout. At the conclusion of the dance the hearty applause received from the audience should have gratified every little heart. Indeed, the dance was one of the prettiest sights I have witnessed for a long time, and the opinion of spectators on every side coincided with mine. Nine sets also danced the French cotillon very gracefully. Miss Scott must, indeed, be a painstaking and clever instructress, for all the children seemed to dance perfectly, and their dignified and quiet behaviour, and the absence of the undignified romping which is so often seen at juvenile dances, were the subjects for much favourable comment on the part of the spectators. It would be impossible to name each child individually, but all looked fresh and dainty. White frocks predominated, and the effect was charming. Several young ladies danced with the little ones, and some of Miss Scott's gentlemen friends were very assiduous in their attentions to them. Indeed, all devoted themselves to making the children happy, and judging from the bright, unwearied faces at the close of the ball (nearly eleven o'clock) the object in view was happily attained. Amongst the girls in fairy costume were the Misses M. Knight, Amy Cossar, Winnie Leys, Florrie Court, Irene Hemus, May Scott, Raynes, McDonald, Kent, C. Bush, and others. Miss A. Dennes was a Fairy Butterfly; this costume was a work of art, every detail being perfectly carried out. Amongst the young ladies in evening dress I noticed Miss Emerson, Miss K. Wood, Miss Rita Hancock, Miss George, Miss Bradley, Miss Court, Miss Stella Alexander, Miss Langsford, Miss Hart, Miss Gaudin, and Miss M. Dickey. Miss Campbell wore a pretty Zouave costume; Miss Dickey represented a French Maid; Miss — Barry, Red Riding Hood; Miss S. Dickey, Court costume; Miss Annie Scott looked well as Hearts. Many others looked well both in plain and fancy dress whom I did not know. Miss Scott wore a handsome trained gown of pink cashmere. Miss Annie Scott played the music for the fairies' dance very tastefully, and Adams' band supplied excellent music for the other dances. Amongst the chaperones present were Mesdames Young, Johnstone, Leys, Alexander, Cousins, Kent, Edmiston, D. B. McDonald, Whitelaw, Raynes, Hemus, Judson, J. Court, Short, Cossar, and Miss Edger. Others looking on were Mesdames Macdonald, Butt, W. Sharland, Hart, Berry, Morrin, and the Misses Oxley, Johnstone, Devore, Masefield, A. Tye, Berry, Barry, Macdonald, Stevenson, White, Owen, and others.

Arrangements are being made to hold a rose, patches and powder ball early next month in the Choral Hall, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the Auckland Ladies Benevolent Society. The function will be under the patronage of His Worship the Mayor and a strong committee of ladies and gentlemen, so that success both financially and socially may be expected.

Mrs G. W. Binney's residence, Upper Queen Street, was the scene of a large garden party. The visitors were composed mainly of those who have been in the habit of attending the weekly dancing classes held in the Victoria Hall, Mount Eden, during the late winter months. The object of the gathering was to present Mrs Hay and Miss Snell, who have acted throughout as the presiding geniuses of these entertainments, with a gold bracelet and brooch, respectively. Both the ladies were greatly impressed with such a mark of esteem from their charges, and expressed their thanks in appropriate language. Games, tea, and conversation occupied the time pleasantly until about 6 p.m., when the company dispersed.

The showery and disagreeable weather experienced upon the afternoon fixed for the formal opening for the season of the Parnell Lawn Tennis Club was most unfortunate, and the 'At Home,' to which the members had invited a large number of friends, had in consequence to be put off. The private opening of the Club took place some weeks ago.

The many Auckland friends of Miss Katie Danaher, daughter of Mr Danaher, formerly well known as a contractor in Auckland, but now residing in Sydney, will be interested to learn that she has just entered the holy bonds of matrimony, the bridegroom being Mr A. J. Macauley, of Sydney. The marriage was solemnized in St. Brigid's Roman Catholic Church, Marrickville, in the presence of a large number of friends, amongst whom were many former Auckland residents. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party were hospitably entertained by Mr and Mrs Danaher at their residence, Warren Road, Marrickville.

Hospital Sunday was inaugurated in Auckland by the members of the various Friendly Societies, who marched in procession from the Ponsonby reservoir to the City Hall, where they were addressed by Sir George Grey, Mr Connolly (United States Consul), and others. The procession was accompanied by three bands, and as the weather was fine the roads *en route* were crowded with well-dressed spectators. The gathering in the City Hall was, I understand, a very large and most successful one.

The certificates won at the recent examination in music held in connection with the Auckland University College, were presented in the Choral Hall to the successful students by Dr. Giles, Resident Magistrate, who presided in the absence of Sir G. M. O'Rorke. The list of prize-winners is as follows:—Senior Division A.: James Henry Philpott, 1st class; Margaret H. Chapman, 2nd class; Thomas McGinley, 2nd class; Jessie May Adams, 3rd class. Senior Division B.: William F. Forbes, 1st class; Alice E. Law, 1st class. Junior Division: 1st class certificates, Frederick A. Clarke, Winifred Buddle, Maud Harding, Francis E. M. Harper, Bessie Jones, William W. Kidd, Winifred Russell, Lucy Schnackenberg; 2nd class, Margaret Lanigan, Florence Lester, Clara P. Lorrigan, Julia Lucy Moran; 3rd class, Agnes Beatrice Moran, Elizabeth Anderson. A large gathering of friends were present, and in addition to the addresses several selections of music, both vocal and instrumental were given by the successful students.

In the absence of other amusements there have been during the week quite a number of concerts of more or less importance. Amongst the best were the Auckland Orchestral Union's concert in the Choral Hall, under the conductorship of Mr G. A. Paque. Among the large audience I noticed Miss Wright, black cashmere; Mrs A. B. Wright, black; Mrs Edminston, black cashmere, charming blue bonnet; Mrs (Col.) Carré, navy dress, pretty brown bonnet with pink roses; Miss Lusk, black; Miss Larkins, brown plaid, black bonnet; Mrs Dawson, becoming pink delaine; Mrs A. Clarke, handsome opera cloak; Miss Stevenson, amber-coloured silk and handsome opera cloak; Miss Chew, pale green; her sister, grey; Misses Kensington, navy blue; Miss E. Taylor, brown.

There was a crowded audience at the Y.M.C.A. Rooms to hear Herr Schmitt's concert. Perhaps music of a lighter character would have been better appreciated, though the opening item, a string quintette, comprising in its executants Herr Schmitt and Messrs Kent, Macfarlane, Beale, and Gribbin, was loudly applauded. The piece was called 'Overture de Concert,' and was beautifully played, as were also the 'Scene de Ballet,' and 'March Heavenward.' Miss Garton, dressed in dainty cream silk, sang 'The Beating of My Own Heart' so well, and so delightfully distinctly, that all our hearts beat responsive to the words and music. Mr F. Cor in 'The Better Land,' and Mr J. McGregor, 'Calvary,' were worth listening to. Miss Lucy Harrison's violin solo was beautifully played. Miss Ema Thomson, who made her début in the 'Prima Donna,' frocked in a lovely white silk, again reflected credit on the careful training she has received at the hands of Herr Schmitt. Her voice has wonderfully improved, and her clear articulation was a treat. Much as we liked the song, it was hardly, said the critics, suitable for the building. It was too high-class, and would have been more appreciated in the Choral Hall. Miss Zeenie Davis took the fancy of the audience in her piano solo, 'Spinnlied,' and was enthusiastically recalled. 'The Love-Tide,' sung by Miss Harper, was another item that elicited a deserved recall. Mr C. Hudson sang 'The Roll Call,' and Mr J. Ferriday, 'Queen of the Earth' (encored). Various other vocal and instrumental selections followed. Miss Zeenie Davis, frocked in pale blue silk with a crimson opera cloak, assisted Miss Harding, whose black lace and jet costume was much admired, with the accompaniments, in which generally unappreciated labour Miss Reeve also gave her help. Miss Harrison wore white cashmere.

The other day I played eavesdropper at a rehearsal of Miss Harding's concert to come off on December 7th. There are about thirty-seven lady members and eight boys. Miss Harding conducts, and her little sister Maude, a wonderfully clever musician, leads. Miss Edith plays the clarionet. I heard 'The Daughter of the Regiment' beautifully played, and various other pieces, which I also enjoyed. But perhaps, Bee, I am betraying too many secrets, so will tell no more.

Both days for the races were very unpleasant, being rather cold and showery, but the first day the prettiest dresses were worn. Our president's wife, Mrs L. D. Nathan, wore the first day a handsome black lace costume, black bonnet with red flowers; the second day she was frocked in a stylish white and green striped silk with black lace over it, white and green bonnet; Mrs Col. Dawson (vice-president's wife), grey satin covered with black spotted net, black lace bonnet; Mrs Thomas Morrin, plaid dress, toque with red flowers; Mrs G. Lewis, black silk, handsome red shawl, black bonnet; Miss Davis, black braided cashmere, white sailor hat trimmed with feathers and ribbons; Mrs Arthur Nathan, black satin, lace bonnet with golden butterflies; Mrs Goodhue, grey merino, black bonnet; Mrs Blomfield looked extremely well in grey cashmere braided with silver, pretty sailor hat trimmed with grey ostrich tips; the Misses Kerr-Taylor, grey plaid dresses, hats *en suite*; Mrs Dargaville, white delaine, fur boa, black bonnet with yellow flowers; Mrs Ware, dark grey and brown costume; Mrs Ching, handsome black silk, grey toque with grey feathers; Mrs H. P. Norton, crushed strawberry-coloured skirt, navy blue jacket, black lace bonnet with yellow butterflies; Mrs Jackson, stylish grey tweed trimmed with white, grey hat with feathers; Miss Jackson, slate-coloured dress, gem hat; Miss Whitaker, pale green spotted delaine trimmed with white silk, white toque; the second day she wore a dress of cornflower blue delaine, handsome grey jacket, grey toque, cornflower blue parasol; Miss Devore, fawn dress, hat with brown feathers; Miss Masefield, grey and brown cashmere, hat with feathers; Miss Lewis, a rose-coloured fawn cashmere, brown hat with pink roses; Miss Dunnet, spotted sateen trimmed with green velvet, gem hat; Miss Buckland, grey cashmere, black hat trimmed with white; Miss M. Buckland a bluey coloured grey, fawn hat; Mrs W. I. Buckland, pinkey grey coloured gown, black lace hat with pink flowers; Miss Owen, navy trimmed with red; Miss Churton, pale heliotrope bonnet with black ribbons; Miss Lawford, grey and green frock; Miss Mobray, fawn, bonnet *en suite*; Mrs Walker, handsome prune-coloured cashmere trimmed with gold lace, bonnet *en suite*; her daughter was frocked in grey; Miss Dickey, blue flowered delaine, black hat; Miss Williamson, blue and white delaine, plain sailor hat; Miss Horne, a handsome golden brown cashmere; Miss Firth, black braided cashmere, sailor hat trimmed with red velvet; Miss M. Firth, grey cashmere, white vest, white gem hat; Miss Kilgour, grey check, white vest, white toque with white feathers; Mrs Bews, maroon dress trimmed with red velvet, black hat; Mrs Duthie, dark green delaine trimmed with black lace, black bonnet; Mrs Earle, fawn costume, black lace bonnet; Mrs Gould, terra cotta cashmere, hat *en suite*.

I will close this letter with a description of some tasteful walking costumes which I have noted recently. Miss Johnstone (Parnell) looked extremely well in a neat fawn costume piped and faced with brown, hat *en suite*; Miss Lawford, pretty cornflower blue flowered cambric gown, sailor hat; Miss Buddle (Remuera), dainty light biscuit-coloured gown piped with light brown, fawn hat relieved with cardinal; Mrs Ching, stylish light grey costume, bonnet to correspond; Miss Alice Upton looked well in a pretty cream gown, and large white hat; Miss Clara Billington, dainty white flowered muslin dress, white hat; Miss Hill, stylish navy blue gown covered with large spots, sailor hat banded with navy ribbons; Miss Blandford, stylish dark fawn plaid costume, small black hat composed of feathers; Miss Davis, light grey silk gown trimmed with black velvet, sailor hat; Mrs Churton, fawn delaine figured in brown, black lace bonnet with white flowers; Miss Churton, lilac and pink striped frock, black lace hat with white roses; Mrs Pollen, stylish black braided costume.

MURIEL.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, NOVEMBER 13.

Bland Holt's Dramatic Company have been helping us greatly to 'wile away the dreary hours' at the Opera House. They have been here about a week now, and still continue to draw crowded houses. With the masses, if I may use such a word in the colonies, they are extremely popular, hence the population of the audiences downstairs greatly exceeds that of the dress circle. It is not exactly vulgar, but it often grates on one, and they do not seem to have mastered the difficult task of knowing exactly where to 'draw the line,' to use a vulgar expression myself. They opened with 'Master and Man,' which is, like most of their plays, very sensational indeed, so much so that one gets so used to it towards the end that it fails to impress one as it should. They all speak at the top of their voices, which gets very monotonous, besides being dreadfully tiring to the actors and actresses, who after awhile become quite hoarse after their exertion. Miss Edith Bland takes the principal part, and acts remarkably well, and dresses the part well. At first she appears in a pale blue veiling gown softened with white lace; but her most becoming costume, I thought, was the pale grey cashmere made in a pretty soft, falling, clinging way, the V-shaped bodice trimmed with folds of white chiffon. With this, later on, she wears a very long cloak with a hood of the same material, which looks very graceful. She has a good presence on the stage, and very pretty hands, which she shows to advantage. Mr Bland Holt is the life and soul of the company, and is certainly very funny. Mrs Bland Holt takes also a prominent part, and pleases me greatly, her acting with the London dandy, Crespin St. Jones, being very clever. She wore the same dress all the time, some soft creamy material figured with dull red flowers. All the men were good except, perhaps, two gipsies, who were not favourites of mine; but they had an ungrateful part, and so also did the villain, who thoroughly entered into his part with great success. The scenery is excellent, the best I have ever seen in New Zealand. Every detail was observed, adding greatly to the general effect. The first scene was a farm admirably carried out, even to the 'stooks' (is that the way to spell it? it is pronounced so) of corn and a real live cow, and a bird in a cage outside the porch. The iron works, too, in one scene excited the admiration of all. In the centre of the stage stood a huge funnel, the door of which was opened at intervals, disclosing the hungry flames waiting for their victim. Then we could see through the bars the glare of the furnace and the smoke issuing from it. The distant scene was realistic with the chimneys really smoking and the clang of the iron in the distance. The drawing-room

scene, too, was exceedingly pretty; indeed, the scenery alone is worth seeing, and deserves the highest praise.

The Flower Show has just taken place at the rink building, but unfortunately the day the flowers had to be picked was very bad, and we had had a very wet day just before, which considerably marred the beauty of some of the most lovely blossoms, and also prevented a great many who had entered from exhibiting at all. A special prize was presented by Mrs Jellicoe for the best loosely-arranged bouquet. Miss Beatrice Knight carried off the prize, Mrs England being second. Both prizes were almost entirely white, and were very pretty, but not at all my idea of a loosely arranged bouquet. They were so flat and round, instead of being raised in the centre and loose like the artistic fashionable bouquets of the present day. A dinner table decorated excited a good deal of admiration, being the work of Mrs Jellicoe and Mrs Charles Izard. Arum lilies and ferns occupied the centre, prettily draped round about with yellow figured art muslin, which was scattered about the edge with loose cut flowers. The table was completely laid for dessert, the finger glasses having a tiny flower in each, and the fruit being prettily decorated. One of the great features of the show is a table completely covered with exhibits sent by Mr Thomas Mason, of the Hutt, consisting of vegetables, fruit, and flowers, amongst them being a very beautiful specimen of that very rare plant—the Waratah, of Australia. Mrs Joseph Bourne is, as usual, a large exhibitor, one very fine collection of calceolarias being in my opinion the best exhibit in the show. The ferns were lovely, especially the beautiful English maiden-hair fern. There were prizes for all the schools for bouquets. Miss Kate West won the prize among all the girl's schools. The show is not quite as good as usual, I think, but the committee have worked hard, and have had to labour under serious difficulties. The show of pansies was wonderful, but strange to say, there was a very poor show of roses. I cannot think why, for they have been so lovely lately. A large number of ladies attended at the opening in the afternoon, and the building was again crowded in the evening.

The Thorndon Lawn Tennis Club is to open with a large afternoon tea given by the members.

The following Saturday we are to have the Athletic Sports on the Basin Reserve.

We also have the Show to look forward to next week, and a Harmonic concert the night before the Show.

Such numbers of people have gone to Christchurch for the Carnival week there, but we expect them all to return in time for our festivities.

Judge Richmond and his daughter, Miss Emmie Richmond, have gone to Napier to be present at Mr Alfred Richmond's marriage to Miss Rochfort. I have just heard the news of Miss A. Richmond's engagement to Mr Blake, which took place in England, where the Misses Richmond have lately been visiting.

Here is clipping which I am quite sure will be read with interest by all New Zealanders, as those mentioned are so well known to us: 'The many Wellington friends and admirers of Miss Katharine Hardy will be interested to learn that she is to appear shortly in grand opera in Melbourne, taking one of the principal soprano parts. Mozart's famous opera 'Le Nozze di Figaro' is to be produced on the 7th December, in celebration of the composer's centenary. In this work, as in the same master's 'Don Giovanni,' there are no fewer than three 'first soprano' *roles*, each requiring an artiste of the highest class. In the present instance the part of Cherubino (so eminently associated with the renowned names of Christine Nilsson and Pauline Lucca) has been allotted to Miss K. Hardy, while another Wellington favourite, Madame Balnson and Madame Elise Weiderman (wife of the Austrian Consul) will represent the other soprano characters, Susanna and the Countess. Judging from the rehearsals the Melbourne musical authorities predict a great success for this interesting performance.'

RUBY.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

DEAR BEE, NOVEMBER 12.

Palmerston has been very quiet lately until the last week or two, when we have had a little more excitement, and I thought perhaps you might like to hear of our doings. The last dance of the season was given by Mrs Snelson, and was a great success, as that most popular of hostesses entertainments usually are. The large dining-room was converted into a ball-room and the adjoining conservatory, with its lovely flowers and cabbage palms, was a delightfully cool and much favoured resort after dancing. Being the end of the season there were not many new dresses. Mrs Snelson wore a handsome gown of heliotrope satin draped with black lace; Mrs Richter was in a most elegant black satin dress with a train; Mrs Harrison looked very nice in black lace with pink roses on the bodice; Mrs W. H. Smith was also in black lace; Mrs Mannestad and Madame Moller were both in black; Miss McKenzie's dress of pink silk gauze looked very pretty; Miss Clapperton wore black with pink flowers; Miss Fairchild (Wellington) was in pink velvet; Miss Shannon, pink net dress; Miss Minnie Shannon, white tulle gown; Miss McBeth (Marton), black velvet heliotrope chiffon frill (very pretty); Miss Waldegrave, handsome black merveilleux gown with black beaded girdle; Miss Randolph, white velvet draped with white lace; Miss Moeller, lovely blue silk dress; Miss Keeling, black net; Miss Watkins, pink and white; Miss Burnell was in pale blue silk; and Miss Ada Burnell, in red.

The annual football concert came off, and was a decided success. The secretary, Mr Kelleher, and the committee are to be complimented upon their excellent management. The programme, which was an unusually good one, was greatly appreciated by the large audience. During the interval, the prizes which had been competed for during the season were presented to the winners by Mrs Clapperton. Mr J. Mowlem, best forward, and Mr W. Jewell, best back, were the fortunate recipients.

Tennis has started again, much to the delight of our many enthusiastic players. The opening day was beautifully fine, and our popular secretary, Mr Harrison, kept the games going briskly all afternoon. Amongst those on the courts were Mrs Fitzherbert, Mrs Harrison, Mrs Leary, and the Misses Clapperton, Muir (Dunedin), Randolph, Keeling, Lloyd, and Armstrong, and the gentlemen were Messrs Harrison, Fitzherbert, Mathias, Costello, Crump, Kock, and others; whilst those who were not playing enjoyed the delicious tea provided by the committee.

KIWI.

[I have written to you.—LADY EDITOR.]

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, NOVEMBER 14.

Lady Onslow's garden party was one of the pleasantest things of its kind I have been to. The gracious and sweet manner of the Countess's reception of her guests, combined with the Governor's geniality—for both welcomed one and all as if old friends—put people at their ease at once, and out of the three or four hundred present all one's acquaintances seemed to be there. The Countess wore a cream silk gown with bonnet to match, and carried a lovely bouquet of roses, presented by Mrs E. C. J. Stevens, whose garden is famed for its roses. A large marquée was erected on the lawn nearest the house, where tea and coffee and other light refreshments were served. The day was very fine, but a cold wind blew late in the afternoon, and the guests began to disperse about five. The little Ladies Gwendoline and Dorothy were present in exquisitely embroidered white muslin frocks, with grey coats and hats. There were many pretty and tasteful costumes worn, and some very handsome ones. Mrs G. Roberts looked extremely well in a lovely grey with gold embroidery, bonnet to match; Mrs Acton Adams, in grey with wide stripes; Mrs Julius, myrtle green silk with cream vest of embroidery, bonnet to match; the Hon. Mrs Parker, grey dress with gold cord, black three-quarter cloak and grey hat; Mrs R. Wilson, pale fawn with rich embroidery; Mrs Leonard Harper, black costume; Mrs J. Gibbs, blue spotted washing silk trimmed with white lace, black and gold bonnet; Mrs (Dr.) Jennings, in French grey corduroy, Newmarket jacket, shady grey lace straw hat with white ostrich tips (a strikingly pretty costume); Mrs Chynoweth, grey blue and fawn tweed with large invisible check, fawn bonnet with pale blue feathers; Mrs Hargreaves, black silk, with lace mantle, black and gold bonnet; Mrs R. D. Thomas, fawn and brown tweed, small bonnet to match; Miss Queenie Campbell, blue flowered delaine with blue silk yoke, blue flowers in her bonnet; Miss Cunningham, cream delaine with blue flowers, and cornflower blue three-quarter cloak, large shady hat; Miss E. Helmore, a pretty grey dress, three-quarter cloak, and shady hat with tips *en suite*. Mrs Greenwood, navy blue silk. I could go on describing many more who looked equally well—Mrs Cunningham, Mrs (Dr.) Townend, Mrs Common, Mrs Weymouth, and many more, while there were some equally fantastic, not to say ugly, costumes worn. The gentlemen for the most part wore a frock coat and tall hat. Some were in grey with corresponding tall hat, many not disguised at all, and some a mixture of the two first-mentioned styles with a not very pleasing effect, and all with a button-hole.

Mrs G. Roberts had a large party of friends to afternoon tea. Mrs Neville Barnett (Sydney), Mrs Appleby, Mrs C. Cook, Mrs (Dr.) Thomas, Mrs W. Wilson, Mrs Batham, Mrs Mallion, Mrs Kinsey, Mrs (Dr.) Jennings, and Miss Hardy Johnston were some of the guests. Tea was served in the dining-room, and on a hot day is a pleasant arrangement, as the drawing-room gets cool and all the hot tea is left behind. Pleasant chat and music soon brought the afternoon to a close. But I must tell you how lovely the tea-table looked with its centre piece of brown plush bordered with white Persian lilac, with a few rather tall vases of the same down the centre, and with the pretty cakes and china looked exquisite.

Miss Greenwood had a girls' tea the same afternoon, which was much enjoyed. Miss A. Greenwood sang 'Good-night.' Her sister also gave a song, and Miss E. Turner, Miss Hutton, Miss Meeson, and Miss Reynolds (Dunedin). Miss Campbell sang a song, accompanying herself on the guitar. Miss Gladys Wilson and Miss Meeson, recited amusing pieces. Among those present were, the Misses Rhodes, Tabart, Wynn-Williams, Lean, Palmer, Mein, Maude, Bullock, and Cowlishaw. There were such delicious sweets with the tea.

It was also Labour Demonstration Day, which commenced with the usual procession, but did not seem so successful as last year, not so many taking part. It wended its way eventually to Lancaster Park, where sports were held, and fairly well attended; but our two seaside resorts always attract a very large number on every holiday. In the evening a social was held in the Oddfellows' Hall, but again interests were divided. Bland Holt's last piece was on, and many were eager to see such a good thing.

The Hagley Park tennis courts were opened on a perfect day, and all the courts were kept going, the grass being in splendid condition, and very green at present. The ladies pretty bright blouses made a charming picture. The Misses Harman and Lean had a very daintily-laid-out tea in the pavilion. I saw there Mrs Walter Allivier, in a grey flowered cotton trimmed with thick white lace; Mrs Withnall, in black, with handsome mantle; Miss Withnall, in a pretty grey three-quarter cloak; Mrs McKenzie Gibson, Mrs George Harris, Mrs W. Willock, the Misses Greenwood, Meeson, E. Turner, Reynolds (Dunedin), Tutton, Lingard, Delamain, and several others, though there was not so large a gathering as usual.

This was also a very great day with the Salvation Army, the arrival of General Booth having been looked for for so many weeks. The welcome was most hearty, and plenty of it, lasting all day, and the poor old man looked quite exhausted until he began to speak, when he warmed to his subject.

In the evening Mr and Mrs Stead gave a fancy dress ball for children from six to nine, then a dance for their older young friends. The house was made beautiful with floral decorations from top to bottom, lilac and fleur-de-lis being in abundance. Refreshments for the little ones were laid downstairs, and a most *recherche* supper for the elders in the dining-room. Two rooms and the hall were used for dancing, the folding doors being such an excellent arrangement for a thing of this kind. Among the fancy dresses some little mites looked very sweet. Mrs Stead's little girl was Dresden China, in pale blue and white; her brothers, Robin Hood and his Merry Men in the correct Lincoln green; Mrs Burns' two little girls as Fairy and Butterfly; Master Bruges, Gentleman of the Nineteenth Century, in the most miniature dress clothes ever made, I should think; Miss Julius, Sleeping Beauty, in the dress she wore in the play of that name at Mrs Humphreys' ball; little Miss Matson most successfully disported as the Daughter of the Regiment. There were gipsies, peasants, kings and courtiers, etc., etc., in endless variety, and the game of 'Luby Light' had quite as many devotees as the dancing. About ten o'clock the elders took the floor, and some very pretty dresses were worn. Mrs Stead had a very handsome white silk with pearl embroidered front; her niece, Miss Palmer, black, with rich white sash hand painted; Miss Cunningham, pale heliotrope; Miss B. Cunningham, a *débutante*, lovely white dress with lilies of the valley; Miss Delamain, black, with pink feathers; Miss F. Greenwood, white, with gold girdle; Miss R. Tabart, black, with jet trimming; Miss E. Tabart, grey, with pink roses; Miss Campbell, cream striped gauze and lace; Miss Hennah, white flowered silk; Miss Helmore, fawn, with bands of velvet of darker shade; Miss M. Tanner, pink; Miss B. Tanner, white; the Misses Wynn-Williams, soft white silk; the Misses Murray-Aynsley, the Misses Cowlishaw, and Miss Black all wore white; Miss Graham and Miss McCulloch, black. Fleming's music was, as usual, delicious to dance to.

General Booth held a large invitation meeting in the Oddfellows' Hall, only a few of the officers of the Army being present, when he talked about his scheme, which he is very enthusiastic about, and seems to have a longing for New Zealand, but I don't think we have such a longing for his people.

At the polo match a good many were present, and Mrs Palmer gave a delicious tea. The Governor was there for a short time. I also saw Mrs G. Lee, Mrs Stead, Miss Palmer, Mrs and Miss Kimbell, the Misses Rhodes, Aynsley, Helmore, Delamain, Tabart, and others.

By the Kaikoura we lost our energetic stage manager, Mr E. W. Seager, for a time, he having gone to England on a short visit. He will be greatly missed should there be any private theatricals or anything of the kind during his absence.

DOLLY VALE.

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, NOVEMBER 11.

The weather was horribly disagreeable for the garden party given by Mrs and Bishop Nevill in honour of Bishop and Mrs Julius. The rain poured in torrents, and instead of the two hundred expected guests about seventy were present. Although the garden could not be availed of, inside the house all was cheerfulness and pleasure, for the large house at 'Bishopsgrove' was equal to the occasion, and everybody was accommodated without the least discomfort. Among the guests were Mesdames Robert Turnbull, Sise, and Misses Sise, Mesdames Edwards, Farmer, Gibson and Miss Gibson, Mrs B. C. Haggitt, Mrs Williams and the Misses Williams, Mrs and Miss Belcher, Mesdames J. M. Richie, Davies, Allan, Chapman, Chamberlain, Branson, Hales and Miss Hales, Mrs Dunn, Mrs Fitchett, Mrs F. Fitchett, Miss Fitchett, Misses Webster (2), James, Carr (Melbourne), Neill, Lubecki, and Robertson. Mrs Julius wore a dark prune silk dress, and black bonnet; Mrs Nevill, handsome black; Miss Neville, pretty grey costume; Mrs Belcher, brown merveilleux with Newmarket jacket, brown bonnet; Miss Belcher, smoke-coloured velvet dress, and large black hat with feathers; Mrs Edwards, dark red broché; Mrs Robert Turnbull, moss green cashmere; Mrs Williams; Mrs Gibson, handsome black silk and lace mantles; Miss Gibson, green cashmere; Mrs Edwards (Wellington), lovely dress of cream cashmere trimmed with old gold Maltese lace and green silk, large cream hat covered with feathers; Miss Webster, dress of green tartan, very large checks, black hat covered with blue cornflowers; Miss Fitchett, fawn tweed with invisible blue check, Newmarket jacket with Medici collar and vest of blue silk, cream hat trimmed with blue cornflowers; Mrs Fitchett, black dress and lace mantle, and black bonnet trimmed with lilies of the valley; Mrs F. Fitchett, prune cashmere trimmed and with vest of gold embroidery; Mrs Awdry (Southland), handsome dress of light brown tweed, and dark brown velvet bonnet; Miss Carr (Melbourne), dress of French grey cashmere, large hat trimmed with feathers to match; Miss E. Carr, light green cashmere trimmed with ribbon velvet of the same colour, black hat with gold butterflies; Miss Hales, heliotrope, with stripes of a darker colour, white hat with feathers.

Amongst other hospitalities, Bishop and Mrs Julius, with Bishop and Mrs Nevill, were entertained at a quiet but pleasant luncheon by Archdeacon and Mrs Fenton in their new house, Montpelier. Bishop Nevill is very enthusiastic about the future of the Selwyn college.

The Otago Tennis Court had a lovely afternoon for the opening, and the pretty grounds never looked prettier. There was, of course, delightful tea, and all sorts of nice confectionery. There is a nice little pavilion on the grounds which commands a good view of the courts. This was crowded, and so were the lawns with gaily attired visitors. Among those present were Mesdames Williams, Miss and Mary Williams, Mrs Spence, Misses Spence (2), Mrs Reynolds and the Misses Reynolds (3), Mrs E. C. Reynolds, and Mrs Leslie Reynolds, Mrs James Mills, Mrs Thompson, Mrs Neils, Mrs and Miss Fenton, Mrs Morris, Mrs F. Fitchett, Mrs Rayse and Miss Rayse, Mrs Ross, Mrs Branson, Miss Branson, Mrs Colquhoun, Mrs Woodhouse, Mrs Ridings, Mrs A. Bathgate, Mrs Stanford and the Misses Stanford (2), Mrs Martin and Miss Martin, Mrs Galloway, Mrs Rose, Mrs Thompson (Christchurch), Mrs Grey (Port Chalmers), Mrs W. Kennedy, Miss Kennedy, Mrs Denniston, Mrs Cameron, Mrs A. Finch, Mrs Hertelett, Mrs R. Fulton, Mrs Stock, Mrs Jeffcoat, Mrs and Miss Grierson, Mrs R. Gillies, Lady Stout, Mrs De Zouche, Mrs Joachim, Mrs Stephenson, Miss T. Stephenson, Mrs Melland, Mrs and the Misses Garratt. Mrs Jeffcoat wore a handsome dress of black silk and lace, and black hat; Mrs Thompson, very stylish dress of pale heliotrope with large white spots on it, Newmarket bodice, and hat to match; Mrs Stephenson, very handsome dress of black brocade, black bonnet; Miss T. Stephenson, heliotrope dress, and hat with heliotrope chiffon; Miss K. Stephenson, fawn dress, and Newmarket jacket; Miss Reynolds, blue and white striped dress, hat to match; Mrs S. Reynolds, dress of forget-me-not blue, hat trimmed with forget-me nots; Miss Grierson, brown dress, brown hat

with pink roses; Miss Macandrew, fawn costume, and very pretty brown hat; Miss Shand, grey dress, grey Dorothy cape braided with black, and cream hat with yellow roses; Miss E. Shand, light-brown tweed and large white hat; Miss Sise, who played, wore a navy blue skirt and cream bodice, large black hat with red roses; Miss Stanford, pink print and white hat; Mrs Awdey, fawn dress and brown bonnet; Miss Morris, cream tennis costume and sailor hat; Miss May Morris, navy blue dress; Mrs Farmer, cream serge dress, claret velvet collar and cuffs, cream hat with cream feathers; Miss McLean, electric blue silk, hat to match; Mrs Mills, black dress, grey Dorothy cape beaded with black, black bonnet; Mrs E. C. Reynolds, navy blue dress, sealskin jacket, and black hat; Miss G. Roberts, very pretty dress of light brown with invisible check, long bodice with tabs, large brown hat; Miss Dalgleish (Invercargill), navy blue dress; Miss Scott, navy blue dress with sprays of white flowers, navy blue and white sailor hat; Miss B. Scott, navy blue print and sailor hat; Mrs Hales, black, with gold stripes, black and gold bonnet; Mrs Mackerras, black silk; Mrs Monkman, fawn dress with yellow hat; Mrs Sise, black dress; Miss M. Williams, dark blue dress; Miss Jones, fawn dress, with full sleeves of silk; Miss B. Jones, very pretty grey costume; Mrs Ritchie, light brown summer tweed.

The invitations issued to the ladies to meet General Booth in Knox Church were responded to eagerly. Not at all a Salvation Army congregation assembled, but a fashionably-dressed, picked number from most of the churches. A number of gentlemen were also present, members of the Synod, and among other well-known citizens were the clergymen from many churches, seated upon the platform. But there was a subdued hush of expectation; for many in the meeting had not seen the General. It was an unusual scene for Knox Church. The stately building never struck me with so much grandeur before. The pulpit, lofty pillars, and the pews seemed almost calmly astonished at the red-coated officers at the doors, or doing service in the aisles, and at the hallelujah bonnets among those of faultless fashion. When the General, in semi-military uniform, came forward, the solidity and richness of the church framed him fitly, for he is a remarkable and powerful-looking man. Tall and slightly bent—bent it would seem with his earnest reaching out to the people—for when he speaks he leans forward entreatingly, with shaggy iron grey hair and beard surrounding an eagle face, and expressive piercing eyes beneath shaggy brows. He is a figure one would look at earnestly, even meeting him unknown in a crowd. The man is truly of the eagle type, and not the man to fail unless desperate odds were against him. Courage, enterprise, enthusiasm, endurance, all were traceable in the face, while an infinite patience and gentleness lurked about the mouth. A phrenologist would have seen an absence of vanity, and wonderful benevolence, perception, and perseverance. After having seen him it is easy to believe not only in him, but his ability to succeed. A profound silence fell upon the assembly as they listened to the simply and eloquently-told tale of 'Darkest England,' then admiration lighted almost every countenance as he unfolded his plan—the grand one of first seeking, then getting hold of the wretched degraded beings he desires to aid, relieving their present need, inspiring them with hope and courage to be men, helping them to climb until they are useful members of society, and then giving them a fair chance in a fair land. The Garrison Hall at night looked its name, for it had quite a soldierly appearance. Flags and banners, red jackets and red vests lit up the assembly. The 'officers' and soldiers looked bright and happy, and the sudden bursts of 'Hallelujah's!' and 'Praise God!' that every now and again broke above the murmur of the wailing assembly were no mere forms of speech. It takes enthusiasm to kindle the eye and light the face as theirs were lit, and as there is never any enthusiasm without faith, theirs must be great. When the band played at intervals, every individual composing it gave all he had to give. As much wind was put into the cornets as they could well hold. Nor did these boyish musicians cease here, they sent out a volume of praise in long deep looks at one another over the tops of the music, and while the trumpets shouted 'Hallelujah' their eyes said 'Praise the Lord,' and the drummer was determined that every beat should be for glory. I wondered as I looked from one joy-lit face to another, and saw the lighting of the eyes and the glow of the whole countenance, does this joy last? When the drum and the trumpet is silent, and the lights are gone and out, do they carry away into the darkness and the silent room the thrill and the gladness? If so you and I have known worse things than wearing a red waistcoat and a hallelujah bonnet. At many a gay assembly we have seen tired, weary eyes looking out from beneath bonnets of most elegant form. When the General entered the soldiers and officers stood and saluted him in true military fashion. There was something so quaint about it all, something so orderly, and so much power and clear common sense about their eagle-faced leader, that one could understand the fascination for those of impressionable nature, and the rapid growth of the Army. Still, interested as we are in the scheme of this clever man, we do not, any of us, want the 'submerged tenth,' even the cream of them, in New Zealand. I am well aware, dear Bee, that many of your city readers have seen what I have described, but as your paper journeys to many places that General Booth did not, I have ventured on this digression in the hope of interesting them.

Mr Arthur Towsey's concert on the Prince of Wales' birthday was well patronized. Miss Cooper, wearing pink, sang, also Miss Joel, in pale blue. Miss Cameron was among the vocalists, and wore a cream dress with yellow ribbons. Mr Robert Kennedy was splendid. Mr Densem and Miss Rose Blaney were to have sung, but are victims to an attack of influenza. The holiday was miserably damp, and I did not go out to the Cattle Show, so I cannot tell you who was there, but I do not think there were many pretty gowns worn.

MAUDE.

A scientist has heard a young lady recently play the 5585 notes of a presto by Mendelssohn in four minutes and three seconds; and, allowing for wrist, elbow, and finger movements, that means, he says, that they were 200 transmissions of nerve force to and from the brain every second, whilst the judgment was independently active all the time. So much for modern culture.

MARLBOROUGH.

DEAR BEE, NOVEMBER 12.

It seems ages ago since the skating-rink mania spread all over the colony like some infectious disease. Though I am not a skater myself, I can imagine its being an entrancing amusement to those engaged in it; but to those looking on, the noise of the roller-skates in a wooden building is nothing short of brain-splitting misery. Still, that did not prevent the Carnival of Havelock from being a success. Anything that brings the little ones forward is bound to be made a success of by the parents, who heroically endure untold of misery to witness the triumphs of their little ones. There were prizes distributed, too, for the best fancy dresses, as well as for excellence in skating. Amongst the little Misses Ivy Twiddle was a Gay Poppy; Grace Wakelin, a Flower Girl; A. Forrest, Scotch Lassie; May Scott, Ivy; Margie Mills, a Jockie; Jessie Davis, a Waitress; Eva Wells, White Rose: M. Linton, Blanche Mills, and Ida Price, Flower Girls; Olive Mills, Fisher Girl; Edith Scott, Patchwork (pretty and original); L. Smith, Summer Showers; E. Davis, Fishwife; C. Wells, a Bride; B. Blackball, Housemaid; Ella Pickering, a pretty little Fairy, in white wings and silver shoes; E. Vennimore, Battledore and Shuttlecock; and Ethel Toothill looked charming as Powder and Patches; Nigger costumes were the favourite characters in which the young gentlemen elected to display their charms, so there was little difficulty in awarding the prize, which fell to Bertie Pickering for his pretty Jockey dress.

St. Clair appears to be the favourite resort for surprise parties. Yet another one journeyed out to surprise Mrs Hanna, and spend a very pleasant evening with her. Mesdames Griffiths, Lucas, Snodgrass, Robinson, and McIntosh chaperoned the party. There were also the Misses Laishley, Maud Carey, Farmer, Dodson, Pitt (Nelson), Reece, Powell (2), Horton (2), Harley (Nelson), and several others, with a large contingent of gentlemen. The party left Market Square in drags.

For several reasons I was much disappointed at not being able to attend the bachelors' ball at Cullensville, but so many events were crowded into one small week that it was quite impossible for anyone not made of iron to attend them all. I'm afraid, too, that the bachelors were disappointed in many of their Picton guests, who had intended to make up a party, but found that circumstances—in the shape of home duties—were too strong for them. The ball, however, was a great success, and the hall, I hear crowded. Upwards of one hundred couples were present, who all enjoyed themselves immensely. The Theatre Royal was beautifully decorated with ferns, palms, flowers, and flags, and the bachelors worked wonders in changing the appearance of the room, and attending to the wants of their guests. The following are a few of the prettiest dresses:—Miss Bowater, Folly; Miss Laery, Moonlight; Miss V. Laery, Spanish Flower Girl; Miss Law, Highland Lassie; Miss Diamante, Malvolio's Colours; Miss Oliver, Granny; Miss Thomson, Evening; Miss McLaren, Nurse; Miss McMillan, Summer; Mr Harding was a Chinese Juggler; Mr J. Fuller, Gentleman of the Tenth Century; Mr Pink and Mr Clancy were rival Clowns, Mr F. Card, a Nigger; Mr Higham, Highlander; Mr F. McIntyre, Man-o'-War's-Man; Mr Oliver, Burglar; and Mr Johnston, a Turkish Brigand, gorgeous and formidable-looking. The names of the rest in fancy dresses could not be obtained by my informant, and of course a great many were in evening dress.

The Friendly Societies' picnic to Para was marred by the inclemency of the weather. The bright sunshine of the morning induced quite a large number of residents to sally forth in the train, but almost as soon as they arrived at Para the rain began to fall in torrents, and almost everybody got wretchedly wet, and it was quite pitiful to see the girls, with their pretty summer dresses all spoilt with the horrid rain. Mr Christophers, the district manager, seeing the state of affairs, immediately put on a train to convey the disappointed excursionists back to Blenheim. In the evening there was a large social held in the Drill-shed, and many made up for their miserable outing, by enjoying the dance. The shed was prettily decorated with the banners and devices of the orders, intermingled with ferns and flowers and moral texts, and the supper tables were laden with all manner of good things.

The Picton Excelsior Society hired the steam-yacht Torea and went for a picnic to the Bay of many Coves. They were more fortunate than the Blenheim people in the weather, the rain only reaching Picton in one slight shower. The young folks in the care of the borough school teachers, enjoyed their exploring expedition amazingly, and returned sunburnt, but happy.

The young ladies had arranged a concert and dance in aid of the Picton Rowing Club, and as classical music is at a discount here, they determined to court popularity by having popular items on the programme and as much outside talent as possible. Miss Linton undertook to arrange the concert, and Miss Allen the dance programme. The hall was prettily decorated by the Misses Allen, Seymour, and Philpotts, whilst Mrs H. C. Seymour and Mrs Allen arranged the supper table. Most of the musical people contributed a share to the success of the affair, the Misses Greensill by playing the overture and some of the accompaniments. Miss Mary Seymour's song, 'Dear Heart,' was considered quite the gem of the evening, and was loudly applauded. Another favourite was 'The Brook,' sung by Miss Linton, though one scarcely knew which to admire the most, the realistic gurgling of the water-like accompaniment, played beautifully by Miss Greensill, or the song itself, as sung by Miss Linton. Mrs Atkinson sang 'Queen of the Earth,' and also a duet, 'The Wind and the Harp,' with Miss L. Falconer. Mrs Litchfield's song, 'Never More,' was enthusiastically encored, as were also the items rendered by her sister, Mrs Atkinson, and Miss L. Falconer's singing of 'Take Me Back to Switzerland,' and Mr Gudgeon's 'Jack Ashore.' Several other young ladies sang. Miss Speed, 'Homeward Bound;' Miss M. Farmer (Blenheim), 'In Old Madrid;' Miss Duncan, 'Who is Sylvia?' Miss Allen, 'Love's Dreamland;' Miss M. Philpotts 'River of Years.' The gods were propitiated by a few comic songs notably, 'Killaloo,' by Mr Cox, of Cullensville, and 'The Bald-headed Swell,' by Mr T. Hood. Mr L. Redwood (Blenheim) sang a song, but I could not hear the name, and Mr Philpotts, 'True to the Last,' and 'The Arab's Farewell to his Steed,' both loudly encored. But the song which literally brought down the house was a Maori song composed by two telegraphists, late of Blenheim, and sung by Mr Barlow, of the Blenheim Office. Miss Allen played the accompaniment, and Mr Barlow narrowly escaped having to return for the third time to sing his funny song, which, together with his deep, rich bass voice, fairly took the audience by storm. We are loyal people here, and all stood, and most joined in singing 'God Save the Queen' at the end of the programme. After that the seats were cleared away and dancing began, Mrs Litchfield, Mrs McNab, and the Misses Speed, Seymour, Falconer, Farmer, and Allen playing the dance music till 2 a.m. The young ladies were proud of having ten pounds clear of all expenses to hand over to the Secretary of the Rowing Club next day. In the hall I saw Mrs Younger, Mrs Beauchamp, Mrs Duncan, Mrs Philpotts, Mrs Fell, Mrs Andrews, in white muslin and pink roses; Mrs Waddy, in black lace over red; Mrs Rutherford, in heliotrope silk, and white plush opera cloak; Mrs Falconer, Mrs Gudgeon, and the Misses E. and M. Linton, Falconer, Mellish, Scott, Card, L. Philpotts, Robertson (Blenheim), Waddy, Redwood (Blenheim), White, Hay, Gilbert, Webster, Lloyd, Fuller, N. Allen, Western (2), and Beauchamp (2). Miss Linton wore a white dress, and black sash and ribbons; Miss Allen, cream muslin and pale blue, the Rowing Club's colours; Miss Greensill, pale blue; Miss S. Greensill, cream and pale blue; Miss L. Falconer, a very pretty pale blue frock. Indeed, most of the ladies, in compliment to the club, wore the colours, mixed with roses. The supper table was also plentifully decorated with roses. The gentlemen who assisted the ladies were Messrs W. Carey, Gerald Allen, Will Baillie, and D. Wright. Several Blenheim gentlemen came down to the dance and concert, amongst others Mr McNab, Mr Richmond, Mr Kennedy, Mr Dunn, Mr John Conolly, Mr S. Hodson, Mr Fulton, and Mr Griffiths. The Picton gentlemen were Messrs Haslett, Baillie (3), Anderson, Andrews, Rutherford, Greensill (2), and several others, in addition to those I mentioned before, so that the young ladies had quite a lovely time of it.

During the day—Prince of Wales' Birthday—a cricket match was played on Nelson Square between Cullensville and Picton, resulting in an immense victory for Picton, who are now to play a Blenheim team. The Penguin also brought over from Wellington nearly three hundred excursionists, who made the town look as it ought always to look for a few hours.

The Havelock people also took advantage of the holiday, and initiated a garden party in the interests of the church. A Christmas tree was a great attraction, in addition to the stalls and the tea provided by St. Peter's Church Ladies' Guild. Mesdames Mills, Toothill, Pickering, Vennimore and many others whose names I do not know, assisted by quite a large number of young people, are working very earnestly to clear the church from debt. The Rev. Harold Enson, of Kaikoura, was present, and was heartily welcomed back to his old parish.

JEAN.

NAPIER.

DEAR BEE, NOVEMBER 13.

Our military boys gave a most enjoyable concert in the Theatre Royal, and had a crowded house. Grand Military Entertainment they termed it, so I must do likewise. The physical drill of the 'F.' Battery and the bayonet exercise of the navals was quite a treat to watch. The High School cadets' musical drill and Indian club exercise was one of the best items of the evening, both being demanded over again. Mr Edgar Rudman played for them. The boys looked manly little fellows, and I think it splendid training for them. The second part of the programme commenced with a camp scene, into which was introduced the march 'Men of Harlech,' Cadets; 'Slattery's Mounted Foot,' Corporal Hughes; 'The Boys of the Old Brigade,' Lieutenant Swan; 'The Patent Medicine Man,' Seaman Brophy; Hornpipe, Bandsman McKnight and pupils; Lieutenant Charles Kennedy, with Mr Jack Parker and Mr Leo Von Hast gave a trio, the first-named playing the banjo, the second mandoline, the last the guitar; they were warmly applauded, and had to appear once more. Seaman Andrews sang 'The Bogie Man' in costume; 'I'll Conquer or Die,' Sergeant Hughes. The most amusing item was 'the Chelsea Pensioner,' by Lieutenant Swan, who kept the house in roars of laughter. 'The Midshipmite,' by Gunner Sparrow, concluded the programme. I may just add while on this topic our boys returned from the military tournament held in Wellington, and are in good spirits in having carried off home with them seven first events, and got a place in others. No other place outside Wellington has done so well, so brave for our boys! They always keep up Napier's reputation.

The Payne Family have paid us another visit and had good houses.

The Guild of St. John entertained a number at a social last week. Amongst those present were the Bishop of Waiapu, Miss Stuart (the Bishop's sister), Mrs John Hindmarsh, Mrs Leask, the Dean of Waiapu, Mrs De Berdt Hovell, Rev. John Hobbs (of Hastings), Mrs and Miss Mountfort, Mr Mountfort, Mr and Mrs Spackman, Mr Herbert Spackman, Miss Bella Hitchings (who looked very nice), Mr and Mrs Owen, Mrs Provis, and many others I do not for the moment remember.

Misses Fulton gave a jolly dance one evening last week. Although the night was a warm one it was a most enjoyable dance.

Mr Von Sturmer has gone on a visit to Auckland to his relatives. Mrs Wood, of Nelson, is on a visit to her mother, Mrs Kennedy. Everyone is so pleased to see her. She is one of our best girls who has settled away from Napier, and is looking charming. Mrs Harry Lylee is still with her sister, Miss Minna Chapman, but is to return home in a week or so. She looks well, and is as amiable as ever. Her mother's sudden death gave her a great shock.

This week Miss Rose Kiely, daughter of ex-Inspector Kiely, died of consumption at the early age of seventeen, having been ill only six months. She was a most promising girl, and of a most amiable disposition. It is a great blow to her family.

Tennis at Farndon Courts, and also at the Scinde Courts, is in full swing, many new members having been enrolled. Cricket also seems to have taken a new lease of life in Napier, and promises to have a good season.

Mrs Rhodes, of the 'Grange,' is a little better, but not able to get about yet.

Mr James Sidey, son of the Rev. David Sidey, has just received a good appointment in London in the same Insur-

ance Office that he is manager of here, and leaves for home next month. Mr Sidey will take with him the good wishes of all who know him in Napier, and although we regret losing them, we join in wishing him and Mrs Sidey every success in their new home, also in the good promotion he has received. We know well we cannot retain them. Mr Sidey we looked on as a Napier boy. Although not born here, he came a mere lad many years ago from Scotland with his father, and has been closely associated with us always.

Mrs Warren is not much better; her sister, Miss Leslie Thomson, is still with her.

The annual meeting of the Press Association was held here a week ago, when all the leading papers of New Zealand were represented. Amongst those in town during the day I noticed Mr Henry Brett, Mr Blundell (of Wellington), Mr Wilson (of Auckland), Mr Jago (Dunedin), Mr Carson (Wanganui). Most of the press representatives were present at the Bowling Green, Mr Henry Brett (Auckland) and Mr Jago (of Dunedin), also Mr Carson (of Wanganui) were playing most of the afternoon. The Hon. Mitchelson was on the ground part of the afternoon. Amongst the ladies were Miss Amy Brett (Auckland), Miss Blundell (Wellington), Mrs Wilson (Auckland), and many Napier ladies.

The gardens round our Napier Hills are quite picturesque at present, Mrs J. H. Coleman's, Mrs E. W. Knowles', and Mrs John Close's. The latter has had many improvements during the last year, and there is such a splendid view from her place that the garden shows round the hill and plainly from the Marine Parade. The terraced part is very pretty. We hope to see Mrs Close exhibit at the coming Show. No persuasion hitherto has made her do so, but with such a charming garden she should, and I think people should get a chance of seeing what choice flowers are in Napier. Mr Coleman's gardener exhibits at most shows. It is quite a treat to see the fine collection. We are looking forward to the Show at the end of the week, so now till next time, Bee, good-bye.

JACK.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

How hushed, how calm, and how serenely still;
Oppressive silence hangeth over all—
A time when evil spirits work their will,
And ghost and goblin haunt th' ancestral hall.

Weird fancy soon o'erpowered my eerie brain,
And stopped my senses, made me willing slave;
Changed all things present, wove a subtle chain
Of old time mem'ries, and youth once more me gave.

I played as child again in boyhood's home,
At cricket, leapfrog, ball and prisoner's base;
Again through woody dells I far did roam,
And strove to vanquish all in game or race.

But fancy played me false, the scene was changed:
Now far from childhood's haunts I next am placed;
In life's fierce battle I a part have ta'en,
In turn left joy, ambition, love and pain.

An angel, in a human form, didst weave
A charm as strong as iron round my heart,
But could I from its thraldom find reprieve,
'Twould prove not freedom's sweet, but bitter part.

In fancy we do sit and muse awhile—
Forgetful of the world and all things base;
With love's young dream we quickly time beguile,
And think ourselves the gayest of our race.

What castles in the air we proudly raise,
(And dwell therein, secure from worldly care.)
O'erlook each other's faults, extol their praise,
And sure of love, we anything would dare.

Love on fond hearts while tide and time roll by,
The world for thee holds nothing half so sweet
As true love's pure communings. Ah, e'en on high,
'Tis love that maketh heaven, and paves the street

With gold. Love on, be steadfast, trusting, true:
Drift down life's stream of life, and then at last
When God shall call you hence, your hearts, that grew
So loving here, shall meet when earth has passed,
Shall sing together on that heaven y shore,
'In love we meet, have met to part no more.'

WHEW-U.

Wellington.

COSTLY MERCHANDISE.

MRS DE LACE: 'This paper says that every pound o ivory in market represents a human life.'

Mr De L.: 'That's almost as bad as the whalebone industry.'

Mrs De L.: 'Is whale fishing so very dangerous?'

Mr De L.: 'No, that is safe enough; but think of the women the whalebones kill.'

A lady of fashion of advanced age required the services of a page boy, and advertised, 'Youth wanted.' One of her dearest friends sent her by the next post a bottle of Blank's celebrated wrinkle filler and skin tightener, a pot of fairy bloom, a set of false teeth, a flaxen wig, and a cake of iodine soap.

H. BRETT, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER 'STAR' OFFICE AUCKLAND.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

AN English paper has the following interesting review :—

'A Vindication on the Rights of Women,' with strictures on political and moral subjects, by Mary Wollstonecraft. New edition, with an introduction by Mrs Henry Fawcett. (T. Fisher Unwin.) This re-issue of Mary Wollstonecraft's famous 'Vindication' is very well timed, and it is especially welcome on account of the admirable introduction by Mrs Fawcett. It is always well to pause now and then in our onward quick march, and in order to 'mark time,' and to read this book, now nearly a hundred years old, gives us an opportunity of noting some of the really remarkable changes which have taken place in the position of women mentally, socially, and politically since Mary Wollstonecraft took up her pen to satirise the sermons of the Rev. James Fordyce and Dr. Gregory's 'Legacy to His Daughters.' The latter work, says Mrs Fawcett in her preface,

Seems to have been regarded as a standard work on female propriety at the end of the eighteenth century.

That opinions such as those of Mr Fordyce and Dr. Gregory could have been taken seriously at any period of the world's history is scarcely credible. The learned doctor warns wives never to let their husbands know the extent of their affection, and he is even more emphatic in his declaration that if nature has endowed a woman with good sense she must take special pains to hide it.

Be cautious (he says) even in displaying your good sense. It will be thought you assume a superiority over the rest of the company. But if you happen to have any learning, *keep it a profound secret*, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman of great parts and a cultivated understanding.

The Rev. James Fordyce, perhaps unconsciously, followed the advice of the learned Gregory even more obediently than if he had been a woman ; for he effectually hides his sense in the following sentence from a sermon on feminine pity :—

Never (he says), perhaps, does a fine woman strike more deeply than when composed into pious recollections. . . . She assumes without knowing it, superior dignity and new graces ; so that the beauties of holiness seem to radiate about her.

He is, perhaps, a little less wide of the mark, when he says,

Let it be observed that, in your sex, manly exercises are never graceful ; that in them a tone, and figure, as well as an air and deportment of the masculine kind, are always forbidding ; that men of sensibility desire in every woman soft features and a flowing voice, a *form not robust*, and a demeanour delicate and gentle.

I do not myself think that men ever really admire *mannish* women ; but not many of them would insist upon the *form not robust* ; the idea that sickliness is feminine and attractive to the other sex has long since been exploded. Mrs Fawcett's remarks upon the above quotations are admirable.

Profanation could hardly go lower than this (she says) . . . . Cowardice, as well as physical weakness, was regarded as part of what every woman ought to aim at. Ignorance was likewise extolled. Female modesty was held to be outraged by the confession of strong and enduring love from a woman to a man, even when that man was her husband. . . . Pretence, seeming, outward show, were the standards by which a woman's character was measured. A man is taught to dread the eye of God, but women were taught to dread nothing but the eye of man. Rousseau embodies the then current doctrine that reputation in the case of women takes the place of virtue in a passage which Mary Wollstonecraft quotes. 'To women,' he says, 'reputation is no less indispensable than chastity. . . . what is thought of her is as important to her as what she really is. . . . Opinion is the grave of virtue among the men, but its throne among women.'

On page 11 Mrs Fawcett goes on to say :—

With a touch of humour, more common in her private letters than in her more studied works, Mary Wollstonecraft expresses her conviction that there is really no cause to counsel women to pretend to be sillier and more ignorant than they are. 'When a woman has sufficient sense not to pretend to anything which she does not understand in some degree, there is no need of determining to hide her talents under a bushel. Let things take their natural course, and all will be well.'

The idea that if a woman did not marry she was to all intents and purposes a failure was attacked with great vigour in the 'Vindication,' and the attack is commented upon by Mrs Fawcett in a passage that is worth quoting in full :—

In the scathing and cruel light of common sense she places in close juxta-position two leading facts which ate like acids into the moral fibre of the whole of society in her time. The one aim and object of women was to get married, an unmarried woman was a social failure. A writer quoted by Mary Wollstonecraft had expressed his sentiment in plain language, by exclaiming, 'What business have women turned of forty to do in the world?' Yet, while in a variety of ways it was dinned into the minds and consciences of women that husband-catching was the end of their existence, they were at the same time enjoined that this object must never be avowed. The aim must be pursued with unceasing vigilance, the whole of women's education, dress, manners, and thoughts must be subordinated to this one object, but they must never openly avow it. In Mary Wollstonecraft's time those who undertook to lead the female mind in the principles of virtue advised women never to avow their love for the man they were about to marry ; it was argued that it was 'indelicate in a female' to let it appear that she married from inclination ; she must always strive to make it appear that her physical and mental weakness had caused her to yield to force.

It is interesting to note the marked difference in the style of Mary Wollstonecraft and her accomplished editor. The one is stilted and unconcentrated, the other clear, concise, and smooth. Mrs Fawcett herself says :—

The faults of the 'Vindication' as a literary work are patent upon the face of it. There is a want of order and system in it, which may perhaps be attributed to the desultory education of the writer. As she herself points out, the want of order in women's education is answerable to a large extent for the want of order in their after work.

A more important blemish to modern ears consists in the formal and frequently stilted language in which the writer conveys her meaning. All that follows the above on pages 22 and 23 is well worth reading, but I have not space for a longer quotation. I have great pleasure in recommending the book itself, and especially the admirable introduction, to my readers, or, at least, to those amongst them who are interested in the advance we have made along many roads in a hundred years.

'Our Boys and Girls at School.' Their Naiveté, Humour, and Wit,' by Henry J. Barker, B.A., author of 'Very Original English,' etc., etc. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol.) In this amusing little volume are included the writer's contributions to *Longman's*, *Chamber's*, and other periodicals. I remember the articles in *Longman's* very well, as I had many a hearty laugh over them :—

'Every walk in life,' says Mr Barker in his opening paragraph, 'has its humorous dashings, provided a man has but a kindly eye and a good heart ; and although the pathway of a schoolmaster is beset with a bristling array of petty worries, still even he . . . may gather . . . many a bright, gay, and beaming floweret.'

The following answer received by a school inspector in Yorkshire is very funny. Having dealt for a time with the tenses of verbs,

He determined to put a question or two upon the comparatively abstruse subject of *voice*—active and passive. Accordingly he asked—

'Now, girls, what would be the active form of "To be loved ?"'

The gentleman at once perceived by the blank dismay upon the children's faces that he had touched upon a branch of etymology with which they were not acquainted ; and he was about to summarily close his examination, when he noticed one of the little maids suddenly thrust out her right hand.

The inspector was pleased and . . . 'Yes child ?' he queried. And the practical little dame promptly replied :

'Why, sir, it's the active voice when he just asks the lady whether she'll have him.'

The first clause of an essay on 'Dreams,' written by a girl at a poor school in the East End, is so very practical that I must quote it in full :—

Dreams are those queer tales that come into your head when you are asleep. The boys have them as well as girls and women. They are not true. If you have a good supper they are rather longer and not quite so true. Meat or fried fish makes them very long. When you have no supper at all you either do not dream or else you can't remember them.

A North country school was being examined in grammar, and the inspector, who was dealing with the *genders* of nouns and pronouns, asked amongst other questions, the gender of egg.

'Sir,' answered a tall shrewd lad behind, who probably surmised that it was a 'catch' question, and determined to prove himself equal to the occasion, 'you canna tell till it's hatched.'

I have a shrewd suspicion that the above anecdote has done duty many times before, and that the gender of an egg is a favourite question with school inspectors.

The essay of a little girl who was in the third class of a Board School in Lambeth, is so very smart and amusing that I must give an extract or two.

Health, begins this young philosopher, means feeling all right, and able to work and like your meals. If everybody lived in good health until they died the doctors would not get a living. I have never been ill, and I never felt any pain except smaking, which Doctors don't count. The Teacher says as the best way to keep healthy, is to keep clean, and to keep your feet warm ; and she also told that poytry to us Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise. When I told that poytry to my father, he answered as he knew it before either me or the School Board, but he said as he didn't believe it for all that. He said as he was forced to be up early, and forced to be healthy too, else he would get the sack, and that it was them who laid in bed and cote 10 o'clock trains who was the wisest and the best off.

An extract from an essay upon 'Education,' written by a girl of twelve which Mr Barker reproduced *verbatim* from the original, is full of shrewd common-sense, quaintly expressed and originally spelled :—

If you get plenty of Education you will be happier when you grow old than if you had truanted or stopped at home going herrins for your mother. But education seems to make the boys the best off, becose their are three or four pictures bigger than blackboards which I see on the street wall going to school, where it says, 'The Boy, what will he Become?' And then theirs a row of nice, clean heads at the top, all full of education, and getting o'der and older till at last theirs a smiling old man's head with speckteckles on, same as you see leaning back in carriages.

But the bottom row of heads have not got any education, but they seem to be getting drunker and drunker, till you get to the dirty drunken old man at the end who is called Beggary with hairs growing out on his nose.

. . . .

Why don't they draw a girl as well and what will she become? I am sure I am glad as I can read and write and I am sure I should not grow up a nasty old woman. . . . Then why can't they put a picture up for us, and a nice old smiling lady with specktecklеs on, at the end of the row?

I must finish with the anecdote of the genial Bishop ; his name is not given, but he is classified amongst the few who are capable of winning the confidence and hearts of the little ones. His Lordship was present on one occasion at the diocesan inspection of a village church school some dozen miles from the metropolis. After the formal class examination by the recognised official, the Bishop himself catechised the little yokels on various Scriptural subjects in his own free and chatty fashion. By-and-bye he said to his attentive array of listeners :—

'And now, my children, I will put myself in *your* place ; and I hereby beg of you to ask *me* a few questions. But don't make them too hard for me, and then I will try to answer them as well as you have answered mine. Now!'

The Bishop had not long to wait ; for one little corduroyed youngster, with ruddy cheeks and glistening eyes, almost immediately cried out :

'Please, sir, what day is the circus a-comin'?'

Whether the Bishop was able to answer the question or not I cannot tell.

A 'GAS' EXPLOSION.

'Tis a curious world that we live in,
And curious things come to pass,
Where the good that we do lies unheeded,
And the evil is blazoned in brass.

Where the sweet balm of human forbearance
Is a maxim to many unknown,
And the people 'who live in glass houses'
Are always the first with a 'stone.'

Where a good word for neighbours around us,
Or even for those styled as 'friends,'
Seems out of the question with some folk
If they once fail to grasp their own ends !

There are slanderous tongues ever busy
Confounding the false with the true ;
There are lives that grow dark with the venom
Of those who have naught else to do.

Who have naught else to do?—so *they* fancy,
But each life has its work to perform,
And the proud head to-day reared in shelter,
To-morrow may bend in the storm.

So why should we envy a rival
The good we too gladly would share
Had it so been ordained ? Such repining
Can but *add* to the burdens we bear.

There are some, it would seem, never happy
Save when black'ning another's fair fame,
Tho' God knows it's little reliance
We can place nowadays in a *name*.

For 'tis only too often misleading,
Tho' truth in the long run will out,
Be it sooner or later, and justice
Will put craven falsehood to rout.

So indignant rebellion is useless,
For those who have right on their side
Can rejoice in a clear easy conscience,
And 'wait for the turn of the tide ;'

Can just glance at the crowd and pass onward,
With a careless, indifferent air,
For we each hold our own code of honour,
And, if true to ourselves, need we care

For the *worst* they may say ? (Heaven help us,
Should we *try* these good people to please !)
For they don't know themselves what they're saying,
And wouldn't allow us to sneeze.

Without comment and sneer and conjecture—
But there, I have written enough,
And the many who pore o'er the GRAPHIC
May reckon this 'commonplace stuff.'

So I only will add in conclusion,
May God bless the woman or man
Who will say a good word for the absent,
And who lighten a load where they can.

VIVIAN TRENTE.

Ti Rangi, Mercer.

HOW TO BE A HAPPY OLD MAID.

THAT is what one girl wants to know, and this is the way :

To have so much to do that there is no time for morbid thoughts.

To never think for a moment that you are not attractive, and to make yourself look as charming as possible.

To be so considerate of the happiness of others that it will be reflected back to you as from a looking-glass.

To never permit yourself to grow old, for by cultivating all the graces of heart, brain and body, age will not come upon you.

To waken up cheerfully in the morning and to close your eyes thankfully at night.

To believe that a life-work has been mapped out for you, that it is near you, and to do that which your hands find for you.

To remember that the happy old maid is the one member of a family who, not having any other claims on her, can be God's own sunshine to those in sorrow or in joy.

To be willing to give a suggestion that will help somebody over the bad place in life's journey.

To be ready to talk about a book, a picture or a play, rather than to permit yourself to indulge in unkind words about anybody.

That's the way to be a happy old maid. But, now I come to think about it, that's the way to be a happy woman in any station of life, no matter whether you are married or not ; and a happy old maid is just a happy woman and a good one whom no man has been fortunate enough to obtain for his very own, as mistress alike of his house and heart.

CLIPPINGS FROM SOCIETY PAPERS.

LITTLE LADY DUFF.

HER MAJESTY looked in excellent health when she came to town to be present at the christening of the little Lady Alexandra Victoria Alberta Edwina Louise Duff. The ceremony was strictly private, scarcely anyone but the members of the Royal Family being present. The infant, gorgeous in all the bravery of sheeny satin and costly lace, was handed to the Archbishop by the Queen, and received from him by the Princess of Wales. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that the three ladies of the little group may each be yet numbered among the Queens of England. Be that as it may, the latest addition to the Royal Family comported herself with a dignified composure befitting her position, only once protesting faintly during the whole ceremony. The ordinary baptismal service was used without variation. The first hymn sung began with the line, 'In token that thou shalt not fear,' and the second, "Tis done, the new and heavenly birth.'

EFFACING HERSELF.

MRS HOUSEWORTHY is famous for liking to do for others in peculiar and impulsive ways. She would rather sit on the floor than let anyone else have even the faintest ungratified wish for a chair in a parlour or at a concert, and she has been known to do it more than once, to the great distress of her family and friends.

She likes to give up her own bedroom to a visitor, even if there are two or three pleasant unused rooms in the house.

'Why, I would rather travel twenty-five miles than not give up my room!' she declared on one of these occasions when remonstrated with.

Newly made friends suffer under her persistent attempts at self effacement, but old friends accept them as part of her odd, though sweet and generous character. Her husband long ago got used to her ways, and recalls with amusement now an example of her overdone unselfishness which annoyed him a good deal at the time.

It was the day the Houseworthys were married, a quarter of a century ago. Mr Houseworthy, in gallant fashion, had ordered a carriage and pair sent to the house of his bride to take her to the church, and it was arranged that he was to come from his own home, a few streets distant, to proceed with her to the church.

Now there were guests staying at the bride's home, and there was no carriage to take them to the church, so the generous bride said:

'Take ours! take ours! Mr Houseworthy will get another when he comes!'

So the bridegroom, arriving a moment later, saw his carriage and pair whisking round the corner, and had to trudge away two or three streets in his pumps to get another.

But no other carriage was to be found, and the wedding was delayed ten minutes for the bridal pair to reach the church on foot. Mr Houseworthy said 'I will!' that day with more emphasis than seemed necessary, and he meant it; but he did not really enjoy his walk to the church.

THE much coveted cards of invitation to the Queen's State Concerts are issued by the Lord Chamberlain. They are extremely neat and not adorned, as many suppose, with the Royal cypher in gold and colours. This is all reserved for the programme. The following is a specimen of the card of invitation, being a reproduction of that for the first State Concert given on Wednesday, June 17th:

The Lord Chamberlain is commanded by The Queen to invite.....
to an Evening Party on Wednesday, the 17th of June, 1891, at 10-30 o'clock.
Buckingham Palace.
Music. *Full Dress.*

PERHAPS it is the fate of genius to languish for want of sympathy, or, at any rate, appreciation from the right source.

An interesting instance of this is to be seen in Mrs Crosse's 'Reminiscences of Walter Savage Landor,' in this month's *Temple Bar*. While dealing with Landor's personal life, she comments upon his unfortunate marriage with a woman utterly incapable of understanding him. It was said that she was very beautiful, so should one wonder at his choice?

An anecdote illustrates most completely Mrs Landor's unsuitability to her husband's temperament. It appears that shortly after their marriage he was reading some of his verses to her as they sat side by side, when all at once the lady jumped up hastily, saying, 'Oh, do stop, Walter. There's that dear, delightful Punch performing in the street. I must look out of the window.' '*Exit* poetry for ever!' adds Mrs Crosse, significantly. There are, of course, many such unions, and there always will be, for in choosing a husband or a wife I have observed that the last thing taken into consideration, if, indeed, it is considered at all, is whether the tastes and pursuits of the couple run in the least towards the same direction.

MISS CHARLOTTE TAYLOR, who has just taken mathematical honours at Cambridge, is a Newnham student, and twenty-one years of age. She went up to Newnham College with a King Edward's Exhibition of £200, and has won altogether in scholarships and prizes the sum of £365, to say nothing of a considerable library of books. She has recently been studying under Miss Ricketts and Mr Baker, the senior wrangler of the Jubilee year, and few pupils have done greater credit to their teachers. Miss Taylor is sister to the editor of *The Midland Evening News*. Another woman has just earned distinction in a public examination. This is the second year in succession that a student of the London School of Medicine has carried off the highest honours to be won in the M.B. examination of the Royal University at Dublin. Last year Miss Eleanor Fleury was placed first in order of merit in the honours list, and this year Miss Hester Dell Russell finds herself in the same unique exalted position.

Miss Russell held for six months the post of curator to the Royal Free Hospital.

In the face of these successes, surely the last remnant of those misguided people who were wont to assert the inferiority of a woman's mental power will now retire into obscurity, or go over to the enemy whom they used to despise.

MRS BALLINGTON BOOTH may be said to possess quite as much self-reliance and resource as her somewhat aggressive father-in-law, for she has just supplied the first instance on record of a marriage ceremony performed by a woman, in joining the hands of Staff Captain Ida May Harris and Adjutant Wallace Winchell, two prominent members of the Salvation Army in New York.

Some doubts were apparently thrown upon the legality of the marriage, but Mrs Booth claims to be upheld in her action by some of the best legal authorities in America on the ground that, as the Salvation Army is recognised as a properly constituted religious body, its chiefs have the same rights under American law as the ministers of any other denomination.

It is difficult to imagine any other motive for Mrs Booth's action than the desire for notoriety at any price that characterises most of the doings of the organisation to which she belongs.

ONE does not often see such a thorough-going performance of the rite of baptism as that which took place a few days ago at Annfield, Newhaven, Scotland. There the Rev. D. Tait, of the South Leith Baptist congregation, baptized two men in the sea, in the presence of about 3,000 spectators. The minister, clad in waterproof clothing, descended some steps into the sea, accompanied by the two men. They then walked out about half a dozen yards, until both were about waist deep. The minister, placing his hands upon the shoulders of the man, threw him backwards under water, then quickly helped him to regain his feet, and led him back to the steps. His companion was next immersed in the same manner, and the somewhat novel service ended.

HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING.

SEASONABLE COLOURS.

IN sober gray, mode and tan street suits, our belles will go forth as demure as a Quaker maiden; but the spray of pink or yellow buds in her poke or turban headgear will show a remnant of carnal wickedness specially becoming to the otherwise rather sedate gown. In the house we will see white, pink, blue, pearl, yellow, lavender, and a faint Watteau-green, copied from the gown of some last century belle, where so many of our lovely shades have been found beautified by the soft fading touch of father Time.

THE VARIATIONS OF SKIRTS.

THERE is a medium path between full skirts and the 'sheath' design showing every line of the form as the wearer moves, and refined women will probably find it. Nevertheless, many will wish to know how to make the latest style, which is decidedly a French idea, like many of the writings pausing between scandal and passing goodness. (See illustration.) These have the lining skirt and outside gored up the centre of the back, and the lining only up the front. The back rests two inches on the floor in a fan-tail shape, and the outside material is generally laid in deep fan-pleats, pressed, not caught into shape. The front and sides are fitted by tiny V's at the top and drawn closely over the form to fit without a fold, with a foot trimming, except across the back, of a gathered ruffle, ruche or band.

The more graceful skirt escapes the ground, has the gored lining, with the front fitted smoothly and easily, not tightly, and a fan back. Both have a ten-inch extender twelve inches below the belt, and a band of elastic below that. In sewing on a foot ruche or pleating, sew through the 'drop' skirt to the lining, or the 'drop' will sag from the weight of the ruffle. These foot trimmings are a pronounced success, but one can but wonder if a desire for a fluffy extended appearance at the bottom of the skirt is simply a toying with the return of crinoline, or, worse yet, 'tilters.' A neat skirt for cheviot or semi-tailor gowns is bound all round with silk or mohair braid, and the front lapped over to the left side, the edge also bound, and apparently held there by the buttons imitating a button and tailor buttonhole.

REVISED IDEAS IN BASQUES.

BODICES are cut very long, whether they are pointed, rounded, tabbed, or in the basquine style. For stout figures, a deep, slender point is cut, back and front, and shaped sharply over the hips, which give a tapering slender effect to any figure. The basquines have the long effect given by the hip or coat pieces put on over the hips and joined under the pointed edge. Lapped and full fronts are still stylish, also for the garment to fasten at the shoulder and under arm seam. The Medici collar continues for elegant toilettes and wraps only. Sleeves are full at the top and plain or gathered to a deep cuff at the wrist.

TO MAKE GINGHAM GOWNS.

HAVE a full, round surplice or yoke waist, long enough to tuck beneath the skirt belt. A pointed yoke is the prettier and should be of embroidery. Surplice waists have a V of embroidery, and round waists have bretelles or revers of the same trimming. Cuffs and collars of embroidery may turn down or up. The skirt should have a five-inch hem and be four yards wide, with two rows of gathers at the top. Plaid ginghams are 'fetching' when cut on the bias, but do not iron well. A gingham gown should be faced with the same fabric around the armholes, across the shoulders and down the under arm seams. Borders, bands and belts of insertion are seen on some elaborate dresses, which have belt ribbons and bridle bows of velvet ribbon.

THE EVER PRETTY WHITE FROCKS.

EMBROIDERED flouncing or material simply hemstitched, are made with a full, round skirt, which really means four yards, though many use only three yards and have a skimped look consequently. The full sleeves can be of the embroidered goods, and the round waist of plain nainsook or Swiss, trimmed with embroidery as a V, bretelles, girdle or collar, or creamy Valenciennes lace is used. Usually surplice waists are lined with the same fabric to hold the gathered shoulder seams. Other materials, lawn, etc., have a deep hem, inserted band of embroidery, and a round waist, with a yoke of strips of insertion, and edge for the collar and cuffs. Entire yokes of embroidery are also in good taste and style. A belt of insertion may be worn, but one of ribbon is more universally liked, with a rosette and long ends on the side.

CHILDREN'S COTTON DRESSES.

GINGHAM frocks are charming to look upon when made upon the bias, but the seams will pull askew in the ironing. All skirts of wash fabrics are plainly made with a hem four or five inches deep, and gathered to the edge of the round or slightly pointed waist, which may have a round, square or V-shaped neck over the guimpe, and long sleeves of tucking or embroidery. Again, the guimpe is without sleeves, and then the tiny puffed dress sleeves are elongated to the wrists. Waists are pleated back and front, have jacket fronts, or may be gathered in the centre, at the top and bottom.

Revers, bretelles, vests, square plastrons and tiny jacket fronts, are all made of narrow embroidery in round scallops. Very small girls sometimes have sash ends of the goods from the side seams tied in the back. Fine stripes rank next to plaids, and then plain pink or blue chambery, or gingham. Ginghams are now thirty-two as well as twenty-seven inches wide, and are lovely in designs and patterns. White dresses have the same gathered skirt of embroidery or plain goods, with guimpe and sleeves of embroidery and round waist of plain material. Rosettes of ribbon trim the waist-line, and the open yoke often has 'baby' ribbon through the heading.

FOR OLDER SISTERS.

GINGHAMS are made with the now inevitable gathered skirt. The sleeves are high at the shoulders, whether plain or gathered to a cuff at the wrist. The round waist tucks under the skirt, and may be box-pleated, gathered or made with a square or V-shaped yoke of embroidery. The usual accessories are of embroidery, and a leather belt is worn. White frocks of flouncing, or the yard fabrics, have a gathered skirt, sleeves and vest or yoke of the embroidery, or may be of plain goods, with collar, cuffs, V and revers of the trimming. A ribbon belt and bow are worn.

French modistes claim that a narrow coat back, double-breasted pointed front and mediumly high sleeves, with short shoulder seams, short hips, deep second darts, flat buttons and high cut dress necks finished with moderately high collars, will give a stout figure a much better appearance.

GARMENTS FOR SMALL BOYS.

UNTIL they are eighteen months old, dress them like girls, in white cambric, nainsook, lawn, etc., frocks trimmed with narrow embroidery and worn generally with guimpes. Mothers are now putting on gingham dresses at even eight months, rather than keep them in white so long. At eighteen months boys discard the guimpe for evermore, and wear gingham, flannel, and piqué dresses in the summer, with a straw turban, sailor or broad hat to keep the sun off the little face. They also have striped coats, or, better yet, the blue pilot jackets trimmed with brass buttons. They wear black hose with all dresses, unless the mother is cruel enough to put them in white half-hose.

After discarding the guimpe, make the gingham and piqué dresses with a box-pleated waist, or one having short jacket fronts, shirt sleeves and a box-pleated or gathered skirt. Trim with embroidery as a vest, collar and cuffs, and use pearl buttons. The plain or striped flannel dresses, make with a sailor blouse and pleated or gathered skirt, with a sailor collar or V of contrasting flannel; or trim it with braid or worked anchors in the corners of the collar.

PRETTY FROCKS FOR GIRLS.

A CHANGE from the yoke waist and basque is to have a round-waisted corselet, laced in front, to which the gathered skirt is sewn, with a cutaway jacket basque, large sleeves and a full plastron of surah. Low corselets, amounting really to deep shaped belts, gathered skirts and jackets of plain or striped wool are excellent for school-dresses, with a blouse waist of flannel or wash surah. Black cloth yokes and cuffs are introduced on coloured frocks, but the fabric is not very cheerful for a happy school girl face.

FOR THEIR BEST WEAR.

A HANDSOME old-rose wool crêpe is shirred to fit the form around the waist-line and at the neck, with No. 9 black velvet ribbon for bretelles from the shoulders to the centre of the waist-line, back and front. Blue cashmere, of a greenish cast, forms a full skirt of four widths, full-topped sleeves shirred at the shoulders and wrists to form ruffles, and a pointed waist buttoned in the back, shirred around the neck and trimmed with blue and gilt galloon on the edge of the bodice, neck and wrists. Silver galloon is very pretty, but it tarnishes sooner than the gilt.

A gentleman, in apologising for language used, said, 'I did not mean to say what I did; but the fact is that, as you will see, I have had the misfortune to lose some of my front teeth, and words slip out of my mouth every now and then without my knowing it.'

QUERIES.

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

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

RULES

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

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

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

QUERIES.

ORANGE SALAD.—Can you tell me how to make orange sa ad to serve with game or meat?—LADYBIRD.

RISSOLES FOR BREAKFAST.—Will you give a recipe for these if you know of a new way of cooking them?—BELLE.

RECIPES.

BAKED FLAT FISH.—A very nice way of dressing flat fish is to fillet the fish and remove the skin, then, if the fillets are largeones, divide them in twoor three piecesand bat them out with a wet knife and trim them, and then place them in a buttered sauté pan; sprinkle the fish with a little salt and lemon-juice, and pour a very little water into the pan, and then cover the fish with a buttered paper, and place the pan in the oven for ten to twelve minutes, when the fish will be sufficiently cooked. Arrange the fish in a round on the dish; take some fillets of anchovy, and sprinkle one side with the hard-boiled yolk of an egg which has been passed through a wire sieve; then roll it up with the egg inside, and sprinkle a little parsley which has been finely chopped on the top, also a little lobster coral, if you have any, and place one of these little fillets of anchovy on each fillet of plaice. Of course these should be prepared before the fish is cooked. With the liquor which was in the sauté pan make a sauce by pouring it into a saucepan, and add by degrees half an ounce of butter and a few drops of Marshall's carmine. As soon as the sauce becomes thick, pour it round the dish and serve at once. The sauce must not be allowed to boil, or it would become oily, and would not do at all.

SARATOGA POTATOES.—For Saratoga potatoes take four large ones, pare and cut into thin slices, put them into salt water and let stand, while breakfast is preparing. Then have ready a skillet of boiling lard. Take a handful of the potatoes, squeeze the water from them and dry in a napkin. Separate the slices, and drop into the lard, being careful that the pieces do not adhere to each other. Stir with a fork until they are a light brown colour. Take them out with a wire spoon, and drain well before putting into the dish. Do not put more than a handful into the lard at a time, nor cover the dish when served. New potatoes are the best.

THREE-CORNERED PUFFS.—Make puff paste, and roll it out until it is about a quarter of an inch thick; then cut it out in good-sized rounds with a plain round cutter, which you must dip in boiling water, as by so doing the paste will be cut more evenly. Place a little preserve in the centre of the paste, and then fold it up, having previously wet the edges, so that it will be three cornered. You must be quite sure that you fasten the edges firmly, otherwise the preserve will come out during the cooking; place the puffs on a baking tin which has been brushed over with water, and the side of the puffs which has the folded edges should be the under side. After the puffs have been baking for about ten minutes they should be sprinkled with castor sugar, and then returned to the oven to finish baking. Five and twenty minutes in all will be the time they will take to cook.

CHEESE SAVOURY.—Take some Gruyère, or Cheddar cheese would do, and cut it in pieces about two inches in length and an inch in width; season them with cayenne pepper and salad oil, and dip them in a nice light batter, and fry them for five or six minutes until they are a pretty golden colour and the cheese inside is soft; then sprinkle them with grated cheese, and serve them in a pile as hot as possible.

AT HOME WITH THE LADY EDITOR.

I HAVE so many nice letters before me that I must answer some of them forthwith. Any fresh correspondents are gladly welcomed, and whenever the query does not apply to cookery, it will be answered as far as possible in this column. And here I wish to express my hearty thanks to those kind ladies who assist me by their recipes and hints.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.

'In reply to "Economy's" query in GRAPHIC of October 21st, the way I clean my kid gloves is in the following manner:—Choose a bright sunny day, put the glove on the hand, and rub the dirty part with a soft flannel dipped in milk, with a little Windsor soap. Be sure and stand in the sun, as the kid will turn yellow if not dried quickly. Can you give me any ideas for bazaars? The little Merrythought slaves in GRAPHIC of October 17th is a very good one. We do so enjoy your paper. The number we get is passed round to three families after we have finished with it.'—AMY.

'Amy, No. 2.'—Will you be good enough to choose another *nom-de plume*, as one of my correspondents has taken this? Many thanks for your encouraging letter and answer.

I do not greatly dote on bazaars, but I fear they are a necessary evil in the present state of civilisation. In the Marlborough letter of October 29th (I think) 'Jean' gives an excellent suggestion about basket teas. Did you see it? I think that would be splendid for a bazaar, say for five o'clock tea. Or you might suggest to the gentlemen that they would get a nice picnic meal at six o'clock by buying a basket and enjoying a tête-à tête feast with the lady whose name appeared inside it. I rather fancy it would be difficult to procure baskets of a similar pattern, and I would suggest pretty card-board boxes made of a uniform size, but covered with any silk, plush, or cretonne or painted, as individual taste might dictate. Perhaps 'Jean' would kindly say in her next letter whether this would answer the purpose. A pretty idea for the general appearance of a bazaar is to have each stall represent a particular country and to have the goods as far as possible in keeping with the nationality represented. Of course, the ladies' dresses must correspond. For instance, take France. You might have one half of the stall quite Parisian; the daintiest of millinery, children's pinafores, aprons, etc., with a very 'Worth' costumed young lady in attendance. The other half might be more *bourgeois*, the young lady being dressed as a Bretagne peasant, or French fish-wife, which is such a very becoming style. The Japanese stall needs no description, and the costumes are easily made, and very effective. Those funny Japanese dolls, fans, etc., will at once rise before your mind. An Indian stall, with pretty bamboo hangings and furniture; a Swiss stall with lots of carved animals, book-cases, paper-knives, which will employ all your uncles', cousins', and brothers' spare carving moments for some time, and will make a fret-saw a coveted object, will be very useful as well as pretty. A New Zealand stall might be made very effective, especially if you can find a dark girl who is willing to allow her face to be tattooed in Indian ink. It won't hurt, and will easily wash off.

Another bazaar idea is to have each of the stalls to represent a special flower, and have all the articles, knitted socks, jackets, pincushions, etc., etc, of the same shade of colour. The lights at night must be covered with shades —which can be sold—to harmonise or match.

That is all I can think of at present. Perhaps some reader will be able to give us a few more new ideas.

EAR-RINGS.

'Mina.'—I have made various inquiries about these ornaments, and find that the latest fashion is to wear them very small, and in gold. They fit so close to the ear that any hole would be quite hidden. I am sorry your ears have been badly pierced, but if you do not strain them by a heavy ear-ring, I fancy the holes will grow less. I saw one pair for 7s 6d which would, I should think, just suit your case. Do you know the little red field pimpernel? at least you know the garden forget-me-not. Well, they are just that shape and size in plain gold. More expensive ones had a pearl in the centre; others, still more costly, a diamond. One pair, just the same size, was round like a shoe-button; another was shaped like a Maltese cross. One pretty pair, but larger, though still fitting flat on to the ear, represented a Japanese fan, about half an inch in length of chased gold. Silver is not worn now, though no doubt it will come in again. Your friends will now be able to make you a pretty Christmas present of dainty ear-rings. If I can help you again I shall be very pleased to do so.

SILK GLOVES.

'Alice' sends the following excellent hint:—After slight wear, silk gloves stretch, look baggy, and slovenly. An easy remedy is to turn them inside out and resew each seam very carefully, taking in a little.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY CORRESPONDENTS.

'Maude.'—I have read your poetry, and consulted two authorities before answering you. I am sorry that we all agree that at present you have not caught the spirit of true poetry. I own that some of the original poems we publish are not quite à la Tennyson, but they generally contain a promise of future improvement, or are the work of little tots under twelve. I think you had better study some of our good poets before attempting more. I hope you will not think me cruel.

LADIES' CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

A CO-OPERATIVE LADIES' HOME.

DEAR LADY EDITOR,—I should like your opinion, and that of others, on the possibility and desirability of establishing in Auckland some sort of co-operative home for ladies, in which from four to six gentlewomen would seek, and perhaps find comfort, companionship with sociability, and sympathy on equal mutual terms without the objections of the boarding-house system so apparent in these colonies. My rough idea of the plan is somewhat on the following lines:—First, a roomy, pretty suburban residence, with grounds kept up by a quiet man, whose wife would do the heavy work, under the direction of each lady in turn for a fixed period, either monthly or quarterly as arranged. For that time the lady resident should be in *sole* charge, and preside over the home. Each lady should furnish her own two private rooms herself, the sitting-rooms and remainder as arranged, and reception of visitors and guests as arranged. A further development of the scheme might be a temporary home for a lady invalid requiring rest and medical treatment in Auckland, but only by personal recommendation of a medical man, and the approval of the other ladies; and further, a temporary residence for any quiet young lady of suitable means and position, who would keep early hours, and whose society would prove agreeable to the inmates.

That this idea might work satisfactorily, I premise that the ladies be essentially gentlewomen of some social standing, and alone but for this home, and that all be Protestants, if not necessarily Anglicans. The money view now comes in, and is by no means unimportant. My suggestion would be that the sum of £100 per annum be paid by each resident in quarterly sums into the hands of two business gentlemen in town, who will accept some remuneration for the trouble, such money to be expended at a fixed rate by each housekeeper in turn, and accounts kept. I base my calculations thus, that £100 *per quarter* is sufficient to keep four ladies in quiet and easy comfort combined, or £150 for six ladies more easily, in a place where house rent and living are as moderate as in Auckland. In any case, any surplus would be returned in equal proportions. Also, should two or three approved boarders be admitted during the year, there would be probably a profitable balance on the credit side equally to be divided between the co-operators. An inducement to some kindly disposed would be the chance of nursing an invalid inmate, or of helping a blind or crippled one. That there are objections, and some serious ones, I am quite prepared to hear, but when all is said and done I believe such a home could be worked with comfort and profit to the co-operators, with one provision, and that is that the persons interested be not only gentlewomen by birth, but gentle, pious, and womanly women, who wish to help, not hinder, each other in the path of life, and would be prepared to act on the motto 'to bear and forbear.'—ELLA F.

[Letters on this subject are invited.—LADY ED.]

THE VARIATIONS OF SKIRTS.—SEE PAGE 638.

Newly-accepted Suitor: 'Well, Bobby, you will have a new uncle soon. I am your Aunt Mary's choice for abusband.' Bobby (surprised): 'Well, that's strange. I heard her tell mamma only yesterday that you were Hobson's choice.'

Ladies' STORY Column.

A LITTLE COWARD.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

'SUCH a little coward!'

The words come floating up to me from a group of children playing under my window and carry me back two years, to the summer I spent in Westonville and the 'little coward' I met there.

I had been in practice as a physician for several years, when Aunt Jane, the rich aunt of the Hutchinson family, wrote to invite me to spend a few weeks with her. I was rather amazed at the invitation, as Aunt Jane had never had the slightest affection for me; but the letter was cordial enough to tempt me.

'I have three young ladies visiting me,' she wrote, 'and you may fall in love with any of them, with my consent. They are all well-born and *well-bred*, which is more than can be said of most girls nowadays. Serena Maybury is just the woman for a physician's wife, self-possessed, calm, courageous and yet perfectly womanly. She is very handsome, too. Julia Strong is a literary girl and writes for the newspapers. She is pretty, but abstracted, lives in a poetic region above my reach. Susy Markham is scarcely more than a child, eighteen years old, and small as a girl of twelve, fair-haired, blue-eyed, gentle and loving; but will not attract you, as she is the worst little coward I ever saw—screams at a spider, faints at a mouse, clings to the boat when on the water, and gets as white as a ghost if a horse prances. But come and see me and the girls, and stop poisoning patients, sawing bones and prancing about sick-rooms, for a month at least.'

So I went. I had been at Aunt Jane's in my boyish days, and the large, beautiful house, with its wide, high-ceilinged rooms, its broad porches and airy halls, was quite familiar to me. Lying near a river and in the shadow of a mountain, Westonville was a most charming summer residence, and Aunt Jane had visitors from the first warm day to the last one, so that I was not surprised to find others beside those mentioned in my letter of invitation.

Pleasant days were the rule in that sunny July weather, and we boated, rode, drove, clambered up the mountain for picnic parties, played lawn tennis and croquet, and enjoyed life as youth only can enjoy it in summer days free from toil or care.

Aunt Jane gave me a most cordial welcome, and the first time she was alone with me, said:

'It is time you were married, Harry. I have thought it all over, and I mean to give you a house well furnished as soon as you introduce me to Mrs Hutchinson. No! You needn't gush about it. I can afford it, and you deserve it! But don't imagine from my letter that the girls know of my match-making intentions. They would pack up and leave at five minutes' notice if they suspected it. And they are all popular in society, making a sacrifice of other pleasant invitations to come to Westonville. Serena is the wife for you, if you can win her.'

And I cordially admired Serena. Certainly she was the most queenly, self-sustained, beautiful girl I ever met. Nothing fluttered her, or moved her from a calm composure. It was impossible to imagine Serena in hysterics, and her health was absolutely perfect.

I devoted myself to Serena, and found her mind as attractive as her face. She was well read, and had a keen interest in the current topics of the day. I never met anyone who so thoroughly read and understood a newspaper, and she could converse well on all the political, foreign and domestic affairs.

Julia was in agonies of composition, gathering scenes and incidents for her first novel, and going about as if asleep with eyes wide open.

And Susy. The first time I saw Susy she was in the orchard, dressed in something blue and thin, all ruffles and bows. She was standing under an apple tree absolutely paralysed with terror, and gazing in terror at a huge caterpillar creeping up her arm. Hearing my step, she raised a colourless face, with stained blue eyes and quivering lips, to say:

'Oh, take it off! Oh, please take it off!'

Another minute found her sobbing hysterically, and with a choking sob of thanks she ran away.

It all passed so quickly that she was gone before I saw how pretty she was, leaving behind a half-picture of short golden curls and frightened baby blue eyes. The next time I saw those eyes they were full of tearful gratitude for my heroic handling of caterpillars.

It was odd how they haunted me. Quite resolved to win Serena, if persistent wooing would accomplish it, I sought her on all occasions, but, being a united party of friends, we were not often *tête à tête*. And it was to me, always, that Susy turned, in hours of peril, when a toad sat upon her white dress, when the boat tipped a hair's breadth more than usual, when horrible crawling things crossed our paths, and cows lifted their heads to contemplate us. On all such occasions, two tiny hands, white as milk, soft as satin, suddenly clasped my arm, and 'oh! oh!' called my attention to the terror.

And it was not done for effect. You cannot deceive a physician to that extent, and my professional eyes noticed how the pretty face blanched, the pulse quickened, and the whole little figure trembled. She really was the worst little coward I ever saw.

And yet, although I chided myself for it, I could not share Serena's openly expressed contempt, or sufficiently admire her own scornful indifference to toads and grasshoppers, boat-tipping or fractious horses. She rode well, a magnificent figure on horseback, while Susy trembled and shivered, and clung to the gentle animal she rode with desperate energy.

It was late in the season and all of my Aunt Jane's guests had departed excepting Serena, Susy and myself, when one morning we were seated in the sitting room, discussing an important matter. A far-away cousin of Aunt Jane's had been a collector of rare jewellery and plate, and had left his valuable treasures, the result of years of purchase and selection, to her.

'And the whole lot has been sent *here*,' said Aunt Jane. 'I am not a coward, but I have let it be well understood in Westonville that I never keep money in the house, have very little plate and few jewels. There is nothing discourages a burglar more than a certainty that there is nothing to steal.'

'Does any one know?' I asked.

'The editor of the *Westonville Gazette* published the whole story on Saturday. He must have seen some of the servants who heard us talking over the lawyer's letter.'

'I'll run up to the city and arrange to send the boxes to a safe-deposit company,' I said.

'Do! Go now! You can come back on the five-thirty,' said Susy. 'I shall not sleep a wink if they stay here. Oh!' and her very lips were white, 'if I saw a burglar, I believe I should *die!*'

And looking into her white, terrified face, I believed so too, although Serena said, loftily:

'What nonsense you do talk, Susy.'

But, Aunt Jane consenting, I went upon my proposed errand, arranged to have the boxes sent for the following day, and was on my way to the depôt, when I met an old friend and patient. The ten minutes chat that followed cost me the loss of the 5.30 train. Not another one stopped at Westonville, excepting the midnight express, until the next day.

Fretting, reproaching myself, I passed the time as I best could until midnight, my heart sinking at the thought of the three lonely ladies at Westonville. There was but one man on the place, and he slept in a room over the stable. What if any thief attempted to obtain the valuable boxes piled in the hall? Serena could be trusted to be cool and collected; Aunt Jane was not timid; but Susy—poor little Susy!—she would *die*, she said; and I feared she would. As the train sped on, this thought of Susy's terror became almost maddening; and when, at last, I was at the little wayside station, quarter of a mile from Aunt Jane's, I started on a run for the house.

The hall-door stood open, and I heard a sound in the sitting-room that seemed to chill the blood in my veins. Throwing open the door, I saw Susy—little Susy!—clinging at the throat of a man roughly dressed, who held Aunt Jane in a chair, while he tried to shake off Susy's arms, at the same time keeping Aunt Jane down. Serena lay in a dead faint on the floor.

'You shall not hurt her!' Susy cried, her slender arms strained to choke the sufferer. 'Let go, you wretch! I'll kill you!'

One blow on the top of his head from my heavy walking stick brought the fellow down insensible. Susy dropped her arms and stood white as death, but perfectly calm, facing me.

'Can you find me a rope to tie this fellow?' I asked.

She nodded, sped away, and returned with a coil of clothes-line.

'Listen!' she said, speaking quickly. 'There is another one in the china closet, locked in. He is trying to kick the door down. Do you see, this is James!'

James was the one man-servant Aunt Jane employed. Tying him firmly, I gave my next attention to Aunt Jane, whose whole face was covered with blood from a wound in the head. Knowing how the sight of blood always sickened Susy, I tried to keep her back, but she said, quietly:

'Tell me please, what you want and how to help you.'

I sent her for water, rags, laudanum, and while we bound up Aunt Jane's head and restored her to consciousness, Serena came to her senses and sat up, white and shaking.

'Oh, Susy, that man will kick the closet door down!' she cried, as the blows from the next room became more violent.

It seemed as if he would, and I started to quiet him, when Susy grasped my arm.

'Don't open the door!' she said. 'There may be more than one man there. You see, we were all sitting up here, hoping you would come on the midnight train, but Aunt Jane had not told James to go to the station because she thought you had rather walk up than have us alone. So I suppose James thought you were gone for all night, and he came in at some time in the evening, we do not know when, and hid in that china closet. I went to the dining-room in the dark for some water just as he crept out. I could just see him, and that another man was creeping after him, but not out of the closet. I slammed the door, locked it, and ran in here just as James struck dear Aunt Jane on the head and tried to push her down in her chair. Then I flew at him and you came in. But there may be more than one man in the closet. The door is strong, and I will run down to the police station while you take care of Aunt Jane and Serena.'

Before I could stop her she was running across the hall, out at the door and down the road, while James suddenly revived and began to struggle and curse.

My hands were full, for Aunt Jane was severely hurt, and Serena was so terrified that she could not stir, sobbing and half fainting in sheer terror.

I cannot tell how long it was before Susy came speeding back with three strong policemen behind her, but in the meantime some of the maids were roused and had come to my assistance.

There proved to be but one burglar in the closet, a Westonville man and crony of James's, and the two were marched off, securely bound. Aunt Jane was put to bed and made as comfortable as possible; Serena had gone to her own room; the house was locked up when I turned to bid Susy good night.

She was standing at the foot of Aunt Jane's bed, holding fast to a chair, her face perfectly colourless, and her limbs trembling. I mixed her a dose of composing medicine and put it to her lips.

'Don't mind me,' she said, smiling faintly. 'I always WAS a coward.'

'Nobody shall ever call you so where I am,' I said, and then—well, I will not add all I said, but then and there I won my darling's confession of love for me, and gave my life's allegiance to the woman I loved.

Aunt Jane was delighted. She understood perfectly the love that prompted the child to attempt to divert the attack of the ruffian James to herself, and it was a delight to her to make ready the pretty house for us. Serena comes often to visit us, calm and self-poised as ever, and quite as contemptuous when Mrs Hutchinson flies to my arms in an agony of terror if a mouse runs across the floor, or a spider crawls up the wall.

For, although she has proved herself a heroine, Susy is still, in such matters as mice and spiders, a little coward.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

VERY HANDSOME MANTLES.

(SEE FASHION PLATE, PAGE 641.)

THE present season of the year is one in which the purchase of a smart new mantle becomes a positive necessity, and those of our readers who are seeking something entirely novel of this kind will find the sketches very *chic*.

No. 1 is a long cloak of pale grey *cotelé* cloth, suitable either for half-mourning or for daylight wear, or, if made in brighter colouring, a delightful wrap for the theatre, or for a *sortie du bal*. Round the hem of the cloak you must notice row above row of very finely-pleated narrow black lace, headed by a band of jetted passementerie. At a little distance these quillings of lace have the effect of a soft feather-trimming. Back and front of the mantle there are V-shaped plastrons, formed of lines of fine jet passementerie, bordered by these ruches of black lace. The collar is covered with lace to correspond, a similar ruching being placed all down the front of the mantle. The lining is of shot silk, in tones of grey and pale pink.

No. 2 is a deep cape of faced cloth, in just that lovely pinkish shade of mauve which you see only in the peach blossom. It is bordered all round with two frills of fine black lace, ornamented with silk corded pendants in peach-blossom, and fringes of gold and jet. A handsome gold passementerie further ornaments the cloak, brightened with large cabochons of jet. The epaulettes are of black-and-gold passementerie, while the collar is most cunningly cut in a series of tabs. The lining is of black silk, brocaded with a small flower in peach-blossom and gold, repeating exactly the prevailing colours to be seen in the cloth as well as in the passementerie.

No. 3 is a quaint little Henri Deux cape, purely Parisian in style. It is made in the palest turquoise-blue cloth, with an embroidery of *fleur-de-lis* worked on the cloth in gold. The cape opens in front to show a complete and tight-fitting vest of cream lace, embroidered here and there with threads of gold. Wide lace lapels also ornament the cape, which is further finished by a wide collar, edged with a frill of cream lace. In front the cape is fastened by a clasp, in the shape of a large hook and eye, formed entirely of gold passementerie, and very effective in design.

'FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.'

QUOTH he, 'Sweetheart, thou art young and fair,
And thy story has just begun;
But I am as old
As a tale that's told,
And the days of my youth are done.'
'O'er ruins olden the clinging moss
Doth a mantle of velvet spread;
Shall the climbing flower
Be more to the tower
Than I to my Love?' she said.

Quoth he, 'Sweetheart, thou hast lands and gold,
And thou knowest not want nor woe;
As a beggar poor
I stand at the door
And I only can love thee so.'
'Through leafless forests the sunbeams creep,
All the wealth of their gold to shed;
And are they more fair
To the woodland bare
Than I to my Love?' she said.

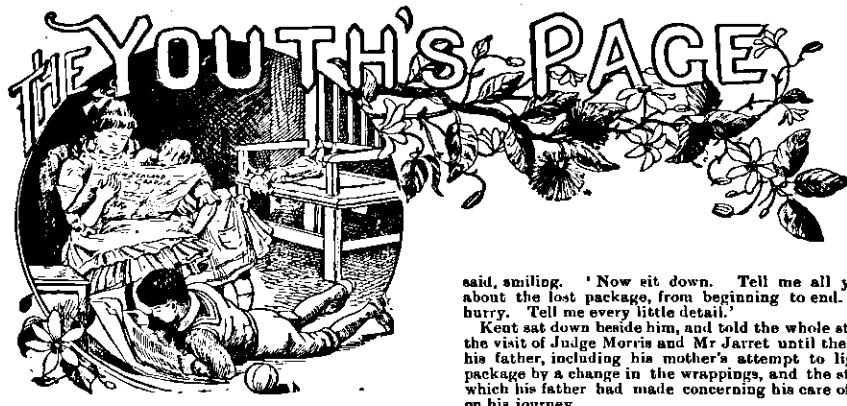
Quoth he, 'Sweetheart, thou art good and kind,
And would'st never the lowest spurn;
But the storm of life
With its toil and strife
Has rendered me harsh and stern.'
'The brooklet murmurs its sweetest lays
As it makes for the rocks ahead;
Shall the streamlet's song
Be more brave and strong
Than I for my Love?' she said.

Quoth he, 'Sweetheart, thou art blithe and gay,
And thou never hast known a care;
But my face is worn
And my heart is torn
With the sorrow I've had to bear.'
'The stars ne'er spangle the sapphire sky
Till the brightness of day has fled:
Shall the pale star-light
Be truer to-night
Than I to my Love?' she said.

Quoth he, 'Sweetheart, who art young and fair,
Will thy wondeful love to me
Through sorrow or shame
Be always the same?'
'Nay, it rather will grow,' said she.
Again he cried, 'Will it last, Sweetheart,
Till thy lover lies cold and dead,
And thy latest breath
Has been hushed in death?'
'Aye, longer than that,' she said.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.—VERY HANDSOME MANTLES.—SEE PAGE 640.



KENT HAMPDEN.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VI.

ON THE TRAIL.

THE boys dressed without a word. The accusing note-book lay on a table between them.

Tom went out of the room for a few moments, and on his return found Kent on his knees by his bedside.

Kent often forgot his morning prayers, or rattled them over with his head full of school, or his dog and gun; but being sorely in need of help now, he prayed like many older people, with suddenly quickened devotion.

As he rose from his knees, Tom faced him.

'Kent Hampden, you're either a saint or a hypocrite!' he said, hotly.

Kent laughed. 'I'm neither, Tom. What is it you have against me? Have it out old fellow. You and I can't afford to quarrel.'

'I don't want to quarrel. I've known this thing for a week and said nothing. I took your part to my father, to Mr Jarret, to all the boys!'

'Took *my* part? I don't understand. What do they accuse me of?'

Tom stammered, choked, and was silent, turning away from Kent's amazed indignant face.

'Had this note-book anything to do with it? Where did you find it?'

'One of the boys found it in Wetzel's cave the day we—'

The colour faded out of Kent's face. 'The day we found the stolen traps and powder? And they thought that I was the thief?'

'No! no! Nobody really thought it—unless it was Mr Jarret and Si. They were hard on you,' said Tom, stammering in his eagerness. 'Don't be hurt, Kent; it was only whispered about. But you remember that you objected to our going in search of the thief, and you didn't want to go to Wetzel's cave?'

'Yes I remember.'

'Si thought that looked bad. Of course he made the most of it, to influence my father not to give you the appointment: but father did not believe it, or I should not be here now.'

The blood had come back to Kent's white face. He laughed, and said, cordially, 'Yes, you have been a good friend, Tom. Who found that note-book in the cave?'

'Si Jarret. He seemed to be very much worried and scared at first. I threatened to whip him if he told of it; but his father let it leak out.'

Kent walked to the window and stood silent, thinking. 'Tom,' he said, at last, 'there is a secret about Wetzel's cave. But I'm not bound to keep it, now that my honesty is doubted. When we are at home, I'll tell you the whole truth; but not until then.'

'I don't want any explanation!' protested Tom. 'I'm ashamed that I told you!'

'Your father and you will not be sorry that you trusted me,' said Kent quietly.

At that moment the note of a bugle was heard, and a cloud of dust rose on the road. The boys seized their hats, and rushed downstairs and across the green in time to see the red Good Intent stage-coach drawn up before Mrs Digby's house, and a gentleman in a furred cloak and wide-rimmed hat cautiously descend the carpet-lined steps which the guard rattled down.

'It is Mr Armitage! He is our last chance!' said Kent, under his breath.

The boys would have gladly dragged him aside to tell their story at once, but they were forced to be patient. He disappeared into the house, guided by Mrs Digby. Soon afterwards they were summoned to breakfast, and saw the blind man at the other end of the table, the most honoured guest.

The meal was long and wearisome to Kent, who was burning with impatience. Mrs Digby nodded kindly to him when she rose from the table, and led Mr Armitage into her sitting-room. In a few minutes she sent for Kent.

'This is the son of our recent travelling companion, Mr Hampden,' she said, when he entered. 'He must tell his own story. He hopes much from your advice.'

Mr Armitage held out his hand. He was still a young man, and had one of the kindest and most cheerful faces Kent had ever seen.

He held Kent's hand in one of his own, while he passed the other swiftly and lightly over the boy's face.

'Pardon me, but I must see you in my own way,' he said, smiling. 'Now sit down. Tell me all you know about the lost package, from beginning to end. Do not hurry. Tell me every little detail.'

Kent sat down beside him, and told the whole story, from the visit of Judge Morris and Mr Jarret until the return of his father, including his mother's attempt to lighten the package by a change in the wrappings, and the statements which his father had made concerning his care of it while on his journey.

'He says, positively, that the package never left his possession from the time he started from Wheeling until he opened it in the bank in Polden but twice.'

'Once,' said Mr Armitage, 'he entrusted it to Mr Elkhart. *He* did not open it. Once to me, and I did not.' He sat lost in thought for some time. At last he said, 'I have no eyes, you know, to help me form my opinions; nothing but my fingers. Have you the package that was substituted for the money? Can I take it in my hands?'

'Yes, sir, of course. I will bring it to you'

Kent ran out and across the green to get it. On his way he met Tom, and brought him back with him, introducing him to the blind man as 'my friend who is helping me.'

Mr Armitage took the package, felt it carefully, and weighed it in his long, nervous hands. As he did this, his face grew perplexed and anxious. Mrs Digby, Kent and Tom watched him eagerly.

'The notes,' he said, 'if I understood you aright, were, when they were brought to your father, wrapped first in white foolscap, and then in several thicknesses of stiff brown paper?'

'Yes, sir. My father complained of the weight. My mother supposed so many wrappings had been used in order to protect the notes from dampness.'

'Then she substituted—' began Mrs Digby.

'Chinese silk paper,' resumed Kent—'two folds. It was light, tough and water-proof. Outside of that she wrapped a single sheet of brown paper.'

Mr Armitage again carefully fingered and weighed the bundle in his hands. The surprise and perplexity on his face deepened.

'Now this package,' he said, 'is made up of as many wrappings of brown paper as the original one, with white paper inside to take the place of the notes. It is much heavier than the notes wrapped in the Chinese silk tissue would have been.'

'Very likely,' said Kent, 'but my father would not notice that. I believe that the bundle was taken out of the oil-cloth case, and this one put in its place, some day while he was asleep on the coach. He would not be likely to notice the difference in weight. He is not a very close observer.'

Mr Armitage smiled. 'But I am—with my fingers! I supposed until now, as you do, that the bundle had been changed after your father left me. But—'

'Well, sir?'

Kent leaned forward breathlessly. The blind man's face was grave. He stood up, still balancing the package on his fingers, speaking slowly and with reluctance.

'I know the importance of what I am going to say. It is a bold assertion, since I cannot see. But when your father gave me the package to hold, while he was killing the rattlesnake, I weighed it in my hands, as I am doing now—it is a habit which is natural to me. And—*this is the same package.* Notes folded in Chinese silk paper would have been much lighter and more pliable.'

Kent stared at him, bewildered and dumb.

'You think, then,' said Mrs Digby, 'that Mr Hampden was robbed before he left Wheeling?'

'Yes. But you must remember,' turning quickly to Kent, 'that this is but the opinion of a blind man.'

'I thank you,' said Kent. 'I thought you would give me a clue.' But he continued to look at him with the same dazed, confused eyes.

'You do not agree with me?' said Mr Armitage, quickly, noticing the meaning of his tone.

'It is so different from what we thought! It seems impossible!'

'I have only my fingers to support my opinion,' said Mr Armitage, with a little laugh; 'but, Kent, they never yet have deceived me. I am positive that this is the same package which I held in my hands while your father killed the rattlesnake.'

'Then the sooner we go back to Wheeling, the better,' said Tom. 'Come, Kent! Let us see to our horses.'

He pulled him by the sleeve. Kent moved unwillingly to the door. Mrs Digby followed them.

'Brother Kaimes starts in an hour,' she said. 'I will give you some lunch and feed for your horses, so that you need not lose time at inns by the way.'

Tom thanked her earnestly, but Kent did not hear her. He was going with lagging, despondent steps to the stables. Nero was waiting for them, and as soon as Tom had poured forth the news, he gave a shrill cheer.

'Back to Wheeling! I thought the scent lay in that direction. I'm with you Kent! What ails you, boy?'

'I am at fault! What clue have I? None! I am going back empty handed, as I came, and poor father there, waiting—hoping!'

The boy's voice choked. Tom and Nero were silent. The three horses were brought out, saddled and harnessed.

Mr Kaimes, on the stout brown mare, was waiting for them when they returned to the house. A great basket of provender was stowed into Nero's tiger-striped box. Mrs Digby, Mr Armitage and the whole household came to the door to see the departure of the travellers.

Kent and Tom went together to the room in which they slept to bring their knapsacks, and Kent strapped his with a heavy heart. He had been so sure of success when he packed it, and now he was going back without a word of comfort for his father, and with nothing but the wild guess of a blind man!

'There's the note-book on the table,' said Tom.

Kent stretched out his hand for it. A ray of sunlight broke through the grey clouds, and fell on the table. It was a cheap pocket account book, with a coarse leather binding.

Kent's eyes fell on a discoloured patch on the cover. He gave a cry; the blood ebbed from his heart, and he grew sick and faint.

He leaned over the table, caught the book in both hands, and carried it to the window.

It was but a patch of mould.

His eyes seemed blurred. He rubbed them, and looked again.

'Thank God!' he cried, and thrusting the book into his pocket, ran past Tom, who stood dumb with astonishment, down to the green, and began to buckle his knapsack to the saddle with furious haste.

'What is it?' whispered Tom, when he came up to him.

'The clue! The clue! Don't ask me now! Wait until to-night!'

Tom caught his excitement, and fell into such a mad hurry of preparation, that he delayed their starting at least half an hour.

Mrs Digby and Mr Armitage came out on the road after Kent was mounted, to say good-bye once more.

'I wish I could help you, my boy!' said the blind man, wringing his hand. 'I shall come down to Wheeling in a few days, and pay my respects to your father.'

'So shall I,' said Mrs Digby. The boy's flushed face and resolute eyes touched her. 'God help that lad in his work!' she said, as she turned away.

The day was tempestuous and gloomy. The wind blew fiercely, and the sky was grey and heavy with snow that did not fall.

The little cavalcade was not a merry one. Mr Kaimes and Tom began by talking and laughing cheerfully enough, and Nero now and then volunteered a song, or a few remarks on the merits of the Roman Emperor, Billy, or himself. But they both gradually fell into a sombre, anxious mood.

Kent's silence, the dumb, passionate excitement which possessed him, affected them like an electrical current.

'What is that boy's story?' said the minister to Tom, as they rode apart. 'Tell me, if you can. He interests me strangely. I feel as if I must join myself to him—must help him.'

Tom told the story of the lost package, and Kent's search. It was no secret; all the town knew it.

'Let me see; what is his name?'

'Hampden.'

'And his father's name?' said the minister, excitedly.

'Ralph Hampden.'

Mr Kaimes made an inarticulate sound of amazement, and rode on hurriedly to the front. He did not as Tom saw join himself to Kent, nor attempt to speak to him, as he had meant to do.

They halted once or twice to eat the provisions which Mrs Digby had supplied; but Kent neither ate nor drank. He was in a fever of impatience, urging his horse into a gallop whenever he led the way.

Tom saw him take out the note-book from time to time, and pore over the spot on the corner. Could he have gone mad? The strain on him had been long and heavy.

'What have you there?' he said at last, riding briskly up alongside.

Kent laughed wildly, as it seemed to Tom.

'Look at it, old fellow! Can you make anything out of it?'

Tom took it eagerly.

'Nothing but a patch of mould—no, it is a thin web that is sticking to the leather—grey, with flecks of red in it. What is it?'

Kent took the book. 'It is the one chance of proving father's innocence. Don't ask me. I may be mistaken.' He shivered, but not with cold.

As the afternoon wore on, a heavy fog rose from the creeks. It grew very dark. Nero urged haste, so that they might reach the town before midnight. But Kent, who had been unreasonably eager to push on, now as unreasonably insisted on remaining at a roadside village all night. He appealed to Mr Kaimes.

'I hope to take with me tangible proof of my father's innocence when I enter Wheeling, but I cannot work in the dark. Do not go on,' he pleaded. 'Stay until morning, and be my witness that I act fairly.'

Tom, who was now almost convinced that Kent's mind was wandering, remonstrated, but the minister decided that they should remain. He went to the house of some of his friends in the village of the Three Brothers, while the others put up at the inn.

Tom, whose curiosity was greatly excited, hoped to get at the secret when they were alone together. But Kent, exhausted by fatigue and excitement, was asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow.

He was up at dawn, however, and had left the house long before Tom was awake. They waited breakfast for him an hour, and when he did not come sat down without him.

The meal was almost finished when he appeared, coming up the road accompanied by a stout elderly man, and a boy of Kent's age, all three on horseback.

'The boy,' said Tom, peering out curiously, 'is Henry Doty, Joe Doty's cousin. Joe introduced him to the Wild Beast Slayers one day. He lives out in this neighbourhood. What can Kent want with him?'

'The man,' volunteered Nero, 'is Zach Jourdan, the constable. What can he want with *him*?'

'Kent must be on the track of the thief!' cried Tom, jumping up in wild excitement to meet them. 'Come in, Kent! You've had no breakfast.'

'I want none, thank you. No, Nero, I can't drink it,' he said, as the pedlar brought him a cup of coffee. 'It would choke me. I can't waste another minute. I must finish what I have to do! Are you ready to take the road?'

'Yes,' said Tom. 'I'll have the horses out while Nero locks his box. There comes Mr Kaimes, up the street. Is Henry Doty going with us? Is the constable, too?'

Kent nodded, but made no further explanation.

He rode apart, while the others were saddling and harnessing their horses. The landlord came to the door to speed his guests. He looked earnestly at Kent, and called to him.

'Aren't you Colonel Hampden's son, down at Wheeling?'

'Yes,' said Kent, proudly.

The landlord lounged down the steps, while the hostler, negroes and loungers from the forge next door lent attentive ears.

'There was a man here last week,' the landlord went on, 'who said he reckoned the folks at Wheeling 'u'd make your father mayor. Hey?'

Kent did not speak for a full minute. Tom, with his foot in the stirrup, waited, his face reddening, his breath quickening, watching Kent.

'Think he'll be elected, hey?' said the landlord again.

'Yes,' said Kent, with peculiar distinctness. 'I think he will.'

With a nod of good-bye he rode quickly down the street, followed by the rest of the party.

Tom pushed forward to his side. Kent glanced at him affectionately. Tom noticed that his features were sunken and pinched.

'That's right, Tom. Keep close to me. It gives me courage. But I can't talk. If I should be mistaken after all!'

They rode rapidly through the long valley, and up the range of hills. The day was clear and frosty. In an hour the sun shone out, melting the thin ice upon the mountain streams.

Kent stopped under an old oak that stood by the roadside.

'I must ask you to dismount here, gentlemen,' he said, 'and follow me on foot.'

They climbed down the side of the hill until they came to a trail through the underbrush that led to Wetzel's cave.

Kent drew aside the vines and undergrowth which hid the entrance.

'Now, Henry Doty, lead the way!'

Doty and the constable pushed their way into the cave.

'Shall we go in?' asked Mr Kaimes.

Kent did not hear him. He was watching for Doty to come out again, to bring the proof! If he should not bring it!

The men, seeing his face, kept silence.

Suddenly there came from the cave a cry of terror, and a tumult of angry voices.

'They have found the thief himself!' shouted Tom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMAZONS.

THE late prospect of a war between the French Republic and the King of Dahomey revived interest in the famous army of Amazons maintained by the West African monarch, and one of the French travellers and merchants who have lately visited Dahomey supplies a Paris review with some interesting particulars concerning them. The Amazons of Dahomey are an actual corps of women soldiers, and not like so many other Amazons of story, a pure fiction. About twenty-five hundred of them are regularly enrolled in the king's service, and in one of the recent skirmishes with the representatives of the French influence on the coast, a detachment of them did good service.

Two-thirds of the Dahomey Amazons are selected by the king at his pleasure from among the people at the age of about fifteen years, and are often taken from their families quite against their will.

The other third is composed for the most part of women who have given some sort of trouble in private life, either as breakers of the law or as refractory wives. Women have not a little authority in Dahomey, and when a husband complains that his wife is abusing this authority, scolding him unduly, beating him, or otherwise using him ill, he reports the matter to the king, who if he chooses, says to the woman in effect:

'You have a warlike disposition, it appears? Very well; we will utilize your belligerent talent in the service of the State.'

From that time she is enrolled among the Amazons, and bears either a musket, a great razor, or a bow and arrow—for the Amazons are divided into several corps, each armed in its own way and performing its own service.

The 'razor company' bears a weapon not unlike a razor, but measuring more than a yard and a half from the end of the handle to the tip of the blade. This 'razor in time of peace is employed in beheading the countless victims doomed to death by the king.

The 'company of the big muskets' is another of the Amazon battalions, and each of the soldiers in it is followed by a slave bearing her ammunition and extra accoutrements. Then there is a 'sure-killing company,' made up of sharpshooters, and a company of carbineers, used for light and rapid service.

The 'bayonet company' is especially designed for charges and assaults. The 'elephant company' is not as its name might lead one to suppose, made up of women of remarkable size, but is composed, on the contrary, of warriors noted for their fleetness, strength, agility and courage, and is chiefly employed in the chase of the elephant, from which the king derives a considerable part of his revenue.

The last company in the list is called, in the language of Dahomey, the 'Go-Len-To,' which signifies 'the company of the quiver-bearers.' It is made up of the very youngest Amazons, some of whom have just been recruited, and are hardly strong enough to bear heavy arms. They are armed with a neat bow and arrow, and a small dagger at the belt, and wear an ivory bracelet on the left arm. Their principal employment is in bearing messages for the king and his lieutenants.

The nominal commander of the Amazon army is the queen, or *daida*. Some of the members of the corps are State dignitaries, and have great authority in the kingdom. Travellers agree that, while the female soldiers rival and often surpass their male companions in feats of arms, bravery, and contempt of death, they are also quite their equals in cold-blooded cruelty.

One of the functions of the Amazons is to perform the war dances, and they execute difficult and intricate movements with wonderful precision and endurance. The traveller Skertchley describes one of these displays, with dances, songs, and sacrifices, which lasted sixteen hours without intermission

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

LITTLE PEOPLE'S LETTERS

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I suppose all the cousins had great fun on Guy Fawkes' Day. We had. We went shares with some other boys in fireworks, and let them all off in the evening. One boy got his chin burnt with a squib, and his mother put carbonate of soda on it. We had lots of stuff for the bonfire, and it did blaze. Luckily it was a fine night.—Your loving cousin, HARRY.

[I am glad you enjoyed yourself, and think 'going shares' is a capital idea. Some little boys I know of worked in the garden to earn pennies for fireworks.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—My cat's got a kitten. What shall I call her? She's all black like a coal.—Your loving LILY.

[Why not call the kitten Maori or Blackie?—COUSIN KATE.]

BESSIE'S PIGEONS.

BY EDWARD WILLETT.

WHEN Jacob Carter moved with his family to the far West, they stopped for several weeks at a frontier fort before going on to their final destination. As one of the officers of the garrison was Mrs Carter's cousin, they were well received and pleasantly entertained.

One source of amusement while they remained at the fort was found in Bessie Carter's pet pigeons, 'genuine homers,' as Bess called them. The pair of old birds had been given to the child by a friend of the family, and she had named them Possum and Tippet. She had raised two young ones, Chip and Spark, and all were great pets with her. When she was at school she had used Possum and Tippet for sending messages home, and on that account they had been prized by her parents nearly as much as by herself.

The Carters moved to their new home in the spring, and it happened that before they had settled down in the new house some Sioux who had been removed to the Indian Territory became dissatisfied with their location, broke out, and started towards their old Northern home, plundering and murdering as they went.

A report of this raid reached the Carters, but too late to enable them to seek safety in flight, and when they were 'struck' by the hostiles there was nothing for them to do but defend themselves as best they could.

This seemed to be an almost hopeless task, as there were but three fighters at the homestead—Jacob Carter, his nearly grown son Harry, and Andrew Patchin, the hired man. But they barricaded the doors and windows of the cabin, seized their rifles, and fought for dear life.

It was a small party of Sioux that made the first attack, and they were easily repulsed; but others arrived, and the situation became more serious. Angered by the desperate defence of the cabin, the Indians showed a determination to stay right there and capture it at all hazards.

When Andrew Patchin was severely wounded, Mr Carter began to despair, and he sadly told his wife and Bessie that he saw no chance to escape from death or capture.

'If it comes to the worst,' he said, 'you two must die rather than fall into the hands of those fiends. There is no hope of help, and no one of us could pass the Indians to take a message to the fort, even if they had not got our horses.'

'There is one that can go, papa,' spoke up Bessie.

'What do you mean, child? Who can go? Not Harry?'

'Not Harry, papa, but Chip or Possum.'

Mr Carter had not thought of the pigeons, and he eagerly seized the idea.

'Do you think that either of them would fly to the fort?' he asked.

'Yes. We were so long at the fort, and the birds have not yet got to think of this place as home. I am sure they would do it.'

'Get one of them, Bess, and I will write a message.'

Bessie had brought her pigeons into the house for safety, and it was easy to secure Chip. The message was fastened to him, and he was let loose. After circling in the air for a minute or so he settled upon his course, and flew away in the direction of the fort.

Another message was sent by Possum, and then they waited. They had to fight, too, as well as wait, and Mr Carter and Harry continued to make their rifles crack in the hope of keeping the Indians away from the house as long as possible.

The hours of the afternoon were long and painful, and it could be seen that the Sioux were only delaying their attack until darkness should put the besieged party at their mercy.

Darkness came, and they started toward the house yelling and firing. But other shots were quickly heard, and the galloping of many horses, and a well-known cheer, as the blue-coated cavalry dashed down upon the red raiders and scattered them.

Captain Morris, Mrs Carter's cousin, had caught sight of Chip when the bird flew to his old quarters at the fort, and he at once secured him and found the message.

In a very short time the men were mounted and speeding away over the prairie, and so the Carter family were saved by Bessie's pigeon.

MISCHIEF.

LOTS of little raindrops, quite too bright and proud,
Think they'll go a sailing in a floating cloud;
Naughty wind espies them; gives a mighty blow:—
Get out your umbrellas, earth-folks down below!

OUT OF THE WAY.

JAMIE'S feet are restless and rough,
Jamie's fingers cause disarray,
Jamie can never make noise enough,
Jamie is told to get out of the way.

Out of the way of beautiful things,
Out of the way with his games and toys,
Out of the way with his sticks and strings,
Out on the street, with the other boys!

Easy to slip from home restraint,
Out of the mother-care, into the throng,
Out of the way of fret and complaint,
Out in the fun—borne swiftly along!

Out of the way of truth and right,
Out with the bold, the reckless, the gay,
Out of purity into the night,—
Mother, your boy is out of the way!

Out into darkness, crime and woe!—
Mother, why do you weep to day?
Weep that Jamie has sunk so low,
You who sent him out of your way!

Pray you, mother, to be forgiven!
And for your boy, too, pray, oh, pray!
For he is out of the way to Heaven—
Yes, he is surely out of the way!

EMMA C. DOWD.

A DANGEROUS HOME.

OF all the strange spots a bird could choose to build its nest upon, the most unlikely, one might think, would be a railway. It seems, however, not to be at all an uncommon thing to find them there. Let naturalists explain the matter as they may.

The following account of one of these oddly placed nests comes to us from Germany, with its accompanying narrative of watchful maternal love on the part of one of the parent birds:

Some years ago one of the porters employed at a small station near Darmstadt observed a pair of larks building their nest in an angle in the middle of the railway where two rails crossed. He did not disturb them. The nest was finished, and soon after four eggs were laid in it. Then the hatching began.

By this time the attention of all the people employed about the station had been turned to the nest. It seemed to them such a wonderful thing that they resolved to do all in their power to protect its owners and it. Meantime the birds themselves seemed to have very clear ideas as to the danger that threatened them. It was pretty to see how the hen bird, which was sitting on the eggs, would duck her head down when a train passed, and then look up cheerfully when the danger was over.

In due course of time three young ones appeared. One day, after they were big enough to move about a little, but not to fly, one of them hopped out of the nest and seated itself on the rail. At that moment a train was seen approaching. The parent birds called and coaxed in vain. The thoughtless little creature remained obstinately sitting on its dangerous perch. Its destruction seemed inevitable. Just as the train came up, the mother bird flew up from the nest, seized it by the tuft on its head, and through it over the line, ducking down again itself until the danger was past.

The larks' first friend, the porter, who had noticed the whole proceeding, now resolved to remove the nest, with all its living contents, from its perilous position. He took it up carefully, and deposited it in a neighbouring clover field. The old birds followed him step by step, uttering shrill cries of anxiety, which changed to a loud trill of joy and, one might almost say, of gratitude when they saw the comfortable spot in which their kind friend had put their nest.

Could human beings have acted differently?

A FAIR OFFER.

BOY: 'Carry your bag, sir?'
Little Jorkins: 'No!'
Boy: 'Carry it for a penny, sir?'
Jorkins: 'No!!!'
Boy: 'Carry you and your bag, then?'

CONFLICTING THEORIES.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary
A detective formed a theory
That a man was being murdered in the street a block below;
He could hear him loudly calling
As the wicked blows were falling,
And his keen detective instinct told him all he wished to know.

By the sound his ear detected
That the blows must be directed
By a man with blonde complexion with a blue and gentle eye,
And with legs a little bandied,
Either right or else left-handed,
And between four feet six inches and six feet four inches high.

So he calmly sat and waited
Till the noise had all abated,
Then he strolled at leisure down the street, the corpse to note.
Then he met with Mrs Leary
Who herself had formed a theory,
For she saw the fight between O'Dooley's dog and Grady's goat.

NO HOPE FOR WEARY WIVES.

MRS BRONSTON (pale, weary, and half-distracted) 'That's the ninth girl I've had within a month, and she just threw a flat iron at me.'

Mr Bronston—'By the way, a party of us to day were trying to evolve a scheme for co-operative housekeeping. Our plan was to rent a small family hotel, hire our own help, do our own managing, and share the expenses.'

'That's grand! It would be just like living in an absolutely perfect hotel, and at half the cost. Oh, I'm delighted! Who will go in with us?'

'Well, there's Jinks, for one.'

'His wife doesn't move in our set.'

'And Winks.'

'Mrs Winks is a scandal-monger, and you know it.'

'And Minks——'

'Catch me living under the same roof with that flirting woman!'

'Well, there's Binks, husband of your friend Mrs Binks.'

'Very nice in company, but they say she's a terror at home.'

'And there's Finks.'

'Mrs Finks is a regular old cat.'

'And Pinks——'

'Huh! Mrs Pinks and her two pretty daughters, with no thought but dress and the opera! Nice ones they'd be to keep house with!'

'And your dear friend Mrs Kinks.'

'She didn't return my last call and I've dropped her.'

'But what shall we do?'

'Get another girl.'

MAKING UP THE AVERAGE.

MRS B.: 'This is disgraceful, John! You'll have no one to thank but yourself. I've warned you often enough how you are shortening your days.'

Mr B.: 'Yesh, m'dear; b'don't sheem t'realise wha' long nights—hic—'m having.'

IRISH BULLS.

AN Irish gentleman was entertained by a party of Englishmen at a hotel in a certain town in England, and the conversation turned on Irish bulls, and the Irish gentleman, being a little nettled, said, 'Bulls, bulls, what are you bothering one about bulls for? You can't talk about an Irishman without speaking of a bull. You have as many bulls in England as we. In England you are bull-headed, and bull-tempered, and bull necked; you are John Bull; you are bull all over. Now, you can't put up a sign on a public-house without sticking up a bull. In the very street where we are sitting now there are six public-houses with signs of bulls.'

'Oh, no,' said one of the gentlemen, 'not so many as that.'

'But I tell you there are, just so many.'

'No, we have counted them, and we know there are not six.'

'Well, I will wager the dinner for the company in the same place where we are sitting now, that there are six public houses with signs of bulls on them.'

'Very well, let's hear them.'

'There is the White Bull, that's one; the Black Bull is two; the Brown Bull is three; the Spotted Bull is four; the Pied Bull is five ——.'

'Ah, that's all, that's all.'

'No, there's another one.'

'Ah, but we know better.'

'I tell you there's another one. Black, white, brown, spotted, pied, and there's the Red Cow.'

'Ha, ha; that's an Irish bull.'

'Very well, if the Red Cow is an Irish bull, that makes six, and I've won my wager.'

COOL.

JORKINS: 'See here, Pawkins; that dog of yours has worried three of my lambs, and I want to know what you propose to do about it.'

Pawkins: 'Are you sure it was my dog?'

Jorkins: 'Positive!'

Pawkins: 'Well, I think I'd better sell him. You don't want to buy a good dog, do you?'

MISTOOK HIS VOCATION.

TWO tramps, one of them a young man, the other well-advanced in life, had just left a house where they had been supplied with a bountiful dinner.

'I say, Bill,' queried the younger of the two, 'where do you s'pose we'll get our supper?'

The old tramp turned on him in disgust. 'Here, you've just had your dinner,' he said, 'and you begin to wonder where you'll get your supper. If that's the kind of disposition you've got, young feller, you had better quit the profession and go and work.'

SHE COULD STAND ALONE.

A WOMAN with a cast iron sort of face bounced into a full 'bus the other day and gazed fiercely around. A meek man essayed to rise.

'Don't trouble yourself for me, pray,' she said. 'I'm not a doll. I believe in women standing on their own feet.'

'That's just it,' gasped the meek man, 'but I was only going to ask you if you'd mind not standing on mine.'

She got off, and the rest of the passengers sniggered timorously.

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

'MAN,' said an old hand (who had just been released from gaol) to the landlord of a public house close by, 'If ye'll gie me a dram I'll tell ye something that'll be o' great sairvice tae ye.'

With some hesitation the dram was given to him.

'Weel,' said he, after he had swallowed the whisky, 'if ever you should get intae the Calton gaol, tak' the wheel nearest the wa'; it's the easiest ca'd.'

A WELL-KNOWN GARMENT.

LANDLADY: 'Oh! Mr Spendem, a small thief came in and stole your spring overcoat.'

Mr Spendem (gaily): 'No matter, no matter; I'll soon get it back. He'll doubtless attempt to pawn it and every pawnbroker in town knows my spring overcoat.'

HAD A GREAT LOSS.

CON DOLER: 'Hullo! Gloomy, my boy, what's the matter?'

Gloomy: 'Had an awful shock, old f'ler. My old uncle that I've had expectations from, and bowed and scraped to for years, has just been taken to the workhouse!'

MISCELLANEOUS.

WAITER (deferentially): 'Soup, sir?' Fuddled Actor (ferociously): 'No, sir; leading man.'

'Oh, I have so much to say to you,' said Clara. 'And I to you,' said Maude. 'Let's go to the concert to-night.'

Wooden: 'If you will not marry me, I shall certainly lose my mind.' Mamie: 'Well, I don't believe it would be noticed.'

Young Mother: 'What in the world makes the baby cry so?' Young Father: 'I quite think he heard me say I managed to get a little sleep last night.'

Small Boy: 'Ma, can me and Sally have some cake?' Mamma: 'Johnny, you must remember to speak grammatically.' Small Boy: 'All right! Can I have some cake?'

Egoticus: 'I mean to so live that when I die all the great cities of the earth shall quarrel over the question of my birthplace.' Witticus: 'Yes; each one will lay the blame on some other.'

A DANGEROUS RIVAL.—'Who is that giddy young thing over there to whom all those young men are paying so much attention?' 'That's the chaperon,' shouted a chorus of girls.

Hotel Proprietor: 'You say you want a job as waiter. Your face seems familiar to me. Weren't you a guest of this hotel last year?' 'Yes, sir. I have come around to get my money back.'

WHAT THEY WANTED.—'Now, boys,' said the Sunday School superintendent, 'what shall I tell you about this morning?' 'The sluggin' match 'tween David 'n' Gerlier,' cried the infant class.

'Ah, John,' she said, just before the marriage. 'I fear I'm not worthy of you. You are such a good man.' 'Never mind that, Martha, I'll change all that after the wedding.'

Mrs Suburban: 'You certainly must admit, my dear, that women who live in town haven't the complexions we have out here. Mrs Townville: 'Oh, I am sure you must be mistaken, we use exactly the same things.'

'Yes,' said the chairman, sadly, 'our temperance meeting last night would have been more successful if the lecturer hadn't been so absent minded.' 'What did he do?' 'He tried to blow the foam from a glass of water.'

THE ONE TO BE ASHAMED.—Well-dressed Party: 'No, I've got nothing for you. Ain't you ashamed to be begging?' Beggar: 'You are the one to be ashamed—dressed up like a gentleman, and not a tanner in your clothes.'

Seedy party (to publican): 'Your refusal, sir, to trust me a paltry drink of whisky fills me with astonishment! Publican: 'You can fill yourself up with astonishment as long as you like; but if you want to fill yourself with whisky you will have to pay cash.'

OVERMATCHED.—Mrs Maguire (to undersized policeman): 'So yez has a warrant for running me in, 'av' yez? Now, young man, allow me to ax how yez intind goin' along wid me. Shall I carry you, or will you have an ambulance?'

Aseye: 'Yes, it was big stakes and very exciting. I had three aces and he was drawing to a flush. My heart was in my mouth.' Bob Taylor: 'And the other fellow?' Aseye: 'Oh, he wasn't scared at all—*his* heart was up his sleeve.'

Rev. Jones Clutterby (to his seatmate in the train): 'How fast we travel! But, ah, young man, have you ever thought of the flight of time? Think of the fleeting hours of youth, the golden days that swiftly pass away? Have you ever counted the minutes——' Battersby (unregenerate and unsuspicious): 'What are you trying to do? Sell me a watch?'

ROUGH ON A TRAVELLER.

HUMANITARIAN TOURIST: 'And what has become of that funny little rabbit that used to gambol about your yard and stables last spring, Pat?'

Irish Innkeeper: 'Yer honor had rabbit stew for dinner, sorr!'

H. Tourist: 'What! You don't mean to tell me that you killed the droll little creature for my dinner's sake?'

Irish Innkeeper (abashed): 'Begorra! no, sorr! on my oath, he died of himself, sorr!'