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UNDER THE TREES.

THE PENALTY OF A CRIME.

BY WILLIAM BELWORTHY, WELLINGTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

UPS AND DOWNS.



JOHN OLPHERT severed his connection with Brighton and emigrated to Australia, leaving his only child Gerald—as the reader already knows—in the charge of his Aunt Emilia, residing at Finchley. John Olphert experienced many of the ups and downs incidental to colonial life, but in course of time amassed a considerable sum of money, which he deposited in one of the Melbourne banks, after deducting his usual remittances to his maiden sister. At last, after an absence of several years, he felt an unconquerable desire to see his only child again, so selling his share in the 'Enterprise' claim, he bade good-bye to his chums, and came into Melbourne to consult a lawyer with regard to the title deeds of some land which he had purchased near that place. Finding that a vessel would be leaving for the Old Country in the course of a few days, he bought his ticket, and having seen his baggage safely stowed on board, he called at the bank and drew out a sufficient sum for current expenses, and then strolled down to admire the alterations which were being rapidly carried on in all directions, and which were transforming Melbourne from a collection of tents and settlers' huts to what was eventually to become one of the largest and finest cities in the Southern hemisphere.

When returning to the ship he met a man who claimed to have known him when he was connected with the banking establishment of Maxwell, Finders, and Co., and a few inquiries soon convinced Mr Olphert that the man was, at any rate, well posted in the events which had occurred in connection with the firm, but he could not remember having met the gentleman before, and was not inclined, therefore, to give him much encouragement. The other was, however, so persistent, and withal so good-humoured in his remarks, and evidently very little abashed by his companion's coolness, that he suggested that the two should repair to a certain hotel to dine. Mr Olphert, against his better judgment, consented. After dinner they took a walk together into the suburbs, and the stranger offered Mr Olphert a drink from a flask which he carried. Mr Olphert accepted his offer, and remembered no more till he came to his senses, and found himself lying on the sea-beach some miles distant from Melbourne. How he reached there he never learned. He only knew that he must have been exposed for some hours, as when he awoke to consciousness the sun was beating down on his unprotected face, and when he attempted to rise his brain seemed 'reeling.' As soon as he was sufficiently recovered he returned to Melbourne, but though he made every inquiry with the object of discovering the whereabouts of his quondam friend, all his efforts were of no avail. His purse and watch and chain had been stolen, but luckily he had left his cheque-book and the major portion of his bank notes on board ship. As it was, he called again at the bank and drew a draft on one of the London banks for the balance of his account, and shortly afterwards sailed for the old country, and in due course arrived at his sister's residence in the Finchley Road, where, as may be guessed, he received a hearty welcome. His son Gerald, whom he had left a child of two years, had developed into a good-looking intelligent boy, who was now at home on his holidays from the Harlow Grammar School.

During the few years that followed, life at the little villa ran on in a very even groove, till one day John Olphert came home complaining of a pain in his head. A doctor was sent for, and, after examination, pronounced that his patient was suffering from inflammation of the brain. From that day Mr Olphert's health got gradually worse, until at length he was confined to his bed altogether, and he felt that the end was not very far off. With careful nursing he recovered from the original complaint, but his health seemed in some way to be undermined, and toward the close of a lovely day in June, just at sunset, John Olphert fell asleep to wake again in that better world where it is always day.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER his father's death Gerald and his aunt went to reside with some friends of the family living in Edinburgh, Scotland, and it was while on this visit that Emilia was persuaded to let her nephew stay till he was old enough to enter his name as student at the University in that seat of learning. Here, then, by dint of hard work and attention to his studies, Gerald graduated with honours, and as he was destined for the legal profession, jurisprudence became his special study. On leaving college he returned to Brighton, and entered the office of an eminent lawyer there—Mr Edgobaston, who, recognizing the talents of his colleague, entrusted one or two important cases to his charge, which he managed to bring to a successful issue, earning for himself considerable local notoriety.

It so transpired that Squire Oakfield of Oakfield Grange, had occasion to consult his legal advisers with reference to the recovery of some land adjoining the Oakfield estate. The family lawyer happened to be the same gentleman with whom Gerald was co-operating, and as Mr Edgobaston's presence was required to attend an important Chancery case in London, the Squire's case was entrusted to Gerald. The Squire was so pleased with the manner in which the young lawyer conducted the affair, and entertained such a high opinion of his qualifications mental and social, that he not only gave him pressing invitations to spend the shooting season at the Grange, but he lost no opportunity of urging him to ride over in his leisure time and finish up his evenings amongst the Squire's own guests, with the result that Gerald Olphert and Constance Oakfield were thrown very much into each other's company, and as a consequence the

young couple fell deeply in love. Although not actually engaged, still it was tacitly understood amongst their most intimate friends that the rising and popular young lawyer, Gerald Olphert, looked upon Constance as the woman who was one day to be his lawful, wedded wife.

CHAPTER X.

A TERRIBLE TIME.

THE ball was over at the Grange. The guests had all departed, and the ladies of the household were left discussing the merits and demerits of the evening's entertainment, when suddenly a hurried pull was heard at the hall bell, and the next moment a man with a white, excited face was ushered into the drawing-room. The ladies started in some alarm, for the expression on the man's face betokened some calamity. Edith was the first to find her voice, and turning to the man, whom she recognised as her father's head game-keeper, James Fenton by name, she asked him what had happened.

'A gentleman has been shot, miss, down by the old stone quarry, and Mr Olphert sent me for assistance.'

At the mention of her lover's name Constance changed colour, and without waiting to hear further particulars, the ladies hastened downstairs to find the Squire. By this time the news had spread amongst the rest of the guests who were staying at the Grange that a gentleman had been shot, and as the stone quarry described was only a few hundred yards from the lodge gates, lanterns were quickly procured, and one or two of the gentlemen, the Squire himself being of the number, and two of the male servants, were soon on their way to the scene of the disaster, guided by the keeper who had brought the information. On the way the Squire closely questioned the man as to how the accident—if accident it really was—had happened, but could elicit nothing beyond the fact that the man, while proceeding to his nightly watch near the pheasant preserves, had heard a shot fired, and thinking it might mean poachers, had hurried cautiously in the direction of the sound, being joined by his underkeeper, George Malcolm, and when the two men reached a spot, about midway between the stone pits and the Finchley Road, they came across Mr Gerald Olphert, who was stooping over the body of another gentleman, and that the latter was moaning as if in mortal pain.

'Who was the wounded gentleman?' questioned the Squire.

'I hadn't time to notice much, sir, as Mr Olphert, seeing who it was approaching, called out excitedly to me, saying: "Is that you, Fenton? Run to the Grange as fast as you can for assistance. A gentleman has been shot, and tell the Squire to bring some brandy, and, if possible, bring Dr. Oakfield along with you. Quick, man! there's no time to lose!" and I hurried away; but here we are at the spot, sir, and as the party turned a corner of the drive leading on to the main road, the moon came out from behind a cloud, and Gerald Olphert was discovered on his knees, bending over and supporting some dark object lying on the ground.'

'Too late, doctor,' said Gerald, as Dr. Oakfield hurried in advance of the rest. 'I'm afraid he is beyond your aid.'

Exclamations of astonishment and horror burst almost simultaneously from the lips of the gentlemen as they saw that the body was that of Mr Dixon, and as some of them recalled the dispute that had taken place in the ball-room, they anxiously awaited some explanation from Gerald.

'This is a sad affair, Olphert,' said Dr. Oakfield, after examining the body and ascertaining that life was extinct. 'How did it happen?'

'That is more than I can tell you,' Gerald replied. 'I was proceeding homewards when I heard a shot fired from the direction of the old stone quarry. My first thought suggested poachers, but on second consideration I came to the conclusion that no poacher would be rash enough to fire within such a short distance of the Lodge gates, so being curious to find out who had fired the shot, I hastened in the direction from which the report seemed to have come, and when near the quarry was startled by a moan as of some one in mortal pain. Just at the same moment the moon, which had been temporarily hidden by a dark bank of clouds, shone out in all its brilliancy, and on looking around I discovered the body of Mr Dixon lying in a pool of blood, which, upon examination, I found proceeded from a wound in the side of his temple. I had scarce time to stoop down and lift the poor fellow's head on to my knee when your gamekeeper, James Fenton, came hurrying up to know what had happened. I sent him at once for assistance, while I staunchly the wound as well as I was able with my handkerchief, but all was of no avail, and just before you arrived Mr Dixon's breathing became more and more laboured, till at length it ceased altogether.'

As Gerald finished his explanation the Squire directed two of his men servants and the two keepers to place the body of the dead man on a stretcher, which had been temporarily constructed, and the little party wended its way slowly back to the Grange.

'Who could have fired the shot?' questioned Major Stuart.

'That is the mystery.'

'Yes, it certainly is a very strange affair,' rejoined the Squire, 'and as horrible as strange. I will send information at once to the police.' Turning to Gerald he said, 'Did you pass anyone on the road, Olphert?'

'Not a soul,' replied the gentleman addressed, 'and I can in no way account for the sad occurrence.'

No more was spoken on the subject till the party arrived at the Grange, when the body was placed, by the Squire's orders, in the library, there to await the post mortem and the coroner's inquest.

The ladies were horror-stricken when they learned that the body was that of Mr Francis Dixon, and although de-

ceased had not been very popular with the fair sex at the Grange, yet now in the presence of such a fearful calamity his faults were forgotten, or at any rate, mercifully covered, and pity took the place of resentment in their feelings towards him as they realized that he had been in a moment suddenly called into the presence of his Maker with all his sins upon him.

CHAPTER XI.

WHO DID THE DEED?

THERE was very little sleep for the members of the Grange household that night, and early next morning fashionable society in Brighton was startled to its foundations when the local papers announced in large type, 'Suspected murder at Finchley. Gentleman shot whilst on his way home from a ball at Oakfield Grange, etc., etc.' Many were the surmises as to the motives actuating the supposed murderer, and various were the reasons assigned, but there was a pretty general consensus of opinion in favour of the conclusion that revenge had been the primary motive. The fact that a gold watch and chain had been found in the vest pocket, and some bank notes for a considerable amount also being found in the inside breast-pocket of the deceased gentleman's dress coat, seemed clearly to indicate that robbery, at any rate, had little to do with the motives for the murder—if murder it really was—unless the criminal had been disturbed in the act. A gloom, sudden and terrible, seemed to have fallen over the towns of Finchley and Brighton. Business men, usually too busy to discuss any subject of greater importance than £. s. d. now talked of little else than the Finchley murder, for it was very generally conceded that the act would resolve itself into that title eventually. Little knots of men gathered at the street corners and in the workshops, and everywhere the principal topic of conversation was the same. The local sergeant of police and two of his men had been down to the spot where Gerald Olphert had discovered the body, and detectives from Scotland Yard were expected by the night express, but up to the time of the arrival of the coroner no evidence was forthcoming to prove how the deceased gentleman had met his death. A jury was, however, empanelled, and after hearing the evidence of Gerald Olphert, Fenton, the game-keeper, and his underkeeper, as well as that of Squire and Dr. Oakfield and others, the jury returned a verdict to the effect that 'Deceased died from the effects of a gun-shot wound, but there was not sufficient evidence to prove by whom the wound was inflicted.'

The late Mr Dixon's parents had been communicated with, but as they happened to be absent from their town residence at the time, some delay occurred before the intelligence reached them. On the day following the coroner's inquest a carriage drawn by a pair of high-stepping horses entered the lodge gates leading to Oakfield Grange, and upon the carriage stopping at the front door, a lady and gentleman dressed in deep mourning stepped out, and the gentleman handed his card to the footman who opened the door with a request that he would convey it at once to his master. The man ushered them into an ante-room, and went along to the drawing-room to the Squire.

The latter took the card from the salver, and saw that the imprint indicated 'Mr and Mrs Dixon, Elmleigh House.' He turned to the footman, who was respectfully awaiting his pleasure. 'Show them in, William, and afterwards request the butler to bring in some wine, and as the servant left the room, Squire Oakfield rose from his chair, realizing that he had a very unpleasant task to perform.

In a few minutes the footman returned and ushered the visitors into the room, and having placed chairs for them, at a nod from his master retired.

Mr Dixon introduced his wife and himself to the Squire, and the latter, turning to the lady, remarked, 'Take a seat, Mrs Dixon. I regret exceedingly the unhappy circumstances to which I am indebted for this visit. Believe me, you have my heart-felt sympathy in your sudden bereavement.'

'Yes, it is, indeed, a fearful blow,' she replied, 'and so unexpected and horrible that I can hardly realise even yet that it has happened. But please let us know how it happened.'

At this juncture the butler appeared with the wine, and the Squire, pouring some into a glass, handed it to Mrs Dixon, and then, as briefly as possible, told his visitors all he knew of the unfortunate occurrence, omitting, for the mother's sake, some of the more sickening details. At the conclusion of the sad tale Mrs Dixon seemed completely overcome, so the Squire rang the bell for a servant, and when the man appeared he was directed to 'send Miss Laura up at once.' By the time the young lady arrived on the scene Mrs Dixon had somewhat recovered, and the Squire hoped the ladies would pardon the absence of Mr Dixon and himself for a short time, as it was necessary for them to discuss some matters of importance in connection with the recent unhappy occurrence.

Down the long corridor, hung with numerous paintings of dead and gone Oakfields, the two men paced, and from thence out on to the lawn, but it was not until they had reached a secluded part of the ground that Mr Dixon, turning to his companion said, 'Well, Squire, you have not told me all. Who was my son's murderer?'

'Mr Dixon, I speak the truth when I assure you that I do not know. More than this I dare not at present say.'

'Listen to me, Squire Oakfield,' replied the other. 'I know you to be a gentleman, and therefore do not dream of doubting the truth of any statement you may be pleased to make, but—' and here he looked searchingly into the Squire's face, 'you suspect someone. I read it in your manner. Who is it?'

'Do not press me to reply,' said the Squire. 'I will answer you this far. Since the coroner's inquest, the police have been searching for some clue to the murder, but till within about two hours previous to the arrival of Mr Dixon and yourself at the Grange they had discovered nothing that could in any way assist them in unravelling the mystery—but in dragging the lake near the scene of the catastrophe—the Squire purposely avoided the ugly word murder, and Mr Dixon mentally noted the fact, the police sergeant discovered a six-chamber revolver of peculiar workmanship, and with only one barrel empty. This weapon he quietly took possession of, and brought it to me for identification, and I immediately recognized it as the property of a gentleman with whom I am intimately acquainted, but whom I am morally certain had no more to do with the actual murder than I had myself. However, the police are evidently of a

different opinion, and although they would prefer obtaining more conclusive evidence before proceeding to extreme measures, yet at the same time they deem it necessary to closely watch the actions of the gentleman I have mentioned, of course, unknown to himself. The officers expect that the clue already obtained will eventually lead to the discovery of the person whose hand committed the dastardly act. As I have stated, I am almost positive, nay, I feel absolutely certain that the police have mistaken their way, and will be compelled to look in another direction. I would almost as soon suspect my own son as the gentleman whom the detectives think it their duty to "shadow," as they term it; yet there are one or two awkward facts brought to light which may be misconstrued by prejudiced or malicious persons, and may lead to unpleasant complications. You will, I feel sure, pardon me, Mr. Dixon, if for the present I withhold the gentleman's name. I can assure you every effort is being made to solve the mystery, and I have instructed the police to offer £100 reward for the apprehension and conviction of the person or persons implicated. I may mention that the circumstances connected with the finding of the revolver are at present known only to the police authorities and myself, as the lake was dragged in the early morning, and so far the knowledge has not been disclosed to anyone else.

"Forgive me, Squire," returned Mr. Dixon, "I quite agree with the steps you are taking and thank you very much for your interest in the matter. You may double the sum offered, for while the untimely fate of my son has shocked and pained me almost beyond expression, yet for his sake, and for the sake of my family, I shall leave no stone unturned till the murderer has been run to earth. You recognize the necessity of this, do you not?"

"Certainly," replied the Squire, "and I, for one, trust that your efforts may prove successful."

CHAPTER XII.

ABOUT a week after the visit of Mr and Mrs Dixon to Squire Oakfield, a benevolent-looking, elderly gentleman in spectacles, dressed in a suit of broadcloth, and wearing an immaculate white collar, the tie to match, might have been observed slowly wending his way along the Camberwell Road, London, his eyes bent upon the ground, and his brows knit as if some problem had presented itself to his mind which he found considerable difficulty in solving. In his right hand he carried a neat black leather bag, and his appearance generally, seemed to indicate that he was a minister of the Gospel. There was nothing remarkably striking about the gentleman, and nineteen out of every twenty of the people who passed him on the road never turned to bestow on him a second glance. As he approached the more frequented streets, however, a close observer might have noticed a slight change in his demeanour. True, he walked along at nearly the same pace, and his right hand still kept its hold of the little black bag, but his eyes were no longer bent upon the ground before him; instead, they looked out from behind his spectacles with a very keen glance; in fact, nothing seemed to escape their penetrating gaze. Once, as the clergyman stepped aside to avoid collision with a spruce-looking gentleman, who was hurrying in the opposite direction, the bag I have mentioned was accidentally knocked against a lamp-post, and emitted a ringing sound, such as would be caused by two metallic substances, like iron and steel when brought into sharp contact with each other. At the sound the benevolent-looking old clergyman glanced from the bag to the man who had passed in such haste, and smiled as if the connection between the man and the contents of the bag had aroused some pleasurable reminiscence. "Have a care, my young friend," soliloquised the clergyman. "Be very careful now, or we shall renew our acquaintance before long, so I warn you, muttering which he hailed a passing hansom, and taking his seat in the vehicle, directed the cabman to drive to Paddington Railway Station. Upon arriving at the station the clergyman alighted, and after paying the cabby his fare proceeded to make his way to the booking office. He did not procure a ticket, however, but after a swift glance at the faces of those gathered round the ticket box, he continued on his way down the platform.

The elderly gentleman's movements seemed to have some attraction for Policeman X. 21, who was on duty in the vicinity, for no sooner did he catch sight of the clergyman than he immediately made it his duty to saunter in the same direction, and brushing past him near the book-stall, said, in a voice which indicated that his remarks were intended solely to catch the ear of the gentleman he was addressing, "11.15, South train. Alone." The clergyman half-turned, gave the constable a slight look of recognition, and bent his head to imply that he had heard the remark and understood its meaning, and at once became apparently absorbed in the contents of a book which he had lifted from the book-stall. The book must have been an interesting one, for the gentleman not only raised his eyes whilst perusing it, save when he turned a leaf. Presently, however, he closed the book, just at the moment when a tall, dark, gentlemanly-looking man came hurrying along the platform closely followed by a hotel porter, the latter carrying in his hands, a Gladstone bag and a gentleman's travelling rug. As the two passed the book-stall the clergyman noticed that the bag which the porter was carrying was marked with a monogram, "G.O." in gilt letters, and as the dark gentleman reached the door of an empty first-class smoking carriage, the clergyman saw him turn to the porter remarking as he did so, "you are quite sure the rest of the luggage is all right?"

"Yes, sir," responded the man. "I labelled them for Finchley, and put them on the luggage van myself."

"Thanks," replied the gentleman, and handing the man some silver for his trouble, the porter touched his hat and went off. The clergyman also left the platform for a brief space of time and made his way to the ticket office, and having procured a first class single ticket for Finchley, returned to this compartment occupied by the dark gentleman.

The latter, in the meanwhile, had divested himself of his silk hat, for which he had substituted a tweed one, and now sat in a corner of the car with a pile of papers and books on the cushions at his side. In a few moments the starting-bell rang, porters rushed along the platform calling out, "All aboard! Take your seats please!" the clergyman stepped into the compartment occupied by the dark passenger, the guard blew his whistle, and the engine with its living freight rushed on its journey. For the first miles the two gentlemen did nothing but read their papers, till at last the younger man, feeling an inclination for a cigar,

drew out his cigar case, which he politely handed across to his fellow-passenger, with the request that he "would oblige him by taking a cigar." The elderly gentleman, whilst thanking him for his courtesy, assured him that "being a martyr to dyspepsia, his medical adviser had ordered him to discontinue smoking." After this slight break they both lapsed into silence again, and became absorbed in the contents of their respective papers. Had the dark gentleman been aware of the true name and occupation of the elderly passenger, it is questionable whether he would have been so unconcerned about him, for the pseudo clergyman was a none other than that astute gentleman, Mr. Jeremiah Flint, ex-sergeant in Her Majesty's Police Force, and at the present time a member of the detective staff of Scotland Yard, London.

As the train stopped at a little roadside station for the purpose of putting off a few passengers, Mr. Flint, in a mild tone of voice, addressed his companion. "I beg your pardon, sir, but can you inform me what time this train should arrive at Finchley?"

"I believe 6.30 p.m. is the time, according to Bradshaw," responded the other.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," effusively from Mr. Flint. "I do hope I shall not be over carried. I mentioned to the guard to be sure to let me know when we arrived at Finchley. I trust he won't forget to do so."

"You may make your mind easy on that score," replied the dark gentleman, "as I get out at Finchley myself."

"Do you really? Then I'll not worry myself any more about the matter. By-the-by, I notice that the papers are still pretty full of the Oakfield murder which occurred there the other day. What a shocking affair that was to be sure, but, pardon me, perhaps you were acquainted with the unhappy man who met such a terrible fate?"

The gentleman thus appealed to removed his cigar from between his lips as he replied, "Yes, I had a slight acquaintance with the poor fellow, but as the subject is a rather painful one to me, you must excuse me if I prefer not to discuss it," with which remark he resumed his cigar, at the same time bestowing a searching look on his questioner.

The latter's face, however, wore such a benign aspect, and appeared to express so much regret lest he had, unintentionally, wounded the feelings of his companion, that the gentleman felt that he had been rather curt in his answer to the old clergyman, so to make some amends he addressed Mr. Flint again. "You seem interested in this case, sir?"

"Yes, yes," replied that gentleman, with some emotion. "It was a sudden call for the young fellow" (and to do the ex-sergeant justice, we must add that he was not incapable of appreciating the moral underlying the remark he had just uttered) "and," he continued, "I have heard it stated that a few hours before he met his death he had quarrelled with another gentleman, and had been forcibly expelled from the Grange, he being at that time in a state of intoxication; and it was also stated that the gentleman with whom the deceased had been quarrelling had been heard to threaten he would horsewhip him."

"I am happy to be in a position to contradict part, at any rate, of your statement, and since we have approached the subject, and it is evident, from your remarks, that mischievous reports are in circulation, I think it is time some steps were taken to refute these assertions; so allow me to inform you that this statement about threatening to horsewhip the gentleman, and the other about his being forcibly expelled from the Grange, are entirely without foundation, and must have originated in the brain of some evil-minded or thoughtless individual with a morbid tendency to exaggeration."

"Indeed!" replied Mr. Flint. "I am extremely glad to hear it. I was afraid that the reports were to be relied upon, the consequences, so far as the young gentleman who quarrelled with the deceased was concerned, might have been of a serious nature, as I believe he was the first person to discover the body of the murdered man; and as it appears that no one else saw the deceased, so far as is at present known, after he left the ball-room till he was found dead, why, you know, the police, and the public too for that matter, might have put an ugly construction on the circumstantial evidence at their disposal. But if, as you say, the report about the quarrel, etc., is untrue, then, of course, no suspicion could attach to the other gentleman, whose name, if I mistake not, is Olphert."

Mr. Flint noticed that his companion started, and his features grew a trifle paler than before. Then he turned angrily towards the detective, and selecting a card from his card-case, he handed it across to him, remarking as he did so, "Perhaps you will be good enough to refer your friends who may be desirous of obtaining reliable information to the gentleman named on that card, with my compliments."

Mr. Flint took the card, and on inspecting it read that the name and address printed on it were

GERALD OLPHERT,
Temple Chambers, Brightstone,
and
Haverstock Villa, Finchley.

Extending his hand, he said with some show of feeling, "Pardon an old man's garrulity, Mr. Olphert. I am afraid my remarks have given you pain."

"Oh, it's all right," said Gerald, "but if I may be allowed to offer advice to one older than myself, I would say, don't be too ready to credit all you may hear till you have heard the other side of the question. But here we are at another station, and as the train slowed up Gerald stepped out on to the platform, the guard intimating that the passengers were allowed half an hour for refreshments."

When the starting bell rang Gerald found that he would have other company for the remainder of the journey, as several fresh passengers had joined the train, and by the time he had taken his seat again the compartment which he occupied was fairly well filled, so that he and Mr. Flint were unable to continue their conversation, much to Gerald's relief. When the train eventually stopped at Finchley, Gerald jumped into a cab, and was driven to his aunt's residence, Haverstock Villa, while the reverend-looking gentleman took a circuit, and at last brought himself up at the local police quarters.

CHAPTER XIII.

"We seek to mount the still ascending stair
To greatness, glory, and the crowns they bear;
We mount to fall heart-sicken'd in despair."

LAWREN.

THE day following the arrival of Detective Flint, at Finchley a rumour was in circulation that the rising and popular

young lawyer, Gerald Olphert, had been arrested on a warrant signed by the local magistrate, charged on suspicion with the murder of Mr. Frances Dixon. The news came to many like a thunderclap. The most intimate friends of the suspected man were horrified and indignant, and euphuistically vowed that "the thing was impossible; absurd."

"What?" said Gerald's friend, Stanley Grahame, "Gerald Olphert a murderer? It's a base falsehood! He wouldn't hurt a worm that crossed his path, much less take the life of a fellow creature. Besides, I have been in his company several times since the body of Mr. Dixon was found, and whenever he has reverted to the unfortunate occurrence it has always been accompanied with expressions of regret at the untimely end of the murdered gentleman, and Stanley hurried off to the police station to request an interview with his friend, and learn the true state of affairs."

Gerald was, as we have previously stated, what is termed 'popular,' and amongst his legal acquaintances and his friends at the Grange he was always spoken of as a 'capital fellow,' but like many others who enjoyed that title, he was not without a circle of envious acquaintances, who were always ready to traverse his actions and assign some ulterior motives to every generous deed, and who, when they heard the news of his arrest shook their heads knowingly as much as to say, 'Ah! I knew he wasn't such a model as his bosom friends insinuated: but I didn't think he was quite so bad as this; although it certainly is a curious coincidence that he should have been the only one near the spot when the shot was fired by which poor Dixon met his fate,' and such like remarks of a similar nature indicative of their own astuteness, and very possibly—though they might not allow this—of their own evil-nimdedness, if I may be allowed to coin a word.

There was one, however, who heard the news as if she had been listening to her own death warrant. Constance Oakfield was sitting in her favourite nook in a retired part of the Grange gardens, little dreaming of the evil spells which were being woven in her destiny. It was a lovely afternoon in June. The bright sun shone in a cloudless sky, the birds sang gaily as they flew from tree to tree, and the soft, drowsy fragrance of the roses, the fragrant perfume of the flowers, and the quiet beauty of the scene around her made her feel that life was, indeed, worth living. From where she sat she was enabled to obtain a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Stretching away in the distance the river ran winding in and out like a ribbon of silver, passing, in its passage to the mighty ocean, through fertile valleys and well-timbered parks, by country village and county town, gathering volume as it ran from all its tiny tributaries; while here and there, half-sheltered by the surrounding trees, some little church modestly reared its spire to heaven. Under the influence of such a scene as this it was little wonder that the thoughts of Constance "lightly turned to love," and as she drew from her pocket a letter, and perused its contents for the twentieth time that day, a happy smile came into her eyes and wreathed itself around her almost-perfect mouth, and with all the ardour of an affectionate, sensitive nature she exclaimed, "What have I done to deserve such happiness? (God grant I may prove myself worthy of your love, Gerald, dear.) The contents of her letter ran somewhat as follows:—

"MY DARLING CONSTANCE, I hope to have the pleasure of seeing your dear face again on Thursday next. All being well, I intend leaving Paddington on Wednesday, but as it will be late before the train arrives at Finchley, I shall not be able to call at the Grange till the following evening, so must possess my soul in patience till that date. I need scarcely tell you, my darling, how I long to see you again. You have not repented the promise you gave me, Constance? It seems almost too good to be true, and is worth all the Lord Chancellorships in the world."

Constance refolded the letter, and put it carefully back into her pocket again, and then, softly humming to herself the refrain of an old ballad,

"A thing divine, for nothing natural I ever saw so noble,"

she rose from her seat and wended her way back through the garden. Very pretty she looked as she stooped to pluck a bud from a rose bush growing near, and had Gerald Olphert been by her side he would have proclaimed her "the fairest flower that ever grew." She was dressed in a white summer costume, relieved by light blue bows, and the rich coils of her bonnie brown hair were half-hidden by a roquish-looking gipsy hat, which was coquettishly tilted to the back of her shapely head. As she came to a bend in the gravel walk she saw her sister Laura coming towards her, frantically waving something above her head. As Constance approached, her sister provokingly doubled the object up in her hands, and placing them behind her back, said laughingly, "'Open your mouth, and shut your eyes, and guess what he has sent you." Now, Constance, a forfeit, mind, if you fail to guess right the first time."

"A letter," said Constance.

"Wrong!" returned her sister. "Forfeit that sweet little rosebud you wear in your breast, and try again."

"Now, Laura," pleaded the other, "please do not provoke me to anything desperate, for you know what a dreadful virago I am when roused."

"Well, since you give it up," said Laura, "look! and she brought her hands to the front again and handed Constance an envelope containing a telegram. "This has just arrived," continued Laura, "and I thought it might contain welcome news of — Now don't blush, Constance, for you know how well it becomes you," and she, considerably embarrassed, and became, apparently, deeply absorbed in the flowers at her feet. She had scarcely time to gather more than three or four, when an exclamation of pain and astonishment caused her to turn quickly round, just in time to observe her sister, with one hand pressed to her brow, and the other nervously clutching the telegram, while her face was paler than the lilies in the garden, and a wild, hunted look was in her bonnie blue eyes. Laura saw all this at a glance, and sprang forward to catch her, but before she could reach her side Constance fell in a swoon to the ground. Laura was considerably alarmed, but her presence of mind did not forsake her. Hurriedly unfastening the neck of her sister's dress, she hastened to one of the ornamental fountains that was fortunately near at hand, and quickly filling one of the drinking cups sprinkled the water over the neck and face of Constance, who was moaning piteously all the time. In spite of her efforts, however, Constance's eyes remained closed, and her moans became so painful to listen to that Laura decided to run to the Grange for other assistance, first of all taking the precaution to lock up the telegram from the hand of Constance and put it in her own pocket; then gently, but quickly, lifting the form of her sister out of the rays of the burning sun, she ran with all possible speed to

the house. Having into a room where the housekeeper was sitting, she started that lady by coming her by the arm, exclaiming as she did so, "Prick!" Mrs Percival, said the latter and looking to the ground with one of the lawn chairs. Constance was fainter near the door, and could be brought in at once, and without waiting for a reply. Laina flew to a cupboard and procured some brandy, and in a few minutes was bending over her sister, and trying to force a little brandy and water between the tightly clenched lips.

The brother and brother, accompanied by Mrs Percival and Edith, entered, were soon on the spot, and between them they raised the still unconscious form of Constance, and placing her in an easy chair, the two men managed to carry her to her own room in the western wing of the old barrack. Mr Percival and the Squire had just returned from a visit to the station, and on learning what had happened the former administered some restorative which he obtained from the family medicine chest, and in a short time Constance opened her eyes to find herself in her own room, with Mrs Percival and her two sisters, and the doctor and Squire standing round her.

"What has happened?" she asked presently, passing her hand wearily over her eyes. "Have I been ill?" and then, as the ladies caught sight of Laina's face, memory returned, and as she covered her face with her hands a sharp cry of mental pain involuntarily escaped her lips.

Laina came closer to her, and slipped one hand into hers as she said, "Hush! dear, do not distress yourself, and turning to the others, she asked them, "pride to let me into the room, saying, "If Constance requires any further assistance I will ring."

The doctor saw there was something behind all this, and beckoned the Squire to come to his study.

When the two sisters were left alone Constance threw her arms around Laina's neck, and the overwhelming feelings burst forth in tears. "Oh, Laina, she sobbed, "tell me it is not true!"

"What is it, dear?" said her sister. "Have you just returned from the station, she inquired, "and you are so pale?" "I do not know the contents, but I imagine it has something to do with the name of your fathering it. Had I known it concerned my dear sister, as I certainly should not have been so anxious to bring it you. But if the subject is painful, as she saw her sister starting, "I will speak of it, dear."

For reply Constance handed her back the telegram. "Read that, Laina, and tell me it is not true."

Laina took the message and read as follows:-

General Pitt Rivers,
Bournemouth.

General Pitt Rivers (written in pencil) Facial, changed with initials M. D. C. M.

The message was signed A. Hallway. For a moment a startled look came into Laina's face, but she recovered her self, and turning to her sister said, "It cannot be true, Constance, to pain must have heard of it. No wonder the announcement coming so suddenly, had such an effect on you, but it cannot be true, dear, she repeated. "It is altogether too horrible to think of, she looked so woefully fainting."

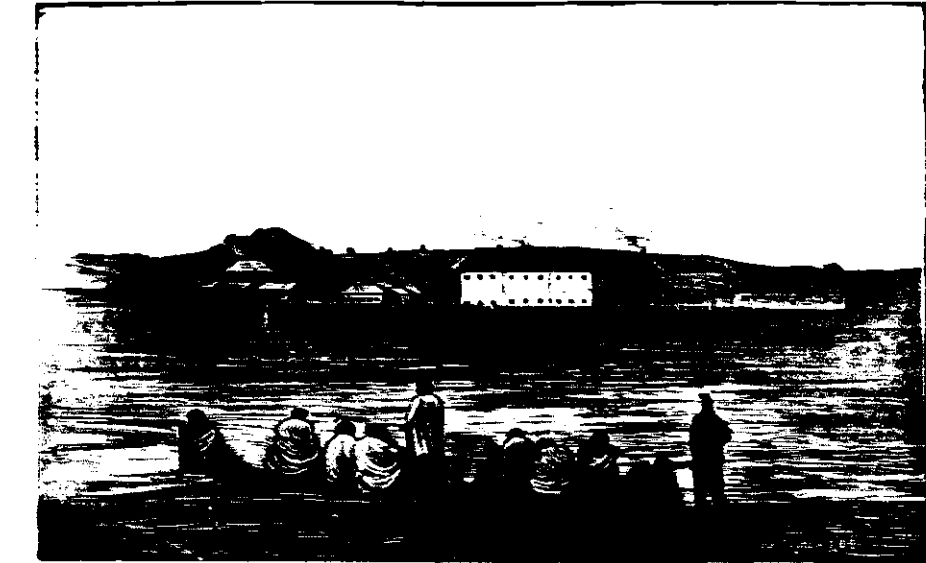
"There must have been a dreadful accident somewhere, Constance, I see, she said. "I see the telegram is signed A. Hallway. Now you know what an important little woman Adelaide Hallway is, and I can't imagine that she has been arrested in company with some poor fellow or other legal functionary, and carrying this fact with some old woman's tales which she may have heard, and which she has now a conviction for, she has turned to the conclusion that it has some connection with the late catastrophe, and true to her character, instead of to the telegraph office, anxious to be the first to carry the sad tidings. But as I read, dear, it must all be a horrible mistake. As my father, she continued, "I will peruse the paper, and if I find any further news, I will peruse the paper to write to Fairfax for information, so do not be still, Constance, till I return to you with good news, saying within the previous hour, she had carefully examined the contents of the cover, and when her sister was lying, and then, kissing her on the forehead, she bade her "good-bye."

"Good-bye, Laina, I can't be away any longer than you can possibly bear, and please give Edithword that I wish to be left to do till you return. I will ring if I require anything, which I think is not probable, as I feel much better, but as the door closed on her sister Constance felt oppressed with a sense of coming evil, and intuitively she recalled that another chapter in her life's history had just been opened. "It is wonderful!"

TO BE CONTINUED

THE OLD ALBERT BARRACKS, AUCKLAND.

TROLLERS in the Albert Park of to day will have considerable difficulty in recognizing the portion which we give on page — of the GRAPHIC. It must be borne in mind, however, that at the time when the picture was taken, and for many years afterwards, the open ground included part of Princess-street, extending from near the Jewish Synagogue to Synagogue-street. The eastern wall, ran from a point near the Opera Hall, up to a junction with the Government House fence in Princess-street. Portions of this wall remain, and may still be seen round the Metropolitan



Sketch by W. G. Phillips.

July, 1869.

SCENERY VIEW IN THE AUCKLAND BARRACKS SQUARE, 1869.

Ground. On the northern side the wall followed the top of the present Park Hill, continuing along Coburg-street, Wellesley-street and Synagogue-street to the starting point already mentioned, and this gave a large enclosure upon which were erected a number of wooden and stone buildings, embracing an extensive level area, where the troops were drilled, and many jolly games of cricket were played by the military and early inhabitants of Auckland. At one period there were 1,000 Imperial troops in New Zealand, and although only a portion of these were quartered in the city of Auckland, and more were sent to make large barracks accommodations necessary. After the withdrawal of the 10th Regiment in 1874, the barracks were handed over to the Imperial Government and became a trust for the purposes of city improvement. The greater part of the old wall and buildings were pulled down by the Improvement Commissioners, the Synagogue-street, Wellesley-street, and other thoroughfares were marked off in alignment, and the Albert Park and its surroundings gradually assumed its present shape.

The destruction of the old Albert Barracks and its substantial wall was begun by many early Auckland settlers. It was associated with the times of pioneer colonization in this part of New Zealand. The first barracks were erected upon Point Britomart, a headland extending into the harbour from the northern end of Princess-street, near the site of 194 St. Paul's Church. A small fort had been constructed there by the 80th Regiment, including the first world building erected in the colony. When the native insurrection under Heke broke out at the Bay of Islands, great alarm was felt by the handful of town-people at Auckland, and the arrival of the settlers who had been

rendered homeless by the destruction of Kororarua produced an absolute panic. Entrenchments were thrown up at Fort Britomart, two block-houses were erected, and an earthwork, called Fort Ligar, was constructed near the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Wyndham street, for the defence of the infant city. Settlers from the surrounding districts flocked in for protection, and indeed the position of the colonists was at this period decidedly critical, for highly-coloured stories of Heke's success, told in every Maori village throughout the North Island, were producing alarming effect upon the warlike people, and a general uprising of the native population at that time meant destruction to the colony.

The rigorous prosecution of the war in the north after the arrival of Governor Grey, and the total defeat of Heke pro-

duced a change. The Governor, however, deemed it advisable to adopt measures which would insure the safety of the town, and also furnish occupation to the natives, whose idleness was largely induced by idleness. He therefore commenced a number of works upon which the aboriginals were employed, at a remuneration of 2s 6d per day, and 5s for their tools, who acted as supervisors. One of these works was the erection of a loop-holed wall, twelve feet high, around the Albert Barracks. The structure was designed and supervised by the officers of Royal Engineers, then stationed in the city.

Although in subsequent disturbances alarm had been sounded and the citizens warned to be in readiness to take refuge in the shelter thus prepared for them, no actual occasion for using the barracks as a defensive work ever arose, and after the Waikato war, in which the natives were driven back to a distance of 100 miles from the city, all chance of any further attack on Auckland disappeared, and the withdrawal of the troops removed the only motive for retaining the Albert Barracks in its original condition. The wall, though substantially built, was not a thing of beauty. It occupied one of the most conspicuous and beautiful sites in the heart of the town, a large influx of population had taken place—men for whom this dark stone structure had no associations—it was an obstruction to improvement, and accordingly it fell beneath the march of progress, and there has sprung up, reared upon its ruins, the beautiful park of the present day.

A LOVE-THOUGHT.

If thou wert only, love, a tiny flower,
And I a butterfly with gaily wings,
Flitting to enliven some soft changing hour,
Careless of aught save that which pleasure brings—
Not even I could leave the lowliest glade
That hid thy loveliness within its shade.

If thou wert but a streamlet in the vale,
And I a falcon on a stormy sea,
Flying through whirling foam beneath the gale,
Careless in all that what immensity—
Thy murmuring voice would come in my soul
Though howling storms or crashing thunder-rail.

If, darling, thou wert but a far-off star,
And I a weary wanderer o'er the plain—
A twinkling of celestial worlds afar,
And knowing naught of all the shining train—
My glance would stray out thy ray serene,
Though blazing suns and planets roiled between.

Yes, dear one, thou art these to me, and more:
My lover, whose radiance passed all glory;
My streamlet of sweet thought in endless store;
My star, to guide my steps to perished day;
My hope in earth's dark chaos of despair;
My refuge mid life's weary bowdler glare.

H. EARLST NICHOL.



ALBERT PARK, AUCKLAND, 1862.

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

THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.

Of reigning monarchs Queen Victoria is the one who can look down with pride upon the most numerous progeny of which any crowned head has within the present century been able to boast. Notwithstanding the fact that the son of George III. developed haemiplegia which could scarcely be conducive to sound health, nearly all of those contrived to attain to years falling not very far short of the span allotted to man by the Psalmist, and the toughness characterizing the English stock seems to have adhered to it until now, for deaths within the ranks of the royal family of England have been surprisingly few in proportion to its numbers. Prince Albert died in the very flower of life, being but forty-one years of age, and of the same complexion which usually marked the Prince of Wales nineteen years ago. The Prince has also lost a brother, Leopold, and a sister, Alice, both within the last ten years; but when all are told, four deaths in such a widely ramifying family as that of Queen Victoria during the course of thirty years form a remarkable evidence of hereditary vitality.

The death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale took place at nine o'clock of the morning of Thursday, the 10th of January, at Marlborough House, the residence of his father, in London. Marlborough House is a somewhat plain red-brick building, of non-palatial character, as contrasted with the palace of St. James, and separated from it by a high wall and the intervening thoroughfare communicating between Pall Mall and St. James Park. The house is surrounded by a spacious garden, over the wall of which the little princes and princesses could eighteen years ago be seen looking down upon the motley crowd of Londoners on fine summer mornings when the Royal Foot Guards were engaged rendering one another in the court-yard of St. James' Palace to the superb music for which their bands are renowned. The gates leading into the grounds of Marlborough House face out upon Pall Mall, the two sides of which are almost entirely composed of clubs, many of them far surpassing the city residences of Royalty in their gorgeousness. In this

ROYAL ROMANCES.



HEREDITARY announcement that the Archduke John of Austria, after a mysterious disappearance lasting some two years, had turned up in the waters of Chail, recalls to mind the fact that there are royalists still alive who are prepared to sacrifice their titles and prospects on the altar of love. The Archduke, who in marrying the maiden of his choice became John, Duke of Braganza, is one of the very few of that ilk. Royal marriages are, as a rule, what the French would call 'affaires of the head' and not of the heart. Kings and emperors, queens and diplomats become the face and destiny of royal personages when these latter attain the nuptial age, and settlement has as little to do with the arrangement as poetry has with the Sock Exchange. In some cases the couples have scarcely seen each other more than half a dozen times before being joined together. In others, though they may have known each other for years they enter the bonds without any other than, perhaps, simply because they do so by command of their parents or of the State. Hence the extreme paucity of love matches in royal circles.

Queen Victoria's marriage with the late Prince Albert was, as most people are aware, the result of a mutual attachment. The same, however, cannot be said of the old lady's sons and daughters, all of whom, with one exception, married to order. That exception was the Princess Beatrice, who married Prince Henry of Battenberg against the wishes of the Prince of Wales and some other members of the English Royal Family. The Princess, who is the youngest of the Queen's children, is credited with having a well-poised head, pure, creamy complexion and dreamy eyes, and is on the whole a decidedly attractive woman. For years she was the constant attendant of her mother, and remained so completely heart-whole that she refused many suitors offered for her hand. It was only when she reached the age of twenty-seven that she succumbed to the tender passion. The lucky bar who inspired this feeling

Victoria have not had in marriage shortly afterwards to an obscure German princelet.

Royalties have been married outside of Royal circles are very few and far between. The experiment of blending patrician blood with peasant has not been encouraging to the patrician partner. The prince who takes to the town as a daughter of the people and gives her his name is generally boycotted by his caste, whilst, of course, in strictly and rigidly exclusive. Three instances of these marriages are the Archduke of Austria, who has been already referred to in this paper, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia and Henri, Duke of Seville. The Archduke John is one of the bravest and most chivalrous of men. Early in life he embraced the career of a sailor and spent most of his time on the high seas. Being by birth a member of the Hapsburg family, he shocked Imperial prejudices by espousing a young girl whose veins were quite innocent of any aristocratic blood. The Grand Duke Alexis of Russia worried the susceptibilities of his family and aroused the bitter hostility of his mother, the Empress, by his warm attachment to one of the maids of honour of the court, a daughter of the celebrated poet Pushkin. This young maiden, who was of surpassing beauty, retroceded the Grand Duke's passion, but the marriage of the anonymous couple was sanctioned by the Emperor, Nicholas, and the Duke, having been expelled from Russia, went into exile on the coast of the Baltic. The lovers, however, managed to renew communications with each other, and, by a prettily contrived understanding, crossed the Atlantic and met in America where they were secretly married. The honeymoon was as delightful as it was brief. A torrent of ostracism forced the Grand Duke to abandon his charming spouse and seek refuge from the frowns of his imperial mother. With a very commendable delicacy, indeed, Alexis begged leave as a matter of consolation the lady should be provided with a new husband, and the result was that after she had dined her tears the pretty woman was given in wedlock to a very accomplished Saxon gentleman, by name Baron Godtman, who has ever since consigned her to the care of her former London. The marriage of the Infant Henri, Duke of Seville and brother of Don Francis d'Assosa, husband of Queen Isabella of Spain with a certain Isabella de Cordova was a purely romantic union, as was that of Prince Oscar of Sweden, the second son of the King, with the daughter



THE BULLIONS OUTSIDE THE MAN-SOX HOUSE.



DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.



AT THE GATES, MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

his London home, and where his figure as boy and man was respectively seen morning, the rakish young prince has passed away at the early age of twenty-seven. It is the joy of mankind to pass away at all ages from the moment of birth or warlike, and there is nothing surprising in the fact that the life of the Duke of Clarence has been so extensively curtailed; but the death of young men and young women in the first flush of life and hope always strikes the imagination forcibly, and more particularly when the individual is lifted upon an eminence; and the benevolence of his parents waives a thrill of sympathy in the hearts of the many by the sense of their common humanity.

CUPID IN DANGER.

SUPPOSE we capture Cupid, dear,
And lead his hands and feet,
And seal those naughty little lips
That point for kisses sweet:
Then carry him as dead of right
To yonder mortar above,
And offer him as sacrifice
Unto the god of Love!

And now we have the little elf,
We'll take away those darts,
So he will never get a chance
To wound more human hearts.
But yet to make so very sure:
So potent and sweet to die,
Suppose we keep him by us, dear,
And give him—poor and I!

F. PARKER.

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was neither a king nor a king's son, nor a lordly potentate. He was a poor German princeling in receipt of something like 30 marks a month as a lieutenant in the German army. Though intellectually he was a mere cipher, he had those physical attributes which capture female hearts more readily in Europe than any amount of learning or talent. Prince Henry was a tall, well-built young man with a delicately pale complexion, bright blue Teutonic eyes and a pointed blonde beard. Being a very handsome man, he was not slow in making a favourable impression on the heart of the fair Beatrice. Having wooed her assiduously for some weeks he won her hand and with it a very large dowry. The Prince of Wales was shocked beyond measure at finding himself the brother-in-law of such a society, and for a long time refused to acknowledge him. Battenberg, who is still idolized by his loving spouse is often the butt of English ridicule, and is generally referred to as the 'society or son-in-law-in-waiting to Her Majesty.

The marriage of the present Emperor and Empress of Germany was also a love match. The Empress, who is now in her thirty-second year, became a wife in 1858. She is the daughter of the Prince of Saxe-Weissenfels and has a fair, fair-like complexion, an oval face, soft blue eyes and an abundance of blonde hair. Early in life she fell under the influence of a beautiful American woman, the Countess Waldsee. It is reported that it was here at this point, which originated the animosity between Wilhelm and Victoria.

The King and Queen of Greece are other proofs of the statement that royalties are not invulnerable to the arrows of 'Cupid.' Queen Olga is the eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia. Her husband, who is the second son of the present King of Denmark, was elected King of Greece in 1863 to fill the vacancy caused by the abdication of King Otto.

Another love marriage was that of the ex-Prince of Battenberg with a Saxon girl. Before that union took place Prince Alexander had found favour in the eyes of the Princess Victoria, sister of the Emperor of Germany, but Bismarck put so many obstacles in the way of the union that it never came off. The Prince not being as attached to the Princess as she was to him, fell in love with another woman he espoused. Pined by spite and jealousy

of a 'blond Munich, for whose sake he abandoned any possible claim to the throne. The King, however, in need of the grandson of Bismarck, one of the royal traditions of Napoleon I., considered none of the proposals of Europe not to be hoodwinked for his son and heir. Bismarck himself had, it will be remembered, a similar weakness. He refused the hand of his young widowed sister, Pauline Levent, to General Humbert, on the ground that the latter had earlier in life been a peer of spurs.

A sister of the late King of Spain consented to mingle her people's similar blood with that of the people by marrying a doctor of medicine who had not a solitary noble to his name. When the nobles heard of the Infanta's choice they turned up the whites of their eyes to the sky like ducks in a water-park at the bare notion of this superb patrician lady giving herself to a husband who belonged to the professional classes. The doctor in question is well provided for mentally and physically, and his spouse is evidently proud of him, for when she was visited by marrying an untitled individual she said: 'I preferred a man without a title to a title without a man.'

The late King of Bavaria, the unfortunate Louis, who was so passionately attached to everything sublime and beautiful except womanhood, inspired not a few sentimental ladies with a deep and tender passion, although he was himself an inveterate woman-hater. One of these hapless Amaltheas was the sister of the Empress of Austria. The ever-ready monarch resisted the lady's attentions, vowing that he would never wed a daughter of Eve, and in order to obviate the possibility of a romantic her husband-in-law, the Emperor, had her at once married in marriage with one of the petty potentates of his empire. After a few years of wedded misery, the lady's reason gave way and she became as helpless a maniac as the royal woman later on whom she had set her heart.

In conclusion it need only be added that though the French revolution of 1789 may have obliterated words to the exaltation of humankind, none can deny that love is the dearest and greatest jewel of all.

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The Attack on the Mill.

BY EMILE ZOLA



Of twenty years Father Merlier had been Mayor of Rocreuse. When he married Madeleine Guillard, he had only his two arms, but Madeleine brought him the mill for a dowry.

His wife was now dead and he lived alone with his daughter Francoise. Merlier was a fine-looking old man, a tall, silent figure, who never laughed, but nevertheless he was gay at heart. He was chosen Mayor because of his money, and also because he married people in such handsome fashion.

Francoise Merlier was eighteen years old. She had black hair, black eyes, and fresh rosy colour. Still she was not one of the beauties of the country. The quiet ways of her father had made her wise beyond her years. If she laughed it was for the pleasure of others. At heart she was serious.

Naturally from her position she was courted on every side. But when she made her choice all her little world wended.

On the other side of the Moselle lived a great fellow named Dominique Penquer. He was not of Rocreuse. He came from Belgium ten years before, as the heir of an uncle who owned a little ground on the edge of the forest of Gagny, opposite Merlier's mill. He had meant to sell his land and go back. Instead he remained, charmed by the country, he said. Then he raised vegetables, hunted, fished and lay on the grass and slept when other people worked.

The peasant scolded explain such an idle life only by the suspicion that he poached at night. The young girls sometimes undertook his defence because he was good to look upon, simple and tall as a poplar, with blonde hair and beard, that shone like gold in the sun. Now one fine morning Francoise told her father that she loved Dominique, and would marry nobody else.

Father Merlier looked as if he had received a stroke. He said nothing, according to his custom, but he was silent for a week. Francoise was silent also. Then one evening, without saying anything, he brought Dominique to the house. Francoise too said nothing, but made a place for him at the table, and her smile reappeared. The next morning father Merlier went to see Dominique at his hut; the two men talked together. No one knew what they said, but after that father Merlier treated Dominique as a son.

All Rocreuse was astounded; the women chattered greatly over the folly of Father Merlier. In the midst of all this Francoise and Dominique looked at each other with smiling tenderness. Father Merlier had as yet said nothing of marriage, and both respected his silence. Finally, one day toward the middle of July he set three tables in the middle of the court and asked his friends to sup with him. Then when the guests rose with glass in hand, Father Merlier, raising his voice, said:

'It is with pleasure that I announce to you that Francoise is to marry that great fellow there, on the day of Saint Louis.'

All laughed and drank merrily. Then Father Merlier raised his voice again:

'Dominique, embrace your fiancee.'

Blushing the two embraced one another, and the guests laughed still louder.

When the cake was finished and the guests gone an old peasant spoke of the war the Emperor had declared against Prussia.

'Bah,' said Father Merlier with the egotism of a happy man, 'Dominique is a foreigner, it doesn't concern him. If the Prussians come he will be here to defend the wife.'

The idea that the Prussians might come seemed a good joke. If they did come a well-directed stroke on their flank, and that would end it.

'I have already seen them. I have already seen them,' muttered the old peasant in a thick, low voice.

A moment's silence and they drank again. Francoise and Dominique heard nothing. They sat behind the others, hand in hand, lost in the shadows that no eyes could pierce.

A month later, on the eve of St. Louis, the Prussians had beaten the Emperor, and were making forced marches toward Rocreuse.

'They are at Torniere; they are at Novelles; thus each day believing that each night they would fall upon the village and swallow it up.'

The night before there had been an alarm, the women fell on their knees, and made the sign of the cross; then they saw the red trousers and opened their windows. It was a French detachment, whose captain had remained at the mill talking with Father Merlier.

The Captain went about the mill and studied the country with his glass. Merlier went out with him and seemed to give advice. Then the captain posted soldiers behind the walls and the trees, and camped the detachment in the court of the mill. When Merlier came back they questioned him. Was there to be a fight? He nodded his head slowly without speaking. 'Yes, there was to be a fight.'

Francoise and Dominique were then in the court and watched him. He finished by taking out his pipe, and said:

'Ah, my poor children, to-morrow you were to have been married.'

Dominique, with tight lips and angry forehead, stood with eyes fixed on the forest of Gagny, that he might see the moment the Prussians arrived: Francoise, pale and serious, went and came, giving the soldiers what they needed.

The Captain was delighted. 'You have a fortress,' he said; 'we can hold it until evening. They are late.'

The miller remained grave. He saw his mill burning like a torch. He did not complain. That was useless. All he said was:

'You ought to hide the boat behind the wheel. It may serve you.'

The Captain was a fine-looking fellow, forty years old. The sight of Francoise and Dominique pleased him. He seemed to have forgotten the approaching struggle. He followed Francoise with his eyes, and his manner showed that he thought her charming. Then turning toward Dominique:

'You are not in the army, my boy?'

'I am a foreigner,' replied the young man.

The Captain did not appear to accept this reason; he smiled, Francoise was more agreeable company than a rifle. Seeing this Dominique said:

'I am a foreigner, but I can hit an apple at 500 yards. There is my gun behind you.'

'It will be of use,' replied the Captain.

Francoise approached trembling, and Dominique took her hand in his with a protective air. The Captain smiled again, but said nothing. Seated there, his sword between his knees, his eyes far away he seemed to dream.

Then the sound of a firing broke the silence.

The Captain sprang to his feet, the soldiers left their plates of soup, and in a few seconds all were at their posts. From the forest of Gagny arose a slender thread of smoke. The firing continued and grew heavier.

Francoise and Dominique clasped one another, screened by a high wall. A little soldier behind an old boat, firing and hiding while he reloaded his gun, interested them by his droll movements until they laughed. Then as he raised his head to fire again, he gave a cry and rolled convulsively into a ditch. It was the first death. Francoise shuddered and clung to Dominique in nervous terror.

'Don't stay here,' said the Captain. 'You are under fire.'

An oak tree shivered overhead, but they did not move when the firing ceased and they heard only the ripple of the Moselle.

Father Merlier looked at the Captain with astonishment.

'Have they finished?'

'Don't deceive yourself, they are preparing to attack. Get inside.'

He had scarcely finished when a shower of leaves fell from the oak. They had fired too high. Dominique drew Francoise closer to him. 'Come, children, hide in the cellar. The walls are thick,' urged the miller.

They did not heed him, but went into the great room of the mill; here a dozen soldiers were waiting behind the closed shutters. The outpost had not been driven in. The idea was to gain time. The firing continued; an officer reported. The Captain drew out his watch:

'Two hours and a half: we must detain them four hours longer.'

They shut the great doors of the court and prepared for determined resistance. The Prussians had not yet crossed the Moselle.

Then the firing ceased. At high noon the mill seemed dead. Every shutter was closed and not a sound came from within.

Then the Prussians showed themselves beyond the woods of Gagny. As they grew bolder the soldiers in the mill prepared to fire.

'No,' said the Captain, 'let them come nearer.'

The Prussians looked anxiously at the old mill, silent, gloomy, with closed shutters; then boldly advanced. As they crossed the meadow, the officer gave the word.

The air was filled with the rattle of shots. Francoise clapped her hands to her ears. When the smoke had cleared away, Dominique saw two or three soldiers on their backs in the middle of the field. The others had hid behind the poplars. The siege had begun.

For an hour bullets rattled against the mill. From time to time the Captain consulted his watch, and as a ball pierced the shutter and lodged in the ceiling, he murmured:

'Four hours. We can never hold it.'

Little by little the mill yielded to the terrible firing. A shutter fell in the water, pierced like lace-work. They replaced it by a mattress.

At each round Merlier exposed himself to see the blow given his old mill. All was over. Never again would it wheel turn. Dominique begged Francoise to hide, but she refused to leave him; she was seated behind an old oak cupboard that protected her. Then a ball pierced it, and Dominique, gun in hand, placed himself before her.

'Attention,' cried the captain suddenly.

A dark mass appeared out of the wood. Then a formidable fire opened. Another shutter dropped and the balls entered. Two soldiers fell, a third was wounded; he said nothing, but fell over the edge of the table, with eyes fixed and staring. In the face of the dead, Francoise, dumb with horror, pushed back her chair mechanically, and sat down on the floor, near the wall.

'Five hours,' said the captain. 'Let us hold on. They are going to cross the river.'

At this moment Francoise cried out. A spent ball struck her on the forehead: some drops of blood flowed.

Dominique saw it. Then going to the window for the first time he fired. He did not stop, but loaded and fired, unmindful of everything else, except when once he cast a glance at Francoise.

As the Captain had foreseen, the Prussians were crossing the river behind the poplars; one too bold fell pierced by a ball from Dominique's gun. The Captain, who had watched him, was astonished, and complimented the young man. But Dominique heard nothing. A ball struck his shoulder, another bruised his arm, still he kept on.

The position seemed no longer tenable, a last discharge shook the mill. But the officer only repeated:

'We must hold it another half-hour.'

Now he counted the minutes, but kept his amiable air, smiling at Francoise, to reassure her. Then he took a gun from a dead soldier and fired.

There were now but four soldiers left in the room. The Prussians were on the brink. Still the Captain waited. An old sergeant ran in.

'They are going to take us from the rear.'

The Captain took out his watch.

'Five minutes more—they cannot get here before.'

At six o'clock precisely the Captain gave the order to retreat. The men filed out of the little door into the street.

Before leaving the Captain saluted the miller and said:

'Announce them; we will return.'

Meanwhile Dominique remained alone in the mill, still firing, hearing nothing, comprehending nothing. He only knew that he must defend Francoise. With each charge he killed a man. Suddenly there was a great noise; the Prussians rushed in from behind. He fired once more and they fell upon him with his gun smoking in his hand. Four men held him, an unknown language roared around him. Francoise fell on her knees before them in supplication. An officer entered and took him prisoner. After some words in German with the soldiers he turned to Dominique and said roughly in very good French:

'You will be shot in two hours.'

This had been the order issued by the Commander-in-chief of the Prussian forces against peasants who might be found defending their firesides.

The officer, a large man, fifty years old, briefly questioned Dominique.

'Do you belong here?'

'No, I am a Belgian.'

'Why did you take up arms? This does not concern you.'

Dominique did not answer. Then the officer saw Francoise standing near; the mark of her wound showed a red bar across her pale forehead. He looked at the young couple, first at one, then the other, and seemed to understand.

'You do not deny having fired?'

'I did all I could do,' said Dominique, tranquilly.

This avowal was useless; he was black with powder, covered with sweat, and a few drops of blood trickled from his shoulder.

'Very well,' said the officer. 'You will be shot in two hours.'

Francoise did not weep. She clasped her hands and raised them with a gesture of mute despair. The officer noticed this. Two soldiers led Dominique away. The young girl fell on a chair and began to weep. The officer still watched her, then spoke.

'Is this your young brother?'

She shook her hand. He was silent and serious, then spoke again.

'Has he lived here long?'

'Yes.'

'Then he ought to be familiar with the neighbouring woods.'

'Yes, monsieur,' she said, looking at him with surprise.

He added nothing more, but turned on his heels and asked for the mayor of the village.

Francoise took hope, and ran to find her father.

The miller, as soon as the firing had ceased, went to look at his wheel. He adored Francoise, he had a little liking for Dominique, his future son-in-law, but his wheel was dear to him.

As soon as he knew his two children were safe, he thought of his other cherished one. Now he bent over the great carcass of wood and studied its wounds with a bewildered air. Five paddles were gone. The centre was perforated with bullets. He pushed his finger in the trough of the balls to measure their depth. He was wondering how he could ever repair this destruction. Francoise found him melancholy among the ruins.

'Father,' said she, 'they want you.'

She was still weeping, and related to him what had passed. Father Merlier shook his head, 'They do not shoot people like that, I will go see.' He re-entered the mill with a silent peaceable air.

The officer asked for some food for the men. Merlier told him that they would obtain nothing by violence, but if left to him he would see that they got it. The officer was at first angry, but recovered himself before the few decisive words of the old man, and asked, 'What are those woods yonder?'

'The woods of Sauval.'

'What is their extent?'

The miller looked at him steadily.

'I do not know.'

Then he went away. An hour after they brought in the levies of food. Night came on. Francoise followed anxiously the movements of the soldiers. Toward 7 o'clock her sufferings were horrible. She saw the officer enter the room where Dominique was confined. He stayed there a quarter of an hour, and she heard their excited voices. Then he came out, gave an order in German, and a squad of twelve soldiers with guns ranged themselves in the court; she began to shiver; she thought she was dying. The execution was then to take place. The soldiers remained ten minutes. The voice of Dominique was heard in a steady tone of refusal. Then the officer came out again banging the door.

'Very well, reflect. I will give you till to-morrow.'

With a gesture he dismissed the men. Francoise remained stupefied.

Father Merlier, who continued smoking his pipe, looked at the file of men curiously; then taking Francoise tenderly by the arm, led her into her room.

'Be tranquil,' said he, 'try and sleep. To-morrow will be another day and we shall see.'

Francoise did not sleep; she sat a long time on her bed, listening to the noises without. The German soldiers sang and laughed. But what concerned her most were the sounds in the room beneath, where Dominique was confined. She lay down on the floor and put her ear to the plank. She

heard Dominique walk from wall to window; sometimes he sat down. Outside all sounds at last ceased, the troops were asleep.

Francoise opened the window softly and leaned out. The night was serene. The moon, setting behind the woods of Saunal, flooded the field which the shadows of the poplars barred with black. But Francoise thought not of the mysterious charm of the night. She studied the country; looked to see where the sentinels were posted. One only was in front of the mill. She could distinguish him perfectly, a great fellow, immovable, with his face turned upward, and with the dreamy air of a shepherd.

When she had inspected the place carefully, she sat down again on her bed. She sat there an hour absorbed in her thoughts. She listened again, not a breath disturbed the house. She returned to the window and looked out. The moon was down and the night dark; she could no longer see the face of the sentinel; the field was as black as ink. She listened a moment, then climbed out of the window. An iron ladder, its bars fixed in the wall, ran from the wheel to the garret. A long time elapsed it was overgrown with moss and ivy.

Francoise bravely seized one of the bars, and swung herself over; she began to descend; her skirt embarrassed her; a stone broken loose fell with a splash into the Moselle below. She stopped, frozen with terror; then she reflected that the noise would cover her descent; she boldly pushed on, tearing away the ivy with her feet to uncover the rungs. When she reached Dominique's window a new danger awaited her. It was not directly beneath her own; she put out her hand and felt—only a wall. Must she then go back and renounce her project. Her arms were tired and the sound of the Moselle below made her dizzy. She picked off a bit of plaster and threw it in at Dominique's window. He did not hear; perhaps he slept; she tore her fingers in detaching a bit of stone; she was at the end of her strength; she felt herself falling when Dominique softly raised the window.

'It is I,' she murmured. 'Take me quickly; I fall.' He bent out, caught her, and lifted her into the room. She began to cry, but stifled her tears lest some one might hear her. Then, by a supreme effort she calmed herself.

'You are guarded?' she asked in a low voice. Dominique, still stupefied at seeing her, pointed to the door. Outside the sentinel had fallen asleep, leaning against the door.

'You must fly,' she said quickly; 'I have come to beg you to fly and to say adieu.'

He did not appear to hear her, but repeated: 'It is you; it is you; oh, how you frightened me. You might have killed yourself.'

He took her hands and kissed them. 'How I love you, Francoise, you are so courageous as you are good. I had only one fear, that I would die without seeing you. But you are here, and now they may kill me.' He had drawn her toward him, and her head rested on his shoulder. Danger brought them nearer together.

'Ah,' said Dominique in a caressing voice, 'this is the day of Saint Louis, our marriage day. Nothing has been able to separate us; we have been faithful to the *republicains*. Have we not, dear? This is our wedding day.'

'Yes, yes,' she repeated; 'our wedding day.' They exchanged a long, lingering kiss. Suddenly she freed herself; the terrible reality rose before her.

'You must fly, you must fly. We must not lose a minute.'

He held out his arms to beg her to return to them.

'O, I pray you,' she said, 'listen to me. In an hour it will be daybreak. If you die I will die. You must go at once.'

Rapidly she explained her plan. The ladder descended to the wheel; by means of the paddles he could reach the boat. It would be easy then to gain the other side of the river and escape.

'But the sentinels?' 'There is but one at the foot of the first willow.'

'If he sees me, if he gives the alarm?' Francoise shuddered; she put in his hand a knife she had brought with her.

'And your father and you?' he asked. 'No, I will not go. If I go they will, perhaps, kill you. You do not know. They will spare me if I will guide them through the forest of Saunal. If they find me gone they are capable of anything.'

The young girl would not stop to argue. To all this she only said:

'For love of me, fly. If you love me, Dominique, do not stay another minute in this place.'

She promised to climb back to her room; she gave him another passionate embrace. And he yielded, but asked one question more.

'Swear to me that your father knows this and bids me go.'

'My father sent me,' said Francoise, without hesitation. She had but one desire, to assure herself of his safety.

'Very well,' said Dominique, 'I will do as you wish.'

They spoke no more. Dominique opened the window. Then a sound at the door froze them. They believed their voices overheard. They clung to one another, expectant, in terrible anguish. The door creaked, but did not open. They heard a sigh, and the long breathing of the soldier asleep across the threshold.

Dominique insisted on Francoise first remounting to her room. They bade one another a mute adieu; then he helped her on to the ladder. When she had gained her room, in a voice light as a zephyr, she breathed down, 'A *revoir*. I love you.'

She leaned out, trying to follow Dominique with her eyes. She looked for the sentinel, but could not see him. An instant, and she heard the movement of Dominique's body among the vines. Then the wheel cracked, and a light sound announced that he had found the boat. She saw its black outline against the grey Moselle. A terrible anguish seized her: she thought she heard the alarm of the sentinel; the least noise seemed like the swift steps of the sentinel. Some seconds passed; the country lay in peace. Dominique ought to be across. Francoise saw nothing more. The silence was profound. Then Francoise heard a hoarse cry, and the dull thud of a body. The silence became deeper; then, as if she had felt death passing, she remained frozen and motionless in the face of the night.

At daybreak the miller sought Francoise's chamber and opened the door. She came down into the court pale and calm. But she could not repress a shudder when she saw the body of a Prussian soldier lying under a stained cloak.

Around the body soldiers cried and gesticulated full of fury. The officer called for Merlier as mayor of the company.

'See,' said he, stifling with anger, 'one of our men found assassinated by the river. I shall make an example of this, and I call upon you to help us to discover the murderer.'

'As you will,' answered the miller, 'but it will not be easy.'

The officer turned down a corner of the cloak which covered the body. The sentinel had his throat cut and the knife remained in the wound. It was a black-handled kitchen knife.

'Look at that knife and then help us in the search.'

The old man started, but recovered himself and answered without moving a muscle:

'Everybody has knives like that in our country. Perhaps the man was tired of fighting and ended the matter himself.'

'Silence!' said the officer angrily. 'I don't know what keeps me from setting fire to the four corners of this village.'

His anger prevented his noticing the change in Francoise's face. She could not keep her eyes from the corpse stretched almost at her feet. He was a big fellow, who looked like Dominique with his blue eyes and fair hair. This resemblance pierced her heart. Perhaps afar in Germany some loving one would weep. She recognized the knife. She had killed him.

When they discovered Dominique's flight there was terrible tumult. The officer went into the room, examined the window, and returned furious.

Father Merlier even was annoyed at Dominique's flight.

'The foolish boy, he will ruin everything.'

Francoise heard him with anguish. He did not suspect her complicity.

'The scoundrel! the scoundrel!' said the officer, 'but we will find him, and the village shall pay for it. Do you know where he is?' to the miller.

Merlier laughed silently, and pointed to the extent of the wood. 'How can you find a man there?' he said.

'Oh, he has haunts that you know. I will give you ten men. You shall guide them.'

'It would take eight days to beat those woods.'

The calmness of the old man enraged the officer. At this moment he saw Francoise, pale and trembling. The anxious attitude of the young girl struck him. He was silent—looking from her to the old man.

'Is this man the lover of your daughter?' he asked brutally.

Merlier became livid. He drew himself up, but did not answer. Francoise took his face between her hands.

'I see,' said the officer, 'your girl has helped him to escape. You are her accomplice. Once more, will you give him up?'

The miller did not answer. He looked away indifferently, as if he had not been addressed. The officer was overcome with anger.

'Very well. You shall be shot in his place.'

Again he gave orders for the file of soldiers.

Merlier shrugged his shoulders plegmatically; all this drama seemed in doubtful taste. He did not believe that men were shot so easily. When the soldiers had come he said gravely:

'Then this is serious. Very well, if it must be, I as well as another.'

Francoise sprang up wildly supplicating:

'Pity, monsieur, pity. Do not harm my father. Kill me in his place. I alone am to blame.'

'Be silent, my child,' said the old man. 'Why do you say what is not true. She spent the night in her chamber, monsieur, I assure you.'

'No, I speak the truth,' she replied, 'I climbed down to his window, I made him go. It is the truth, the only truth.'

The old man grew pale. He saw that it was true, this astounding story. Ah, these children with their hearts, they spoil everything.

'She is beside herself, she does not know what she says. Let us end this.'

She still protested, threw herself on her knees, and clasped her hands.

The officer listened.

'My God! I finish this. I take your father, because I have not the other. Find him and your father shall be free.'

'Horrible, horrible! where can I find Dominique at this hour? He is gone, I know no more.'

'Choose. He or your father.'

'Oh, my God! How can I choose! If I knew where Dominique was, how could I choose! My heart will break. Let me die, the sooner the better. Kill me I beg of you, kill me.'

The officer became impatient.

'Enough. I do not desire to be cruel. I will give you two hours. If in two hours your lover is not here your father shall pay for him.'

Merlier was led into Dominique's prison. His face showed no emotion. But when he was alone two great tears rolled down his cheeks. His poor child, how she suffered!

Francoise stood in the middle of the court. The soldiers passed her with pleasantries she could not understand.

She had two hours. This phrase rang in her head. Where to go, what to do? Mechanically she went toward the river and crossed it on the big rocks. She saw a spot of blood on the shore and turned pale. She followed the traces of Dominique in the disturbed grasses, that led across the meadow into the wood. There they ended. She threw herself into the wood; she sat down a moment. How long had she been gone, five minutes, a half-hour? She sprang to her feet. Perhaps Dominique was hid in a dell where they had gathered nuts together. A lark flew by uttering its sweet sad note. Perhaps he had taken refuge in the rocks. She sought him there; the desire to find him took possession of her; she would climb a tree and look. She sought for one, calling his name every few steps. Only the cuckoo answered her. Once she thought she saw him, she stopped. No, she could not take him back to be shot. She would not tell him. She would beg him to go on, to save himself. Then she thought of her father, and what awaited him. She fell on the turf crying out:

'My God! my God! why am I here!'

Frantically she sought to fly from the forest. Three times when she believed she had found the mill she came out on the prairie. At last she saw the village and stopped. How could she go back alone?

She stood a moment; a voice called sweetly, 'Francoise, Francoise.'

She saw Dominique lifting his head out of a ditch. She had found him. Heaven then wished his death. She cried out, and fell in the ditch.

'You want me?'

'Yes,' she answered, not knowing what she said.

'What has happened?'

Her eyes fell, she murmured:

'Nothing, nothing. I was restless. I wanted to see you.'

When she was quiet he explained that he was not going away lest the Prussians be revenged on them. All would be well, and, he added, laughing:

'Our wedding will be a week later, that is all.'

Then, as she remained bewildered, he became grave.

'You are concealing something.'

'No, I swear it, I ran away to come here.'

He embraced her and told her it was imprudent for them to remain longer there. He must go into the forest. She held him shuddering.

'Listen. You had better stay here; no one seeks you. Fear nothing.'

'Francoise, you conceal something,' he repeated.

Again she denied it, only she wanted to be near him; she evaded him, she appeared so strange, that now he refused to leave her, otherwise he would seek the French troops; he had seen some on the other side of Saunal.

'Ah, they come, they will soon be here,' she murmured eagerly.

The clock of Rocreuse sounded eleven. The strokes were clear, distinct. She was terrified. It was two hours since she had left the mill.

'Listen. If we have need of you I will wave a handkerchief from my window.'

She ran and left him. Dominique, uneasy, walked along the border of the ditch toward the mill.

As she ran toward Rocreuse Francoise met an old beggar, Bontemps, who knew the country thoroughly. He greeted her, he had just seen the miller in the hands of the Prussians; he made the sign of the cross and passed on.

'The two hours are up,' said the officer when Francoise appeared.

Merlier was there, on a bench, still smoking. Agrin the young girl begged and wept on her knees; she wanted to gain time in the hope that the French would arrive. As she implored, she thought she could hear the tramp of the soldiers. Oh! if they would but come and deliver them!

'But one hour, one hour more, grant me but one hour?'

The officer was immovable. He ordered two men to take her out, that the execution might proceed quietly. A frightful struggle rent her heart. She could not kill her father. No, she would die instead with Dominique; she started to her chamber—and at that moment Dominique entered the door.

The officer and soldiers gave a cry of triumph.

But as if only Francoise was there, he went toward her gravely.

'This was not well. Why did you not bring me back? It was left for Father Bontemps to tell me. Here I am.'

The Prussians shut Dominique up without saying what fate was in store for him. Francoise, overwhelmed with anguish, remained in the court, despite the wishes of her father. She expected the French. But the hours ran by, and night was coming on.

At length the Prussians made preparations for departure. The officer, as the evening before, entered Dominique's room. Francoise knew that his fate was decided. She clasped her hands and prayed. Her father at her side kept the silent, rigid attitude of an old peasant who knows he cannot struggle against fate.

'Oh, my God, my God!' murmured Francoise, 'they will kill him.'

The miller drew her toward him and took her on his knees like a child.

The officer came out; behind him two men led Dominique.

'Never, never,' said he; 'I am ready to die.'

'Reflect,' said the officer, 'this service you refuse me another will give. I offer you your life. I am generous. Guide us through the wood to Montredon.'

Dominique did not answer.

'Why are you so obstinate?'

'Kill me. Let us finish this,' he replied.

Francoise, with clasped hands, besought him. She would have agreed even to dishonour. Merlier took her hands so that the Prussians should not see her wild gestures.

'He is right,' murmured he. 'Death is better.'

The file of soldiers was there; the officer waited for some sign of weakness on Dominique's part. All were silent. Afar were heard violent strokes of thunder; a dull heat oppressed them. In the midst of this silence was a cry:

'The French! the French!'

(On the road to Saunal, along the edge of the wood, could be seen a line of red pantaloons. All was confusion in the mill. The Prussians ran here and there with guttural exclamations.)

'The French! the French!' cried Francoise, clapping her hands.

She was like one demented. She broke from her father's arms, and ran about laughing and waving her arms. They would come, they would come in time. Dominique would live.

The sound of firing startled her like a thunder-clap. She turned. The officer said:

'First, let us finish this affair.'

With his own hand he pressed Dominique against the wall of the stable and gave the order to fire.

Then Francoise saw Dominique, his breast pierced by a dozen balls.

She did not weep; she stood dazed, her eyes fixed on the stable; occasionally she made a wondering, childlike movement of the hand. The Prussians had seized the miller as a hostage.

It was a fine fight. The officer could not retreat; he must sell his life as dearly as possible. It was the Prussians who now defended the mill and the French who now attacked it. For a half-hour the fusillade continued.

The French posted a battery in the ditch below, that had concealed Dominique. The struggle now would not be long.

Ah, the poor mill, the balls pierced it through and through. The ivy torn from the crumbling walls hung like caterpillars. The Moselle carried away the chamber of Francoise; it was torn open exposing the bed with its white curtains. Suddenly the old wheel received two balls and

gave one supreme groan : the paddles floated off, the framework fell ; the soul of the mill had passed away.

Then the French made an assault. The fight raged furiously, hemmed in by the forest, like the walls of an amphitheatre around the combatants.

Francoise remained motionless, bent over the dead body of Dominique. Father Merlier lay dead, struck by a wandering ball. Then the Prussians were exterminated and the mill in flames, the French captain once more entered the court. It was his first success. Flushed with excitement, his tall height seemed to increase, he laughed with the pleasant air of a gay cavalier, and seeing Francoise demoralized between the bodies of her lover and her father, lying among the smoking ruins of the mill, he saluted her gallily with his sword, crying :

'Victory, victory !'

EGYPTIAN WOMEN.

MADAME ROMERO, wife of the Mexican Minister at Washington, makes the following remarks on Egypt :—

'Nature intended the Egyptian woman to be one of the noblest of her sex and she is said to be beautiful. Beauty, however, does no good in Egypt, for the veil covers the face, and you see nothing but the eyes peeping out between two veils fastened together by little round gilt tubes which rest just over the bridge of the nose. I was in Cairo during the warm weather, and I found it dangerous to venture out between the hours of ten o'clock in the morning and four in the afternoon, and we had a taste of one of those terrible winds which come from the desert laden with heat. The pyramids are simply grand. Mr Romero went up the highest with the assistance of five Bedouins as guides, but I had not the courage to try the climb. The stones are laid one on top of the other in great steps, many of which are as high as a table, and the feat is by no means an easy one.' Speaking of the Bedouins, she said : 'I found that those about the pyramids had a smattering of as many as twelve different tongues. Even the donkey-boys speak English fluently, and everyone rides on donkeys in Egypt, and you get to like it very much. The donkey-boys of Egypt are like no other youth I have ever seen. Many of them are Bedouins, and they possess a wonderful influence over their animals, whom they make to a large extent, their companions. They have a language of their own, which the donkeys seem to understand. I remember how I laughed at seeing Mr Romero's donkey once start wildly out of an innocent dog trot into a raging gallop without a moment's notice. He had the reins in his hands, but he was helpless after the word of the donkey-boy, and he was out of sight in a short time.

'The Mohammedans have many strange customs, and none was more strange to me than those relating to woman. If a man grows tired of his wife or wants to get rid of her he simply presents her with a certain written parchment and the deed is done. I heard at Cairo of an incident which had just occurred. Though divorces are easy, a re-marriage is not possible unless the woman who has been divorced has in the meantime married again and again been divorced either by law or by death. The man in this case saw a pretty young girl whom he thought would suit him much better than the wife he had and he divorced her. After a short time he tired of his second choice and wanted to get his old wife back again. There was no trouble of getting rid of his new one, but the first had not been married again and he had to get her to marry another man, who contracted before the marriage to divorce her after they had been married a day and a night. This was done and the man got his wife back again. In going from Alexandria to Cairo we saw a wedding procession. As we looked at them our Bedouin guide remarked : "It is different in Egypt than in Europe. Here the men buy their wives. In Europe the bride's parents buy the groom by giving a marriage *dor*. Here if a man sees a girl he wants to marry he goes directly to her parents and asks for the hand of the maiden, offering, perhaps, to give sixty sheep, three or four camels, six or seven buffaloes, and money if he has it. If his offer is accepted he gets the woman and the father gets the money." I find that the Mohammedans have as fine churches as the Christians. Many of the interiors of the mosques are ornamented with columns of malachite, of lapis lazuli and jasper brought from Siberian mines. We were never allowed to enter a mosque without first putting our feet into loose cloth or felt slippers. We saw magnificent mosques at Constantinople, and we visited the famous ruins of Greece and found the Athens of to-day a magnificent city with wonderfully beautiful buildings. In our trip through Russia we saw many fine buildings.'

TWO HYPOCRITES.

I.

SHE sat in her cosy chamber
With the curtains all drawn tight,
Curled up in a great big rocker,
Fair and sweet in the soft lamplight.
A boudoir box on the table
With choicest of sweets was filled,
Which she daintily nibbled while writing
The words that her lover thrilled :—

'Oh, I long for you now, my darling !
Without you my life seems drear,
There is never a bit of comfort
For me unless you are near !'

II.

And her lover read the letter
As he sat in his bachelor's den,
With his feet cocked up on the mantel,
In the usual way of men,
With a box of cigars at his elbow,
And a pipe and a glass near by,
And the smoke clouds wreathed above him
As he echoed her lonely cry :

'Oh, I long for you now, my darling !
Without you my life seems drear,
There is never a bit of comfort
For me unless you are near !'

DONE BY A DUDE.

At the foot of the street a policeman found a young man sitting on a barrel with both eyes closed up, his nose knocked out of shape, and a mouth full of loose teeth. It was all over before he got there, but some of the crowd still lingered, and a boy undertook to explain matters.

'We was all a-sitting here,' he began, 'when that feller there, whose name is Jim, and who is bad, got hungry to fight some one. He got so hungry that he almost cried.'

'Wanted to fight, did he?' queried the officer.
'Yes, the awfulest way. He checked about six men, but they wouldn't stop. He actually wept because two great big stevedores wouldn't pitch into him and let him throw himself. By and bye a dude of a chap came along. He was little and he was pretty, and you orter have seen his bewtiful pants! He was a-looking for the ferry boat, you know.'

'Yes. What happened?'
'Why, Jim begins to smile as soon as he sees the little dude, and who we know Jim knows that something was up. Chappie comes up, rests one of his wee little patent leathers on that there box and says : "Fellahs, I'm a-lookin' for the ferry boat, ye know." With that Jim jumps up and wants to know who dares call him a fella.'

'Wanted to pick a fuss, I suppose?' observed the officer.
'He did. He wanted to provoke a mortal combat. He intended to break that little dude right in two and use the pieces for fish bait. The little chappie looks at Jim in a weary way, puts up an eyeglass and says : "Aw, me deah fellah, it's custom ye know, and I hope ye won't take on offense, ye see." He looked mighty frightened, and that encouraged Jim, and Jim begins to cuss and blow.'

'Still anxious, eh?'
'The anxiousest kind of anxious. He feels that he has got to tackle somebody or have a long fit of sickness. And all of a sudden he spit tobacco-juice on the little one's shiny shoe. Maybe he expects the dude to run away, but he didn't. He stands right there and looks Jim all over, and smiles and says : "Me deah fellah, will you kindly take your pocket-handkerchief and remove the saliva?"'

'But Jim didn't?'
'Of course not. Jim looks all around to see if there is a bobby in sight, and then reaches out and tries to poke his finger into the little one's eye. He doesn't get there, however. Chappie jumps back and says :

"Weally, me deah boy, I cawn't put up with such familiarity, doncher know—cawn't possibly do it. If you go to frolic with me I shall be obliged to hurt ye, doncher see."

'And then Jim sailed into him?'
'Yes; Jim spit on his hands and sailed in to wreck chappie's future, but sumthin' happened. The little feller drops his cane, puts up his fists and in one blessed minute Jim was a licked man. He skips around him, and climbs over him, and fights two-handed, and by and bye he swings for the jaw and Jim goes over that box and falls asleep like a summer evening, and it wasn't two minutes ago that he opened his eyes.'

'And the dude?'
'He stops a moment to pick up his cane and shake a wrinkle out of his pants, and then goes off saying :
"Sorry to do it, ye know, but I had to. Wanted to poke me in the eye, doncher see, and I nevah allow it—nevah! Fellahs, *aveurroil!*"'

THE WORK OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

MR FRANCIS ADAMS, in the *Fortnightly Review*, says :—
'It was inevitable that sooner or later someone should make a systematic effort, in the interests (say) of literature and art, to exploit India and the Anglo-Indian life. England has awakened at last to the astonishing fact of her world-wide Empire, and has now an ever-growing curiosity concerning her great possessions *outré mer*. The writer who can "explain," in a vivid and plausible manner, the social conditions of India, Australia, Canada, and South Africa—who can show, even approximately, how people there live, move, and have their being, is assured of at least, a remarkable vogue. Several voguees of this sort have already been won on more or less inadequate grounds; have been won and lost, and the cry is still "They come!" From among them all, so far, one writer alone, led on to fortune on this flood-tide in the affairs of men, has consciously and deliberately aimed high; taken his work seriously, and attempted to add something to the vast store of our English literature. The spectacle of a writer of fiction who is also a man of letters, and not merely a helpless caterer for the circulating libraries and the railway book-stalls, is unfortunately as rare among us as it is frequent among our French friends. Literature and Art are organised in France, and have prestige and power. In England they are impotent and utterly at the mercy of Philistine and imperfectly educated newspaper men, who, professed caterers for the ignorant and stupid cravings of the average English person, male and female (and especially female), foist upon us painters, poets, novelists, and musicians of the most hopeless mediocrity. In France this sort of thing is impossible. Such efforts would only provoke a smile. People would say to you when you were talking seriously a poet (for instance) like Mr Lewis Morris, or Sir Edwin Arnold, or a novelist like Mr Besant or Mr Haggard, "Why, you must be joking! These gentlemen are not writers—are not artists at all. Surely you know that what they concern themselves with is the nourishment of the babes and sucklings who have to be provided with pap somehow; but serious workers, contributors to critical and creative thought—*allés!*" It seems something to be at last able to go to our French friends and say, "Well, here at any rate we have a young Englishman who has won a remarkable vogue, and for all that is a serious worker, is a contributor to critical and creative thought, is an artist, is a writer"—to be able to go and say this, and to advance reasons for our belief in it of sufficient cogency to extort, perhaps, from our friends a genuine assent. If for this alone, we ought to be grateful to Mr Rudyard Kipling, our Anglo-Indian storyteller.'

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A DINTANT STAR.

It is difficult to conceive that the beautiful dog star is a globe much larger than our sun; yet it is a fact that Sirius is a sun many times more mighty than our own. This splendid star, which even in our most powerful telescopes appears as a mere point of light, is, in reality, a globe emitting so enormous a quantity of light and heat that, were it to take the place of our sun, every creature on this earth would be consumed by its burning rays.

BEES AS MESSENGERS.

It does not seem likely, whatever may be said to the contrary, that bees can be trained to carry messages as easily as passenger-pigeons. An agriculturist living in the Gironde affirms, however, that he has tested the value of bees in this direction with the most satisfactory results, although, as yet, the experiments have been confined to the common garden bee, and the agriculturist who claims to have discovered this industrious insect's capacities does not pretend that it will work over more than two or three miles.

A BULLET IN HIS BRAIN TWENTY-NINE YEARS.

Charles C. Borowsky of Iowa, U.S.A., received a pistol wound in the left side of the month twenty-nine years ago while in the army, and since then has suffered intense pain in the head when lying on his right side or when stooping over. He died recently, and a post-mortem examination was held to ascertain the location of the bullet. It was traced from the mouth upward through the orb of the left eye, and then down and back through the vital part of the brain, where it was found encysted in the membranous sac in the posterior horn of the left lateral ventricle. The portions of the brain through which the ball passed are the most vital. The physicians declare the case unparalleled.

THE LABOUR PROBLEM.

Five hundred thousand persons of either sex and all ages are looking for employment in America, and there are only 460,000 places for them to fill. This is the computation of Hon. Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labour. The figures are based upon actual returns, from the census and other sources, of the total number of persons employed at different periods, and the increase of the population, showing an average percentage added yearly to the number of persons engaged in all occupations. That is, to keep up the integrity of the work of the country—to keep it up to its full average standard of progression, and fill up the places naturally made vacant—460,000 new places will have to be filled, while the increase of the population shows that there will, in natural order, be 500,000 applicants for these places.

THE TUBERCULAR BACILLUS.

A French soldier who had borrowed a bugle belonging to a musician who was suffering from tuberculosis became himself a victim to this fatal disease. Dr. Maljean thereupon determined to make some experiments so as to test how far musical instruments might be the means of spreading phthisis. For this purpose, he took a trumpet which had been used for some time by a patient. Pouring a little sterilized water inside the trumpet, he shook it for ten minutes. After standing twenty-four hours, two deposits were formed in the water with which the trumpet had been washed. The lower was a blackish dust-like deposit, while the upper stratum was thick and white. This upper deposit was decanted, filtered through some fine linen, and two cubic centimetres injected under the skin covering the abdomen of a guinea-pig. Thirty-three days afterward, the animal was killed and examined, it was found that advanced symptoms of tuberculosis had developed.

THE EARTHLY HADES.

The hottest region on the earth is on the south-western coast of Persia, where Persia borders the gulf of the same name. For forty consecutive days in the months of July and August the thermometer has been known not to fall lower than 100° night or day, and to often run up as high as 128° in the afternoon. At Bahrin, in the centre of the torrid part of the torrid belt, as though it were Nature's intention to make the region as unbearable as possible, no water can be obtained from digging wells 100, 200 or even 500 feet deep, yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to copious springs which break forth from the bottom of the gulf, more than a mile from shore. The water from these springs is obtained by divers, who dive to the bottom and fill goatskin bags with the cooling liquid and sell it for a living. The source of these submarine fountains is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some 500 or 600 miles away.

THE ONTRICH.

During the nesting season the male ostrich seems to be anything but an agreeable creature, and may only be approached in safety with great precaution. He resents the intrusion of any visitors on his domain, and proves a most formidable opponent. His mode of attack is by a series of kicks. The leg is thrown forward and outward, until the foot, armed with a most formidable nail, is high in the air; it is then brought down with terrific force, serious enough to the unhappy human being or animal struck with the flat of the foot, but such wounds if the victim be caught and ripped by the toe. Instances are known of men being killed outright by a single kick. If an unarmed man is attacked, he should never seek safety in flight; a few yards and the bird is within striking distance, and the worst consequences may result. The alternative is to lie flat on the ground and submit with as much resignation as possible to the inevitable and severe pummeling which it may be expected will be repeated at intervals until a means of escape presents itself, or the bird affords an opportunity of being caught by the neck, which, if tightly held and kept down, prevents much further mischief. Under such circumstances, an ostrich has been known, with a badly calculated kick, to strike the back of its head and scatter the brains.

FOR Invalids and Delicate Children, ALLERBROOK'S ANCHOVIT and TEA BISCUITS are unsurpassed.—(ADVT.)

THE NEW WATERBURYS.

A WONDERFUL RECORD.

The average newspaper reader who has noticed our advertisements from time to time often remarks, 'What a pile of money those Waterbury fellows waste in advertising, and no doubt this is the view held by ninety-nine people out of every hundred. The initiated, however, know that a wonderful result these advertisements have brought about. When the writer came to New Zealand with the Waterbury Watch in 1887, and made the usual trade calls, the wholesale dealers would have none of them; one Dunedin firm having about a hundred stowed away in a Dowling-street cellar, quite, as they stated, unsaleable, because every one considered it infra dig. to carry a nickel watch. Retail jewellers were appealed to, but with no better result. The public will never take to a nickel watch said they, and if they did we could not sell them without lowering the status of our craft. This position was illogical. They handled nickel clocks, but could not be persuaded to handle nickel watches. This result was general in New Zealand, and not until the advertisements began to appear, and the public started their eagerness to obtain these watches, could any dealer be induced to purchase them. When a show was made the sale grew by leaps and bounds. Thousands were sold in each city in the colony, and the country, stimulated by the 'weeklies,' began to pour in their orders. Shipment after shipment arrived, and were at once absorbed, orders originally modest were doubled and trebled by cable, and yet for more than half the year we were without stock. Gradually our circle of distributors extended, and many firms finding that a regular 'nickel age,' had set in, hunted the market of Europe and America for substitutes. Each mail brought small parcels of metal watches equally handsome in appearance, which were offered to the trade as fully equal to the Waterbury, and on which double the profit could be made. They equalled the Waterbury in outward finish only, not as timekeepers; they, like the man who fell out of the balloon, were not in it. Still the inducement of excessive profits was potent, and many firms who ought to have known better became parties to the deception, and backed up with their influence the representations of the maker abroad who had nothing to lose, and were not worth powder and shot, did they imitate the Waterbury never so closely. In this manner, and aided by our shortness of supply, many spurious imitations were foisted upon the public, and gained a temporary footing. Our boxes were at first imitated, and Continental watches were eased, so that the outward resemblance was great. Many purchasers were so deceived, and have urged us several times to take proceedings against the parties to the fraud. Sufficient legal evidence of sale and identity has never been forthcoming, and all we could do was to watch our

'suspects,' and wait our opportunity. We place our monogram W.W.C. on the face of every watch, and buyers should see that it is there, otherwise they are being 'rooked.' Gradually the public became more wide awake. Our advertisements were too far-reaching, and having initially created the demand, we were also able to minimise the chance of deception. Store-keepers in the first place not in the trade, gradually began to consider the Waterbury a first staple. Jewellers saw that their original idea of the views of the public had been refuted by results, and the larger and more respectable who were most in touch with the people overcame that early prejudice and resolved to supply what their customers required. Judges, Bankers, Merchants, Clergy, and the other components of our population called for the Waterbury with no uncertain sound. History repeats itself. In America, where the Waterbury sales were originally confined to Clothiers and Booksellers, nearly 40,000 Jewellers are now purchasing direct from the Company, and are selling no other 'cheap watches.' Their Swiss and Home counterparts have been sent to Coventry. This is the Waterbury age.

In Great Britain the legitimate trade was equally apathetic, and not until close on

ONE MILLION WATERBURYS

had been sold by the great railway booksellers, W. H. Smith and Sons, and others, did they chip in.

However, to return to New Zealand, the reaction in favour of the Waterburys was as decided as its former opposition was spirited and determined. We have sold during the last eight months of the current year more Waterburys than in any previous year of our trade. Orders flowed in by telegraph and telephone, by mail and by messenger, and many of the public who have been waiting months for their watches as well as the trade are in a position to verify this statement. So far as actual figures go, the total sales to date are

84,790 WATCHES,

and the population of the colony at the last census was 626,559. This gives more than one Waterbury to every eight natives and settlers, young and old, males and females, in the colony, and is a result totally unprecedented. 'Ah, but how do we know it is true?' says a reader, and for purposes of corroboration we annex testimonials from four only of the thirty-two firms who are at present acting as our distributing agents, who certify personally to the sale of over 34,500 watches.

11,952 WATCHES.

WELLINGTON, 24th October, 1891.

I have examined the books, and find that EIGHTY-THREE GROSS (equal to 11,952) Waterbury Watches have been sent out of Messrs Kempthorne, Prosser and Co.'s Wellington warehouse.

There have been very few complaints, and every satisfaction is expressed that such reliable timekeepers can be procured at so small a cost.

All the last parcel of Gold Watches have been sold, and there is quite a number of orders on hand for them in the next shipment to arrive.

(Signed) ORLANDO KEMPTHORNE, Manager.

9,360 WATCHES.

AUCKLAND, 25th September, 1891.

We have examined our books and find that we have sold SIXTY-FIVE GROSS (or 9,360) Waterbury Watches. We have had no complaint of any importance, and our customers generally have expressed themselves in terms of unqualified approval.—Yours faithfully,

E. PORTER & CO.

4,320 WATCHES.

CHRISTCHURCH, 29th September, 1891.

We have much pleasure in stating that our experience with the Waterbury Watch has been most satisfactory. We anticipated all sorts of trouble from purchasers treating a watch as an ordinary article of trade, but our fears proved groundless. Out of 360 DOZEN (or 4,320) sold by us, very trifling complaint has been received. The almost unanimous opinion is, that for strength and correct timekeeping the Waterbury is unsurpassed.—Yours faithfully,

EDWARD REECE & SONS.

9,000 WATCHES.

DUNEDIN, 10th November, 1891.

We have examined our books, and find we have sold close on 9,000 Waterburys, and the demand for them still keeps up.

We have much pleasure in testifying to the excellent character which these watches have earned for themselves as timekeepers, and considering the large numbers sold we have remarkably few brought in for repairs.—Yours truly,

NEW ZEALAND HARDWARE CO., LTD.

(Per T. Black, Manager.)

The remaining twenty-eight firms make up the balance of sales. We attribute this large turnover to the undeniable excellency of the Waterbury as a timekeeper, and its intelligent appreciation by the public, who would never have known of its existence but for the value of the press as an advertising medium.

The new short-wind, solid silver, and gold-filled Waterburys have arrived, and any person requiring the correct time in an intrinsic setting can obtain the keyless Waterbury, jewelled movements in either ladies' or gentlemen's size, for from 22s 6d to 65s. The nickel favourites, with improved movements, remain at 22s 6d and 30s, and the long-wind pioneer series is unaltered at 13s 6d. Call and see the new watches before purchasing other Christmas and New Year's presents.

HIGHEST AWARDS EVERYWHERE.



LONDON,

PARIS,

BOSTON,

SYDNEY,

MELBOURNE

PHILADELPHIA,

EDINBURGH,

ETC.

Pears'

For TOILET and NURSERY.

Specially prepared for the Delicate Skin of Ladies, Children, and others sensitive to the weather, winter or summer. Imparts and maintains a soft, velvety condition of the Skin, and

soap

Prevents Redness, Roughness, and Chapping

DR. REDWOOD, Ph.D., F.C.S., F.I.C.—"I have never come across another Toilet Soap which so closely realises my ideal of perfection. Its purity is such that it may be used with perfect confidence upon the tenderest and most sensitive skin— even that of a new born babe."

A TRIP TO PIPIRIKI, WANGANUI RIVER.



'HAVE been all over the world,' said, lately, an enthusiastic visitor here, 'and have "done" river scenery in all countries, but I've never met anything more beautiful than your grand river. Why, the Rhine itself isn't to be compared with it.'

Had our visitor come after Stanley we might have suspected that he was 'getting at' us, but he preceded the great explorer, probably had yet to visit the 'Congo,' and was undoubtedly quite sincere in his admiration. Anyway his words recurred to me many a time, and of last week during a trip up the Wanganui as far as Pipiriki, a small settlement about sixty miles from Wanganui town. I had often hankered after a trip up

the river, knowing by report the extreme beauty of the scenery, but my courage was not equal to the inconvenience, and even danger, of a canoe journey over some scores of perilous rapids, even though the polers were natives of experience and muscle. Wherefore, the chance of a passage in Mr A. Hatrick's new steamer, the pretty little *Wairere* (swift water) was seized with avidity, and now I can, to a certain extent, speak from experience in vouching for the appropriateness of the adjectives 'grand' and 'glorious' when applied to the river Wanganui.

Hitherto the pleasure of viewing the charming scenes shut in by the curves of the stonous stream has been the reward of courage and endurance, and therefore limited to the few whose health and nerves were equal to canoe risks by day and camp fires by night. Now, however, through the enterprise of one of Wanganui's leading business men, a more satisfactory state of things is about to prevail, and our grand river, for a distance of at least sixty miles, will shortly be thrown open for the delight of all who can appreciate the beautiful in nature.

The *Wairere*, which was built to Mr Hatrick's order by the well-known firm of shipbuilders, Yarrow and Co., London, and put together here in Wanganui, made her trial trip about a month since. She is a pretty little boat, is nicely fitted up, easy to handle, and a good goer, and did the journey to Pipiriki without difficulty, but as her draught was found to be somewhat heavier than was expected, it has been decided to add sixteen feet to her length (now eighty feet), by which means her carrying capacity and passenger accommodation will be increased and her draught lightened. Mr Hatrick is under contract to carry mails as far as Pipiriki from March next, so we are looking forward to a considerably increased tourist traffic after that date.

But to my trip. We were fortunate and unfortunate on the day of starting. Unfortunate in that the river was somewhat low, thus making it more than questionable whether we should successfully negotiate the more difficult rapids, of which there are over fifty between town and our destination, and fortunate in that the Captain elected to stay the night at Parekino (a native settlement about twenty-five miles up the river) to await the 'fresh,' which he assured us would swell the river ere the next day broke.

Captain Marshal is a man of considerable experience in river navigation, a half caste of powerful frame and self-possessed demeanour. Some years back he was engaged on the Waikato, but for a considerable time past has superintended snagging operations here, with the result that he is fully acquainted with every obstacle, difficulty, and characteristic of our river and climate, and therefore, just the man for the post he fills. We smiled, incredulous, when he told us there would be 'plenty of water to-morrow,' that it was 'raining in the interior now,' for to us the sky gave no indication of rain, and the river seemed to be sinking visibly, but the seignior proved his presence, and riveted the confidence in him aroused by his masterly handling of his bonnie wee craft.

And at Parekino we were consoled for the delay, for there was a great native meeting on for the discussion of matters of import to the Maori race, and we were thus afforded an opportunity of seeing 'the Maori at home,' in the character of hospitable host. He had hosts to entertain, too, for there must have been at least a thousand native visitors in and around the pa—if it is not a mis-application of terms to apply the name to such a motley and uninclosed assemblage of sawn-timber wharves. We were welcomed with heat of drama, for the Parekino natives are musical, and boast an excellent band, which, posted on a sandbank at the water's edge, played ashore a dusky reinforcement who, abundantly provided with dried shark and such like dainty edibles to assist at the feast, had patronised the steamer. The little view below shows the village as it appeared from the steamer's deck, with houses a *V'anglais* on the edge of the bank, and the Union Jack floating on the breeze, convincing proof of the *hapu's* loyalty, despite the presence amongst them of the notorious ex-rebel and murderer, Te Kooti. The place presented a curious aspect as we approached, the people swarming like beetles on the edge of the bank to give their friends a right royal welcome. The entire village covers about ten acres of flat, which runs back level to the base of the hill. Alongside were pitched the tents of the visiting natives—scores of them—and the scene which greeted our eyes when we had climbed the sandy pathway was both lively and novel. Standing, sitting, squatting, lying, dancing, jabbering, were natives of all ages, sizes, and degrees of colour; in all stages of civilization too, from matted savagery, to covert coats and smoked eyeglasses. Here, in a temporary booth was a native vendor exhibiting and vociferously cracking up his wares: there a 'sporting card' with a moveable target, hawling entreaties to 'take a shot, the 'pool' being 'two pounds! two pounds!! two pounds!!!' Under spacious marquees the indolent were snowing, in the open motley crowds discussed congenial topics, while in the background the women of the *hapu* cooked industriously, the air, as the afternoon waned, becoming impregnated with a variety of steaming odours, which, added to those already in evidence, were anything but agreeable to our olfactory organs.

By and bye, we had a sight in this connection which interested and amused us. Cloths in the shape of long strips of China matting, had been laid for the visitors on the level ground in their own quarters, and at a given signal the waitresses appeared, at least a hundred strong, each bearing in either hand a large tin baking dish filled with steaming potatoes crowned with a lump of fish. Advancing with dancing step, and singing as they went, they laid the dishes in place with faces as radiant as if nothing in the world on a broiling day exceeded the pleasure of cooking and serving. Then gaily they made way for others with beef and pork, sausages, tea, and bread and butter.

Before the feeding of the lions, however, we had some examples of native oratory, and of the *sany froid* with which a native auditory receives and listens to even men of mark and influence, for on this day, the 4th, the *Korero* opened. The speakers, however, were few, and their speeches brief, and as to me they were 'Greek.' I shall not attempt to explain their purport. Enough that Te Kooti opened the ball, and Major Kemp, whose last relations with the erstwhile fugitive had been those of pursuer and pursued, succeeded him, but nothing in the aspect of the listeners squatted round, nor any applause at the finish, afforded any indication either of the rank of the speakers, or of the impression made by their remarks.

'What is Major Kemp saying?' I inquired of a fine-looking, well-dressed native, whose kindly intelligent face invited confidence.

'I can't explain to you,' he replied with a perfect accent. 'He is using language that it would be difficult for me to make clear to you.'

'What is the object of this meeting?' I ventured further. 'Oh, it is for various things, but chiefly about the land laws, which press too hard on the native people.'

'Is the meeting opposed to the Government?' 'No, but the Government must give us better land laws. At present they are all in favour of the Europeans.'

'Think you the natives should have greater facilities for disposing of their land?'

'No, I think it should be made illegal for them to sell any land, for everywhere the Europeans have already got the best land, and we have not enough left for our people.'

'But I thought the natives still held hundreds of thousands of acres.'

'You consider. A European must have five hundred, a thousand, ten thousand acres for himself. Take the land we have, and divide it among our people, and how much does it give to each? No, we must stop the sale of land, or

by-and-bye we'll be without any for our people's children.'

Some further talk about land ensued, in which I had the temerity to pledge the Hon. Mr Cadman to bring in next session a really good Native Land Bill, and then we spoke of Te Kooti.

'A bad man!' said we.

'He did not want war, but he received great provocation, and his blood was up. A man does strange things when he is angry.'

'Oh!' we urged, 'a man need not commit murder. You would not have done so.'

'I don't know what I might have done,' he returned, calmly. 'How can a man tell what he might have done under certain circumstances, or what he may do to-day or to-morrow? Can you tell what you will do to-morrow?'

'I couldn't murder women and children!' cried one of us impetuously.

'No,' he gently responded, 'because you are a woman. If you were a man it might be different.'

'I couldn't kill women and children,' I interposed, 'but I could kill a man, I think, if he angered me greatly,' whereat he turned and smiled into my eyes as if he relished the announcement.

'You know,' he resumed, presently, 'the Maori people were much like dogs.'

'Oh, no,' we dissented in chorus.

'Yes; they ate, and drank, and slept, and knew nothing. How could they know? In former days they had no Bible, and no one to teach them right; but now they understand better, and they will not again do evil deeds. I think myself they do better than the Europeans. You have laws and goals for those who disobey them. We have no goals; we do not need them. Our people are not thieves and pick-pockets. They live quietly in their own villages, minding their own affairs. There are none of them in your goals. And none of our people suffer want, or go hungry, for those who are rich share with the others. It is not so among Europeans. And the Maori is more hospitable. Any of these houses here you may walk into and be welcome, but what would be done to a Maori if he should walk into one of your houses?'

'I should not like to go into one of these houses here,' I remarked, somewhat thoughtlessly.

'You would not like to? No; but that is not the point. You would be made welcome.'

'But—I mean—I hastened to explain, afraid I had 'put my foot' in it, 'I should fear to be considered intrusive.'

He laughed, a trifle sardonically, and just then a group of his friends, who had been watching, and no doubt discussing, his *Korero* with the *wahine pakahas*, beckoned him away. We watched his departure with eyes full of profound respect. He was a handsome fellow, and hailed from the Wairarapa, but whether a 'personage' or not we had at the time no means of discovery. He was a man of some education, however, evidently, and of thoughtful, kindly temperament, and we parted from him with real regret, for



TE ERINGA TOKI GORGE, NEAR PIPIRIKI.



WATERFALL, NEAR PIPIRIKI.

he had interested us greatly, being in all his little mannerisms as unlike the typical Maori as it is possible to imagine.

The speechifying on this, the first day of meeting, did not last an hour, and had it not been for our Wairarapa friend we should have been somewhat ennuied of it, for we had been led to expect a formal reconciliation between Major Kemp and Te Kooti, and had been anticipating a great rubbing of noses. Nothing of the kind took place, however, and so little imposing or remarkable was the person of the sanguinary ex-rebel that—I am loth to confess it—we did not know till afterwards to whom we had been listening. European habiliments lack the graceful hang of the 'mat' of former days, and Te Kooti's figure is not of the imposing order, though not altogether devoid of dignity. He stooped considerably, but appeared well preserved, and spoke with considerable vehemence. His attire consisted of dark pants and vest, a grey coat, and grey felt hat. He has maintained the strictest seclusion since his arrival, some two weeks since, the flap of his tent being kept securely fastened and guarded by the three graces, who divide his conjugal affections. It was subject for mirth to us when we learned that we had unwittingly, and, I fear, unappreciatively, listened to his 'talk,' to recall the little devices we had made use of to obtain just one peep into the canvas sanctum, how we had coaxed the three *wahines* and pleaded with their assistant, a dusky fellow of the bull-dog order, for admission into the interior, for a mischievous half-caste fellow had said to us, 'Te Kooti will see you. Go into his tent and hold out your hand. If he takes it you are welcome. It is all right. Go.' Very good, dusky friend. We went, but the *she dragons* barred the way, and, moreover, put up an umbrella lest our prying eyes should penetrate the canvas.

It is a singular coincidence that the friendly native who, when in pursuit, shot away two of Te Kooti's fingers, was also at the meeting. I wonder if the two *tangied* for the 'loved and lost.'

A most ignominious *tangi* was going on during the speechifying, and for some time after at the other end of the pa, where several couples of willow-wreathed *teahines* cried and wailed most heartrendingly, all unconscious, apparently, of the bystanding *pukahas*, whose commiseration was evoked by the bursting sighs, streaming tears, and other signs of woe. To all appearance they were utterly blighted beings, and they indulged their grief with an abandon which seemed to betoken complete insensibility to mundane affairs.

Just beyond the enclosure where they held their harrowing concert the Salvation band played merrily, and ever and anon a lad would testify with a flippant fluency as wonderful as his extreme familiarity with the plans and purposes of the 'Unknowable.' At the foot of the drummer sat a European lass with a look of all too conscious goodness upon a passably good-looking face. The service seemed to afford fitful amusement to the natives, who crowded round when the band struck up, to disperse again during the testifying.

As evening approached various services were held, prayer, praise, and sermonising in the open, droning services in the meeting houses, etc.; while the village band discoursed dance music, which set the dusky heels a tripping. Among the dancers was one minus a leg, and a merry soul he was. Mark Tapley was not a patch on him. Flourishing his crutch in the air, and pirouetting on one foot, he shook his stump, from which depended an empty trouser leg, as if in a fine frenzy of delight with life and his surroundings, his merriment and antics making all beholders roar with laughter. But to me the most 'amooosin little cuss' in the whole village—where, whatever the object of the gathering, all seemed bent on making the most of the present hour—was a copper-coloured nite of about two years, who, clad in a short shirt, ran about among the pakehas as if wishful to attract notice, and who, when reprimanded by a 'little mother' of—say six—squatting down, and with a little bronze paw on each knee, and a strangely puckered up-turned face, gave vent to a pianissimo version of the old *crow's tangi*. Just like a little graven image he looked, and we laughed till our sides ached without disconcerting him.

The visiting natives were very free with their cash, and a good story is told of how they helped the funds of the Pakekino footballers. These fellows are 'whales' on the ball, but they felt themselves but 'poor beggars' notwithstanding, for their credit balance only totted up to £11. So taking counsel together before the 'gathering of the clans,' they resolved, in the true spirit of commerce to 'come round' their guests to be; and this was the way they did it. The captain came to town and invested their total capital in tobacco and cigars, and setting up a booth, they retailed their stock at an advance of a hundred per cent., not a bad return this for their trouble, and I guess their consciences smote them never at all when their visitors smoked their shilling cigarettes to the refrain, 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in.'

The visitors represented all parts of the island, and amongst other distinguished-looking strangers we saw Wi Parata and Mr Taipua, M.H.R.'s, Te Heu Heu, of Taupo, and others whose names I can't spell. None of us would willingly have missed seeing the settlement *en carnaval*, but by nightfall we had about enough of it and its beatific odours, and we returned to pass the night on board the steamer. At dawn next morning we resumed our journey, for the captain's prognostications were correct, and a considerable freshet had already added several feet to the depth of the river.

The scenery up to Pakekino had delighted us by its diversified beauty, but for the rest of the way we were fairly entranced, save when drenching showers temporarily broke the spell, for, alas! the rain which had flushed the river continued to fall at intervals, but that notwithstanding, we alternately sketched and enthused until we reached Pipiriki, by which time we felt almost brave enough to hire

a canoe wherein to finish the upriver journey. Everybody knows that our river runs its devious way for over two hundred miles, and probably the aspect of our little town and noble bridge, with its river span of 160 feet, is familiar to most people; but to the majority, the country above Pakekino must still be a great extent *terra incognita*. Those, however, who have gone furthest are untinged in praise of the scenery met with, and as for the river, each mile, it is said, of the way to Taumarauui, opens up new and grander features. Such is certainly the case as far as Pipiriki, each reach of the river surpassing its predecessor, until adjectives fail, and the beholder is content to sit in mute admiration. As we ascended, the reaches shortened, the banks increased in height, the vegetation became denser, and more diversified, and the scenery altogether grander in character. All the conditions were favourable on the second day. The morning broke softly, despite the heavy showers which had fallen in the night, the sun's rays shimmering on foliage still glittering with raindrops, and springlike in its greenness. For the first hour or two the sky was cloudless and the air serene, and between the rapids the still transparent water reflected like a glass the verdure overhanging it. Along the base of the river banks for miles grow weeping willows, planted, it is said, by the missionaries in their journeyings up and down, the work being doubtless still carried on by the freshets which are constantly depositing broken branches and twigs. Poplars are also in abundance, and with the willows vary very agreeably the foliage, besides aiding materially in binding the banks. Splendid tree ferns, too, flourish abundantly, giving a tropical touch, and here and there are lovely waterfalls, past which the steamers glide all too rapidly. The most beautiful is the Kakahi fall, about half a mile above Pipiriki. To our regret, however, the steamer did not stay long enough to allow us to see it. At intervals where levels occur are to be seen native settlements, one of which is Ranana, (London). It is a Roman Catholic mission station, and boasts a tiny wooden church. We were rather disappointed in the rapids. The fresh had towed them down considerably, and they looked less formidable than we expected; still, none of us yearned for a canoe. It was much more comfortable, and certainly safer, sitting in the bow of the saug little steamer from whose paddle-wheels the foam flew in masses as she breasted steadily the boiling waves. Several of the rapids are of great length, and some are dangerous owing to the way they shelve. (One, bearing the significant name of Kaiwhaka (canoe eater), shelves to the bank, under which it extends some considerable distance. The longest rapid is Moutoa, situated about forty-five miles above Wanganui. It seemed to us interminable, and ere we reached its head we had begun to wonder if the rest of the river was all rapid, when, all at once, a small islet, with a tall poplar standing sentinel like in its centre, appeared in view. Round-looking at first, its form gradually changed as the boat sped on.

'How like a grave!' some one exclaimed.

'That is Moutoa,' a bystander informed us.

'Like a grave? A grave indeed!' we thought as a vision of blood-red water and dusky faces upturned in the death agony rose before us, for was it not here, on this little isle, that the Friendlies in '64 made a stand against the advancing Haubaus, who, frenzied with frantic zeal, were on their way down the river to attack the town of Wanganui. The rebels numbered about a hundred and forty, the loyal natives were more than two to one. The fanatics fancied themselves invulnerable, but the river was dyed with their blood, and our allies conquered. In commemoration of the action—a most important one in its results—the Province of Wellington erected here, not far from the bank of the river, a life-size statue of 'Grief,' bearing, amongst others, this inscription, 'To the memory of those brave men who fell at Moutoa, 14th May, 1864, in defence of Law and Order against Fanaticism and Barbarism.'

'Beautiful, exceedingly!' was the verdict as an extensive panorama burst upon our view just below Jerusalem (Hiruharama the natives make it). By the way, what a wag must he have been who gave to these native settlements their names. Fancy names so suggestive of cultured magnificence as Athens, Corinth, Jerusalem, London, etc., etc., fastened upon these poor little collections of raupo and wooden huts, so limited in number that you speculate instinctively as to how many of the villagers roam in the trees. At Jerusalem there is a flourishing Roman Catholic Mission Station, and a sisterhood presided over by the accomplished and indefatigable Sister Mary Joseph Aubert, whose remedies, compounded of New Zealand herbs, are becoming so popular. Beyond this point the scenery became even more beautiful, and only one regret disturbed our perfect enjoyment of it, viz. that the *Wairere* hurried on as though her sole mission was to prevent the possibility of these lovely views imprinting themselves upon our retinas.

Our stay at Pipiriki was very short, nor did the settlement present any features calculated to make us regret its brevity. Very uninviting it looked, the more especially as the rain was now coming down in torrents. One of the most dangerous rapids in the river is situated just above Pipiriki, and on this and other accounts a considerable time must elapse before there will be steam navigation above that settlement, but, of course, canoes may be hired from the natives for the purpose of continuing the journey, which is possible as far as Taumarauui, 160 miles from the mouth. On the return the little steamer, seemed like a thing of life speeding on the wings of the wind, for the stream was running seaward swiftly, and she sailed with it at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, doing the whole distance of sixty miles in four and a quarter hours.

M. B.

HOT SPRINGS—TE AROHA.

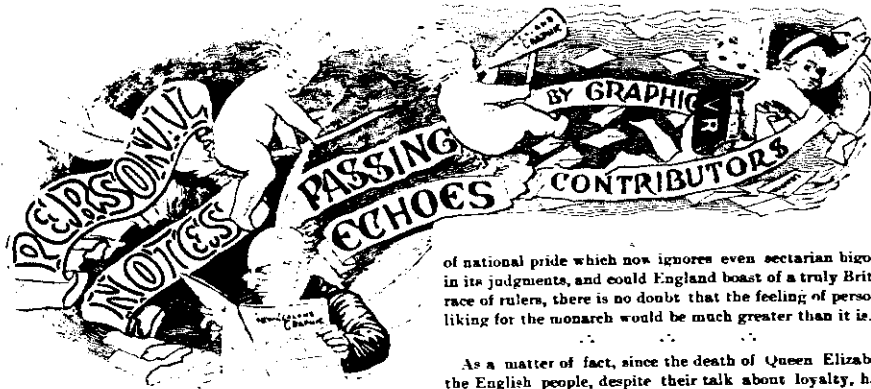
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The New Zealand Graphic
AND LADIES' JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1891.

The death of the Duke of Clarence has formed the most sensational topic of conversation during the last week. Influenza and its consequences swept off the unfortunate prince with its usual rapidity, and the world was scarcely conscious of his illness before the news of his decease was being noised abroad to the four corners of the earth. There have been crises in the history of mankind and there may be like crises again when the welfare of millions of human beings has been dependent upon the existence of a certain person. In the past whole populations have been known to pass from one ruler to another by the mere fact of a *meringue de convenance*, and, indeed, without such means the consolidation of European nationalities could scarcely have been effected. Only within the last century have the European peoples, following the example of the English, begun to renounce the passivity with which they formerly submitted their destinies to be influenced by individuals. The feeling of personal loyalty is decaying fast everywhere, and while a monarch like Francis Joseph of Austria still rules peacefully with a sort of hereditary absolutism, the submission to it is voluntary on the part of his subjects, and depends upon their esteem for his admirable qualities. Their affection is for the man, and not for the family he represents.

The feeling of personal loyalty among the British people has for centuries been of a rather tepid sort. After cutting off the head of King Charles I. the English became, indeed, a dreadful warning and cause of scolding unto their neighbours, and for more than a hundred years afterwards they did without any strong feeling of loyalty towards dynasty or individual ruler. During this period the sentiment which kept the people of England united (for those of Scotland and Ireland were very doubtful in their allegiance) was that which animates them to-day, the national feeling that they were English, and would rule others rather than be ruled, and elect whatever family they preferred to the throne. It was not until the accession of George III. that the sense of personal esteem for the monarch was again in some degree restored to patriotic sentiment. The long war with France served to intensify this, and counteracted the influence of the sons of George III., whose questionable habits tended to disgust the public with the representatives of the monarchy.

After the cessation of chronic discord between France and Europe, however, came the development of modern democratic ideas which are in every land sapping the foundations of hereditary thrones. That the loyalty to the British monarch has endured so unaltered during the last fifty years is owing greatly to the fact that our Queen assumed the crown as a mere girl, and was deprived of her consort in the prime of her years. The sight of a woman and a widow conscientiously discharging merely nominal functions has been sufficient to conciliate even theoretical republicans, and the enormous extension of the British Empire during that period now promises to give a longer lease of rule to the Guelph line by virtue of necessity.

Modern peoples are fast learning to govern themselves, and modern monarchs, especially those of England, are growing more and more mere passive embodiments of national feeling. They symbolise the unity of the race. At present the sense that the rulers of the British Empire are not really English but of imported foreign stock prevails at home, though not so strongly as when the Hanoverian race first assumed its regal inheritance across the German Ocean. The general regret shown at the death of Cardinal Manning by English people of all shades of opinion, from Calvinists to agnostics, is an evidence of the strong feeling

of national pride which now ignores even sectarian bigotry in its judgments, and could England boast of a truly British race of rulers, there is no doubt that the feeling of personal liking for the monarch would be much greater than it is.

As a matter of fact, since the death of Queen Elizabeth the English people, despite their talk about loyalty, have pinned their faith to the rulers who served their purposes and governed them as they desired to be governed. When these showed an inclination to tyrannise they were presented with the national 'walking-ticket,' and so intense was their love for liberty that the English have consented to be ruled by an alien race which by intermarriage has always remained alien in blood from the people. Now more than ever the expediency of preserving the nominal sovereignty of the Guelphs appears even to those of strong democratic proclivities, and the wider is the view taken of the destiny of the English-speaking people the greater does this necessity appear to become.

Thanks to increasing facilities of communication, the modern tendency is to greater unity rather than to separation. Formerly in Europe people of the same blood were proud of their narrowness, and the citizens of neighbouring towns were prompt to engage in battle upon questions which in these days appear perfectly ridiculous. The minds of our ancestors were the reverse of cosmopolitan, and as in the case of savage tribes, there was a tendency in two strains of the same stock to grow estranged and hostile to each other owing to isolation and cessation of mental contact. The secession of the United States from England was an instance of this, and the repulsion between the mother and the daughter would have grown incalculably but for the daily multiplying bonds of attraction across the Atlantic, which are fast reducing it to the dimensions of the proverbial 'Herring Pond.'

A like isolation of the colonies is being prevented by those modern agents, steam and electricity, and the sense of a world-wide Empire is now growing more rapidly in Greater than in Lesser Britain. For the creation of this an hereditary monarchy or Commonwealth seems indispensable, in which, however, hereditary peers would probably play no part. A supreme head is necessary to every Government, if only to exclude ambitious soldiers and politicians. The elective principle has not proved altogether a success in the United States, and would clearly be impracticable for any but a solidly compacted community. If the idea of British *solidarity* is ever to be realized, it will be embodied in a Democratic Imperialism, or an Imperial Commonwealth, the head of which will be hereditary. Hence, should this idea grow, we may look amid many political changes in England for a persistency of the monarchy as the common link of the race and the expression of national sentiment.

In these days nothing is sacred. A Dr. Robinson, of London, has been instituting experiments with newly-born infants evincing the connection between the human race and the monkey tribe. These experiments the *Pall Mall Gazette* has graphically reproduced in illustrations on its pages, which form a very interesting, if not altogether palatable study. When the Darwinian theory regarding the descent of man was first promulgated twenty-two years ago, it provoked an outburst of disapprobation, and the great scientist was assailed by many as virulently as if he had offered them a personal insult. Some opponents took a highly chivalrous position, and asked if he dared to connect their women with an animal race, quite overlooking the fact that the kinship of European divinities with crones of the Digger-Indian or Andaman-islander sort could not for a moment be disputed, and also that at the outset of life the belle of the season was not so very much to look at after all. Such tricks has strong imagination, however, that while the notion of an animal origin for men might be mooted, the same idea with regard to women was shunned.

Habit and scientific evidence have since then compelled a sort of acceptance of Darwin's theories. As the scope of human knowledge expands and the number of persons of both sexes who devote themselves to the study of science increases, the new explanations of what was before unexplained gain ground. Ever since Galileo and Kepler revealed the principles which underlie the universe and Newton discovered gravitation, the march of science has been victorious

and irresistible. Gradually even man has been brought within the scope of everlasting natural laws, and the development not only of his body but of his mind is being noted in the domain of language, of laws, and of morals. Little by little the old doctrine of a self-centred human race with a universe existing around for its sole and special benefit is being discredited, and mankind is being shown as only a very subordinate part of the great whole.

THE LATE CARDINAL MANNING.



IS EMINENCE HENRY EDWARD MANNING, Cardinal Priest of the Roman Church and Archbishop of Westminster, was the son of the late William Manning, Esq., M.P., merchant, of London, born at Totterbridge, Hertfordshire, July 15, 1808, and was educated at Harrow and Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A.

in first-class honours in 1830, and became Fellow of Merton College. He was for some time one of the select preachers in the University of Oxford, was appointed Rector of Lavington and Craffham, Sussex, 1834, and Archdeacon of Chichester in 1840. These performances he resigned in 1851 on joining the Roman Catholic Church, in which he entered the priesthood, and in 1857 he founded an ecclesiastical congregation at Bayswater, entitled the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him at Rome, and the office of Provost of the Catholic Archdiocese of Westminster, Protonotary Apostolic, and Domestic Prelate to the Pope. After the death of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, Monsignor Manning was consecrated Archbishop of Westminster, June 8, 1865. Pope Pius IX. created him a Cardinal Priest, March 15, 1875, the title assigned to him being that of St. Andrew and Gregory on the Celian Hill. The same Pontiff in-



vested him with a Cardinal's Hat in a consistory held at the Vatican, December 31, 1877. Dr. Manning wrote four volumes of sermons and other works before 1850; since that date 'The Grounds of Faith,' 1852; 'Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes,' three lectures, 1860; 'The Last Glories of the Holy See Greater than the First,' three lectures, 1861; 'The Present Crisis of the Holy See Tested by Prophecy,' four lectures, 1861; 'The Temporal Power of the Vicar of Jesus Christ,' 2nd edit., 1862; 'Sermons on Ecclesiastical Subjects, with an Introduction on the Relations of England to Christianity,' 1863; 'The Crown in Council on the "Essays and Reviews,"' a Letter to an Anglican Friend, 1864; 'The Convocation and the Crown in Council, a Second Letter to an Anglican Friend,' 1864; 'The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost: or Reason and Revelation,' 1865; 'The Reunion of Christendom: a Pastoral Letter to the Clergy,' 1866; 'The Temporal Power of the Pope in its Political Aspect,' 1866; 'The Centenary of St. Peter and the General Council,' 1867; 'England and Christendom,' 1867; 'Ireland: a Letter to Earl Grey,' 1868; 'The Œumenical Council and the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff,' a Pastoral Letter to the Clergy, 1869; 'The Vatican Council and its Definitions: a Pastoral Letter,' 1870; 'Petri Privilegium: Three Pastoral Letters to the Clergy of the Diocese of Westminster,' 1871; 'The Four Great Evils of the Day,' 2nd edit., 1871; 'The Fourfold Sovereignty of God,' 1871; 'The Demon of Socrates,' 1872; 'Cesarism and Ultramontanism,' 1874; 'The Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost,' 1875; 'The True Story of the Vatican Council,' 1877; 'The Catholic Church and Modern Society,' 1880; and 'The Eternal Priesthood,' 1885; besides numerous sermons and pamphlets. Cardinal Manning was well-known, not only for his work as a Roman Catholic Prelate and Divine, but also for his exertions in the cause of temperance and other modes of social reform. The celebration of the Cardinal's episcopal jubilee took place on Sunday, June 8, 1890. A year and seven months later, on the 14th of January, 1892, and a few hours before the Duke of Clarence, Cardinal Manning died.

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DEAR BEK,

JANUARY 19.

I have several fashionable and very pretty weddings to describe this week, and yet I hear of several other interesting matrimonial events to follow shortly. The marriage of Mr J. L. Bloomfield and Miss Hilda Frances Ruck, youngest daughter of the late Captain Fredk. W. Ruck, 15th Regiment Light Infantry, was solemnized in St. Mary's Cathedral Church, Parnell. I was going to give you a full description of the wedding, but I learn that you have already received a long account of it. Therefore I will, perforce, content myself with all the names of the guests whom I can recall, hoping I shall not repeat those already given. The yachts belonging to the Auckland Yacht Club, of which Mr Bloomfield is a prominent member, were gay with bunting throughout the day in honour of the event. Mrs Whitney (jun.), black merveilles and lace gown, fawn hat with pale blue ostrich tips; Mrs Coates, grey gown, and eufei coloured bonnet; Mrs R. Blair, pretty cream silk gown flowered with black and trimmed with black velvet, cream and black bonnet; Mrs Durbie, pretty grey flowered costume, black lace hat with grey flowers; her sister (Mrs J. Ansenne) looked pretty in a striped cream gown and cream hat; Mrs Haines, black skirt and jacket, white linen shirt, and black lace hat with white feathers; Miss Wylie Brown, pretty cornflower blue gown flowered with white and trimmed with white embroidery, pretty hat trimmed with cream feathers; Miss Anderson (Parnell), pretty white dress, and black hat trimmed with butterfly yellow; Miss Lawford also wore a dainty white dress and hat; Mrs Taylor (Parnell), pretty flowered French muslin gown, and bonnet to match. A number of other guests were present, but their names were unknown to me. Amongst the gentlemen were Colonel Carré, Dr. Haines, Rev. C. M. Nelson, Mr Leatham, etc.

On the following afternoon Mr Edward Morton, of the firm of H. B. Morton and Co., merchants, was united in matrimony to Miss Gertrude H. Biss, eldest daughter of Mr S. B. Biss, Chief Postmaster of Auckland. The marriage was solemnized in the Bishop's private chapel, Bishop's Court, Parnell, the sacred edifice being crowded with the many friends of the young couple. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. Bates, of Holy Trinity Church, North Shore. The bride was given away by her father, and wore an exquisitely handsome gown of rich ivory white sarah silk, trained, and trimmed with white embroidered chiffon, wreath of orange blossoms, and beautifully embroidered tulle veil, and carried a very beautiful bouquet made by Miss Speight, and composed of pure white blossoms and delicate maiden-hair ferns, tied with streamers of ribbon. The bride was attended by three bridesmaids—Miss Mand H. Biss, Miss May Fisher, and a tiny sister of the bride. The first couple wore gowns alike of ivory white *crêpe de chênille*, sashes of Liberty silk, and pretty hats of white lace trimmed with gauze ribbon and white and yellow poppies. Each carried a lovely bouquet tied with ribbon to harmonise with the gowns, and wore lovely gold bangles, the gift of the bridegroom. The third bridesmaid was simply attired in a pretty frock of soft white muslin, finished at the throat and elbows with dainty frills. She also wore a cap composed of fine valenciennes lace and ribbon, and carried a lovely basket of flowers. Messrs Arthur Morton and Noel Biss attended the bridegroom in the capacity of groomsmen. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of Mr and Mrs Biss, Carleton Gore Road, where they were entertained. The happy couple received numerous congratulatory telegrams from friends in other parts, and many very costly and handsome wedding gifts were exhibited. Throughout the day the vessels in the harbour were gay with bunting in honour of the auspicious event. Mrs S. B. Biss (mother of the bride) wore a handsome gown of rich black silk and lace, black bonnet relieved with yellow chiffon, bouquet to correspond; Mrs Morton (mother of the bridegroom) wore a rich black satin gown, beautiful lace mantle and bonnet; Miss Morton, pretty heliotrope and gold gown, cream hat trimmed with feathers; Mrs H. B.

Morton, beautiful gown of silk veiled with black lace and relieved with pale pink, bonnet to correspond; Mrs Graves Aicken, handsome long black lace mantle over a black silk gown, pretty bonnet trimmed with gauze ribbon; Mrs Douglas, rich black sarah silk gown, black bonnet relieved with white; Miss Philson, dainty flowered French muslin gown, black hat with pink roses.

Another wedding which occasioned a considerable amount of interest amongst a large circle of friends was solemnized at St. Andrew's Church, Epsom, the happy couple being Mr Thomas Billington and Miss Mand Watkins, daughter of Mr Watkins, of Epsom. The Rev. Mr Marshall performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by a large congregation of interested friends and others. The bride was given away by her father, and looked exceedingly pretty in a lovely trained gown of soft white cashmere finished with lace and orange blossoms, and wreath of orange blossoms surmounted by a long tulle veil. She carried an exquisite bridal bouquet, from which depended long loops of ribbon. The bride was attended by four bridesmaids—the Misses Clara and Flossie Billington, and the Misses Watkins (2)—all wearing tasteful and pretty gowns alike of white muslin, and dainty hats, and each carried a lovely basket of flowers. Mr Parkinson of the Loan and Mercantile Company acted as best man. Mr and Mrs Watkins entertained the bridal party at their residence, and the newly-wedded couple, after receiving the congratulations of their friends, left by the afternoon train for the Waikato, en route for Roturua Hot Lakes, where the honeymoon will be spent. Miss Billington wore a stylish tailor-made fawn costume, and pretty terra-cotta hat; Mrs T. E. Billington, striped heliotrope silk gown, and cream hat; Mrs R. A. Drummond, very pretty pale green gown, and becoming cream and pale pink hat.

I hear that the marriage of Mr A. L. Edwards and Miss Johnstone takes place shortly.

A little bird whispers that engagements have just taken place between Miss Mand Ruck and Mr Leatham, of Parnell, and Mr Norman Williams, a prominent member of the Gordon Cricket Club, and Miss Puckey.

The lovely summer weather we are now enjoying is specially suitable for all sorts of outdoor amusements. Children's parties are much more easily managed in a large garden than in a house. So thought Mrs C. V. Houghton and Miss Battley when they issued invitations to some of the juvenile friends of Miss Elsie Battley and Master Noel Houghton. The visit of the latter to Laurel Bank, Mount Albert, is drawing to a close, as Mr and Mrs Battley are shortly expected from Hobart, where they are resting for a week or two on their way out from England. The little aunt, clad in pretty pink, and the smaller nephew, in blue and white, received their diminutive guests under the lovely oaks which make Mr Battley's garden look so English and pretty. Mrs Houghton, in black skirt and grey and white striped bodice, and her sister, Miss Battley, in cream with Roman striped sleeves, were untiring in their efforts to amuse the visitors. It was too hot for much exertion, and the boys lazily watched the girls singing, under Miss Battley's skilful guidance, an aristocratic version of 'Sally, Sally Water,' to a very pretty tune, also a new game. All round the village, Miss Battley still suffers from her throat, though she is now allowed to sing a little. A very delicious tea was brought out and partaken of under the trees, the boys roasting themselves to do full justice to thin bread-and-butter and 'thousands,' jelly, blanc-mange, and cakes of all kinds. The iced cake was replete with indigestible articles, such as two or three threepences, sixpences, buttons—in fact, I never saw such a 'rich' cake before. Amongst the guests were Mrs E. Cooper, in a pretty white embroidered dress, black hat; her two little girls in white with black ribbons; Miss Florrie Dixon, white, black hat and sash; Miss Kathleen Alexander and her two brothers, Harold and Ernest; Misses Mildred, May, and Jessie White, and their brother Arthur; Miss Dorrie, and Master Fred Carr; Miss Pearl Corrie and her brother Arthur. Almost all the little girls were in white, and looked so cool and fresh. After tea they adjourned to one of the paddocks, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves until eight o'clock, when they separated.

In many of our churches yesterday reference was made to the sudden death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. All Saints' was draped in black with a purple band. Other churches used white instead of colored flowers on the communion table. The 'Dead March in Saul' was played, the congregation generally having the good taste and *stare* to stand during its performance. We believe we can do nothing for the dead, but we can at least show our sympathy with a bereaved family, and our loyalty to our Queen and country. Probably not here very few will wear the complimentary three weeks' mourning ordered for the general public, except those connected with the government or civic offices. The warship H.M.S. Tauranga is in mourning, and all the flags on the various public offices are half-mast high.

And still the chronicle of our amusements must go on. So here we off to Mr J. L. Wilson's house in Renuera, where we encounter the friends and members of the Young Women's Christian Association. There a very pleasant afternoon was spent, the new Secretary, Miss Macdonald, being present.

Cricket in the Domain next calls for a word. A very interesting match was got up by our energetic Colonel Goring between his men and some representatives of H.M.S. Tauranga. Several of the officers are keen cricketers, and watched the game from under the welcome shade of the trees, where they discussed an excellent *ad hoc* luncheon with the Colonel and Mrs Goring, etc.

A large and successful tea was given by the members of the Auckland Polo Club this week at Potter's Paddock to their lady friends, where there was a great number of the

fair sex. The ground now is perfectly arranged, the lawn being mowed and the unevenness smoothed away. The members who played were the Captain (Mr O'Rourke), Messrs Lockhart, Colgrove, Gilmore, Francis, England, Syd. Williamson, and Wansborough. It is really most astonishing to see how much they have improved. The game was thoroughly exciting, and of course we were now and then entertained by a fall or some antics of the ponies, who do not as yet perfectly understand the game. One of the ponies wished to play himself, and caught the handle of the stick in his tail, and seemed very loth to part with it. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs (Dr.) Lewis, navy costume, grey hat; Mrs (Dr.) Honeyman, a very handsome grey cashmere, yellow silk front trimmed with white lace, toque of yellow roses and white feathers; Mrs Lawry, spotted navy silk; Mrs Seymour-George, dark grey spotted delaine; and her daughter, cornflower blue, white sash hat; Miss Anderson, a stylish check, hat with yellow poppies; Miss Jarvis, white; Miss Mowbray, fawn; Miss Kerr-Taylor, white; Miss Banks, grey, and her sister, white; Miss McLaughlin, grey and black striped silk trimmed handsomely with heavy white lace or embroidery; Miss Marks—looked charming in navy; Mrs Gertz, white. Mr and Mrs Graham were driving, as also were Miss Firth and her sister, Miss M. Firth was riding, as also Miss Binks and Mrs Bilsborough. There were a great many other ladies present, but I cannot at present recall them. Amongst the gentlemen were Dr. Lewis, Messrs J. Coates, Stubbings, Daveney, Chamberlin, O'Sullivan, Colbeck, McKellar and others.

Mrs Moss-Davis gave a very successful little dance.

Water picnics seem to be quite *à la mode* at present, and the one given by Mrs (Dr.) Honeyman was a very *recherché* affair. About forty guests were invited, and the Britannia was chartered for the occasion. I must tell you that the picnic was given for a Mr Morton, who is engaged to Miss Isabel Hay, of Renuera. We first went up and down the harbour, called at St. Helier's Bay, and eventually landed at the Queen-street wharf, only too sorry that the excursion was over. Amongst the guests I noticed Mesdames (Dr.) Lewis, Haines, Lawry, Nathan, Misses Firth, Marry, Mrs and Miss Moss-Davis, and numerous other ladies and gentlemen.

Mr Hay, a relation of Dr. Honeyman's, also gave a picnic, this time to that charming little spot, Lake Takapona, but not being there, I cannot tell you very much about it, only having an account of it from one of the party. I believe they all had a lovely time, what with the boating on the lake, dancing, a very *chic* dinner, and a splendid host, what more could one wish for? Mesdames Honeyman, Lawry, Haines, Misses Firth, Mrs and Miss Moss-Davis, etc., etc., were of the party.

Whilst informing you of the amount of dissipation going on, I must not forget to tell you of the charming little dance Mrs Walter Lawry, 'Glenside,' gave. It was a most perfect evening, and everybody had *carte blanche* to wander about the garden just as they wished. The ladies all looked very nice. The hostess wore a handsome black dress trimmed with silver net; Mrs Honeyman (for whom the dance was given) wore a lovely amber silk dress, trimmed with chiffon; Mrs Moss-Davis, black silk; and her daughter looked very well in a cream silk, as also did Miss Power and Miss Kilgour.

MURIEL.

MY DEAR BEK,

Though it is many months since I wrote to you, I now venture to send you a letter, as it is upon that never stale topic, at any rate to the female mind—a wedding. Being thoroughly *au fait* in the subject of the recent marriage of Miss Hilda Ruck and Mr Lucas Bloomfield, I think you may like to have a full, true, and particular account of it. Long before the time appointed for the ceremony—5 p.m.—the lookers-on began to collect in and around St. Mary's Church, Parnell, and we guests had to run the gauntlet of many pairs of eyes as we betook ourselves to our places. That was the moment when we felt painfully aware of any weak points in our armour, and a winking, very fold in one's wedding garment was a humiliating fact. Whilst awaiting the bride's arrival, my dear Bek, I will describe the frocks of the guests as they arrived and took their seats in the chancel. Mrs Bloomfield, the mother of the bridegroom, wore brown satin with puffs of cream colour down one side, and a bonnet of creamy lace and feathers; Mrs Hancock's gown was also brown, but of brocade, and her cream coloured bonnet had touches of gold in it; Miss Wray was in black lace and satin, with a white bonnet. These three ladies carried very handsome bouquets, as did Mrs W. Bloomfield, whose cream-coloured frock of a soft falling woollen fabric opened over a vest embroidered in heliotrope and silver. Her bonnet was such an airy structure that one rather doubted if the regulation for a woman's head being covered in church was being obeyed. It consisted of three standing up ribs of heliotrope and silver, to which were fastened some white ostrich tips. Mrs Carr wore black broche and lace with some beautiful scarlet hibiscus blossoms to relieve it and match her bonnet, of which the motif was scarlet; Mrs Goring's silver grey silk had vest, coat, lappets, etc., of white silk embroidered in grey and silver, and her black jet bonnet was enlivened with touches of bright pink; Mrs Rosecrance had a very pretty gown of green and old gold trimmed with guipure, with a hat to match, and bouquet of harmonizing tints; Miss Mowbray, blue and white ponce silk trimmed with lace; Miss Power and Miss Anderson both wore simple white frocks and flower hats—a most suitable costume on such an intensely hot day and one which we, their elders, in our silks and bonnets, envied I can assure you, but the disadvantages of age are many, alas! Having given you some of the guests *à grands carreaux*, I will tantalize you no longer, but come to the wedding party proper. When we were all beginning to be tired of seeing who was better dressed than oneself, Mrs Ruck appeared, escorted by her old friend, Colonel Goring. She looked remarkably well in a dark blue ponce silk flowered with white, and trimmed with white guipure, her bonnet of blue corn cockles having strings and puffs of cream chiffon. Then the wedding hymn was begun, and we saw the young bride coming up the aisle, on the arm of Mr James Coates, who, after playing best man at many weddings, has been promoted a step, and made his first appearance on any stage as 'the heavy father.' The bridal gown was of ivory white brocade, with flouncing of Irish point on the front of the skirt and the basque of the bodice, the long train being left plain.

The tall veil was held in place by a crescent of pearls and diamonds given by the bridegroom, and the bouquet had some real orange blossoms in it, a rarity at this season of the year. Her fan was of white ostrich feathers, and was the gift of Colonel and Mrs. Carre. The bridesmaids were in green, beginning with a darkish shade in the leading pair, and graduated down to a faint tint in the last. Miss Black and Miss George came first, their green skirts and corsage bodices having pleated aqua yokes of amber silk. Next were Miss Lewis and Miss Wylde-Brown, in paler green frocks with yokes of the darker shade in silk. Lastly, Mrs. Power's and Miss Walker's little girls in very pale green frocks falling full and straight from yokes of coral pink silk. The hats of all six were perfect poems, the lace of which they were composed looking as if plaited by fairy fingers, they were so light and graceful. Each had a large bow of ribbon to suit the costume. The four grown up maidens had gold bangles given by the bridegroom, the two little girls gold brooches. The former carried cascade bouquets of yellow and green, the latter baskets of flowers. After the ceremony which was performed by the Rev. Mr. Preston, we all went to Mrs. Bloomfield's house, 'Womona,' and there inspected the presents, congratulated the 'happy pair,' ate cake, ices, and many other good things, and drank champagne, tea and coffee. Amongst the presents were many useful and pretty silver things for the table. Conspicuous amongst them was a silver tray from Mr. Coates, and a case of salt-cellers from Mr. Bloomfield's yachting friends. There were spoons of all kinds for afternoon tea, jam, fruit, etc., several china ornaments and elaborate photograph frames. Of all the presents perhaps the one that took my fancy most was a travelling bag given to the bride by one of her brothers-in-law. It was fitted with all one could possibly want, and the handles of the brushes and other things were of ebony, on which dark ground the silver monogram showed with good effect, and which is a change from the everlasting ivory or silver. At five we all assembled in the verandah to see the young couple drive away, and were much amused in observing that Mr. Coates was quite unable to drop his usual role of best man, and was doing all this functionary's work, putting Gladstone bags into the carriage, and so on. The best man (whose pardon I must beg for not having mentioned him sooner) Mr. O'Neil, found his billet by this time quite a sinecure. There was a second-best man too, Mr. Stegall. We had no specifying and no toasts, for which we were thankful. Mrs. Bloomfield's going-away dress was a light summer tweed with panel, vest, etc., of white ostrich silk, and a hat which seemed a mass of white curled plumes. Before they left the white reins were changed for dark ones, they, poor things, imagining that by this piece of artfulness they would deceive the public as to their identity, as if new clothes and travelling gear was not quite enough to mark them as bride and bridegroom, to say nothing of their young and radiant faces. As I began by describing the costumes of some of the guests I will finish with a few more, though I could not say as I will I cannot possibly remember all. Mrs. O'Brien was in black lace, with one of those elegant long lace mantles, embroidered in gold and silver about the shoulders and collar; her daughter, Mrs. Collins, from Wanganui, wore a grey corduroy cloth gown and fancy straw hat (a very pretty costume). Mrs. Ward looked very well in bright heliotrope colour; Mrs. Seymour George was also in grey with a touch of scarlet in her black bonnet; Miss Lizzie Barton looked very well in silver grey silk and a black bonnet (I see by the Home papers black headgear is the fashion just now); her sister, too, was in black and grey; Mrs. Goodhue wore pale grey, and a pretty bonnet of black and gold; Mrs. Nelson, brown silk trimmed with white lace, and bonnet to match. I don't think I told you, by-the-by, that the newly-married people have gone to the Lakes for their honeymoon, and meditate a trip Home shortly, with which item of intelligence I will sign myself yours affectionately,

GRUFFANUVE.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE,

JANUARY 13.

There has been hardly anything going on since you heard from me, but we always expect a dull month after Christmas, and generally get it. So many people are away that it would be difficult to get up anything in the social world. The Stanleys have caused some pleasurable excitement by their recent arrival, and Mr. Stanley has succeeded in interesting his large audiences at the Opera House, where he has given a series of lectures on Africa. In the way of entertainments this has been absolutely the only thing with which to beguile an evening last week. The first two evenings the building was crowded, but lately the audience has been falling off. I fancy the charges are rather high for this time of the year, and therefore wouler, considering how much of one's income is spent in travelling at Christmas time, that he had so many listeners.

Lately we have been more fortunate, as we have had a splendid concert by Madame Bahusson and troupe. Madame Bahusson was most cordially welcomed back amongst us, for she is an old favourite of ours. She brought with her another old friend in the person of Miss Katherine Hardy, who left Wellington some time ago in order to join Madame Bahusson. Fraulein Von Hoyer is also of the company, and is quite new to us.

Mrs. (Dr.) Collins has returned from Dunedin, and has brought with her Miss Gibson, of Dunedin, for a visit to Wellington. The Misses Williams have returned from Christchurch. Miss Chiffenel, a young lady lately from home, is staying with Mrs. Izard.

On New Year's day Mrs. Charles Izard chaperoned a picnic party to Khandallah, but the weather was horrid, the rain making everything miserable, and causing the party to break up and return to town much earlier than was intended.

The Oreti trip to the Sounds was very pleasant. The party, which was chaperoned by Miss Holmes, have now returned, and included Miss Izard, Miss Chiffenel, Miss Hodgkins (Dunedin), and Messrs Field, Symons, Jackson, Vogel, Seed, etc.

Miss Menzies has returned from Invercargill, and her sister is visiting in Blenheim. Mrs. H. D. Bell and family have gone to their summer residence in Lowry Bay. Miss Cooper is visiting her sister, Mrs. Pratt, at Palmerston North.

Mr. Robert Parker has taken the residence of the late Sir William Fitzherbert at the Hut, and a few days ago Mr. and Mrs. Parker gave the first of a series of garden parties,

a delightful amusement being music in the open air. The weather did not behave quite as it should have, but it is to be hoped it will be better next time.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Buckley gave a large garden party in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley and Mrs. Tennant, who is travelling with them. Their lovely place at the Hut is admirably suited for this sort of thing, and although the threatening weather was very annoying on such an occasion, everyone seemed to spend a delightful afternoon. The delicious afternoon tea, cakes, fruit, sweets, etc., were done ample justice to, and the lawn tennis ground was occupied the whole time. Mrs. Buckley received in a handsome black gown and large black hat, being still in mourning for her father. Mrs. Stanley is a fine-looking tall lady, and looked remarkably well in a handsome blue gown figured with flowers. Amongst others—and there were a great number—were Mrs. E. Richardson, Mrs. Cooper, Sir James Hector, Miss Hector, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. and the Misses Grace, Mrs. Tolhurst, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Mrs. Reddiford, and the Misses Dransfield, Wilford, Brandon, etc. A capital band played during the afternoon in the garden, and the afternoon tea was served in a marquee erected in the grounds. With such an admirable host and hostess you can well imagine that everything was perfectly appointed and arranged. Many rested in the drawing room, and even there found plenty of amusement. What a pretty room it is and so artistically decorated, the long room being partially separated into two by an arch draped with curtains, and at the extreme end of the inner room a large mirror is placed with a border of plush, on which are shewn up all sorts of rare china with very good effect, and everywhere the eye rests it will see flowers, ferns, or palms in gracefully draped pots. It is a homely room, too, and every chair, though beautiful, looks as though it were meant for use as well as ornament. You must know what I mean. Some otherwise beautiful rooms are so stiff, and always look as though they had never been used except on state occasions. But, dear me, I am digressing, and before closing would like to tell you about the only concert I have heard of Madame Bahusson's. After hearing this one I should like very much to go again, and hope she will prolong her short season. Madame Bahusson sang 'Dove Sono' exquisitely, and also gave her now famous interpretation of 'The Carnival of Venice,' besides several others, but I think I enjoyed the duet 'Mira Norma' more than anything, sung by Madame Bahusson and Miss Katherine Hardy, which was given with true artistic skill. Miss K. Hardy chose 'Ask me no more' and 'Ihr die ihr Trieb.' Both these ladies were encored for everything. Mr. G. A. Pearson sang two songs, but was not heard to advantage in either. Fraulein Von Hoyer, the pianist played two pieces very brilliantly, and Mr. F. A. King played two violin solos extremely well. He is one of our most promising violinists. Miss Hardy, sister of Miss K. Hardy, played the accompaniments.

By the Ionian we have had several distinguished visitors—the Earl and Countess of Meath, General Shipley, of Her Majesty's service, and Colonel Wethered, of the Buckinghamshire Volunteers. The Earl and Countess have come for the benefit of the Countess's health, the English winter being too severe for her. They intend visiting the hot lakes almost immediately. General Shipley and Colonel Wethered are on a pleasure trip, and hope to see the West Coast Sounds before completing their short tour in New Zealand for they intend travelling back to London by the Ionian in about three weeks. It is forty years since General Shipley was in New Zealand, so it must be very interesting indeed, to him to see the changes.

RUBY.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE,

JANUARY 12.

Once more we are trying to settle down after our more than usual number of holidays to take farewell of the old year and welcome the new. We are a progressive race here, especially in holidays, and for housekeepers and heads of families generally these Christmas holidays have not altogether been a joyous time, for in addition to the cook (the prop of the household in a family gathering) wanting a week just then when the house is full of relations from near and far, the butcher says he will not be round for three days, and the baker on Wednesday says 'he will not call again till Tuesday.' This is rather perplexing, considering the temperature we have to endure about this time. However, all's well that ends well, and the poor mothers have been saved something, for we have had remarkably cool weather, with frequent showers, which have kept the dust down, but not in any way interfered with pleasure parties, and I only hope that next year our tradespeople will not say the day before Christmas 'we shall not be round till the first week in January.'

Most of the gatherings have been family ones through the week, and now half the town seems to have taken itself off to ruralize somewhere only the Cinderellas being left.

The Regatta on New Year's Day was the most popular outing, about eleven thousand people visiting Lyttelton. The Ecelefechan was the flagship, and Captain Dow had about five hundred visitors. Captain Bourke, of H.M.S. Ringarooma, entertained a party of ladies and gentlemen, and also threw open a large part of his vessel to the general public. In addition to the races there was a submarine explosion by electricity, which was watched with much interest. Fireworks on the water at night, and the procession of boats burning coloured lights, was really a beautiful sight. Then later on the search light of the Ringarooma was turned on, and surprised a good many with its wonderful power, and some who much preferred the darkness.

At Lancaster Park several thousand people went to see the great bicycle race between Busst, Rawlinshaw, and Wilnot. The former having such a reputation, much interest was taken by our local cyclists. However, Rawlinshaw won.

The Merivale Temperance Guild had a picnic out at the Tai Tapu on Mr. White's property, the members of the committee and the Rev. C. J. Merton and Mrs. Merton accompanying them. Mr. and Mrs. White were most kind, boiling water and helping in every way to make the day a pleasant one for the large company. Sunner and New Brighton each received its hundreds of patrons.

On New Year's Eve Mrs. Leonard Harper gave a small dance at Ham. Miss Hutton was there, Miss Maude, Miss Bowen, Miss Robinson, Miss Lean, Miss Campbell, and a few others.

At Mrs. John Mason's, Springfield, a party of young people danced in the New Year merrily enough, with a song occasionally between the dances, while the elder members of their numerous relations spent a most enjoyable evening at Dr. Thomas'.

A delightful picnic was held at Governor's Bay, where Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson and Mr. and Mrs. Lewin and families are spending their holiday. About thirty journeyed from town and joined them, making a most pleasant party.

At the close of the old year Mr. G. Clifford, of Flaxbourne, was married to Miss Dennis in Harwarden Catholic Chapel, the Rev. Father Ginity performing the rite. The bride was given away by Mr. J. D. Lance, and the little church was filled with spectators, both being well-known in the district.

Another wedding of rather a novel character took place the beginning of the year. You may have heard of 'green field' church, and this really took place there, for the marriage ceremony was performed on the lawn in front of the residence of Mr. Harris, whose youngest daughter, Alice, was married to Mr. A. W. Blanchard, of Wellington. The Rev. W. Morley officiated, assisted by the Rev. J. N. Battle, brother-in-law of the bride. The bride's dress was of cream silk lustre with train, long veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and lovely bouquet of white flowers and maiden hair fern. She wore a gold bracelet set with diamonds and sapphires, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids—Miss Craddock and Miss Morely wore cream dresses, and hats to match, and Miss Buttle (niece of the bride) a pink dress, and carried bouquets of cream roses. They each wore a plain gold bracelet, the gift of the bridegroom. Refreshments were served in a marquee on the lawn, after which the happy pair drove off in a good, or rather cruel, shower of rice.

A party of young ladies have taken a cottage at Governor's Bay, and are having the jolliest time. The Misses Beswick, Helmore, and Millar, are amongst them. There are eight altogether, I believe.

Another party of young men are camping out at Akaroa, amongst them Professor Bickerton's five sons. Theirs is a large party, about twenty, and they combine the useful with pleasure. One is a self-constituted engineer-in-chief, and they are making great irrigation works so many hours in each day for the benefit of a neighbour who has some nice daughters and an orchard.

Mrs. Rhodes, Elnwood, with a large party have been spending a week at Akaroa. The Hon. Mrs. Parker and family have gone to Dunedin for a month or two. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Scott are on the West Coast. Professor and Mrs. Haslam, accompanied by Mr. and Miss Mitchell Clark, have gone to the Southern Lakes. Miss Cowlishaw and Miss Hennab are visiting Sir John and Lady Hall, Hororata. Mr. and Mrs. Wilder have also gone to the West Coast. Mrs. Acton-Adams leaves for England in the Coptic, taking her daughter and one of her sons.

Miss Greenwood has returned from her long visit to Hawke's Bay. Talking of that district reminds me of an engagement—that of Mr. Anderson, of Napier, to Miss Myrie Aikman, of Christchurch. I have also heard of another—Miss Frankish and Mr. Heywood, a nephew of Mr. J. M. Heywood.

All Dr. Frankish's friends were pleased to welcome him back, and to see him looking all the better after his trip.

We have quite a number of Wellington visitors here. Mr. and Mrs. Symonds are staying with Miss Heywood; Miss Hamerton is spending a few weeks with Mrs. Geo. Roberts; and Miss M. Kreeft with Mrs. A. H. Turnbull, who has only just returned with her husband from a trip to England. Mrs. Wright and Mrs. F. Barraud are visiting Mrs. J. W. N. Marchant.

The many friends of Mrs. J. R. Johnson will regret to notice her death, which occurred at Fielding only a few days ago. She had been failing in health for some time, and when they left Christchurch for their new home at Fielding it was hoped the change would be beneficial.

DOLLY VALE.

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE,

JANUARY 13.

Again I am sorry to say that I have a most uninteresting letter for you, but unless I indulge in romances I cannot tell you of parties, because there have been none—not one. The town is growing emptier and emptier, while at Portobello, Broad Bay, and other seaside resorts they are having concerts and all sorts of fun, for everybody is out of town and getting snubbed and altogether rustic.

At the theatre the Walter Bentley Company are still drawing good houses. Walter Bentley himself is superb; one never gets tired of him. He seems perfect in every character he takes, but above all others I think I liked him best as Shylock in the 'Merchant of Venice.' You have a treat in store.

For a few days the town was all alive with the Tarawera's excursionists bound for the West Coast Sounds. A big crowd went to see the first boat load away, and everything aboard looked as inviting as ever. The deck was prepared for the dances, and down below the dear little theatre was all fitted up with its stage and drop scene, footlights, carpets, and all complete. There was every prospect of a good time. It is scarcely strange the fascination these trips have, for come to the magnificent scenery, and all the charm that the unspeakable grandeur has, in the social life, and as many pleasures are crowded into those few short days as are usually spread over a month or two. After once going there is an unsatiable desire to go again. The Rhodes, of Christchurch, went this trip—Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Rhodes, Miss Amy and Miss Emily, Mr. T. A. Maitland (Dunedin) and Miss M. A. Maitland, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Joseph (Sydney) Mr. R. W. Kane (Adelaide), Mr. J. Peele, artist (Melbourne), Mr. Perrett, artist (Dunedin), Mr. Perry (Timaru), Mr. F. A. Pitt (Timaru), Mr. and Mrs. Pendel Steel (Sydney), Mr. J. Smith (Melbourne), Miss Studholme (Christchurch), Dr. W. Hielop (Palmerston), Mr. and Miss Hay (Temuka), Miss A. and Miss M. Harrison (Ashburton), Mr. J. G. Findlay, Mr. D. M. Findlay, and Dr. Fleming (Balclutha), seven of the Crespios (Melbourne), Miss Allan from the Taieri, and others nearer home. Mr. F. Young has again been given the management of the concerts and stage, etc., and under his management the evenings are sure to be a success. Mr. Timson presides over the musical department, and a quartette party also go.

As there is nothing doing in town, perhaps you would care to know what is going on in the country districts. The Caledonian Society gave the annual ball at Herwick, about two hundred guests being present. Mr R. Gibb and Mr G. Mathieson acted as M.C.'s, dancing being kept up till day-break. Some of the dresses were very pretty. Among these were Mrs A. Sinclair, white cashmere; Miss Sinclair, pink nun's veiling with swansdown; Miss Mary Mitchell, also a pretty pink dress trimmed with lace, with low neck and short sleeves; Miss Mackay, white embroidered muslin; Miss Davies, pale blue; Miss Crossan, light grey; the Misses Coscan, white muslin trimmed with embroidery; Miss Kempbell, white and pink; Misses Robinson (2), pink fisherman's net over pink; Miss McLean, white; Miss Kattray and Miss McIndoe, blue and white; Miss Sanderson, white striped muslin; Miss Sherran, cream delaine; Misses Farquharson (2), pink; Miss Murray, white muslin with pink; Miss McDonald, white checked muslin with embroidery.

The Miller's Flat Cricket Club held a ball at the Embroidery Hall at Hogmanay. Among the ladies present Miss Young, of Beaumont Station, looked nice; Miss Cavendish, blue cashmere; Miss N. Pringle, white muslin; Miss Kerr, white Indian muslin; Miss McIntyre, brown; Miss Stevenson, white with rose-pink sash; Miss Agnes Kerr, also white; Miss M'Combe, pink lamia with white lace; Miss C. Kerr, white Indian muslin relieved with salmon pink; Miss Thompson, black; Miss Phillips (Beaumont) black; Miss M' Rae, white; Miss J. Stevenson, brown; Miss M. M'Combe, flowered delaine; Mrs Hand, brown; Mrs J. Pringle, black silk with velvet trimmings; Mrs Christie, pink; Mrs Laffey, also pink; Mrs J. Bennett and Mrs Hastie, white.

By next week, Bee, I hope our people will be back again. Anyhow, the February races will make the town lively again, and I expect we shall have more excitement crowded into a week or two than we shall care for.

MAUDE.

NELSON.

DEAR BEE,

JANUARY 15.

Let us hope as I go on my good genius will enlighten me, for at present I have not the least idea what to write about. Everything here is more than usually quiet just now, and all one hears from morning to night is the feeble talk until one gets decidedly full up of Jubilee. If all the gaieties take place which are at present spoken of we may all look forward to a lovely time. Why, Bee, after half a week I am sure people will say our pretty little Jubilee deserves the sobriquet applied to it of 'Sleepy Hollow.' Why, our festivities are to last a week, and even the Empire City's only lasted three days! Are you not astonished at our energy, Bee?

People are beginning to return now after the Christmas holidays, and very glad we are to welcome back all stragglers, for so many empty houses make a town look dismal. Among those who have come to visit us this Christmas I noticed Mrs H. Glasgow, who is staying here with her aunt, Mrs Pitt. She is looking so well. All her girl friends are very pleased to again see her in their midst.

What a pity it is that the banks move their officers about so. We are losing this week Mr Brooke-Smith, who is a general favourite here, although his stay has been for so short a time, hardly more than a month. Auckland is to be the gainer this time, Bee, for it is there that he has been moved. He is in the Bank of New South Wales.

There have been one or two very jolly picnics lately got up by the gentlemen, most of them visitors to our town; in fact, there were three altogether, one to Cable Bay, one to Wairoa Grove, and one to Mackay's Bluff, but to the latter place we only went about four in the afternoon, and just took our tea. Among those who have been to these picnics were Messrs Leven, Pitt, and Preshaw, and Misses Leven, Richmond (2), Pitt, Catley, Watson (2), Broad, Sealy, Meeson, Preshaw, and Messrs Brooke-Smith (2), Glascoine, Kirkby, Duncan, Fuller, Symons and Norris. Oh, Bee, we had such a jolly dance, given, I believe, by Mr Glascoine. Mrs Leven and Mrs Preshaw were the chaperones, and there were about twenty there altogether. It was a dreadful night, pouring with rain, and thundering and lightning so much that one felt quite dizzy, but notwithstanding the stormy night we all went, and were well repaid for our soaking, for we did have fun. Mrs Leven was wearing grey and black; Mrs Preshaw, a steel grey satin made high; Miss Pitt, who looked very well, wore green net; Miss Leven, a pretty robe of red surah silk and chiffon, red feather fan; Miss F. Sealy, red nun's veiling; Miss Meeson, pink nun's veiling; Miss Watson, pink fisherman's net; Miss G. Watson, ecru net; Miss Catley, apricot silk robe braided with silver; Mrs Broad, black silk and net; Miss Preshaw, pale green silk and chiffon. There were also present, Messrs Glascoine, McLean, Kirkby, Duncan, Brooke-Smith (2), Fuller, Atkinson, Richmond, and Symons.

Our tennis courts were very gay on the occasion of the return match, Brook Club versus Nelson Club. Play began shortly after 2.30 p.m., and lasted until after 7 p.m., the result being a draw. Nelson won three singles, and Brook Club won one single and two doubles. The Nelson representatives were: Messrs Jones, Broad, Fernie, and Kirkby, the Brook Club were: Messrs Green, Leven, Mabon (2). Some of the sets were most exciting, but the most interesting one was a single played by Messrs Broad and Leven, the former winning after a hard struggle. There were more onlookers there than I have seen present at tennis for some time. Mrs Preshaw was wearing a grey costume, with black and yellow bonnet; Mrs Leven, a sweet grey flowered muslin, black bonnet; Mrs J. Sharp looked deliciously cool in a blue zephyr, with white hat and blue cordonnet; Mrs R. Kingdon, dark green with Swiss belt of velvet; Mrs Pitt, fawn embroidered robe; Mrs H. Glasgow, pretty flowered delaine with dark green velvet trimmings, pretty white straw hat; Mrs Bunny, black skirt, white blouse, large black straw hat; Mrs L. Adams, grey zephyr, black sailor hat; Mrs Williams, cream cashmere, large cream hat; Miss Preshaw, cool looking white robe, small sailor hat; Miss Jones, pale green trimmed with a darker shade of velvet; her sister, black robe, pretty white aeroplane hat with pink flowers; Miss Broad, cream flowered muslin, small sailor hat; Miss Leven, thin blue serge skirt and jacket, white silk blouse; Miss Pitt, her tennis costume of red nun's veiling. But I have forgotten

to tell you that tea was dispensed by Mrs Leven, and we all were very grateful for it, for it was one of Nelson's very hot and close days without any breeze.

Let us hope none of the other camping-out parties will experience what one party did who were camping at Torrent Bay, some miles from Nelson. They all went out boating early in the morning, and when they came back to camp, they found nearly all their tents burnt to the ground, in fact, there was only one and some of the provision tent left. A small fire which they had left in the morning must have been fanned by the wind into a blaze, and so done the damage. Their loss was considerable, for besides clothes some of their lost money, and even jewellery. A dreadful ending to a pleasant holiday, was it not, Bee?

PHYLIS.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

DEAR BEE,

JANUARY 16.

Christmas festivities being over and done with for this year, I must try and work up my arrears of correspondence. The last few weeks have been very happy ones to most people in spite of 'King Influenza' making so many bow the knee before him. Thank Heaven I can at last say of him, 'Now lies he low, and none so poor to do him reverence.' Have you heard of this wonderful Chinese remedy? A Mr Chew Chong belonging to these parts (the same, by the bye, who won the first prize for butter at the Dunedin Exhibition, and who was also stated by a well-known butter expert to possess the best managed dairy factory in the colony) says that the disease, which is a very common one in China, is entirely caused by a parasite under the skin, which is the means of spreading the fever. This is his treatment: He looks about for a pimple which is generally to be found in the back of the patient; then he breaks the skin and draws out a long thread-like worm, and lo! immediate relief ensues. He is said to have cured many people.

I suppose you all had gay times on Christmas Eve, and we also had nothing to complain of here. St. Mary's, as usual, looked lovely. I have far more decorations done than in most places. I have not time to give you a detailed account, but must mention the pulpit. It is of dark wood with panels of rich ruby plush, and almost all of the woodwork was covered with the loveliest moss, except the pillars, of which there are many tiny ones, and these were wreathed with the most delicate white flowers, such as heath and agapanthus. Miss Katharine Hamerton planned and carried out this important part. The font, too, was very lovely with its giant crown of white flowers, and Miss Florence Webster deserves all credit for her part of the work of decoration. In the evening there was a carol service, which was very pleasant, and a nice conclusion to a busy day. Masters Arthur Stapp and S. English took the solos, and reflected great credit on our new organist, Mr E. Brooke, who is training the boys as choristers.

The town was gay on Christmas Eve. One could almost imagine one was in a section of London, or rather in a continental town on a Sunday. There were streams of people, bright lights, bands playing, much gay laughter, flags and many decorations. It was pleasant to hear the hearty good wishes and greetings on all sides, and there was much hand-shaking and chatter, for many visitors have been here for Christmas. Among the many I may mention the following: Miss Percy-Smith, Miss Reeves, Miss Bella Messenger, Miss Broad, Miss McIndoe, and Messrs E. Halse, H. Fookes, W. Devenish, Graves, and Wilson.

On Christmas evening the public were accorded a treat in the shape of a sacred concert, when selections from the 'Messiah,' 'Elijah,' and 'Creation' were given. Perhaps the best of the choruses were, 'Be Not Afraid,' and the 'Hallelujah' choros, which both went with the greatest spirit. The gem of the evening to my mind was 'It is Enough.' It was exquisitely sung by Mr Holdsworth, who was accompanied by Mrs Malone, Mr F. W. Richmond also playing a cello obligato. I sometimes marvel to think what a strange series of chances must have conjoined to bring a musical genius such as Mrs Malone to such a remote corner of the globe as Stratford. She would shine in any large town, and yet she seems content to shine on this humble community. I was most, i.e., the concert, Miss Hamerton sang 'The Marvellous Work' beautifully, in her usual cultivated style, and Miss Teed was fully appreciated in 'O Thou that Bindest Good Tidings'; so was Mrs Hall in 'O, Rest in the Lord.' Altogether the concert was a thorough success, and Mr Brooke, the conductor, deserves all the credit which is so freely given him.

There have also been several private dances and evenings during the holidays. One of the former was held at a house about a mile from town, and was one of the most enjoyable of the whole season. For one thing it was brilliantly moonlight and a cloudless night; then the house is so admirably suited for a dance; there was a perfect host and hostess, and lastly there is a large garden—tennis lawns in the middle with a broad drive all round. It would be hard to imagine anything prettier than the view from the balconies—a broad stretch of sea in the distance, the moon rising cold and white over the dark pine trees, and white figures fitting about in the moonlight. Add to this dreamy value music, soft laughter, and the scent of many flowers, and you have a scene fit for a novel.

There had also been several picnics arranged, but many did not come off, as the sun has been displeased with our levity, and has been fit to hide his face on more than one occasion. Too bad of the sun! but I always did consider him a selfish, inconsiderate fellow. He nearly shrivelled me up to day just because I did not take a parasol with me to town.

Aucklanders will be glad to hear that the Auckland Concert Company was greatly appreciated here. What a lovely voice Miss Kummer has, and Mr Jackson, too! Indeed, there is not one weak member in the whole company, and Auckland has every reason to be proud of its musicians. Do you know what I thought was the gem of the whole programme? 'Excelsior.' I thought it was simply perfect, especially when 'A voice replied far up the heights.' 'The Better Land,' too, was a treat to us all. I would go a good many miles to hear it again. The second night of the concert there was a large private dance in New Plymouth, which prevented a very large audience assembling at the Alexandra, I am afraid. However, I imagine the company did very well here notwithstanding. I only hope they may visit us again some day in the near future.

Now I must conclude this letter. It has been rather frivo-

lous, although I have not told about any 'fine raiment.' However, that will keep.

MIGNONNE.

NAPIER.

DEAR BEE,

JANUARY 9.

I am so busy I did not mean to write to you this week, but I am afraid I leave my new-untill next week it will be altogether too stale when it reaches your readers, so I am straining a point to send you a few lines now. I told you about the two first days of the tournament in my last, so will go on now and tell you about the gowns worn on the third and last day. First of all I must tell you the weather was truly delightful, neither too hot nor too cold, and at 4 p.m. or in the shade. On one side of the courts there are lovely trees, and on the other side there are none, so everyone can sit just wherever he or she doth feel most comfortable. I think more people assembled on the ground on the third day than on either of the other two days. You know the last day is always considered the best, as the finals are played off then. I must say I was lucky and was there every day. Amongst the ladies assembled on the ground I noticed Mrs Joe Williams (Hastings), wearing a pretty soft grey gown with small bonnet trimmed with forget-me-nots; her three little girls were with her in white; Mrs Coleman also I saw in a very becoming gown of a most uncommon shade of claret, very dark yet rich-looking, very handsome black lace circular cloak, and black bonnet; her three daughters accompanied her: Miss Watt wore a pretty blue grey frock, I think a delaine, and stylish white hat; Miss G. Watt had on a frock like her sister's; Miss B. Watt wore a pretty cream frock with bright rose sash; and I think there was yet another little girl in white with Mrs Coleman, whether her daughter or not I cannot say. Mrs Jarline looked well in a pale green delaine gown, large white hat; Mrs James McLean also looked so nice in navy figured cambric, small bonnet (I admire her so much); I noticed Mrs Henry Mason in cream cashmere embroidered with pale pink and blue, boat-shaped hat; Mrs Herbert Russell, cream embroidered cambric gown, cream hat with brown velvet; Miss Hughes, cornflower blue gown with white spots, white hat, cream feathers; Mrs Tipping (Hastings), peacock blue figured gown, white Bond-street hat with blue band (most becoming costume); Miss Timpson wore a dainty white gown with white *châ* hat, red band; Miss Tuke, grey gown, pink vest, white hat; Miss Boge (Petone), black skirt, white blouse, black hat; Mrs Harry Tudor (Petone) I admired very much in a white gown, grey Tudor cloak, white hat with heliotrope poppies; Mr Vicker-man (Hastings) looked as natty and neat as usual in her pretty heliotrope pingham (decidedly her colour), small black flat bonnet; Mrs Gordon looked extremely well in a white gown, cream hat with narrow yellow velvet strings; Miss Nelson, navy skirt, white blouse with narrow black ribbon run through the embroidery, black hat; Miss Beamish, blue pingham, black hat; Miss Fanny Beamish, grey pingham with white insertion, white hat; Miss Williams (Frimley), such a pretty gown of sage green with pale pink flowers, trimmed with rows of black velvet, a deep belt formed of several rows of black velvet half-way round to the back, high collar, stylish black hat with black wings; her sisters, Miss Gertrude and Miss Elsie Williams, wore white embroidered frocks with deep belts and braces of black velvet, white hats with white feathers; Mrs J. N. Williams (Frimley) looked exceedingly well in a handsome black silk gown, exquisite pale green and pink full waistcoat, pale pink bonnet (most becoming). I know I ought to mention all the married ladies first, Bee, but I am just taking people as they come into my head, hence my excuse for putting girls before married women, for I haven't time to-day to sort out my names as I generally do. Mrs Fitzroy's gown I liked. It was grey, with a long jacket, grey Bond-street hat; her two little daughters wore grey silk frocks, hats to match (so quaint and pretty); Mrs Norman Beetham looked exceedingly well in a charming fawn costume with white silk full waistcoat, white hat with feathers; her sister, Miss Wardell (Waipara), wore a light brown tweed, black hat; Miss St. Hill looked well in a white gown, pale green sash draped artistically; Miss Annie St. Hill also wore white with green sash; white hats and white feathers were worn with these costumes; Miss Luckie looked well in a stylish white checked muslin skirt, white baby bodice with belt, white hat with purple pansies; Mrs Potts, fawn gown, yellow silk bonnet; Miss Raine, blue figured skirt, white blouse, Bond-street hat; Mrs Harry Donnelly, grey costume, small hat; Miss Donnelly, fawn gown, black hat; Miss Shaw, brown skirt trimmed with gold, white shirt, fawn jacket, white hat; Miss Maude Shaw, very handsome heliotrope gown with gold trimmings, Tom-tug hat; Mrs G. P. Donnelly looked very nice in a black gown, large black hat; Miss Lucy Williams (Te Aute) looked well in a white gown, very becoming black flat hat; Mrs J. B. Braithwaite wore a black gown, black mantle, small black bonnet with yellow flowers; Miss Braithwaite, white gown trimmed with white embroidery, yellow sash, white sailor hat; Mrs R. Braithwaite, fawn dust coat, stylish hat; her little daughter wore a pale green Liberty silk frock, quaint little hat so much like Miss Macelles I always admire; she wore her pretty heliotrope delaine, and such a pretty rustic straw hat; Mrs J. Wood (Nelson) fawn tweed gown, large hat with feathers; Mrs Richardson, pretty fawn gown, large white hat; Miss Cotterill, black gown, black hat; Miss Gertrude Cotterill, white gown, black hat; Miss Maggie Cotterill, black gown, black hat with white band; Miss Carrie Sutton, grey and pink plaid gown, white hat; Miss Florrie Sutton, grey gown, black hat; Miss Heath, grey frock, white hat; Miss Gleeson, pretty blue gown, black hat; Mrs Luckie, cream delaine gown, green bonnet pink flowers; the Misses Hitchings wore the same gown as on the preceding days; Mrs Abraham wore a navy skirt, very pretty pale pink shirt, and a white hat. Miss Doulin (who won the final after a most exciting contest), wore a claret figured skirt, cream blouse, white sailor hat. After the matches were all finished Mrs Coleman presented the prizes to the lucky winners. I can tell you, Bee, they were one and all worth winning. The prize for the ladies singles was a most exquisite silver chain-link. We were all glad to see Messrs Logan and Fenwick win the doubles. They played up much better on the last day. Altogether the season was a most successful one, and I only wish we could have the tournament here every year, a rather

seefish wish, I expect, but it is so nice to see so many well-dressed people all together, and to meet so many friends we don't see every day. Amongst the gentlemen assembled on the ground and playing during the season I noticed Messrs E. H. Williams, Robinson, Frank Ormond, John Davis Ormond, Longham, W. Tanner, D. Tanner, Bruce, Jameson, Beattie, A. Deane, Logan, C. Kennedy, Arthur Kennedy, Von Sturmer, Gore, W. Ross, Hoadley, Jardine, Cardie, McLean, Coleman, Thornton, St. Hill, H. B. Williams, Arnold Williams, Leam, F. Nelson, Harold Nelson, Minden, Fenwick, Pollock, Dasant, and a host of others.

In my next letter I hope to tell you about the cricket matches and other interesting items.

GLADYS.

DEAR BEE,

JANUARY 11.

The Tennis Tournament is over, and as you have had it all telegraphed, it is needless to go over all again. On the last day I saw the Misses Lowry and Hewson in very pretty French muslin dresses of pale blue and cream, with hats to match; Miss Lee Lascelles, rustic straw hat, pretty delicate dress (white with lilac spray); Mrs Dickson and Lady Whitmore were in town last week, the former wearing a handsome black silk dress and hat, the latter black dress, handsome bonnet.

Mr Sydney Hobson, our talented musician, who recently returned from Leipzig, Germany, has gone to the Hot Lakes for two months to try the baths. His arms, which the German doctors said must have a long sea voyage and rest to regain their power, at first after his arrival were much better, but lately have been troubling him. We hope he will return quite cured. His brother, Mr E. D. Hobson, well known in the football world, has gone to Wellington for a few months.

There was a good cricket match, Country against Napier, on New Year's Day. Miss Ida Nelson looked well on horseback. Mrs J. N. Williams and daughters were present, and many others.

Mrs Wilson and family are at Danevirke for a few weeks. Mrs (Dr) Moore has just returned from there. Young Mr Cramer has gone south for cooler weather. He has not been so well lately. Mrs Balfour has gone with her children to the country.

Mr Neil Heath has had a bad attack of la grippe since his return, and is only just getting about.

Dr. Menzies has been on a visit to his father, Dr. Menzies of the Hospital, and returned to Auckland last week.

The weather here has been most uncertain lately. I do hope we get some settled weather soon.

The Wellington Concert Company played two nights, and were most successful, and had good houses. One Sunday evening they gave a sacred concert, which was a great treat. I will give you the programme of concerts. Miss Fisher and Miss McLean were warmly applauded for their items, also Mr Prouse and Mr Williams, both of whom are favourites here. Mr McDuff Boyd and Mr Parker were good. Mr Parker is a capital player. One evening the programme was as follows:—'Trin,' 'Naviganti' ('The Mariners'), (Baudagger), Miss McLean, Mr R. B. Williams, and Mr J. Prouse; song, 'Three Fishers Went Sailing' (Hullah), Miss Fisher; song, 'Thou'rt Passing Hence' (Sullivan), Mr J. Prouse; Rhapsodie for violin (Mackenzie), Mr McDuff Boyd; song, 'Margarita' (Lohr), Mr R. B. Williams; air, 'Caro Mio Ben' (Giorlani), Miss McLean; duet, 'The Moon Hath Raised Her Lamp Above' (Benedict), Mr R. B. Williams and Mr J. Prouse; l'autie (violin) on 'I Lombardi' (Vientenper), Mr McDuff Boyd; song, 'She Wore a Wreath of Roses' (Knight), Miss Fisher; song, 'Nazareth' (Gounod), Mr J. Prouse; song, 'The Old and Young Marie' (Cowen), Miss McLean; song, 'An Evening Song' (Blumenthal), Mr R. B. Williams; duet, 'In the Dark of the Twilight' (Offenbach), Miss McLean and Miss Fisher; quartette, 'Good night, Beloved' (Pinsuti), Miss McLean and Fisher, and Messrs Williams and Prouse; Mr Parker played the organ and Mr H. G. Spackman piano for 'Nazareth.' Another evening the programme was as follows:—Duet, 'The Reaper and the Flowers' (Pinsuti), Miss McLean and Mr J. Prouse; song, 'The Message' (Blumenthal), Mr R. B. Williams; song, 'The Worker' (Gounod), Miss Fisher; violin solo, 'Baccarolle in G' (Sphor), Mr McDuff Boyd; song, 'Honour and Arms' (Handel), Mr J. Prouse; song, 'O, Bid Thy Faithful Ariel Fly' (Linley), Miss McLean; trio, 'O, Memory' (Leslie), Miss McLean, Miss Fisher, and Mr R. B. Williams; song, 'Bedonin's Love Song' (Pinsuti), Mr J. Prouse; violin solo, 'Fantasia on Scotch Airs' (Sainton), Mr McDuff Boyd; song, 'Smile and Bid Me Live' (Pinsuti), Mr R. B. Williams; song, 'When the Tide Comes in' (Barbly), Miss Fisher; serenade, with violin obligato, 'Quand tu Chantes' (Gounod), Miss McLean; quartette, 'Sleep, Gentle Lady' (Bishop) Misses McLean and Fisher, Messrs Williams and Prouse. Sunday evening: quartet, 'To Thee Great Lord' (Rossini), Misses McLean and Fisher, and Messrs Williams and Prouse; recit. and air, 'If With all Your Hearts' ('Elijah') (Mendelssohn), Mr R. B. Williams; violin solo, 'Benedictus' (Mackenzie), Mr McDuff Boyd; air, 'From Mighty Kings' (Mac Judas) (Handel), Miss McLean; song, 'The Last Man' (Callcott); Mr J. Prouse; duet, 'Love, Divine all Love Excelling' ('Daughter of Jairus') (Sainter), Miss McLean and Mr R. B. Williams; castania, violin, (Raff), Mr McDuff Boyd; recit. and air, 'The Soft Southern Breeze' ('Relekkah') (Barbly), Mr R. B. Williams; pianoforte solo, Impromptu in A flat (Schubert); Mr R. Parker; song, 'There is a Green Hill Far Away' (Gounod), Miss McLean; air, 'Pro Pecunia' ('Stabat Mater') (Rossini), Mr J. Prouse; quartet, 'God is a Spirit' ('Woman of Samaria') (Sterndale Bennett), Mr H. G. Spackman played the organ and Miss Hitchings the piano. This closed their concert season, which was most enjoyable. I must not forget to mention Misses McLean and Fisher's dresses for the sake of the ladies. The first evening Miss McLean wore a handsome white silk with train; Miss Fisher, chateaux green silk and train. The second evening Miss McLean looked most stately in black velvet with long train and white vest; Miss Fisher was charming in cream silk and train, which suited her to perfection. A most fashionable audience was present each evening.

This week we are to have the Auckland Concert Company here, and they are the great explorer, H. M. Stanley, which you will hear about next time.

I noticed several strangers in town during the week. The Taranaki cricketers have been here all the week, and with them came friends to watch the game. Napier won both matches. Two more matches come off next week. Mrs A. S. Tonks came over with her husband, who is one of the players, and a very good one too. She was one of the Auckland girls, and they will remember her well as Miss Cushla Nolan, of Remuera, who was most popular. She is as jolly as ever. By the way, Mr Tonks is an old Auckland boy, being one of the Tonks', of Remuera. Mrs Kiddiford, Mrs Willis, and Mrs Parsons are also amongst the number from Taranaki. I met Mr Tonks in a very pretty black dress and jacket, white vest, and black hat; also Mrs Kiddiford, in handsome black silk dress, and bonnet. Mrs Freeman-Jackson, of Wanganui, is also here.

Mrs A. P. Sheath and Mr St. Clair (the popular organist of the Roman Catholic Church) have both gone south for a few weeks. Both are much missed from the church.

Our bowlers are steadily practising in view of the tournament to be held here at Easter.

The Caledonian sports promise to be a great success.

JACK.

DEAR BEE,

LONDON.

NOVEMBER, 25.

Yes, winter is here, and winter costumes are universally worn. I do not much care for the new sealisk coats, which touch the flounce at the foot of the skirt. They are rather heavy-looking, but undoubtedly warm. The three-quarter length jackets are very unbecoming to short, dumpy figures, and the very large hats overpowering. There are, however, some very suitable ones for petite figures. The smaller shapes of felt, with their pretty ostrich tips and artistic ribbon, the equally pretty beavers and the cloth fur-trimmed capotes, are all seen in the best establishments; and one of the latter hats to match a tailor-made costume should form part of every woman's wardrobe, as nothing is more useful for the damp or rainy day, which works dire destruction with the feather and tips. But alas, Bee, the present feather-laden hat is a source of the keenest anxiety to its wearer. It will drizzle in November, and then woe to your curled feathers. The best thing to do when you have been thus unfortunate is to sit down immediately in front of a hot fire and gently wave your hat to and fro in the blaze, not too near for fear of scorching, but near enough for the feather to dry quickly. A little gentle curling with a blunt pen-knife or a silver fruit knife is good, but great care must be taken in doing this not to break the fragile strand.

Now I will give you a good idea for the disposal of wedding guests after the happy event is safely over. Take them all to the theatre. I saw two wedding parties, who had evidently secured a large number of stall seats to hear a good opera, the other night. The bridesmaids (6) were all dressed alike, and all had lovely bouquets, made high. The six bridesmaids in one party were attired in cream coloured bengaline, with relieving colour of vieux rose. Their bodices were of the cream bengaline, cut in cavalier style, with full waistcoats of the rose. The sleeves were of the white, at the top very full and high, and had light lower sleeves of the rose, reaching from the elbows to the wrists. The bengaline skirts were plain and tight in front, with a box pleat at the back, and were edged with feather trimming and a narrow gold braid. They, of course, wore no head coverings when I saw them, but I heard the hats were of cream felt with a rough beaver brim, trimmed with a profusion of cream tips. They each carried very large bouquets of pink and white flowers, tied into loose *acolyte* bunches, with long streamers of ribbon corresponding in colour. The other bridesmaids wore dresses of cream Indian silk, with trimmings of yellow bengaline. The bodices were of the cream, with a flounce of the yellow round the edges and yellow also slashed the long sleeves. The skirts, which were half-long, had silk panels of the bengaline, and a ruche of the latter formed a heading to the deep hem. The hats were cream, with high bows of the bengaline, also yellow and cream tips.

But to change the subject. I visited Mr Parnell's grave the other day, and was surprised to note that amongst the crowds who go to see it, there were very many more women than men. About ten square yards is fenced roughly in by hedge stakes and ropes. In the centre is the grave, large and raised. I should think there were nearly a hundred fresh wreaths. A lovely erect Maltese cross over a recumbent one had just come from Mrs Parnell. The card with the flowers contained these words: 'My love, my husband, my king! From your broken-hearted wife.'

This autumn it was much noticed that the Queen's visit to Balmoral has been marked by an almost complete abandonment of the seclusion which she maintained for so many years. She has made excursions to every part of the estate and beyond. Hardly two days (adds *Family Fair*) have passed without some of the neighbours being invited to lunch or dine at the Castle. The Ministers in attendance have dined with the Queen several times a week. There has been a constant succession of visitors, winding up with the visit of the Duchess of Teck and her daughter; which is quite unprecedented. The gaieties of the season have culminated in the theatricals, which, under Princess Beatrice's leadership, have occupied the attention of the Court and certain favoured ones of the Queen's neighbours during the week. The Queen, by the bye, will find that the storm of the autumn have wrought quite an extraordinary amount of damage in the Home Park, which is her favourite portion of the Windsor demesne. Great destruction has been done to the timber in the private enclosure. The fall of one big oak nearly knocked down much of the fruit wall, while another threatened the house at Frogmore. One result of the damage done near the river bank has been to open a very pretty peep of Datchet from the terrace.

There is a strong probability of the Queen going next spring to Cape Martin, the promontory between Monaco and Mentone. The Queen's courier is reporting upon the suitability of the large new hotel there, which contains 150 rooms. If approved, it would be taken from the 15th of March.

The *Court Circular* contains an affectionate tribute by the Queen to an old and faithful servant, Mr Maslin, who died recently. He was the last remaining person, excepting one, who knew the Queen as a child, and remembered all her youth; and Her Majesty deeply feels the severance of this link with the past.

So you are to lose your popular Governor. I see the papers state that the Earl of Onslow has submitted to the Queen his resignation of the Governorship of New Zealand, on the ground of urgent private affairs. It is expected that Lord Onslow will return home in the spring. The many friends of the Countess will gladly welcome her back.

You remember the now famous Sir William Gordon-Cumming? I hear his youthful bride is severely indisposed, probably prostration after all the excitement and worry.

Have you read Mrs Grimwood's book? She gives a pretty account of her relations with young and feminine Manipur:—'Some of the Manipuri girls are very pretty. They have long, silky hair and fair complexions, with jolly brown eyes. They cut their hair in front in a straight fringe all round their foreheads, while the back part hangs loose, and it gives them a pretty, childish look.' Every child is taught to dance in Manipur. The only restriction placed upon women is that when they marry they must put back their fringes.

A CITY MOUSE.

HASTINGS.

DEAR BEE,

JANUARY 12.

Cricket matches seem the order of the day just now, and the fair sex are again taking a fair share of interest in this noble game. A number of matches have been played at Farndon this year instead of at Hastings, I believe the ground at the former place cannot be beaten. A very interesting match was, however, played here between a team from Hawera and our Hastings men. This match created a considerable amount of interest, and some exceedingly good play was witnessed. Unfortunately, I was unable to be present, but as I have a friend I can rely on, I shall be able to tell you who were there and what they wore. If I miss out anybody they will know the reason of it. You remember, Bee, the saying, 'If you want a thing done well do it yourself,' only the worst of it is you can't do a number of things altogether, neither can you be in two or three places at once, but to proceed. Mrs J. N. Williams was there, looking exceedingly well (she always does) in a navy gown, black Tudor cloak, and black bonnet with pink tip; Miss Williams wore a stylish grey gown, black hat; Miss Gertrude Williams, white gown, black hat trimmed with white ribbon; Miss Elsie Williams, pretty pink frock, black hat with white ribbon; Mrs (Captain) Russell, grey gown, grey Tudor cloak, black bonnet; Mrs Fitzroy, grey tweed gown, grey Bondstreet hat; her little daughters wore grey frocks with white sashes, and white drawn silk hats; two little girls with them (I think cousins from Wellington) wore navy blue gingham frocks with white spots, white sashes, white hats with feathers; Mrs Loughnan, white gown, red Tudor cloak, large white hat; Mrs Vickerman, pale pink gingham, tiny bonnet with pink flowers; her little daughter wore a cream frock, cream bonnet; Miss Russell, grey gown, grey Tudor cloak, black hat; Miss St. Hill looked very well in white gown, large white hat; Miss Lowry, pretty pink gown, stylish white hat; a lady with her wore a navy figured gown, black bonnet with red flowers. There were several strangers on the ground whose names I did not catch, and some ladies were looking on for awhile from the other side of the ground. They were not close enough for their gowns to be seen plainly. I think Miss Luckie was there in white, but I am not sure. Baskets of fruit were handed round during the afternoon, and most acceptable it proved. I think the fruit came from Fitzroy, and Mrs Fitzroy kindly and thoughtfully provided afternoon tea—such a treat on a hot afternoon, it was much appreciated. The splendid batting of Messrs H. B. Williams and Fitzbill was much admired. They scored heavily for their side. The match resulted in a win for our men after one of the most interesting games ever played in Hastings. I believe there is to be a cup match next. I must endeavour to go to see it, so that I may be able to tell you all about it.

This hasn't been a very happy Christmas for some people, indeed, it has been an exceedingly sad one for many among us. We were very much shocked to hear of the death of Mrs Harry Nelson. It was so very sudden, and she was such a sweet girl, and so much beloved, and only married such a short time. I told you of her marriage only a few months ago. Oh, Bee, it was very, very sad, and much sympathy is felt for her poor bereaved husband, and for her brother, Mr Galway. I believe she died of influenza.

Mrs Harry Warren also died shortly after the New Year, and although her many friends knew it was impossible for her to live long, still it was a great shock to hear that she too had passed away to the land whence no traveller returns. We all sympathise most deeply with Mr Warren, and are so sorry for the dear little girl left behind. Mrs Warren was buried at Havelock. The cemetery there is so pretty.

A little daughter of Mr Allan Williams (Te Aute) died somewhere about the New Year, so you see, Bee, Christmas has not been a time of rejoicing for everyone.

Mr J. R. Lanauze met with a serious accident a few days ago. He was driving to Okawa, and his horse shied at some tents. He was pitched out of the trap, and somehow got entangled in the reins, and was dragged some distance. Fortunately, a man rushed forward and cut the reins and freed Mr Lanauze, or the accident might have turned out very much worse. As it is he has been confined to his room for some days, but we hope soon to have him out and amongst us as jolly and genial as ever.

I know you like to hear of engagements, so must tell you that Miss Tipping is engaged to the popular Mr Allick Lean. I am sure we may heartily congratulate both of them.

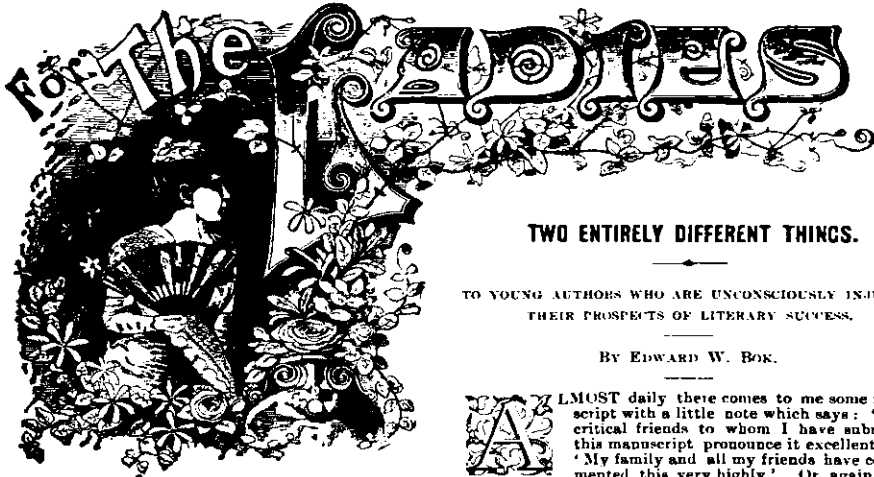
I have seen a number of pretty street gowns, but must tell you about them in my next.

DOLLIE.

'ORB' CORRUGATED IRON is the best iron manuf. factured it has no equal.—ADVY.

The New High Arm Davis Vertical Feed proved the World's Champion at the Paris Exhibition. 1889.—ADVY.

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



HOW TO BE HAPPY.

TAKE a pair of sparkling eyes,
Hidden, ever and anon,
In a merciful eclipse—
Do not heed their wild surprise—
Having passed the Rubicon.
Take a pair of rosy lips;
Take a figure trimly planned—
Such as admiration whets—
(Be particular in this).
Take a tender little hand,
Fringed with dainty fingerettes,
Press it in parenthesis;
Take all these, you lucky man—
Take and keep them if you can!

Take a pretty little cot
Quite a miniature affair—
Hung about with trellised vine
Furnish it upon the spot
With the treasures rich and rare
I've endeavoured to define.
Live to love and love to live—
You will ripen at your ease.
Growing on the sunny side—
Fate has nothing more to give.
You're a dainty man to please
If you are not satisfied.
Take my counsel, happy man—
Act upon it, if you can.

W. S. GILBERT.

SELECTION OF EYE-GLASSES.

NEVER purchase glasses from a pedlar or a jeweller. Even opticians, except the most careful ones, practically allow the customer to make his own selection, and if he is near-sighted, he commonly selects glasses which are too strong, while if he is far-sighted, he selects such as enlarge the print, or else are of too low a number, from the false idea that this will favour a longer preservation of his sight.

Many persons suffer from astigmatism, a defect which prevents the rays of light from converging at the same focus. The trouble may be slight or severe. The afflicted person is sometimes born with it, but sometimes it develops after adult age is reached. Anyone who has astigmatic eyes should consult a skillful oculist.

Sometimes there is spasm of the muscles of accommodation. In this case, the person may seem to be near sighted while really far-sighted, or greatly near-sighted while only slightly so. The oculist alone can treat such eyes.

The medical name of near-sight is myopia. In this defect the rays of light converge to a focus before reaching the retina. The opposite of this, in which the converging point is beyond the retina, is called hyperopia. Hyperopia gives rise to headaches and neuralgia, from the constant strain of the muscles of accommodation in viewing distant objects. Persons afflicted with it, need convex glasses, but naturally select concave ones. The glasses should be the strongest that can be worn with comfort, and should be used all the time, both for far and for near vision.

In myopia, the glasses should be the *weakest* that bring the sight to nearly normal vision when the print is at a distance of fourteen to sixteen inches. Many persons, when first fitted, are unable to wear with comfort any glass that makes the vision perfect. They complain of vertigo, and objects appear small and unnatural. In such cases the strength of the glass should be decreased, even though the person does not see so well. It is desirable to wear the glasses about half an hour before deciding on them.

Old sight—presbyopia—begins at about the age of forty. It is first noticed by the tendency to hold the paper further off. The glasses should not enlarge the letters, but simply render them clear and natural at the ordinary reading distance. Whatever the ocular defect, the proper glasses should be obtained as soon as it is discovered.

In addition to the above defects, there may be a weakness of one or more of the ocular muscles, with a constant strain on the weaker, in order to do its full share of the work. This strain may cause severe neuralgia of the head and nervous symptoms generally. In such a case, consult a skillful oculist.

In the above we have given the substance of an article in *Medical Classics* by Dr. Norton, professor in the New York Ophthalmic Hospital.

TWO ENTIRELY DIFFERENT THINGS.

TO YOUNG AUTHORS WHO ARE UNCONSCIOUSLY INJURING THEIR PROSPECTS OF LITERARY SUCCESS.

BY EDWARD W. BOK.

ALMOST daily there comes to me some manuscript with a little note which says: 'Some critical friends to whom I have submitted this manuscript pronounce it excellent'; or, 'My family and all my friends have complimented this very highly.' Or, again, some one will say, 'A literary (or editorial) friend, whose critical judgment is acknowledged by the public, has read and enthusiastically praised this.' After a while, the manuscript comes back to the author, and she rises in wrath, not to those 'critical friends,' her 'family and friends,' or the 'literary friend,' but to the editor. The judgment of the former is unspurred; it is the editor who is at fault, and cannot appreciate a good thing when he sees it.

NOW, my friends—and I am talking to hundreds with sore little spots in their hearts towards me—let me give you a few words of plain, every-day common sense. When you send a manuscript to an editor, don't tell him these things. They have no more influence with him than has water on a duck's back. This sounds a little hard, doesn't it? But, nevertheless, it is true—very true. Use a little common sense and figure it out for yourself. No matter how good a literary judgment your family or your friends may have, what do they know of a certain editor's policy? What do they know of the magazine's needs? They may know something of literary standards; they may be able to pass upon your style, the accuracy of your expression, the interest of your article. All these things they may know, and know perhaps better than does the editor—although from some of their recommendations I am inclined to doubt it. But that your article is just the one for which the editor to whom you send it is looking they do not know. Neither do they know but that the editor has accepted an article on the same subject as yours a week before, and yours is therefore useless to him. Or, that he may have under order an article on the same topic. These things your friends do not know; the editor does. Be charitable, and give him credit for knowing a little. If he didn't know what he wanted he couldn't hold his position. Editors are not engaged to ornament publishing offices.

ANOTHER thing: your own family and friends are the poorest critics in the world to you. Their love for you makes them blind, renders them partial, and their opinion prejudiced. You may be sensitive, and they, well knowing that fact, would not tell you that your article was bad even if they felt it to be a glaring fact. The 'literary friend' is no better; he, the critic, publisher, editor or what not—unless you submit your manuscript to him for publication in some magazine with which he is connected. Then if your manuscript is so good as you tell me he says it is, why did he not keep it for himself? The editor is proverbially generous, but his generosity does not extend to that point where he allows a good manuscript to pass him to some other editor. That isn't human nature, and, strange as it may seem to many, editors are human.

IT may seem to you the strangest thing in the world to have your manuscript receive the praise of friends and family, and then receive the rejection of the editor. It seems strange to you because you look at it from one side; if you could look at it as does the editor, perhaps you wouldn't think it so very strange. The wonder would be more how your manuscript ever reached a reading, if you could see the mass of material which daily and hourly pours into an editorial office. An editor is more often the friend of the author than he is his enemy. I know some writers may find this very difficult to believe. But it is so, nevertheless. A young author cannot realize this at first. He finds it out as he goes along, knows more of editors and understands their methods better. I do not write all this in defence of the editor; rather, to make his position a little clearer, if possible, to those who are just stepping into the literary arena. To misconstrue the position of the editor, or blindly question his judgment, never helps an author. And, as I close, let me say these few words:

INSTEAD of going to your family or your friends for an opinion on your manuscript, be your own critic. Every man or woman in the world knows when he or she does a good thing, and where there is one who does not, that one was never cut out to be an author. Use your own critical faculties. Be unparing of yourself. Then, send your article out into the world, to the editor of that periodical for which you think it is best suited. But don't pin to it your father's endorsement, your mother's praise, your sister's opinion, your friend's recommendation. Save that ink for your next manuscript. Don't waste your time telling editors what they ought to do, or what someone else thinks they should do. What your friends think of your manuscript, and what the editor thinks of it, are two entirely different things, and, take my word for it, my friend, it never pays to confuse the two.

CLUMSY FINGERS.

'It is of no use my trying to sew,' said a girl in her late teens: 'I am so clumsy with a needle. My stitches are an inch long! Mamma does my mending. She says when I do it myself my things look so that she is ashamed to let me wear them.'

But if the mother were less self-sacrificing, it is probable that a few hours' practice under her direction would easily reduce those clumsy stitches to a respectably small fraction of an inch in length.

Another young lady admitted the other day, with a laugh, that she always darned her stockings by drawing the edges of the holes together with the thread, because weaving it in and out as her mother did took so much more time and care.

Girls of this sort belong to the untrained or the lazy class. But the careless are quite as common, and perhaps more exasperating.

'Oh, I'm very sorry; but you know I always was a butter fingers,' explains calmly the dreamy young person who spills gravy in a lady's lap at dinner, because she is passing the gravy-boat with her mind on the last chapter of a story, and does not notice that she is tipping it.

Presently she helps to hutter, with the same vague expression in her eyes, and sends the bit, which she attempts to cut from the hard pat without looking at it, flying across the table.

'Did it spot your dress?' she asks her sister: 'I hope not; but, of course, I couldn't help its flying off. I'm very sorry.' But the trouble is precisely that she is not very sorry; at least, not sorry enough to prevent the same thing from happening again.

It is worth while to remember that there is such a direct as being stupid with one's fingers. There should be direct communication between the hand and the brain; but some people, with otherwise excellent brains, do not seem to realise this fact, and allow their hands a kind of helpless liberty which works disaster among bric-a-brac, and makes many simple tasks absurdly formidable.

ON SNEEZING.

To sneeze when you are ill is regarded as a happy omen, though the chronicles of the Jewish rabbis tell us that before the time of Jacob men never sneezed but once and then died. The sneeze was regarded as a mortal symptom; now it is known to be an effort of nature to throw off any abnormal feeling or influence in the system. It is said to be a 'bad sign' to sneeze when you are putting on your shoe in the morning. St. Austin tells us that the ancients went to bed again whenever they sneezed while putting on a shoe. The Greek historian on the contrary says, when a general sneezed before a battle, it was an omen of victory. During the prevalence of the terrible plague in Italy in the seventh century, Pope Gregory the Great enjoined on the friends of the stricken ones to say 'God bless you' whenever the patient sneezed. This custom is believed to have been originated by Pope Gregory; but, in fact, it was in use among the Romans seventy years before Christ. A similar formula was found among the Florida Indians, as De Soto records. When the chief Guachozo paid De Soto a visit, he sneezed while talking with him, and his followers immediately gathered around him and chanted, 'May the Sun guard thee, enlighten thee, and save thee!' The rhyme about the signs for sneezing on different days is of English origin, and runs thus:

Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on Wednesday, have a letter;
Sneeze on Thursday, something better;
Sneeze on Friday, expect sorrow;
Sneeze on Saturday, gay to-morrow;
Sneeze on Sunday, on Monday borrow;
Sneeze on Sunday morning fasting,
Your love will love you to everlasting.

CEREMONIAL HAIRCUTTING.

In some Eastern countries children's hair is not cut until they are ten or twelve years of age, the girls then being considered marriageable. Up to that time it is coiled on the top of the head and adorned with fresh flowers. When the great day for cutting comes, there is a grand ceremony and much feasting. One who was present at a royal hair-cutting tells us that the darling of the harem was robed in long flowing garments of silk and lace, confined at the waist by a golden girdle. Her long hair coiled for the last time, was fastened with diamond pins, which gleamed and glittered among fresh white flowers and green leaves like nearly drops of morning dew. There in the presence of the ladies, her father, and an officiating priest, surrounded by her maidens, some two hundred in number, she knelt under a canopy of flowers and leaves, while prayers were chanted. Then the beautiful tresses were unbound, her royal father, dipping his fingers in rose water, and drawing them carelessly over her head, clipped off about an eighth of an inch of hair and threw it into a golden basin, depositing at the same time on a great silver plate placed ready to receive them, presents of jewels and gold. The priest cuts the next piece, her mother the next, and so on, each guest serving in turn, until the little lady was shorn. All gave costly gifts intended for her marriage dower, princes, ministers of state, and dignitaries of all sorts, who waited in the outer courts, sending in theirs by the attendants. The day ended in feasting and display of fireworks.

ABOUT SHOES.

A shoe that is too wide does about as much damage to the foot as a too narrow one, but it works its mischief in a different way. The narrow shoe injures the foot by cramming it out of shape; the broad shoe permits the foot to flatten out immediately. Some persons argue that if no shoes are at all proper for the feet, then a broad shoe is the next best thing. But they fail to take into account the matter of friction in the loose shoe, by which the foot is chafed while walking. No shoes at all would be better than those that are too tight.

LOCAL INDUSTRY V. IMPORTATIONS.—Competent judges assert that the Lozengos, Jubebes and Sweetea manufactured by AULAKHROOK & Co. are unequalled.—(ADVT.)

MOTHERS' COLUMN.

THE TONGUE.

'The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill,' declared the Greek.

'The tongue destroys a greater horde,
The Turk asserts, 'than does the sword.'

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
'A lengthy tongue—an early death.'

Or sometimes takes this form instead,
'Don't let your tongue cut off your head.'

'The tongue can speak a word whose speed,
Say the Chinese, 'outstrips the steed.'

While Arab sages thus impart:
'The tongue's a great storehouse is the heart.'

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,
'Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue.'

The sacred writer crowns the whole,
'Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul.'

A PLEA.

How can any woman who has husband, brother or son, say that it is all right for a man to take a social glass? Is it not that very social glass that has ruined so many of our fathers and husbands?

I have in mind a young lady who at a Christmas gathering, not long ago, refused a glass of wine, and in consequence every other lady present also refused it. Her example was not in vain. She was a stranger in the house.

The work of rescuing our husbands and sons from the demon of drunkenness rests with us. We must do it or it will be left undone. Dear girls have nothing to do with a man who takes even a social glass. If by your attention you encourage him, he will take more and finally become a drunkard. This may seem going pretty far, but desperate diseases require desperate remedies. I would rather see a man on his death bed than to see him drunk, even though he were my nearest and dearest.

A man never yet reformed for any woman's sake. He may promise all sorts of things before marriage, but forgets all about them after. And remember, when you are married to a drunkard there is no escape. You may get a divorce, but your life will be ruined nevertheless. And what pure woman wants to go to a divorce court. Mothers teach your children the evil effects of this curse of mankind from their earliest childhood. A boy who loves his mother will not easily be led from the path of duty which she has instilled into his mind. We have temperance meetings and temperance preachers all over the land, but the preacher who can do the most good is the mother at her own fireside.

I hope that every reader is faithful in excluding all alcoholic dishes from her table.

Let me give you a scene from real life. It is Christmas and the family are at dinner. A bright handsome boy of say six summers is the pride and joy of parents and friends. 'Mother, may I have some more sauce?' And with proud and willing hands she helps him to more of the rich brandy sauce. After dinner, when all the other children are at play, the boy comes to his mother and complains of headache. Little does the mother think, as she folds her darling in her arms, that it is the sauce or rather the brandy in it which has caused the headache.

Time rolls relentlessly on and again we see the family on Christmas Eve. Our boy is now a handsome lad of fifteen and is joining his companions in their frolic in the large kitchen. On the table stands a large pitcher of hard cider, from which he continually refreshes himself. The kind, indulgent parents would rather die than do their boy any harm, and yet they are placing ruin for body and soul in his way. Let us look once more at our hero. He is a young man at college, and in his room at night he is in a helpless condition, while on the table are bottles and glasses. He and his companions have been having a carousal and it is not the first one either. He has entered full upon his career as a drunkard. Far away is his poor mother praying that no harm may come to her boy, little thinking that the brandy sauce and cider she gave him in her ignorance have led to his ruin. Oh! mothers, be careful that you do not likewise.

HOW THE LAPLANDERS DRESS.

THE costume of the Laps has not altered very much in the last thousand years. Their summer garment is usually of coarse woollen goods, and has something the cut of a shirt with a high collar. Among the sea Laps it is for the most part undyed; among the other Laps usually blue, sometimes green or brown, and even black smock-frocks have been seen. Around the wrists, along the seam in the back, and on the edges this smock is ornamented with stripes of red and yellow cloth. Under this garment is a similar one, either plain or figured, worn next the body, for the Lap never wears linen underclothing. The trousers are of white woollen goods, rather narrow and reaching to the ankles, where they are tied inside the shoes with leggings of thin, tanned skins, reaching from the ankles to the knees. Stockings the Lap never wears. He fills the upward curving tip of his shoes with a sort of grass, which is gathered in summer, and beaten to make it soft and pliable. The winter costume only differs from that worn in summer in that every piece is made of reindeer skin with the hair on. The dress of the women differs slightly from that worn by the men. The smock is somewhat longer, and is made without the big standing collar, instead of which a kerchief or cape is worn about the neck. To the women and often silver-ornamented girdle hang a knife, scissors, key, needle and thread. The head covering is not only different in the two sexes, but also differs according to the locality.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

SMART AFTERNOON TOILETTES.

(SEE FASHION PLATE, PAGE 117.)

No. 1 is a very effective gown, with the back draperies, and the folded epaulettes on either sleeve, in dark brown ottoman silk. The front of the skirt is of fawn bengaline, the same bengaline being also used for the coat bodice, which is very smartly arranged with long pointed basques, and a softly-draped vest of pale pink *cripe de chine*. Both skirt and bodice are also trimmed with very effective lines of biscuit-coloured guipure lace, brightened here and there with threads of gold.

No. 2 is a graceful gown of fawn cloth and silk, the front breadths in the centre of the skirt, and the whole of the back of the skirt being of fawn bengaline. The sides of the petticoat was formed of long panels of fawn cloth, handsomely embroidered with gold, and having large yellow crystals in the centre of each gold design.

No. 3 is made in quite a novel kind of silk. The foundation colour is pale grey with wide stripes of pale yellow, the said stripes being entirely of tiny yellow spots, set very closely together. The striped grey and yellow silk is draped over a skirt of plain yellow bengaline, the latter being prettily visible here and there. The skirt comes up over the bodice, and is fastened round the waist with a girle in which the colours grey and yellow are prettily mixed. The vest is of yellow bengaline, the coat sides of the bodice being also lined with yellow to correspond.

No. 4 is a useful frock for afternoon wear, made in one of the new pale grey woollen materials, with a woven design, very like a double sharp in music, carried out in a darker shade of grey. Pleats of velvet are placed far back on the side of the skirt, while the trimming in front consists of rosette bows, and smaller pleats of velvet. The bodice is very prettily arranged, and is made with wide sleeves of grey velvet to correspond.

There are so many pretty materials to choose a summer frock from that selection becomes quite difficult. Amongst the various patterns are the 'Wild Rose' and the 'Egyptian'; the new 'China Blue' may be mentioned as a very successful pattern, together with the 'Hoop,' the 'Lily Leaf,' and the 'Fretwork.' Among the more expensive patterns, the 'Wild Grass' is particularly effective, while the selection of French satens will be found to include a number of beautiful combinations of colour. The silk brocaded zephyrs, with shell designs in silver on grounds in various pale shades, also make up very prettily.

AN ALL-BLACK GOWN.

I HAVE noticed many people wearing black for choice. In this bright climate it is an unsuitable colour for summer. However, here are a few ideas for those whose fancy runs this way:

Black surah, light of weight and not too dull in tone, is made into a pretty gown. The skirt has a deep, scant ruffle that extends over the front and sides, a style of decoration much in vogue. The back is prettily full and trains just a little. The basque is a long one, having its edges outlined with small jet beads. A waistcoat effect is produced by a full jabot of French lace, which extends from the throat to the edge of the basque. The sleeves are moderately full and have lace cuffs as their decoration. A small, round lace cape, formed of three ruffles with ends, is worn with this gown, and the bonnet accompanying it is a lace one, with a jet coronet upon it; the gloves are black undressed kid, and the parasol is of black dotted net.

Black surah is a desirable dress, because it 'shakes' the dust—a something that very few black gowns do. For a black surah that will be given general wear, nothing is in better taste than one made with a plain, full skirt, and having with it a tucked blouse that can be fitted as one may desire. In indigo-blue such a costume will also be found as becoming as it is useful. Either blue or black in the plain colours are to be chosen; blue is specially fashionable this season, and black is always in vogue. The olives are occasionally becoming in the soft silk, but most of the other shades are neither specially becoming nor do they make up picturesquely. Of course, I am referring to the dull shades, and not to the light or bright ones.

DRESSES AT A FRENCH GARDEN-PARTY.

THESE very chic costumes were worn at an autumn *al fresco* fête in Paris. Sketch 1 was a pretty combination of pink taffeta, with spotted black silk gauze, worn with a black hat and a broad black belt. Sketch 2 shows the gown worn by an American lady which was of grey pean de soie, with a shade of pink in it. The skirt was bordered with three ruches of pean de soie, from which were flounces of white lace. Lace was placed gracefully round the neck of the gown and finished in a cascade at the back. The bonnet was of gold gauze, with gold wings spangled with sequins, and black velvet strings. The sunshade was of white tulle, with black satin bows.



DRESSES AT A FRENCH GARDEN PARTY.

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 'A Query' 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.

CHICKEN SOUP.—Will you oblige me with directions for making this? Also what garnish can be used with it?—ALICE.

CUSTARD PUDDINGS.—I cannot get these right, and should be so glad if any of your correspondents will help me.—MARTHA.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

'Mignonette.'—The following recipe for plain buns is a very easy one, and will, I hope, be what you want: Take one and a-half pounds of flour, and rub into it until smooth one and a-half ounces of butter, and a quarter of a pound of sugar. Mix one ounce of German yeast with rather more than half a pint of tepid milk until it is in a cream. Make a well in the centre of the flour, and pour the yeast mixture into it, and knead into a light dough. Then cover the pan with a cloth, and place in a warm place to rise for an hour and a-half. Then turn the dough out of the basin on to a floured board or slab, and mix with it a quarter of a pound of curraunts which have been well washed and dried. Divide the dough into small quantities, and with your fingers work it into the form of buns, and place them on a greased baking tin, and put the tin in a warm place for the buns to rise for a quarter of an hour; then brush them lightly over with a little warm milk, and bake them in a quick oven for about fifteen to twenty minutes.

'Clara.'—Here is a simple and inexpensive entrée which I have much pleasure in giving you.—Make a forcemeat of six ounces of white meat, rabbit, chicken, or veal; pound it until quite smooth, and then rub through a sieve. Add to this one and a-half ounces of beef suet finely chopped, one ounce of bread crumbs, two yolks and one white of egg, and season the whole well with pepper and salt. Then take six sheep's feet, and after they are thoroughly cleansed put them in a pan, cover with cold water, add a little salt, and bring the water quickly to the boil. Then drain and rinse the feet, and place them in a stewpan, cover with cold water, add some fresh vegetables, a bunch of herbs, some peppercorns, and a little salt, and let the whole simmer gently for about three hours until the feet are quite tender. Then take them out of the pan, split them open when they have cooled a little, and remove the bones; season the inside with finely chopped parsley, eschalot, and thyme, mignonette pepper, and salt, and spread a layer of forcemeat over the seasoning. Close the feet and tie them with string, rub them over with a little butter, and fry them a nice brown. Lastly, sprinkle some flour over them, and let them simmer gently for about half an hour. Then serve split open and arranged round a heap of some nice vegetable, such as spinach or green peas in the centre of the dish.

'Maggie.'—The elder-flower ointment was the thing our grandmothers relied upon to keep their skins free from sunburn and chaps. Elder-flower water was also regarded as a great specific in cooling and freshening the skin. Elder flower ointment is indeed infinitely preferable to modern creams and it is easily made. Go into the meadows and low places around streams, gather a basketful of the broad panicles of flowers that in summer make the elder bushes one mass of white blossom, strip the flowers from the stalks, and put a pound of them in a porcelain-lined vessel with a pound of nice sweet hog's lard. Simmer them until they become crisp, then strain while still liquid into little earthenware jars or cups. Anoint the face and neck with this both before and after exposure to the sun or to the hot dry winds that work such havoc with the complexion.

RECIPES SUITABLE FOR SUMMER WEATHER.

COCONUT CAKES, OR MERINGUES.—Take equal weights of grated coconut (fresh) and powdered sugar, add the whites of six eggs beaten stiff, to one pound of the sugar and coconut. It should be a stiff mixture; add egg enough to make it so. Drop the size of a nut separately upon buttered paper in pans, and bake in a moderately heated oven.

ELDERBERRY WINE.—To make elderberry (bountie) wine pick the berries, bruise and strain them, let the liquor settle in a glazed earthenware vessel for 12 hours, put to every pint of the juice a pint and a-half of water, and to every gallon of this liquor three pounds of sugar. Set in a kettle over the fire, and when about to boil clarify with the white of eggs well beaten, and then let it boil one hour. When almost cold put into a barrel with yeast, and fill up regularly with some of the saved liquor as it sinks by working. In a month it may be bottled.

PEACH MANGOES.—Prepare a brine. Boil together six quarts of water and a pint of coarse salt, and skim it until it is clear; then cool it. The quantity may be increased to suit the number of peaches, but the proportion of salt and water must be observed. Choose fresh, sound peaches, brush them with a soft brush, and lay them in the cold brine for three days. Then remove them from the brine:

cut a piece out of the top of each one, and take out the stone without enlarging the top; for two dozen large peaches mix together two pounds of brown sugar, one onion and a clove of garlic chopped fine, four ounces of grated horse-radish and white mustard-seed, one ounce of powdered cinnamon, and half an ounce each of ground cloves, nice, turmeric. Use sufficient salad oil to moisten these ingredients. Fill the peaches with them; close the cut with a piece of peach, and either sew or tie it in place. Put the stuffed peaches into glass jars, cover them with cold vinegar, pour two tablespoonfuls of salad oil in each jar and seal them air-tight.

DELICIOUS PEACH CREAM.—Take one pound of peaches, one-half pound of sugar, and rub through a sieve, the peaches being cooked very soft. Soak half a package of gelatine for an hour in enough cold water to cover it; then stir it into a teacupful of rich milk or cream, which should be boiling hot; and when well dissolved add it to the hot marmalade. When pretty cool and before it becomes firm, beat the peaches smooth and stir in a pint of whipped cream. Dip a mould into cold water, fill it with the mixture, and set it away to grow firm. Turn out and serve with a garnish of preserved peaches.

FROZEN ALMOND CREAM.—Blanch and pound one-half pound of Jordan almonds to a paste. Scald one quart of cream in a boiler; add the almonds, yolks of seven eggs and one-half pound of sugar (beaten together to a cream previously), and stir all over the fire until they begin to thicken; take from the fire and beat for five minutes. Strain through a fine sieve and freeze. When frozen, remove the dasher, and fill the centre with cherry, damson, and apricot jam; cover and stand for two hours. When ready to serve, dip can in hot water and turn on a dish.

RASPBERRY EXOTIQUE PUDDING.—For a small mould of this pudding there will be required—One pint of water, four tablespoonfuls of tapioca *exotique*, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one third of a teaspoonful of salt, and a pint and a-half of raspberries. Put the water in a saucepan and on the fire. When it begins to boil sprinkle in the tapioca *exotique*, stirring all the while. Cook for ten minutes, stirring continually; then add the sugar, salt and lemon-juice. Rinse a mould in cold water. Put a few spoonfuls of the tapioca into it; then a layer of raspberries, and again tapioca. Go on in this way until all the materials are used. Set the mould in a cool place for several hours. At serving time turn the pudding out on a flat dish, and serve with sugar and cream or soft custard. Tapioca *exotique* is a very fine French preparation of pure tapioca. It cooks clear very quickly.

AT HOME WITH THE LADY EDITOR.

'CARLOTTA.'—Yes, you are quite right in your remark that now a-days ladies are adopting more sensible ideas with regard to mourning. In a hot country like ours, a mass of crape and heavy black draperies on a warm summer's day makes one even uncomfortable to look at! what must it be then to wear! I would suggest that you get one of those pretty black-and-white cotton gowns, which are fashionable, and quite light enough for summer wear. Have it made with a blouse bodice, and plain gathered skirt; or you can have it to fit you, with a properly boned bodice, and bell-shaped skirt, a graduated flounce appearing at the hem in front. Whalebone is of necessity used even in washing gowns when a basque bodice is required. Buy a black lace straw hat, trim it with thin black silk, wear black gloves, and use a black sunshade. Or you can have a very thin black material for a best gown. Do not wear crape. Have the courage of your opinions. For slighter mourning a black skirt and white blouse bodice is admissible, also a white hat trimmed with black—either ribbon velvet or silk. Some people are advocating no black at all, a band round the arm indicating that the wearer has lost a relative. Probably this sensible fashion will be arrived at in time; till then a modified form of mourning may well be adopted. Even if crape and black stuffs be worn, remember they are now laid aside much sooner than was the case a few years ago.

'GERTIE.'—No gentleman shakes hand with a lady until he has removed his glove, or if he is suddenly called upon to salute her, and she proffers her hand, he must say, 'Please excuse my glove.' Yes, I know it was done by the Bland Holt Company, but probably their first walking gentleman had not studied etiquette. I noticed his gloved hand extended frequently to a lady.

'BELLA MIA.'—I am so sorry for you. I do not think a good flirt with another man will recall your recalcitrant lover. Certainly jealousy is very potent, but I think a really 'nice' man would only despise you for so readily taking up with some one else. Treat him with as much indifference as you can. Talk freely and pleasantly to other men in his presence, making yourself as agreeable as you can, without flirting. Let him see that others appreciate your society. This will bring him back, especially if he finds that a smile or a word from him has not the fascination for you that he fondly and conceitedly imagines. Men always prize most what is hardest to win. Write again if I can help you at all.

JAPANESE COLD THREAD.

This article, which is used in finer embroidery on account of its elegant lustre, consists of a core of silk or of wool, and a spiral envelope of thin gilded paper. The strip of paper is only two-fiftieths to three-fiftieths of an inch wide, and, therefore, must be wound with great care. The thread thus wound is saturated with shellac, and then gilded. Compared to European gold thread these threads possess the advantage of greater flexibility and finer lustre. In this they equal the beautiful gold thread of the Middle Ages, the manufacture of which for a long time was a lost art, and was recently discovered by microscopic investigation.

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

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

Ladies' STORY Column.

'WHAT SHE GAVE FOR HIM.'

A STORY OF TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

(BY MRS L. FROST RATTRAY.)



It was a bank clerk and a general favourite. Like all similarly-situated young men, he found it extremely difficult to live up to his position, and within his very limited income.

It was the end of September, unusually mild and spring-like, and as Gerald Henston took his customary dinner-hour stroll up Queen-street, he decided that the Auckland girls looked at their best in the dainty light frocks which some of them had been in such haste to put on that they had failed to note the weather prophecy from Wellington, announcing rain at once and

colder weather.

'What a lovely day,' was Mr Henston's original greeting to a pretty, piquant girl, who seemed quite willing to stop and have a few moments' chat. The fact that she had told her bosom friend one minute before that she was absolutely starving, and must get some lunch at once, was apparently forgotten in the interesting weather discussion which followed. Presently Gerald gave a deep sigh.

'I shall have to clear out of this, Katie.'

'Why? Surely no fresh trouble?'

'It's my tailor this time. He is bothering me fearfully about the paltry bit of money that's owing him. Just as if I am not a first rate walking advertisement of his style and fit.'

'Can nothing be done?' asked Miss Cowen, sympathetically.

The success or failure of this young man to win a good position meant a great deal to her. They were not exactly engaged, but there had been some very tender looks and affectionate words interchanged at picnics and dances. But he was at present quite unable to offer any girl a home, and 'Katie Cowen's parents were too poor to give the young people any assistance.

'Why don't you marry some rich old lady?' suggested Katie, after a short silence.

'This was a favourite joke of hers, but she was a little startled to hear Gerald say gravely: 'Well, I believe I'll have to do that yet.'

'Who is the lady?'

'What do you think of Mrs Watson?'

'Oh! she has such a temper. Even her money would not make up for that.'

'Perhaps not. But, my dear girl, money covers a multitude of sins.'

Katie laughed, but she felt a trifle uneasy. She was not at all sure that her companion was not in earnest this time. And what was to become of her? She did not enjoy her lunch though she met several acquaintances in the ladies' room, and peeped across at the Bank in the usual manner, and with the usual remarks, pretending to be deep in the mysteries of Napoleons, or adding sugar in large quantities to the cup of coffee she generally ordered, if one of the young gentlemen on the opposite side of the street happened to glance casually in her direction.

That evening Gerald failed to appear early at the dance given by Mrs Cowen to celebrate her youngest daughter's birthday. It was quite eleven o'clock when he arrived, and Katie coldly him vigorously.

'Where have you been?' she asked.

'I went to see Miss Coldicutt.'

'Had she asked you?' very coldly.

'No, not specially. But I thought she might help me. Katie, I am really in a dreadful mess.'

'And Miss Coldicutt is going to get you out of it? I am so glad, but I have wronged the old lady. I always fancied her deep and designing, with no kindness for anyone but herself.'

Gerald was silent.

Katie knew him well enough to ask: 'What is the price you have to pay? Does she demand your diamond pin?'

'That went long ago. My uncle kindly keeps it for me.'

'Well?'

'I can't tell you, dear. Let us be happy just this one evening.'

And Katie asked no more questions.

The next day Auckland society was electrified with the news that the most fascinating young man about town was actually going to marry old Miss Coldicutt. It was a profound secret, so the news spread like a kerosene fire. Katie's youngest sister heard it first, and hurried home to tell her family.

Miss Cowen's discomfiture was too great to be easily hidden, though her sharp: 'What an absurd story!' tried hard to cover her real dismay.

She was convinced of the fatal truth that very afternoon. Passing a noted jeweller's shop, she ran against a couple rather slowly emerging from it. Her hasty apology, accompanied by a quick glance to see who they were, elicited a polite, but formal 'Pray do not mention it,' from Mr Henston. A middle-aged lady was with him, hanging on his arm rather than leaning on it. She was handsomely dressed, tall rather than short, her eyes dark and penetrating, her grey hair drawn back from her face in the prevailing fashion.

Miss Coldicutt smiled at the girl, over whose face flashed a hot, unappreciable wave of colour. She could afford to smile, for had she not won the girl's lover from her? Bought him, to tell the truth.

Katie turned away. What a very horrid, mercenary lot men were! And oh! what a particularly detestable woman was Miss Coldicutt!

The wedding was an exceedingly quiet one, and the

happy pair—so the society papers called them—departed by train for Te Aroha, there to spend their honeymoon.

Mrs Henston behaved extremely well for her not too devoted spouse. 'Gerald,' she said, after they had been a week in Te Aroha, 'I'm afraid this is rather dull for you.'

The young man looked at his middle-aged wife. It seemed downright impudence to address her as Henrietta, which was her baptismal name; he could not bring himself to call her 'Mrs Henston,' and he scarcely liked to propose calling her 'mama' and passing her off as his mother. Besides, good as she had been in paying his debts and in the daily supply of pocket-money she gave him, there had been no settlement on him. She had only executed a will in his favour leaving him everything she possessed. But as Gerald bitterly reflected, there are such things as later wills. He had fully intended to insist on a fair annual sum being settled on himself during her lifetime, but after she had paid all he owed, and bought his trousseau, and given him a handsome present besides, he felt it was impossible to ask for more. He had little of Oliver Twist in his nature, he said.

Mrs Henston's remark about Te Aroha being rather dull caused Gerald to put down the much-perused paper he held in his hand and say, eagerly: 'Well, yes, it is atrociously dull.' Then he saw by the look on his wife's face that she had not quite intended him to agree with her. He made an attempt to modify his words: 'At least, you know—I mean—well, of course your being here prevents it being quite too unbearable.'

Mrs Henston smiled grimly.

Gerald had not even yet been able to understand why she had proposed to marry him and make impecunious him comfortable for life. She had assured him that she could not live long. The doctor whom he consulted, informed him that her heart was seriously affected, that it might, indeed, cause her death at any moment. Also that other causes would prevent her from ever reaching anything like old age. She had been engaged to Gerald's father, who had jilted her, and she had vowed she would marry the son.

And she did.

There was silence in the room whilst these different reflections passed through the minds of Mr and Mrs Henston. The lady resumed her knitting—crimson silk socks for her 'boy'—as she styled Gerald privately—whilst the young husband strolled to the window and gazed at the scene which he was so intensely weary of.

'It is time for my bath,' Mrs Henston said at last. 'Please ring the bell for my maid.'

Left alone, Gerald wondered whether since his wife realised his dulness she would make an effort to relieve it. He was greatly surprised at the proposition she laid before him that afternoon.

'You know that pretty house of mine near the Albert Park?' she suddenly asked, as they took their usual monotonous drive.

'Yes,' he answered, hoping, as the best life then attainable, that Mrs Henston was going to suggest an immediate return to town.

'I wish you to go and keep house there for the present. The baths are affording me at least a temporary benefit, and I mean to go on with them. But as I do not wish your last thoughts of me to be those of utter weariness and loathing, I propose a separation until Christmas. What do you say?'

Gerald had the grace to turn his face away from his companion. He might hide the look of delight which he knew had suddenly leaped into his countenance, but, try as he might he could not quite conceal the pleasure in his voice as he said: 'That would be splendid! But,' his politeness returning, 'will you not come too?'

'Not yet. But if you wish it, I will join you on Christmas Eve. Shall I?'

There was a certain hopeful wistfulness in the middle-aged lady's voice which touched this unromantic husband.

'Most certainly,' he managed to say with a laudable attempt at hesitancy.

'Christmas Day with the Cowsens, and a merry Christmas Eve spent in decorations had for a brief moment flitted like a Will-o'-the-wisp before him.

'I shall allow you ten pounds a month for your personal expenses. The housekeeper, Mrs Mole, will procure everything you like to order for the house. You can get what horses or carriages you require at your favourite livery stable; they shall cost you nothing.'

Her voice was stern and practical. Gerald felt as though he was being treated as a naughty boy on probation. But he meekly acquiesced in all she said.

'I can't give very handsome Christmas presents on ten pounds a month,' he thought. 'I wonder if the old daisy had reckoned on that?'

But the 'old daisy' seemed to think she had been remarkably generous.

Once more Gerald Henston trod the pavements of Auckland a free man. There was now no street in which he was ashamed to show his face, no shops which he dared not enter; but he had to stand a large amount of chaff.

'Hallo, Henston! Run away already? I thought the old lady had tied you with a golden thread to her apron.'

'Where's your mother—your wife I should say? Did she trust you down here alone?'

But though some of these remarks galled, they did not affect him as did the sight of Katie's was face. 'Poor girl,' she had tried hard to hide her bitter disappointment from the social circle in which she moved. But though she had often told herself that it was quite impossible Gerald Henston could ever marry her, and had selected various wives for him, she had never imagined his wedding with Miss Collicutt could have affected her so seriously.

Gerald found that his allowance went a very little way towards the liberal purchase of opera tickets for himself and the Cowsens, gloves for the girls, cigars for his male friends, and various et ceteras for himself.

A week before Christmas he received a melancholy letter from his wife, in which she informed him that the state of her health quite precluded her return to Auckland for Christmas Day. She might return at the New Year, but she could not even be sure of that. She hoped 'dear Gerald' would not find the festive season too depressing in his lonely state.

'She's poking fun at me,' said Gerald. 'Coming down for the New Year, is she? By George, but I'll have some fun first.'

He resolved to give a large party on Christmas Eve, and spend the following day with the Cowsens. Katie refused to attend his 'At Home,' as he called it, telling him he ought

only to give a bachelor entertainment under the circumstances. He, after a little discussion, agreed with her, and invited a dozen of his particular friends for the 24th.

That afternoon a cab drove slowly past Mrs Henston's house, stopping a little beyond it. The housekeeper, who seemed to be on the watch for someone, appeared at the front door, and made a sign to a head which cautiously protruded from the cab. Two females, closely veiled, alighted, and made their way rapidly into the house, and straight upstairs to Mrs Henston's private apartments. These had been kept locked though Mrs Mole had aired them regularly.

'Shall I bring you a cup of tea, ma'am?' the housekeeper inquired, as one of the veiled figures, having removed her disguise, revealed the features of Mrs Henston, looking remarkably well too.

'Yes, at once, please. Where is Mr Henston?'

'He went out directly after lunch, saying he should not be back until half-past five. The dinner is at seven, ma'am.'

'Ah! The exclamation was almost one of pain. Could it be that this middle-aged woman was actually in love with her handsome young husband? Stranger pranks than this have been played by erratic Cupid.

Gerald, meantime, was talking to Katie Cowsen. They were decorating, but not flirting, for was he not a married man? So Katie chattered away unrestrainedly, and the hands of the young people met in the most innocent way round sprays of lycopodium, fern fronds, and flower-stems. It is so much easier to have the materials for making a wreath put into your outstretched fingers than to have to grope for them amongst a mass of discarded branches; and Gerald was an ideal helper in this respect.

Ry half-past five the church was completed, all except the fan of clearing up. Gerald invited a gay young matron, two or three other friends, and Katie to drop in for a cup of tea, an invitation willingly accepted.

From her window, which faced the street, the owner of the house saw the merry party approach, enter, and heard them take possession of the drawing-room in laughing, happy ignorance of the keen dark eyes, the critical ears, which watched and listened.

As Gerald remarked to Katie when she admired the pretty drawing-room, filled by his wife's things, this was surely a case in which the marriage service should have been reversed, and Mrs Henston have used the words, 'With all my worldly goods I thus endow,' for Miss Collicutt's lawyer had looked well to her settlements. Mrs Mole had paid a hasty visit to her mistress's room, with the result that the best old china had been taken from its hiding-place, and with a beautiful silver tea-service had been carried into the drawing-room. The cake, in its quaint old basket, was excellent, the strawberries and cream unimpeachable, and the gay young voices and rippling laughter floated upstairs and smote the sore heart of the listener. But Mrs Henston made no sign.

The guests of the afternoon had gone, and Gerald passed his wife's door humming a tune as he prepared for his evening visitors. These were decidedly louder than the earlier ones, and as Gerald's manly voice and hearty guffaw reached his wife's ears, she thought of the letter received two days ago, in which he said that his Christmas would indeed be lonely and miserable without her. He had felt bound to 'say something civil of that sort,' it might bring down a handsome cheque for a Christmas present. He little thought it would bring her. For though Mrs Mole had written that Mr Henston was going to have one or two gentlemen to dinner, the housekeeper had only been told of the number invited two days before the 24th, and had felt constrained to utter a protest against the short time allowed her for preparation.

Mrs Henston was dressing for the evening, and as Mrs Mole came up to announce that coffee had just been served, and that Mr Henston had remarked they would have some music in the drawing-room presently, the lady was clasping her diamond bracelets on her still plump arms. She was dressed in rich black lace, with no relief but her splendid jewels, and she looked remarkably well. Her entrance into the drawing-room during the singing of the cheerful melody, 'Drink, puppy, drink,' created a kind of panic. Gerald felt that had he known how to do it effectively, now was the proper time to faint, but he rose to the occasion.

'What a delightful surprise!' he exclaimed, as he advanced to meet his wife, with outstretched hands. 'Why didn't you send me word, and I would have asked some ladies to meet you? Let me introduce you to my friends. Some of them I fancy you know already.'

And so the great coup fell flat, and a very pleasant evening was spent, Mrs Henston delighting the guests with some charming airs on the harp, accompanied by one of the musical men on the piano.

There was a pretty and pathetic scene between the married pair when they were at length left alone in the drawing-room. Gerald felt that his wife would not be the wet blanket and drawback to his enjoyment he had feared, and Henrietta began to believe that she might almost win her husband's love.

Gerald woke in the night with a dim consciousness that he was being suffocated. Springing out of bed, he became aware that his room, which faced the back-garden, was full of smoke. He flung on some clothes, and, opening the window, thrust his head out. The smoke did not come from that part of the house. He opened his door. A dense stifling cloud of smoke nearly choked him. He rushed along the passage, shouting, 'Fire! Fire!'

Mrs Henston's maid opened her door. She had flung a shawl over her, and stood too frightened to move, merely crying, 'save me, save me.'

'Where is your mistress?' Gerald was already hammering at his wife's door, while the other frightened domestics, rushed downstairs calling loudly for help.

'Henrietta, open your door! quick, quick, the house is on fire!' Then Gerald flung his whole weight against the door. It would not yield. Once more. Surely the lock was an exceptionally good one! volumes of smoke now filled the house, and the crackling sound which denotes a rapidly spreading fire warned him to make his escape as soon as possible. Another tremendous blow and the lock yields, but the sudden outburst of smoke and the intense heat sent Gerald reeling back. Only for an instant, however. If his wife were in that atmosphere she must be dead or dying. He was about to plunge in when the housekeeper caught hold of his arm.

'Here,' she said, thrusting a wet towel into his hand, 'put that over your head. The bed is in this corner, so your feet! Heaven help you, sir!'

Gerald struggled to the corner indicated, passed his hand along the bed till it reached a face. Hastily dragging down the clothes, he grasped Mrs Henston in his arms and made for the door. A burst of flame lit up the room, and he saw to his dismay that the light silk and lace curtains shrouding the entrance were blazing. The fire had evidently come through from the bonfire between his room and his wife's. Gerald retreated to the bed, and wrapping one of the thick blankets round his wife, again made for the door. He was an athletic young fellow, and the necessities of the moment gave him unwonted strength. Through the flames he rushed, the wet towel still round his head, though it no longer protected his face. At the threshold he tripped over the blanket and fell.

Mrs Mole had perforce retreated, but her voice could still be heard, 'This way, Mr Henston, this way.'

Staggering to his feet, blinded with smoke, smarting from the pain of various burns on his hands and face, Gerald picked up his unconscious burden, and followed Mrs Mole's voice. The front staircase was close at hand. Gerald felt he could not walk down it, but groping for the first step, sat down and tried to slide to the bottom. But before he could make the necessary movement he lost consciousness and fell with his burden.

It was two months after that fatal Christmas Eve before Gerald was able to realize what had happened. Mrs Mole was sitting by his bedside, and as he opened his eyes and turned them with a wistful appeal for information towards her, she said: 'Ah! that's right, Mr Henston. You know me at last.'

Gerald raised his hand to his head. 'What's the matter?' he asked.

'You have been ill, but you are better now. Don't talk, sir, but go to sleep again.'

Gerald, feeling curiously weak and submissive, obeyed. But the next day he would not be put off, and Mrs Mole reluctantly told him the truth. His wife was dead, and he had nearly lost his life in a brave attempt to save her. The origin of the fire was a mystery. Mrs Henston's maid supposed that her mistress had been unable to sleep, and had lighted her little spirit lamp in the bonfire to make herself a cup of coffee—a thing she was very fond of doing. Probably she had gone back to her bedroom whilst the water boiled, and had fallen asleep. But this was mere conjecture. She seldom disturbed her maid at night.

Gerald did not go to Te Aroha for change of air. Instead he took a trip to England. He was a rich man now, and could do as he pleased. After two years' wandering he found himself once more in New Zealand, and again took possession of the restored house near the Albert Park. A large part of the building had been saved, as being of brick, it had resisted the fire-fend longer than a wooden one would have done. The outbreak had been very speedily discovered and quickly checked by an efficient water supply.

It was Christmas Eve again, and Gerald was once more helping Katie to tie greens on to a rope for the purpose of convincing Christians that it was really high art thus to disguise the pillars in their church. Gerald persuaded Katie that the shortest way home lay through the Domain. No one had ever hinted such a thing before, but Katie did not seem to think of the common sense and geographical aspect of the proposed route. Under a purif tree Katie promised to be Gerald's second wife, and up to the present time she does not seem at all inclined to regret her promise, for whatever love was lacking in the young man's treatment of his first wife was amply made up in the affection lavished on his second.

But Gerald is not ungrateful. Henrietta Henston's grave is always well kept, and gay with hot-house flowers.

MISS AUSTEN.

ONE of the faults of our own age is its encouragement of literary mediocrity, and persons fit only to be called penny-a-liners submit with complacency to fulsome praise of their 'works' trumpeted abroad by unwise personal friends. Of quite another stamp was Jane Austen, the novelist, whom Tennyson pronounced 'next to Shakespeare' in her power of copying human nature, and whom George Eliot called 'the greatest artist that has ever written.'

During her lifetime, so modest and unassuming was this gentle woman, that few of her readers knew even her name, and none of them, to speak broadly, knew more than that she had the greatest dislike for playing the rôle of literary lion, and once, when her fame was fully established, wrote that she was 'frightened' because a strange lady wished to be introduced to her.

'If I am a wild beast, I cannot help it,' she declared.

'It is not my fault.'

Although her works have always been the delight of the cultured few, the author's retiring personality had its effect in shutting itself away from the knowledge of men, and it was fully sixty years after her death that the first memoir of her was published.

More than twenty years ago a gentleman visiting Winchester Cathedral asked a verger to show him Jane Austen's tomb. The man readily guided him to the slab of black marble, and the visitor stood for some time studying the inscription with keen interest. As he turned away, his guide said, in an apologetic tone:

'Pray, sir, can you tell me whether there was anything particular about that lady? So many people want to know where she was buried.'

Yet the fame of her genius is every year increasing, and her readers may be numbered by the hundred, instead of the score, as was formerly the case. She chose to be 'first woman, then artist,' and time has accorded her an enviable renown in both characters.

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THE YOUTH'S PAGE



MODESTY.

'What hundred books are best, think you?' I said, Addressing one devoted to the pen. He thought a moment, then he raised his head, 'I hardly know. I've only written ten.'

ATTACHING TARLIBERRY.



'At eight o'clock, breakfast at quarter-past, to the office at half-past, work all the forenoon, luncheon at one, back again to the office at two, work all the afternoon, home at quarter to six, study all the evening, bed at ten. And begin all over again to-morrow.

And all over again the next day, for this was the way Henry Manson passed every week-day in the year, excepting the fortnight's vacation which he took whenever nobody else cared to take his, so that it either came so early as to resemble a dinner which stops short at soup, or so late that it seemed like getting into church just in time to hear the benediction.

Henry was junior clerk for Pettigrew, Pitts, Pepper and Co., wholesale grocers, who occupied a dark, coffee-scented, granite warehouse in a dark, coffee-scented, granite street, where the rattway roared with enormous trucks, and the sidewalk rattled and banged beneath contrary currents of boxes, barrels and puncheons in a continual state of violent transmission from cart to store or from store to cart.

Inside were more boxes barrels and puncheons piled as high as the ceiling all over the broad floor. In one corner was the office, and in one corner of that was a desk at which Henry was almost always to be found, writing away at bills and invoices, from morning till night.

It was weary, monotonous work in itself, and worse, promised no future. Henry might continue to write at that desk for years, and then be no further advanced than now: for in the great city were hundreds and thousands of young men anxious for employment, who could do his task as well as he could, and he had never had any opportunity to show himself capable of better things.

Notwithstanding, he cruised faithfully on every day, in the hope that his chance would yet come, and toiled every evening over books which would fit him to take advantage of it whenever it might be offered.

The chance came, as chances generally do, quite unexpectedly, and in a way totally different from any Henry had ever imagined.

It had been a hard day in the office. Two of the clerks were absent, and two more were out on special work, throwing so much more labour on the rest; while the book-keeper, who thought it due to the dignity of his position never to be in a good humour, was in an uncommonly bad one, even for him, and everybody seemed overworked, irritable, and discontented.

Henry felt particularly despondent, for he was behind-hand with his own duties, and having made several blunders in performing the unfamiliar tasks of the absentees, had been severely scolded by the book-keeper.

'It's no use,' thought Henry. 'I might as well give up and try an easier business like coal-heaving, or a better-paid one like car driving, or a more dignified one such as canvassing or distributing samples of soap.'

The poor fellow, who was half-tired out, and wholly discouraged, attempted to smile at his own easiness, but abandoned the effort before he had fairly begun.

'Manson!' called Brierty, the bookkeeper, at that moment. 'This way!'

'Yes, sir.'

'Mr Pepper wants you,' continued Brierty, surlily. 'He's in his private room. Come, don't keep him waiting!'

Henry went out, greatly wondering what could be the matter. Neither Mr Pepper nor any other member of the firm had much intercourse with the subordinate clerks, and a summons to the private room was exceptional.

'Probably I'm to be discharged,' said Henry to himself. He tapped lightly the door of the little inner room and then entered, with a great effort to look unembarrassed and as if it were a perfectly common thing for him to be there.

Mr Pepper, a stout, dark man with glittering black eyes and speech so concise that all his remarks seemed intended for ten-word telegrams, turned around in his swivel chair to face the junior clerk.

'Saw you studying a commercial law treatise,' said he, without the slightest preface.

'Yes, sir,' answered Henry, puzzled at this peculiar beginning of the interview. 'But not in three hours.'

'Been through it?'
'Yes, sir.'
'Understand it?'
'Fairly well, sir.'
'Know about attachment process?'
'I think I do.'
'Good. You're the only man in the office who does, then. Brierty doesn't—just asked him. Well! I want you to go to Damas. Now. The train starts in twenty-seven minutes. Have to look alive.'

'Yes, sir,' said Henry, who, completely taken aback by the suddenness of this extraordinary commission, was all at sea as to what he might be expected to do.

He soon learned. Mr Pepper, using about one-third the number of words any other man would have required for the same purpose, explained that Jonas Tarliberry, who kept a general store at Damas, and who owed the firm a considerable amount of goods bought on credit, was on the point of failure.

Now, since Tarliberry's stock was but just sufficient to satisfy his indebtedness to Pettigrew, Pitts, Pepper and Co., and certain other houses were also his creditors, it was necessary to use all dispatch in order to put a first attachment upon his goods. None of the firm chanced to be able to go; and time being wanting to procure an attorney's services, the first available man must be sent.

'You're the one,' snapped Mr Pepper. 'Know what to do? Yes? Then do it! Here's a signed blank writ—fill it up yourself. Don't let anybody get ahead of you. Don't spare money. Here's some. Now, off you go!'

Henry found himself half-way to the railroad station before he fairly came to a clear understanding of what had happened, and of the swift change in his situation brought about within the past few minutes.

'This is my chance, and I'm going to improve it! So, in high spirits he dashed into the station and up to the ticket window. Two men were already there.

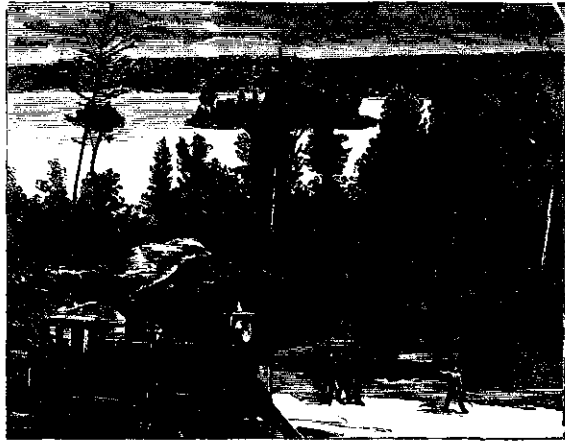
'One to Damas,' said the first.

'One to Damas,' echoed the second.

'Halloa!' thought Henry, surprised. 'Travel up there seems lively to-day.'

His train coming, he stepped to the window, saying, 'One to Damas, please.'

The two men turned around on hearing this request, and



appearing to recognise him, exchanged a glance. Henry at once understood that his errand would not be accomplished without opposition, for he, too, had recognised them.

One was Browning, of Mace, Natt and Co., the other Cutter, of Nash and Cutter, both rival grocery houses, and beyond doubt, likewise creditors of Jonas Tarliberry. They were certainly bound upon the same mission as he.

Browning and Cutter did not speak, but hurried away to the train. They went into the smoker, while Henry, entering another car, sat down to think what he should do.

'Those two seemed to have joined forces,' mused he. 'Of course, then, their claims are not so large but that there will be enough to satisfy both, and they mean to help each other. And both will unite to fight me, for if I get in my demand first there will be nothing left for either of them. Well, we'll see.'

With a stylographic pen he proceeded to fill in the blank writ Mr Pepper had given him, which was already signed by the judge, as in sometimes done. The amount of the claim was nearly six hundred pounds and Henry knew that if he saved such a sum to the firm his future fortune would be bright, while the failure to secure it would forever end all his hopes of advancement.

'But I won't fail,' he declared. 'I'll get there first if anybody gets there at all.'

He examined the roll of bank-bills which had been given him, to ascertain what his resources might be. To his astonishment he found that he had forty pounds.

'Gracious!' ejaculated he. 'I'm really not to spare money, sure enough. And it means, too, that Mr Pepper thinks I'd have trouble. Very likely he knew that the other houses would have the same information he had.'

Clearly, the first thing to do was to find out all about Damas, and the conductor was evidently the man to ask. Henry found that Tarliberry's store was four miles from the station at a place called Mosher's Mills, and that there was no regular means of conveyance between the two villages.

'You'll be lucky if you find a conveyance as Damas is a little bit of a village, and why we stop there I never could see. Sometimes you can get a man to drive you over to the Mills, and sometimes you can't—more can't than can, generally speaking.'

'But what shall I do if there isn't a conveyance?'
'Walk, I suppose,' replied the conductor, indifferently. 'You'll have companions in misery, anyway. There are two men in the smoker who've been asking the same question. The three of you might keep one another company—if you happen to fancy it.'

The conductor walked off winking. The 'two men in the smoker' had manifestly given him some idea of the situation of affairs.

Henry sat through the rest of the journey in an unpleasantly nervous frame of mind, longing to do something, and yet it was quite obvious that he could at present only wait to see what might turn up.

If his rivals obtained the only conveyance, what was to become of him? And if there were no conveyance at all, what then?

It seemed to him that he would staidly sacrifice a year's salary for the monopoly of any sort of vehicle which would get him to Mosher's Mills half an hour ahead of that pair in the smoker. His first work at the Mills would be to find a constable to serve the attachment, and this might take more time than he could spare.

Before long the engine whistled, and a look at his watch told him that this must be Damas. He rushed out of the car, and standing on the lowermost step, made ready to swing off the moment he could safely do so.

Yet, quick and prompt as Henry was, he forgot the very simple, self-evident fact that the first carriage of a train reaches the station before the last carriage does.

When he sprang upon the little platform at Damas he saw Browning and Cutter running across the upper end, and tumbling into a dilapidated old cart, which he instantly perceived to be the only carriage anywhere in sight. He darted toward it, shouting to the driver to wait for him.

'Go on! Go on!' cried Browning.

'Don't stop!' screamed Cutter.

'I'll just hold up a minute and see wut he wants,' answered the driver, coolly. 'If I kin git 'nuther passenger, why, I'm a-goin' t' take him.'

'Never mind. Here's five shillings apiece for these two empty seats inside here. Now, remember, they're ours,' exclaimed Browning. 'No room here, young man,' he continued, laughing. Henry ran up. 'We've a fancy for seclusion and extra seats.'

Henry was very angry. 'Of all the mean, contemptible tricks—' he broke out.

'Don't get excited, my lad!' sneered Cutter, lighting a cigar. 'Haven't you ever learned that all's fair in war and the grocery trade?'

'And that yours isn't the first unfortunate attachment!' added Browning, chuckling.

Henry who had already turned away from them, resolved to act instead of talking. Showing five shillings to the driver, he said:

'If this is the price of seats in this thing, I don't object. There's room in front with you, isn't there?'

'In course!' answered the man, beaming with joy, and seizing the money. 'Up with ye, sonny!'

'Here!' roared Browning and Cutter, both together. 'None of that! We've bought—'

'Ye've bought four seats, but there's a fit' one fur sale, an' it's sold,' interrupted the driver, grinning at Henry. 'Naow ye've got what ye paid fur, an' so's he! Git up, Jake!'

He swung his whip, and the horse moved off with its inharmonious load.

The driver, whose name proved to be Elmer Cummings, was not in an unnatural state of exhilaration over a trip which was putting more money into his pocket than he would have earned in a fortnight under ordinary circumstances.

'Sakes alive!' he kept saying. 'Wan't it luck that I happened to be daown t' the station this particular day? Ye see, I don't make no reg'lar business o' kerrying folks t' th' Mills—only when work's light, I jes' hitch up an' come for th' sake o' th' aoutin,' an' pick up anythin' that offers. Now I guess I know what you three's after.'

Henry made no reply.

'Tarliberry, ain't it?' asked Cummings. Henry nodded absently. To tell the truth, he was much more intent on overhearing whispers passing between the two men inside than on listening to Cummings's idle ramblings. He did not believe that his troubles were over yet.

'That's it, is it? Tachment, likely? Be ye a constable sheriff?'

Henry shook his head. The pair behind appeared to be forming some plan, to judge from the very earnest tones of their repressed voices.

'Ain't, eh?' continued Cummings, slyly. 'Then ye expect to find one at th' Mills?'

'Why, yes. Isn't there one there?'

'Oh, yes, there's one, only—'

At this moment Henry caught one or two words of the talk going on within—enough to understand what the enemy were plotting.

'Very well,' he said to himself. 'If that's their idea, why, I must beat them at their own game.'

The making of this decision prevented him from noticing the queer expression upon Elmer Cummings's hard features, which would otherwise have led him to draw that astute person out a little.

'Do you own this cart?' asked Henry, hastily.

'Sartin.'

'What will you take for it?'

Cummings looked surprised at first, then meditative, then cunning.

'Wal, I hain't never thought o' tradin', he began.

'Quick! Will you take ten pounds?'

'Well—'

'Yes or no?'

'Yes, I s'pose,' admitted Cummings, 'sence ye press me so hard. But p'raps them others—'

'Sold, isn't it?' snapped Henry, as abruptly as Mr Pepper himself.

'Yes, sold?' sighed Cummings, with the sadness and hesitation of a man losing heavily by the transaction, instead of getting four times what the crazy old trap was worth.

He was pocketing the proceeds of the sale, when Browning said:

'Want to sell your horse and wagon, driver?'

'They're sold?' interposed Henry, jubilantly. 'They belong to me now.'

'What? Belong to you?'

'Yes, sir, I've just bought them. And, excuse me, sir, but I rather prefer riding alone.'

Browning was beginning a series of violent remarks, when Cutter broke in.

'I say, driver, did he buy the horse, too?'

Henry was aghast. Before he could speak, Cummings replied, 'No, nothin' but the carriage.'

'We'll buy your horse then! How much will you take for him?'

'What'll ye give?' asked Cummings, grinning with pleasure at this promised accession of more wealth.

'Twelve pounds! Do you take it?' Sold!' spluttered Cutter.

The driver had ducked his head, more from astonishment than anything else.

'I'll give fifteen!' exclaimed Henry, alarmed.

'Too late! Browning's a witness to the sale. You're held to your word, driver,' retorted the brisk Cutter, who saw that Cummings would like nothing better than to make the two parties bid against each other.

But Cummings had plainly, if unwittingly, nodded to Cutter's inquiry, and could not draw back from his bargain.

'Now, young man,' remarked Browning, while he and his companion unharnessed the horse from the shafts, 'we'll leave you in undisturbed possession of your wagon—and much good may it do you!'

With this the victorious couple mounted double on their unwilling steed and trotted off, waving their hats and giving three cheers as they vanished over a hill.

Henry, sitting in stupid despair upon the front seat of his horseless, useless vehicle, was desolate as Marius among the ruins of Carthage, but, unluckily, not solitary like Marius, for Elmer Cummings was still there, and with really magnificent impudence offered to buy back the wagon for five pounds!

'Ye see,' giggled he, 'it's not wuth so much to me as 'twas to you, and besides, I've got to hire a horse to get it home with.'

Convinced that he was in the company of one of the greatest rascals he had ever met, Henry had a strong desire to tell Cummings exactly what he thought of him, but soon saw that he must not offend a man who might still be of some assistance. So, with a gulp, he swallowed his feelings, and asked:

'How far is it to Mosher's Mills?'

'About three miles—yes, strong three.'

'How am I to get there?'

'Don't know.'

'Can't you?' But he broke off what he intended to say, for he saw a man in a light wagon driving up in the direction he wished to go.

'Hullo!' he cried, running to the wagon. 'Will you take me to the Mills? I'll pay you well for it.'

'Guess so,' replied the man, a substantial-looking person of a far more intelligent, respectable appearance than Cummings. 'Won't take any pay, though. Jump up! I'm going straight there.'

Henry mounted the wagon, bursting with joy. He turned to fling a denunciation or two at his late driver, but was arrested by the singular expression of combined bewilderment, surprise and amusement upon that estimable person's honest face.

'Good-bye, young sir!' Cummings called out. 'I'll tell ye naow what I was a-goin' to tell ye before. There's only one constable to Mosher's Mills!'

Off drove the wagon. Henry was considerably puzzled at the parting speech of Cummings, which seemed to contain some important meaning, although on the surface it was but a very commonplace remark.

One constable was amply sufficient for his purpose, and he felt sure that the fine horse which drew him would reach the Mills long before the overweighted beast ridden by Browning and Cutter.

Indeed, the pair were overtaken within a few minutes. Henry, being only a boy, could not resist the temptation of taunting them.

'Good-bye, gentlemen!' he exclaimed, bowing politely as he passed. 'I'm sorry I can't wait for you; I have business ahead!'

Browning and Cutter did not answer. They stared with amazed eyes, not at Henry, but at the man with him, and then laughed until they nearly fell off their horse. Until out of sight they continued this inexplicable merriment, which appeared to grow more uproarious the longer it lasted.

Henry turned to examine his new acquaintance, in order to discover what there might be in his aspect to produce such a remarkable effect upon all who saw him. He found the man already keenly examining him.

'Who are you, anyway?' asked the man. 'What's up?'

Henry told his errand, described his adventures, and ended by inquiring:

'Can you tell me who the constable is?'

The man smiled rather oddly.

'Well, I'm the constable.'

'You?' shouted Henry, delighted. 'Then you will please take me to Tarliberry's and serve this attachment.'

'Can't do it.'

'Can't? Why not?'

'Nothing—only—well, I'm Tarliberry myself!'

The whole journey had been a succession of disagreeable happenings for Henry, but this was the worst of all. He merely stared, unable to speak.

'Yes,' continued Tarliberry. 'I'm Jonas Tarliberry, store-keeper—also constable. So, you see, I can't very well put an attachment on my own goods, now can I?'

Henry still said nothing. Even beyond his disappointment and vexation, he felt truly sorry for this kindly, good-natured man, whom he was endeavouring to deprive of his property, although to secure the payment of a just debt. He finally managed to stammer something to this effect.

'Bless you,' said Tarliberry, serenely. 'I don't blame you a bit! I've been unfortunate, and can't pay my bills, so your firm's perfectly right to protect itself; and as for you, why, you're a good boy, and only doing your duty. To be honest, I'd rather your horse should have the first chance.'

'Then would you—'

Henry stopped short. The proposal he had in mind was too impudent for utterance. He didn't believe that even Elmer Cummings could have made it!

'Why, yes,' answered Tarliberry, still serenely and without changing countenance. 'Somebody's going to attach, whether or no, and I'd as lief it should be you as those other fellows—in fact, I'd a little rather, for I've taken a fancy to you, and I never admired either of them overmuch.'

He calmly turned the horse around and began driving back.

'What! Are you really?' cried Henry, 'really going to—'

'Yes, really going to hunt up another constable,' answered the good Tarliberry.

They again passed Browning and Cutter, who laughed even harder than before.

'They're laughing a little too soon,' commented Tarliberry. 'They think I'm playing some trick to get you out of the way, whereas—'

'Whereas,' interjected grateful Henry, 'you're actually helping me to ruin you!'

'Not quite that, however.' The constable was obtained and driven to Mosher's Mills, where Browning and Cutter were rushing about, trying to devise some means of procuring assistance. They distrusted their senses when they saw Tarliberry escort Henry and the constable into his own store, and there receive service of the little strip of paper which had cost our young friend so much tribulation.

They could do nothing but go home, completely defeated and too angry to speak.

Henry parted with genuine sorrow from his generous debtor, whom, before he went, he had cause to employ in his other capacity of an officer of the law, for he chanced to see Elmer Cummings sneaking along with that identical cart sold at such an exorbitant price.

Mr Cummings was instantly arrested on a charge of theft, and so terrified that he gladly compromised by paying back the purchase-money, less the five pounds which he had offered for the old machine.

'I was too smart that time,' muttered the humbled Cummings, 'but I was gettin' rich so fast I lost my head, like a good many other folks in the same box.'

Mr Pepper said little to Henry, good or bad, on receiving his report, but Henry became the firm's collector the very next day, to the great disgust of bookkeeper Briery.

Nor did Tarliberry suffer for his magnanimity, for Henry's account of it touched even business-like Mr Pepper, and the country merchant was treated so leniently that he soon got upon his feet again, and, happily, has remained standing upon them ever since.

MANLEY PIKE

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

LITTLE PEOPLE'S LETTERS

SOLUTIONS OF PUZZLE STORY—'THE NAUGHTY BOY.'

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—One day Mr Jones went out to water the street. He had got the horse ready, but the water would not come out. Just then he heard a laugh, and he turned around and saw a boy standing on the hose. (No. 2) 'Get off,' he shouted, shaking his fist at the boy, but the boy only laughed at him. (No. 3) Just then Mr Jones saw a policeman coming along, but the boy did not see him. (No. 4) The policeman caught the boy by the collar and lifted him off the hose, and the water went into the policeman's face and knocked him down and knocked his teeth out. Then Mr Jones turned it off in another direction. — BELLE ALLEN, aged nine years.

[I am so glad, Belle, you tried to answer the puzzle. Your idea is very nearly right. — COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I am going to try and answer those four pictures you put in the GRAPHIC. A naughty little boy one day went outside, and seeing a man watering his garden, he stood on the hose unobserved. When the man went to water his garden he could not get any water out. When he turned round and saw the boy standing on the hose he shook his hand at him, and the boy jumped off again. When the man started to water the garden again the boy got on the hose again, and a policeman, who had been watching him, came and caught hold of his shoulder, and the man turned round to see what was the matter, and poured the water all on to the policeman's face. I think this is all, so I will say good-bye. I am eleven years old. — NINA, Ashburton.

[Yours is a very nicely-written letter, Nina, only it is not the garden which is being watered. The rest is good. — COUSIN KATE.]

THE JINGLE-LESSON.

KITTY sat out under the sweet apple-tree in the golden autumn noon-time, crying real salt tears into her Primary Arithmetic.

'Now what's the matter, Kitty?' asked big brother Tom, coming out with his Greek Grammar under his arm. 'I supposed you were eating sweet apples and studying, and I came out to do so, too, and here you are crying.'

'It's—this—dreadful—multiplication-table!' sobbed Kitty. 'I can't never learn it, never!'

'Hard' asked Tom.

'Oh, it's awful! Harder than anything in your college books, I know. It's the eights this afternoon, and I can't learn 'em anyhow.'

'Don't you know how much eight times one is?' asked Tom, picking up a sweet apple and beginning to eat it.

'Yes, of course. Eight times one is eight. I can say up to five times eight all right.'

'Can you? Well that's encouraging, I'm sure. Let's hear you.' Kitty rattled it off like a book, 'Five times eight is forty—and there she stopped.

'Oh, go right on,' said Tom. 'Six times eight is forty-eight.'

'I can't,' said Kitty. 'I can't learn the rest. I've tried and tried, and it's no use.'

'Do you learn so hard?' asked Tom. 'Now hear this, and then repeat it after me as well as you can:—'

'When I go out on promenade
I look so fine and gay,
I have to take a dog along,
To keep the girls away.'

Kitty laughed, and repeated the nonsense word for word.

'Why, you can learn!'

'But that has a jingle to it. It isn't like the dry multiplication-table.'

'Let's put a jingle into that, then.'

'Six times eight was always into,
Hurried up, and was forty-eight,
Seven times eight was cross as two sticks,
Had a nap and was fifty-six,
Eight times eight fell on to the floor,
I picked it up and 'twas sixty-four;
Nine times eight it wouldn't do,
I turned it over and 'twas seventy-two.'

'Did you make that all up now?' asked Kitty, in wonderment.

'Why, yes,' laughed Tom.

'Oh, it's splendid! Let's see, how is it?' and she went straight through it with very little help. 'Ten times eight is eighty. That one's easy enough to remember.'


'And now,' said Tom, when she had the jingle well learned, 'say the table aloud and the jingle in your mind as you go along.'

Kitty tried that, and a very few times made it a success. With the ringing of the first bell she was ready to start for school with those 'dreadful eights' all perfect.

'You're the best Tom in the whole world!' she said, with a good-bye kiss. 'And I don't believe there's another boy in college that could make such nice poetry.'

Tom laughed as he opened his Greek Grammar.

BLOWING BUBBLES AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

 LITTLE Peter and Prudie and Lyddie Sprague were keeping house while mamma and papa went to town. To be sure there was Grandpapa Sprague, but he was taking his afternoon nap in his room, so he did not count.

They had played 'hide the thimble,' 'ring-around-a-rosy,' and Lyddie and Prudie had danced till their little toes ached, to the hum-a-hum hum of Peter's jews-harp. Then Lyddie had said:

'Let's blow bubbles!'

'Oh, yes, let's!' cried Prudie.

So Lyddie got the long, new clay pipes and Prudie a bowl of soapsuds and set it on the hearth of the broad, low chimney so they need not wet the floor, for the little girls had learned not to make water.

But it was found, after one or two trials, that the bubbles were too thin, and Prudie had to make another journey to the soap cask. Then they began blowing bubbles in good earnest—such big, strong ones! They would soar like tiny balloons, now up, now down, as Peter and Prudie and Lyddie puffed and chased them about the room.

By and bye one dived into the black chimney and disappeared. Then there was more fun, sending them off up its broad, sooty throat, and watching them sail out at the patch of blue at the top and rushing out to see them float off.

Then Peter proposed sucking into the bubbles, as grandpapa did once for them. Grandpapa's pipe lay on the mantel all 'charged' and ready to light when he should get up. Prudie wanted to do this part of it.

'Huh! girls don't smoke!' cried Peter, loftily.

'Mrs Potter smokes! I've seen her! And she was a girl once, anyway,' retorted Prudie.

'Well, it's squinched her all up,' insisted Peter.

'Prudie didn't want to be squinched like Mrs Potter, neither did Lyddie, so Peter put a live coal from the stove into the top of the pipe and puffed away manfully. The stem was very short and he burned the tip of his freckled nose once so that a tiny blister came upon it.

For a time they had great sport, watching the milky-looking bubbles float gracefully off, to the consternation of whole nestfuls of chimney-swallows, some of them tumbling out of their nests in a fright, down on to the children's heads.

However, pretty soon Peter laid up the pipe, plucked his fat, brown fists deep into his pockets and scowled dreadfully. Then his face turned very white and he began to whine dismally. Lyddie and Prudie, very much frightened, brought him parsley leaves to chew. But poor Peter was too sick to chew them.

Just then grandpapa came out and Lyddie ran to him with the doleful tale.

'Tut! It's grandpapa's pipe! Naughty thing for little boys—and big ones, too, I suspect!'

'But does it make you feel like Peter?' queried Lyddie.

'Oh, it did once,' laughed grandpapa.

'What made you want to do it again, then?' asked the little girl.

'The land knows, I don't!' groaned grandpapa, looking with pity at Peter's distress.

'Will Peter want to do so any more?' persisted Prudie, pinching a mint leaf and holding it to his pale nose.

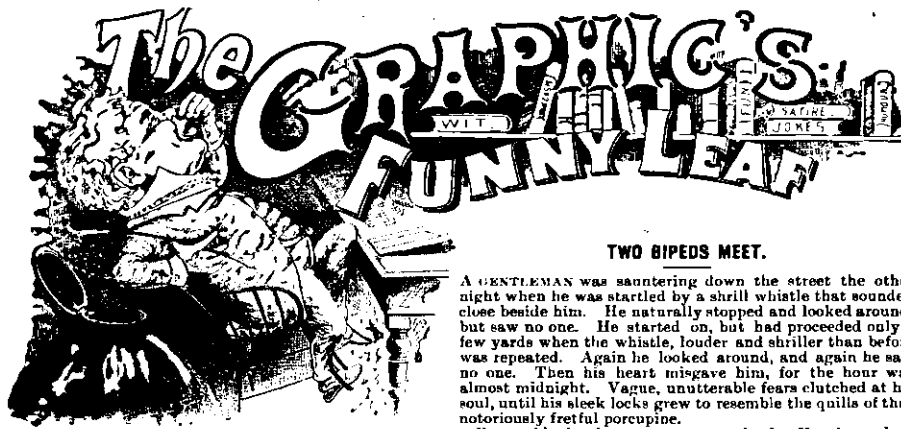
'Oh, dear me, I hope not,' cried grandpapa, sternly, throwing his pipe against the sooty chimney and breaking it all to pieces. 'There, now, Peter, you and grandpapa will take the pledge not to smoke any more as long as we live. Shall we, sonny?'

'Ye-es, s-sir!' gasped little Peter, between his qualms.

When mamma came home and saw grandpapa's old pipe lying in the chimney and grandpapa himself trudging over the hill into the pines, she said he had gone off to fight a battle.

Prudie and Lyddie and Peter could not believe that dear old grandpapa wanted to fight anybody. They wondered what mamma meant.

Do you understand?



A FAILURE.

MORE years ago than I shall name
I sought to win a good wife's fame,
I knew not how—but all the same
I made a shirt.

I cut, I stitched, with many a tear;
Hollowed it out, both front and rear;
I carved the armholes wide, for fear
They wouldn't fit.

John's neck I measured to be true,
The band must fit that much I knew,
I'd heard so oft. All else I drew
And puckered in.

At last 'twas done. A work of art,
Complete I hoped, in every part.
'Come, John,' I called, with quaking heart,
Try on your shirt.

I must confess it bulged somewhat
In places where I thought it should not,
But John, the brute, yelled out 'Great Scot!'
Is this a tent?

But such behaviour—language, well!
He muttered things I'd never tell—
I may forget them when I dwell
In higher spheres.

Oh! woman of the present day,
To you's inscribed this tiny lay:
You little know the man you pay
Your homage to.

If his 'true inwardness' you'd know,
Have him your idols overthrow,
And sentiment to four winds blow,
Make him a shirt.

COULDN'T FRIGHTEN THE SQUIRE.

THERE comes from the town of Cornish a story of a gruff, square-edged old squire, one of the first settlers. It was a local saying about Cornish that the squire had never been frightened. Many plots had been laid by practical jokers, but all had come to naught.

Finally some Cornish wags made a last effort. One night the squire attended a party at which the festivities were somewhat prolonged. It was midnight before the squire started for home, his way being by a path through the cemetery. The wags had been busy themselves in digging a big hole across this path, and as the squire proceeded home he suddenly tumbled in. At the same instant a sheeted figure appeared on the edge of the hole and exclaimed in measured sepulchral tones:

'What are you in my grave for?'
'What are you out of it for at this time of night?' retorted the doughty old squire, as he scrambled out and proceeded on his way.



YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER: 'Have you roast beef?'
Butcher: 'Yes, ma'am.'
YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER: 'Do you keep it on ice?'
Butcher: 'Oh, yes, ma'am.'
YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER: 'Then you may send me some. My husband told me only this morning that he was very fond of cold roast beef.'

TWO BIPEDS MEET.

A GENTLEMAN was sauntering down the street the other night when he was startled by a shrill whistle that sounded close beside him. He naturally stopped and looked around, but saw no one. He started on, but had proceeded only a few yards when the whistle, louder and shriller than before was repeated. Again he looked around, and again he saw no one. Then his heart misgave him, for the hour was almost midnight. Vague, unutterable fears clutched at his soul, until his sleek locks grew to resemble the quills of that notoriously fretful porcupine.

But suddenly the mystery was solved. He chanced to glance overhead, when he perceived a parrot in a cage that dangled from a second-story window. The eyes of the feathered and featherless bipeds met, and the parrot quickly and appropriately remarked, 'What are you looking at, you fool!'

A LESSON.

THE CHAPERONE: 'Men are diffident, my dear, and when you discover that one is in love with you you must encourage him as much as possible.'

The Debutante: 'But mamma does not want me to marry for two or three years yet.'

The Chaperone: 'That is all right. You encourage him until he doesn't need any more encouragement, then you begin to discourage him.'



AN AID TO MEMORY.

WAITER (insolently): 'Haven't you forgotten something, sir?'

Customer: 'Ah, yes; I believe I have.' (Raises plate, takes shilling from under it, pockets it and smilingly departs.)

HIS PATIENT WOULDN'T TELL.

A SOMEWHAT breezy incident happened in the office of a dentist. He had concocted a very savoury liquid from a mixture of several choice brands, and invited his friend, a local physician, to 'have something,' which he did. A day or two afterward the invited friend thought he would like another taste, and leisurely wended his way to his friend's office.

When he entered the doctor had a lady in his dental chair, filling her teeth. He looked around, and, seeing his caller, said, 'Hello! come after some more rum?' The caller nearly fainted at the salutation, and simply stared at the dentist, who finally again blurted out: 'You look pale around the gills. Hold on a minute and I'll give you some more rum.'

The caller again was thunderstruck, but finally managed to say, 'Doctor, can I see you a moment in your parlour?'

'Certainly,' said the dentist, and he immediately stepped away from his lady patient and passed into the parlour.

When there, the friend, bridling with indignation, said in a freezing tone: 'Doctor, what is the matter with you, anyway? Are you crazy, are you drunk, or are you the simon-pure extract of a blanked fool? What's the matter with you, anyway?'

'Oh, that's all right,' said the dentist, 'that lady won't give you away—she's deaf and dumb.'

LAWS OF HEALTH.

TRAMP: 'Thankee kindly, mum: I'd no hope of gettin' sich a fine supper to-day, mum. May heaven bliss ye!'

Housekeeper: 'As you've had a good supper, I think you might chop some wood.'

'Yes, mum. But you know the old adage, "After dinner rest awhile, after supper walk a mile." I'll walk the mile first, mum.'

AT THE CLUB.—Gay Bachelor: 'Do you think there is anything in the theory that married men live longer than unmarried ones?' Henpecked Friend (wearily): 'Oh, I don't know—seems longer.'

THE HONEYMOON OVER.

WIFE: 'Harry, I never thought you could change so. You used to say that you might search the world over and over and you never could find a woman equal to me, and now you are scarcely ever at home.'

Husband: 'Oh, that's all right, dear; I'm simply making the search now, to prove the correctness of my assertion.'



WORTH HIS WHILE.

SNOPKINS: 'I see young Toodleby has failed for half a million.'

Pockphly: 'Lucky dog! I'd fail myself for half that amount.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

'DOCTOR,' said Mrs Worrit, 'is it really true that many people are buried alive?' 'None of my patients ever are,' replied Dr. Graves.

'I suppose the baby is a delicate pink—eh, Bronson?' 'No. He's a robust yeller,' replied the proud and sleepy father.

'Beware of vanity, my boy. The birds of gaudy plumage do not make the best eating.' 'No, indeed. The parrot never gets into the soup.'

A coloured philosopher is reported to have said: 'Life, my breddern, am mosly made up of prayin' for rain and then wishin' it would clear off.'

'What's the difference between a Prohibitionist and an old toper?' 'Why, the latter is full of drama and the former of scruples.'

EXCITABLY.—Young Mother: 'Horror! Here's an account in the paper of a woman who sold her baby for 10 cents.' Young Father (wearily): 'Perhaps it was teething.'

'Isaac,' whispered Rachel, 'would you go through fire for me?' 'Yai, I would,' returned Isaac, kissing his fiancée heartily. 'Dot is, I would oh! I was insured.'

'Papa, why does the drum major of a band wear that big thing on his head?' 'Because the natural size of his head is not equal to the occasion, my son.'

American Hostess: 'I wonder why women never fight duels. I am sure they get angry enough.' Foreign Visitor: 'Zey know nozing of weapons, madams. Zey would hurt each ozaire.'

A VETERAN SOLDIER IS RELATING THE STORY OF HIS CAMPAIGNS.—'On that terrible day we lost our brave Captain, whose head was carried off by a cannon ball. His last words were, "Bury me where I fall."'

A lady once consulted St. Francis of Sales on the lawfulness of using rouge. 'Well,' said the saint, 'some pious men object to it, others see no harm in it, but I hold the middle course so you may use it on one cheek.'

CUT AND COME AGAIN.—Beggars: 'Please sir, won't you give me a dollar to buy some medicine for me sick wife?' Gentleman: 'See here! Only a day or two ago you said your wife was dead and you needed money to bury her.'

Beggars: 'Y-e-s. This is another one.'

THE LATEST BERNHART JOKE.—As two gentlemen were passing the Theatre Francaise they observed a man carrying a shotgun into the building. 'I wonder what that is for?' remarked one of them. 'That gun,' replied the other, looking down the barrel, 'is for Sarah. She makes her toilet in it.'

SHORTENING A CALL.—Mother: 'My dear, when ladies call on you, you should not spend the whole time talking about your music, as you did this morning.' Daughter: 'But, mother, the callers this morning were married ladies, and if I hadn't kept them on music, they would have got started talking about their babies, and they wouldn't be through yet.'

A SINECURE.—A certain physician, who has not got much practice, hired a small coloured boy to accompany him on his visits and hold the horse. 'How does yer like yer new place?' asked the boy's mother when he came home on Saturday night. 'I likes it fustrate. We neber has to step at de houses at all, like de udder doctors. I jess gits all de ridin' I wants,' was the reply.

Jane (coming up the stairs to missus): 'I should feel extremely obliged, marm, if you would do me a little favour.' Missus (who knows the value of an inferior 'general'): 'Well, Jane, what is it?' 'I hardly know what to say, marm.'

'Well, marm, my course, I can't comply until I know.' 'Well, marm, of young man is at the back door; and I thought, perhaps, you would be so very kind as to speak with him for a few minutes while I run up stairs and make myself presentable.'

NEW FORM OF THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.—Lady Friend (to Mrs Newlywed): 'Why do I find you so downcast, Maud?' Mrs Newlywed: 'Oh, it's because I saw my Harry kiss something beside me this morning.' Lady Friend (condolingly): 'Poor Maud! Do tell me all about it.' Mrs Newlywed: 'Well, I happened to be looking out of the window this morning just as my Harry boarded a tram, and don't you think the saucy fellow smiled at me and then kissed his hand, and—oh! boo-hoo!—Jennie, you don't know how j-j-jealous I am of that h-hand!'