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PIERRETTE.

THE PENALTY OF A CRIME.

BY WILLIAM BELWORTHY, WELLINGTON.

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CHAPTER XIV.

"Nay! it should not be so hard
To grant me my request!
Albeit he's not my husband."



It was late that same evening before Squire Oakfield returned to the Grange, and learning from the butler who opened the door to him that his daughters had not yet retired to rest, but were, with Dr. and Mrs. Oakfield, in the drawing-room awaiting his return, he requested the man to inform Miss Constance that if she were well enough he would like to see her for a few moments in the library.

In obedience to the summons Constance came in, looking slightly paler than usual, but with such an expression of confidence and trust in her eyes that the Squire wished his unpleasant task well over.

"You wished to speak to me in private, papa?" she asked, questioningly. "Well, here I am at your service. You need not fear another exhibition of weakness on my part," she added, as her father hesitated.

"I am afraid I was partly overcome by the excessive heat this afternoon, as I do not remember ever before to have made such a stupid of myself. But tell me, papa, your news concerns Gerald, does it not?"

"Yes," replied the Squire; "but I am afraid, Constance, I am not the bearer of very good news, and yet—"

"Papa," interrupted Constance, "please to let me everything. Laura has informed me that it is quite true that Gerald has been arrested—it is not a nice word certainly—but of course the police have made an egregious blunder, and equally, of course, a slight investigation will be sufficient to ensure his discharge. I imagine that the £100 reward which you offered, and the additional £100 offered by the Government for the apprehension of the real murderer of Mr. Dixon, has turned the brain of the official who had especial charge of the case, and in his anxiety to obtain the money he has, as I have said, committed an almost inexcusable blunder, for which he may get the reward his cupidity merits, though scarcely the one he expects. Are you not also of the same opinion, papa?"

"Yes, Constance, I feel certain there has been a mistake made, still I am afraid—very much afraid that Gerald Olphert will require all the legal assistance he can possibly procure to pull him safely through this difficulty."

The Squire watched his daughter rather anxiously as he made this statement, but beyond a slight shrinking movement she made no sign. At its conclusion, however, she said, "You surely do not mean to say that they would dare to detain Gerald, to 'try' him, as it is termed. Why, papa, the thing is ridiculous, preposterous!" but although she tried to speak bravely, her voice faltered, and it was easy to see that the Squire's words and manner had strongly affected her.

"I regret exceedingly, Constance, the anomalous position in which this unhappy affair has placed us all, but although the evidence against Gerald is almost purely circumstantial, yet, he will, as I have informed you, need all the legal assistance he can get. I should prefer not to say any more on the subject now, but thought I had better let you know the exact position to-night, as I shall be away early to-morrow morning. Do not unnecessarily distress yourself with regard to what I have told you, but believe me that every effort will be made to clear Gerald, and we must hope to have him about again shortly."

"Papa, answer me one question. You do not doubt Gerald's innocence?"

"No, Constance, I do not."

"Thank you, papa," and she gave him such a smile of confidence that he felt it would go very hard with his favourite daughter should Gerald Olphert fail to clear himself of the grave charge brought against him. "Then you will grant my request, will you not, papa? I wish you to drive me into Finchley to-morrow—to the place where Gerald is staying. No, do not refuse me," as the Squire shook his head, "for I must see him. I know he is innocent, but I wish to tell him so myself. Oh, never mind what Mrs. Grundy may say, papa. If you accompany me what objection can anyone take?"

"I am sorry, Constance, to be compelled to oppose your wishes, but under the circumstances my duty is obvious. Nobody will be better pleased than myself if Gerald can clear himself of any knowledge of the heinous offence with which he stands charged, and I intend rendering him all the aid I possibly can, but I cannot allow my daughter's name to be bandied about in connection with his, as is certain to be the case if you act in the manner you suggest. A little consideration will, I feel sure, convince you of the prudence of my decision, and I must beg of you to do nothing to compromise yourself; and if Gerald Olphert is the man I take him to be, he will thoroughly endorse my action. Until this case is cleared up, I hope you will avoid attempting to obtain an interview with your lover, for to adopt such a course, although it might in the eyes of a few love-lorn maidens savour of romantic, yet in the opinion of all sensible men and women your action would be considered, to say the least of it, quixotic, and, pardon me, Constance, if I said that to some it might even appear nonsensical, and my daughter has too much self-respect and common sense to so

endanger her reputation, and will surely object to wear her heart on her sleeve, for every daw in Finchley to peck and rend."

"Papa," replied Constance, and though her voice trembled, her eyes met his steadily and firmly, "I have listened patiently to all you have said, and I feel there is a great deal of truth in your remarks. When I said I must see Gerald I spoke as my heart rather than my head dictated. I thank you for appealing to my intelligence also. Much as I would like to see Gerald and personally express my sympathy for and trust in him, I have yet no desire to in any way minister to the insatiable appetites of the scandal-loving gossips of Finchley or Brightstone, and I feel sure that Gerald himself would not desire it either. But to let him face all this humiliation without either seeing him or writing him a word of cheer, why, it is asking me to make a sacrifice of all I hold most sacred in woman. Hear me out, papa, as the Squire made a motion as if he would interrupt her. "You may call it romantic, quixotic, or what you will, but on this one point I remain firm. So long as Gerald raises no objection I shall write to him, and I do sincerely hope that this unhappy affair will soon be settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. Of one thing I am quite certain, Gerald knows no more of the author of this dastardly outrage than you or I, and I feel more than ever convinced that some enemy has been endeavouring to make capital out of the false position in which Gerald was unfortunately placed with regard to the deceased gentleman, Mr. Dixon. I trust that the blow will recoil on the heads of the agitating parties. But you have not informed me whether or not you saw Gerald to-night?"

"I have seen him, Constance, but would rather not say anything more about the matter to-night."

"But tell me, papa, was he well?" and did he send anything—I mean any message for me?"

"Yes!" replied her father, producing a letter from his coat pocket. "I was not quite sure whether I should be doing right by refusing to bring it to you, but at last I decided to accept the responsibility, and I hope you will await further developments before persisting to correspond, under the present circumstances, with Gerald Olphert," and with these words the Squire bade her good night, and then left the room.

Once more left alone, Constance tore open the envelope of the letter which she had received, and there learned that her lover had been arrested at the village of Fairfax, twelve miles from Brightstone, whither he had gone to transact some legal business, and the letter was dated Finchley Gaol.

"It is perfectly unnecessary for me to tell you, my darling," wrote Gerald, "that I am entirely innocent in thought or deed of the fatal crime with which I am charged, yet I dare not disguise the fact, Constance, that a chain of circumstantial evidence has been woven against me which I may find some difficulty in breaking, although I hope, eventually, to be enabled to clear my reputation of the slightest suspicion of stain. My private opinion is that the police, for want of a better clue, have fixed on the facts that I was known to have spoken sharply to Mr. Dixon on the evening of the ball; that I was the last person so far as can be ascertained in whose company he was seen from the time he left the ball-room till he met his death; that I was discovered by your father's keeper holding up the head of the dying man; that I sent the keeper for assistance, and that when he returned Mr. Dixon was dead. There are, however, other facts which tend to criminate me in the eyes of the police, and they have thought it their duty to arrest me. I do not write this to distress you, my dear, but simply to inform you of the true state of the case, as I was afraid it otherwise might not be understood. I am sure some distorting medium, and you would be needlessly alarmed. The position is horribly humiliating, but I hope to be free to see you again shortly. I have engaged Mr. Edgworth, Q.C., to conduct the case on my behalf, and you need be under no apprehension as to the result. I am sending this by the Squire, and must possess my soul in patience till the trial is concluded, as perhaps it will be for all concerned that I should not see you again till that time. I will not, I feel sure, misunderstand the motive prompting me to take this course, and I know you will trust me through good report and evil report. The Judge arrived to-day, and to-morrow, if you need be, you will not be kept long in suspense. With best of love to your dear self, hoping soon to see you again, I am, yours lovingly, GERALD."

CHAPTER XV.

"Which of you, being pent from liberty
As I am now, would not entreat for life."
—KING RICHARD III.

The day appointed for the trial at length came round. It was a lovely day towards the close of the month of June. Inside the Court-house at Finchley a crowd of eager, excited men and noisily curious women, had assembled from an early hour. Streams of vehicles with their living freights had poured into Finchley from Brightstone and the surrounding districts, and the inn-keepers had been taxed to the utmost to provide accommodation for man and beast. It was rumoured that the Judge would take his seat on the Bench at precisely ten o'clock, and that the Dixon murder case would be at once proceeded with. A special jury had been empanelled, and now, as the hands of the Court-house clock point to five minutes from ten, the impatience of the closely-packed crowd manifests itself by a swaying to and fro, by the shutting of feet, and a subdued murmur of many voices. Already the heat is becoming almost unendurable, but no one dreams of budging an inch from the position taken up, unless it be to procure one nearer to the prisoner's dock, where they would have a better opportunity of studying closely the physiognomy of the principal actor in the drama—the prisoner himself.

The Judge was punctual. Exactly at ten o'clock the door behind the Judge's chair opened, and His Lordship took his seat. There was the sound of papers rustling, as the lawyers gathered their notes together, a slight sensation amongst the crowd as a constable called out, "Crown versus Olphert," and then another door opened, and Gerald Olphert, closely attended by two warders, entered the

Court, and took his stand in the small dock partitioned off for prisoners. Every eye was turned in his direction, and he was painfully conscious of their gaze, but though his face was paler than usual, he certainly had not the appearance of a man guilty of the awful crime for which he was that day to be tried. A close observer might, however, have noticed a slight twitching of his underlip, and an unwonted light in his clear brown eyes, which seemed to indicate repressed emotions, and were, indeed, unmistakable proofs that he was by no means callous or indifferent to the danger of the position he occupied. He was dressed in a light tweed suit, and with the exception of a signet ring on the third finger of his left hand, his person was devoid of jewellery of any kind. Much sympathy was felt for him, for his genial manners and sterling social qualities had secured for him many friends and admirers among all classes of society in Finchley and Brightstone, and scarcely a man or woman in Court but hoped that the trial would result in a verdict favourable to the prisoner. The case had already been formally stated before the local magistrate, and sufficient evidence adduced to justify him, as he believed, in committing Gerald Olphert to take his trial at the coming Assizes, which, as it so chanced, meant only a delay of another day.

CHAPTER XVI.

"What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?"

THERE was a hush of expectation as the counsel for the prosecution rose to open the case for the Crown. Not in a lengthy or eloquent oration, but briefly and concisely the learned gentleman went over the facts in connection with the case, as gathered by the police, and already known to the reader. The silence in the Court was accentuated as a policeman called "James Fenton!" and in obedience to the summons Squire Oakfield's head-keeper stepped into the witness box, and taking the Bible in his hand, kissed it, and swore to "tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," etc. In reply to questions from counsel, he stated that "on the morning of the supposed murder he was on the watch in the Oakfield preserves, at a spot situated about a quarter of a mile distant from the Lodge, where he resided with his wife and children, and about eight hundred yards from the old stone-quarries. One of his men was posted within about a dozen yards of him, whilst two more under-keepers were on watch in another part of the grounds. He left his cottage at about eleven p.m., and at about two minutes past two o'clock he heard a shot fired from the direction of the Finchley Road. He was quite certain as to the time, as just before the shot was fired he heard the stable clock strike two. The clock mentioned was situated in a small tower over the stables some distance in the rear of the Grange, and on a still night, such as the night in question, could be heard as it struck the hours very distinctly for a considerable distance. The clock did not strike the quarters or halves, only the hours. Was not very much surprised at hearing the report of a firearm, as just recently there had been several daring raids made on the Squire's pheasants and hares, presumably by some noted London poachers. At any rate, some of these gentlemen had been seen about the district a few days previously, and the poaching had taken place after their arrival, but so cleverly had they arranged and carried out their programme, that up to the present time they had successfully resisted all attempts at capture. Was quite certain that not more than two or three minutes could have elapsed between the striking of the clock and the report of the firearm. Immediately on hearing the shot, he and the man on duty in his proximity, hurried cautiously in the direction of the sound, and just before reaching that part of the estate leading off to the main road, their attention was arrested by a group, which seemed to come from a human being in great pain. There was just enough light from the moon to enable him to see, though somewhat indistinctly, objects within twenty or thirty yards of him, and to his astonishment and dismay he discovered Mr. Olphert, kneeling on the ground, and supporting the head of another gentleman who appeared to be wounded. He asked Mr. Olphert what had happened, and that gentleman replied "I know no more about it than you do, Fenton. I heard a shot fired from that direction"—pointing to a fir plantation near the spot where we then were—"and hurrying up I found this gentleman lying on the ground and bleeding from a wound in the head." In answer to further questions, the witness went on to state that he did not stop to examine the wounded man, but, in obedience to Mr. Olphert's request, made the best of his way to the Grange to alarm the Squire and his guests, and to procure assistance. Saw no gun or weapon of any description near the two gentlemen. The report was not a very loud one, and might have been caused by the firing of a revolver, searched the spot at daylight next morning, but without discovering any clue. Did not for a moment suspect Mr. Olphert. Had always found Mr. Olphert to be a thorough gentleman in every sense of the word. Saw no one else but the underkeeper and the two gentlemen in the wood that night. Recognised the revolver produced as belonging to the prisoner. That gentleman had left it with him with instructions to clean the same, and return in the course of the week if possible. The weapon had been handed to him (witness) on the day preceding the murder. Last saw it in his own room at the lodge at about a quarter to eleven on the evening of the ball. It was on a shelf, and a packet containing some revolver cartridges was lying alongside it. No one but himself was in the habit of using the room. The room was a small one, and adjoining the kitchen. The outer door fastened with a patent lock, and when pulled smartly would lock itself without the aid of a key. Had so locked it on the evening in question. The room was used by him when cleaning his own or Squire Oakfield's guns, or whenever he had any little odd job to do. There were several other weapons in the room besides the revolver. Always kept the key of this room on a bunch with other keys. Had it in his pocket on the night in question. Sometimes had occasion to return to the room again before finally coming off duty in the morning. Invariably entered by the back entrance in order to avoid disturbing his wife. When he returned at daylight on the morning of Mr. Dixon's death he went round by the rear of the lodge, and on arriving at the gun-room was about to fit the key in the lock, when he was startled to observe that the door was, slightly ajar. Suspected poachers. Pushed open the door, gave a hurried examination of the room, and was agreeably surprised to find that apparently nothing was missing. A closer exami-

nation, however, disclosed the fact that the revolver belonging to Mr. Olphert was missing from its place on the shelf, where he had last seen it before going on duty the previous night. Searched the room thoroughly, but could find no trace of the missing revolver. Heard his wife moving about the house, so went in and informed her as briefly as possible of the facts that Mr. Dixon had been found dead, and shot through the temple, that murder was suspected, and that Mr. Olphert's revolver had disappeared from the gun-room during the night. Informed her that upon his return in the early morning he had found the door open. Questioned his wife as to whether she had heard footsteps near the back of the house during the night, and she replied in the negative, but in answer to further questioning, much to his astonishment and dismay, his wife stated that while sitting up with our youngest child, who was ailing, she had taken a lamp into the front room to get something which she needed, when she distinctly heard a footstep on the gravel outside, and upon drawing aside the window blind she saw, by the light of the full moon, the figure of a gentleman coming up the garden path leading to the front door of the Lodge. Before she could reach the door, a voice which she recognised as that of Mr. Olphert, called out, "Is that you, Fenton?" His (the witness') wife at once opened the door, and in reply to the gentleman's question informed him that she had gone on night duty, and in all probability would not return till five or six o'clock. Mr. Olphert apologized for disturbing her, mentioning that as he was passing the Lodge on his way home from the Grange he had noticed the light in the room, and knowing that the keeper (meaning witness) occasionally went on night-duty, had imagined that the light was carried by him, so thought he would just tap at the window and inquire if his (the gentleman's) revolver was ready, and, in the event of the weapon not being ready, he had intended asking the keeper to retain it till the end of the week, as he (Mr. Olphert) had some legal business to transact outside Finchley, and he would be absent from home for some days. The gentleman offered this explanation—so Mrs. Fenton thought—by way of apology for his intrusion, and she (Mrs. Fenton) was about to make some reply, when her sick child gave a cry of pain, and begging Mr. Olphert to excuse her, and requesting that he would step into the kitchen for a few moments, Mrs. Fenton ran to attend to her child. The gentleman, probably thinking that he might be able to render some service to the child, obeyed Mr. Olphert's request, and walked into the kitchen. When his (witness') wife had attended to the child's wants she returned to the kitchen and found Mr. Olphert standing by the fireplace. The fireplace would be about three or four yards from the gun-room. His wife was absent from the kitchen only a few minutes. Mr. Olphert could have gone into the room and taken possession of the weapon before Mrs. Fenton returned, but he must have done it very quickly, at least so he (witness) gathered from his wife's statement. Mr. Olphert's manner did not appear confused when Mrs. Fenton returned to the kitchen, and shortly afterwards the gentleman said good-night, after making a few kindly inquiries regarding the nature of our boy's illness. Witness' wife stood at the front door for a moment or two after wishing the gentleman "Good-night," and saw him go down the garden and turn towards the Lodge gates. It was bright moonlight at the time. She heard the gate swing back, as if the gentleman had just passed through, and just at that moment the stable clock struck two. As it finished striking witness' wife closed the door, went into the house, and shortly afterwards retired to rest. When informed of Mr. Dixon's death and of the missing revolver, Mrs. Fenton was considerably agitated. She was in a delicate state of health at the time, and has since been confined to her bed, being, to all appearance, utterly prostrated. The medical gentleman who has visited her states that she is suffering from a severe shock to the nervous system, and is at present in a critical condition. Her deposition has been taken. That is all I know of the case, and as James Fenton left the witness box the friends of the prisoner realized that the story they had just heard would, if not refuted, form a rather strong link in the chain of circumstantial evidence against him, and whilst they never for one moment questioned the innocence of their friend, spite of the fact that appearances were so much against him, yet they knew that, to satisfy the demands of the law, strong rebutting evidence or special pleading, or the two combined, would be required to bring him unscathed through the ordeal.

The next witness called for the prosecution was the underkeeper, who was on duty with James Fenton on the evening in question, but he simply corroborated the statements made by the previous witness.

At this stage of the proceedings a deposition signed and attested by Mary Fenton, wife of James Fenton, gamekeeper, was read by counsel, and afterwards handed over for the inspection of Judge and jury, but the information contained in the document threw no fresh light on the case. Major Stuart and several other gentlemen were also called, and these reluctantly give evidence as to the quarrel in the ball-room between the prisoner and the late Mr. Dixon. It was also elicited in cross-examination that the pistol produced had been seen in the possession of the prisoner the day preceding the murder, there being a shooting party in the Grange grounds on that date, and Dr. Oakfield having wagered the prisoner that he (the doctor) would hit a certain target at a distance of one hundred and twenty yards, by the aid of his breech-loader more times than would the prisoner at half the distance with the revolver. The target had been a small one and Mr. Olphert had managed to hit the mark five times, as against three for Doctor Oakfield. All the witnesses could not but admit that the weapon used on that occasion was identical with the one produced in Court.

Detective Flint, of Scotland Yard, was next placed in the witness box. He remembered the day following the murder. Was instructed by his chief to proceed to Finchley to investigate. Deposed to visiting the spot where the murder had taken place. Made a thorough search, but found no clue till he and Sergeant Grey, of the local police force, between them dragged the lake near the spot, when they succeeded in bringing up a revolver containing six chambers. On examination it was found that five of the chambers were still loaded, while the remaining barrel was empty. Had since ascertained that the revolver was the property of the prisoner at the bar. The lake in which the weapon was found was only about twenty yards distant from the spot where the prisoner and the murdered man were discovered by the two gamekeepers. The bullet extracted from the temple of

the murdered man was of the same size and make as those found in the other five chambers of the revolver. A gold watch and chain, some bank notes and loose change, as well as sundry other articles had been found on the body of the victim. Had cross-questioned the two gamekeepers about their knowledge of the murder, and their movements since had been closely watched, but he was satisfied they knew no more of the affair than they had already made known. Had made an examination of the gun-room at the Lodge. There was no indication of the lock having been tampered with. Was of opinion that whoever entered the room after the game-keeper's absence on the evening mentioned must have done so in the ordinary way. What he meant by this was, that either the keeper when leaving the room had omitted to ascertain that the door was securely fastened, or else that some person or persons had entered by means of a duplicate key. Whilst searching amongst some bushes that grew along-side the gun-room he (the detective) had discovered a small pocket-book, which, upon examination was found to contain some memoranda of some betting transactions. There was no name or anything else in the book to indicate to whom it belonged. The writing in the book had been examined by experts, and had been compared with that of a large number of persons, but up to the present the writing had not been identified as being that of any person known to the police, and so far threw no fresh light on the case. The book itself showed no signs of having been exposed for any great length of time. Might have been dropped there by the person who entered the gun-room on the morning of the murder. Had compared the writing in the book with letters, etc., of the prisoner's, but could trace no resemblance. Had also found marks of footprints near the spot where he picked up the pocket book, and had measured the same and compared them with boots belonging to Gerald Olphert and the two keepers, but the marks did not correspond. From information received he had learned that a man had called at a public house near the entrance to the village of Fernham, about twelve miles from Finchley, at about seven o'clock on the morning of the murder, and had ordered a glass of brandy and water, and had also purchased some sandwiches, which he put in his pocket when leaving the premises. Interviewed landlady of said public house, but her description of the man was too imperfect to afford any clue. She had only noticed that he was, apparently, a young man, and that he looked as though he had slept out that night, and that he appeared to be in a somewhat excited frame of mind. Had also ascertained that a stranger had purchased a through ticket to London at a small station a few miles further on, and had left by the early train. Had not yet been able to trace the whereabouts of this man. The prisoner had been 'shadowed' since the date of the murder, but the police had not been able to produce any additional evidence against him. The evidence forthcoming was purely circumstantial. The prisoner's movements since the murder would not appear to have been conducted with any attempt at secrecy, but just recently he had ascertained that he (the prisoner) was anticipating taking a passage to Australia, so after consulting his chief the witness was instructed to take out a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Gerald Olphert, charging him on suspicion with the murder of Francis Dixon. When charged with the crime prisoner at first appeared astounded, and then became indignant, but offered no resistance.

The learned counsel for the defence here intimated that he should require to put a few questions to his witness at a later stage of the proceedings. Detective Flint vacated the witness box, his place being taken by the old dame who kept the public house called the 'Fernham Arms'. In answer to questions from counsel she stated that her name was Margaret Dynevor, that though her sight was not so good as it used to be, she could still see very well, but was a trifle deaf of hearing. She would be seventy-eight next Michaelmas if she was spared. Had been landlady of the 'Fernham Arms' ever since her husband was drowned at sea nearly thirty years ago. Remembered the morning of the murder, also remembered that a man had called at the public-house in the early morning, and had asked for a glass of brandy and water. Noticed that he seemed very much put out about something, and that his hand shook when he lifted the glass to his mouth. Looked as if he might have slept out all night, or been drinking heavily the night before. Was certain as to the date when the man called, though could not swear as to the exact time in the morning. Was not particularly good at remembering dates usually, but the murder had fixed this particular date in her mind. The man had no beard so far as she could remember, and appeared to be well dressed. Did not remember to have seen him before. Was not certain she should know him again.

The next witness called was the railway porter at the small station of Wickham, about three miles from Fernham. He remembered the morning of the 25th, the date of the murder. Was on the platform at the Wickham Railway-station on the morning in question. Was getting some luggage ready for the 7 a.m. express train, when he was accosted by a gentleman, who inquired as to the time the next up train left. Informed him that there was one due in a few minutes, which would leave at 7 o'clock. It then wanted about fifteen minutes to seven by the railway clock; noticed that the man looked agitated, but did not attach any importance to the fact. Did not think the gentleman had any luggage with him. The express came in shortly afterwards, and he did not see the gentleman again. Had not, to the best of his knowledge, ever seen the gentleman before. As nearly as he could remember the gentleman was dressed in a dark tweed suit and wore a hard hat.

The railway passenger-book was here produced in Court, proving that a second class single ticket to London had been issued on the morning of the 25th. Only one through ticket had been issued on the morning in question.

At this stage of the proceedings the learned counsel for the defence requested that Detective Flint should be recalled. Upon resuming his position in the witness-box, the detective was subjected to a searching cross-examination by the learned counsel, but without materially affecting the evidence already given. The object of the learned gentleman, however, appeared to be not so much to disprove the evidence brought forward as to point out to the jury the strong presumption that some person or persons other than his client had been implicated in the murder of Mr. Francis Dixon, and his cross-examination of the detective all led up to this theory.

Dr. Oakfield and his father, the Squire, also gave evi-

dence with respect to following the gamekeeper to the scene of the catastrophe, with the details of which the reader is already acquainted. This closed the case for the prosecution, and the Court adjourned till the following day. On the Court re-opening the next morning, the learned counsel for the defence called Major Stuart, Squire Oakfield, and several other gentlemen, who each swore as to the kindly disposition of the prisoner at the bar, and stated that since the unhappy occurrence he (the prisoner) had at all times spoken with feelings of regret at the untimely fate which had befallen Mr. Dixon. They also sought to show that the betting-book found by the detective near the gun-room was not likely to have belonged to the prisoner, who had always held strong notions on the subject of gambling, and to the best of their knowledge and belief had never received a bet in his life. With regard to the scene in the ball-room, they imagined that after Mr. Dixon's departure from the room the prisoner would scarcely be likely to give a second thought to the matter.

No other witnesses being called, Mr. Edgibaston, Q.C., counsel for the defence, rose to address the jury. In a brilliant speech, lasting over an hour and a half, the learned gentleman reviewed the evidence of the witnesses both for the prosecution and the defence, and enlarged upon the evidence adduced as to the general kindly disposition of the prisoner, and to the absence of all motive, so far as his client was concerned, for the commission of such an atrocious act as that with which he stood charged that day. Was it likely, or even probable, he asked, that any man, after first shooting at a fellow man with the intention of taking his life, would endeavour to staunch the wound caused by his own hand, and by so doing allow himself to be discovered in a compromising position with respect to the wounded man. There was also the fact of the strange appearance and disappearance of the person or persons who had been seen at the inn, and one of whom had taken the train to London on the very morning of the murder. Then there was the finding of the betting book near the room from which the revolver had been stolen; the fact that the footprints discovered there did not correspond with any boots belonging to the prisoner; the deposition of Mrs. Fenton as to the prisoner's visit to the Lodge, and his kind inquiries after her sick son; and her statement that the stable clock struck two when the prisoner passed out at the Lodge gates. Taking into consideration the fact, that according to the evidence of the two keepers, the shot by which the unfortunate man presumably met his death, was fired almost immediately after the clock had struck two, and the time which would elapse before he could reach the spot where the body was discovered, it would be seen that it was physically impossible that the prisoner at the bar could have covered the distance from two o'clock to the time when the report was heard. He concluded with an eloquent appeal to the intelligent jurymen to discharge their duty by acquitting his client, who was entirely innocent of the heinous offence with which he was charged, but who had, by an unfortunate chain of circumstances, been placed in the trying position which he now occupied—a position which he had borne with commendable fortitude, being sustained by a conscious sense of innocence, and trusting to the justice and intelligence of the fellow-countrymen by whom he was tried to publicly clear him from any imaginary stigma which might be supposed to attach to such a position.

There was a murmur of applause from the assembled audience as the learned counsel resumed his seat, but this was quickly suppressed, and the Judge summed up, pointing out to the jury the law regarding such cases as the present one. The jury retired, and in about half an hour returned into court. In reply to the usual question from the judge, the foreman replied, "We find the prisoner not guilty, my lord."

What a shout went through the old Court-house when the verdict was announced, a shout which even the policeman's dignified command for "Silence in the Court" scarcely sufficed to suppress! The waders who had stood so close to Gerald during the hearing of the evidence touched their hats respectfully, and stood to one side as Gerald's friends pressed round him, eager to shake him by the hands and congratulate him on his restoration to freedom.

Gerald himself was strangely affected. He had been listening to his counsel's appeal to the jury with such interest, and the verdict was declared such a short time afterwards that he seemed scarcely able to realise that the trial was over. In fact, as he afterwards explained to Mr. Edgibaston, it seemed to him that upon the decision of the jury some other poor fellow's chance of life depended, and he felt glad to think that the 'poor beggar' would have another opportunity for repentance. He was recalled to his senses, however, by the sight of a pale, eager-looking face at the entrance to the Court, which he at once recognised as that of the woman he loved, Constance Oakfield, and the sight of her winsome face roused him from his reverie, and for the first time he realized the excessive mental strain which he had undergone, and for her sake as well as his own he was glad that the verdict had been "Not guilty."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

'FRANK MELTON'S LUCK.'

THE LATEST NEW ZEALAND STORY—ROMANCE OF STATION LIFE—HARRY BAKER'S TRIP TO NEW ZEALAND—LOVELY HALF-CASTES—MY FIRST EMPLOYMENT ON A STATION—A CATTLE MURDER.

This thrilling New Zealand story book gives a realistic and truthful description of what is often met in new-chum life in our colony. The romantic incidents are so charmingly told, and the characters so opposite, that the reader greedily reads chapters unremittingly.

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Frank's trip from the South, by way of the West Coast, and his first love affair on board, are told with such pathos that the reader sees nothing but reality in the whole. The book will no doubt be read by thousands. Its cheapness (1s each) places it in the reach of all classes, and it can be had at all bookellers in the Colony. Wholesale at Star Office, Auckland, and N.Z. GRAPHIC Office, Wellington.

A Trip to the South Seas.

By BERTHA V. GORING.

(ILLUSTRATED BY MARY B. DOBIE.)

In spite of all their friends could say.
On a winter's morn on a stormy day.
In a sieve they went to sea.

NEITHER did we go to sea 'in a sieve,' nor on 'a stormy day,' yet, to hear our friends' warnings before we started on our trip to the South Sea Islands, one would have thought we were as daring as the Jumbies immortalized by Lear in his 'Nonsense Rhymea.' However, 'in spite of all our friends could say,' my brother, sister, and myself started in the smart little fore and aft schooner *Ovalau* in July, 1879, and thanks to her good accommodation and the pleasantness of her captain (Captain Murray), we enjoyed our little voyage extremely. Our crew was of many nationalities, the captain being Scotch, the two mates Danes, the steward a West Indian negro, and the sailors natives of different South Sea Islands. These latter spoke no English, and didn't understand the compass, so when steering had to be told upon which ear to keep the wind. Occasionally we had fresh flying fish for breakfast, they having flown on board during the night, attracted by the light, poor things!

On the thirteenth day out from Auckland, upon going on deck in the morning, we were greeted by the sight of the island of *Opulu*, in which is *Apia*, the capital of *Samoa*, or the 'Navigator' group. We coasted along, passing lovely scenery—bold hilly land clothed with thick vegetation, and with a fringe of coconut palms all along the shore. Here and there picturesque native houses peeped out from the foliage.



golden colour, and in this are, perhaps, not behind some more civilized people when auburn hair was the fashion. While the line is on they look as if they had on a barrister's wig. They are fond of putting flowers in their hair, and a dandy may be seen with a scarlet hibiscus blossom stuck coquettishly over one ear. Their bodies are elaborately tattooed below the waist, but their faces never. Their dress is simplicity itself—about two yards of cotton stuff twisted round the waist and falling to the knees, generally

house of *Seumann*, a chief, and his wife *Faastulia*. (The pronunciation of their names is very easy, especially to those knowing Italian, as the vowels are the same, and each letter is sounded.) We soon picked up a few words of



Samoa, and they knew a little English; besides, it was too hot to talk much. We used to stroll in through one of the always open doorways, exchange greetings, and sit down on the mats. They would give us each a fan and a drinking coconut, and there we all sat smiling sweetly at each other. There being no need to keep up a conversation was a great comfort. Coconuts are used much more to drink than to eat, and form an ideal beverage and its cup. The top is knocked off, and behold a

cup lined with a delicate white enamel (about a quarter of an inch of the nut formed on the shell), and full of a refreshing clear liquid. The nut itself, in riper ones, is used for puddings.

With *Seumann* and *Faastulia* was *Moe*, the 'village maiden.' Here is her portrait, which she was delighted to have taken, with a necklace of leaves and berries over her *tiputa*. She was adopted by the chief, and could only marry with the consent of the village magistrates, who dispose of her without caring for her inclinations, however fond of her they may be. She is treated always as if she were a royal



MOE SMILING AT ME WHILE I DREW HER.

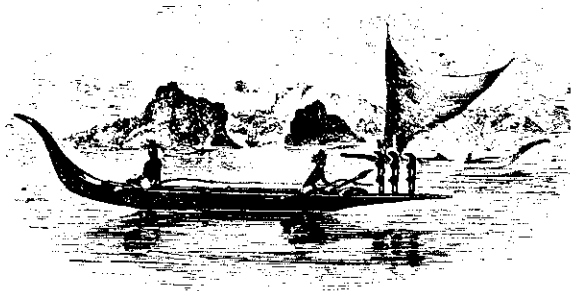


APIA, SAMOA.

We took our pilot on board at eleven, and at half past cast anchor, after passing through the narrow entrance, since made famous by the escape of *H.M.S. Calliope* through it in the great hurricane of 1869. We soon went ashore and walked amongst the coconut, banana, orange, and bread-fruit trees. The foliage of the latter is very beautiful, and its large, oval, green fruit hangs gracefully from amongst the broad, deeply serrated leaves. Only a few flowers were in bloom, but these were gorgeous, of vivid crimson and scarlet, and purest white, and of great size. The scarlet hibiscus was perhaps the commonest.

of some brilliant colour. This is called a *lava-lava*. The women wear in addition, a *tiputa*, which is a smaller strip, with a slit across the middle for the head to be put through, and it just hangs straight down back and front. I have seen a *tiputa* made of two coloured handkerchiefs that have not been separated, and a very magnificent one was of two Turkish towels. The men have a lordly swaggering walk. The women, as is only proper, have a meeker deportment, though they carry themselves well, especially those of high rank.

We spent a good deal of our time in *Apia* sitting in the



A SAIL ROUND THE ISLANDS.

personage, having some women in attendance at all times, and being shown deference by everyone. When she marries another maiden takes her place. *Moe* would probably be followed by her sister *Kaofi*, a really lovely girl. A chief wanted to marry *Moe* while we were there, but it was still doubtful when we left whether the village approved of him. She didn't care for him, and naturally, for he was fifty, and she eighteen; but that went for nothing. We saw this chief arrive one evening. He and his party occupied four canoes, which approached the shore in perfect line, the men singing a wild chant and paddling in time to



We met our fellow-traveller in the schooner, Mr Lord, of San Francisco, with the American Consul, and the latter asked us to dine with him the same evening. A most amusing dinner it was too, though not quite what one expects at a Consulate. On going to his home after a walk with our host, we found that all his servants (natives) had suddenly departed, so we offered to help him with the meal. After some rummaging a good-sized fish, some yams, one egg, flour and baking powder, were discovered. With the three latter we concocted *slap-jacks*—a mild sort of pancake—and these with boiled fish, yams and mutton formed the repast, which we enjoyed immensely. The table equipage was as deficient as the larder. I ate my food with a large iron-pronged fork and a pocket fruit knife, while two of the party drank their tea out of pudding basins. The idea of asking people to a meal and then finding almost no food in the house reminded us of the children in 'Holiday House.'



MAKING KAVA, SAMOA.

it. When they landed he and his staff went to a large empty house, in which the women of the village had strewn plenty of mats on seeing them approach. These mats are plaited of strips prepared from a large flax-like plant, and do duty for tables, chairs, sofas, beds, etc.—indeed, are almost the only furniture of a Samoan home. The edges have bright coloured worsteds worked into them, forming gaudy fringes. These new-comers were all in full dress, that is, abundantly anointed with coconut-oil. They mix it with some sweet-scented preparation from a herb or berry, and with their elaborate *colifear* have apparently some of the same ideas as we for appearing *en grande tenue*. Instead of the ordinary lava-lava they had very picturesque ones made of grasses and the brilliant-hued croton leaves, and wore necklaces of bright berries and leaves. The remainder of the men also in this gala costume, carried a quantity of gifts to Seunannu's house. They went in single file, and looked quite imposing, though the poetry of the thing was rather spoilt by most of the presents being pigs cooked whole. There must have been about twenty besides other things

in deep fringes of leaves and grasses in place of lava-lava, and a thick long necklace of berries and leaves instead of the tiputa, with a plentiful anointing of scented coconut oil, and wreaths of flowers on their head. They first performed as the men had done, the "siva," or as we called it, "the sitting down dance," then one in which they stood up, but never moved from one spot. Indeed, the dance consisted of nothing but stamping, clapping hands, and twisting round with various gesticulations. The precision and unanimity of their movements was surprising. A good many other women sat round beating time on the floor and clapping their hands as an accompaniment. The illuminations were candles stuck in empty bottles or tin candlesticks, and a kerosene lamp or two, the refreshments, drinking cocoanuts. When all was over Moe presented M. and me with part of her gay trappings to carry away as a memento, and they scented our cabin when Samoa was far astern of us.

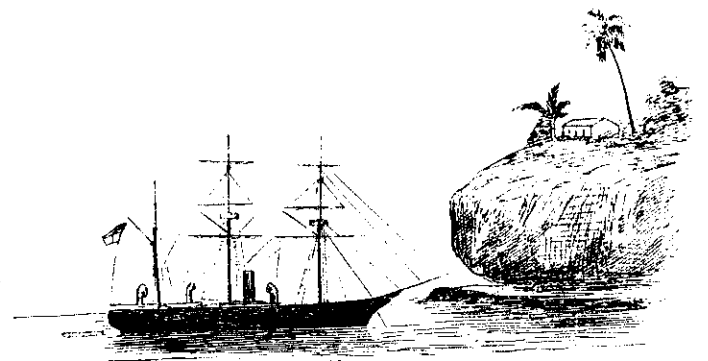
There is a most perfect bathing-pool a little way from the settlement which one approaches through an avenue of palms. Faatulia and Moe went there with us every morning to teach us to swim. One day when bathing they washed our hair for us in native fashion, that is, with a particular kind of sour orange mashed up in a bowl. Going on Sunday morning as usual to their home on our way to the bathing-

wrapped up, cooked and served in a piece of banana leaf. We had pork, fish, taro, and bananas (the latter unripe were boiled as a vegetable), and cocoanuts to drink. We of course ate with our fingers, and when the meal was over were brought a bowl of water and a towel for washing our hands. The cooking of all these islanders is done in much the same method as that used by the Maoris. A hole is dug and lined with large stones, in which a wood fire is lighted. When it has burnt down leaving nothing but glowing embers, these are quickly raked out, some water poured on the hot stones raising a cloud of steam, a layer of leaves put in, then the food, more leaves, and finally a mound of earth to keep all snug and warm. The food is thus cooked slowly and by steam. I have described the Maori method, but the Samoan and Fijian are on the same principle.

We became quite fond of Faatulia and Moe, who were really models of courtesy and good breeding. They apparently returned the compliment, for they told one of the naval officers who understands their language to tell us they "loved us very much, and would always be glad to see us." We roled into the interior one day to lunch with a Mr and Mrs Brancker, who were most hospitable, and wanted us to go and stay with them, but the near departure of our schooner prevented this. I remember the flies being very bad here, and we could hardly have eaten our luncheon had we not had native boys waving large fans to keep them off. We rode through lovely wooded scenery and saw a great number of plantations of sugar, cotton, and coconut.



A NATIVE HOUSE.



Albatross

GERMAN WARSHIP 'ALBATROSS'

wrapped in leaves. They deposited all in silence, and then joined their chief at the guest house.

Another day we saw a second curious ceremony. All these new-comers sat round on the grass drinking kava—a drink made from the kava root. It is first chewed (!) by the young and pretty girls, then a man mixes it in water with great ceremony, and strains it with fibrous fibre. There is ceremony also in the drinking of it. When it is ready a solemn clapping of hands announces the fact, and a young man, acting as Ganymede, takes the cup to each in turn, beginning with the man of highest rank. The cup is a cocoanut shell, which is dark and polished outside, and is covered with a delicate purple enamel on the inside from the action of the kava upon it. Ganymede called out the name of each person before presenting him with the cup, and there was some speechifying. After this kava-drinking Moe came up, dressed with a long train of tappa cloth, and with two attendants. She sat on a mat spread for her, and then a procession of girls came up, each bringing a kit of food, which they laid upon the grass. They looked very picturesque with their bright lava-lavas and tiputas of many colours. When they had gone, Moe got up, threw off her train, and departed too. She came up to us and said "Oma" (that's done), but we could not find out any meaning in the ceremony. These islanders have such elaborate laws of etiquette that it is most difficult for a white person to understand them.

Both German and American interests had strong guardians, for the U. S. Lackawanna, and the German Bismarck and Albatross were in harbour. We were a good deal on board these men-of-war, for luncheons, dinners, etc., and the captains were very kind in giving us the use of their boats. We had a splendid sail about the reefs one day with Captain Mensing, of the Albatross, and saw the lovely coral with perfect distinctness through the clear water. Fish of the most brilliant hues darted about amongst it, some variegated, some striped. Those I remember best were of the colour of washing blue, and only two or three inches long. When some of the sailors fished up bits of coral for us it was a case of disenchantment, for its beauty left it when drawn from its natural element, and it was discoloured-looking and slimy. That one sees of a snowy whiteness is made so by being bleached on the rocks for some time after it is taken out of the sea.

In Samoa they keep the same days as we do in Auckland, in spite of one's having crossed the 180° parallel between the two places, so as the Americans kept to their days of the week and month there was some confusion in dates, and we never were quite sure whether it was to-day or to-morrow.

The harbour was quite lively with men-of-war and their boats going to and fro between them and the shore, trading schooners, and canoes of all sizes, from the 'sulky' for one paddler to the larger ones for a dozen or more. We were not satisfied till we had tried them, so embarked in one with Faatulia and Moe, whom we invited to have tea with us on the schooner. We sat on deck afterwards playing euchre with them, in which game they showed themselves proficient.

The officers of the Lackawanna had a small weather-board house in a banana grove, in which they got up a native entertainment for our amusement. First a number of men elaborately dressed in cocoanut oil, grasses, berries and flowers, sat in a row, singing, clapping their hands, and gesticulating, all in the most accurate time. When their part was over their leader presented M. with a kind of sporran of leaves he wore over his grassy girdle, and me with his necklace, which we thought a very graceful act. The berries they weave into their garlands have a delicious aromatic scent. After they left seven girls, headed by Moe and Kaoh, came in. They were dressed in the same fashion

pool, they asked us to wait a bit while they had a 'little pray,' when Faatulia sang a sort of chant, in which the others joined, and then said a long prayer. They are very strict about Sunday observance, and would not swim or dive that day; indeed, I don't think they quite approved of going at all. We went with them to their own church (Wesleyan). All the congregation remained squatted through the service, and sang in a very funny way, but were most orderly and reverent. All are Christians belonging either to the Roman Catholic or Wesleyan Denomination. There are no Church of England missionaries in this group. The natives are very fond of going to church and of having prayers. I remember Faatulia put on to go to church a smart European hat and a voluminous loose sort of gown, both hideously unbecoming to her, and one preferred her infinitely in her everyday garb of tiputa and lava-lava.

We dined with them one day by special invitation. The tablecloth was of very fine matting, and each 'plat' was

The Samoans make very fine mats, which are so pliant as to be used for lava-lavas, but only the people of rank wear them. Their tappa cloth is made from the bark of a small tree (the paper mulberry). It is beaten out to quite a delicate lace-like thinness if necessary. The heavier thick kinds are coloured with dyes they make themselves, some having bold patterns stenciled on them. Their plaited fans are very graceful in shape. Within a year of our visit to Samoa a friend of ours who was there mentioned to Faatulia that I was going to be married, so she sent me one of these fans and a string of berries as a wedding present, which gift I value highly. The berries are about the size of a haricot bean, and of a rich crimson. They grow on a shrub. At the end of ten days we had our last bathe with our two friends, and sorrowfully said good-bye or 'kofa' and sailed for Fiji.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



SCENE IN SAMOA.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

BY R.J.B.



FOR a whole month the south-west wind had clouded the sky and lashed with frequent rain squalls the slate-coloured waters of the Bristol Channel. Then came a day's calm, and after that a brisk north-easter swept the skies and made the waves sparkle merrily in the bright sunshine. Near five hundred sail of merchantmen had been lying wind-bound in Swansea Bay, Penarth Roads, and elsewhere, and soon after the welcome change set in their snowy sails were flecking the green waters as like a flock of sea fowls, they raced down channel before the favouring breeze. A noble clipper, staggering along under a cloud of canvas, led the van, and by evening she had so far headed the fleet that even the headmost of the score of steamboats that had begun to draw clear of the ruck of sailing craft, made her out only as a black speck against the crimson light in the west. The slowest of all the steamers was a large collier called the Clontarf, bound out through the Gut to Barcelona. She was of the oblong tank type, and pretended to no lines that interfered with the carriage of the greatest amount of cargo within a given length, breadth, and depth, at eight knots. As she slowly panted past one of the headmost sailing ships, a hand aboard of her, with an attempt at nautical honour, held out a rope's end to two or three of the barque's crew who had clustered near the fore rigging to watch the passing steamer.

"Oh, my boy," said the barque's captain, when he saw the offered line, "I have seen the day when you would have had to move a bit faster than you are doing now before you would have had the chance to offer the old Robin Hood a tow."

"Yes," he continued, turning to the mate who stood beside him, "if old Veale hadn't cut it so precious fine this trip and loved us no canvas for a set of stuns!s, the Black Adder herself wouldn't have dropped us quite so easily."

"Well, sir, even them steamboat owners has got to cut it pretty fine nowadays, judgin' by the way they load their vessels down," said the mate, shutting one eye and scowling grimly at the Clontarf with the other. "It seems to me she wouldn't show much of Plimsoll's mark if she was in smooth water."

"Not the top rim of it," replied the skipper. "It was awash before she hauled out into the basin, and had that fifty foot steam launch landed on her deck; and after that she took in fifty ton of gunpowder from the lighters out in the stream."

"We're deep enough, Lord knows!" said the mate, spitting thoughtfully over the side, "but I don't envy them if we get bad weather in the Bay."

"Likely enough, too," added Captain Sturmev. "The glass ain't risen yet, and we are not going to hold this wind long if it doesn't rise."

Before noon the next day the fleet was clear of the Scillies, but the wind had died down, and by two o'clock the ships were rolling nearly yardarm under in a dead calm. Soon heavy masses of cloud were heaped up in the North-West, and in another hour the vessels were swinging away, close hauled, under top gallantsails. And long before night closed in even the Black Adder was reduced to three close-reefed topsails, for a strong nor'-wester came roaring down upon them as the sun went sullenly down behind the rolling clouds.

The Robin Hood stowed her fore-topsail early in the first watch, though she still carried a reefed mainsail. The sail was brand new, and made of the stoutest canvas. The hail and sleet that began to rush down upon the ship in squalls of growing fierceness and frequency had soaked and stiffened the stout cloths till they became like thin boards. The watch made several attempts to stow the sail, but in vain, and at last, at midnight, all hands were called "to shorten sail." The men struggled slowly up the tautened rigging into that upper darkness where the fierce spirit of the storm itself, howling, shrieking, whistling, moaning, seemed playing a wild accompaniment to its own mad passion upon straining shroud and stiffened rope. The great sail lashed in the rushing blast, with thundering slats, belying, out and swelling over the yard, thrashing and threatening each moment to hurl some poor fellow into the black abyss: it tugged and strained at its fastenings like a thing possessed, skaking yard and mast as though it would tear them from the ship. The vessel rolled till the lee rigging hung slack in wide bights, streaming in the wind; then righting herself with a sudden jerk, she would lurch to windward, tautening each rope and chain and shroud till they became as bars of steel. She would plunge down the long slope on the back of a sea, heading into the hollow at the very foot of the onrushing mountain of water, and then roll over in a sickening sort of helplessness—over—over, till it seemed as though the yardarm were to be launched, and on, into the heart of the troubled deep. The squalls thundered down upon her, cowing for a moment with their fierce rush the wild sea, thrusting her down into the seething brine, while the foam boiled from under her lee bow, and every timber in her trembled and groaned with the strain. For hours the men toiled on amid this mad tumult, with nothing but black horror about them, and below them the faint gleam of the breaking seas; the labouring hull, dimly visible when it rose on the seas, and shook itself clear of the driving spray; and the glitter of the biplane light upon the brass-work of the wheel, and the wet oil-kins of the two men who gripped the spokes. And when at last the sail was snugged, and the poor fellows drenched to the skin, weary, sore, and stiff, two of them with their nails torn from their finger ends, clambered down from aloft, it was nearly four o'clock.

Yet their dangerous work was only half done. The seas had swept the main deck of the heavily-laden craft, bursting out the bulwarks; and upon the unprotected deck, and waist high in the rushing swirling water, the men knew they must now stand and work the pumps for a two or three hour's spell.

Captain Sturmev stood aft, under the shelter of a small tarpaulin that had been lashed in the weather-mizzen rigging, conning his labouring ship, listening to the dreary, monotonous clank of the pumps, and watching for the belated morn. It crept slowly over the storm-vexed sea at last. The gale blew as fiercely as ever, but the squalls had taken off a little. The captain looked anxiously over his vessel. The main deck had been clean swept of everything by the fearful seas. A row of forlorn-looking stanchions was all that remained of the weather bulwark. The green sea poured in between them, and rushed foaming and swirling over the deck to leeward, where as the labouring hull lifted, the tops of the stanchions showed black above the foam, like the teeth of a great kraken.

Suddenly Captain Sturmev's arm was clutched, and turning round he found the mate, who had left the pumps for a moment, standing beside him and pointing to leeward. As the ship rose on the sea the hull of a large steamer came into view. No smoke issued from the funnels, and she appeared to be hove to under storm trysails. She was not more than a mile away, and making bad weather of it. The mate made a dash for the companion way and brought back the skipper's glass and handed it to him. The captain steadied himself with one arm round a shroud, and took a long look at the disabled steamer as she appeared to be. He handed the glass back to his companion, who looked through it at the steamer for a minute, and then turning round and looking into the captain's face, yelled "The Clontarf!"

The skipper nodded. "Clean swept!" the mate added after another look, and again Captain Sturmev nodded.

Two or three of the crew had now gathered into the shelter of the weather cloth, where they watched the long black hull of the steamer wallowing unceasingly, broadside on the sea, which made a clean breach over her. The mate continued to observe her through the glass, and then once more he turned to the captain and shouted, "She's flying a signal of distress, sir."

Those aboard the disabled steamer had made out the barque to windward, and had hoisted the British ensign Jack downwards in the main rigging as a call for help.

Captain Sturmev looked along his own vessel's swept decks, to windward, at the heaving mountainous seas, coming onwards, ridge behind ridge, at the haggard faces of his wearied men, and then shook his head.

"Can't help her," he said. To go about in such a sea, and in their condition, seemed like rushing into the jaws of certain death. Another squall came shrieking down upon them, pressing the vessel over on her beam ends. For the next few minutes each man's only thought was to prevent himself from being harled across the deck into the boil to leeward. The squall passed over, the ship righted a little, and as the smother swept slowly off to leeward, all eyes were turned to where the steamer had last been seen.

"My God, Tom, she's gone!" gasped one of the men. Doubt for a minute or two longer divided their minds, but as wave after wave swept by, lifting the Robin Hood to its crest, and then foaming and roaring, slid from under her, and still no one caught sight of the steamer's hull, the dismal conviction forced itself upon them that she must have foundered. The captain gazed steadfastly out over the waste of raging seas; the men looked in each other's faces, but only to see there the reflection of their own sad forebodings.

Presently the mate almost screamed, "Two boats, sir. I can see them!"

Captain Sturmev looked irresolutely at his men, and for answer saw them start as by a common impulse and work themselves slowly along to the main braces; two stationed themselves by the relieving tackles of the wheel. The skipper stood out from behind the weather cloth and watched for a lull. Providentially it soon came, and he made a sign to the hands at the wheel. At the same time the mate checked the main-yard a little. The Robin Hood hung to the wind for a while, and then her bows began to describe great sweeping curves towards the dreadful hollows, and then as the waves rushed by sweeping half-way back again, as though she feared to trust herself in the trough of such a tremendous sea, she was to remain for a few minutes only meant destruction. A mountainous slope of green water, streaked with driving fumes, hove up to windward. The Robin Hood rolled, dipping her sad arms; the maintopmast flapped in the calms of the great hollow. Some of the men then ran half-way up the mizzen rigger to be safe from the expected deluge. For one merciful half-minute the great wave held its crest unbroken, and then hurled it thundering, roaring, and hissing under the vessel's keel.

Meanwhile the barque had got the wind abaft the beam, and as she slid down the sloping back of the wave she gathered way rapidly, and when the next hollow reached her she was already driving across it and away from its following slope.

Two boats were tossing helplessly in the tremendous sea, while four men in each boat laboured hard to keep its head to sea. The one chance to rescue was to run down as near as possible to the boats, and bring the ship to again to leeward of them. They could not do this, for the wind, this was done, and the Robin Hood shot by them like the wind, the mate standing on the rail and motioning to the men to follow the ship. She had shot more than a mile away before she could be safely brought to the wind once more. Then came a quarter of an hour of anxious waiting, before the boats showed up against the sky, in the crest of a coming wave. Two men stood ready with ropes to heave into them as they passed under the ship's stern. It was cleverly done, and one of the boats was hauled alongside to leeward. Three men clambered aboard at once; the fourth remained behind to haul up a few bundles of things they had managed to save. The Robin Hood rolled heavily over as

another great sea caught her, nearly bearing the boat down under her.

"Jump, man!" yelled the mate. The ship shot her fore-foot twenty feet out of water as she reached the wave's crest, and then lunged down the slope. The rope holding the boat tautened with a jerk, and then snapped like a carrot, and before the poor fellow could stir the boat was twenty feet from the ship driving fast away. The second boat, which also contained four men, was close under the quarter at the time. As the Robin Hood was again lifting her bows out of water, her stern came down upon the great steel life-boat, crushing it like a walnut shell. One man clung desperately to the mizzen chains, and was hauled aboard in safety, but his three companions never rose again. For one instant they caught sight of the other poor fellow as the drifting boat topped the crest of the next wave. He was sitting on the aftermost thwart, his face hidden in his hands, and his head bowed upon his knees. Then another squall swept down upon them, and for ten minutes everything fifty yards from the ship was hidden in the driving smother. When it passed nothing was to be seen of the boat, even if rescue had been possible.

Out of a crew of fifty-six four had been rescued, and then only at awful risk to another ship's company. The Clontarf had wallowed all night in the trough of the sea, making dreadful weather of it. Then the lashings that secured the great launch she was carrying to Cadiz gave way. Before it rolled clear of her decks her engine-room sky-lights had been smashed and the deck stove in. Sea after sea rushed upon the devoted steamer, pouring down into her engine-room and stoke holes. The fires were put out, and she was left as helpless as a great iron tank. It could not last long. Two steel life-boats were all that remained of her boats. The Clontarf went down under foot as they were being launched.

In due course, among other disasters of that terrible December gale, the newspapers chronicled 'the foundering of the steam collier Clontarf in the chops of the Channel, with the loss of all hands but four, who had been rescued by a barque, outward bound, which had transferred them to a homeward-bound Swedish ship.'

That was the only notice taken of a brave act done by a brave company of 'those who go down to the sea in ships,'—and alas! that such things should be— that was all the notice taken of the act of a man who pocketed the generous insurance money of his foundered vessel, together with the freight for the carriage of the very launch that had been the chief cause of the disaster, and against carrying which across the Bay of Biscay in the middle of winter the master of his ship had vainly protested.

That is fifteen years ago, and the owner of the ill-fated Clontarf has prospered exceedingly since. He is notoriously charitable, and he has built a handsome Gothic church all out of his own gains. Every Sunday he takes his seat on the crimson plush cushions of the front pew there, and right in front of a splendid chapel, wherein are to rest his own saintly remains when 'it shall please God'—and here he always raises his eyes heavenwards when telling you— to take him to his Eternal home!

LOVER'S GREEN.

PRITHEE! draw the curtains closer,
For I would not see the snow;
It would chill me as I wander
In that summer long ago,
When I crowned myself with roses,
And I traile the silken sheen
Of my purple robe behind me
O'er the dew of Lover's Green.

Near at hand a thrush was trilling
In his sober suit of brown,
And afar I saw the windows
Gleaming silver in the town.
Sweet and salt the wind was blowing
From the bay that flashed between,
When we met that golden morning
On the dew of Lover's Green.

It was there my soldier lover,
In his coat of army blue,
Knelt to tie the sash ribbon
That was trailing from my shoe.
He was overlong about it,
And I bent to look, I ween,
So I kissed him ere I knew it
'Mid the dew of Lover's Green.

Oh! he caught me to his bosom,
With the ribbon left untied,
And the birds began to carol
From the boughs on every side;
And the sun a little nearer
In his glory seemed to lean,
Till he turned to flaming jewels
All the dew of Lover's Green.

Though a hundred years, in passing,
Strew my head with ashes grey,
They can never steal the sweetness
Of that single hour away.
E'en the mist came down the mountains
And the shadow rose between,
And we parted, pale with anger,
In the dew of Lover's Green.

Still above that place enchanted
Blue and tender bend the skies,
Still the mountains, richly wooded,
In their grandeur round it rise;
But the roses now are paler,
And the winds are cold and keen,
And a woman's tears are ebbing
With the dew of Lover's Green!

M. R.

Builders and others will save from one pound to thirty shillings per ton by using 'ORB' CORRUGATED IRON.—ADVT.
FLAG BRAND SAUCE.—Try it the best in the market.
HAYWARD BROS., Christchurch.—ADVT.

THE ACCOUNTS OF LIFE.



AN, said the weedy Man, lighting a cigar and throwing the half-burnt match at the best of bookkeepers, 'man is a business animal. The greatest innovation the world ever saw was the introduction of book-keeping. It was an arrangement for balancing commerce that has since been applied to everything from a corner grocery account to love and morals. We keep books for all accounts now. We strike balances every now and again, and such is the happy dispensation of Providence, we always have something due us from other people.

When George and Georgina married they strike a balance, and Georgina finds that in spite of his assertions George has really charged up the ice cream, the champagne and oysters, the Christmas and birthday presents, and every word of love is put down as value paid. And George finds that while Georgina has failed to credit him with the full amount of all these things, she has put into the account as long a list of sentiments and other items which seem ridiculous to him. The man whose luck has run against him many years charges everything to the debit side of Fate's account, and even dares fate to pay the bill. The people who have been unhappy feel that some day they will be paid with happiness, and often they would willingly take ten cents on the dollar and call it square.

'What's the matter to-night?'
 'With nothing. I have only been thinking of the book-keeping of the dramatist.'
 'Most of them have to keep books now, don't they?'
 'Yes, if they don't keep their plays. I do not speak in a technical sense; I speak in a moral sense. This methodical principle of business, nothing for nothing, something to be paid some time for everything, has fettered the drama terribly. The book-keeping woman whose husband has deserted her and left her to starve for four acts finds the recreant husband return a millionaire, and thus the entry stands.'

Fate account, Dr. To Unhappiness account, Cr.
 For four acts of despair, starvation, and general de-
 ficiency, 1000. To Fate account, Cr.
 Happiness account, Dr. To Fate account, Cr.
 A reconciliation and a balance at the end of the play. N

And the audience mentally transfers both the Happiness and Unhappiness balance to profit and loss account, and the thing is square.

'You're quite a bookkeeper.'
 'Oh, yes. You'll see the same thing all through the drama. The wealthy gentleman's marriageable daughter falls in love with the country boy. The stigma is one that must necessarily part them. What does the dramatist do? He proposes that the wealthy gentleman's brother take possession

stamps in his youth. The two young people are on even terms, and true love goes a quite smooth course. I do not need to mention such trite examples as the four acts of villainy paid by the prospective life sentence, the effectual balance of hanging and murder. There are, of course, cases where the debit to happiness account does not appear to be quite enough to balance the unhappiness credit account. For instance, the husband comes back to the wife merely repentant, not rich. Well, that would not look enough to square the account, but the dramatist puts in an item of increased joy in his love, and said-prospective special care and protection, and the wife turns up in every-thing afterwards. To most people that balances a great deal of misery. If the wife should die in misery and starvation in the play, the dramatist simply allows the account to be carried forward to the next world and her life as an angel makes up for it. Sometimes the item of being better off there reduces the debit of Fate account.'

'But when she does not die and the husband does not come back?'
 'Then the dramatist brings in another man—a better fellow a hundred times than the husband—and that balances the account.'

'Now there's Zicka, poor Zicka, sent out at the end of "Diplomacy," still punished.'

'Dramatic deserts is a heavy item in plays, my friend. It balances most things of itself. Of course, it is different in real life. Take "Camille." You weep over her, and she dies, and you are sorry. But, poor thing, her life has been balanced, after all. The gay society she enjoyed, money, diamonds, debts, love, admiration, all the excitement of the life she led, credited to Fate. Fate gave her hopeless love and shame and self-contempt and consumption. The account is square. She has paid for the pleasures of sin, she dies and her account is closed. Balance to profit or loss? In the books of fate, who can say? It always seems a balance of loss when the misery comes last, and a balance of profit when the tale ends happily. Ah, me! How much does the pleasure of a fortune squandered solace the man when he is wandering through the world on his uppers! Yet justice is justice. The human nature that envied him in his wealth pities him in his poverty, and his account with the public balances.'

'You are very practical this evening.'
 'I sometimes am practical, gentlemen. I am a materialist. I believe that sentiment and love are quite material things. Sentiment acts much the same on certain nerves as a delicate dish of frog's legs or a glass of rare wine acts on certain other nerves. Love has been taken for intoxication, nervous dyspepsia, meningitis, and many other complaints, some of which are traced distinctly to health. I have no doubt, gentlemen, that when Adam fell in love with Eve, and she with him, there being nobody else around, they made camp tea or some other herb remedy, or put wet towels round their heads for the sensation. If there had been a doctor there he would have doubtless prescribed for them some dose of nassy medicine.'

'You're knocking the poetry out of things to-night.'

'I don't feel poetic. But I was saying, the dramatist, in keeping the books in a play, never enters the details of comedy in the journal at all. The comedy in life is kept in a kind of petty cashbook that's thrown away when the total is added up. Young people never balance their accounts. A man begins keeping his life's accounts about forty and a woman at about twenty-five. Life is exuberant up to that time. There is capital enough to be wasted without its being missed. It is when the capital account is being reduced, then look carefully to the items in life as in business. Love is ready money in life's business until a man gets married, and then he is supposed to put it into the partnership. He does not always do it. That is why so many partnerships are dissolved.'

'But how about the funny plays?'

'My friend, all plays are funny, but the balance has to be squared in every case of them. When the husband goes off on the spree the satisfaction of his repentance and his humiliations, placed to the wife's vanity account, balances all the debit he has been guilty of. In all plays the vanity account is a long and important one. What is it that is wounded when the woman runs away from the man? Vanity, of course. What is the woman's dread of social scandal over divorce? Vanity. What is the suffering of the jilted lover? Vanity. Vanitas vanitatum, my friends. Vanity, of patriot; vanity of business man; vanity of poet, painter, author; vanity of all men and women. The wise man said: "All is vanity." Ah! All is vanity, I think, except a mother's love. That never can despise. That, gentlemen, is the only account that, however overdrawn, is never closed against our draft. This bookkeeping business is what keeps people from enjoying themselves very often. They feel there's got to be something some time on the other side of the account. Joy and sorrow are so mixed that the best bookkeeper cannot always separate them. The happy man is he who does not keep books, and in moral, as in commercial matters, he becomes a bankrupt ultimately. But perhaps it doesn't matter. Perhaps it is really all the same when we are gone. But somehow or other I feel that, considering how the thousands of millions in the world get along, the balance must all be generally in favor of mankind. I will leave you, gentlemen, to balance—the immediate account. Good night.'

And the weedy Man refit the stump of cigar and went out with the smoke.

PETER ROBERTSON.

A German has, it is said, invented a safe that on its lock being tampered with throws open its doors, sends and drags and locks in the burglar, and handcuffs and binds him in readiness to be conducted to the police court in the morning. An American is going to improve upon this, and is experimenting upon a set of books which, as soon as a fraudulent entry is made in them, will, by means of a clever electrical contrivance, sound an alarm on the police court bell.

THE HABIT OF HEALTH.

CIVILIZATION by Soap is only skin-deep directly: but indirectly there is no limit to it.

If we think of Soap as a means of cleanliness only, even then **PEARS' SOAP** is a matter of course. It is the only Soap that is all Soap and nothing but Soap—no free fat nor free alkali in it.

But what does cleanliness lead to? It leads to a wholesome body and mind: to clean thoughts: to the habit of health: to manly and womanly beauty.

PEARS' SOAP

Has to do with the wrinkles of age—we are forming them now. If life is a pleasure, the wrinkles will take a cheerful turn when they come: if a burden, a sad one. The Soap that frees us from humours and pimples brings a life of happiness. Wrinkles will come: let us give them the cheerful turn.

Virtue and wisdom and beauty are only the habit of happiness.

Civilization by Soap, pure Soap, **PEARS' SOAP**, that has no alkali in it—nothing but Soap—is more than skin-deep.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A FRIEND is need in a plague indeed.

A happy heart is better than a heavy purse.

"If there is one thing I like," said the forger, "it is a good name."

Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which accompanies with the setting sun of life.

A little man never looks so big to the world as he does when he stands on a bag of money.

There are two kinds of hypocrite—the bold and the humble—and the humble ones are the worst.

A great man can disappoint his enemies most by dying and so compelling them to hold their tongues out of decency.

The good die young. The others become at least inhabitants, and die about the weather, their age, and anything else that comes handy.

Let any old man advise a younger one and he will say, "Be patient." The old may never have learned how to be patient, but they have learned the value of it.

A man of 100 pounds is suing for divorce from a 250-pound wife, who, he says, would take him and toss him up to the ceiling, and allow him to drop to the floor, just to see how it sounded.

There is a want too much least right of in our estimate of the privations of the humbler classes, though it is one of the most incessantly craving of all our wants, and is usually the impelling power, which, in the vast majority of cases, urges men into vice and crime. It is the want of amusement.

DOCTOR AND FRENCHMAN.

Parson and doctor joined in one.

Most suitably we find:

The one the suffering body treats.

The other snatches the bread.

The parson shows the way to heaven;

And then, with tender care,

The doctor consumes the work.

And gets the patient there.

BADLY PREVENTED INGENUITY.—Over 100 tools and processes, which are marvels of ingenuity and scientific knowledge, have been invented by sane burglars. A recent burglar's outfit captured by the police consisted of a little giant knob-breaker, a diamond drill and a high explosive of the nature of dynamite, but put up in the form of a powder. It would open the strongest bank safe in a half hour, and without noise enough to disturb the people in the next house, while the entire outfit could be carried in the pockets of an ordinary coat.

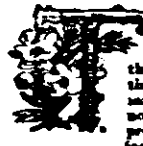
FOR SICILIAN HONOUR.—They say a Sicilian drummer, during the French occupation of Palermo, was sentenced to be shot. He was a well-known coward, and it was feared he would disgrace his country at the last moment in the presence of the French soldiers, who had a way of being shot with a good grace and a light heart; they had grown accustomed to it. For the honour of Sicily his confessor took aim, in the strictest confidence, that his sentence was a mock one, and that he would be fired at with blank cartridges. It was a pious fraud. All but two of the twelve cartridges had bullets, and he fell, riddled through and through. No Frenchman ever died with a lighter heart, a better grace. He was superb, and the national honour was saved. Thrice happy Sicilian drummer, if the story be true: That trust in blank cartridges was his paradise.

HOW THE DUKE WAS CAUGHT.—The Duke of Orleans was warned that an attempt was about to be made to serve him with a citation as co-respondent in the divorce suit, and his servants have been on the alert for suspicious strangers. At St. Johann, in Moravia, where the Prince was staying with Baron Hirsch, several strangers were tried fruitlessly. On Wednesday morning, however, as he arrived at Vienna, H.R.H. got nearly caught. Two gentlemen in evening dress asked leave to present a bouquet and a petition as the Duke stepped from the railway carriage. He handed the flowers to a secretary and opened the petition, which was neatly tied with ribbon. No sooner, however, did "Victoria, by the Grace of God," reach his eye than he realised what had happened, and dinging the papers from him, cursed with decency the rapidly retreating form of the process-server.

OTHER PEOPLE—OTHER MANNEES.—Mr's Grimwood gives an amusing account of an attempt she made to provide clothing for some Naga gardeners.—The Nagas never burden themselves with too many clothes, and these in particular wore little beside a necktie or two. I mentioned this fact to a spinster lady friend of mine on one occasion, and she was so horrified that she sent me shortly afterwards nine pairs of bathing-drawers to be given to them. They were very beautiful garments; some had red and white stripes, some blue, and they were all very clean. I presented them gravely one morning to my nine Maia, and a few days afterwards I went into the garden in the evening and found two of the men at work. One had made a bow in his bathing apparatus and put his head through it, while his arms went into the places for the legs, and he was wearing it with great pride as a jacket; and the other had arranged his with an eye for the article on his head as a turban. After this I gave up trying to incalculate decency into the mind of the uninitiated savage.

NEW-LAID EGGS—BY MACHINERY.—The artificial manufacture of eggs is now an accomplished fact. Mr James Storrey, of Kansas City, has taken out a patent, and is said to be erecting a factory, in view of doing a large business. Mr Storrey's ingredients are lime water, bullock's blood, milk, tallow, peas, and a few other things, including some secret chemical preparations. The machinery for putting the egg together is very ingenious. First the yolk is run into a second mould to be properly shaped, and is then dumped into a second mould, which contains the right proportion of the preparation which stands for the white. This, being a gelatinous substance, encases the yolk very readily. Then, by means of a special machine, the whole is covered with a shell, made of lime water and glue, which hardens after it is set. Mr Storrey guarantees his eggs to keep new laid for a month, and he says he can take them out as a cost which will allow of their being retailed at the rate of three half-pence per dozen.

STORY OF THE KITCHEN.



THE materials from which repasts are made have, as regards their principal elements, been much the same since the world began. There have always been the same birds, the same wild animals and many of the vegetables and fruits that are now in use. Men have been found to improve the quantity and quality of animal food, and also of fruits and vegetables, the number of which has been increased by more recent discoveries. The kitchen of the Greeks was a sply provided with game from the forests of the north, fish of all kinds from the Mediterranean, and domestic animals and products of the field and garden from their own highly cultivated country. The Romans had the same means of supplying the table, which, simple as the kitchen and during the republic attained a refinement scarcely paralleled under the emperors. The modern table differs from the ancient in respect of the manner of preparing the food and the articles used to give flavour to the dishes. A modern would have found, on account of the seasoning, a banquet of Lucullus, to prepare which the forests and waters of three continents had been ransacked, as unobtainable as an elaborate Chinese feast of these times. It is quite enough to be obliged to think of dishes seasoned with saffron, rue, saffron, and other herbs or flavours equally nauseating. Saffron, it is true, is still extensively used in cooking by the Spaniards, and till two hundred years ago was employed in France and elsewhere in Northern Europe. The Germans still use cinnamon to flavour soups and other dishes, but elsewhere this spice only finds legitimate employment in the streets that end a repast.

We know through the legislation of Charlemagne what were the provisions that furnished the tables of the eighth century, that is, the material of the cuisine 1100 years ago. The animal food was the same as that used by the Romans, and probably most of the vegetables. In the laws regulating agriculture Charlemagne recommended the cultivation of seeds and plants used for seasoning, anise, coriander, cumin, fennel, garlic, onions, shallots, parsley and some other herbs of similar character. As salads he recommended cress, lettuce and endive, and as vegetables, beans, carrots, cabbage, leeks, parsnips, radishes and beets and peas of different species. The kinds of fruit cultivated in the gardens of those days seem not to differ greatly from those now in use. We find in this assorted list figs, walnuts, strawberries, quinces, medlars, almonds, figs, peaches, chestnuts, mulberries, grapes, pines of various kinds, and apples and pears of different species. The list of flowers is of considerable extent but does not relate to the subject under discussion. The game, meats, vegetables and fruits were the material of which the rooks of those days made the repasts of the emperor and nobles according to their knowledge.

Four or five hundred years later, that is from 1100 to 1200, and from the year 1200 to the year 1500, few, if any, things were added to these lists of things eatable, though the means of wholesale supply and the general distribution by means of shops, markets, and street vendors had developed as Europe began to emerge from the obscurity of the dark ages. Paris will have to be taken as example, for, having borrowed largely from Italy, improvements radiated from this centre to other countries of northern Europe, London seemingly being the first to follow, for England was said ruled by French, that is, by Norman kings. In the twelfth century, while Richard the Lion Heart was King, and at Paris a minute division of the trades and of all the means of living. The Paris market were supplied daily with over thirty kinds of fish, brought in long slender casks on horseback from the various parts of the channel by a class of persons called "file-chasers." Fresh-water fish were supplied from the Seine and other rivers in the vicinity of the capital. There were sold at the doors of all the houses by sellers carrying a basket or leading a horse by the bridle, grain, flour, bread, meat and fish of all kinds, wine, vinegar, milk, spices, vegetables, nuts, fruits and every kind of cooked food known at that epoch, and the list is by no means brief. Those who wished to choose from a greater assortment went to the public markets, which were then near the Place du Chatelet, a short distance above where now stands the Pont Neuf. Those who made their own bread bought the flour of the flour merchant and took it to the mill which was on the great bridge, now called Pont au Change. All the bridges across the Seine at that time had shops on either side with residences in the second and third stories, and other buildings used for industrial purposes; and all this at the time of the crusades, and during a period of which we are wont to think as deprived of every convenience and almost of the means of civilized existence.

The kitchens of the great castles and convents of the middle ages were often built apart, with a roof tapering gradually to a point, where was the chimney, which resembled a small tower. In palaces, and sometimes in castles and convents, they were located in the basement, whose vast arches offered ample space for the escape of the smoke, and for the accommodation of an army of cooks. The cooking of the middle class, and sometimes of the wealthy, was oftenest done in huge fire places, seen everywhere in America fifty years ago, and still found in the rural districts of the Eastern and Western States. The appliances were much the same, a huge crane from which to suspend the pots and kettles, and various shallow iron vessels having three legs, and used as ovens by surrounding and covering them with live coals. It may be said of these implements that, though they were primitive, the results were generally excellent. These tripods are still extensively used for baking soda biscuits or corn bread. There were other smaller stands for minor uses, but so tea or coffee pots, some hundreds of years having to elapse before the impossibility into Europe of the loaf and berry toons apparatus, these but do not interfere. From the crane were suspended certain pots and kettles, and about the fireplace, into which a man could enter without stooping, were placed or hung various accessories such as togs, shovels, bellows, spits for turning the roasts, and the long two pronged fork for trying the meats to see if they were sufficiently cooked or for taking them out of the vessels. At one side of the room was a long table for the preparation of food for the fire, and above it a shelf on which were seen stew pans, strainers, sieves and other utensils essential to the business. In another place

the cupboard for the spices and plain. The pantry, with several tables for provisions, was close at hand. In the houses of the rich these appliances were numerous. In the kitchen of Charles the Handsome (1328) the crew over one hundred of them, and in that of Charles V. of France, who ruled thirty years later, numerous pots and kettles of solid silver. The process used in the middle ages may be known from the following list found in the cuisine of a certain princess of France: Almost, black pepper, ginger, cinnamon, cardamum, cloves, saffron, red pepper, nutmeg, rice, lavender and camellia. Some of these were used to give odour rather than taste to the dishes. The ragouts made with them must have been abominable. The first definite information on the manner of preparing food during the middle ages is derived from a work published by the cook of Charles V. in 1380. It shows that the French of those days, and all the other people of Europe, for that matter, were great eaters, and not at all scrupulous in regard to what they permitted to enter their stomachs. Another book of the same kind written at the same epoch by Barreque, for the instruction of Lis young wife, did not appear in print till 1554. From these works it is learned that it was the custom to serve on the same dish a great variety of different kinds of meats, as several sorts of fish, and a variety of vegetables, the sauce to each kind being served apart. This constituted one course. After it was served, another course, also with meats, fish, fowl, pasties, vegetables, differing somewhat in mode of preparation, but very little in kind; then a third auxiliary composed, and so on to the end of the repast.

A hundred years later (1500) the luxury of the royal court of France had greatly increased. It required for the care of the kitchen of Charles VI. thirty persons to knead after the bread, thirty eight to care for the wine, seventy-four to perform the immediate service of the kitchen, and fifteen to take charge of and prepare the fruit for the table. Six of these were cooks, and eleven squires of the kitchen who had the general superintendence. There was also one ferretman, whose duty it was to catch the rabbits by means of these animals. The King and his household consumed weekly 120 sheep, 15 calves, 15 hares, 12 swine, and every day 630 fowls, 420 pigeons, 50 goats and 50 postings. The household of the Queen consumed each week 80 sheep, 12 cattle, 12 calves, and each day 300 fowls, 30 goats, 300 pigeons and 30 postings.

In the sixteenth century, time of Francis I., Henry II., and Catherine de Medici's, there was soon a great royal magnificence in palaces and in banquets. Nearly all that then existed that we eat in these times, and many things that have since been discarded. Some had been discovered, and with it the turkey, as is generally believed, which was imported into Europe by the Jesuits, and having been domesticated in Brittany, soon became a favourite article of diet. The mode of living is known from various cookery books published during the century. Capons had already appeared. The potato was still unknown. Among the soups is mentioned one called "milk," which the critics think to have been a broth or mush made of maize or Indian corn. In the list of birds eaten are found the peacock, swan, heron, stork, egret, crane (reputed "delicious"; and the fiamingo. The fish were the same as those now eaten, with the exception of the whale, the tongue of which was considered delicious. The eccentric use of spices and the profuse manner of serving were not greatly wounded, however, till a hundred years afterward.

In the menu of a banquet given by the city of Paris to Queen Elizabeth of Austria in 1571 are found the following delicacies: 230 rookfish tripes, fifty pounds of whale and 1,000 frogs. Henry IV. did not care much for the pleasure of the table. Louis XIII. was a rook cook, as cooks were then called, and not at all delicate in regard to the cuisine of his palace, which was on a magnificent scale, like everything else about it. The *provision* of the royal kitchen was now numbered by hundreds and that of the royal household by thousands. A street intervened between the palace and the building occupied by the kitchen. The repasts of the King borne in royal state by a long procession crossed this street and traversed several long corridors and rooms before reaching the dining room. As the persons along the route rose and bowed for as it passed, saying at the same time in a tone of profound reverence: "The meat of the King!"

Whale had disappeared from the French cuisine before this epoch, but various things, such as calves' heads and the internal organs of fowls, formerly thrown to the dogs, now considered delicious, had been added. But poultry and game were allowed to rook ten or twelve hours and seasoned with aromatic substances and spices, such as ginger, nutmeg, thyme and others even more objectionable. Perfumes were freely used in ragouts till the middle of the reign of Louis XIV. Those which were always at the hand of the rook comprised iris, rose water, rosemary, amber and musk. Small pasties and tartis were served with the meats, which substance was also used to perfume rook capons. Mashed bread was employed while cooking in green fennel.

During the latter years of the reign of Louis XIV. the French cuisine took nearly its present form, and was perfected under that of his successor, Louis XV. It is not necessary to describe it. The first was a glutton, sometimes having three or four chickens, with other stings, served for himself alone. The second was more delicate and interested himself greatly in the modes of cooking followed at his palace. Numerous cookery books were published during the reigns of these two monarchs. Louis XVI. understood the cuisine as imperfectly as he understood politics, and yet was endowed with a marvellous appetite. Marie Antoinette was more temperate in her habits and seemed to care only for her *café au lait* in the morning and chicken cooked in different ways, which constituted her chief nourishment. Napoleon fed coarsely as a rule. The legend that he lost the battle of Waterloo on account of an indigestion caused by eating too much roast mutton, is familiar to most readers of history or historical gossip.

During the eighteenth century male cooks were only employed in the houses of the very rich. Every one has heard of the cook who resigned because he saw his master had a little salt to his soup. The story of Vatel, a steward and famous cook of the time of Louis XIV., whose name is found in the biographical dictionaries, is much stranger. Mme. Sevigne even boasts of the honour of having known this accomplished gastronomer. Vatel had charge of a certain entertainment offered by the Prince de Conde to Louis XIV. at Chantilly. Because of some miscalculation, the rook was waiting at two or three tables. Vatel was in despair. The Prince tried to comfort him by telling him that he had never seen anything so fine as the supper of the King, but

the king of providers was not to be consoled. He replied, 'My lord, your goodness overpowers me. I know that the roast was wanting at two tables.' 'No such thing,' said the Prince, 'don't trouble yourself, everything is all right.' In the evening the fireworks failed, which was an additional annoyance. At four o'clock in the morning Vatel made the rounds to see if the fish of the last day had arrived. He found only one porter and asked him, 'Is that all?' 'Yes, sir' was the reply, for the man was not aware that Vatel had sent to all the seaports for supplies. He met a friend and said: 'Sir, I shall not survive this affront. I have honour and reputation to lose.' His friend laughed at this, but Vatel, going to his room, took his sword, and, placing the hilt against the door, ran it three times through his body, the third wound only being mortal. A little later fish arrived in abundance from all the seaports, and when they looked for Vatel to make the distribution they found him on the floor in a pool of blood. The Prince wept, as much from disappointment as from grief, for he depended on Vatel to successfully entertain the King; but the festival went on all the same, the body of Vatel having been taken to the parish church for interment.

ONE NOBLE NERO.

In the year 1871 the steamship Swallow left the Cape of Good Hope bound for England. Among the passengers was a child of two years and a nurse. The lady had also brought with her a huge, handsome Newfoundland dog.

The voyage had lasted about six days. No land was visible, and the island of St. Helena would be the nearest point. The day was a beautiful one, with a soft breeze blowing, and the sun shining down brightly on the sparkling waters. A large and gay company of the passengers were assembled on the deck; merry groups of young men and girls had clustered together; now and then a laugh rang out, or some one sang a gay little snatch of song, when suddenly the mirth of all was silenced by the loud and piercing scream of a woman.

A nurse who had been holding a child in her arms at the side of the vessel had lost her hold of the leaping, restless little one, and it had fallen overboard into the sea—into the great, wide Atlantic Ocean. The poor woman, in her despair, would have flung herself after her charge had not strong arms held her back. But sooner than it can be written down something rushed quickly past her: there was a leap over the vessel's side, a splash into the waters, and then Nero's black head appeared above the waves, holding the child in his mouth.

The engines were stopped as soon as possible, but by that time the dog was far behind in the wake of the vessel. A boat was quickly lowered, and the ship's surgeon, taking his place in it, ordered the sailors to pull for their lives. One could just make out on the leaping, dancing waves the dog's black head, holding something scarlet in his mouth. The child had on a little jacket of scarlet cloth, and it glistened like a spark of fire on the dark blue waves.

The mother of the child stood on the deck, her eyes straining anxiously after the boat, and the black spot upon the waves still holding firmly to the tiny scarlet print. The boat seemed fairly to creep, though it sped over the waves as it never sped before.

Sometimes a billow higher than others hid for a moment dog and child. But the boat came nearer and nearer, near enough at last to allow the surgeon to reach over and lift the child out of the dog's mouth, then a sailor's stout arms pulled Nero into the boat, and the men rowed swiftly back to the ship.

'Alive?' shouted every lip as the boat came within hail of the steamer; and, as the answer came back, 'Alive!' a 'Thank God!' came from every heart.

Then the boat came to the ship's side. A hundred hands were stretched out to help the brave dog on board, and 'Good Nero!' 'Brave dog!' 'Good fellow!' resounded on every side. But Nero ignored the praise showered so profusely on him. He trotted sedately to the child's mother, and with a wag of his drooping tail looked up into her face, with his big, faithful, brown eyes, as if he said, 'It's all right; I have brought her back safe.'

The mother dropped on her knees on the deck, and, taking his shaggy head in both hands, kissed his wet face again and again, the tears pouring down her face in streams. Indeed, there was not a dry eye on board. One old sailor stood near with the tears running down his weather-beaten brown face, unconscious that he was weeping.

Well, Nero was for the rest of the voyage the pet and hero of the ship, and he bore his honours with quiet dignity. It was curious, however, to see how from that time on he made himself the sentinel and body guard of the child. He always posted himself at the side of the chair of any person in whose arms she was, his eyes watching every movement she made. Sometimes she would be laid on the deck, with only Nero to watch her, and if inclined to creep out of bounds, Nero's teeth fastened firmly in the skirt of the flock, promptly drew her back. It was as though he said, 'I have seen in you enough, Miss Baby, to save you once, but as I may not be so lucky again I shall take care you don't run any such risks in the future.'

When the steamer reached her destination Nero received a regular ovation as he was leaving the vessel. Some one cried, 'Three cheers for Nero!' and they were given with a will. And 'Good-bye Nero,' 'Good-bye, good dog,' resounded on every side. Everyone crowded around to give him a pat on the head as he trotted down the gang plank. To all these demonstrations he could, of course, only reply with a wag of his tail and a twinkle of his faithful brown eyes. He kept close to the nurse's side and watched anxiously his little charge's arrival on dry land.

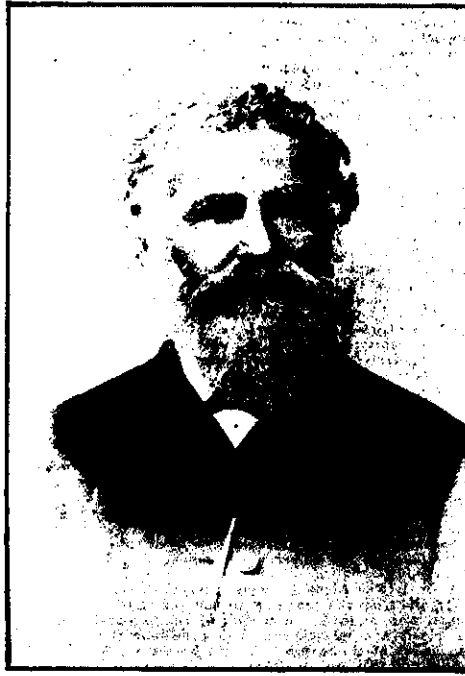
He was taken to the home of his little mistress, where he lived, loved and honoured until he died of old age, with his shaggy grey head resting on the knee of the child (now a woman) that he had saved. His grave is in an English churchyard, in the burial plot of the family to which he belonged, and is marked by a fair, white stone, on which is engraved, 'Sacred to the memory of Nero.'

His portrait hangs over the chimney-piece of an English drawing-room, beneath which sits in a low arm-chair a fair-haired girl, who often looks up at Nero's portrait as she tells how he sprung into the Atlantic Ocean after her and held her until help came.

CHRISTCHURCH CITY COUNCIL.

THE MAYOR AND TOWN CLERK.

MR WILLIAM PRUDHOE, who was elected to the position of Mayor of Christchurch for the year 1892, was born in Sunderland, County Durham, England, on the 14th January, 1832, and is consequently now 60 years of age. In his native town he received an ordinary education, and was in due time apprenticed to the building trade. Being possessed of the enterprising spirit which characterised most of the early colonists, he at the age of 27, resolved to emigrate to New Zealand, and accordingly took passage with his wife and children in the *Regina*, a barque of some 650 tons. After a voyage of 96 days—in



C. H. Manning. photo. Christchurch.
C. H. PRUDHOE, ESQ.
Mayor of Christchurch.

which the splendid provision made for the comfort of passengers in the ships of to-day were conspicuously absent—he landed at Lyttelton in the month of December, 1859. The tunnel which connects Lyttelton with Christchurch was not at that time in existence, and the journey had to be made in a small steamer by way of Sumner and the river Heathcote to the steam wharf. The distance of four miles from the latter to the city in embryo had to be



C. H. Manning. photo. Christchurch.
F. T. HASKINS, ESQ.
Town Clerk, Christchurch.

covered by shanks' pony. Christchurch in its infancy had no knowledge of coaches, trams, or trains, but the difficulties which the early colonists had to encounter did not deter the subject of this sketch from making his way. In the City of the Plains he made his home, and followed his occupation, and from time to time was entrusted with the erection of prominent buildings. In that city, persevering, and gradually making his way he has remained ever since. For the past nine years he has occupied a seat in the City Council, and during the last five years has acted as one

of the City Representatives on the Hospital and Charitable Aid Board. As a member of the Relief Committee of the latter Board, and as Chairman of the Works Committee of the City Council, he devoted a large amount of time to the interests of the public. In November last the ratepayers, desiring to recognise the faithful and painstaking labours performed by Mr Prudhoe, elected him to the honourable position of Mayor. He is also a prominent member of the Orange Society, and has held the post of Grand Master to the Middle Island of New Zealand.

THE TOWN CLERK OF CHRISTCHURCH.

MR F. T. HASKINS, the present occupant of the post of town clerk at Christchurch, is one of the oldest residents in Canterbury, having arrived there in the year 1854. He first appeared in connection with municipal affairs as assistant to the town clerk and collector. This was in the year 1866. His appointment to his present office took place sixteen years ago in 1875, and his continued occupancy of it shows that the way in which he fulfils his functions is appreciated by the community which retains him in it.

WHAT WOMEN EAT.

MRS HENRY FAWCETT has asserted that women would never be able to emancipate themselves so long as they were content with a meal composed of buns and tea. Whatever may be meant by the 'emancipation of women,' and whether the majority of the sex yearns for 'emancipation' or not, there is a distinct want of character and dignity about a lot of women seated at marble tables, munching dyspepsia-provoking plum cake, and sipping equally unwholesome, and more unpalatable tea from thick, white bowls, facetiously termed 'tea-cups.' The bread-and-butter shop is to the woman what the wine-bar is to the man, though not so much so. 'Another cup of tea, please, and a buttered scone,' says she, 'Just one more brandy and soda and a cigar,' says he, and they both wonder why dyspepsia is so prevalent. Such forms of feminine dissipation as I have described are, I admit, excusable, if not actually necessary, in the afternoon, provided the cake and the tea are wholesome concoctions. It is no good crusading against a custom that is as national as that of taking baths or playing tennis or cricket. But what I do vehemently protest against is the humiliating spectacle of women and girls who could afford to do better, lunching, or even dining off tea and cake, with an ancient egg, or a wad of hard ham or tinned tongue, as a *pièce de résistance*. In these days when women have to act and think for themselves, and often for their husbands and brothers, they must fortify their constitutions; and generally those who take mid-day meals of such an unsubstantial order are bread-winners, or, at any rate, busy women. It is not necessary that a woman should eat a big rump steak, and drink a bottle of claret or a tankard of ale, in the middle of the day; but it is desirable, in the interests of her health and of her womanhood, that she should cultivate a *mens sana in corpore sano*. Moreover, there is such a want of ambition about the bun and about drinking thick and flavourless tea, or so-called coffee, that might just as well be sold as cocoa or pea-soup, or anything else. In the well-to-do class that does not patronise the bread-and-butter bear-garden, the same indifference to the quality and quantity of food often prevails. When the husband has been dining at his club, I hear the wife priding herself on the scrumpy meal she has had. Contrast the dinner of the averagely well-to-do maiden lady and that of the equivalent bachelor.

BEYOND.

Look at that dear old lady,
In kerchief and in cap,
Her snow-white hair just peeping out,
Her glasses in her lap;
A far-off look in her dim blue eyes
After her morning nap.

'Yes, I'm ninety, sir, jaat ninety,'
She says in her childish glee,
'I hope your folks at home are well,
'Where'er your home may be;
I think I've seen your face before;
Do you remember me?'

'Yes, mother—don't you know me,
Your boy, the last but one?
My home is just across the way,
Facing the setting sun;
And I've seen you ev'ry day, mother,
Almost, since life begun.

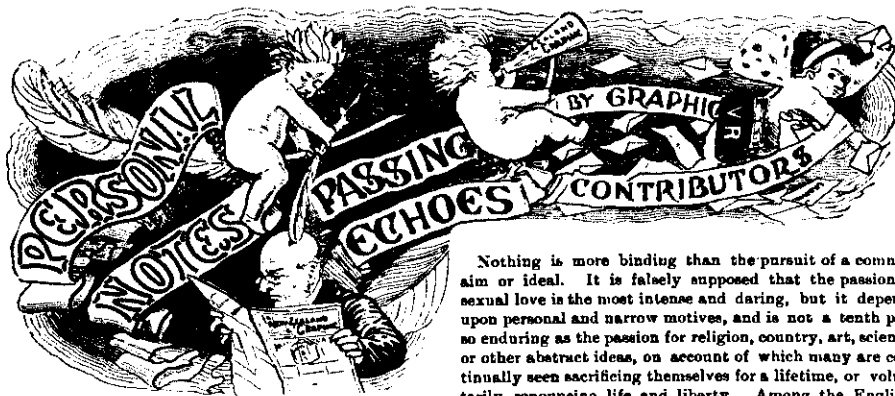
The dear old face looks doubtful,
The aged lips move slow—
A faint spark lights the dim, blue eyes,
Under the hair of snow.

'If you are John, my second son,
Pray tell me where is Joe?'

'Dead, mother—dead and buried
This many and many a year,
You know that you were his nurse, mother,
And would have no stranger near?
We used to talk of his kind deeds
In the twilight, mother, dear.'

'No.' Feeble mem'ry flickers,
Then dies, and in its place
There comes a glow—not of this world—
Into the dear old face.
The light of peace—eternal, sure,
Born of a life long race.

'So you passed yourself as a widow while you were away, eh?' said Mr Briggs to his spouse, who, by the way, is rather good looking. 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself, but I suppose you are not.' 'Of course I am not,' was her reply. 'I did so merely on Johnny's account.' You have no idea how kind all the gentlemen were to him.



The New Zealand Graphic AND LADIES' JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1891.

THE notion which has been mooted in England of holding a periodical meeting of representative athletes drawn from all parts of the British dominions, is one deserving the serious consideration of all concerned with the destinies of our race. From time to time, during the last fifty years, there has been an outcry against the increasing cultivation of athletics, and opponents of the movement have often invoked the evidence of laboriously compiled statistics to show that a scientific pursuit of them is injurious alike to mind and body. It is stated that a systematic development of the physical system precludes the possibility of high mental attainment, and many would hold out to youth as its one ideal great distinction in the provinces of learning, science, and art.

It is not surprising that such stress should be laid upon intellectual proficiency in a generation bursting with unprecedented rapidity from the state of ignorance and purliness in which its predecessors have been buried. The age of brute force seems to be melting away before the light of universal intelligence, and in the first access of pride at the wonderful achievements of the modern mind, there is a tendency to overlook the interests of the corporeal machine in which the mind inheres, and to sacrifice it unduly. The growth of modern cities, that marked feature of our time, tends towards intellectual contact, but the brightness of mind ensuing from it is gained at a certain expense of wear and tear, which is not noticed so long as the movement is in its first flush of success, but must inevitably lead to physical and mental deterioration if the physical needs of human nature are ignored.

Intellect is very well, but its wonderful achievements have never yet had the same power of kindling electrical admiration and common sympathy as have exhibitions of physical courage and prowess. The past ages have been those of battle in which the individual counted for something and hero-worship was possible. The race have not yet grasped the modern generalising tendencies wherein persons are swamped in masses representing a movement, and individual eminence is more gradingly conceded than formerly and more rapidly forgotten. War, which used to furnish heroes for the popular Walkhalls, now promises to become more and more impersonal, and should the fighting take place at the long ranges indicated by modern weapons, physical distinction in this province of human activity will almost cease. Glory, like other things, will become centralized, and fall exclusively to the share of the generalissimo, who will invisibly direct the operations of millions of human units from a single point.

It seems to have been always a characteristic of the English race to plume itself upon its excellence in some sort of national sport. Centuries ago archery was the pastime in which they took delight, and the proficiency attained in times of peace served them in good stead when the day of battle arrived. Even in those times the out-of-door games which now excite public attention appear to have existed in embryo, and to have been pursued with a roughness far exceeding that incidental to them nowadays. Like the news of famines and epidemics, isolation prevented the reports of injuries occurring in a certain locality from getting widely known, and the probability is that the proportion of accidents in the athletic field has decreased everywhere with the introduction of more scientific methods. Be that as it may, modern intercommunication only tends to intensify the English love for active recreations, and to beget that hero-worship which seeks to embody its ideal in individuals.

Nothing is more binding than the pursuit of a common aim or ideal. It is falsely supposed that the passion of sexual love is the most intense and daring, but it depends upon personal and narrow motives, and is not a tenth part so enduring as the passion for religion, country, art, science, or other abstract ideas, on account of which many are continually seen sacrificing themselves for a lifetime, or voluntarily renouncing life and liberty. Among the English-speaking peoples the passion for field-sports appears to be the bond which serves to make them incline to one another during the piping times of peace, and the common sentiment it produces is some earnest of the approximation which would result from the presence upon them of a foreign war.

The idea of instituting a Pan-Britannic Olympiad, where the selected champions in every department of athletics shall compete for the laurel-wreath, or its modern substitute, the silver pot, is one for the acceptance of which events during the last generation have been insensibly preparing the way. Each year witnesses the disappearance of some of the old-fashioned provincialism that infested the minds of our predecessors, and a wider enthusiasm and a wider humanity is slowly taking its place. Nothing (not even their debts) has done more to impress upon the minds of the English people the importance of the colonies than the feats of colonial champions in the arena of field sports, and any little animus which may be begotten by the lop-sided judgments upon the colonies of irate *litterateurs* in English periodicals, vanishes like smoke before the cordial recognition of the victory of Australia over England in the cricket-field. No one likes to be beaten, but games of skill are the best means of curbing puerility of temper and of testing the faculties of perseverance and self-command in the losers. If there is one more gracious and pleasing spectacle than that of supreme excellence it is the sight of the honest admiration tinged with regretful envy of the excellence which comes next to it and by which it is most capable of being appreciated.

The significance of the recent bye-election at Wellington cannot be denied even by the Conservative party in New Zealand. Indeed, many of them, in anticipation of an easy victory on the part of Mr Bell, were industriously pointing to the coming contest as one which was going to put out the light of public approbation from the hopes of the present government. Inasmuch then as the reactionaries revelled in the prospect of an easy victory, by so much the more disappointing is the result of that election. The complexion of the victory is enhanced, too, for the Radicals, by the fact that it has been won in the capital, which is by no means the stronghold of the progressive party, and in the face of a candidate whose personal abilities are fully recognised, and who had at his back a weight of social and monetary influence quite exceptional in the annals of electioneering. Rarely, indeed, do the Conservatives secure a better representative man than Mr Bell, and if such a champion cannot succeed in plucking the wreath of victory at the polls, they cannot very reasonably look for a reversal of the popular verdict at the ensuing general election.

English novels and English poetry are stuffed full of romance. Romance is in these chiefly connected with the passion of man for woman and woman for man. Its object is to intensify, to minister to the illusions begotten by an over-excited brain, which distorts a certain commonplace creature of the other sex into an ideal being such as the world never saw before and never will see again. Life is full of illusions. These constitute the stock of hopes which, like carrots dangled by the rider before a donkey's nose, induce man to put his best leg foremost. Without such mankind would be torpid animals, but they would also be less sensitive ones and suffer less. Dickens wrote his novel, 'Great Expectations,' which at its close leaves the mind unsatisfied. Life is one long great expectation, and at its conclusion even the most prosperous have a sense of imaginings ungratified and cravings unassuaged, and depart hoping for their fulfilment in the hereafter.

But of all illusions those begotten by the love-sickness are the earliest, the most acute, and the most common. It is the most convincing proof of the irresistibility of natural forces that in the face of this passion all human beings are as clay in the hands of the potter, just as if Nature dreaded

the superelevation of reason with growing years, and made the attack all the stronger in consequence during youth. The tendency of modern times is to trace scientifically the changes of the human mind from its beginnings, and it would be interesting to ascertain if what we know as love-sickness torments the unsophisticated savage in the same degree as civilized man, and whether the dusky maiden whose cannibal papa is about to eat the interesting stranger who has won his daughter's heart, suffers keenly at the thought of her lover being taken into the family in that very material fashion. It would also be interesting to know what are the remedies which the barbarian father prescribes for his daughter when she cannot have the man of her choice, and refuses to be comforted therefor. Does he cut off her head as a nuisance, or present her with a new calabash for a foot tab? Pending the introduction of clothing by the missionaries, the device of soothing her with gifts of bonnets, gloves, and dresses is not open to the poor man, so he has not much alternative between whacking her into submission and giving her the object of her desire.

The thought is an interesting one, and is provoked by the recent determined suicide of a Maori girl because she was crossed in love by her relations. We hear a great deal about the superiority of our race, but despite the anguish and hopelessness breathed in European novels by characters who have lost their beloved and the awful threats of disappointed lovers in real life, Caucasian young men and young women show less of the courage of their convictions than did this Maori girl. She has clearly taken the sentiment expressed in the English novel too seriously, not knowing that in real life Europeans get well and consent to love again. If their beloved one has died they are content to postpone following until required in the ordinary cause of nature, and meanwhile obtain such ample consolation that one may be justified in assuming that the re-union of the lovers in the hereafter will be a cool one.

As Thackeray says, we all, from Hercules and Rinaldo downwards, have endured the pangs of disprized, thwarted, or disappointed love, but unlike the simple savage (who realizes not the gap which separates our theory from our practice) we generously abstain from dying. White men, of course, do so because they know that males are scarce in the world, and it would be forsaking the post of duty. There is not the same reasons for the love-sick white woman failing to die as she often threatens to do when the heart-complaint fiercely seizes her. We must therefore conclude that she consents to exist for her own sake, and in the sneaking belief that there is still for her some balm in Gilead. Why novelists insist upon holding up this picture of the hopelessness of woe which is so inconsistent with experience can only be explained upon the ground that morbid sentimentality pays. When, however, the missionary comes to the untutored savage woman with store-clothes and the English novel, she takes things *au sérieux* and commits suicide.

WHAT TO DO WITH SEVEN.—A Father, writing to the *New York Ledger*, says: 'In a recent number of the *Ledger* you say: "It is, in fact, a vulgar error to suppose that a parent's authority over a female child ceases at the age of 18. That is an utter delusion." Yes. But I should like to know when it begins. Having seven daughters, varying in age from two to twenty, I have some little interest in the question. My own contribution to its solution is my statement that—beginning with the youngest—my first regularly wakes me at six with screeching; my second paints all my photographs in her earliest manner; my third utterly declines to learn the multiplication table; my fourth refuses to dine in the nursery and howls on the stairs until called down to the parlour; my fifth objects to go to church, because the preacher is so ugly; my sixth made me stay for her at a party till three in the morning; and my seventh has announced that I may tyrannize over her young affections for another long and cruel year, but that on the day she is twenty-one, she allies herself in marriage with her Cousin Peter, whom I hate for his own sake and his family's. If, therefore, you can give me any light which will give me any authority over one or all these young ladies, I shall remain uncommonly obliged.'

HOT SPRINGS—TE AROHA.

VISITORS WILL FIND IT TO THEIR ADVANTAGE TO STAY AT THE

PALACE HOTEL.

THE LARGEST, BEST APPOINTED, MOST COMFORTABLE, AND MOST REASONABLE.

SAMUEL T. SMARDON,
Proprietor.

COCKER'S FAMILY HOTEL,

CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

PATRONISED BY HIS EXCELLENCY LORD ONSLAW.

Five minutes from Hall and Post.

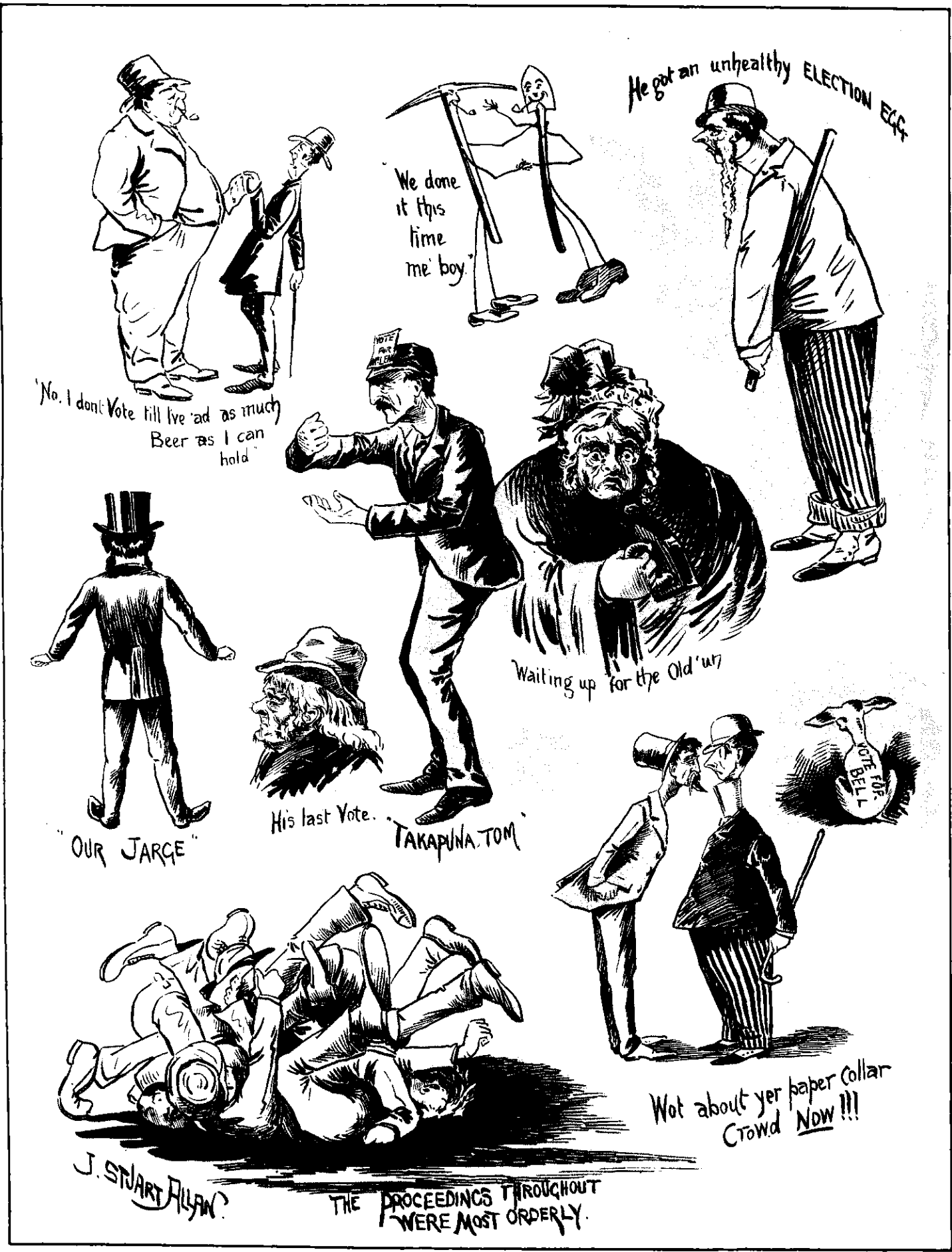
The most moderate first-class Hotel in Australasia.

Inclusive tariff per day 10s 6d

Doitto per week £5 3s 6d

THOMAS POPHAM,

(Late Commander U.S.S. Co.) Proprietor



He got an unhealthy ELECTION EGG

We done it this time me' boy

No, I don't Vote till I've had as much Beer as I can hold

Waiting up for the Old 'un

OUR JARGE

His last Vote.

TAKAPUNA TOM

VOTE FOR BELL

Wot about yer paper Collar Crowd Now !!!

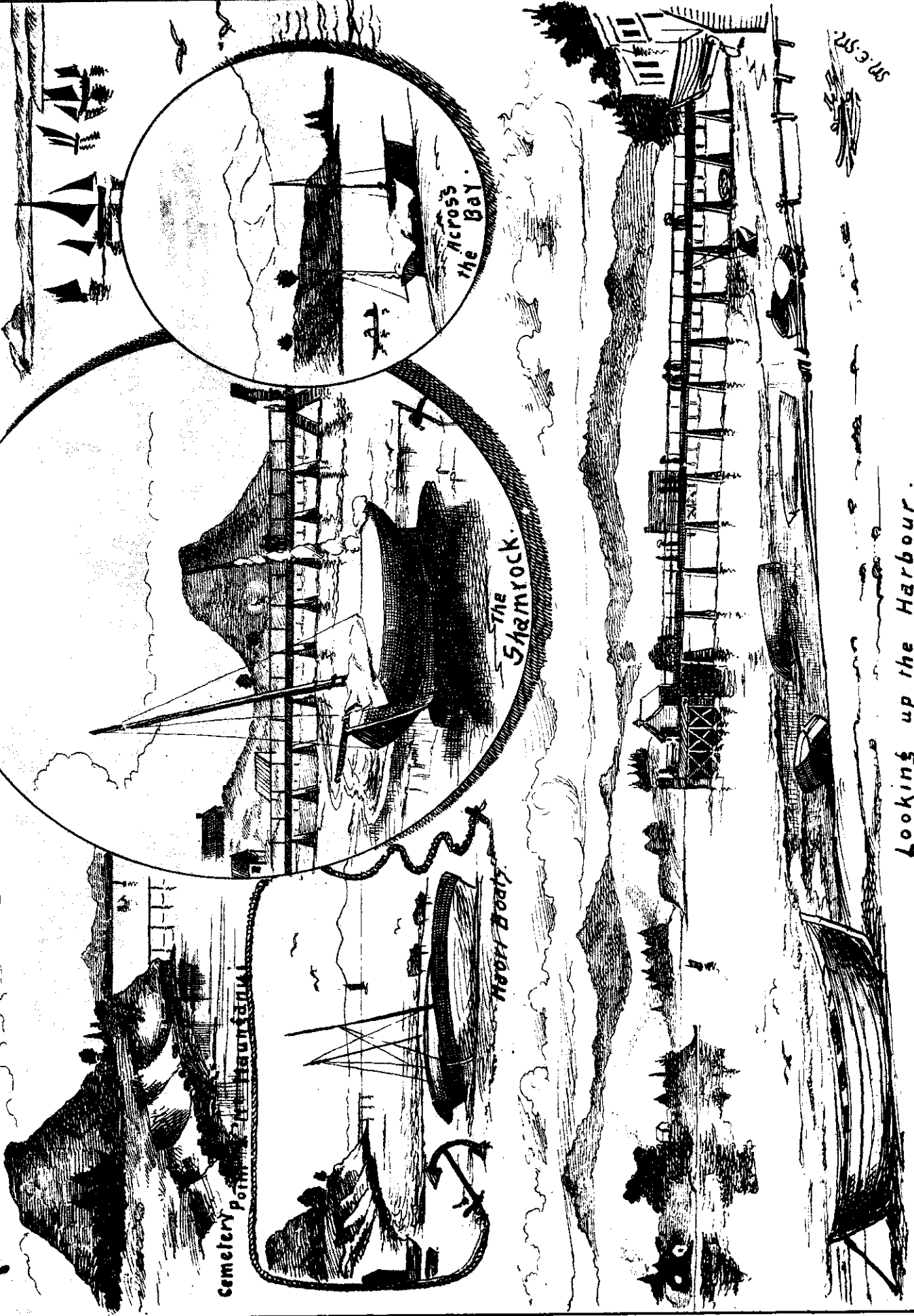
J. STUART ALLAN

THE PROCEEDINGS THROUGHOUT WERE MOST ORDERLY.

Wellington City Election Sketches.

J. S. ALLAN.

RAMBLING SKETCHES



Looking up the Harbour.

TAURANGA HARBOUR

SM. 572

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 what 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 and 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 initiate 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 cast, 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 counterfeits have been sent to Coventry. This is the Waterbury age.

In Great Britain the legitimate trade was equally aesthetic, 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 626,359. 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 GIBBS (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.



WEDDING CARDS! WEDDING CARDS!!

A large variety of WEDDING and INVITATION CARDS—Latest Designs, just landed per 'Otarama' and 'Rupehu' from London.

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AUCKLAND.

AUCKLAND

DEAR BEE,

JANUARY 26.

Was it not fortunate that Mrs Masefield (Ponsonby) had her delightful picnic before the weather broke? It does not look much like outdoor entertainments just now, but the rain was so very much wanted, that I think, for once everybody was pleased when it came, especially as, after two wet days, we seem likely to return to our usual summer weather for the holiday. But I must go back to the waiting picnickers. Two large brakes with spanking teams of four horses each were the recipients of about forty merry bodies, all desirous of improving the shining hours by the sea. A few of the guests were Mr, Mrs, and Miss Masefield, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Upton, Mrs Arrisage, Mr and Mrs Tole, Mr and the Misses Beale, the Misses Lewis, Devore, Dunnett, Dixon, Marks, Jolly, Williamson, etc., Messrs Gordon, Shera, England, Daveney, Dixon, Gibbons, Gilbert, Stubbing, Noble, Dufaur, etc. They passed gaily through Newmarket, Remuera, by St. John's College, and then turned into the gates of Kohimarama down a beautiful winding road, which brought them to a lovely beach, where a most delightful afternoon was spent, some wandering along the beach, while the more energetic joined in rouders. A luxurious tea was served, consisting of fowls, beef, mutton, lobster salad, cakes and fruit of every description, and really I cannot remember all the good things I heard the party had provided. When the repast was disposed of, they all, I understand, indulged in a game of French figure, after which mild excitement the gay party betook themselves to their carriages, and returned home. Everybody declares it was a first-rate outing, or more elegantly, 'just a delightful picnic, dear Bee.'

I heard of another pleasant children's party, this time at 'Sherborne,' the residence of Mrs J. M. Alexander. It was to celebrate the birthday of the youngest child, Inez, and only a few of her small-sized friends were asked. What they lacked in quantity, however, they made up in quality, judging from the shrieks of genuine children's laughter which penetrated even beyond the wall of the large garden. One small boy told me it was very jolly.

The Polo Club gave another of its fashionable afternoon teas, which was very well patronised. The members who played were Messrs Wansborough, Colgrove, Stewart, Lockhart, Mackellar, Stubbing, Wynyard, Whelan, and Frances.

'Someone,' says a kind correspondent, 'is poking fun at New Zealanders, and declaring that they don't know where that sanatorium of the south, the Chatham Islands, is located. Of course the reply comes at once, they are due east from Lyttelton, say about five hundred miles off. Do you remember, Bee, Major and Mrs Gascoigne who lived in Auckland? Well, they are here, in the Chatham Isles. Mrs Gascoigne has got up a most delightful fancy dress ball on New Year's Eve. I will tell you some of the most noticeable dresses. Mrs Gascoigne, Normandy Peasant Girl; Mrs Gibb, Britannia (best costume of the evening); Miss Capstick, Columbia; Miss Clough, America; Miss Shaw, Aunt Dinah (excellent); Mrs Knowles, Gipsy Girl; Mrs Odman, Queen Elizabeth; Mrs Beamish, Night (very good); Miss Beamish, Spring; Miss Carrie Beamish, Swiss Peasant Girl; Miss Alice Beamish, Flower Girl; Miss Alice Clough, Shepherdess; Miss Cox, Maggie; Miss E. Cox, Holly; Miss Shaud, Nurse; Miss Amy Brown, Daybreak; Major Gascoigne, Gentleman 19th Century; Mr Rayner, Unspeakable Turk; Mr Knowles, Pack of Cards; Mr Cox, Officer 17th Bengal I.L.; and many others. The ladies worked hard to provide the very excellent refreshments, so that we had a very creditable balance fund at the close of the evening. Three cheers were, on Mr Foster's suggestion, heartily given for Major and Mrs Gascoigne. Dancing was kept up until daybreak, the whole affair being greatly enjoyed. I hope a great many New Zealanders will take advantage of the cheap trips to be run by steamers on the occasion of our centenary, and come and see for themselves what lovely and healthy spots our little South Pacific Islands can boast of.'

Dr. Knight nearly had a bad accident last week. He had been visiting a patient, and in the Kyber Pass Road a

farmer's cart ran into the box of the buggy-wheel. The doctor's horse was frightened, turned, and upset the dog-cart. Dr. Knight escaped with a few bruises, and is able to attend to his patients as usual.

Mr Edgar Ward and Miss Alloway, daughter of the Rev. Mr Alloway, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony at St. Thomas church, Union-street. The ceremony took place at half-past eight a.m., and as I did not know the precise time, I therefore missed seeing it. The service was choral, and I am told the bride looked lovely in her bridal robes. Miss Hamilton acted as chief bridesmaid, and Mr Alloway, brother of the bride, attended the bridegroom in the capacity of best man.

The marriage of Mr W. A. McGregor, eldest son of Captain A. McGregor, was solemnized at Mahurangi by the Rev. R. McKioney, the bride being Miss Warin, of Mahurangi.

We are quite without amusements at present, and the advent of the Montague-Turner Opera Company, which I hear opens here next month, will be hailed with delight by the amusement-loving public. The company arrive from Sydney about the middle of February, and purpose toning the colony.

MURIEL.

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE,

JANUARY 19.

The month is growing old again, and we are all as staid and settled as though there had been no New Year. The weather takes care that we shall not be too jolly, for the rain it raineth every day. Last week a very severe storm swept over the town doing damage. The flowers hang their heads as if rebuked for growing, and the birds are asking one another all day 'when will it be summer?' Having been fully persuaded that their calculations as to nesting time were all right, they feel it a little hard that their half-bredged little ones should have come into the world to be drowned.

Mr Walter Bentley is having a good time here. Of course, you know that he is an old Dunedinite, and his reception contradicted the statement that a prophet receives no honour in his own country. One afternoon he gave a large 'At Home' at Wain's Hotel where he stays, receiving his guests in the large dining-room. Amongst these were Mrs and Miss Mackerras, the Misses Siewright, Roberts, Williams, Macassey, Carew, McNeil, Mrs R. Wilson, His Worship the Mayor (Mr C. Chapman), the Hon. W. H. Reynolds, Messrs J. Brown, Digby, Smith, A. Cohen, Dr. Stuart, and a number of others. 'Othello,' 'Richard III,' 'The Lady of Lyons,' 'Merchant of Venice,' 'The Bells,' 'Richelieu,' have all been played to good houses. A few friends of the actor's met for the purpose of considering a proposal made to present Mr Bentley with a testimonial, and it has been decided that the Mayor shall make the presentation at the theatre one night in an interval of the performance.

Society still remains out of town, and will do so, I expect, until the opening of the schools. The gentlemen, of course, are back at business, while the women and children stay away. But on Saturday afternoons when the offices are closed there is a general rush out to the get-able places.

News comes from Chatton of the marriage of Miss Marjory Black, to Mr S. McIntosh, both of whom are well known and liked in the district. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr Ramsay, of Knappdale, at the residence of the bride's parents. The bridesmaid was Miss May Gordon, of Milton, Mr W. McIntosh acting as best man. There was a large company of guests present to witness the ceremony, more than a hundred sitting down to the wedding-breakfast. It was in all respects a Scottish wedding, for while the feast was in progress, the bagpipes were playing. The presents were numerous and costly. A large party was given at night, over one hundred and fifty being present, the rooms being prettily decorated with wild flowers. The bride's costume was a travelling dress of navy blue, relieved with orange blossoms. The bridesmaid wore blue and white; the bride's mother, a black costume; the bridegroom's mother, black corded silk; Mrs Noble (sister of the bride), black; Mrs Jones (sister), navy blue; Mrs McKenna (sister), black; Mrs W. Black (sister of the bridegroom), navy blue corded silk; Mrs Robinson, black; Mrs Ford, black; Mrs Gardner, green cashmere. A number of black dresses were worn—quite an unusual number. Others of those present were Miss Noble, Miss J. Noble, Misses McIntosh, Gordon, Reid, Kidd, Williamson, Lamb (2), Ford (2), Wood, Miln, Bradbury (2), McKenzie, Mesdames Bennetto and Cameron, Miss and Miss H. Jones, Mrs W. Ibbotson, Mrs Howden, Mrs Gardyne, Misses Robertson (2), Mrs Donald, Mrs Miln, Misses Wood (2), Miss Falconer, and others. Dancing was kept up until daylight, a most enjoyable time being spent. The guests then dispersed, a number of them having long distances to ride or drive.

Another outlying entertainment was the ball at Arrowtown in connection with the Hospital. This was held in the drill shed, and was, my correspondent informs me, with the exception of the music, a great success. Whether or not in the country the music is regarded as an important part of a dance or no, I cannot venture to say, but in this town we usually consider that the music forms an important feature of the dance, not being able to dance very well without it. However, perhaps we are fastidious, and ought to regard a pretty dress, a nice partner, and a good floor as all sufficient. The supper was excellent. Among the dresses Mrs Donaldson wore green plush; Mrs Stoddart, black lace relieved with white silk; Mrs W. Butler, Japanese silk; Miss Pritchard, pink satin under fisherman's

net; Miss Low, pink dress; Miss Ingleworth, electric blue silk with pink flowers; Miss O'Farrell, black fisherman's net; Miss Perelle, sea foam nun's veiling; Miss (App, crushed, straw dress; Miss M'Quirk, black dress; Miss Butel, white dress and pink flowers; Miss Flannery, white; Miss Woodhead, cream figured lace; Miss K. M'Quirk, white and blue sash; Miss Travis, cream fisherman's net over pink silk; Miss King, black lace; Miss G. King, pale blue.

MAUDE.

MARLBOROUGH.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 22.

We have much reason to feel proud of some of our young ladies. Miss Lena Broughton, who was born at Otagahau, Queen Charlotte Sound, and spent all the early years of her life amongst us in Picton, is becoming quite a celebrated musician, and has lately been appointed one of the musical faculty of the Elmira College School of Music, New York. Almoet from babyhood she displayed a wonderful talent for music, which she has persistently cultivated. When quite a child it was a pleasure to listen to her. She studied for three years under the celebrated Klintworth, of Berlin, earning her own living at the same time by giving music lessons to less advanced pupils. I have before me a paragraph of the *Elmira Daily Advertiser*, which says: 'Miss Lena M. Broughton made her debut as pianist last evening. She is, in many respects, the finest resident pianist that Elmira has had for many years. Her interpretations are solid and musicianly, her touch wonderfully clear and facile, and her technique elegant, refined, and correct to a marvellous degree. Her performances were something long to be remembered.' Miss Broughton is a niece of Mrs Beauchamp, of the Grove, and cousin to the Misses Greensill of Picton.

Miss Doustin, of Blenheim, has also won kudos galore for her magnificent play in the recent lawn tennis championship match at Napier. I believe it was a very closely-contested game, but the general opinion is that Miss Doustin deserved to win. I am sure I am glad she won, and offer my heartiest congratulations to the young lady.

A little while ago quite a large party 'surprised' Mrs H. C. Seymour, and spent a very pleasant 'Cinderella' evening, dancing and singing. The party were chaperoned by Mrs Allen, and consisted of the Misses Duncan, Dobson, Allen (2), (A. P.) Seymour, Linton, Scott (2), Philpotts (2), Western (2), White, and Robertson, besides the young ladies of the house and an unusually large number of gentlemen. Mr Seymour was, as usual, full of fun, and sent us all into convulsions of laughter with his comic acting and rendering of 'Doctor Quack.' Miss Mary Seymour also sang 'Dear Heart' charmingly, Miss Robertson playing the accompaniments.

A day or two after the same party, including Mrs and the Misses H. C. Seymour, journeyed to the Grove in two boats kindly lent by the captains of the Lurline and Langstone. We took possession of the bachelor but hospitable residence of Mr John Duncan, and made ourselves at home. After tea, which we had in real picnic fashion on the verandah, Mr Duncan harnessed up his big horse to his big dray, and another Shanroekland-looking vehicle and horse, which I undertook to navigate, and with a young lady on a horse, and a goodly number of young men following, it was really no wonder that all the inhabitants of Mahakipawa turned out to gaze on the novel scene, thinking we were an Irish funeral procession. We called on Mr Cullen, another bachelor, or rather we knocked at his door, but whether the gentleman was scared at the large party, or whether he really was 'Not at home' remains a mystery. We did not get further than the door, so we processed back again to Mr Duncan's, and spent the rest of the evening there, dancing and composing original songs, which we sang on our way home.

We were all hoping that the Loan and Mercantile Company would give us a social in their new stores at Picton, but unfortunately for us—they were not finished till the wool was being brought in. Perhaps when the wool season is over and the stores are empty again the Company may see their way clear to giving a delayed but welcome house-warming.

Picton is full of visitors, who have much difficulty in finding accommodation. Mr and Mrs W. Sinclair and family are here, also Mr O'Callaghan and family, Mrs Nancarrow, Mrs and Miss Robertson, Miss Dobson, Mrs Grattan Cook (Auckland), Mr and Mrs Frank Allen (Wellington), Mrs Stott, Mrs (Dr.) Macgregor, Mrs Herbert, Mrs Martin and Miss Renwick, and several others. Mr and Mrs Macalister and family are spending the holidays down the Sound on the Yellertown run, where I was invited to join them, but unfortunately could not get away. The Misses Scott and Miss Linton are also camping out at Brooklyn, where there is a plentiful supply of fruit. They are accompanied by Mr Walter Seymour, Mr J. Welford, and Mr A. Scott.

The children are having a lovely time. Three picnics in one day ought to be satisfaction enough for anybody. The most important was the Blenheim Church of England Sunday-school picnic to Tasmaraia, and about five hundred children and 'grown-ups' went by train, and spent a glorious day in a large paddock kindly lent by Mr Boyes. The teachers worked very hard to make the affair a success, and they were well rewarded for their pains by the verdict given by all who were present, that the day could not possibly have been better spent. The little ones were amused with lolly men and races, and the bigger ones joined in botanical expeditions to the bush, in search of ferns and wild flowers, which I hope will result in a great deal of competition in wild flowers at the next show. There was also a picnic at Para, and another in Picton for the Catholic Sunday-school. We hold broad views in Marlborough, so that it was not surprising to see the few members of the Catholic Church supported and assisted by Protestants, who endeavoured to the best of their ability to make the picnic a success. Amongst others I noticed Mrs Gudgeon, Mrs Grattan Cook, Mrs Herbert Godfrey (of Okukuri), Mrs Allen, Mrs W. Sinclair, Mrs O'Donnell, Mrs F. Godfrey, Mrs C. Godfrey, Mrs Miles, Mrs Jeffries, Mrs McMahon (of Kenepuru), Mrs Card, and the Misses Speed, Duncan, Allen, O'Callaghan, Sinclair, Waddy, Jeffries, Fell, and many others trying to amuse the children. To Messrs Gudgeon, Fredrick, Petherick, and J. E. Heaver is in a great measure due the success of the affair.

Mrs Waddy is still away nursing her sister, Mrs C. Redwood, who remains in a critical condition.

Mrs J. O. Western, of the Lindens, also gave a picnic. The married ladies invited were Mrs Stott and Mrs Macgregor, and the young people the Misses Seymour (4), Allen (2), Philpotts (3), Greensill (2), Duncan, Linton (3), Western (3), and the Messrs Haslet, Fox, Howard, Greensill, Scott, Griffiths, and some others. The afternoon turned out rather boisterous, but I really think the young people here enjoy boating all the more the rougher the sea is. The party were to have gone to Karaka Bay, but in face of a strong head wind and a lumpy sea they thought 'discretion was the better part of valour,' and camped in Laughing Bob's Bay instead, where they played teazle and other games peculiar to picnics.

I had a peep at the world-renowned traveller, Mr H. M. Stanley, as he sat in the deck cabin of the *Mangana*. He was on his way to lecture in Nelson; afterwards he is coming to lecture in Blenheim. I daresay he was not so obvious as he pretended to be of the prying eyes or the whispered comments. As regards myself, I felt like the little girl did who went on the Picton wharf, on the occasion of a gubernatorial visitation, expecting to see an illuminated personage with wings. 'That the Governor' she said with an upward curl of a *retrousse* little nose, when quite a common-looking man in pepper-and-salt tweed was pointed out to her as that august personage. 'That the Governor! That can't be the Governor. That's only a man.'

JEAN.

NAPIER.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 18.

The Auckland Concert Company gave two most enjoyable concerts here, and had good houses. The music-loving people here have had a heavy strain on their pockets lately, one company succeeding each other so quickly, otherwise the theatre would have been packed. The first night's programme opened with a pretty instrumental trio (Schleppergrell) by Messrs Arthur Eady (violin), S. Jackson (clarinet), and Alf. Bartley (piano). Mr P. E. Dufaur, who possesses a fine baritone voice, sang, 'Who Deeply Drinks of Wine' (Ginden), and so captivated his hearers that he had to give an encore, and sang in response the trying song, 'The Devil's aw' wi' the Excisemen,' and was applauded. Mrs Kilgour, who has a well-trained voice of fair range, sang 'The Prima Donna,' and not being able to escape a recall, gave 'Waiting.' Kowalski's 'March Hongroise' was capially played by Mr Alf. Bartley. Mr Tom M. Jackson sang 'Mona' (S. Adams), with great expression, and in response to a pronounced encore he gave 'My Sweetheart When a Boy.' His voice is a powerful one, is well suited to staccato and decided passages, but lacks the great sweetness of Mr R. B. Williams, of Wellington. He was, however, a favourite with the audience, and was warmly applauded for all his numbers. Mr S. Jackson, one of the best clarinet players I have heard, played 'Fantasia on Scotch Airs' (Lazarus), and charmed the audience, and had to reappear. Miss Alice Rimmer, who has a charming mezzo-soprano, sang with feeling Jude's setting of 'The Better Land,' with violin obligato splendidly played by Mr Arthur Eady. Having to give an encore she sang the 'Last Rose of Summer.' Messrs T. M. Jackson, Bartley, and Dufaur, sang well the trio, 'Were I a Maid,' from 'Princess Ida' (Sullivan). The second part of the programme opened with a trio for violin, clarinet, and piano. Mr T. M. Jackson sang Blumenthal's 'The Message,' and not being able to escape a recall gave 'There is a flower that bloometh.' Miss Alice Rimmer was recalled for 'Scenes that are Brightest' (Wallace), and gave 'There's no One Like Mother.' A violin solo, 'Il Trovatore,' evoked great applause; Mr Dufaur sang Poinatowski's 'Yeoman's Wedding,' and had to reappear, and sang 'The Gauntlet's Down.' Mrs Kilgour was encored for her next number, Ganz's florid, 'Sing Sweet Bird,' and sang archly, 'The Stile.' The concert closed by the quartette 'The Angelus,' well sung by Mrs Kilgour, Miss Rimmer, and Messrs Jackson and Dufaur, with accompaniment by Messrs S. Jackson (clarinet), Bartley (piano), and Eady (violin). Among the most noticeably successful pieces on the second night's programme, which was well arranged and each number artistically given, were Mr Dufaur's 'Curate's Song,' from 'The Sorcerer'; Mr Tom M. Jackson's, 'Tell Her I Love Her'; Mrs Kilgour's, 'Tell Me, My Heart'; and Miss Alice Rimmer's very sympathetic rendering of 'The Blind Girl to Her Harp.' The programme was as follows:—Instrumental trio, 'King of Diamonds' (Lavalee), Messrs A. Eady, S. Jackson, and A. Bartley; song, 'Only Once More' (Moir), Mr T. M. Jackson; song, 'Dear Heart' (Mattei), Mrs Kilgour; violin solo, 'The Old Folks at Home' (Christie), Mr A. Eady; song, 'The Death of Nelson' (Brahms), Mr P. E. Dufaur; song, 'Heaven and Earth' (Pinsuti), Miss Alice Rimmer; duet, 'The Fishermen' (Gaubuss), Messrs Jackson and Dufaur; instrumental trio, 'March from Henry VIII.' (Alexa), Messrs A. Eady, S. Jackson, and A. Bartley; song, 'Tell Her I Love Her' (Robertson), Mr T. M. Jackson; song, 'Blind Girl to Her Harp' (Glover), Miss A. Rimmer; clarinet solo, 'Fantasia (Brepant), Mr S. Jackson; song, 'Queen of My Heart' ('ellier), Mr P. E. Dufaur; song, 'Tell Me, My Heart' (Bishop), Mrs Kilgour; chorus, 'The Angelus' (Wallace), the company. The concert was most enjoyable.

A very sad buggy accident occurred in Eimneson-street, last week, Mrs Davis and young Mrs McKinnon being very much hurt. Both are getting on as well as possible under the circumstances.

The great explorer, Mr H. M. Stanley, lectured here. The theatre was crowded, and everyone delighted. It seems strange to think the man so short a time since we sometimes thought would never emerge from darkest Africa, was standing before us on the platform in full evening dress, looking as if all the trials and hardships he had gone through were but a summer's dream. He looked every inch a man born to command, and his white hair and moustache made me think of an army officer. He has a military style. On his appearance for some minutes the applause was deafening.

The annual Caledonian Sports took place, being a great success in every way. Five thousand people were on the ground, and competitors from all parts of New Zealand. The weather was simply perfection. The event which evoked most interest during the day was the Amateur

Handicap of 100yds., which was run in two heats and a final. The first heat was won easily by Mr Jack Hempton in 12secs. from scratch, with H. M. Rathbone (13yds) second, and C. S. Whiteman (10yds.) third; H. Cronley (10yds.) also ran. The second heat was won by E. Cowan (10yds.), with E. Cronley (7yds.) second, and J. H. Swan (10yds.) third. In the final Hempton (scratch) and Rathbone (13yds.) ran a dead-heat for first place in 9 4/5secs., with Cowan (10yds.) a fair third. In the run-off between Hempton and Rathbone the former won with a bit to spare in 9 4/5secs., thus doing the distance twice in succession in such wonderful time. Great care was taken with the time-keeping, experienced men being at the work, and the track was measured before and after the run. Mr Hempton was carried shoulder high after the races. The prizes went as follows:—Cup valued at £9, Jack Hempton; Cup valued £7, Rathbone; Cup valued £3, Cowan.

The theatre was crowded in the evening, when the annual Caledonian concert was held, and each item was applauded. Those who contributed were Misses Wylie, Greig, and Bowen, Messrs Simpson (2), Wensley, Pollock, Halliburton, Collins, Neilson, Sheath, and Sayera. Mr R. Smith evoked great applause for the manner in which he gave the sword dance. Between the first and second parts of the programme Mrs P. S. McLean presented the successful competitors with the prizes they had won during the day, and as each stepped forward to receive the reward of his prowess he was received with hearty and prolonged applause, especially in the case of Mr Jack H. Hempton, and the two young sons of Mr K. Smith.

After the conclusion of the concert the members of the Caledonian Society met in the Masonic Hotel for the purpose of making a presentation to Mr K. Smith, who is leaving the district. After full justice had been done to a capital spread provided by Host Moeller, Mr P. S. McLean, the chairman, proposed the usual loyal and patriotic toast, and then made the presentation, consisting of a gold watch and handsome illuminated address. In making the presentation Mr McLean referred to Mr Smith's services as founder and secretary of the society, and on behalf of the members wished him a long career of prosperity in his new sphere. The gathering broke up with the singing of 'Auld Lang Syne.'

The Kowalski Concert Company open next week. I hope they have a successful season. I hear they are good.

JACK.

LONDON.

DEAR BEE, NOVEMBER, 25.

We have been laughing over a copy of an auctioneer's bill of the sale of Lord Randolph (churchill's effects in Mashonaland. Amongst the items are:—Mules, 1 span; donkeys, a troop; spirits, champagne, whisky (very old); Kathir truck (great variety), etc. Some one told me you had no donkeys in New Zealand. Here is a chance for you then.

We had a grand wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square, when the youngest daughter of the late Duke of Marlborough, and sister of the above mentioned Lord R. Churchill, was married to Mr Gordon C. Wilson, eldest son of Sir Samuel Wilson. The bride, who arrived punctually at half-past two, was accompanied by her mother, the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, who in due course gave her away. Mr Wilfred J. Ricardo, of the Horse Guards, acted as best man. The wedding gown was a combination of white satin and silk, rich white moiré striped, with full satin, and a chiffon veil fastened with diamond studs. Her other ornaments were a pearl necklace, and a diamond and pearl brooch, the Prince of Wales' present. The bride carried a bouquet of exotics. Eight bridesmaids followed the bride. They wore rose-pink sicilienne trimmed with vieux-rose velvet and dark fur; their hats were of rose-colored velvet edged with sable and bearing five ostrich tips. The bridegroom's presents were a pearl and diamond heart-shaped brooch and bouquet of tea-roses. There were two pages—the Hon. Francis Curzon and the Hon. Reginald Fellows, costumed as in Charles I.'s time, in white silk, with slung capes of pink velvet.

I am sorry to see that tailor-made dresses of Cheviot serge or tweed are painfully mannish, consisting of coat, waistcoat and skirt. The waistcoat generally contrasts with the rest of the costume. Some one declares that the short-pointed and banded bodice is even now superseding the long bodice. I hope so.

To be ultra fashionable, dear Bee, you must, says a London authority in the *Full Mill Budget*, part your hair in the middle. Do not make a pronounced parting, and do not try to do away entirely with your fringe. Wear your hair waved on both sides and wear a very slight fringe. Lady Randolph Churchill, and Mme. Nilsson, too, I think, generally wear their hair done in this fashion in their photographs, and if you copy them you can't go wrong. Most of the smartly dressed women at the theatre affect partings; so do the principal actresses in Mr Pinero's new comedy 'The Times.' The tendency at present is for wavy hair. Fringes are getting smaller. Those to whom parted hair is the most becoming are women with round faces and low foreheads. It is almost impossible to wear a parting if one's hair is not thick on the temples. The Grecian style seems to have almost worn itself out. There are adaptations of it to be seen still, but the correct style now seems to be to fasten the hair in a loose knot on the neck. Ornaments are not much worn, even on dressy occasions. I have, however, seen some new ones lately in jet. They would look rather pretty in fair hair.

In place of the conventional flat wreath of orange blossoms or brides, a stylish milliner is making tiaras of mixed white flowers, which are lighter and vastly more becoming. They are almost the same shape as diamond tiaras, the flowers being made to stand up by wires. The newest buttonhole consists of a crescent with a few flowers in the centre. It looks pretty made of violets or mimosa.

I have given you quite a long gossip, and have told you nothing about the Prince of Wales Jubilee. But it was very quiet, and there is nothing new to tell.

Another engagement has been given out lately—that of Miss Mee to Mr Smith, of Wellington, and I believe that it is not to be a long one. We shall all be sorry to lose Miss Mee, who is one of the most popular girls in Timaru, but since she will go we all wish her every happiness.—*Timaru Correspondent*.

AUCKLAND

DEAR BEE,

JANUARY 26.

The weather for the Judge's Bay Regatta could scarcely have been finer, and a really enjoyable afternoon was spent by the large number of interested spectators of both sexes who watched the races from the flagship, or from the surrounding cliffs. The flagship was the *Northern* (Comptrol's fine new steamer *Waikato*, which was anchored just off Judge's Bay. The Artillery Band was on board, and enlivened the time with choice selections of music. The St. George's Rowing Club entered a ladies' whaleboat crew, but as there was only one entry, no race took place, much to our disappointment. The crew were the Misses Bows, Whitney (3) and Kissling, all wearing red and white, the colours of the St. George's Club. Their costumes consisted of dark skirts, white blouses, red ties, and white sailor hats with red bands. Amongst the ladies on the flagship were Mrs Worsp, wearing a striped grey gown, and stylish little black bonnet; Miss Worsp, navy blue skirt and jacket, and white spotted shirt, gem hat with red band, her younger sister wore a stylish striped frock and sailor hat; Mrs Tewale, looked well in a dainty pink cambric gown with yoke and cuffs of cream lace, small brown bonnet with pink roses; a lady with her wore a stylish fawn costume, and cream hat; Misses Fiddle wore stylish mourning costumes; Miss Bakewell, blue skirt, white blouse-bodice, fawn hat, and plush jacket; Miss Murrin, cream flowered skirt, cream silk blouse, and pretty cream hat; Mrs Bloomfield, black gown prettily braided, black and cream bonnet; Miss Killoffe, cream de-laine gown, cream hat; her sister wore white, and cream hat; Miss Cameron, pretty cowflower blue gown, fawn hat; Miss Bylunds, white dress, and stylish black hat relieved with yellow; Mrs Taylor, white dress and hat, fawn jacket; Mrs H. Gould, reddish brown skirt, white spotted shirt, brown jacket, and pretty cream hat; Mrs H. Nicol, cream veiling and silk gown, black and gold hat; Miss Phillips, navy blue skirt and jacket, white spotted shirt, and navy blue hat; Mrs Western, white dress, cream hat; Miss Nain, pretty cream veiling gown, cream hat; Miss Barry, white dress and hat; Mrs C. C. Dacre wore a black watered silk gown and light grey hat; Mrs Erigham, in a steam yacht, wore a handsome black costume; and her daughter, pretty navy blue gown prettily braided, and hat to match.

The ties for the Auckland Lawn Tennis Association's Gentlemen's Championship Singles were drawn by the delegates, and resulted as follows:—First round:—Mr Tucker plays Mr Sykes; Mr Turner plays Mr Harrison. The rest drawing bye in the first round will play as follows in the second round:—Mr Dlyth and Mr I. A. Carr; Mr Hooper and Mr Tonks; Mr Hall and Mr Robison. The Ladies' Championship Singles were drawn as follows:—Miss Corrie and Mrs Atkinson; Miss Whitney and Miss Goodall; Miss Eglby and Miss Nicholas; Miss Hookes and Miss Hall; Miss C. Kemothome and Mrs E. Scherff; Miss Rees and Mrs C. R. Chapman; Mrs E. W. Barton and Miss M. Paton; and Miss Spiers a bye.

The four-in-hand coach which Lord Onslow drove during a former visit to Auckland was driven through Queen-street the other day by Mr D. H. Stewart, of the Victoria stables, and attracted a very considerable amount of attention. The seats on the coach were occupied by Mrs Walter Lawry, wearing a stylish crimson gown braided with black, and small black hat; Miss Worker, navy blue skirt and jacket, red silk blouse, and hat to correspond; Mrs Moss-Davis, grey gown, and black and cream hat; Miss Moss-Davis, pretty pink costume, sailor hat; Mrs Thiele, dainty pink muslin gown, and pretty little hat; Mrs Honeyman, stylish fawn costume with cream vest embroidered with gold, bonnet to match; Dr. Honeyman, and Messrs Lawry, Moss-Davis, C. Sharland, Stubbings, and others. The party drove to the wharf where they watched the departure of Mr and Mrs Lawry, who left by the Union Company's steamer on a visit to Australia.

Madame Goldenstedt (nee Miss Cecily Stannton) has arrived from Sydney, where she resides with her husband, on a visit to her parents in Auckland. Madame Goldenstedt's voice, I hear, has considerably improved, and during her sojourn the purposes giving one or two concerts, when a musical treat may be anticipated.

A most enjoyable picnic was given by Mr Churchward, to which about fifty guests were invited. The P.S. *Alexandra*, chartered for the occasion, conveyed the party down to Home Bay, Motutapu, where the day was spent most pleasantly in various ways, the beautiful fine weather contributing not a little to the day's enjoyment. A number of the guests gave an excellent impromptu concert in a large marquee to the children of the Parnell Orphan Home, who are encamped at Home Bay, which was greatly enjoyed. Mr McEwen and his staff of assistants provided an excellent luncheon and tea, delicacies of all kinds being provided in abundance. The passage down was rendered most enjoyable by selections of vocal and instrumental music, a piano being placed on deck, and on the way up as the evening was most beautifully calm, the young folks indulged in plenty of dancing. Indeed, Mr Churchward had left nothing undone that would contribute in any way to the pleasure and enjoyment of his guests. Amongst the ladies I noticed Mrs Voepel looking well in a pretty pale blue gown, white hat trimmed with willow; Mrs Lorn and Miss Varoom were dressed alike in pretty yellow muslin gowns, and white hats with feathers; Miss Hazel, stylish white serge gown, white Tom-tug hat; Miss Harriet Wright, pretty blue French muslin gown, grey shawl hat; Miss Pearce looked nice in a white dress, blue jacket, white hat trimmed with feathers; Mrs Woodruffe, stylish bluish grey summer tweed gown, white hat; Miss Lewis, navy blue and white dress, hat to match; Miss Mabel Lewis, white dress, fawn and pink shawl hat; Miss Marie Lewis, pretty blue and white print, sailor hat; Miss Morrin, dainty all white costume; Miss Abbott, navy blue gown, blue and white hat; Miss Urcu, black velvet skirt, white blouse and hat; Miss Ailsa (twen), pretty all white costume. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs Churchward, Voepel, Wicks, Burns, Wood, Hunter, Owen, Varoom, Woodville, Baguall, and Professor Carolla. The party reached town about nine o'clock, and before the steamer reached the wharf Mr Voepel, in a little speech thanked the host for the most enjoyable day's pleasure, and the whole of the guests joined in singing 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow,' and three cheers were given before dispersing.

MURIEL.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE,

JANUARY 19.

What one person likes another can't bear. The most delightful rain is falling—falling so softly that all the hedges and trees are as if strung with crystal beads, and the lawns and flowers look so fresh and bright in consequence, but I imagine the farmers would like weeks of fine weather now. In driving out into the country the other day we passed acres and acres of grain of various kinds, some having suffered severely from the recent storm. But this is not news for you, only do not expect a long letter full of brilliant doings, for scarcely anyone is in town. In most households one or more members are missing. Those that are left do a little boating or tennis. I am glad to hear the Girls' Boating Club is to be started again. Miss Greenwood and Miss Robison are both back in Christchurch, and were always very energetic, so there is some hope.

A new order of things has been inaugurated by our hard-working Bishop. Three ladies were admitted as probationers for the order of deaconess. It is a well-known, useful institution at Home, and no doubt will prove so here. Miss Torlesse, Miss Vousemd and Miss Pursey, are the pioneers of this order. The former has been Lady Superintendent of St. Mary's Home, Addington, for some time. Miss Vousemd came out from England with Miss Torlesse some time ago to give her whole time to nursing sick poor and such works, and Miss Pursey is the Superintendent for St. Katherine's Home of the Girls' Friendly Society, so all three ladies have already had some experience in the work.

The Bishop and Mrs Julius are now on tour, having started for the West Coast to be in Nelson about their jubilee time, arriving in Wellington for the General Synod.

Mrs Rhodes, Elmwood, and party are back from Akarua, but some of them leave again for the first Sounds trip. Mr and Mrs George Rhodes, the Misses Rhodes, Mrs Pitman, and several others are going.

Mrs Westmacott gave a children's party in Mrs Wyn-William's garden, kindly placed at her disposal. About forty little people were present, some of the mothers and elder sisters also being there to join in their frolics and make things go merrily. Among the young ones were the Misses Dennistoun, Harper, Williams, Burns, Campbell, Ponton, Hill, Macfarlane, and many others. After games of all kinds tea was served under the trees, and the young guests tired out, though they never admit it, returned home.

I regret to say Mr Douglas Wyn-Williams is seriously ill in Auckland, whither his mother and one of his brothers have gone to nurse him. He went up for change and to try the benefit of the hot springs, but has become much worse.

Miss Delamain was riding down Cashel street one day last week, and met with an accident which might have been very serious. A dog flew at her horse and bit it on the hind leg, causing it to plunge heavily and throw her. She was unconscious for some time, but fortunately only suffered a severe shaking. The dog, I am glad to say, was destroyed, as it was constantly doing that sort of thing.

Mr and Mrs Kimbell had a moonlight picnic to Sumner. The party drove to the rocks at the further end of the beach, as it was a tram excursion night with an accompanying band, so the Cave Rock was soon like a hive of bees. It was a lovely evening, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the outing.

At Hagley Park a cricket match was played, and tea kindly provided by Mrs Mathias, assisted by the Misses Haruan and Helmore. A good many spectators were present.

At the old Show ground polo was being played. The players are at work in real earnest now for the great match to come off shortly. The Misses Rhodes dispensed tea with their usual kindly hospitality to players and spectators.

We are all glad to see Mrs and Miss Reeves back in Christchurch again.

A very handsome head-stone has been erected on the late Hon. W. Reeves' grave by the employees of the *Lyttelton Times*. It is of dark granite, very massive, and bears a long inscription.

Mr G. H. Normington leaves by the next 'Frisco' mail steamer. A successor has not yet been appointed for St. Luke's. A short time ago Mr Normington gave the choir and a few friends a picnic at Sumner, diving down and lunching at Morton's hotel. While in the parsonage grounds before separating the boys of the choir presented Mr Normington with a very chaste silver breakfast casket and a large photograph of themselves. After cheers had been given for him, the Rev. Mackenzie Gibson and Mrs Gibson, Archdeacon and Mrs Lingard, and Miss Lingard, the party broke up.

A few evenings after the Regatta a surprise party, numbering between forty and fifty, visited the genial Captain and Mrs Dow on board the ship *Eclefaleban*, which had been the flagship for the Regatta. This was a real surprise party, and the Captain thought his visitors had made a mistake for some outward-bound steamer, they were armed with so many packages, and even a piano was being hoisted on board. But he soon found out his mistake, and after a hearty laugh entered most thoroughly into the fun, which was kept up until well into the next morning.

One of our Bicycle Clubs owns two lady members, and they with two gentleman friends rode to Amberley, I think about fifty miles, in four hours. The gentlemen went as far as Waikari, returning to town the following day, the ladies remaining in the district for four days. It (wheeling) is becoming quite a popular amusement with ladies here. There is everything in favour of bicycle-riding here, and long distances are often covered by some of our wheelmen.

A rather interesting wedding took place in Wellington the other morning, when Mr J. H. Dond, of Morait Algidus, Canterbury was married to Miss Adele Azemar, of Richmond, Surrey, who only arrived by the Ionic the previous day.

Mrs Adams, Langley, entertained a party of ladies at high tea, numbering about twelve, most of them very old friends.

The town just now looks as if all the drapers' shops were 'to let.' The summer fashions have commenced. All the summer stuffs are displayed, and the windows a mass of plaards, which fill me with horrid thoughts of how soon the cold weather will be here.

DOLLY VALE.

TIMARU.

DEAR BEE,

JANUARY 19.

This week there is little to tell you besides the visit of H.M.S. *Ringarooma*. Her arrival here, of course, created great excitement in our little town. Great numbers of people went on board, and were courteously escorted over the vessel by the officers, and shown all the chief points of interest. A few ladies were entertained with afternoon tea by the handsome doctor in the officers' wardrobe. Boats seemed to be hurrying backwards and forwards all day long. In the evening the electric light on board looked awfully pretty, and there was a splendid display of the search light. I need not tell you much about all this, for of course you had the *Ringarooma* in Auckland, long before she came here. The search lights are wonderful, are they not? Fancy the Temuka people being able to read by them at such a distance. Next morning the Captain and officers were taken for a long and pretty drive round the outskirts of Timaru. They were entertained by Mr Perry with tennis at Beverley during the afternoon. The day was perfect for our amusement, and the many guests spent a most enjoyable afternoon. Among the ladies were Mrs G. Rhodes, Claremont, in a cream pompadour silk with lace yoke and sleeves, relieved with touches of olive green, and a white chiffon parasol, and black hat; her sister, Mrs Davidson, wore white serge, and black hat with cornflowers; Miss Turnbull, a pretty pink cambric, a large hat with pink flowers; Miss Grierson (Dunedin), blue and white spotted print, and large fashionable sailor hat; Miss Gillies (Sydney), wide mauve costume; Mrs Smithson, white soft silk trimmed with black ribbon velvet; Mrs Cecil Perry, handsome beaded black silk with black and gold bonnet; Mrs Bristol, black; Mrs Steadman, navy blue with three-quarter cloak; Miss McCrea, heliotrope flowered de-laine trimmed with silk of the same shade; Miss White, black and white tennis costume; Miss Chisholm, pretty cream embroidery costume; Miss Lovegrove, pale green; Miss C. Lovegrove, pale blue and white; the Misses Archer, tweed costumes; Miss Bullock, cream; Miss Bewick and Miss Antill, pink. In the evening a dance was given to Captain Bourke and his officers in the schoolroom, and quite a number of them were there, their pretty uniforms forming a delightful relief among the sombre dress suits of our gentlemen. A very nice supper was provided by the ladies, there being a great abundance of all kinds of dainties. Captain and Mrs Meason were, of course, present, and with them Miss Moorhouse. Both ladies looked very handsome in black; Mrs Lawson wore crimson silk with black lace flounces, and Mrs Hassel looked very nice in black relieved with white. Miss M. Allen, in pink mervilleux satin with deep chiffon frills and field daisies, was decidedly the belle of the ball; Miss Gertrude Bewick wore a very handsome dress of brocade trimmed with silver fringe; Miss Bullock, a white dress; Miss Chisholm, white and gold; Miss A. Crammond, white satin; Miss Cook, white; Miss Douglas, sea green; and her sister, white; Miss Gardner, black; Miss Gillies, palest sea green moire, striped lisse frills, and poy; Miss Hassell, black; Miss E. Hassell, palest pink with coffee lace; Miss A. Hassell, green silk; Miss Jonas, white brocade; and her sister pale blue; Miss Landsborough, cream; Miss LeCren, pale green; Miss Lovegrove yellow brocade and white; Miss E. Lovegrove, white silk with chiffon frills, caught up with purple pansies; Miss C. Lovegrove, pink muslin; Miss A. Mee, pale blue; Miss McLaren, a lovely ivory brocade; Miss Wantes, terra-cotta and black lace; Miss O'Brien, black; and her sister, white; Miss Plaisted, pale blue with cardinal chiffon frills; Miss Raymond, sea green; Miss Stubbs, white and gold; Miss Turnbull, pink satin mervilleux with pink roses on the bodice; Miss Thomson, brown silk; Miss E. White, yellow Liberty silk; Mrs Lindsay, Mrs Jonas, Mrs Steadman, Mrs Landsborough, Mrs Smithson, and Mrs Chisholm were all in black. Among the gentlemen, in addition to those mentioned, I noticed Captain Jackson, Dr. Hoeg, Lovegrove, Reid, and Thomas, Messrs E. T. Rhodes, Chisholm, Guinness, M. Gray, McLaren, Jefferson, Mee, Steadman, Bullock, A. C. and F. Perry, Strouts, Hassell, Tripp, Raymond, and Hinge.

Mrs Steadman gave a small but delightful Cinderella dance. The closed-in balcony opening off the dancing room was much appreciated, as, unfortunately, it was too wet to venture into the garden. Most of the ladies present had been at the ball of the previous night. Mrs Steadman looked very nice in a brown satin, relieved with butereups; her sister-in-law, Mrs F. Carrigill, wore cream brocade; Miss Bewick, black; Miss Crammond, white; Miss Chisholm, pale blue; Miss LeCren, a very pretty pink Liberty silk, with white silk Swiss belt braided with gold; Miss M. Lovegrove (who has just returned from Sydney), claret broche; Miss Ethel Lovegrove, green velvet; Miss C. Lovegrove, black; Miss Effie White, green veiled with black lace. The gentlemen equalled the ladies in number, and a very pleasant evening was spent, the guests, like Cinderella of the fairy tale, leaving at the stroke of twelve.

When the long-expected blowing-up of the Lyttelton took place we were all interested. Captain Falconer has been here for about three weeks preparing for the great explosion. As it was necessary that the sea should be calm, the exact time of the event could not be foretold; but, in order that the sight should not be missed by any of the inhabitants of Timaru, a notice appeared in the paper to the effect that the fireball would be rung an hour beforehand. So when one morning the bell rang out about ten o'clock, great crowds immediately poured down towards the shore. Every available post of observation was soon filled, and great excitement prevailed, and, indeed, a good deal of impatience. It was nearly noon by the time the warning flag was waved, and then the beautiful column of water ascended to a height of about 60ft. I am afraid that the chief and universal feeling was one of intense disappointment, for great things had been expected. All the windows in town were to be broken, buildings were to fall, the cliffs were to crumble, etc., and so I all that happened was a slight vibration of the ground near. It is certainly wonderful that the explosion of 2000lbs of gun-cotton should produce so apparently small a result. However, I hear it has been most successful, and that the Harbour Board are thoroughly satisfied.

The other day Mrs Elworthy gave a large luncheon party at the Parsona Estate. A great many guests were invited, and spent a very pleasant day.

ESTELLE.



WELL-KNOWN LADY AUTHORS.

MRS ARTHUR STANNARD ('JOHN STRANGE WINTER').



On the south side of a spacious square of handsome brick houses in Earl's Court, a ruddy gleam of fire-light through the red window-blinds marks the residence of the popular author, John Strange Winter. Passing through the outer and inner entrance doors, with mounted antlers and Swiss carvings hung between them, you reach the long, narrow hall, where the tessellated black-and-white paving is covered for the most part with heavy Wilton carpets; the rich, deep-red walls are profusely decorated with quaint old prints, whose sombreness is relieved by Nankin and Spode china. A later inspection shows these to include some choice engravings by Morland, a few miniatures, and a group of family silhouettes. ('Had we any more black relations?' Mrs Stannard, when a child, once asked her mother on being told which members of her family they portrayed.)

Entering the dining-room on the right, your hostess is discovered, deeply engaged in dressing dolls for an approaching juvenile festivity, when each little guest is to receive some gift. Clouds of filmy muslin, embroidery, lace, and silk lie before her, and several of those already attired repose in a row on the sofa. She extends a firm, strong hand in cordial greeting, and as there is only one more doll to complete the set, you settle down beside her to watch the process, and notice the deft and nimble fingers, as they swiftly run up a tounce or adjust a tiny trimming. She is dressed in a black and grey tea-gown, which looks like fine tapestry, with grey satin sleeves, panels, and front.

Mrs Arthur Stannard is a tall, handsome young woman. She has fine dark brown eyes, which sparkle with intellect and humour, level eyebrows, and dark hair curling over her low forehead and well-shaped head; she has a pretty but firm little mouth, and clear-cut chin, indicative of strength of will. Her face had settled somewhat into gravity as she pursues her occupation, for she has put into this apparently trivial matter, just as she does in greater things, her very best efforts with that thoroughness which characterises her; but as she suddenly looks up, and catches you intently watching her, she smiles a sweet, bright smile, and laughs a low, rippling laugh, as she seems to guess exactly what are your thoughts. 'It is for the children,' she says softly, and in those few words she betrays at once the sympathy of her nature, that sympathy with these little ones which has caused the children of her pen to live so vividly in the hearts of her readers.

It is a large, lofty room, pale green in colour, with carved oak dado. A bright, clear fire blazing in the wide, tiled hearth makes the heavy, polished brass fender and 'dogs' glisten like gold. On the high, black, carved 'chimney shelf,' as Mrs Stannard calls it, stand three valuable old blue jars, and the low, broad overmantel is composed of genuine Dutch tiles, three hundred years in age, framed in wood. Over this is grouped a collection of ancient blue Delft; the walls are hung with a few good proof engravings; at night the room is amply lighted by the huge hanging, crimson-shaded lamp, which casts a soft, becoming glow over every corner; the floor is covered with a thick Axminster carpet of subdued colouring, and with the exception of a handsome old carved oak dower-chest and grandfather clock, with loud and sonorous strike, which both date back into the last century, the rest of the furniture is mahogany; pieces picked up here and there, restored, modernised, and chosen with an eye to effect as well as to comfort.

Mrs Stannard is the only daughter of the late Rev. Henry Vaughan Palmer, rector of St. Margaret's, York. For some time Mr Palmer had been an officer in the Royal Artillery before his convictions led him to lay down his sword and enter the church militant; he had come of several generations of soldiers, and to the last day of his life found his greatest pleasure in the society of military men; this perhaps accounts for Mrs Stannard's almost instinctive knowledge of army men and army ways. On asking her if, when a child, she loved books, and gave promise of her brilliant gift, she says, smiling, 'Well, as regards my lessons, most emphatically no! I was a restless, impatient sort of child, who tired of everything before it was half done. I think, like all very enthusiastic people, that I was never as happy as with books, that is to say, novels. I was

just eleven when I went to my first school, but I had read Thackeray, Dickens, Charles Keade, and Whyte Melville up to date, besides many others, and I was never restricted in my reading; I never remember in my life my father or mother telling me not to read any particular book, and, speaking very impressively, 'I am all the better for it. Years afterwards, when my father died—I was twenty-one then—I felt that the few stories I had written and sold up to that time were but child's play. Then I began to work in real earnest, studying certain authors that I might clearly realise the difference of their method and style.' But the thought at once arises, that the touching and simple pathos of her style is entirely original, and born of no model.

And then, as oft-times happens when two women are sitting together in friendly converse, a word is dropped about her married life. Ah! here, though much could be said, in deference to your hostess's wishes the pen must be stayed. All who know Mr and Mrs Stannard know how complete and perfect is their union. Mr Stannard is a civil engineer, and at one time served under the late General Gordon. He is very pardonably proud of his clever wife, and efficiently transacts all her business arrangements, the two—so perfect in one—working, as it were, hand in hand.

Her *non de guerre*, 'John Strange Winter,' was adopted by the advice of the publishers of her first books, because they thought it wiser that works so military as 'Cavalry Life' and 'Regimental Legends' should be assumed by the world to be written by a man, and that they would stand a better chance of mercy at the hands of the critics than if they went forth as the acknowledged work of a woman, and for a time it was so assumed, but when 'Bootles' Baby' made such a success, and people wanted to know who the author was, and where he lived, it soon became known that 'he' was a woman, although, as she did not add her name to the title-page, it was a good while before it was generally believed. It may here be remarked that Mrs Stannard holds very strongly the opinion that there should be 'no sex in art,' and whilst never desiring to conceal her identity, deprecates the idea of receiving indulgence or blame on the ground of her work being that of a woman as both unjust and absurd. In private life she carries out her ideas on this point so effectually that few acquaintances would gather from her conversation (unless it were necessary to 'talk shop') that she was a literary woman at all, as except to a fellow-worker she would rather talk on any subject under the sun than literature.

The author to whom, according to Kuekin, 'we owe the most finished and faithful rendering ever yet given of the character of the British soldier' can portray, too, in a wonderful degree the beauty of child-life. Of modern creations there can be none better known to the public, or which have excited more sympathy, than 'Mignon' and 'Hoop-ii.'

Correct in detail, as those can prove who were in India at the time of the terrible mutiny of 1857, she might have written 'A Siege Baby' on the spot, had it not been that she was only born on January 13th in the previous year, and at that time was an infant in arms. Fertile in imagination, acute in observation, sprightly and wholesome in style, there is a freshness and life in her books which charm alike old and young, rich and poor, at home and abroad, and that her popularity is fully maintained is testified by the gratifying fact that a late story, 'He went for a Soldier,' one of the slightest of her efforts, had a larger sale during the first month after publication than any previous work from her pen in the same period. One practical result of this book must be mentioned. The scene is laid at Dovercourt, a few miles from Mr and Mrs Stannard's pretty summer house at Wix. She had been greatly distressed, when visiting that seaside place, by the sight of the over-loaded hackney-carriages, with their poor broken-down horses. Immediately after her indignant comments on this fact in her story, by-laws were passed, bringing these vehicles under effective police supervision.

Besides those already named, amongst some two or three and twenty novels, which are all so well known as not to need description—for are they not to be found in every library and on every railway bookstall in the United Kingdom?—'Beautiful Jim,' 'Harvest,' 'Diana Forget,' and a most pathetic story called 'My Poor Dick,' remain fixed on the memory. This last is, perhaps, the author's own favourite. 'Bootles' Baby,' as all the play-going world knows, was dramatised and brought out three years ago at the Globe Theatre in London. It has been on tour ever since, and there seems no intention of terminating its long run, dates having been booked far into the year. Her latest story, entitled 'The Other Man's Wife,' has been running in a serial in various newspapers, and is now issued by F. V. White and Co. in two-volume form. One great element of the author's success and world-wide literary reputation is undoubtedly to be found in her creations of the children of her military heroes, alike among the officers' quarters and those 'on the strength.' She has the happy knack of depicting them at once simple, natural, and lovable.

'I never begin a novel,' says Mrs Stannard, 'until I have got a certain scene in my mind. I cannot write any kind of story without having one dramatic scene clearly before me; when I have got it, I work up to that; then the story arranges itself. But this is only the germ, the first conception of the tale. As I write one thread after another spins itself out, to be taken up afterwards to form a consecutive, concise whole. Sometimes I find my original story altogether, but never any dramatic situation afterwards which I am working, and the end is often quite different to what I had intended. When this happens I very seldom try to fight against fate. I think that all stories ought more or less to write themselves, and it seems to me that this must make a tale more like real life than if it were all carefully

mapped out beforehand, and then simply padded up to some requisite length.'

By this time the last doll is finished and added to the row on the sofa. They all look as if they had been turned out of a first class milliner's establishment. Mrs Stannard suggests a move to her study, and leads the way up the wide staircase, the hand-rail of which is surmounted by a broad and heavy brass guard, put there for the sake of the little children of the house. A broad settee on the wide conservatory landing invites you to rest awhile and look at all the odds and ends which your hostess says are so precious to her. Here are two handsome Chippendale chairs picked up in Essex, many photographs of the house at Wix, a dozen pieces of Lane Delft porcelain, made specially as a wedding present for Mrs Stannard's grandmother in 1810, some Staffordshire hunting jugs, and some quaint little figures, 'all rubbish,' she says, smiling, 'but precious to me.' There is, however, a Spode dinner service in blue which is emphatically not rubbish, and a set of Oriental dishes, blue and red, which are very effective. The landing is richly carpeted; the windows and the doors of the conservatory are all of stained glass, while above hangs an old Empire lamp of beautiful design, filled in with cathedral glass. The first door on the left leads you into the author's study. It is a charming room, small but lofty, with pale blue walls hung with many little pictures, plates, old looking-glasses, and chenille curtains of terra cotta and pale blue softly blended. A pretty inlaid bookcase filled with a few well selected books stands opposite the window. The horseshoe hanging yonder was cast in the Lalaklava charge. She has indeed a goodly collection of these, and owns to a weakness for them, declaring that her first great success was achieved on the day that she picked one up at Harrogate. There must be many hundreds of photographs scattered about in this room, and it would be a day's occupation to look through them all; but each has its own interest for her, and most of them are of people well-known in the literary, scientific, artistic, and fashionable world. 'I never sit here,' she says, 'it is my work-room, pure and simple. Sometimes my husband comes up, and then I read to him all my newly-written stuff, but this I do every day.'

The next door opens into the drawing-room, where there is a rich harmony in the details of the decoration and furniture, which suggests the presence of good and cultivated taste, combined with a general sense of luxury and comfort. The entire colouring is blended, from old gold to terra-cotta, from Indian red to golden brown. On the left stands a cabinet crowded with choicest bits of china, in the middle of which is placed the bouquet, carefully preserved, presented to the author by Mr Kuskin on her birthday. A lovely Dutch marqueterie table contains a goodly collection of antique silver, and among the pictures on the walls are a painting by Lawrence Phillips, Batley's etching of Irving and Ellen Terry, also one of Mrs Stannard, and a series of all the original and clever pen-and-ink sketches in 'Bootles' Children,' by Bernard Partridge, drawn as illustrations to the story in the *Lady's Pictorial*.

Mrs Stannard is, above all things, a thoroughly domestic woman. Popular in society, constantly entertaining with great hospitality, she yet contrives to attend to every detail of her large household, which consequently goes like clockwork. She writes for about two hours every morning, and keeps a neat record book, in which she duly enters the number of pages written each day.

Presently Mr Stannard comes in, and soon suggests an adjournment to his study downstairs, a snug, business-like room, half filled with despatch-boxes, books, and MSS. On a table stands a large folio-like volume, which is Mrs Stannard's visiting book, containing many hundreds of names. She looks ruefully at a clip containing some sixty unanswered letters, and candidly confesses that she finds considerable difficulty with her private correspondence and her calls, both of which accumulate faster than she can respond to them; though, as she says, her many friends are very indulgent to her on those scores, and are 'quite willing to make allowance for a poor woman who has the bulk of her literary work cut out for a year or two in advance, three little children, and a houseful of servants to manage; but, happily,' she adds, 'good servants. I have been so lucky in that way.'

Just now, indeed, she claims especial indulgence with respect to social observances, for, as though so busy a life were not enough to exhaust her energies, she has added to her burden the anxieties of owning and editing a new weekly penny magazine, which under the euphonious title of *Golden Gate*, has just begun its career. The success of the first numbers has been sufficient to surprise and delight the venturesome novelist, and has caused her to determine upon an early enlargement of its modest dimensions, that it may justify and retain the great favour with which it has been received.

But with all this accumulation of business, these domestic cares, and social claims, somehow Mrs Stannard never seems in a hurry. The kind and hospitable couple are always ready to do an act of kindness, and to welcome with help and counsel a new aspirant to fame in the thorny paths of literature. Small wonder that they are so much sought after in society, and so heartily welcomed wherever they go—and one is seldom seen without the other.—*Ladies' Pictorial*.

A CURE FOR NEURALGIA AND TOOTHACHE.

TAKE three wine glasses of pure gin and put in a bottle; then take a piece of garlic about the size of a walnut, cut up fine, and put in the bottle with the gin; cork and seal perfectly air-tight, and put by for three days. Dose: two teaspoonful three times a day. Also cut up a small quantity of garlic very fine and mix into a stiff paste, which put behind the ears will afford immediate relief.

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

LADIES, for Afternoon Tea, use Aulsebrook's Oatmeal Biscuits and Cakes, a perfect delicacy.—ADVT.

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

QUERIES.

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

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

RULES.

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

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

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

QUERIES.

TOFFEE.—We are so fond of lollies, and yet cannot succeed with our toffee. Can you help us?—COUNTRY COUSIN.

CAKE.—Will you give me a recipe for a cake, nice, but not too rich, with dried cherries in it?—THE OGRE.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

'Alice.'—An authority on soups says:—You can use for making the chicken stock, necks, feet, and any poultry bones will do quite well, and the stock must be made in precisely the same way as any other stock is made. Take half a chicken and put it into a stewpan with two or three sliced onions, a bunch of herbs, one or two cloves, and three quarts of the chicken stock. Let this stock simmer gently for about an hour and a half, and then strain it and clarify it with raw veal eggs. The garnish to serve in this soup is the following:—Take the heart of a stick of celery and cut it into very fine shreds, and put them into a stewpan, cover them with cold water and add a little salt, then bring the water to boiling point, and strain it from the celery, rinse the celery well and cook it in a little of the soup until tender, then it is ready to add to the soup. Make a custard with four eggs and four tablespoonsful of milk, season with pepper and salt. Butter some little dariole moulds well and fill them half full of vegetables which are cut in small dice shapes which are not much larger than the head of a good large pin. The best way to cut them in this way is to cut the vegetables in thin slices and then in fine strips, and it is then quite easy to cut these in dice shapes: carrot, turnip, leek and cucumber, when the latter is procurable, are the best vegetables to use. The vegetables should be cooked in the same way as the celery, using water instead of soup before they are put into the moulds. Fill the moulds with the custard and then place them in a stewpan containing enough boiling water to come three parts of the way up the moulds, bring the water to boiling point again and then put the cover on the pan and draw it to the side of the stove and let the custards steam until firm. Turn out of the moulds, and when cold cut in small rounds. Some of the breast of the chicken cut in thin slices and then cut in rounds should also be served in the soup; the remainder of the meat of the chicken can be used to make croquettes with. The directions for making the soup and the garnish appear perhaps a little elaborate, but they are really by no means difficult to follow. You will find in all soup-making the great secret to get well-flavoured soup is to cook it very gently, at the same time keeping it at boiling point, and the clearness will depend very much on the way the stock is kept skimmed.

'Martha.'—I am sorry your custard puddings have been a failure. Will you try the following quantities:—One pint of milk and four whole eggs and three ounces of castor sugar. I do not, of course, know how sweet you like puddings of this kind, but I always think a custard pudding requires a fair amount of sugar. Beat the eggs until they are quite a froth, and then add the sugar and mix them well together, then add the flavoured and pour the custard into a pie-dish. Place the pie-dish in a tin containing some hot water and bake the pudding in a moderately hot oven, and in half an hour the pudding should be quite firm. Of course the custard must not be allowed to boil, or it will become curdled. Of course the oven should be made hot before the pudding is put into it, and the temperature of the oven should be kept as even as possible while the pudding is in it.

RECIPES.

DELICIOUS PIGEON PIE.—If you want your pigeon pies to be very nice, I should advise you to either bone the birds yourself; but supposing you do not know how to do this, for a very trifling sum your poultryer will do so for you. After the birds have been boned, they should be cut into four pieces, and for four pigeons you must add one pound of either tender rump or fillet steak, cut either in small square pieces, or else in the way the meat should be cut for making a rump steak pie. Place the pigeons and the steak in a sauté pan with a little butter, sprinkle them with finely chopped thyme, parsley, and bay leaf, pepper and salt, and fry them quickly for about ten minutes, then mix a good tablespoonful of flour with the meat, and place in a pie dish. Arrange on the top the hard-boiled yolks of some eggs, having previously dipped them in finely chopped parsley, and also place a little finely-cut-up fat bacon on the top of the meat, and fill up the dish with well-flavoured brown gravy. The bones from the pigeons can be used to make the gravy with, if they are cooked in some ordinary stock. Puff paste should be used to cover the pie with, and it should be brushed over with whole beaten-up egg.

RISE CAKE.—To make a rice cake take half a pound of butter and with your hand or a wooden spoon work the

butter to a cream, then add half a pound of castor sugar and any flavouring you may like. Continue to work the mixture for ten minutes, when it should present a white appearance; then add by degrees, working the mixture all the time, six eggs, five ounces of fine flour, and three ounces of crème de riz, adding one egg and about a tablespoonful of flour at a time. It will take about a quarter of an hour to work the eggs and flour into the butter, etc. This mixture will make enough to bake in a quart mould, or it can be divided and can be made into two small cakes. The moulds should be brushed over with warm butter, and then lined with buttered paper, which has been sprinkled with flour and castor sugar mixed in equal quantities, and the paper should be about an inch and a-half above the top of the tin. The cakes should be baked in a moderately hot oven, and small ones will take about an hour to cook.

CHERRY JAM.—5lbs. cherries, 4lbs. good sugar, 1 teacup water or currant juice. Put all into a preserving pan, and put it at the back of the stove, and leave it till the sugar melts slowly; then draw it on the fire, and boil gently for half an hour. For fine jam the cherries are stoned, but it is very good without that.

GINGER BEER.—A correspondent lately asked me for a recipe for ginger beer. At last I have succeeded in getting one, which I trust she will see. To two gallons of water add two ounces bruised ginger and two pounds of sugar. Boil half an hour, skim, and pour into a jar or tub with sliced lemon and half ounce cream of tartar. When nearly cold add a cupful of yeast. Let it work for two days, then strain, bottle, and cork. A preference is given to stone bottles.

SUMMER DRINKS.

HOME-MADE CIDER.—Remove the bad from fallen apples; do not pare or core; cut in small pieces, put in a jar about one-third of fruit to two-thirds of cold water. Cover closely for five days, strain and bottle. To each wine bottle add one dessertspoonful of sugar. Let it stand three days, then it is ready, and is a delicious drink.

LEMONADE POWDERS.—Take 1lb of powdered white sugar, ½lb of bicarbonate of soda, and 1½ drachm of essence of lemon. Mix these ingredients thoroughly, and divide them between six dozen papers. Take five ounces of tartaric or citric acid, and divide it between the same number of papers. To use, dissolve one of each paper in half a tumblerful of water, then mix the two.

GINGER-BEER POWDER.—Take 1 to 2 drachms of white sugar powdered, 26 grains of bicarbonate of soda, 6 grains of the finest Jamaica ginger powdered, and 1 drop of essence of lemon. Mix these ingredients, and wrap the powder in a blue paper. Take 35 grains of powdered tartaric acid, and 50 grains of powdered citric acid, and wrap in white paper. Use as in lemonade powders.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—This is not only a nice summer drink, but an excellent thing to have by in the house for use in cases of chest complaint. Place a pound of good fresh fruit in a basin and pour over a quart of white wine vinegar; the following day strain the same liquid over another pound of fruit, and the third day over another in the same way, draining the liquor as dry as possible from the fruits in each case; moisten a canvas with vinegar and strain through. Put in stone jar, add a pound of loaf sugar to each pint of juice; let it simmer and skim it. When cold, bottle.

ELF LAND.

THERE is a distant land so fair,
With soft-robed hills and valleys,
And roses red and clematis
Wrap all its climbing alleys.

Where low airs move amid the brake,
And slide among the mosses,
And whisper to the whispering oak,
And breathe in ferny flosses

'Twas called the land of elfin folk
In fairy stories olden;
And you enter in by a lowly gate,
All ivory-white and golden.

There summer holds eternal reign
Nor cold nor loss come ever,
Nor low-breathed hate, nor slow-dropped tear,
Its sweet peace to discover.

But its gates are shut to the greedy world,
And their hasty feet pass by them,
For none but the true and pure in heart
Have ever chance to spy them.

All amaranth its paths so sweet,
All asphodel its covers;
And the glow-worm lights its gloaming fire
For tiny fairy lovers.

Long melody slides adown the glens
And o'er the sleeping shallows,
And trembles in the gleaming bars
Of every brooklet's narrows.

The elfin horns blow wild and sweet,
Like hid bells far away,
And elfin laughter rippling hangs
About the foxglove spray.

And day falls into eve and wraps
In crimson dreamy fold,
The happy land of elfin home,
Its shimmering gates of gold.

But still amid the stress of life
We hear the distant strain
Of happy peace; the lulling voice,
The elfin song's refrain.

Dunedin.

E. NEVILL.

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

THE WORK CORNER.

AN ENAMELLED PLAQUE.

IN these days, when nearly every woman paints a little, many will look longingly at the black enamelled panels and plaques displayed for sale; but alas! in many instances the pocket book will be found unequal to the demand, and the plaque cannot be purchased. Now let me tell you how to make one that very few will recognise as only an imitation. Get a cheap plaque of the desired size, and a small can of the best carriage paint, which is paint and varnish combined. Give the plaque a coat of the paint, let it dry, then rub it with fine sandpaper to make it look perfectly smooth; then give it another coat of paint, let this dry and paint it again. It will require three or four coats after that which you sand-papered, and each coat must be very thin. If the paint is too thick it will 'run' and result in an uneven surface which will be far from satisfactory. When the last coat is dry, your plaque is ready for ornamentation.

For a panel procure a board on which dress goods have been rolled. Rub it first with coarse sand-paper, then with fine, until the surface is as smooth as glass, then treat as directed above. This is also a nice way to treat furniture when such a finish is desired.

TO MAKE ZEPHYR FLOWERS.

THE materials required for making zephyr flowers are as follows: No. 36 silver hairwire, zephyr (not the split zephyr), and a wire tong, shaped like a hairpin. This tong should be five inches in length and one in breadth, and this should be of wire that will not bend easily.

We will first make a lily in what is known as 'plush work.' Begin by winding the zephyr around the tongs eight times, then back again over the first layer, and continue until there are ten layers of the zephyr, all wound on very evenly. Now sew it securely down the centre and fasten by taking 'over and over' stitches at each end. The stitches down the centre should be even in size, and exactly half way between the points of the wire tong. Now cut off a piece of the hair wire about eight inches in length, double it and place it in the centre of the petal just made nearly to the point. Catch the thread into the loop made by the doubled wire, and sew back and forth, over and down the wire to the lower edge of the petal. When this is done, take a pair of sharp scissors and clip the zephyr down the wire on the outside of the tong, then roll the petal in your hand a few times until it becomes round, when it will be ready to trim. To get the required shape you should have a lily from which to copy. A lily has six petals and five stamens.

To make the stamens, wind the hair wire very evenly and closely around a knitting needle, remove the needle pull the wire curl apart a little, and wrap the zephyr around the wire until it is in all the curves. Fasten the anthers on the stamens with a darning needle threaded with double zephyr. These stamens should be four inches long.

To put the lily together, take a piece of broom wire for a stem, and fasten the stamens to it by wrapping around all with green zephyr, then put the petals on as they are in the lily you are copying, fasten them securely, and bend each one back in a natural curve.

To shade a lily, wrap first one shade on the tong then the next directly over it, and thus use as many shades as you wish.

To make wire flowers you will need split zephyr and No. 30 silver hair-wire.

Begin by winding the wire evenly on a knitting needle pull it very closely together before removing it; but pull it apart a little when it is removed. Before using the zephyr this wire must be bent into the required shape. For instance, if you wish to make a pansy, bend the wire to look like one of the leaves. Hold the thumb nail firmly against the wire at the point of the leaf to keep it in shape while twisting the wire together. Wrap the end of the zephyr around the wire, where it is twisted together, secure it in the first notch in the lower point, then take it from there to the middle notch above, then the first notch, then the one below the middle notch. Wrap it back and forth in this manner until the leaf is filled out. A little practice will enable you to do it nicely.

The centre of the flowers are made from double zephyr, clipped. These flowers are put together as described for the lily.

When making a cluster of small flowers, use the fine wire, No. 35. When filling a fancy basket with flowers, add a few green sprigs. To make them, tie a strand of zephyr, and two pieces of wire, each about twelve inches in length, around a knitting needle. Now throw the zephyr loosely over the needle, draw it down between the two wires, cross the wires over it, draw it up between them, throw it loosely over the needle again, and so continue until you have a piece the desired length, when it may be removed from the needle, doubled together, and twisted slightly.

When you have learned to make zephyr sprigs, you can make hair flowers, for that work is done in the same way.

'Yes, Charles, I have determined to give up the music. I shall write no more.'

'Why, Thomas, the world will pine for the lyrics of your pen. And will you be so heartless?'

'Yes, Charles, I must. I write for fame; and what is fame? Even now the world deniers Homer of existence, and declares Shakespeare an impostor. I cannot, I will not, subject myself to inevitable indignity.'

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

The only 'Vertical Feed' Sewing Machine in the world is the New High Arm DAVIS. Head Office in New Zealand Hudson and Co., Christchurch.—ADVY.

FOR Invalids and Delicate Children, ACUTE-BRONCHITIS, AGING, and TUBERCULOSIS are unsurpassed.—(ADVY.)

The Emperor of Germany once declared, according to tradition, that for his part he preferred a lady with a talent for making jam to one who had an aptitude for discussing the constitution.

Ladies' STORY Column

THE STORY OF A SOCIETY GIRL

TOLD BY HERSELF.



These days when one does not have a father confessor—and no woman of sense has a confidante—one of ability finds herself forced occasionally to jot down her impressions. That is my excuse for the existence of this. To begin at the very beginning, I fancy I was born like other people, went through the usual uninteresting babyhood, but was still a little girl when I learned that I was a beauty. This first came to me from my father. My mouth drawn up to its prettiest meek shape, a couple of tears in my eyes would make him give me whatever I asked for, and so there came to

me the knowledge of the strength that lies in weakness. Sometimes I doubt if I were born—I think I am the result of transmigration—first an orchid, next a bird of Paradise and, last of all, a blooded horse. I belong to an old family, and my solicitor tells me that I have a great deal of money; but who ever heard of a woman having enough? Mamma very sensibly, trained me to be a coquette. From the time that I could stand I was fully aware of the value of my white skin, my deep, dark eyes, and that attached to the wonderful red hair that made a gorgeous framing for my finely etched face. I was willing to go to bed early, for I had been told of the good of those sleeping hours that come before twelve o'clock; to be bathed and rubbed until I was weary enough to sleep again, because my nurse had said that this would make my form handsome and supple, and my arms and neck the admiration of the world. School was an unknown quantity to me—concessions and that sort of thing came and I endured them, learned of them, and was spoken of by them as the most beautiful girl they had ever seen—but one who was utterly heartless. They little understood that heart was the last thing that would be desirable in my profession, for I made it such.

At eighteen years of age I was brought out; but for three months before that my mother had taught me exactly who among the men were eligible, who were not, what women were to be cultivated, what ones to be civil to and what ones to ignore. I made my first appearance at the Parisiens' ball, and mamma very wisely had me dressed in the finest of white silk muslin, made in Empire style, with a broad white sash about my waist, a white rose in my hair, and long, white gloves, only partially covering my beautiful arms. As was proper, I accepted the invitations to dance from the elderly men, from whom it was a compliment to receive them, and, as far as possible, I ignored the younger ones. I sought mamma's wing at the end of each dance, and to my delight, the impression left on every body's mind was that of my being an extremely beautiful, ingenuous, young girl who knew nothing whatever of society. How they erred. I looked at Mrs August Belmont's sapphires and thought that when I was a matron, I would have ones just as handsome. I stared, politely of course, at Mrs Marshall Robert's beautiful pearls, and wondered why they should be wasted on a widow. The next day the newspapers were full of descriptions of the new beauty, and before I knew it, the sweet, childlike look in my face had gained for me the title of 'Baby.'

At that time I was the most complete coquette that talked out an opera, or looked into a man's eyes so that he believed that I adored him, whereas I only calculated exactly to what extent I could count on him for flowers. You think this sounds vulgar, perhaps, about the flowers; but all coquettes are vulgar in that sense. The old novels tell of a time when maidens fair were delighted with the blossom sent by the man who adored them; but it is impossible to imagine anything so rapid. Of what earthly use would a blossom be? One has been effective when taken from a man's buttonhole and stuck in one's bodice, where it would show well against one's neck; but I cannot imagine their being of any other use. When the young men grew to know me, proposals of marriage began to pour in upon me; but I had concluded exactly who I would marry—the rich, and only son of a rich man, who really owned half the ground on which the swell houses were built. The other men did very well to pass away the time with and give me practice.

The first was a clergyman; he thought I was so lovely that I must be more than willing to give my life to the poor and my love to him. He gave me the most exquisite prayer-book in ivory and gold, with my monogram in diamonds upon it. It was very convenient for Lent, because I could make a wonderful picture by kneeling on the church floor holding that beautiful book near my lips, so that the gold in my hair and the jewels flashing from it seemed the only things human about me.

My next proposal was from a man. Yes, he was a man. He offered me his hand and his heart, and his willingness to make a home for me. I laughed at it. The very idea of me marrying a poor man! No matter that he was a gentleman; no matter that I had a curious feeling in my heart about him—I laughed at him, and then he told me what he thought of me. You see, I had invited it, but still he couldn't know that under that laugh was the only real bit of human feeling that had ever come into my life.

Then there were all sorts and conditions of men. A great light in the legal world, an immensely wealthy merchant, and one who would have given me a fine title, made me a duchess, indeed, for my dowry. But I had intended to marry Jack—the richest man I knew. When the season was nearly over, mamma was obliged to bring to our house

the only child of her sister—an orphan. She said she would be a good foil for me, and, as she had to keep her, we might as well go out together. My clothes could be made over for her, and the fact of her being always with me, would make Jack think me more delightful, because more difficult to obtain. I am never mean enough to deny another woman's good looks, but Marjory hadn't the least claim to being a beauty, except in her possession of a pair of deep, dark blue eyes that told something, I never could understand what. Once I heard a man say they were sympathetic; but that seemed to me very stupid. On the day of the coaching parade, Marjory and I, with mamma's permission and under the chaperonage of a young matron, were on Jack's coach. I sat on the box-seat, and I looked so well in my yellow crepe, my hair trimmed with yellow blossoms and with a huge bunch of them laid at my feet, that even the boys on the street called to each other, 'Ain't she a beauty?' I was, I knew it, and I felt that Jack ought to appreciate it more than ever before. As he bade us good-bye that evening, he said to me, 'I am coming to speak to your mother to inorrow.' Most girls would have got excited, or felt they had to tell somebody, but not I.

There was a small sense of triumph about me, for I felt that I had gained my end, and I walked over to Marjory's room just to let her see how well I looked. What a fool I thought her. Sitting there reading a book that had in it a chapter and a hymn and a prayer for every day in the year: 'She would kiss me—a something that I despise, these outward signs of affection, or whatever you may call it—and after that weakness I concluded not to tell her my secret. Jack came the next day, asked for mamma, and was with her for quite a time; and then a message came upstairs, asking that Marjory would come down. I didn't connect the two; but a while afterward my mother came to me, and for the first time in my life I saw her angry.

Mamma seemed to look exactly as if she had been learning a lesson, one that came home to her. Do you think that shock of knowledge come to me? It said they do. Inimaginative people talk of 'having the veil suddenly drawn away, and seeing the truth,' and really, I suppose from what followed, mamma had been undergoing some revolution of feeling, or, perhaps it would be proper to say, had had a revelation. For my own part it seemed silly. She said: 'What in the world is the matter with you, that with everything in your favour you should let the greatest catch of the season slip through your hands and be captured by an ordinary, poor girl, like your cousin? What does he see in her? What is there lacking in you?' I thought it very rude of her, and I said, 'Mamma, I think you are forgetting yourself.' And, to my astonishment, she answered, 'No, I am not. I am just remembering myself. It has just come to me that I have educated you to be that something without a heart—a perfect society girl—and that I must not blame men if they do not find in you the sympathy for which they call. Of course, I was disappointed, first at Jack's bad taste, and then at mamma's ridiculous outburst. Marjory was quietly married the next month, and to-day she, who used to wear my cast-off clothes, who wearied me by talking of the beauty of love and religion, is the acknowledged leader of society.

After her marriage we went abroad. In London and in Paris everybody raved over me. My pictures were eagerly sought for; the gowns I wore were copied; a colour fancy by me became the fashion. And so year after year went by, some spent in this country, some spent on the other side, until one day I had a sharp pain of a curious kind come to me when I heard a flippant boy of nineteen say in a rude slangy fashion: 'Baby is beginning to be a back number.' It was horrible slang, but—but—I thought of the girls who had come out with me. They were married and had little children about them; I thought of my father and mother; they were both dead. Then I thought of myself. All that great fortune had come to me, but I was alone. As I drive in the park of an afternoon, sitting, as only I can sit in my victoria, I see the people look at me and I hear them say: 'That's the famous beauty. That's the woman who has so much money and so much beauty that she might at any time, have married any man she wanted to.'

I see the shabbily dressed girls stare at me and hold on a little tighter to their sweethearts' arms, and once I heard a little woman say: 'John, that may be a beautiful woman but she is not a happy one.' 'She is a selfish one, my dear, and the most beautiful face ceases to be lovely when in the heart there is only thought of itself.'

Is this true? Has my life been a failure? Is there something better than the admiration of the aristocratic set? Is there anything better than luxury and beauty and surroundings that give pleasure to all the senses? There must be, else how can these people be happy? Well, it's too late for me—I can't begin again. I don't know that I want to; but I should have liked to have it decided if those people who talk about love and goodness are right, or whether it is just best to be what I always have been and am still.

A SOCIETY GIRL.

ON A TABLECLOTH.

MEISSONIER had become celebrated and was beginning to make money, when he got acquainted with a Parisian grandee, very wealthy, very fond of posing as an art patron, but very penurious. One day Meissonier, breakfasting with the grandee, was struck by the beauty of the texture of the tablecloth. 'One could draw upon it,' he remarked; and, suiting the action to the word, he produced a pencil, and made on the snowy smooth *nappe* a wonderfully able sketch of a man's head. The 'economical swell' had the head carefully cut out of the damask, and hastened to frame and glaze his prize. A few weeks afterwards Meissonier again breakfasted with his patron, and found by the side of his plate at the corner of the table assigned to him a neat little sheaf of crayons and holders, with a penknife and some india-rubber. While the guests at the conclusion of the repast were enjoying their coffee and cigarettes, the host sat with delight 'from the corner of his eye' that Meissonier was hard at work on the tablecloth—this time with a superb little full-length of a medieval halberdier. The party broke up, the guests departed, and the 'economical swell' rushed back to the *salon* to secure his treasure; but, alas, the painter had for once shown himself as economical as his patron! He had made disastrously good use of the penknife, and one corner of the tablecloth was gone, halberdier and all!

AT HOME WITH THE LADY EDITOR.

M.P.E.T.—You ought to call within a week or ten days, and leave two of your husband's cards and one of your own. Call on her reception day, if possible, and pay a short visit. If she has not a day, you can simply leave cards. An invitation is a civility, and ought to receive recognition.

WIDOW.—Yes, you must certainly acknowledge the many calls and notes you have received. You are by no means obliged to entertain callers if you do not feel equal to it. Visitors will not expect to see you until after your formal appearance in church. Send cards with 'Thanks for kind enquiries.' You can get them printed at the stationer's, or, if you prefer it, you can write the words above your name on your ordinary printed card.

LOTTIE.—There is nothing at all improper in two ladies 'not very young' going to a concert together. Wear silk dresses with a pretty little *jabot* of cream chiffon lace edged with pink, gold or blue, and dainty little caps made of the same. You can put them on in the ladies' dressing-room if you are going in an open carriage or public omnibus.

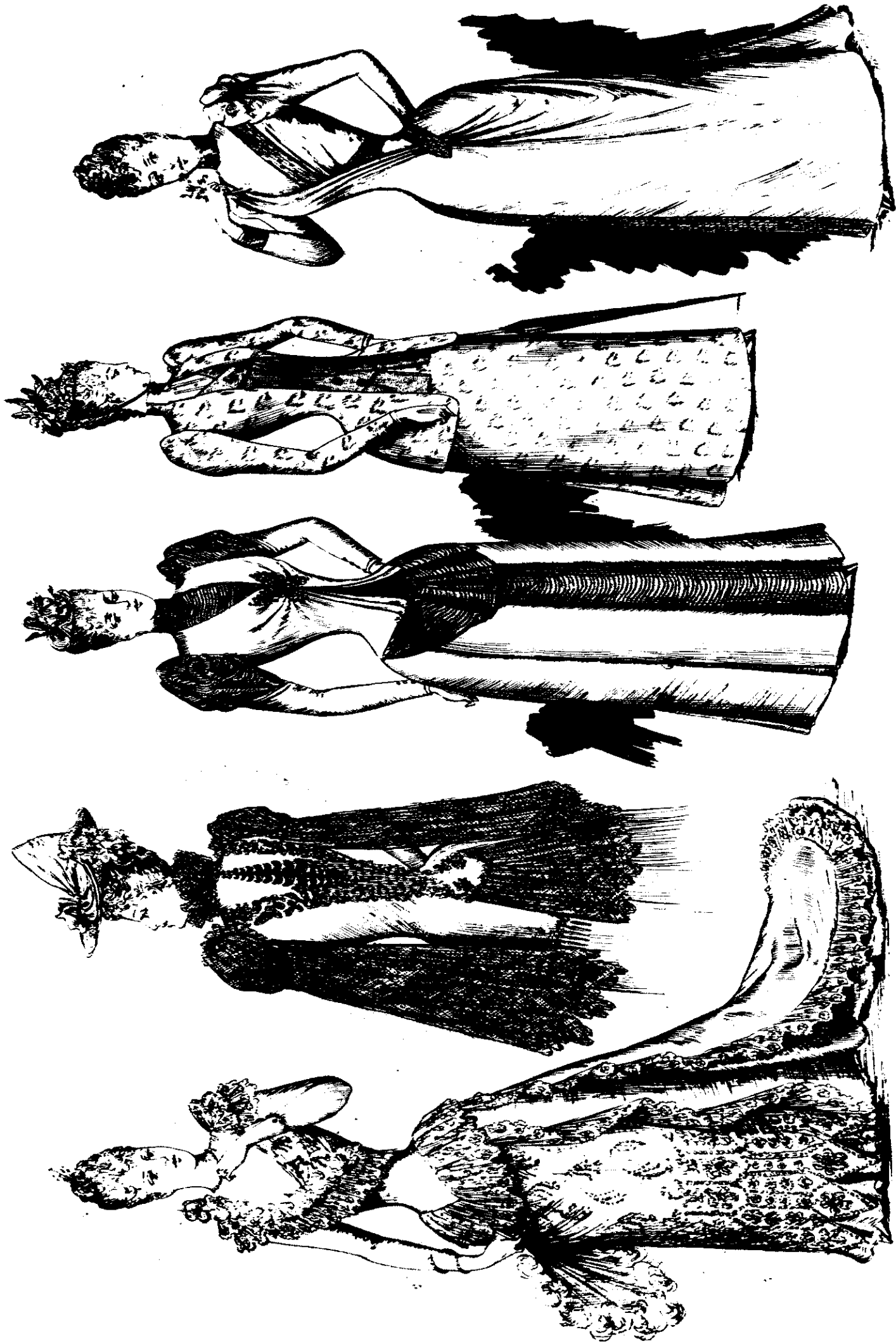
E.M.R.—I am sorry you did not see how to crystallize grasses. Take one pound of alum to one quart of water. Put in a vessel back of the stove to dissolve; it must not boil. Put it then in a tall jar, place the bouquet stems up for twenty-four hours in the water. I hope you will let me know if you succeed.

COMMENT-FACT.—It is not at all 'the proper thing' to wear a hat or bonnet at a conversation of that kind. You are supposed to be sufficiently well acquainted with the rules of good society to know that evening dress is the only correct style. Anything else betrays you as 'a country cousin.'

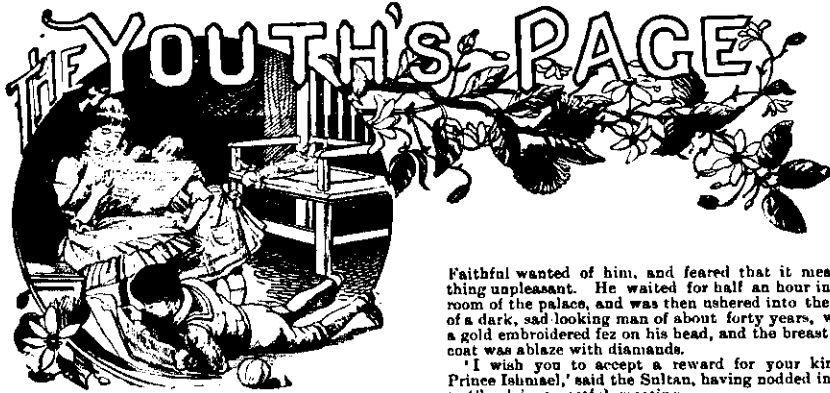
It has been suggested to me that there are many gentlemen in New Zealand who, from various causes, are in great need of the opportunity of adding a little to their scanty income. If, said the lady who introduced the subject, 'there could be some central place in each city where all kinds of work could be sent and disposed of at a reasonable figure, it would be a great boon to many deserving women.' Of course, this means paying rent, and paying some one to sell the goods sent in. The seller might well be one of those in need of some light employment. I was thinking over this subject whilst reading a popular English lady's paper, and was much pleased to come across this paragraph:—'An Exchange for Women's Work has just been opened at the Hotel Anglo-Français, 6 Rue Castiglione. This exchange is under the patronage of many prominent members of the American colony in Paris, and its object is to assist American gentlemen in reduced circumstances. Any kind of work is received and sold at the price mentioned by the contributor. The names of the ladies who furnish work are never revealed. Orders are received for American pies, cakes and other specialities, and a circulating library is already organized. Each Thursday afternoon there are musical *matinees*, with the assistance of the best artists, unique Turkish embroideries are sold, and pictures and other works of art can also be purchased. This Exchange is a real charity and deserves prosperity.' If afternoon tea at threepence a cup were provided, and a general interest awakened in the movement, something might be done. At all events, the subject has my warmest sympathy, and I earnestly appeal to my warm-hearted lady readers to send me their ideas on the subject, whether the scheme is practical or not.

To turn to another subject, I feel sure that every mother's heart in this colony has felt a pang of deep sympathy for our dear Princess of Wales, who has so suddenly lost her eldest son. He had his faults, as what mother dare say her child has not? But he was her eldest born, and, we are told, the Royal mother was very fond of him. The Prince of Wales also is deeply attached to his children. The moment he fancied (last November) that Prince George did not seem well, he took him at once from Sandringham to London, placing him under Dr. Laking. Unfortunately, his illness proved to be typhoid, which that month seems to have been the prevailing illness amongst the 'upper ten,' even more so than influenza, Lord William Nevill and two sons of Sir Henry Pouson, by suffering from it at the same time. The Princess travelled night and day from the Crimea to reach her second son, accompanied by the Princesses Victoria and Maud. An English writer says:—'The Princess and her daughters were dressed in black, and looked rather tired after their long journey. Dr. Broadbent and Dr. Laking were in attendance at Marlborough House, and were able to give the Princess a satisfactory report of Prince George's condition immediately upon her arrival. Saturday last was the fourteenth day of the fever, and, as a consequence, His Royal Highness was that day not quite so well, there being a slight increase of feverish symptoms, but in the evening these subsided. Saturday, being the twenty-first day, will be an anxious time, and the evening bulletin from Marlborough House will be awaited with impatience. Prince George's bedroom faces St. James's Palace and not the Mall, as stated by some of my contemporaries, and it was at first feared that the music played every morning by the Guards' band at the daily grand mounting would disturb his Royal Highness; but this is not the case, as he likes to hear the music, and it has not as yet been temporarily suspended. Dr. Broadbent being the Senior Physician to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, it is not surprising that the same hospital should have the honour of supplying the two nurses, Sister Victoria and Sister Edith, who wait night and day alternately on Prince George. In addition to telegraphing the morning and evening bulletins to the Queen, Dr. Laking has to write every evening a letter to Her Majesty saying how the young Prince is progressing.' As we all know, this Prince has recovered, whilst his eldest brother, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, has been taken. Before this is in print he will have been buried with the amount of pomp and ceremony befitting his rank and position. And who does not feel intensely sorry for the gentle maiden, whose bright eyes were intent upon marriage rather than death; on dainty white wedding garments rather than on sombre funeral raiment? Truly, 'in the midst of life we are in death.'

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



LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.—EARLY AUTUMN GARMENTS. SEE PAGE 138.



ZULEIKA.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

A NORSEMAN IN STAMBOUL.



COLONEL RING was a Norwegian officer who had entered the Sultan's service. In the war of 1877-78, between Russia and Turkey, he distinguished himself on many occasions and won the friendship and admiration of his general, Osman Pasha.

After the retirement of the victorious Russians, Colonel Ring desired to take his leave and return to his own country; but the Sultan begged him to remain and detained him from year to year, for he found great advantage in the Colonel's services, and became attached to him personally. The frank and open manner of this blue-eyed Norseman, in whom he had complete confidence, was particularly pleasing to the somber and suspicious ruler of the Moslems, surrounded as he was by dangers and intrigues.

Colonel Ring soon had an opportunity to demonstrate his good faith; for it was he who discovered the formidable conspiracy of palace officials, whose design it was to assassinate the Sultan and proclaim his nephew Ishmael.

Prince Ishmael, who was the oldest son of the harem and heir to the throne, was a boy of sixteen. He was quite innocent of any connection with the conspiracy in his behalf. It was owing to the Sultan's fondness for Colonel Ring that the Prince was permitted to pass much of his time in the company of the Colonel's son Claude.

The Prince was a tall, slender lad, with a dark complexion and large inscrutable black eyes. He looked sickly, and though he had tutors who instructed him in many things he was not overburdened with learning.

The poor fellow was never allowed to do anything that he liked to do, and though he was to be the ruler of the Ottoman Empire, he could not have bought the liberty to play leap-frog, run a foot-race or turn hand-springs with all his splendid possessions.

He was never left alone for a minute by day or by night, and the elaborate manner of bows and prostrations and salutations which every one must go through who approached him, made his life a burden to him. When Claude Ring, introduced for the first time, refused to kneel or to perform any of the antics which Turkish custom required, the Prince was seized with a great liking for him and asked him to come back often.

It was a great annoyance to Ishmael that he could not learn to sit a horse well. Riding with a master, in a ring strewn with tan-bark, was exceedingly wearisome to him, and neither martial music nor respectful praise nor blame could make him hold his body erect and carry himself like a warrior and the future ruler of an empire.

Prince Ishmael's bearing was listless and self-conscious. His arms and legs were loosely hung on their joints, and in spite of his gorgeous, gold-embroidered uniform he made an impression of weakness rather than of strength.

Claude Ring, though by half a year his junior, weighed ten pounds more than the Prince, and with his broad chest, strong, wiry limbs and well-knit frame, was greatly his physical superior.

Claude's horsemanship was so good that it occurred to Ishmael's head tutor that the young Norseman might perhaps be able to teach something of his skill to the Prince. The Sultan found the suggestion a good one, and gave his consent.

From that time on a change came over the Prince's behaviour.

He copied, in innocent fashion, Claude's bearing and manner, particularly the ring of his head and his turn of speech. Little by little, as he rode at Claude's side, in the parks and suburbs of the city, along the smiling shores of the Bosphorus, he began to open his heart to his companion.

Claude told him about his childhood in Norway, about the shells, and conchs with which he played on the beach, making believe that they were cows and horses; about the fish he caught, and the smores he set for thrush and partridge, and the little mill-wheels, made with his own hands, which he set going in the little waterfalls of brooks and ruidlets.

No tale of the Arabian Nights could have been more wonderful to Ishmael than these simple narratives of boyish sport. He longed with all his heart to be a boy instead of a prince.

About a month after his engagement as Prince Ishmael's companion, Claude was summoned to an audience with the Sultan. He could not imagine what the Commander of the

Faithful wanted of him, and feared that it meant something unpleasant. He waited for half an hour in an ante-room of the palace, and was then ushered into the presence of a dark, sad-looking man of about forty years, who wore a gold embroidered fez on his head, and the breast of whose coat was ablaze with diamonds.

'I wish you to accept a reward for your kindness to Prince Ishmael,' said the Sultan, having nodded in response to Claude's respectful greeting.

'Kindness, Your Majesty, ceases to be kindness when it is rewarded,' answered the boy.

The answer seemed to please the Sultan. He smiled in a sad but friendly way and said:

'When you are older, my boy, you will learn that a Sultan cannot accept a kindness from any man. He must spoil it by paying for it.'

'If that is so, Your Majesty, I submit. I will accept whatever it may please Your Majesty to give me.'

'You are an excellent horseman. How would a fine horse please you?'

'Nothing would please me better.'

'Then you may go to my stables to-morrow, and there you shall select any horse that you like except my saddle-horse, Nonreddin.'

'I thank Your Majesty with all my heart.'

The Sultan made a slight motion of dismissal with his hand. Claude made a profound bow and backed out of the audience room.

Mudir Pasha, the Sultan's Master of the Horse, called on Claude the next day, and conducted him to the Imperial Stables. The boy spent the entire forenoon examining one splendid horse after another, as it was led out before him and put through its paces. He had tried many fine horses, and was half-ashamed of his indecision, when he caught sight of an exquisite animal in a box-stall, in a remote corner of the stable.

'Please open that window,' he said to the groom, 'and have the kindness to lead that horse out, so that I may look at it.'

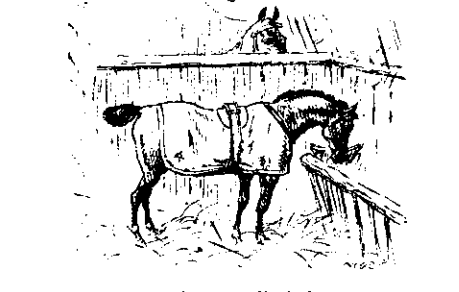
From the glance the groom exchanged with the Master of the Horse he soon perceived that there was some design in keeping this animal, as far as possible, out of sight.

'Oh, you don't want that vixen,' said the equerry. 'She is the most vicious beast in the whole stable.'

'Never mind,' Claude replied. 'I should like to have a look at her anyway. What is her name?'

'Zuleika.'

Zuleika was led out into the court-yard before the stable, and Claude's heart thrilled at the sight of her. She was a dapple-grey Arabian mare, not very large, but of noble



shape, and with a head so exceedingly beautiful that it was impossible to look at it without being filled with earnest admiration of it. There was fire and intelligence in her black eyes, and an alertness and restrained vigour in the small, silky, forward-pointed ears, which showed her mettle.

Her slender legs were absolutely faultless. Claude fancied he could see them bearing him across the country at a graceful canter or a long, striding trot.

He put his hand gently on her shoulder and limbs, and she gave a quick start as if she resented it. Claude was greatly pleased with her. She was a princess if ever there was one. Never did noble blood declare itself more plainly in shape and look and demeanour.

The shy, resentful glance she gave him, as he ran his hand down along her hind-legs, did not disturb him. She had a personality, this lovely beast, not the mere passive docility of what is called a good horse, but a sensitiveness like that of an intelligent human being.

'I think this will be my choice,' said Claude to the Master of the Horse. 'I'll ride her home now, if you'll kindly lend me a saddle.'

'Don't be rash, young man,' the Turk replied, with a malicious laugh. 'You'd better try the mare before you make up your mind.'

'All right,' said the boy: 'but my mind is made up already.'

It made Claude a trifle uneasy to remark the by-play of swift gesticulations and glances which went on between Mudir Pasha and his underlings when they supposed they were unobserved. It began to dawn upon him that he had selected the most precious horse in the Imperial Stables, and he knew enough of the Turkish character to be aware that a 'Gisour,' or Christian, would not be permitted to carry off such a prize if these men could prevent it.

He therefore took the precaution, when the mare was returned to him, to examine the buckles of the various straps and to push his hand under the saddle.

He thought for a moment that his suspicion had been groundless. But as he inserted his finger under the saddle-

lining he felt a scratch, as of a sharp metallic point. A steel rowel, shaped like a bar, with a dozen keen needle-points, had been so placed that the very instant he added his weight to the saddle, the cruel needles would pierce into the back of the horse.

Claude had been too long in Turkey to be astonished at this exhibition of treachery. He knew, too, the folly of showing the man's wrath which he felt. With the utmost coolness he pulled out the rowel, and without the moving of a muscle in his face, tossed it away.

Having tightened the saddle-girth he then mounted Zuleika, and raising his hat to the Master of the Horse, was about to gallop away.

Scarcely had he turned his head when the riding-whip which the Turk held in his hand whizzed through the air and cut with vicious force across the haunches of the mare.

With a wild snort Zuleika reared, tossed her head in the air, whirled about the court with furious swishing of tail and clatter of hoofs, and struck out madly with her hind-legs; but seeing that her rider still held her with his powerful knees as in a vice, she gave a bound that almost wrenched him from his seat, and then shot out of the gate.

'He is a dead man,' said Mudir Pasha to the equerry, as he lighted a cigarette and hung the match on the pavement.

'Allah is great,' answered the groom. 'He will not let a Gisour carry off the pride of the Moslems.'

It looked for a while as if the Turk's prophecy were to come true.

Zuleika dashed away through the narrow, winding streets with a blind and headlong speed, leaving over all obstacles. Now she upset a pedlar's cart, now she knocked down a soldier, and now she made havoc in a pack of street dogs that had congregated at a corner.

Like a continuous salvo of musketry sounded the sharp, furious hoof-beats upon the stone pavement, as with outstretched neck, ears laid back, foaming bit and distended nostrils the excited animal darted away past shops and bazaars, past gardens and villas, and out into the open country.

Now Claude had the wide country before him with broad avenues and little traffic. It was simply a question of grit and endurance. He seemed to perceive a slight slackening of Zuleika's speed, though she was yet rushing on at a desperate pace. It was still impossible to bring her to a stop.

On his left the shining Bosphorus expanded, like a burnished mirror. From the villas along the water-front piers ran out into the strait.

A daring thought flashed through Claude's brain. What if he gave Zuleika a bath in the Bosphorus? That would cool her ardour and bring her to her senses before she had run herself to death. With him to think was to do, and in a moment Zuleika was headed for the water. She beat a quick tattoo on the boards of a pier, and then plunged with a tremendous splash into the Bosphorus.

It was a stratagem for which she was wholly unprepared, and she had not swum a dozen rods before there was a sudden relaxation of effort, and she quietly turned her head about toward her rider, as if to see what manner of man he was.

'Zuleika, my beauty,' he said, leaning forward and patting her neck, 'it was not I who struck you, you lovely creature; no indeed, it was not I.'

In her effort to turn her head, Zuleika swallowed some salt water and began to cough. He soothed her again and patted her, talking to her as he would to a wilful child, and headed her gently for the shore. But, unhappily, the strong current through the strait was too much for the exhausted animal. Claude perceived that the shore, instead of drawing nearer was moving away from him. Was he being swept out to sea?

With quick resolution he flung himself off Zuleika's back, and taking the rein between his teeth swam with powerful strokes at her side.

Claude began to repent of his recklessness. He saw unmistakable evidence of exhaustion in Zuleika.

There were no boats near by, though there were some not very far away. One of these seemed to have caught sight of him and to be tacking toward him, for a slight wind had sprung up and swept with light undulations over the smooth strait.

The question was now whether Zuleika could keep afloat until the boat overtook them. The current which had dealt so treacherously with them was now serving them well, for it was carrying them in the very direction from which the boat was coming.

But Zuleika's body settled deeper in the water. She panted violently, and now and then a very human groan broke from the depth of her powerful breast.

They drifted steadily toward the boat. Claude was now near enough to decipher the crescent moon in the imperial arms on the sails, which were of yellow silk. That was odd, indeed. There was no one in Turkey except the Sultan and Prince Ishmael who had the right to display those arms.

The yacht was presently within hailing distance, and a young man, in whom he instantly recognised the Prince, raised a field-glass to his eyes and cried out:

'Why, it is Claude! Claude, my friend, what are you doing in the middle of the Bosphorus?'

'Swimming,' said Claude.

'Do you want to be taken aboard?'

'Should not object, if you can also take my horse.'

Prince Ishmael spoke to the sailing-master, who was seen to shake his head.

'We can't get the horse aboard,' he said to Claude: 'but we can tow him ashore.'

'Thank you.'

'But you come aboard yourself.'

'I can't. I prefer to keep my horse company.'

Two ropes were now flung overboard, and Claude managed to attach one to the ring of Zuleika's bit, while he secured the other under his own arms. The breeze freshened a trifle: the yacht again hoisted her sails, which she had let fall. With gentle speed she towed the two swimmers toward a bit of beach, about a mile below where they had taken their first plunge. There they landed safely.

Claude forgot to express his thanks to Prince Ishmael, so anxious was he about Zuleika's condition. She had won a place in his heart; their friendship had been cemented by danger.

Zuleika trembled like a leaf, as she stood dripping at the roadside, and Claude did not think it best to return to the city with her before she had rested. He walked her slowly up and down. Fortunately the day was warm and sunny, and there was no danger of her catching cold.

The exquisite beauty of her head, the slenderness and delicacy of her form, and the noble proportions of her whole



TO A GLOSSY COAT.

SHINE on, old coat, your duty's done,
Your polished nap has had its day;
The maid I wore you for is won,
In calm content be laid away.
For why you shine full well I know,
'Gainst you she often loved to rest,
Reflecting back love's fervent glow.
Her form was mirrored on my breast.

RECOGNISED THE CHESTNUTS.

MILDRED was dining with several gentlemen at her Uncle James'. It was quite an honour. She sat up straight and was on her best behaviour. Now, at the table there happened to be a gentleman fond of telling stories, and at every story he told the company laughed, as politeness demanded.

But before he had talked long Mildred perceived to her astonishment that the stories he told were all old ones. Some of them Uncle James had told her himself; some of them she had heard many a time; many of them she had read before. She looked at her elders indignantly. How could they be amused at such worn out jokes?

At last she could stand it no longer. The gentleman told another story and everybody laughed heartily. Looking the story-teller straight in the face she exclaimed contemptuously—
'Yes; I read that to uncle myself. It was in the paper last week.'
It took Mildred several years to find out why they laughed harder than ever, and why Uncle James said afterwards with a chuckle—
'You took his house down that time, puss.'

A REMARKABLE PIG.

A NEWLY married lady who recently graduated from Vassar College is not well posted about household matters. She said to her grocer not long since—
'I bought three or four hams here a couple of months ago and they were very fine. Have you any more like them?'
'Yes, ma'am,' said the grocer, 'there are ten of those hams hanging up there.'
'Are you sure they are all of the same pig?'
'Yes, ma'am.'
'Then I'll take three of them.'

SCANDALOUS.

WOOL: 'Have you heard the scandal about the new minister?' They say his marriage to his pretty young wife was never sanctioned by the church.'
VAN PETTIE: 'Shocking! Can it be true?'
WOOL: 'It is true; they thought he might better have picked out one of the godly old maids.'



DISINTERESTED ADVICE.

'Now, waiter,' said a new customer in an eating house where he was more than doubtful regarding the quality of the fare, 'here's something for you in advance. Now, looking over the list of dishes, what would you advise?'
Waiter (confidentially): 'Another restaurant.'

BOTH SIDES CAUTIONED.

'You are accused,' said the judge to a culprit, 'of having fired a gun twice within the city limits. Did you kill or cripple anybody?'
'No, sir.'
'It is a very serious matter to fire off a gun in the city limits and not kill anybody. Don't you know you are liable to be punished very severely for such carelessness?'
'Yes, your honour, but there are some very mitigating circumstances.'
'What are they and how many of them are there?'
'They are cats, your honour, and from the noise they make I should think there were about a thousand of them.'
'So you are troubled by cats?'
'Yes, your honour; they worry me nearly to death, and I fired at them twice. That's how I came to violate the city ordinance.'
Judge (brightening up): 'Come here, prisoner; I wish to consult with you confidentially. Tell me, how many did you kill?'
'Three with the first barrel and two with the second.'
'Splendid! Glorious! What size shot do you use when you violate the city ordinance by discharging fire-arms within the city limits?'
'I use duck-shot; it fetches them every time.'
'I am glad to hear that. I've been using a size smaller when I violated the city ordinance. Would you object to lending me your gun?'
'I will lend it to you with pleasure,' replied the prisoner; 'but your honour must remember that you are liable to be severely punished if you shoot off a gun inside of the city limits and do not kill anybody.'
'You can go, but do not let it happen again.'



NOT THAT KIND.

DISTRICT VISITOR: 'Is your husband among the strikers, my good woman?'
Mrs Huggins: 'Yes'm, he strikes awful; he gave me two black eyes in the week.'

HOME-FARE AND RESTAURANT.

'WELL, madam,' says the head of the house, who had apparently got out of bed on the wrong side, 'what have you got for breakfast this morning? Boiled eggs, eh? Seems to me you never have anything but boiled eggs. Boiled Erebus! And what else, madam, may I ask?'
'Mutton chops, my dear,' said the wife, meekly.
'Mutton chops,' echoed the husband, bursting into a peal of sardonic laughter. 'Mutton chops! I could have guessed it! Madam, if ever I eat another meal inside of this house—and, jaunting on his hat and slamming the door, the aggrieved man bounds down the stairs and betakes himself to the restaurant.'
'What'll you have, sir?' says the waiter, politely handing him a bill of fare.
'Ah!' says the guest, having glanced over it. 'Let me see: Bring me two boiled eggs and a mutton chop.'

A RELIABLE DOMESTIC.

'HERE is a note I want you to hand to Mrs Lively when you are sure nobody is looking,' said a New York society man to a coloured servant at a fashionable Fifth Avenue residence.
'Yes, sah,' replied Sambo, showing his ivories.
'But, mind you, don't whisper a word to a living soul.'
'You kin jess rest easy about dat, boss. Yisterday I fetched dat ar same woman a letter from anudder german, an' I ain't said a word 'bout it to nobody yit. You kin jess rest easy 'bout my opening my mouf.'

ON TOUR WITH A CIRCUS.—'Smith has left the city, I understand. What is he doing now?' He is travelling with a circus. 'Pretty hard work, isn't it?' 'No, he has nothing to do but stick his head in the lion's mouth twice a day.'

THE EXACTNESS OF SCIENCE.

'DOCTOR, how am I coming on? Do you think there is any hope?' said a very sick man to Dr. Blister.
'Your chances are the best in the world. The statistics show that one person in ten recovers,' replied the doctor.
'Then there is not much hope for me?'
'Oh, yes, there is. You are the tenth case I have treated, and the other nine are dead. I don't see how you can help getting well if the statistics are to be relied on.'



EARLY TRAINING.

HOPPER: 'I should think you'd prefer Miss Broadway's. It's true she doesn't dance as well as Miss Thynne, but she's more your weight, you know.'
DOPPER: 'Well, I was brought up to like grace before meat.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

HORRIFIED MOTHER: 'I should like to know how you happened to let young Simpkins kiss you?' Daughter: 'I—I thought no one was looking.'
She: 'How much do you love me?' He: 'More than I can tell. Why, I couldn't love you more if every one of those freckles were a gold piece.'
Algernon: 'Tommy, do you think your sister would marry me?' Tommy: 'Yes. She'd marry almost anybody from what she said to me.'
'Speaking of shaving,' said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, 'I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by.' 'Yes, many a poor fellow has been shaved by them,' the wretch replied.
Mamma (after the elderly visitor had gone away): 'You shouldn't have run out of the room when Miss Oldsby tried to take you on her lap, Willie. She was not going to harm you.' Willie: 'She wasn't, hey? She had her mouth puckered all ready for it, anyhow.'
Sympathetic (Old Lady to convict): 'Ah, my unfortunate friend, your fate is indeed a hard one; and, as she thinks of you here in this dreadful place, how your wife must suffer.' Convict (very much affected): 'Wh-which one, mum? I'm here for bigamy.'

CONJUGAL SCENE BETWEEN MONSIEUR AND MADAME DE BONDAMOUSE.—'Why,' said the husband, 'do you put the hair of another woman on your head?' 'Why,' retorted his better half, 'do you wear the skin of another calf on your hands?'
Mrs Green (to young physician, whom she has called in haste): 'Oh, doctor! doctor! I fear you have made a terrible mistake! My daughter had that prescription, which you sent her last night, filled, and took a dose of the medicine. Now she exhibits every symptom of poisoning. Oh—' Young physician: 'Prescription, madam? Why, that was an offer of marriage!'
'This morning,' writes a Sunday-school teacher, 'I gave the children a little talk about their souls. When I had done I thought I would ask them a few questions to see if they understood what I had told them. So I began: "What did the Almighty give us besides our bodies?" Perhaps you can imagine what my emotions were when they instantly responded: "Laigs!"'
A missionary had been instilling into a certain African king the virtues of sobriety, gentleness, and the like. 'Well,' said his majesty, 'I like you; you seem good and amiable. I'll make you my head man.' 'But,' returned the missionary, delighted that he had appeared to make an impression, 'what will you do with my predecessor?' 'Oh, cut off his head,' replied the king, 'and then he won't bother us any more.'

VERY BAD POLICY.—Lady of the House (to her friend): 'What do you suppose has happened? At the last ball my Elsa made the acquaintance of a young man who was obviously interested. He was a good match, and I sent him frequent invitations to dinner; and, as I knew he was a great gourmand, I employed the best cook that was to be had.' Her friend: 'And your plan succeeded?' 'Well, not exactly. The villain found out and married my cook.'
'I could gaze at the moon for hours, Mr Sampson,' she said, in a voice full of sweetness and pneumonia; 'I couldn't tire of it.' 'Ah,' he responded, 'would that I were the man in it!' 'Yes, so do I,' she assented softly. 'Why, Miss Simper,' he asked, getting ready to take her hand. 'Because, Mr Sampson,' she said, shyly veiling her eyes with their long lashes, 'you would be three hundred thousand miles away!'
Borem: 'Still living in Richmond, eh?' Hustler: 'Yes, I have no thought of coming back to the city.' Borem: 'But it must be very inconvenient, forty minutes by train every day, and you've got to catch it on the minute.' Hustler: 'That's what I like about it. You see when people buttonhole me and fall to talking all I have to do is to jerk out my watch, mutter something about train time, and I get away without giving offence. See?' Borem: 'Ha, ha! That's good. That reminds me of a little thing Saphed was telling last—' Hustler: 'By the way, it's train time now. Ta-ta!'