The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL. IX.—NO. 8. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1892. [Subscription—28s per annum; if paid in advance, 20s. Single Copy—Sixpence.

THE WATCHMAN.—TWO O'CLOCK AND A FROSTY MORNING.

THE PENALTY OF A CRIME.

BY WILLIAM BELWORTHY, WELLINGTON.

CHAPTER XIX.

A LATE CONFESSION.

MY name is John Alfred Fenton. I was born of respectable parents, my father being head gamekeeper to Squire Oakfield, of Oakfield Grange, near Finchley, in the county of Devonshire, England, and my mother was the second youngest daughter of a tolerably well-to-do farmer in the same neighbourhood. When a lad of fifteen years of age I was sent to London to my mother's eldest brother, who kept a large ironmonger's establishment not very far from the Tottenham Court Road. I was placed in my uncle's counting-house, and he was at some pains to instruct me in the details of office work, and the various intricacies of his somewhat extensive business. According to agreement I was to reside with my uncle and aunt at their private residence until my term of apprenticeship should have expired, and then if we were mutually satisfied I was to receive promotion, and, as was hinted, if I still continued deserving, I might one day hope to fill my uncle's position as head of the establishment. This was not at all an improbable event, as the old couple were childless, and I was a great favourite with them both. For a few years I made steady, but sure progress, until by the time I had arrived at my twenty-fifth year I had become so thoroughly conversant with the requirements of the establishment that my uncle appointed me to the position of manager, with a generous salary. Up to this period nothing had occurred to interrupt or disturb the harmonious relationship which existed between us, when an event occurred whose after effect was to dissipate all my dreams of future prosperity, and eventually ended by my being compelled to sever my connection with the firm. There was some important business to transact in connection with the winding-up of an estate in the country, the property of a client of my uncle's, and as it was absolutely necessary that someone should be sent down to represent the firm's interest, my uncle suggested that I should take a 'run down,' and after settling the business, should stay for a week, and enjoy a well-earned holiday.

I had been married at this time about a year, but my wife had gone to stay with some of her town friends for a short time, so I started on the journey alone. Having transacted the business upon which I was sent, I thought I might as well look up an acquaintance of mine who was living in the Royal Borough of Windsor, about twenty-three miles from London. It happened to be the commencement of the Ascot race-meeting when I arrived, and the Royal town was all excitement and bustle. My previous acquaintance with the turf had been on a very limited scale; in fact, beyond an annual small wager on the probable winner of the Derby stakes, I was practically a novice in the arts and mysteries of the national pastime. When I met my friend, however, and he introduced me to one or two of his acquaintances, my scruples were over-ruled, and I accompanied them to the races. We had a drive of about seven miles through the Queen's Park before we arrived on the course, and the day being gloriously fine, hundreds of vehicles, from the London 'bus, which had been driven from the city for the special occasion, down to the humble coster's cart drawn by his much be-rated donkey, streamed along the road, being passed by their more aristocratic rival, the four-in-hand. I had made up my mind not to bet to any considerable extent, but my first venture, unfortunately, was on a winning horse. I say *unfortunately*, because, flushed with the success of my first effort, the demon of speculation was roused within me, and I was tempted to risk a still larger amount on the next race. Again I was a winner, and when the races were over and I returned to my hotel at Windsor, I found myself richer by half a year's salary than when I started out. From this time forth I was a changed man. Instead of contenting myself with the regular and munificent salary which I had been accustomed to draw quarterly from my uncle, and which, at one time, I had thought sufficient for a prince of the realm to live on, I was now dissatisfied, and evinced a feverish longing to add to my income by gambling.

I was accompanied on my journey back to London by a gentleman to whom I had been introduced at Ascot, a certain Mr Francis Dixon, whose father was reputed to be fabulously wealthy, being the owner of a rich silver mine in Mexico, the value of which was hardly calculable. Before we parted at Paddington Station this gentleman handed me a card containing his name, and the address of the club which he frequented when in town, and requested that I would favour him with a call on the first opportunity. The opportunity occurred sooner than I had expected, for I met him in the street a few evenings after the invitation, and returned with him to the club to spend the remainder of the evening. He suggested a friendly game of cards for a small stake, and I, fool that I was, consented. He allowed me to win, and then led me on till I had lost several pounds. He promised me my revenge the following evening, and the passion for gambling having by this time taken such a firm hold upon me, I gladly availed myself of his offer. Step by step I slowly, but surely, trod the downward path to ruin. I had been accustomed to plume myself on my shrewdness, and my insight into the motives actuating human action, but I learned to my bitter cost that in the hands of this experienced man of the world I was a veritable child. I made several attempts to break myself free from the evil habits which were binding me like fetters, and with this end in view would absent myself from the club, and for a time devote myself zealously to the interests of my uncle's business, spending my evenings at home, or accompanying my wife to the theatre; yet no sooner did I meet this Francis Dixon than the sarcastic sneer and taunting remarks with which he twitted me on my attempts at reformation, would set like fire on my impetuous nature, and away to the winds went all my good resolutions, and the following night would find me at the card-table or in the billiard-room, until the last state was worse than the first.

Up to this time I had contented myself with risking my own money, but one day I saw what I thought was a golden opportunity for retrieving my past losses if I could only get a large enough sum to 'stake.' It was my acquaintance, Mr Dixon, who offered me the opportunity, and to enable me to close with his offer I was tempted to appropriate money belonging to my uncle, fully intending to restore the same in the course of a few days, when I should, as I fondly, but delusively hoped, be in a position to do so with ease. 'Twas a repetition of the old story. Luck, chance, fate—call it what you will—was against me, and my bubble collapsed, leaving me debtor to my uncle's cash account by a goodly number of pounds. Not only so, but I knew if my uncle discovered how I had wronged him he would never forgive me, and I should be disgraced and ruined. I was already in Dixon's debt for a considerable sum, the amount being made up of bets which I had made and lost with him, and one evening when we were together in the club he suddenly demanded payment of the amount, intimating that if he did not get it before the end of the week he should be under the painful necessity of writing to my uncle, requesting a cheque for the same. We were both heated with wine, and his words and manner were calculated to rouse a less impetuous nature than was mine; and when I remembered that it was owing largely to his persuasion that I had been led to place myself in the false position I then occupied, I felt some resentment at his threat, and retaliated by taunting him with the despicable part he had played, first of all getting me into his power by the traps which he had laid for me, and then, when he saw I was helpless to escape, to threaten me with disgrace and ruin. My remarks exasperated him to such an extent that, seizing a wineglass which was standing half-filled on a sideboard, he dashed the contents in my face, exclaiming as he did so: 'Take that for your insolence, you cad!' The next moment we were struggling on the floor of the club. I will draw a veil over that scene, discreditable alike to both.

On my arrival at the office a few mornings after the scene above described, I found among the usual business letters one addressed to myself in my uncle's handwriting. This did not surprise me, as my uncle's health having failed him very much of late, he rarely called at the establishment till the afternoon; but any instructions he wished to have carried out before his arrival were usually intimated to me by letter, which was brought from my uncle's house in the morning, before the establishment opened. The contents of this letter, however, have never been erased from my memory. In it my uncle stated that, owing to the many rumours which had reached him relative to the manner in which I had, for some time past, been spending my evenings, and some report having reached his ears of the scene which had taken place between myself and some other gentleman (?) whose name he had no desire to know, he (my uncle) had felt impelled to take a rough audit of the books belonging to the firm, and he had discovered, to his mortification and sorrow, that the books had been tampered with, and on further investigation ascertained that several sums of money which had passed through my hands were not accounted, or not *properly* accounted for in the books. He concluded his letter by requesting me to call on him at once, and promised that even should his surmises unfortunately be correct, yet for the sake of the family honour he would not proceed to extremes in the matter. I felt my humiliation keenly, and called on my generous-hearted relation to beg his forgiveness for my base ingratitude for so cruelly wronging him. The interview was a painful one, and I left my uncle's presence with a consciousness of my utter unworthiness, and filled with a deep regret for the criminal folly of which I had been guilty. I never saw him again, but when I returned home at night I found a letter awaiting me, containing a cheque for wages due to the end of the quarter, and a few lines from my uncle advising me to emigrate to Australia, and informing me that he would send a cheque to my wife by the following mail for fifty pounds, which would enable us to pay our passage to the colony and leave a few pounds over. He also added that if I would forward him a list of my *honourable* debts, if they proved not too unreasonable, he would take upon himself to discharge them, and he concluded by hoping that in our new home I would endeavour to retrieve the shortcomings of the past. It was a letter which I believe few other men in the same circumstances could or would have written, and I realised more than ever the price I must pay for my indulgence in the vice to which I had fallen such an easy victim.

By some means or other the news leaked out that I had been obliged to quit my uncle's establishment for embezzlement, and my father sent me a stern letter—for he was infallibly honest himself, and could scarce forgive the want of that virtue in others, even in his own son—so he wrote me a letter in which he forbade me ever to 'darken his doors again.' This made my punishment harder still to bear, for he had been a good father to me, and I knew that I had inflicted on him a blow which time would never wholly heal. My dear old mother wrote me a long, prayerful letter, full of excuses for my fall, and trusting me, as only a mother does trust, believing that I should still prove myself true to my early teachings, and praying me to grant her one more interview before I sailed for the New World that she might give me her parting blessing.

When I went home on the day of the disclosure and told my wife all that had happened, and what my uncle had suggested, holding back from her nothing of the degradation which I had brought upon us both, instead of upbraiding me for my folly and sin, and grieving over our altered circumstances, she tried to make light of the pain, I knew she must feel at the thought of breaking up our home, and going away to start life again in a strange land. 'Never mind, John!' she said, when in my bitterness I was blaming myself for my abominable conduct. 'Thank God it is not yet too late to redeem the past. We are both of us comparatively young, and once away from your old companions and associations all may yet be well, and I trust we may spend many happy years together. Regret for the past is only useful now as a guide for the future, and although the lesson you have learned has been a bitter one, do not let it have the effect of disheartening you, or lead you to take a too despondent view of the future.' So it was decided we should sell up our furniture and other goods and emigrate to Australia, and we made all necessary arrangements to leave in a vessel which was timed to sail in a few weeks from the date on which I left my uncle's service.

I had an intense longing to see my good old mother before we sailed, and even felt I should be grateful to see my father and learn that he believed, at least, that I intended 'turning over a new leaf,' as it is termed, and was not likely to forget the discipline through which I had passed, or was passing. So a few days before the advertised time for sailing I went to the London terminus and took a ticket for Wickingham, a small roadside station, about twelve miles from Finchley, on the London side. I arrived at my destination just as it was growing dusk, and as the train stopped I jumped out, and proceeded in the direction of the little village from which the station derived its name. I engaged a bed at the only inn in the place, kept by an old dame, who in answer to my inquiry if she could let me have a bed for that night, replied, 'Ees zur, oi can let 'e have 't bed which Squoire hisself once slept in, to be zure.' I saw the old lady did not recognise me, and as she was rather slow of understanding I did not enlighten her, although I had tasted many a draught of her 'home-brewed' in my younger days when I had been sent there with messages from Squire Oakfield or his guests. I informed the old lady that I might not be home till late, as I had some friends to visit, so she gave me the key of the back entrance, and having previously shown me the 'Squire's room,' in which I was to sleep, I left the house. To prevent any chance of meeting any of the Finchley folk—a meeting which was undesirable for several reasons—I purposely avoided the main road, and took instead a well-known path through the woods, which led to within a few hundred yards of the Lodge leading to Oakfield Grange. My father and mother, as I knew, still occupied the Lodge, but as I knew that the former usually went on night duty at about 11 p.m., I selected a convenient spot in the fir plantation where I could get a view of the front gate of the Lodge, without the necessity of exposing myself to view at the same time. Here I waited, with feelings better imagined than described, till I saw the door of the Lodge open, and by the light from the lamp inside I saw the figure of my father with gun on shoulder, come down the garden path, and turn in the direction of some disused stone quarries. A short time after my father's departure I approached the back entrance to the Lodge, but when I came near the room in which my father kept his guns, I hesitated for a time in order to collect my thoughts and devise how I could best approach my mother. As I was leaning against the door it opened with the pressure, and I started back alarmed lest there should be any of the under-keepers in the room. I remembered, however, that my father was very particular about giving up this key to anyone, and concluded that he must have pulled the door to when going on duty, and hearing the lock snap back, had taken it for granted that the door had locked properly. The lock must have partly caught, but the weight of my body had been sufficient to cause the catch to spring back. Fearful of alarming my mother should I close the door properly, I went into the gun-room, and by the light of the full moon I could see the array of guns, ammunition, etc., as plainly as if it had been broad daylight. On a shelf near the door was a six-chambered revolver, and a packet of cartridges, evidently belonging to it, were lying alongside. I had always been a lover of firearms, and the peculiar workmanship of the revolver arrested my attention and claimed my admiration. I took out some cartridges from the packet, fitted one into each chamber, and from admiring was seized with an inclination to appropriate. My impulses and inclinations had for a long period been my masters rather than duty, so that it was little wonder that I obeyed them now. Slipping the revolver, which was not a very large one, into my coat pocket, I left the room and went round to the kitchen door. Knocking at the door, my mother inquired, 'Who's there!' 'It's only John,' I replied, and the next instant she was sobbing on my shoulder. The time ran on while my mother and I sat talking together, until I heard the rattle of carriage wheels coming from the direction of the Grange, and my mother informed me that the Squire had been giving a ball, and that most of the guests had already taken their departure from the Grange. I am naturally I think of a nervous, excitable temperament, and the farewell interview with my mother affected me very much, so that when at last I tore myself away and got out again on the Finchley Road, my nervous system seemed almost completely unstrung. I had proceeded down the road for some distance when, through a sudden rift in the clouds, the moon shone out, revealing to my gaze the figure of a man, a few yards distant from me, and approaching in my direction. Something in the gait of the man seemed familiar to me, and as we approached closer to each other I saw that the figure was none other than that of my late acquaintance, Francis Dixon, the man whose temptations and plottings had helped to bring upon me the disgrace, the consequences of which were compelling me to leave my native land, perhaps for ever. I judged from his manner that he had been drinking heavily, and had it been possible I would have avoided him, but he recognized me at once, and with a hoarse laugh he exclaimed, 'By G—d! who'd have thought of meeting you here, my young forger! Taken to poaching for a livelihood, eh? More respectable for a gentleman certainly than forging, but must warn the Squire to-morrow to keep a sharp eye on his hares and pheasants,' and again he laughed a mocking, irritating laugh. I felt my fingers clutch together with a desire to chastise him, and his insulting words almost maddened me; but controlling myself as well as I was able, I replied, 'Let me pass, Francis Dixon, or you will have reason to regret our meeting.' By way of answer he raised the stick which he was carrying,

and before I was aware of his intention, struck me smartly on the right cheek. Would to God I could blot out from the record of my life and memory the scene which followed! The blow from the stick caused a stinging pain in my cheek, and left a mark which I shall carry to my grave, and the blow roused all my worst passions. In a moment I had drawn the revolver from my pocket—although up to this time I had almost forgotten it was there—and presented it at Francis Dixon's head. I solemnly swear now, as I hope for forgiveness, that I had no intention in that instant of using the weapon otherwise than to intimidate him, but in my state of nervous excitement my finger pressed involuntarily on the trigger. I heard the report of the pistol, and saw Mr Dixon fall, as I imagined, dead at my feet. Horrified at what I had done, I rushed like a madman from the spot, throwing the pistol from me as I ran, and heard it fall with a splash in the lake near by. For miles and miles I seemed to have run that night, but as daylight dawned I found that, instead of being thirty or forty miles from Finchley, I had in my excitement only been describing circles in my wanderings, and was within about twelve miles of the fatal spot where I had taken a fellow-creature's life. I called at a small roadside inn, and asked the landlady to give me a drink of something warm, and then I hurried on again with redoubled speed. I wanted to get back to London, but was afraid to take the train. However, after getting a good many miles on the road, I found myself at last in the vicinity of a railway station, and in answer to an inquiry of mine, the porter civilly informed me that a train would leave in a few minutes for London. I took the train, and in due course arrived safe at home. My wife, who had just returned from a visit to her friends, started with amazement when she saw how ill I was looking, but wrongly attributed my altered appearance to the fact that I was leaving my country with disgrace hanging over my head, consequent on my dismissal from my uncle's establishment.

When the daily papers came out that morning I procured a copy and eagerly scanned its columns, dreading to see an account of the discovery of Mr Dixon's body. I failed to find any notice in the morning's paper, but in the first edition of an evening paper my eyes encountered the dread words 'Suspected murder at Finchley. Gentleman found shot through the temple, etc., etc. £100 reward offered for the apprehension and conviction of the murderer.' On reading it carefully through I could gather no information as to whether the police had any clue or otherwise. My great fear was that, should the pistol be missed or found, suspicion would rest upon my father, then fear for personal safety overpowered every other sensation, and I began to wonder whether, when my father should miss the revolver from his room, my mother would tell him of my visit. If she should do so suspicion might point to me, and I knew only too well what the result of that suspicion would mean, and if anyone at Finchley should know that the dead man and I had been acquainted with each other, and should also know of the quarrel which had taken place, my chances of escape would be very limited. Two days after this terrible event my wife and I sailed for Australia, and nearly five months elapsed before I had an opportunity of seeing a home paper, and there read that Mr Gerald Olphert, a barrister residing at Finchley, had been arrested on suspicion, charged with the murder of Mr Dixon, and had been tried and acquitted. I knew the gentleman mentioned, having met him on several occasions in the grounds of Oakfield Grange when I had been visiting my parents, and was surprised to learn that by one of those singular coincidences—which so often lead to a miscarriage of justice—the circumstantial evidence brought forward at the trial actually pointed, almost conclusively, to him as the real criminal.

After we had been in the colony a few months my wife and I proceeded to Sydney, where I managed to secure profitable employment; but the unhappy secret which I carried was preying upon my mind and undermining my health, so that I could not rest long in one place, but was continually changing our quarters. We eventually came to Melbourne, and when I was out walking one day I saw a gentleman whom I at once recognised as Mr Gerald Olphert. My first impulse was to escape from the place, believing that he must have come to Melbourne with the intention of tracking me down. Instead of running from him, however, I stepped into a shop to make a purchase of some article, and when he passed by I came out and followed him to a certain hotel, where, as I afterwards learned, he was in the habit of staying. I also ascertained that he had entered into partnership with another gentleman, and that they were engaged in the legal profession in Melbourne. The next day I wrote out this confession, and decided to forward it to Mr Olphert, in the meantime removing my wife to some other part of the colony. Having enclosed the manuscript in an envelope, I sealed it, and placed it carefully away in the box where you found it. On the following day I was unable to rise from my bed, and for weeks after I lay there tossing and moaning, a victim to typhoid fever. When at length I managed to crawl about again I was but a shadow of my former self, and the fever had so undermined my nervous system that it was many a long weary week before I was fit to resume my usual avocations, and by this time my place was filled by another, and I was compelled to look for employment elsewhere. Never can I forget the utter wretchedness, the grinding poverty, the bitter, blank despair of that time. From eight o'clock in the morning till five o'clock at night did I tramp the streets of Melbourne in search of work, only to return to our humble abode each night utterly worn out in body, and feeling as if my brain was on fire. Numberless were the advertisements I answered, rarely receiving any response. I was willing enough to work, and necessity would have made me glad to welcome *any* kind of employment, but in the fierce, maddening struggle for existence which was incessantly going on, I found the problem of living becoming more and more difficult to solve, and as our funds lessened it soon became obviously necessary to part with some of our furniture in order that we might be enabled to keep body and soul together. Bit by bit our little home was broken up, until at last my wife and I were compelled to remove to a cheaper locality, and when at length a neighbouring tailor—almost as poor and wretched as ourselves—suggested that my wife should apply to his employer for work to do at home, my wife caught at the suggestion with an eagerness which nothing but extreme poverty could have ever generated; and I myself had become so prostrated by frequent attacks of illness and insufficient food that I was not in a position to offer any objection to the scheme. What we suffered during that period none can understand but those who have passed through the fiery ordeal themselves. To eke out a bare existence my wife has been obliged to toil from daylight to midnight, and her life during that time has been a living martyrdom; but enough of our own troubles. I have written this confession with the hope that by its aid Mr Gerald Olphert may, on his return to his native land, clear his name from all suspicion. I have never told my wife the secret, nor from anything which she has said could I gather that I had unwittingly parted with it in the deliriums of fever, and as we sank lower and lower in the social scale I hadn't the heart to add to her burdens by disclosing my secret. My last request—the request of a dying man—is that Mr Olphert will, as he hopes for forgiveness himself, try and forgive me for the great wrong which I have inflicted upon him. God knows I too have suffered, and I pray that I may soon be at rest. My life has been a long series of mistakes and follies, and if I could only know that my wife was placed in a position to return to her friends in the old country, I should be content to lay the burden down.

I do hereby certify that the within written confession is the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as God is my witness.

(Signed) . JOHN ALFRED FENTON.

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

As the lawyer laid down the manuscript an ominous gurgling sound issuing from the lips of the invalid on the bed caused both himself and the other inmates of the room to rush towards the unhappy man, and as Mrs Fenton with a sobbing cry threw herself on her knees by the bedside, a spasm of pain passed over her husband's features, and in another moment John Fenton had passed to the shadow-land 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

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It was with very mingled feelings that Gerald Olphert had listened to the confession of the gamekeeper's son, but the tragic conclusion drove from his breast every other feeling but that of intense pity for the misguided man and his unfortunate wife. After defraying all expenses in connection with the funeral, Gerald's next step was to book a passage for Mrs Fenton in one of the homeward-bound vessels, and not many weeks afterwards he himself bade farewell to Australian shores, and before the year had closed there was a quiet wedding at Finchley, at which Gerald Olphert and Constance Oakfield figured as the principal performers. Needless to add that the Squire, when he learned the truth about Gerald, was only too pleased to give his consent to his daughter's marriage, and amongst other guests who witnessed the ceremony, were Gerald's old friends Stanley Grahame, Major Stuart, and the celebrated London physician, Dr. Wm. Oakfield, and his charming wife.

Poor Mrs Fenton, the mother of John Fenton, never lived to hear the full particulars of her son's confession, as she died a few days prior to Gerald's arrival from Australia. As for her husband, when he learned the extent of his son's guilt he requested Squire Oakfield to allow him to resign his position at Finchley, as he intended to leave the neighbourhood. The Squire granted his request, conditionally that he would accept a position on an estate belonging to him (the Squire) which was situated in another county.

Constance Oakfield had felt keenly the separation from her lover, and the experience through which she had been called to pass during those two years had imparted to her character a strength which could have come only through personal suffering. During that time of ordeal Constance had devoted a considerable portion of her leisure to the study of that strata of humanity to be found in and around Finchley, and recognized under the general heading of the 'working class,' and the exercise had made a deep impression on her character. Educated to believe in the divine right of wealth and rank to the worship and service of its less favoured brethren, Constance noted, with ever-increasing wonderment, the domestic tragedies, the heroic acts of self-sacrifice, the daily and hourly renouncement of personal gratification for the sake of a loved child, or for an impecunious neighbour, and the thousand and one acts of charity which occurred amongst her father's tenants, and in the homes of the factory folk at Finchley; and the more she pondered over these things the greater seemed her own sense of responsibility, and Gerald declares that he will be forced to take his wife to Australia or New Zealand, where her democratic notions will be more appreciated than amongst the élite of fashionable Finchley.

(THE END.)

THE SABBATH'S MUSIC.

How softly on the evening air
Come the sweet chimes of distant bells,
Uprising from the house of prayer,
In music's soft and solemn swells.

The sound seemed to my boyhood's ears
Some symphony from seraph hands,
Or the sweet music of the spheres,
As heard by earth's enraptured bands.

How often at the twilight hour,
When solemn stillness reigned around,
My heart has felt the wondrous power
Of their sweet, softly soothing sound.

The air seems tremulous with tones
Of melody almost divine;
Like that the wondrous statue owns,
Whene'er her God smiles on the shrine.

And Echo's myriaid voiced deep choir,
Enthroned among these ancient hills,
Takes up the strain—an answering lyre—
And all the air with music fills.

And as the shadows fall apace,
And darkness o'er the landscape flings,
Fond Fancy fills the vibrant space
With rustling soft of angels' wings.

W. W. MALOTT.

CONCERNING THE SHOPGIRL.

DOUBTLESS it is the proud prerogative of the female sex to cover the male with confusion and shamefacedness whenever it seems desirable so to do. No man that ever lived, whether a potentate, a priest, or a gay Lothario, could keep his countenance in serene dignity if a woman—a real, bright saucy woman—determined to disconcert him. Some women do not know this. It is a dispensation of merciful Providence that they do not all realize their power. But no shopgirl that ever trod shoe leather or wore a patent folding-chair under her skirts, was ever known to be ignorant of her power. The calm suavity with which a pert, black-eyed minx behind the counter can make a man buy gloves four sizes too small for him, and blush for having asked for the size he really wanted, would be ample stock in trade for a candidate for Congress.

When a man is misguided enough to go into one of the shops where shopgirls work, no matter how simple his errand he will be willing to swear, when he comes out, that there are at least seventy-five girls in that particular place. Moreover, the one that waited on him across the counter is the 'cussedest' one of the lot. So much he knows positively. He will come out humbled and abashed, weeping in agony and entirely willing to be arrested by the nearest policeman.

Now, no man could think of a simpler thing in the world to do than to go into a store and buy a large darning needle for a cent. That is, no man that hasn't tried it could. Just let him try it. The lady who rules over my household asked me to do it once, and I tried it. By actual count I went into seven stores where cloth and feminine undergarments and all sorts of fancy goods were displayed in the window before I could find a place where darning needles were sold. And the contumelious scorn which the shopgirls in those seven places threw into their politely worded answers was enough to drive St. John to drink. And when I found the right place, and one of the fairies had wrapped the needle in paper and given me my change, she shot one glance at me which told me plainly enough that I was in a poor business. I was simply obliged to tell her that my wife was in the country and couldn't come to town that day, and that I was doing her—that is, my wife—a great favour by getting the needle. And she smiled (the shop girl) and I felt meaner than ever.

And the needle wasn't the right kind when I took it home.

It was a little thing, oh! my brethren, but it was typical of a most important class of events. Behind a counter a shopgirl is clothed with an awful majesty of authority, before which any mere man must crawl.

Shop girls, for some inscrutable reason, always call themselves, and insist upon being called, 'sales-ladies.' It is just as if the boatman who rows you across the river should throw you overboard because you don't speak of him as the ferry gentleman. Male clerks don't call themselves sales-gentlemen, whether they are gentlemen or not. It doesn't occur to them, and they wouldn't do it if they thought of it, but a woman will think of ungodly queer things under any circumstances, and the queerer the things are the more apt she is to do them.

But however crazy with bewilderment and rage and mortified vanity a man may be after he has been waited on by a shopgirl, his upsettedness does not approach the fury of a woman who has been shopping, and who has any words with a shopgirl. Let a shopgirl sell her the wrong shade of a ribbon, or return a pert answer to some request, no matter how unreasonable, and that woman will not only pour out the vials of her wrath on the shopgirl, and it may be complain to the floor walker and try to get the girl discharged, but she will go home and gather her family about her and sputter and explain, and repeat, add have a wholesale indignation meeting, winding up with resolutions of denunciations that would raise the hair of an anarchist.

A man doesn't do that. He can't. He feels so small that he gets away on his metaphorical hands and knees and goes to the nearest ginnery and picks a quarrel with the barkeeper so as to restore his moral tone.

And the shopgirl goes on, superbly and supremely indifferent, and sells more goods and has her wages raised a dollar a week at the end of ten years and finally marries. In the novels she always marries the proprietor, but as the laws of the land forbid even the proprietor of a dry goods store to marry all his shopgirls some of them have to select other husbands.

Long before marrying occurs, however, there is ample opportunities for a shop girl to be a heroine, and many and many a one of them does that very thing. Stand a few minutes on Sixth avenue, near some of the big stores, early on a cold morning, and watch them as they go by. It is not hard for one who knows city life to see in the throng all the infinite possibilities of romance. And the pathos that invests some of the slender, poorly clad figures that hurry past, is beyond writing.

Hundreds and thousands of them come from homes of the very humblest, where their slender pittance is a good portion of the family income—perhaps constitutes the sole reliance of one, two or three and the girl herself. She is trained to poverty and privation. She is glad to work, early and late, for a wage that is barely sufficient to buy food. She is faithful, brave, self-reliant and, above all, chaste. The priceless pearl of a spotless reputation is literally all she has of riches, and holding that firmly, she fights back with weak, slender hands the demons of want, temptation and even despair. The petty cares that assail women, more than men, are all hers, and in addition she bears the burden of a business service that would wear out strong men. The wonder is not that she is sometimes too weak and weary to be pleasant, but that she should ever smile.

Yet smile she does. The glorious heritage of youth is hers, and Nature, that plants violets in the crevices of a rock, will bring happiness into the most sterile lives. The shop girl has her joys. They may seem as poor to more fortunate people as her trials are great, but they are gleams of sunshine to her, and for her as for her richer sister, there is always a prospect of that supreme happiness of life.

What is that?

Well, she knows.

THE VICE-REGAL TOUR

OVER THE ALPS WITH THE GOVERNOR.

FROM CHRISTCHURCH TO THE WEST COAST.

(BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST—SEE PAGES 176-180-81.)

VISIT TO GREYMOUTH AND PUBLIC RECEPTION.

ON the morning of December 31st we left Kumara in a drenching rain by tramway for Greymouth, a distance of about fourteen miles. The tramway runs through a lovely pine forest as far as the Teremakau bank, where we crossed by a cage, which is worked over the river on wires by an engine. A feeling of pardonable trepidation is experienced when, after stepping into the cage, one feels the novel conveyance rushing with lightning speed down the slackened wire on which it runs, almost touching the rushing swirling river, which is now in flood consequent on the continued rain. The cage, however, bears you safely up the other incline of the wire, and a sense of relief is expressed as you emerge on *terra firma* again.

On the other side of the river we entered the section of the tramway which runs to Greymouth along the seashore, a distance of nine miles. At a small station called Paroa we were met by the Mayor (Mr Mathieson) and councillors of Greymouth, carriages being provided. We were rapidly driven into Greymouth, where the volunteers and band were drawn up in front of the Gilmer Hotel to receive His Excellency. An adjournment was made to the balcony, where His Excellency was presented with an address of welcome, when a little speech-making was indulged in, after which an adjournment was made for lunch. Afterwards all drove to the racecourse at Omoto, about one and a-half miles from Greymouth, to witness some excellent racing between the local racers. In the evening His Excellency was entertained at a Mayoral banquet, held in Gilmer's Hotel. About fifty guests sat down to a splendid repast, and speech-making continued till near the close of the old year. As it was announced that a fireworks display would be held at midnight, we all adjourned outside to witness the torchlight procession and fireworks display conducted by the Greymouth Fire Brigade. A really creditable performance was provided, rockets being sent up to an enormous height, whilst at intervals coloured lights illuminated the whole scene, forming altogether a very brilliant send-off for the year 1891.

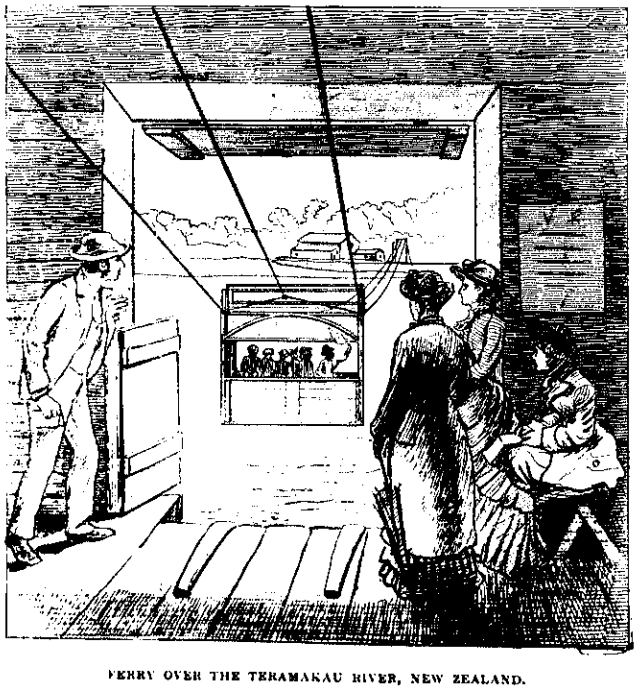
VISIT TO REEFTON.

In the morning (January 1st) we were up early to catch the nine a.m. train for Reefton, distant about forty miles. The first place of importance is Brunner, eight miles, where a large colliery exists, the coal being brought down to Greymouth for shipment by rail. Before reaching Brunner we pass by a monument erected to the memory of a poor fellow named Dobson, who was cruelly murdered by the notorious Sullivan gang, and was buried here by them. A pleasant little township now exists here called Dobsonville. Just beyond Brunner the railway line passes through a tunnel, and traverses a fertile valley where numerous pretty homesteads exist. The railway passes along the right bank (or left bank proper) of the Grey River, crossing it near the little Grey junction by a fine substantial bridge. We follow along the Mawhera-iti River, which takes its rise near Reefton. The train only goes as far as Tawhai, about five miles from Reefton. The remainder of the journey has to be done by coach, and it is a very pretty drive over the saddle, through which the Midland Railway Company have pierced a tunnel, and expect to have the line finished by next February. It should have been opened before now, but a tremendous slip occurred which cost the Company nearly £20,000 to clear away.

The Buller. The Owen River.

THE JUNCTION OF THE OWEN AND BULLER RIVERS ON A MISTY MORNING.

Reefton is a very pretty little town situated on the banks of the Inangahua River, and contains about two thousand inhabitants, who are mostly occupied in the gold-mining industry. At Reefton we were met by the Reefton Band and County Chairman and Council, who presented an address to His Excellency. After a brief stay we went on to Crushington, a pretty little village about two miles up the river, where a picnic was being held, and all seemed to be enjoying themselves.



FERRY OVER THE TERAMAKAU RIVER, NEW ZEALAND.

INANGAHUA.

A short stay sufficed here, so we returned, intending to start for the Inangahua junction at 4 p.m., a distance of eighteen miles. After a very pleasant drive along the Inangahua Valley we reached the ferry punt of the Inangahua. Embarking horses and carriage on it, we were soon across the river, and arrived at the accommodation house about 6.30 p.m. As a good number of holiday-seekers were present our accommodation was very limited, but the landlady, Mrs Lloyd, did her utmost to make us comfortable for the night.

VISIT TO WESPORT.

We started again in the morning for Westport, but a heavy mass of boulder having slipped across the road near the White Cliffs caused a stoppage. A waggonette, previously ordered, met us on the other side of the slip, and with a rattling good pair of horses we had a lovely drive along the picturesque Buller River, arriving at the Nine-mile Ferry at noon.

The Buller River scenery is of the wildest and most romantic description, and I may safely say is not surpassed by any other river in New Zealand. It is very similar in character to the Wanganui River of the North Island, but I have not the least doubt that a trip down the Buller from the Inangahua junction in a boat is equal to any trip to be obtained on the Wanganui. The scenery around Hawks' Craig is particularly striking. Numerous accidents have occurred on the river through the swift rapids, and the road has also not been free from accident. A well-known waggon, dubbed Noah's ark, had several spills over the precipices which abound along the river. At the Nine-mile Ferry we were met by the Mayor and councillors of Westport, the County Chairman, Chairman of the Harbour Board, and other provincial officials. A procession was formed and we were driven to the town, where the Volunteers, Cadets, and Foresters were drawn up to receive His Excellency, and an address of welcome was presented. The procession then reformed, headed by the band, marched to the Empire Hotel, where the party stayed.

After lunch we all embarked per special train for Denniston, accompanied by the Chairman of Directors and directors of Westport Colliery Company, also numerous officials connected with the colliery. The train runs a distance of twelve miles to Denniston, which is the loading place. The coal is brought down for shipment in trucks through a long tunnel.

Denniston is a village situated about 1,900 feet above the railway station, and is reached in two ways by a steep incline railway, which in one part is 1 in 1½ grade. It is a cable railway worked by a very powerful engine on top. The weight of the descending truck propels the empty one up the steep incline at an alarming rate, doing the two miles sometimes in two and a half minutes. Another track is a most circuitous winding one of about three and a-half miles around the steep cliffs of the gorge. This is a lovely walk or ride, and is very enjoyable if made in the evening, when the glow-worms illuminate the steep banks around you. The view from Denniston is of a most panoramic and lovely description. Standing on a limestone eminence, the deep gorge lies right under your feet, with the pretty Waimangaroa river threading its silvery way through the gorge and across the plain to the blue Pacific. The pretty little village of Waimangaroa also lies mapped out, as it were, at your feet.

Leaving our horses at Denniston a walk of two miles brought us to Coalbrookdale where the colliery company have their workings. Being holiday time, we were unable to see the colliery in full swing, but the system of haulage by cable was fully explained to us by the manager, and the boys gave us a sample of their alacrity in hitching on and detaching the waggons to the cable while in motion. On returning to Denniston we were kindly shown the working of the enormous engine which controls the different sections of cable line.

After a thorough inspection of the workings we all adjourned to the Denniston Hall, where a sumptuous repast was laid out, and about fifty sat down. After doing justice to all the viands provided the tables were cleared, and numerous toasts and speeches were proposed and responded to. We then all descended the hill to catch the train, which was waiting for us, and which quickly returned us to Westport, when we went straight on to the Town Hall. Here the Westport Harbour Board presented an address of welcome and the plans of the harbour to His Excellency for perusal. Another address and a splendid lot of photographs of the West Coast were also presented to His Excellency. These proceedings terminated a very pleasant stay at Westport, and we left again in the morning at 7.15 on the 3rd of January *en route* for Greymouth, travelling by coach to Reefton, and then by continuing the journey by special train, reached our destination in twelve hours.

In the morning (Monday, January 4th) we all left for Kumara to attend the races. The day turned out very showery, and rain fell pretty heavily during the progress of the races. The fields were very small, and, indeed, the racing of a mediocre description.

RECEPTION AT HOKITIKA.

In the morning (Tuesday, January 5th) we were early astir for Hokitika. Leaving Kumara at 8.30, we had a lovely drive to Hokitika, arriving there about 11 o'clock. A large crowd assembled at the Town Hall, where His Excellency was presented with an address of welcome by the Mayor on behalf of the citizens. As this address is a fair

example of the many which were presented to His Excellency in the course of his tour, I quote it in full :—

'We the Mayor and councillors of the Borough of Hokitika have much pleasure on this your first and in all probability your last visit in tendering you a cordial welcome to our town. In view of your approaching departure from the colony, we would desire to express our appreciation of the exemplary manner in which you have fulfilled the various high offices entrusted to you as Governor of this colony by our beloved Sovereign. It is pleasing to us, as indeed it must be gratifying to you, to find that in those parts of the colony with which you have been most intimately associated, not only are the expressions of regret at your departure deep and sincere, but that you have gained so much of affection and respect. We have little to show you in the way of modern embellishments of modern cities, but as some evidence of the value of local institutions we would point out that a little over twenty-five years ago the site upon which our town now stands was a dense and almost impenetrable forest, but that it now possesses some twenty miles of well formed streets in addition to many other works which conduce to the comfort and convenience of the inhabitants. We feel assured that you will be much impressed with the physical characteristics of the southern portion of this district and trust that Queen's weather may enable you to enjoy them to the full. We regret that you are unavoidably unaccompanied by the Countess of Onslow, whom rumour tells us has won golden opinions from all classes with whom she has been brought into contact. We trust that you may be long spared to pursue a career of usefulness to your Queen and Country, and that every blessing may be vouchsafed to yourself and family.'

His Excellency in reply said :

'I thank you for the cordial welcome you have extended to me on the occasion of my visit to your Borough. The expressions which you are pleased to make use of respecting the manner in which I have endeavoured to discharge the duties imposed upon me by Her Majesty the Queen as her representative, are extremely gratifying. The manifestations of appreciation which have found utterance in other parts of the colony, to which you refer, could not have been made had it not been that there is everywhere a disposition to take the most favourable view possible of the actions of the Governor, out of respect and veneration for the illustrious Sovereign of whom he is the humble representative. That you should have received me in the cordial manner that you have done, although personally unknown to you, is a further illustration of what I have just said. I am looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to a visit to the southern portion of Westland, and from what I have already heard I do not anticipate that I shall be otherwise than as greatly impressed with its characteristics as your address leads me to believe. I have to tender to you my most sincere thanks for the blessings and good wishes which you have been good enough to invoke on behalf of Lady Onslow, my family and myself.'

VISIT TO MAHINAPUA LAKE.

After the addresses presented on behalf of the County of Westland and the Hokitika Harbour Board had been suitably replied to, an adjournment was made to the wharf, where we embarked in rowing boats for a pull up the Mahinapua River into the lake of the same name. The day being lovely, with a slight breeze, the trip was really most enjoyable. About ten boats took part in a procession up the river, which opens up many pretty scenes. Stately kahikatea trees, with the luxuriant scarlet-blossomed rata, intermingled with the numerous parasitic plants and ferns of the New Zealand forest, made a series of lovely pictures at each bend of the river we came to. In the shady nooks the reflections of the forestry on the placid bosom of the river were exceedingly striking. On emerging into the lake a view of surpassing beauty and grandeur presented itself to us. Away in the blue distance could be discerned the majestic snow-crowned summit of Aorangi (or Mount Cook), towering high into the ethereal regions with a line of fleecy clouds clinging round its base. Nearer still the bold stupendous line of the Southern Alps comes gradually in aerial perspective to you, while the lovely blue lake of Mahinapua lies nestling, environed with forest at the base of the great mountains. We now pull across the lake to a pleasant landing-place, where lunch is provided. After lunch the excursionists ramble round enjoying the lovely scenery, and away in the deep recesses of the forest others wander to collect ferns and other beautiful plants which here are most prolific. A signal is given when all return to the boats, which, by the way, are now decorated with ferns and other plants, making an imposing and picturesque spectacle as they wend their way in procession across the lovely blue lake. A great deal of fun and merriment is caused by the homeward trip down the river, as the young oarsmen have friendly spurts to keep up their respective positions in the procession, some through bad steering getting foul of the overhanging shrubs, etc., which line the river. We all eventually land safely at the wharf again after an enjoyable day's outing, and I should advise all who visit Hokitika not to leave it till they have made the trip to the Mahinapua Lake by boat.

In the evening a banquet was given at Keller's Hotel to His Excellency, at which about sixty were present. It was a great success.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE EMPEROR AND FLOWER WOMAN.

A PRETTY story of the late Emperor Frederick is told in one of the German papers. Some years ago, shortly before the death of the old Emperor of Germany, a tall, handsome gentleman jumped into a third-class carriage of a local railway at Berlin, just as the train was leaving the station. An old flower-seller, with a basketful of newly-cut hyacinths, was the only other occupant of the compartment. He asked the old dame to sell him a bunch, and, mollified by his suave manner, she chose the freshest and largest, and handed it to him. Its price was a penny, but as the gentleman had no coppers and the old woman no change, not having sold any of her goods yet, she was paid with a mark piece, which, as she said at once was a thing that had never been heard of before in a third-class railway carriage. Presently the stranger and the flower-seller were deep in conversation, and it turned out that the poor woman was the only breadwinner of a family of four. Her son was crippled, her granddaughter a little schoolgirl, and her husband had for some months been out of work, since a new railway official had dismissed him as being too old to do much work. The stranger then suggested that she should apply, on her husband's behalf, to the railway authorities.

'That is no good whatever,' she replied, as she wiped her tears with her apron. 'If you haven't the Pope for your cousin nowadays, you can't get anybody to listen to you.'

'Then try the Emperor,' the stranger went on.

'Alas!' she sighed, 'if the old gentleman was allowed to see the petitions that are sent it might do some good, but he does not get to know about us poor people.'

'Well, let your husband write to the Crown Prince.

'Yes,' she said, 'he might do that,' and she would tell him so as soon as she had sold her flowers. By this time the train had got to the terminus, the old dame bundled out her basket, and noticed with astonishment that the officials and the crowd on the platform looked at her carriage, and saluted, and cheered.

'What's up?' she asked.

'Why, the Crown Prince was in the same compartment with you!'

Then the flower-seller held her head high and told every syllable of what had happened to the delighted crowd. Her flowers were sold before five minutes were over, and a fortnight afterwards her husband was at work again in his old place.

RUSSIAN CHILDREN.

WHEN the terrible Russian frost sets in, hill and valley alike become one great sheet of white. Very bare and dreary do these green, sunny slopes look in the winter months, with a few leafless trees standing gaunt ly up through the drifts, and the fierce, cold wind howling down the passes, driving great showers of snow along with it. No more light clothing, no more bare heads then. Every one, whether a child or grown up, is muffled in a great thick sheepskin frock reaching down to the feet, with a big collar turning up all round the face, till you can hardly see who it is.

But the little Russians are not afraid of the cold, and have amusements in winter as well as in summer. When the sun is bright and there is no snow falling, they can go out upon the hills with their sleds—for they have sleds there of course, and these little mountain people are quite fond of them and as clever in managing them as any children in the world. Famous sliding do they have down these great slopes, and fine, rosy faces do they win by it, and wonderful appetites do they carry home with them to their suppers of brown bread and kasha (buckwheat porridge mixed with butter), after the fun is over.

And in the stormy evenings, when the grim north-east wind comes howling over the wild, lonely, mountains, bringing with it all the cold of the frozen wastes of Siberia, when the great flakes are falling so thick and fast that no one can see an inch beyond the window, and far up among the hills you can hear at times the crash of a tree breaking down under the weight of the snow—then is the time for the little folks to cuddle around the warm stove and to roast chestnuts in the embers, and for the older boys to make baskets or twist ropes, and for the bigger girls to plait straw mats. And then their old grandmother, sitting at her spinning, on a stool in the warmest corner, with a red handkerchief around her dark, wrinkled old face which looks just like an oak carving, will tell them some quaint old fairy tale, or some story out of Russian history—perhaps about Ivan Veliki, who beat the Tartars, or Peter the Great, who built St. Petersburg, or the brave men who burned their great city of Moscow to drive away Napoleon.

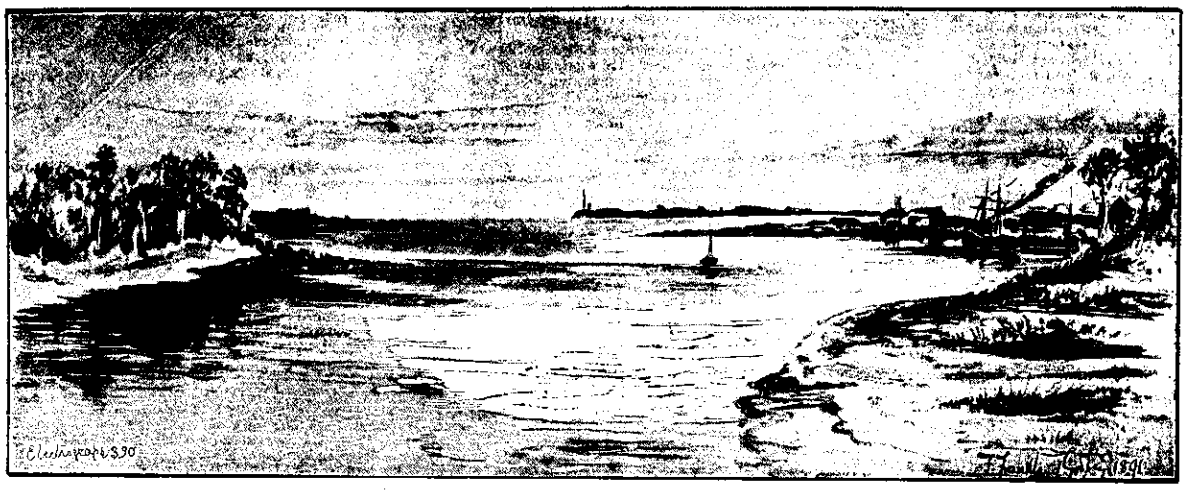
Sometimes the children take their turn, and sing a funny little song about the 'white geese,' as they call the snow-flakes :

Daddy, daddy Winter,
Let your white geese fly;
Send the wind to drive them
All across the sky!

Bend the tossing pine trees,
Make the hard earth split—
Snug around the fireside
We don't care a bit!

And I don't suppose they do; for, in spite of their wild country and their rough climate, these little Russians are a very merry race indeed.

It is the confession of a widower who has been thrice married, that the first wife cures a man's romance, the second teaches him humility, and the third makes him a philosopher.



WESTPORT HARBOUR, FROM THE BULLER BRIDGE.

THE INANGAHUA RIVER—MOONLIGHT MOUNTAINS IN DISTANCE.

A ROMANCE OF CAIRO.

I.

IT is more than thirty years ago since Bevil Brereton arrived in Cairo and found there the fate or fortune of which this is the only complete or authentic history. The printed accounts are scrappy and misrepresent the main facts. I have collected, I think, all the newspaper paragraphs that appeared at the time on the subject. They are very meagre, and I believe an Alexandrian journal published in French was fined for mentioning the subject at all. The best account appeared in a Smyrna newspaper, but the next week's issue gave a contradiction of the story, evidently 'inspired.' The whole business was hushed up by the authorities, and there are one or two incidents in it so romantic that I have found them received with incredulity when mentioned in conversation.

A visit to Egypt was, at the time of which I am writing, an uncommon thing, as it was a longer and costlier trip than it is now. Brereton was a man of leisure and money who had, or fancied he had, a weak lung. He had read 'Eothen,' and 'The Crescent and the Cross,' and 'Palm Leaves,' by Monckton Milnes, and he was drawn to take a passage on board a P. and O. steamer bound for Alexandria. He was the only passenger for Egypt; the other travellers were all booked for India.

He reached Cairo on a pleasant day in November and was driven to Shepheard's Hotel. He had seen a dioramic picture of its verandah in Albert Smith's Eastern entertainment, and a caricature by Richard Doyle of the newcomer, or griffin, in the clutches of Arab dragomans and donkey-boys was the last thing he had seen in a London print-shop. He found both the picture of the place and the illustration of manners perfectly accurate. He had an introduction to the Consul and to the resident doctor, and was fortunate in making a few congenial acquaintances.

The first was Keith Grey, an artist; the other two, Sir David and Lady Brabazon, were breaking their homeward journey from India by lingering a couple of months in Egypt. The four kept together, had places at table next to each other, and planned excursions in company. Lady Brabazon, a clever and sympathetic woman, obtained Brereton's confidence early in the day, and discovered that he was in love; in this she was right. She decided that the course of his love was not running smoothly, and that this accounted for his visit to Egypt; in this she was wrong. Really the girl he loved, loved him in return. The match was suitable, and there was a chance of pretty Vera Cathcart coming with her parents to Egypt if they could make a rendezvous with a certain uncle who held a legal appointment in the Straits Settlements, and who thought of wintering in Cairo. One other point about Brereton Lady Brabazon discovered—he had no relations. He was an only son of an only son. He had no real estate, but money invested in Government and other securities. He often called himself 'a waif and a stray,' and spoke of buying a property and settling on his return. These are all the circumstances that are necessary to be known in order to explain the subsequent action or inaction of the little group of persons who were associated with Brereton in these days at Cairo.

Cairo in the last days of Said Pasha, and in the early days of Ismail, was very different from the Cairo of to-day. The large Europeanized quarter which bears the name of the first Khedive did not exist. There was no lion-guarded bridge over the Nile; the palaces at Gezireh and Gizeh were not built; and the long avenues of lebbek trees that are now the favourite afternoon drives of residents were unplanted. The Muski was an Eastern bazaar, covered with a roof of matting and full of shops piled with carpets, brass-work, many-socketed lamps and tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl; now it is a vulgar street, disfigured by the hideous dummies of advertising tailors. The Ezbekieh was the most Europeanized quarter, but there was no enclosed garden, only an open space shaded by tufts of umbrageous trees. Napoleon's headquarters were still standing, and there was no straight Boulevard Mohammed Ali, but a network of narrow streets, with windows latticed with *mushrebiehs* of intricate tracery, occupying all the space between Ezbekieh and the citadel. The Shubra Road was the one drive, the avenue de Boulogne of Cairo, and this stretched from the railway station to the disused palace of Mohammed Ali. It was then on Sundays and Fridays the universal resort, and it is now, though unfrequented and unfashionable, a place full of fascination. The lights that glint on the gnarled and twisted sycamore stems, the thick canopy of leaves overhead, the fields to the right with their yokes of buffaloes, groups of turbaned peasants, and flocks of goats, perplex the artist by the variety of subjects they offer to his pencil. For when he has selected one and begun the outline of a solemn sheikh under his palm-tree, a line of swinging camels passes across the scene and lies down to be unladen, and he finds he has begun half unconsciously to sketch the arching necks and heavy trappings which seem all you want for a foreground, until a cluster of women, balancing water-pitchers on erect heads and bearing luscious stems of sugar-cane, occupy the place and give new motive to the picture. Brereton daily frequented this road, and found pleasure in watching the figures that travelled along it. But his interest was not that of a painter. Grey sketched, and was always looking out for sketches, but Bevil sought to guess the characters of the men who reclined languidly in their carriages, and to discern what manner of women they were whose faces were half hidden by muslin veils and blinded carriage windows.

This at least was the state of his mind one evening as he looked with more curiosity than was quite well-bred into a carriage that drove slowly past him down the sycamore avenue. He had seen the carriage in the same place on six successive evenings. Every Sunday and Friday for three weeks it had passed him at the same slow pace close to the same spot. The carriage was well appointed, with a coronet and a crescent on the panel; the black horses were carefully groomed, the *syces*, or running footmen, wore jackets ablaze with gold, and the coachman was trim in European livery and red fez. On a bay horse, which kept pace with the brougham, was a tall, gaunt eunuch, who never seemed to keep his eyes off the carriage. Neither did Brereton. Directly it entered the avenue it seemed to possess a peculiar fascination for him. It is impossible to say what first attracted his attention. There were a dozen other carriages on the road just like this one, but for some mysterious reason this was the only one he ever saw. If it be urged that this interest was inconsistent, improper, even unjustifiable, seeing that he was in love with Vera Cathcart, I can only say that experience proves every day that men and women do inconsistent, improper and even unjustifiable things. He was young and idle, and disposed to gather his rosebuds from any bush that showed pretty flowers. The occupant of the brougham, a lady with large, soft eyes and cream-white forehead and mysterious veil of gauze, had magnetic power and drew him every week to the Shubra Road, and bade him pause near the particular sycamore, under the shade of which she regularly stopped. At last, as was natural, the eunuch noticed his persistency and seemed annoyed thereby. At all events the carriage did not stop on the fourth Friday at all.

Now there was at that time among the many mendicants of Cairo a certain dwarf called Idris. He was a favourite, for he had a roguish smile and a funny appealing look, and he never pestered passengers for *baksheesh* but took a shake of the head for a negative, thereby contrasting with the blind Captain and the man with a fin instead of a hand, and the legless cripple who dragged himself along the pavement, and all the ghastly shapes that seemed to have been emptied out of Milton's lazar-house into the dusty road whenever and wherever the rich were gathered together. Brereton often gave a piastre to the dwarf, and an acquaintance grew up between them. Perhaps the fact that Idris was also a pensioner of the mysterious lady secured the Englishman's interest in him. Every week, the dwarf received alms from the lady, who threw it from the carriage window just before she signalled the coachman to drive home. She usually stayed late, and on receiving her gift Idris made his salaams, and trotted off at a wonderful pace to his hut in the Fagalla. This programme had been punctually carried out for more than a month. No word had ever passed between the four actors in the odd drama, but they seemed obliged to go through the performance as if under a spell. They drove to the same place; they looked at each other for the same time with the same expression; but none of them save the dwarf, who earned four piastres a week, was the better for the performance.

II.

THUS time passed until the end of January, when Brereton received a letter from England. It announced that Miss Cathcart's father had heard that his brother, the Straits Settlements official, had resolved to stay in Cairo for three months, and so they were all coming out. They asked Brereton to take rooms for them at Shepheard's, and gave the date of their arrival. Some engagements and a slight attack of fever kept Bevil from going to the Shubra between the time of the arrival of the letter and the appearance of the Cathcarts. Vera had improved since he had seen her. She was just at the age when time seems busiest in enhancing a girl's attractions. The sea voyage and the frank enjoyment of new scenes and experiences had given vivacity to her eyes and a rose flush to her cheek—the outward signs of that sense of interest and happiness in life that glorifies beauty of colour and feature with that magical gift of the fairies we call by the name of charm. Bevil and Vera had been neighbours in England, and had enough home subjects in common to give them comparisons, allusions and reminiscences wherewithal to enhance the pleasure of foreign sight-seeing. When people can say often, 'Is not that like so and so?' and 'Does not that remind you of such and such a place?' they have links which make them enjoy each other's society. So it happened that for a short time the Eastern wife was forgotten and the Western maid reigned in her stead. But Friday came, and the Rotten Row of Cairo had to be shown to the new comers. With an odd feeling of uneasiness Bevil took his seat in the carriage with Vera and her mother. He pointed out the scenes and figures they passed; he was amusing on the gaudy dresses of the Levantine ladies, and the airs of the young natives who were just then beginning to coat themselves with French varnish; but he was looking all the time eagerly for the brougham. It was not there. They came to the sycamore he knew so well. There was neither carriage nor eunuch, but there was Idris the dwarf.

'What a quaint creature! He would do for the "Hunchback" in the "Arabian Nights," or "Nectabanus" in "The Talisman." Thirty years ago English ladies knew Scott.

The dwarf seeing the party were new-comers began his usual performance, a song and dance ending by balancing his staff on his chin. During these antics he managed to come close to Bevil and thrust a letter into his hand. This done he stopped quickly, and held his open palm for *baksheesh*. Directly he had received his piastres he disappeared, and as it was near sundown the party drove quickly homeward. Directly he was in his room Bevil locked the door and took out the note. It was in French, and contained only these words: 'You can save me from prison, and perhaps death, if you come to the garden of the Gem Palace to-morrow at 10 o'clock.'

The handwriting was disguised and one word was misspelt, but Bevel never questioned the fact that it came from the veiled lady. He read it and re-read it, utterly puzzled and weaving a dozen theories and romances. A servant roused him by knocking at his door and telling him the gong had sounded ten minutes ago. He dressed and went to dinner with rather inconsistent explanations of his dilatoriness.

Once with Vera Cathcart, however, the message was forgotten. He had been growing more and more attached to her during the recent days, and she had never looked more beautiful than on that evening. Brereton was coming to himself. The fancy that mystery and romance had woven had been torn to pieces and had vanished to the limbo of vanities. When he said 'good night' that evening he felt that he loved Vera as he had never loved before, and that he must ask her to be his wife the next day. In a mood compact of hope and distrust he strolled out on the terrace and flung himself on a long chair. The moonlight was raining a shower of silver radiance over everything. The terrace and the knotted sycamores which rose in groups in the open space that then stretched in front of the hotel to the Ezbekieh, the high white houses in the distance, the minaret circled with a coronet of light in honour of some festival—all blended to form a picture of repose which lulled the lover into a reverie. He was roused by the voices of two men who had taken their seats at a table close by. They spoke French and had talked some time before he heard them at all. Then he only had a vague impression that their words jarred on the subject of his thoughts. After a time he disentangled them from his own fancies, and found how they recalled that which he had been pleased to forget. When he began to attach a meaning to their speech he naturally looked round to see what manner of men they were.

They were moustached, swarthy persons in Stambouli coats and fezzes, men cut to the Egyptian official pattern and in no wise remarkable.

'I tell you,' said one, 'Effendina knows all. He is unwilling while the Delegate Ingleeze is here to make public scandal; but she has gone too far ——'

'Which means,' said the other, 'that a certain friend of ours has set his heart on the Gem Palace. The scandals have been told by him and have lost nothing in the telling. The Pasha has determined that she shall drink a cup of coffee, and that he shall have three palaces instead of two. But let him take care; if she suspects him she will bring him down with her!'

'Impossible! What can she do? She is closely watched. The dwarf, Idris, whom she employs, is in the Pasha's pay——'

'And in everybody's else. I have known her for twenty years. She has never failed in any of her plans. There was Hassan Makmud Pasha, who would not sell her the estate at Tanta. He died suddenly. There was the Greek Consul whose wife said she was looking old. He was recalled. There was Haig Agopian, the sharpest Armenian in Egypt. He refused to lend her the usual £5,000 on her diamonds after they had gone to Yusef Ben Issachar the Jew to be reset. The bank had a run on it and was ruined in six months. All those who have thwarted her have been disgraced or have died. The last story is that she has declared it to be her ambition to have an Englishman at her feet.'

'That would not be difficult, I should think.'

'Hush! speak lower.'

The rest of the conversation was inaudible, but Bevil had heard enough to keep him from sleeping for some hours. He turned the matter over and over. Could the wicked Princess be the veiled lady? The mention of the dwarf Idris seemed to favour the idea, but Idris was employed by many. Then the second clue came to his mind. The Princess lived in the Gem Palace; so did the writer of the note he had received that evening. What could be the object of that summons? An obvious suggestion occurred to him. He wondered if a month ago he should have been fool enough to have followed up the adventure. The reply to the question was merged in other and pleasanter visions. What did he care for this Cairene Lucrezia Borgia and her plots? To-morrow he was to receive an answer which would decide his future from the sweetest lips in the world, and busy in imagining the smile that would accompany that answer, he fell asleep.

III.

THE dream came true. The next day in the orchard of palms hard by the hotel, he proposed and was accepted. The happiness of both seemed secure. In many ways, beside equality of age and fortune, the match seemed promising. Bevil and Vera were alike in tastes and had many common interests. The isolation of Bevil's position had prevented him from becoming coloured and moulded by family life, and some softer traits were lacking. But marriage with a woman like Vera seemed likely to prevent the lovable side of his character from hardening.

The day was spent in making pleasant plans, and in those mutual questionings and discoveries of sympathy in the past which are new cords of attachment.

There was then little society in the modern sense in Cairo, and the engagement was not buzzed about and commented upon. Only two or three of the closer acquaintances of the Cathcarts were told of it and offered congratulations. In the afternoon the betrothed lovers drove out together, and of course went to the Shubra Road. From the moment when he asked Vera to take a stroll in the palm orchard that morning Bevil had thought of nothing save his victorious love, but now the familiar avenue, the gnarled sycamores, the canopy of foliage, the alternating sun and shadow, and the groups of gay carriages (for it was Friday), brought back the other memory. They drove almost to the palace gate, then turned. A few yards from the usual spot he saw Idris. The dwarf evidently expected him to stop, and, he fancied, made a signal to him. The next moment he came up with the brougham, and perhaps by accident, perhaps at a sign to the native coachman, his own open victoria stopped. He looked instinctively into the window, and met the full gaze of the Princess. She had the slightest film of muslin over her mouth, and he saw her whole face. The eyes were blazing with passion, the nostrils distended, the teeth set, the great lips shut tight. As Bevil caught sight of the mask he instinctively put up his hand to shelter his Vera. The Princess saw the protecting action. He scarcely knew whether it was fancy or fact, but he thought she made a counter gesture with her henna-tipped fingers as if drawing something from her bosom.

'What a strange face looked out of that carriage window,' said Vera. 'It reminded me of one of Le Brun's prints in the study at home.'

'Our dwarf does not seem as cheerful as usual to-night,' said Bevil, shrinking from the subject.

'He looked keen enough as he passed us in the orchard of palms this morning,' said Vera.

'Did he pass us there?' asked Bevil. 'I did not see him.'

'I thought you did not,' said Vera archly.

IV.

THE next day there were unmistakable signs of something wrong at the hotel. The waiters were clustered in groups in the passages, not marshalled at their posts. The manager, usually oiled and curled, was standing on the terrace running his hands wildly through his hair. Two janissaries from the English Consulate were stationed at the door, and two more were standing sentry over a line of native servants who were drawn up in the garden. The guests were talking vociferously on the terrace and the word 'suspected,' 'robbery,' 'immense value,' were bandied about. In brief, a serious robbery had been committed and Lady Brabazon's jewels had been stolen. The topic occupied everybody for the day, and the wildest and most unlikely conjectures were hazarded as to the nationality of the thief and the method of his procedure. A little later the reports were absurdly contradictory. 'This was the first robbery that had ever taken place at the hotel—' 'There was a robbery regularly every season—' 'Lady Brabazon's *parure* was worth £2,000—' 'Lady Brabazon's *parure* was entirely paste.'

The usual nine days passed, however, and the interest of all but the plundered lady and the hotel-keepers cooled. Cairo was soon to find a more absorbing topic of conversation.

One evening Vera had retired early, tired with a long ride to the Mokattam Hills, and Bevil was intending to sit on the terrace. To avoid a twentieth description of the robbery from Sir David, whom he saw bearing down upon him, he strolled down the steps into the open *place*. He had not gone far when he was accosted by a thin man in a black coat and a red fez. Thinking he was one of the usual crowd of applicants for *baksheesh*, Bevil hurried on, but hearing the man say something about the robbery and mention the name of Lady Brabazon, he stopped.

'Does the *kha-wâ gah Ingleeze* (English gentleman) want to find all the things for the *sitt* (lady)? If he will come with me he can,' said the man. 'Look here'—and he showed a bracelet of sparkling diamonds.

There was no mistake about this action. Bevil, thinking he might be on the scent, stepped under one of the oil lamps which were suspended from the branches of the trees few and far between. He now saw that the speaker was a negro, and that he undoubtedly had some superb diamonds in his black fingers.

'Give me those,' said the Englishman.

He laid them in Bevil's hand and beckoned him to come a little farther, pointing to a small booth near a clump of trees where there were some other figures. Assured by the man's readiness to give him up the jewels, he followed, but directly he stepped out of the ring of the lamplight he was struck down with a violent blow from a stick which laid him stunned on the ground. Two strong slaves caught him up, muffled his head in a shawl, and carried him to a carriage which stood waiting. The man who had accosted him took the bracelets from his hand with a quiet laugh, and gave a few directions to the coachman and the slaves. Then he got into another carriage in which a dwarf was seated, and the two carriages drove away into the darkness.

V.

THE particulars of Bereton's seizure were obtained long afterwards from a pencil narrative written by himself. Neither his friends nor the authorities had anything to go upon. A waiter at the hotel saw him light a cigar and go down the steps about ten o'clock. Nothing more was known. The open space before Shepheard's was ill-lighted, and was not considered very safe after dark; but no disappearance like this had ever been recorded, and, indeed, robberies of Englishmen were not frequent. The police arrangements at Cairo were slovenly, but they had a certain vigour of procedure which detected crime when it was understood that the Government was in earnest. The English Foreign office wrote despatches, and the Consul-General had interviews with the Pasha. The native authorities were pressed so hard that they were shaken out of their apathy, and spared neither threats, bribes, nor beatings, but nothing could be ascertained. From that February night Bevil Brereton vanished, and all record of him was obliterated.

I have read all the official correspondence which passed relating to 'the remarkable disappearance of an Englishman,' and examined files of newspapers to find all the printed information on the subject, but, as I said before, it is inaccurate and inconsistent. A draft of a will was found in his letter-case, leaving all his property to Vera Cathcart, but it was unsigned. His money, I believe, reverted to the Crown, failing kin. The names of Sir David Brabazon and Keith Grey are prominent in the correspondence about him. Some urgent business took the Cathcarts away from Egypt a month after the disappearance. I will not write that the wretchedness of Vera can be imagined, because grief like hers is precisely what cannot be imagined. She did not fall into a fever or suffer any injury to the brain, only the wearying disappointment—the daily hope, and the daily baffling of that hope—ate away her power of feeling happiness, and at last she learned the lesson so many have to learn from the stern schooling of trial (but few from a stroke so ghastly and sharp as hers), that 'existence could be cherished, strengthened and fed without the aid of joy.'

She did her daily duties, interested herself in the interests of those about her. Then, at last, when her parents died, she joined a nursing sisterhood, and worked in a London hospital.

VI.

IT was the summer of 1883. Ismail had reigned and been deposed. Arabi's rebellion had been crushed, and England was occupying Egypt. She had a hard task to bring order into chaos, and now her reforms were thrown back by a violent epidemic of cholera. Since Bevil and Vera plighted their troth to each other, a new Cairo had arisen, and boulevards and wide streets had taken the place of the groves of palms and sycamores. But the huge houses were deserted. The long colonnades, usually crowded with loungers, dining, or smoking, or gambling, were empty. The cafés were tenantless, save where a solitary waiter cowered behind his bar expecting not customers, but grim death. Fires were lighted in the streets and rolled volumes of smoke over the town. The dirge-like chants of the native mourners, hurrying their kinsfolk to the cemeteries, were almost the only sounds audible.

The English had established a hospital for wounded soldiers shortly after the war, and a call had been made for experienced nurses. Vera had answered the call, and was now once more in Cairo. She could not account for the eagerness with which she read the summons to go out at once. Half an hour after seeing the appeal she sent a telegram to offer herself as a candidate, and now a pale, grey-haired woman, as different from the joyous girl of thirty years ago as Constance is from Beatrice, she moved about the little hospital, which was crowded with cholera patients, doing her duty accurately and sympathetically from long training, but with a feeling of the dreaminess of all the surroundings and an expectation of being drawn ever nearer and nearer to an end, that combined to make her begin every day with a sort of awe. But no weird imagination had fashioned and no nightmare vision foreshown any end so dreadful as that which came. Several English doctors had arrived in Cairo to study the epidemic and to treat the patients. Their attention was called naturally to the general state of sanitary science or nescience in Egypt, and they had full powers to examine and report. Among these was a certain Dr. Markland, who belonged to the London hospital where Vera had nursed. He came to see her directly he arrived, and thinking she was looking overworked he told her to come at once for a drive with him. They hurried through the deserted streets, baking in the hot, pestilence-laden air, and, hoping for a taste of purer and cooler breath, turned off toward Abbâsiyeh.

They got clear of the houses, and at last were fairly in the desert.

'Do you know what that red building is?' asked Markland.

'No,' said Vera. 'I have never been here before, but we can ask that gentleman. He is an army-chaplain, just come from burying some poor fellow in the desert.'

They stopped the clergyman and learned that the building was an Arab lunatic asylum.

'I should like to see it,' said Markland. 'We will try and get in.'

They drove up to the gate, which was shut, but not barred. The porter refused admission at first, but gave way when he saw Markland meant to get it. Then it turned out that there were at that moment an English doctor and a high official compelling the place to disclose its secrets. They met Markland and the sister in the first corridor.

'Markland thank God you have come! Sir Charles and I have just found something which seems too ghastly to be true. This place is hell.'

And it was. In another moment they heard from above yells, shrieks and laughter, and, pushing aside a few quaking warders, went upstairs and entered the largest of the wards. There were lines of half-naked men sitting on their bedsteads, some chained, all filthy, diseased and half-starved. The stench was loathsome, the air fœtid. The doctor inquired through an Arab interpreter who had accompanied Sir Charles some particulars of the cases, but little was known. The patients had all been brought into the palace five years ago from an asylum at Bulak, now disused. Up to that time the place had been called the Gem Palace, and had been occupied by a Royal Princess who was now dead. The interpreter spoke of her with a lowered voice and a look around as if he half expected she would punish him for mentioning her name. Sir Charles asked if they saw all the inmates.

'No; there was another room.'

They crossed and found opposite the men's ward a similar room containing about forty women. Here again were chains, nakedness, and dirt. Then came a court-yard, where the less violent patients herded. A sheikh, repeating hundreds of times over one verse from the Koran, sat in the midst of his circle of wondering worshippers, while a hideous swollen-headed boy gibbered and mowed at him. A deformed man twisted and writhed along on the ground fancying himself a snake. A huge negro chained to a tree kept up all day a loud, monotonous roar. Again Sir Charles asked if he had seen all.

'Yes; all but the man below.'

'Take us to him.'

They went down to the basement story and passed through several large rooms. Many of them showed on the walls patches of gold and painting, and were furnished with divans, covered with magenta satin, once splendid, but now mouldy and tattered. Some of the palace furniture had been left to rot in the mad-house. At last they reached a barred dungeon-cell. The key at first was not to be found, but after much delay the special warder, a one-eyed Soudanese, was hunted up and forced to unlock the door. The room was very high, lighted by a grated aperture close to the ceiling. Through this streamed a struggling ray of the afterglow which was then suffusing the Red Mountain with a magic light. The ray fell on a man's face, very haggard and thin and nearly hidden by an overgrowth of white beard and moustache. His body was clothed in a ragged silk dressing-gown, and he lay on a native bedstead of palm twigs. A red leather cushion from one of the palace divans was placed under his head. There were staples and rings in the walls, to which chains had been affixed, and the red marks of fetters showed on his wrist and ankles.

'It is a dead man,' said Sir Charles.

The doctors felt the pulse. 'No—not yet. Send for some wine.'

'I have a flask with some brandy.'

The sister had followed them in and approached the bed. She bent over it and put away the long white hair from the features of the prisoner.

'He looks like an Englishman,' said Markland.

A cry, bitter with the bitterness of the utmost suffering, came from the kneeling woman: 'Oh, my God! my God! Bevil! Bevil!'

He lived for a month, tended by Vera with passionate care, but he never recovered consciousness nor ever recognised his faithful love. A pocketbook and diary containing a few entries were found in the room. From these I have put together the facts connected with his disappearance. There were a few lines describing an interview with the Princess, from which her motive in having him seized could be gathered.

After this discovery the huge rambling Gem Palace was thoroughly searched, and abundant evidences of strange deeds done and ghastly sufferings endured were found in its secret cells and winding galleries. In a disused well choked with brambles and hidden by a hedge of prickly pear the workmen found the bones of a dwarf. Idris had probably been detected in playing false to his terrible mistress and had been summarily punished.

The last time I was in Egypt I found the grave of Bevil Brereton in the beautiful little English cemetery near the aqueduct of Salaheddin in old Cairo.—C. H. BUTCHER.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOUR.

The chimpanzee may be regarded as the animal which approaches most nearly to man. Although smaller than the full-grown gorilla, there is not the great disparity in the size or structure of the two sexes that there is in that animal. When the chimpanzee stands upright the arms reach only a short distance below the knees, being in this respect more human-like than any other ape. The face is furnished with distinct whiskers, eyebrows, and eyelashes. The forehead is more vaulted, and the brain, as might be expected from the intelligence of the animal, larger than in any other ape. The tusks are much smaller, and the whole of the teeth make a close approximation to those of the human species.

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GOOD EYESIGHT OF INDIANS.

Dr. L. Webster Fox is of opinion that savage races possess the perception of colour to a greater degree than do civilised races. In a lecture lately delivered before the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, he stated that he had just concluded an examination of 250 Indian children, of whom 100 were boys. Had he selected 100 white boys from various parts of the United States, he would have found at least five of them colour blind; among the Indian boys he did not discover a single case of colour blindness. Some years ago he examined 250 Indian boys, and found two colour blind, a very low percentage when compared with the whites. Among the Indian girls he did not find any. Considering that only two females in every 1,000 among whites are colour blind, he does not think it surprising that he did not find any examples among the Indian girls.

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SMELL AND MEMORY.

The central seat of the olfactory sense must be very near to the central seat of memory, for it is noticeable that nothing recalls a past event like an odour. A little child was thrown out of a pony-carriage in a country lane. Near the spot where the fall took place there was a manure heap, which gave forth the peculiar dry ammoniacal odour so often recognisable from such heaps—an odour distinctive yet not altogether unpleasant. The child was stunned by the fall, and on recovering and returning to consciousness smelt this odour powerfully. Over fifty years have elapsed since that little mishap, and yet whenever the person referred to passes, in country lanes, a heap giving out the same odour, the whole scene of the accident recurs with every detail perfect, and sometimes with a recurrence of the giddiness and nausea which were experienced at the moment.

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AMERICAN 'FLINTS.'

Extensive excavations of the prehistoric mounds in Ohio and Indiana have lately been carried on under the supervision of Professor Putnam. In one mound, near Anderson Station, Indiana, 7,232 flint spear heads and knives have been discovered. They were found in a layer one foot thick, extending over a space of 20 by 30 feet. They are made of grey flint found only in Indiana. The largest find of flint implements previously made in America did not include more than 1,800 specimens. What one cannot help wondering is how there should come to be over 7,000 of these implements embedded within such a narrow space. Was it an ancient armoury? Was this a refuse heap of spoiled flints? Was it the floor of some hut in which a flint artificer worked, and are those the stock in trade he had on hand when suddenly 'called away?' Or, finally, were those flints designedly stored away where they have been found in order to show to future ages what the old stone-chippers could do?

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ANIMAL TAMING BY ELECTRICITY.

A German journalist, Herr Waldemar Otto, has invented a unique electrical arrangement for taming animals and initiating them in the usual wild beast performances. The essentials of Herr Otto's inventions are a whip composed of wire and a metal foot-plate which is wholly or partially to constitute the floor of the cage, the whip and the plating being connected with the respective poles of a powerful galvanic battery. Whenever the animal which it is desired to tame comes in contact with the metallic plate it will, on the pressure of a key, receive with every stroke of the whip a sharp electric shock. A very few applications of this novel lash are said to completely subdue the spirit of the one-time denizen of the forest or plain, as the case may be. When it is considered that the electric current has effected its purpose, pressure on the key can be released and the whip made to operate in the ordinary physical way. In view of the terrible fate which has recently befallen several of the daring members of perhaps the most dangerous existing profession, the Otto method of animal taming would appear to have a successful future before it.

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THE FALSETTO VOICE.

Mr E. Davidson Palmer, Mus. Bac. Oxon., calls the attention of scientific men to an apparently unknown fact in connection with voice production. This fact has to do with the so called 'falsetto' voice. The general opinion about this kind of voice is that it is something altogether unnatural, and that it ought never to be used. According to modern scientific theories, however, it is one of two or more registers, and is supposed to be intended by nature to be used only at the upper extremity of the vocal compass. But it is quite possible to produce this kind of voice at a much lower pitch (at least an octave lower) than that at which singers are ever taught to use it. Produced in this way it may be so weak and feeble as to be practically useless. Still it is possible so to produce it, as men and singers well know. What they do not know, and what scientific men appear to be totally unaware of, is that it may be developed at this low pitch, and not only developed, but completely transformed. When thus transformed, it loses entirely its unnatural and effeminate character, and becomes a strong manly voice, which is easily mistaken for what is commonly called 'chest voice,' but which, unlike that kind of voice, is capable of bearing throughout its whole compass, any strain that may be put upon it.

THE VICE-REGAL TOUR.

On pages 172-3 of the present issue will be found the account of the Governor's tour upon the West Coast. Intimately connected with it are the views which we present upon the present page of Mawhera Quay (Greymouth), and a view of path up the Denniston Hill; also the portraits of the Mayor and Town Clerk of Westport, and the County Chairman of the Province of Westland, who are subjects of interest to those who are living upon the West Coast of the Southern Island.

THE MAYOR OF WESTPORT.

The portrait below represents the third son of the late Mr Charles E. Suisted, one of the earliest pioneers of New Zealand, whose arrival in Wellington dates back to the year 1841. He was engaged in business in that city until the occurrence of the heavy earthquakes in 1848, when he left deciding to settle in Otago, and was amongst the first to engage extensively in pastoral pursuits in that province.

MR SUISTED.
Mayor of Westport.

The subject of the present sketch was born in Wellington in the year 1844, and at an early age visited England and the Continent of Europe with his parents, remaining at Home for some years for educational purposes. Shortly after his return to this colony in the year 1861, the great rush to the Otago goldfields took place, and for several years he was engaged in mining pursuits both in Otago and at the Thames, in Auckland. Mr Suisted settled finally at Westport, on the West Coast of the South Island, in 1869, where he has ever since been engaged in business and mining enterprises. During his long residence in that part of New Zealand Mr Suisted has always taken an active interest in local politics, the ratepayers of the borough of Westport having just returned him to the honourable position of Mayor for the fourth time. On the initiation of the Westport Harbour Works, which are among the most successful in the colonies, he was one of the six gentlemen appointed by the Government to assist in carrying out the great Colonial enterprise, and he is still a member of that important Board. He has also filled many other public positions with credit to himself and advantage to his district. Daring always to do that which he considered right, he has naturally gained the true respect and esteem of all right-thinking men. Mr Suisted has always been ably assisted by his wife, the clever journalist and author, whose connection with the press of this and other colonies, the excellent work she has produced in all branches of literature, and especially her sessional contributions for eight or nine years, are too widely known to need further reference.

MAWHERA QUAY, GREYMOUTH.

MR SUISTED.
Mayor of Westport.

MR CUMMING.
Town Clerk Westport.

THE TOWN CLERK OF WESTPORT.

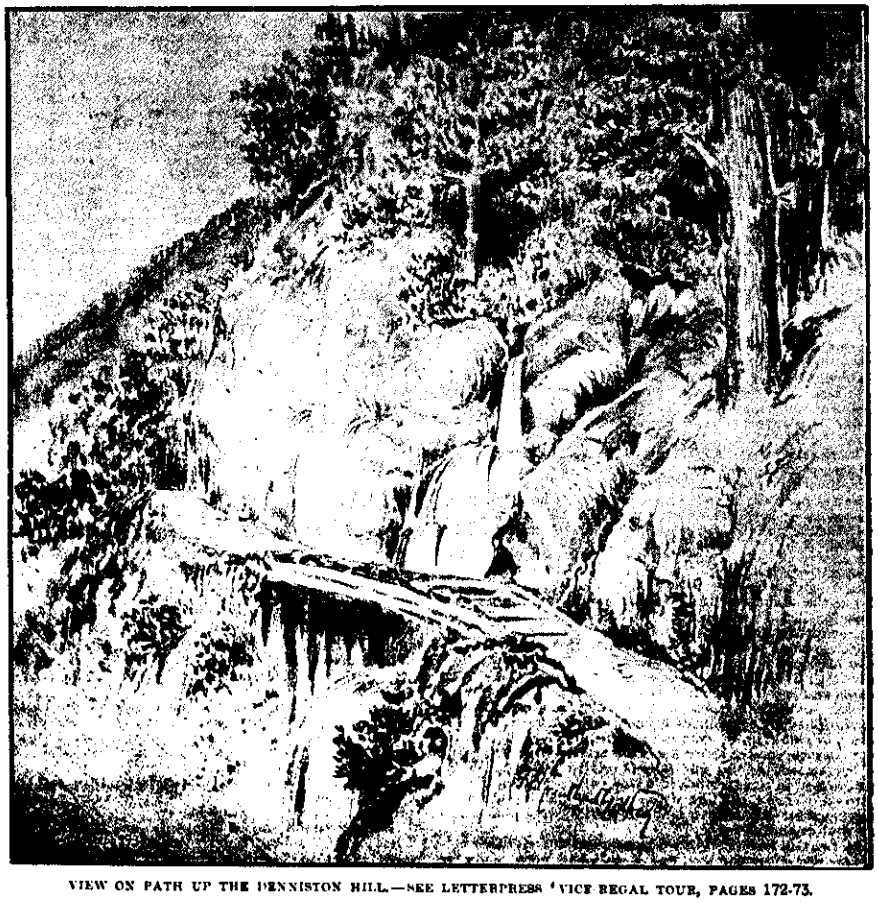
Mr A. D. Gordon-Cumming, Town Clerk of Westport, as his name implies, is the descendant of an old Scottish family. He has filled his present position for a period of nine years, with satisfaction to the Council and benefit to the public. He is also clerk to the borough Licensing Committee, and Secretary to the Westport Jockey Club.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE WESTLAND COUNTY COUNCIL.

Mr John McWhirter, Chairman of the Westland County Council, is one of the best known public men of Westland. Since the days of road boards he has been prominent in local politics, and has been continuously in the public service for a number of years. Mr McWhirter began his public career as a member of the Arahura Road Board, subsequently becoming Chairman of the body. With the abolition of road boards in Westland and the creation of the Westland County Council, the subject of our sketch was elected as one of the three representatives for the Arahura Riding in the Council. Each successive election has seen the gentleman re-elected, and he is now enjoying the third period of his fellow-councillors' confidence in occupying the responsible and arduous position of County Chairman. Mr McWhirter is likewise a member of the Westland Education and the Hokitika Harbour Boards, and until recently also sat on the Westland District Hospitals and Charitable Aid Board. He has likewise sat on minor committees and boards, and generally has borne a full share of the heat and burden of local government. Mr McWhirter is a keen and ready man, and at present, in presiding over the destinies of the County Council, has a very trying task to perform, owing to the lack of funds to enable the body to discharge its functions. Mr McWhirter avers this disastrous position is brought about by the action of the Legislature in withdrawing and contracting former lucrative sources of revenue. The present Ministry has, however, recognized the unfairness of the position, and an early reorganisation of the system of local government is hoped for. Pending this relief Mr McWhirter has just propounded a very sensible scheme for the temporary relief of the financial troubles.

MR JOHN MCWHIRTER.
County Chairman of Westland.

HOME LIFE IN GAOL.—A physician sentenced for two years for malpractice, who had been noted for his enjoyment of the luxuries of existence, said: 'It is a great mistake you fellows make in thinking you are inflicting punishment when you send men here. I have been here a year, and can truly say I have enjoyed it so much that I shall not feel sorry if my pardon is not obtained. You see, it has been vacation, with just enough to do to amuse me. The novels in the prison library are entertaining, and I am very fond of dominoes and draughts, and find some first-rate players among the men. Now if it strikes me in this way, who have been accustomed to every luxury, how must it be to the poor devils who never have a square meal outside? Do you wonder that they flock by hundreds and thousands to the gaols in winter? My only surprise is that you can keep any of them out at all.'



VIEW ON PATH UP THE DENNISTON HILL.—SEE LETTERPRESS 'VICE REGAL TOUR, PAGES 172-73.

THE VANITY OF RICHES.

AFTER the meeting had been duly opened, Brother Gardner announced that the regular routine of business would be suspended in order to listen to an address by the Hon. Recollection Johnson, who had arrived in New York two days previously. The title of the address was given as 'Does riches make happiness; or, why should sweet milk sour during a thunder-storm?'

'Befo' dis pusson, who is now in de aunty-room, is let into de hall, I want to say a few words,' observed the president. 'In de fust place, I want elder Toots an' Judge Cadaver to keep awake doorin' de lecture. It's an insult on a man to go to sleep an' snore while he am talkin'. In de next place, if Shindig Watkins frows dat cucumber which he has got in his pocket at Samuel Shin, I shall be lookin' right at him, an' befo' de meetin' closes his fucher life will be made wretched. Kurnel Cabiff and Judge Chewso had better git as fur from each odder as possible, an' I shall depend upon Giveadam Jones to keep his eye on Uncle Bradley an' de ole man Taylor. De honorable gen'lan will now be brung in.'

The honorable gen'lan' created a favourable impression at first glance. He was the beau ideal of an orator—three stories high, loose in the knee joints and a wild expression to his eyes. As he took his place on the platform it was noticed that he toed out and covered a great deal of space with his feet, and this was also taken as a further favourable sign of his intellectual greatness. There was no sign of nervouseness in his actions, and it was clearly evident that he was in the habit of addressing large and critical audiences. He poured out a glass of water, carefully scraped a nutmeg into it, and, after removing his coat, necktie and collar, he advanced to the front of the platform and began.

'My frens,' he said as he locked his fingers together and then looked benignly down on the shiny bald cranium of Judge Cantelope White, 'does riches make happiness or does she not? At de fust go-off it would 'pear dat she did. When we see a rich man ridin' by in his keeridge, his arms folded, his head up high an' his black horses prancin' along as proud as peacocks, we am apt to envy him an' to wish we was in his place. We see only outside appearances. If we could foller dat pusson to his home of luxury we should take a different view of de case. De minit he gits into de house his wife wants fo'teen thousand dollars fur new dresses; de chill'en cry fur him to buy 'em an elephant; de cook has broke twelve plates while washin' de dishes, an' de gas bill is ober seben dollars mo' dan it was fur de month befoh. De proud smile on dat rich man's face flees away, and he goes out behind de ba'n an' kicks hisself an' wishes he had nebber bin bo'n. (Cheers, shouts, and wild applause.)

'Yo' go into a rich man's house,' continued the orator, 'an' yo' see lace curtains, kivered cha'rs, fine carpets an' heaps of brick-a-bats. Some of 'em hev got as many as five beds upsta'rs, an' if yo' go down cellar, yo'll find a hull bar'l pork and sixteen bushels of 'taters. Nuffin' seems wantin' to complete dat man's happiness, but dat's all on de outside. He may be sittin' around on dem fine carpets or lookin' at hisself in one of dem lookin'-glasses which nebber cost less dan nine dollars, when he gits a telegraph. He opens it to find dat somebody has robbed de grave of his gran'fadder out in Chicago, and demands one millyon dollars to restore de body. (Applause so vigorous that two legs fell out of the stove and a serious calamity was narrowly averted.)

'I war in de private office of a millyonaire de odder day. He was cuttin' de coupons off his bloated bonds. Dar' war seventeen bags of gold on his right hand, an' sixteen bar'ls of silver on his left. (Suppressed excitement.) Dar' war fo' bushels of diamonds piled up behind de stove, an' about two bar'ls of pearls an' opals ober by de' wash stand. (Whispers of 'Yum!' 'Yum!') Dat pusson owned de awfulest, biggest plantashun in de hull Sonf. He had six millyun horses an' cattle. He owned fo' banks an' five railroads. He owned all de judges an' juries an' lawyers in de State. If yo' frowed a tater at his dawg he could hev yo' sent to State prison fur life. (Sighs and groans.) An' yit, wid all dis power an' riches, was dat man happy? No! He had a sore heel; his stomach was outer order; he was gittin' bald on top o' de head; he woke up in de night an' saw ghosts wavin' deir arms over him, an' he said he would gib all he had on earth to be like me. (Applause which put out three lamps and upset the water-pail.)

'No, my frens,' calmly continued the orator, after sipping a little more nutmeg, 'riches doan' make happiness. Dey is jest handy when you feel you'd like to git measured fur fo' new shirts, or you want fried chicken fur dinner. All de rest is vanity an' am sure to bring yo' trouble. Take de case of Shindig Watkins, of dis club, at whose cabin I am temporarily stoppin' free of charge. He's got a rag-carpet an' three cane-seat cha'rs in his parlour. He's got three dawgs an' an ice-chest an' a chromeo of "Napoleon crossin' de Alps." He's got a cuckoo clock dat cost him 'leben dollars, an' he bought an ole lounge for $2 an' kivered it ober wid new stuff an' made it wuth 10$. His wife kin airn a dollar a day while he sits on de front steps, an' his chill'n save their pennies to buy him terbaccer an' beer. From Sunday mawnin' to Saturday night Brudder Watkins is perfeckly happy an' content, an' he will lib thirty y'ars longer dan any rich man. (Vociferous applause from all except Brother Watkins, whose modesty is well known.)

'An' now, why does sweet milk sour doorin' a thunderstorm?' asked the orator after getting his breath. 'Yo' may think dis has nuffin' to do wid de case, but it has. It has a heap to do wid it. De rich man has to use sweet milk, same as de pore. A panful of it is sittin' down cellar on de shelf, an' we is gwine to hev puddin' an' milk fur supper. 'Long comes a thunder-shower, and de ole woman goes down to find de milk all sour. Why? Whence? Fur what reason? Yo' do not stop to inquar', but yo' jump up an' down and lick de chill'en. If yo' would only sot down in de rockin'-cheer and philosophize a leetle yo' would diskiver why it was thus. De electrified condishun of de atmosphere has simply absorbed de energetic radiometer of de liquid, an' de result is a perdigerous situashun of de magnetic illiberality. My frens, de hour is late, an' I will not occupy any mo' of yo'r valuable time.'

When the speaker retired he was followed by round after round of applause, and he must have been highly pleased with his successful hit. When silence was restored Brother Gardner said:

'Gem'len, I hev no doubt dat we hev all bin made de better fur listenin' to dat address, an' dat it will be wise fur us to treasure up in our memories de varus facts brung out by de orator, but at de same time I want to caushun yo' dat great men am only mortal arter all. Should de Hon. Recollection Johnson want to borrow any money of yo' it will be eminently safe to reply dat you has just tooken all yo'r change to de bank, and dat yo' doan' 'spect to hev any mo' befoh next week. We will now go home.'

AN INJURED HUSBAND.

ONE day recently, soon after the hour of noon, an individual who seemed to be labouring under considerable excitement, entered a grocery shop, and asked for a private word with the proprietor. When the request had been granted, he said:

'I believe myself to be an injured husband, and I want to verify my suspicions by watching a house in the next street. This I can do from the rear of your shop. Have you any objection to my taking a seat at the back there by the open window?'

The grocer granted the favour, and the agitated stranger walked to the back, and took a seat on a box of Pears' Soap and began his watch. His presence had been almost forgotten, when he returned to the front of the shop with hasty steps and said:

'By heaven, I'll kill her! Yes, I'll shoot her through the heart!'

'Your wife?'

'Yes, my idolised Mary! I cannot doubt her guilt, and I shall be a murderer in ten minutes!'

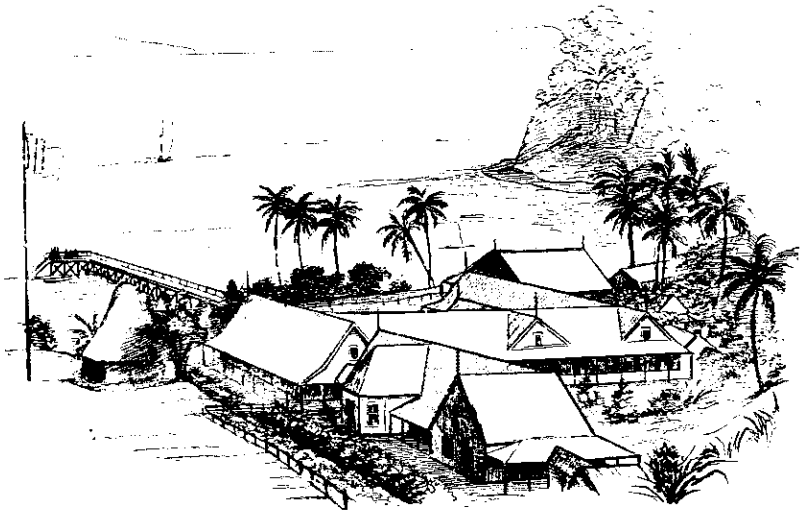
The grocer tried to detain him, but he broke away and rushed round the corner. Not hearing anything further of him for half an hour, the grocer began to investigate; and he discovered that fourteen rolls of butter, a skin of lard, two hams, and other stuff had left the back end of the shop by way of the window at which the watchful husband had been stationed.

A Trip to the South Seas.

BY BERTHA V. GORING.

(ILLUSTRATED BY MARY B. DOBIE.)

WE went to an interesting ceremony in the bure or native meeting-house one day, when all the leading chiefs assembled to say good-bye to the Governor, who was expecting to leave for England shortly. This mbure was very much like a hay-stack outside with its high thatched roof and lay, as the following sketch shows, close to Government House. Every native village, or, as they are called, 'town,' has its mbure, being a building set apart for ceremonies or the reception of important visitors. Mr Des Voeux with Mr Wilkinson, the interpreter, and Mr Le Hunte sat on the edge of a raised dais in the interior, and the chiefs assembled in front of them. On the extreme left sat old Thakombau, the ex-King, who is since dead. Mrs Des Voeux, M., and I kept modestly in the background, and were much surprised at being offered yanggona (what in Samoa is called kava) after the Governor and Thakombau had partaken of it. Knowing the value a Fijian sets upon women, we did not expect such an honour. Yanggona is drunk at every ceremony, and there is always a presentation of whales' teeth at the very beginning. Some of the chiefs came to dinner that night, and were, I remember, amazed at my temerity in venturing to criticize something the Governor had said in his speech of the afternoon. The idea of a *woman* daring to joke about anything said by so great a man as the 'Kofana!' Though they could not speak English, and Mr Wilkinson acted as interpreter at table, they evidently understood a good deal that we said.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MBURE ON LEFT OF SKETCH.

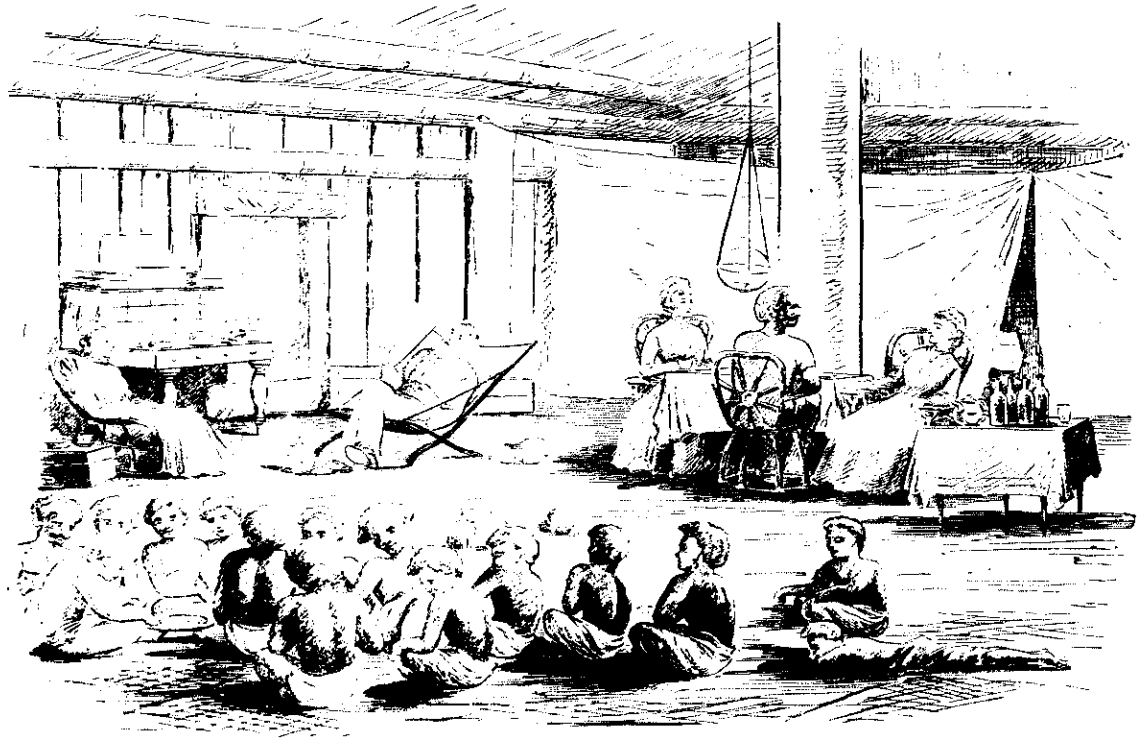
The cockroaches were plentiful at Nasova, but were very uncertain, only coming out occasionally. There would be a sudden swarm of them for perhaps twenty minutes or so, and then they would as suddenly disappear. I remember one night I had meant to sit up writing in my room, but an invasion of cockroaches sent me very rapidly into the safe shelter of my bed, with its close-drawn mosquito curtains, and as I lay secure I could hear the patter of their little feet on the reed walls and the matted floor.

On the 10th of September we said good-bye to Mr and Mrs Des Voeux with much regret, as before our return from Viti Levu (big Fiji), whither we were bound, they would have returned to England. At 8 a.m. the little steamer in which we were to travel stopped off Nasova for us, and Mr Le Hunte and a native took us off to it. Here we got on board, our baggage, for a month's trip at least, consisting of a black bag and two bundles done up in waterproof sheets, such as soldiers use when campaigning. We found them very useful, as they kept our things dry, and did to sleep on when camping out. Mr Le Hunte gave us our solar-topees, and the first thing I did was to drop mine overboard. Before I knew it almost, the steamer was put about, and a Fijian jumped into the sea for it. Our steamer was a most extraordinary little craft, a flat-bottomed paddle boat, which laboured along, gasping and snorting spasmodically. As there was not a scrap of shade to be had, we felt the blazing tropical sun almost too much for us. I lay on the deck, and taking my handkerchief out of my pocket to put under my cheek, was nearly scorched by it. We had twenty-seven miles of sea, and then twenty-two up the Rewa river. About 4.30 we reached our destination, a planter's house at a place called Lan-lan, where travellers could get accommodation. The house was Fijian, but with boarded floors, and with doors and windows. The partitions being only of reeds about 8 feet in height, one could hear every sound all over the building, and it behoved one to speak no secrets. Happening to go outside after dark, a light being in our room, I found I could see into it distinctly through the walls, so we felt very much as if living in a transparency. After some tea we had a delicious bathe in the river, and before going to bed were regaled with pine apples and grenadillas. These latter are like the passion fruit one gets in New Zealand, only the size of a vegetable marrow rather than of an egg. The outside is soft, and is used for pies and sauce, being like apple when cooked. The inside is delicious, especially if eaten with cream.

The river Rewa is a large one, nearly a quarter of a mile across in places, the banks very lovely. Besides the natural vegetation were cultivations of yams, taro, sugar-cane, maize, bananas, etc. The land is high in places, and covered with woods, the trees festooned with creepers. Some large trees were bright with red and yellow flowers, and there was a quantity of brilliant blue convolvuli. This island is the largest of the group, being 90 by 80 miles, and has about 40,000 inhabitants. There are between 200 and 300 islands in the Fijian group, perhaps 80 of them inhabited, but many only a cluster of cocoa palms with a rim of gleaming coral sand round them. On the morning after our arrival at this place, Mr Carew, at whose invitation we had come, arrived, bringing his canoes to take us farther up the river. We spent the day seeing the neighbours to whom we were introduced by him, and one of them, Mrs Witherow, joined our party. At eight next morning, having had an early breakfast, we started in a big canoe up the river. To shield us from hot sun or from rain, as the case might be, was a thatched roof, like a waggon tilt over us, which made travelling quite luxurious if one were not in a hurry. No one ever is in a hurry in Fiji, which is one of its most charming features, I think. 'Malua' is the word they use most. It means 'by and bye,' 'gently,' and a variety of other things, but chiefly 'by and bye,' or 'wait a bit,' like the Maori 'taihoa.' A second canoe without a roof to it carried our luggage. Though it rained a good deal it didn't the least matter to us. We were snug under shelter, and worked, read, or chatted as we liked. It cleared up at one, when we landed and lunched on the bank. Our tablecloth was a banana leaf, which I noticed one of our escorts using later on in a shower as an umbrella.

We reached Mr Carew's house at Nakorovatu about half-past four. It was one of a number of haystack-like houses which form the native 'town.' He was magistrate of the district Tholo East, Mr Le Hunte having jurisdiction over Tholo West. Mr Carew's house was a beauty—72 feet by 36—just one large room with several doorways, but no doors. Sometimes a light screen of reeds would be placed against the opening. A huge piece of tappa cloth was stretched across one end, which partitioned off our bedroom. Our beds were like three separate rooms, as each was made of a square of calico 8 feet by 6 with muslin curtains sewn all round. The calico was suspended from the roof, forming with its curtains a square tent. When one went inside one tucked the bottom of the muslin curtains all round under the pile of sleeping mats, and there one was not only hidden from view, but safe from mosquitoes, centipedes, etc. Centipedes have an unpleasant habit of flopping down upon one from the roof. The floor was covered with a springy sort of grass, on which were placed numerous mats plaited of voi-voi (a flax-like plant) with gay fringed borders of worsted. We bathed morning and evening in a stream near, not being allowed to go into the river, as sharks came up even that distance from the sea—40 miles. Indeed, a Fijian woman had been killed there by one a year before. As a rule the natives show no fear of them, and will swim great distances, being perhaps a day or two in the water. There will, however, be a number of them, and their chatter and splashing frightens the creatures. The people will even sleep in the water. One supported by two others will have a nap, and so on in turn; in fact, they seem as much at home in the water as we on dry land.

We soon settled down in our new quarters, and at night when the lamps were lighted and dinner cleared away looked a most domestic party. Ratu Mbeni, a grandson of old King Thakombau, who lived with Mr Carew, would play euchre with me and Mrs Witherow, while M. and Mrs Carew finished their coffee and salukas, with the cats round and the natives brewing yanggona. Of course we did at Rome as Rome did, and being in Fiji, like its inhabitants smoked salukas, namely, cigarettes made of a piece of Fiji tobacco rolled up in a bit of leaf, from the screw pine gener-



LIFE IN FIJI—EVENING

ally. Every evening after dinner one of the men would bring a split reed with salukas sticking out from it in a symmetrical arrangement. We used to make elaborate evening toilettes by contriving caps, ruffs, and fichus with the white lace-like tappa cloth, relieved by knots of Turkey red bought at the store a mile or two off, which was approached by an avenue of bananas. At nine every night the natives had prayers. They first sang a hymn, then one prayed, all prostrating themselves as I before described, first kneeling, and then leaning forward until their foreheads touched the ground. They always pray for everyone, and we came in in our turn. On Sundays the 'lali,' a wooden gong, is going nearly all day for different services. Each town has its 'teacher' who conducts them, and the congregation is always most orderly and well-behaved. After prayers at night came the ceremonious yanggona-making. By-the-bye, I spell this word

THE LATE KING THAKOMBAU.

with the double g to show that it is pronounced hard and not soft, as in 'tongs,' like many Fijian words. During the process of making this beverage a sort of incantation is sung with much ceremony and clapping of hands. The proper way is to chew the root before mixing it with water, but Mr Carew always had it grated. Sometimes the natives would have a second brew for themselves, and would then make it in the orthodox way, and one would see a man sitting solemnly munching away with a bulging-out cheek for about twenty minutes together. Ratu Mbeni was a fine-looking fellow of about sixteen. Mr Carew's staff of servants consisted of Mbuka Mbuka, the butler, whose chief duty seemed to be posing himself in commanding attitudes, and two lads whom we nicknamed Caliban and Ariel, and who seemed rather proud of them than otherwise.

The day after our arrival at Nakorovatu some men came with a present of a fowl and some yams to the maranas (ladies). Mr Carew made a speech of thanks in our behalf, on which they clapped their hands solemnly and went away. On a trellis near his house he had a splendid grenadilla vine covered with fruit, and bananas were to be had in hundreds. If we wanted a fresh bunch Caliban or Ariel would run out and cut one at any time.

Sometimes we amused ourselves by having an afternoon's shopping at the before-mentioned store, and got materials for making ourselves useful travelling frocks, also for smart salus for our many native friends. I embroidered a white one for Mbeni with red worsted, to his great delight. He was photographed in it upon his first visit to Levuka. We soon got to know several of the natives, in especial the Mbuli (head of the village) and his wife. They had a dear little baby six months old that used to be sent in for us to play with. It was like a piece of India-rubber, and was always in a good humour. It wore no clothes at all, which perhaps was the reason it never cried, as it could kick its little legs and enjoy life without the swathings and restraints to which civilized babies are subjected.

A BACHELOR ON BABIES.

A SUFFERING bachelor exposes himself to the execrations of mothers by the following cold-blooded tirade. He says: 'The persistency with which some mothers *thrust* their babies upon the notice of society may be an amiable weakness, but it is nevertheless a bore. Babies are well-springs of delight, no doubt, but everybody is not athirst for them. If they were a rarity they would perhaps be held in more general esteem; but, alas! they are as plenty as blackberries and so very much alike that it is difficult to distinguish the "sweetest baby in the world" from the next one you meet. The domestic histories of babies, as related by their maternal historians, are also nearly identical. They all have the same "winning ways," make the same inarticulate noises, and have the same little ailments; so that the nursery anecdotes of one fond mother would suffice, with very slight variations, for the entire tribe. It is true that some infants sleep well o' nights, and that others—more's the pity—are of dissipated nocturnal habits, and insist upon being walked about in their parents' arms when they ought to be in those of Morpheus; but that is of no importance except to the parties immediately concerned. Their untimely sprees are of no interest as a breakfast table topic, and whether their technicness is superinduced by "teeth" or original sin, concerns not the world at large.

WISDOM OF ANIMALS.

SCIENCE is daily pushing back to show that intellect and ethics belong to the lowest forms of life. A careful observer of nature is astounded at the wisdom of insects and very low organism. In South America tadpoles are carried overland on the back of the parent, attached by the mouth, to a new pond when the home pond dries up. Dr. Cope emphasizes the wisdom of birds in trying to lead dangerous characters away from their nests. What marvellous mechanical skill is shown by spiders! A racoon is reported by Cope as having shown remarkable logical acumen. He was fastened by a chain in the stable. He tried to catch the chickens, but failed. But one day he spread a part of his dinner inside the stretch of his chain in a circle. He then pretended to go to sleep, but still spying carefully. The chickens, seeing him asleep and the food at hand, went within his fatal trap, and were pounced on and caught. Owning on another occasion a cebus, a monkey of low grade, the professor found him a continuous study, for his displays of intelligence. His curiosity covered all things. His powers of observation were accurate. He used sticks and stones much as man does—reaching for things out of his reach and striking with human precision. Hitting the bald head of a friend was a peculiar source of pleasure. These notes are voluminous nowadays, and I believe no one of average good sense any longer feels annoyed at being classified in the animal kingdom.

Nothing is more strikingly remarkable than the reports of M. Fatio before the Physical Society of Geneva, in Switzerland. The snipe, he tells us, he has repeatedly detected exercising medical and surgical powers. It makes a dressing for wounds, and even applies ligatures to broken limbs. He on one occasion killed a snipe which had on its chest a large dressing of down, pulled from its own body and placed in the flowing blood. This, coagulating, soon created a perfect dressing. He goes so far as to tell us of a snipe whose limbs he had accidentally broken, and the next day, catching it, found its legs so bound up as to be essentially splintered. Another observer tells of a snipe that was found to have bound its broken leg with moss and feathers. Around the leg was wound grass, and this was fastened with a glue.

A correspondent of *Nature* tells us that as he was going to the train one morning he saw a brown retriever dog coming full speed with a letter in his mouth. He went first to the mural letter box, but the postman had just cleared the box and was about twenty or thirty yards on when the dog arrived. Seeing him, the sagacious animal went after him and had the letter transferred to the bag. He then quietly trotted homeward.

I have seen half a dozen recent instances of lives saved by canine sagacity. Hassan, a Chicago dog, was chained in a yard. His master was owner of a saloon, and six men, heavy with drinking, slept in a room over the bar. A fire broke out, and was creeping steadily over the roof of a shed into the room of the sleepers. The dog by determined efforts broke his chain. He could not force the door, and was obliged to dash through the transom. Then he leaped up the staircase and broke into the room where his master lay. He was obliged to pull him from the bed to the window. The man was at last aroused, and in turn aided in getting out of the house all of the occupants. But poor Hassan was so exhausted that he fell back into the flames and perished. I do not believe him to have been less moral or less worthy of immortality than the people he rescued.

M. MAURICE.

UNREST.

SHE dwelt by the ocean, a fisherman's child,
Unlearned save in lore of the seas and the skies,
And the haunt of the seabird white-breasted and wild,
And the blue of the sea had crept into her eyes
And its fearlessness into her breast.
Year by year the great waves thundered on to the shore,
And ever rose shrieking the wild sea mew,
Till the fisherman's child was a child no more,
But a girl with a face that was fair to view,
And a heart that was full of unrest.

Then love came and wooed her with words soft and low,
And lingering caresses, and kisses that stole
The strength from her hands, and with eyes all aglow
For the sweetness of love had come into her soul
She followed her love away.
And the great steaming city seemed paved with gold,
Because of the happiness born of her love,
The restless desires, and the wild thoughts of old
Were folded in peace like the wings of a dove,
And fairer she grew day by day.

But the joy that was in her welled forth in a strain
So wondrous, that all the world listening stood,
And the old heart awoke and grew restless again,
For the fever of glory had entered her blood,
And poisoned the sweet flowing stream.
Love was forsaken, for all the swift hours
Were laden with homage and gilded with praise;
Men lauded her beauty and crowned her with flowers,
And the eyes of the world were upon her always,
And life was a feverish dream.

Unsatisfied still, with the old restless pain
She flung away glory, all valueless now,
And called upon one, who replied not again,
And the shadow of sorrow hung over her brow,
And darkened her beautiful eyes.
And hateful the sound of music grew,
Hateful the sight of the staring crowd,
And the flowers and the jewels aside she threw;
With white arms extended she called aloud
For one who was deaf to her cries.

Then weeping she said, 'Take me back to the sea,
Away from the glare of the stifling town.'
At the sight of the billows she laughed in glee,
But the darkness of death came stealthily down
And hid her white face away.
Beat on, restless ocean, she hears you no more;
Scream on, oh, wild seabird, whirling above,
For mute is her music, her glory is o'er,
And another is knowing the sweetness of love,
And the old world laughs and is gay.

SIR WILLIAM FOX.

DURING the Nelson Anniversary, the proceedings were distinguished by the presence of Sir William Fox, who almost fifty years ago first appeared there in the capacity of Resident Agent of the New Zealand Company. Among the old identities who still remain Sir William Fox is probably the chief, for it will be half a century in the present year since he landed in Wellington. In this year also Sir William Fox celebrates the anniversary of his fiftieth year of wedded life. The attainment of two such important landmarks in his career by one whose name has figured so prominently before the people of New Zealand, affords us a very suitable opportunity of recapitulating the leading features of his biography.

MR (NOW SIR) WILLIAM FOX.
(From a photo taken in 1861.)

Sir William Fox was born in Durham in 1812, and is the son of the then Deputy-Lieutenant for the county, George Townshend Fox. He was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, and called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1842. The same year he emigrated to Wellington, New Zealand. Mr Fox was thus one of the earliest settlers in that province. He left England with a view of following the avocations of a private colonist. He, however, in 1843 succeeded Captain Wakefield at Nelson as the Resident Agent of the New Zealand Company. This appointment he held till early in 1848, when he received the appointment of Attorney General of the Southern Province, which he accepted on condition that self-government was immediately to be bestowed on the colony. Finding that it was not, he resigned, and shortly afterwards, on the death of Colonel Wakefield, principal Agent of the Company, succeeded to that office, thus being placed in charge of the Company's interests in the whole of the Southern settlements, including New Plymouth. In this position, being brought immediately before the eyes of the colonists, he was appointed Honorary Political Agent in England for the settlement of Wellington. He visited the principal ports and settlements, and explored parts of the country. He was elected, in 1853, to the first Parliament called together under the new Constitution Act; and in 1856 he formed an administration which lived but a short time. He formed a new Ministry, which held office till June 6, 1862. In 1863 he again headed a Ministry, composed of himself and Messrs Whitaker, Gillies, and Russell. In 1864 this Ministry resigned owing to serious differences with Sir George Grey, the Governor, relative to the conduct of the Waikato war and the confiscation of the lands of Natives in rebellion. Mr Fox was Premier again from 1868 to 1872, being a colleague of Sir Julius Vogel in 1870, when the great Public Works scheme was originated. With Sir F. Dillon Bell, in 1880, he was appointed to the West Coast Commission to inquire into and unravel the intricacies of Native Land titles, and to settle questions relating to confiscation on the West Coast. His final report was accepted by Europeans and Maoris as a satisfactory settlement of the whole question. Within the last few years Sir William Fox has become well-known throughout New Zealand and in England as a social reformer, earnestly and ably advocating the disuse of alcohol.

'FRANK MELTON'S LUCK.'—Opinions of the press: A Southern paper says:—'Outwardly this book has the appearance of a shilling shocker, but inwardly it is crammed full of love-making, adventures, description of station, gold-mining and bushfighting life in New Zealand, together with quite a respectable allowance of the history of the colony woven in.' Wairarapa *Standard*:—'This is a capital story. By its combination of fiction with fact, of stirring historical occurrences with love-making and up-country race-meetings, "Frank Melton's Luck" does something to roll away the reproach that we have no distinctive literature, nothing redolent of the land and life of New Zealand. . . . Mr Cottle has a great gift of description, and with the minute touches of a Defoe, he makes his readers realise the scenes he puts before them.' *Northern Advocate*:—'Of scenes typical of station life, the cattle muster, the pig hunt and the Christmas party are admirably described, and the truth, accuracy, and vividness of the depiction given of the gold fever in "the good old mining days," and of the Hauhau War . . . . can be attested by those who took part in them.'

OVER THE ALPS WITH THE GOVERNOR.

"THE AVENUE" NEAR JACKSONS,
WEST COAST ROAD.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

(SEE PAGE 172-3.)

VIEW LOOKING DOWN THE TEREMAKAU RIVER.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

(SEE PAGE 172-3.)

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 5.

The Kowalski concert company are performing at the Opera House, but I regret to say they have not been as well patronised as they deserve. The programmes have been very attractive too, and high-class, but it is a bad time of the year to come to us. This is the only reason I can think of for their not having gained the support of the Wellington people. 'The Yeoman of the Guard,' too, is just over, and I suppose people are tired of going out. If they had only known their merit the concerts would certainly have been well patronised from the beginning. I heard the second concert, when Herr Pechotsch played 'Reverie,' by Vieuxtemps, most beautifully. He was greeted by round after round of applause, and as an encore he gave 'Yankee Doodle' with most intricate variations and later on he played some lovely airs from the 'Bohemian Girl.' The great attraction, naturally, was the pianoforte playing of Henri Kowalski, who certainly deserves all the praise he receives, and that is saying a great deal. The audience simply could not have enough of him, and he was so good in responding to their enthusiastic encores. First he played something from 'Martha,' arranged by Meyer, and towards the end played a duet arranged for two pianos with his pupil, Miss Beatrice Griffiths. This item was particularly interesting, it having been especially dedicated to Kowalski by Gottschalk, and was most brilliantly played by both performers. As I have never heard the renowned Ketten, I can safely say Kowaleki is the finest pianist I have ever heard. The vocalists were one and all exceedingly good. Miss Rossow we were very pleased to hear again. She sang 'Qui la Voce,' and 'Ave Maria,' the latter perhaps being her best effort, and for which she was enthusiastically encored. Madame Vanderveer-Greene sang 'In Sevilla' and 'Thine Eyes so Blue and Tender,' both being encored. She is quite new to us, and has a very fine contralto voice, and sings with an amount of expression seldom heard. Mr Poole sang 'Philip the Falconer,' and also took part in the trios, etc. At their last concert Mr Robert Parker is going to conduct, and they are going to produce Mendelssohn's Concerto in G Minor by M. Kowalski and a powerful orchestra.

The town is full of Synodsmen, and we have great variety on Sundays in the pulpits. Bishop Julius is staying with the Rev. Mr Waters, and Bishop Cowie and others are the guests of the Primate, Bishop Hadfield. Bishop Nevill is staying with Mr and Mrs Quick, and most of the other visiting clergy are staying with their friends. The opening service was very impressive, the long procession—the small choir boys leading, and the whole choir and clergy, the Primate last, following—singing a beautiful processional hymn as they slowly wended their way up the whole length of the church. The church (St. Paul's) was crowded, and it certainly was a very imposing sight. The Bishop of Auckland preached. A beautiful anthem was sung, Master Burnett taking the solo, and singing it so sweetly.

Mrs Marshall is visiting her mother and father at Bishopscourt, and is still wearing mourning for her father-in-law, Mrs Fenwick, of Dunedin, is visiting her mother, Mrs Robinson, and looks well in navy blue serge jacket and skirt, white shirt and tie; Mrs T. C. Williams is wearing black soft silk figured with white, black jetted mantle, and jet bonnet; Miss M. Williams, a pretty navy blue silk spotted with white, white chiffon ruffle, black openwork hat with feathers; Miss H. Williams, a plain soft grey gown, the long basque cut in long tabs, and pretty white cheery ripe hat covered with feathers; Mrs Grace, blue foulard figured, black lace bonnet covered with cornflowers; Mrs Ross Marten, fawn cloth tailor-made gown, and small black and gold bonnet.

The Lawn Tennis Tournaments have begun at the Thorndon Courts, but none of the rounds are yet completed. The ground is looking lovely still, in spite of the hard play lately when every one was practising for the tournaments.

Mrs Stratton Izard and Mrs Elgar are in town passing through on their way to Wanganui. Mrs Elgar was wearing a pretty pale blue gown striped with a darker shade, and black lace hat with flowers and strings; Mrs Izard and her daughters have gone to Dunedin for a few weeks' visit. The Misses Wilford leave shortly for Dunedin in order to be present at their brother's marriage to Miss Georgie McLean. I hear great preparations are being made for the happy event.

Great preparations are also been made here for a brilliant affair—the farewell banquet to be given to His Excellency the Governor and Lady Onslow by the Mayor, Mr H. D. Bell. It is to take place at Bellamy's, and is, I hear, to include two hundred guests.

We shall be very 'Churchy' until the session of the General Synod is over. After that we shall have the Bentley Company to liven us up a little.

RUBY.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 2.

Stanley has been the one topic of conversation at every breakfast-table for the past week. You must know this distinguished explorer, accompanied by Mrs Stanley and her mother (Mrs Tennant), has been lecturing here *en route* for the South. They stayed quietly at Coker's Hotel, and did not go out much. All Christchurch flocked to hear him, and crowded houses were the rule. Those who attended the theatre had the good fortune not only to listen to this wonderful man's description of his adventures, but to catch a glimpse of his beautiful and talented wife. Mr Stanley was an agreeable surprise as a lecturer; in turn pathetic and humorous, at times, really eloquent. But I know it is not long since you heard his account of 'How I found Livingstone,' etc., so I will only tell you that here we enjoyed most of all the 'Emin Relief' lecture, as we call it. Mrs Stanley, I hear, is joining the next trip round the Sounds together with the Earl and Countess of Meath, both of whom passed through our city last week.

Socially things have been a little brighter this week. For one thing the weather has been more settled, and people are not afraid of giving garden parties and picnics. Of the latter there have been several small ones to the Port Hills and Sumner. Tennis has been at a standstill as far as the Hagley Park courts are concerned. This is partly accounted for by the fact that some of our best lady players are out of town, Miss E. Harman being still at Napier, and Miss C. Lean at Temuka. However on private lawns there have been some good sets.

Mrs Gerard gave an enjoyable tennis party in her grounds at Fendalton. Tennis and croquet were kept up all the afternoon with great spirit. Amongst the guests were Mr and Mrs Hamer, Mrs P. Hamner, the Misses Hennah (2), Lean, Neave, Davie, Beswick, and the Messrs Todhunter, Thompson, Wood, Mannering, and Mr Nelson and his brother from Napier, now on a visit to Mrs Neave at 'Okeover.'

Mrs Helmore, ably assisted by her three daughters and her niece, Miss Delamain, entertained a large number of young people from four to seven p.m. Among the amusements provided, besides the customary tennis and croquet, were quoits, bay-in-a-hole, and Aunt Sally. There was also boating on the river, which flows past the grounds, for those who preferred lazily drifting under the cool shade of the willows to the more energetic pastime of wielding the racquet. There were some very pretty dresses worn. Miss Guy, of Melbourne, was stylishly dressed in a pink and white embroidered cotton diagonally striped; Miss M. Helmore wore a pretty dead rose print with white lace; Miss Delamain was in primrose silk; the Misses Maude, in white China silk; Miss Wilkins (Auckland) was in white; Miss Cowlishaw, in tennis shirt and grey skirt; her sister in a tasteful heliotrope costume; Miss Potts, in a blue flowered delaine, hat with blue feathers; Miss Courage (Amberley) was in a pretty white dress, as were also three or four more young ladies present; Miss C. Meeson, in a tweed skirt, white shirt; Mrs M. Campbell, the Misses Beswick, Miss Miller (Oamaru), the Messrs Hall, Rolleston, Nelson, Mathias, Reeves, Blackburne, and Cowlishaw were some of the guests present.

Mrs Rhodes, of 'Elmwood,' also gave a small garden party the same afternoon, mostly for married people I believe. As is usual in all Mrs Rhodes' entertainments, the arrangements were perfect, and a most enjoyable time was spent by all present. Mrs Clarke (*née* Miss Rhodes), from Melbourne, is now on a visit to her mother, together with her sister-in-law, Mrs Berkeley. Mr and Mrs G. Rhodes from Timaru also came up for the races, and are staying at Elmwood.

Everybody was very pleased that the weather was fine for the summer meeting of the Canterbury Jockey Club. This race day is never very largely patronized, as there are no important events, but considering this and the time of the year, there was a fairly good attendance. Amongst the few country people who were on the course I noticed Messrs Macfarlane, Chapman, Rutherford, Templar, Lane, Ray, Buchanan, etc. The ladies were decidedly in the minority, which, however, enabled one to see some really lovely gowns to greater advantage. Mrs Stead was wearing a dove-coloured light material, exquisitely trimmed with gold lace on green silk, green and gold bonnet; Miss E. Tabart, grey with steel trimmings, grey and pink hat; Miss M. Tabart, dark brown, with pink vest braided in brown; Miss Wynn Williams, black and white check black hat; Mrs Boyle, pink summer cloth, light vest, green and pink hat; Miss Greenwood, blue spotted dress, dark blue trimmings; Miss E. Rhodes, lovely fawn dress with guipure lace over heliotrope silk, feather toque of heliotrope and fawn; Mrs Cunningham, blue dress, black lace and light blue trimmings, fawn three-quarter cloak; Miss Cunningham, blue-grey dress, white vest, large white hat with feathers; Mrs Cowlishaw, a handsome black costume; Miss Cowlishaw, a pretty grey costume, grey hat and pink wings; Mrs Nelson, a lovely dress of striped black silk, black feather boa, and black bonnet relieved with pink; Mrs Thomas, fawn with reddish spots, fancy vest; Miss Todhunter, grey dress, black hat and white flowers; Miss Meeson, fawn and line check of dark brown, white vest, bonnet *en suite*; Mrs Clarke, lovely gown of white silk, silver passementerie trimmings, black and pink hat; Mrs Berkeley, dead rose silk, chiffon on the bodice, black bonnet; Miss A. Rhodes, white and yellow striped silk; Miss Roberts, flowered delaine, dark green silk yoke and sleeves; Mrs Buchanan, tailor-made fawn tweed dress; Miss Wilkin, the new shade of blue covered with black lace; Mrs Carrick, a handsome brown silk, brocaded vest; Mrs Otterson, green foulé dress, light vest edged with gold cord; Miss Gould, flowered delaine with lace panels, hat turned up one side with electric blue ribbon; Mrs Knight (Racecourse Hill), cream cloth dress; Mrs Clifford (Stoneyhurst), grey and black check dress, black hat; Mrs Anson, dark blue flowered dress, white full silk front. There were many more, of course, only it would take too long for me to write all.

I have often told you about the Girls' Boating Club here. Once more the fair athletes have taken to the river on Friday afternoons. They generally start at three o'clock, row up through the Public Gardens, land and boil their kettle for tea, and so home again to the boatsheds—a very enjoyable way of spending the afternoon, and good exercise too.

The College Rifles have been camping out at the Waimakariri River all the week. I saw our good whip, Mr Lewis, in Cathedral Square one afternoon lately with a fine four-in-hand in which to take the young volunteers back to their camp for the night. Most of them, you see, are office men, and come down to town to work every morning. Several people went out one Sunday afternoon to the camp to afternoon tea.

There are one or two events coming on to which we are all looking forward with pleasure. First and foremost I mean to go and see Walter Bentley, the actor, who comes to us with a good English reputation. His *répertoire*, too, includes a better style of piece than has been put on the Christchurch boards for some time past, so I hope our townspeople will shew a proper appreciation of what is good. Then there is the Athletic Championship meeting when competitors from all parts of New Zealand and Australia are coming to take part in the various events. But about all this in our next.

DOLLY VALE.

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 3.

Stanley has made as big a sensation here as he made in other places. The first large audience went to see him, but the following nights people went to hear him, so interesting did they find him. It certainly is an education to listen. One gets a better idea of 'Darkest Africa' from two hours of his discourse than in reading for months. I thought his description of the mighty river Congo very fine. Sometimes one seemed almost able to hear its rush and see its majestic glow. It is a pity all the school children of the city could not have been present. They are not likely to get such a geographical lesson elsewhere.

At the Theatre the Amy Vaughan Burlesque Company are amusing people nightly, and from the reports they seem to be drawing.

The second Tarawera excursion returned, and the trip proved, like all the rest, to be a most delightful one, no rain being met with until Milford Sound was reached, when heavy rain fell during the night—a decided advantage, for the Bowen looked magnificent, as well as other smaller falls being greatly enlarged. The usual boating, fishing, and walking excursions were indulged in during the day, and every evening there were concerts, *tableaux*, and dancing. The usual regatta was held in George Sound, the day being perfect for the event, there being no wind. The utmost excitement is always shown over the regatta. The excursionists have been long enough away from the world to have formed a community of their own, and it really seems as though the chief event of the world is the winning of the race. Mr Le Cren acted as Chairman of the Committee, and all the arrangements were perfect. Amid the most magnificent scenery the races came off. On board all is excitement, ladies and gentlemen wearing their distinctive colours, and with glasses watching anxiously. Every now and then cheers arise which echo among the silent mountains. The ladies' race, of course, always excites the most interest. For this there were four crews. The crew of the boat winning first prize was Miss A. Grigg, Miss E. Grigg, Miss Evans, and Miss Hogg, with Mr Wheeler (cox). The second crew—Miss Murray, Miss Bull, Miss LeCren, Miss Benn, and Mr Hendry (cox). This was a splendid race, the second crew leading till they were close to the winning post, when they were overtaken, a few feet only dividing the first and second boats. The passengers' race was between two crews Messrs Ryan, Coxhead, Young, and Jago, of Dunedin, winning with Mr Williams (cox.). This was also a closely contested race, and won by a quarter length. The race between the passengers and officers was won by the officers, the winning crew being Messrs Williams, Wheeler, Maxwell, Broad, and Hendry (cox.). The prizes were presented by Mrs Luke, and those given to the ladies were in the form of silver oar brooches, with the name of the ship and the date inscribed. The regatta ball was a great success, the ballroom on deck being a little bower of greenery and flags, the work of the sailors, who seem to take as much interest in what is going on as everyone else on board. Mr Marsden of Dunedin, upon several occasions delighted everybody with the lime-light views he gave. Mr Timson presided over the musical arrangements, and Mr W. F. Young gave great pleasure as stage manager, the *tableaux* which he produced at a very short notice being remarkably pretty and effective.

A very enjoyable dance was given in St. Matthew's Schoolroom. It was got up by a number of girls for the benefit of the strangers then in town. The hall was very prettily decorated with flags, and the platform was arranged as a drawing-room. The chaperones were Mesdames Dymock, Rayse, Sievwright, Ogston, Roberts, and a number of others. Among those present were the Misses Rattray (2), Dymock (2), Spence, Macneil, A. Roberts (who made her *début*), Reynolds, Livingston, Keep (2, Sydney), Williams, Roland (Christchurch), Mackerras, R. Neill, Maclaren,

Sise, Macassey, Scott (2), Butterworth, Palmer (South Africa), Grierson, Gillies (Sydney), Rayse, G. Roberts, Ulrich, Sievwright, Reynolds, Wyat (Adelaide). Mrs Riding wore cream nun's veiling; Mrs Moore, handsome dress of ivory silk; Mrs Hugh McNeil looked very well in a handsome dress of white figured silk trimmed with silver fringe; Mrs Eardley Reynolds wore white silk trimmed with chiffon; Mrs Grey (Port Chalmers) looked very pretty in black lace over black merveilleux; Mrs Pim looked well in black; Mrs Lindo Ferguson, silver grey silk trimmed with white velvet and silver fringe; Miss Sievwright, pale pink merveilleux with bunches of sulphur green feathers on bodice and skirt; Miss Roland, white figured silk trimmed with chiffon; Miss A. Roberts wore a very pretty dress of white silk gauze with a satin stripe, made with a deep frill round the bodice and skirt; Miss Macneil, cream merveilleux under silk gauze; Miss Dymock, brown merveilleux skirt and bodice trimmed with sprays of pink chrysanthemums; Miss A. Dymock, silver grey satin; Miss Sise, white merveilleux; Miss Wyat, pale green Liberty silk covered with chiffon of the same colour; Miss G. Roberts, cream merveilleux trimmed with yellow chiffon and roses; Miss Palmer, very pretty white striped gauze; Miss Gertrude Rattray, brown net over pink; Miss Ormond, pretty pale blue nun's veiling; Miss Rayse, heliotrope satin and chiffon; Miss Keep, white and heliotrope; Miss Scott looked well in cream fisherman's net; Miss McLaren, yellow Liberty silk; Miss F. Hodgkins, pale pink Liberty silk; Miss S. Mackerras, white merveilleux and chiffon; Miss Farquhar, cream merveilleux with sprays of cream roses. After such a spell of dulness the dance was enjoyed more than ordinarily.

Everybody unites in saying that there never has been such a quiet time in Dunedin as we have experienced lately. The visit of the Governor and Countess seemed to exhaust everybody, and then came the influenza, throwing a number into mourning.

The Waitahuna race ball was quite an era in the township. The music, under the leadership of Mr Miller, was all that could be desired, and the hall was most tastefully decorated. There were a great number of strangers present, and some very pretty dresses worn, but I can only attach the names of a comparative few. Miss Rose McCorkindale wore a flowered Indian muslin; Miss Macdonald, fawn; Miss Daniels, white, with white flowers; Miss Chapman also wore white; Miss Hughs, white, with pink ribbon; Miss Kirby, cream embroidered with pink, trimmed with cream lace; Miss Oudaille, crushed strawberry; Miss A. Ward, red velvet; Miss N. Ward, very pretty white with old gold trimmings, and a gold butterfly in her hair; Miss J. Ryan, pretty dress of white nun's veiling embroidered with gold, and finished with a gold girdle.

MAUDE.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 9.

A very large and fashionable audience assembled in the City Hall to welcome the re-appearance of Madame Bahnson, and to listen again to the charms of her magnificent voice. Upon her appearance on the stage the lady was most cordially and warmly received, and the audience settled down to enjoy the first number on the programme, the lovely Dove Solo, from the 'Marriage of Figaro' (Mozart), which I need hardly add was faultlessly and exquisitely rendered. The audience was enraptured, and the lady was again and again compelled to return and bow her acknowledgments, and eventually had to respond to an encore. Another delightful number was Macfarren's 'Pack Clouds Away,' with clarionet obligato by Mr S. Jackson, which was also rapturously encored. The gifted lady also gave the beautiful aria 'Casta Diva' from Bellini's opera 'Norma,' and took part with Miss Katherine Hardy in the duet from 'Norma.' Miss Katherine Hardy, in addition, contributed 'Nobil Signor' (Meyerbeer), 'Voi che sapete' (Mozart), and Tosti's 'Good Bye,' and on each occasion the lady was compelled to submit to the inevitable encore and Mr T. M. Jackson was encored for his two songs by Bluementhal, 'Sunshine and Rain,' and 'The Message.' The programme also included a pianoforte duet by the Misses Power and Hardy, an instrumental quartette by Misses Clough, Triphook, Cook, and Edgar, a charmingly rendered clarionet solo by Mr S. Jackson, and a 'cello solo by Miss Essie Chew. In every respect the concert was delightfully enjoyable, and those fortunate enough to be present had a rich musical treat. Miss Hardy, in a black satin and lace gown, acted as accompanist. Miss Harding, in a pretty cream dress, accompanied Mr S. Jackson in his solo, and Mr T. M. Jackson in his songs. Madame Bahnson looked extremely well in a handsome trained gown of cream satin merveilleux; Miss Katharine Hardy wore blue satin veiled with old gold gauze or net; Miss Essie Chew was in a gown of soft pink material. The majority of the ladies in the dress-circle wore evening dress, some of the costumes being very handsome. Mrs Archie Clark wore a dainty pale blue evening dress; Mrs Ridings, all black costume; Mrs J. M. Butt, rich black silk gown; Mrs J. B. Russell, handsome gown of black brocade and lace, white lace cap; Miss Russell, pretty pink evening dress; her younger sisters wore crimson and blue, respectively; Mrs R. Blair, cream flowered silk gown trimmed with black velvet; Mrs Ching, handsome costume of heliotrope brocaded silk trimmed with black lace; her little daughter looked nice in white; Mrs I. Alexander, very handsome gown of silver grey merveilleux with sleeves of black silk, and trimmed with black lace, diamond and pearl ornaments; Mrs Taylor (Parnell, pretty white evening dress; Mrs Kronfeldt, white embroidered costume; Mrs Archdale Tayler, fawn costume; Miss Hesketh looked well in light grey; Miss Brett, pretty electric blue costume; Miss Amy Brett, handsome cream silk gown with gold trimmings; a young lady with the Misses Brett wore pretty pink costume; Mrs Masefield, rich dark silk gown, plush mantle; Miss Evans, white dress prettily trimmed with fine embroidery, Mrs Edgar, ruby merveilleux gown, the bodice relieved with cream lace; Mrs Thompson, rich brown brocaded silk costume; Madame Goldenstedt's black gown was hidden with a beautiful opera cloak of apple green silk, the shoulders and fronts trimmed with gold embroidery; Miss Staunton, cream evening dress; Miss Wilson, pretty pink evening dress; Mrs Barrett, rich black silk costume; Mrs Nashelski, handsome brown merveilleux silk gown; Miss Nashelski looked well in a crushed strawberry evening dress; Mrs Herman-Brown, stylish gown of biscuit colour trimmed with brown; Mrs (Prof.) Thomas, handsome black evening dress richly trimmed with jet; Miss Lusk also wore a black evening dress, and a lovely white feather boa, and white feather fan; Mrs Lusk, all black costume; Mrs Hope Lewis, black evening dress, with fichu and full elbow sleeves of white Indian muslin; the effect was both quaint and pretty; Miss Fenton, pink Indian muslin finished with Liberty silk a brighter shade; Miss Anderson, white flowered muslin evening dress; Mrs Goldie, black silk gown; Mrs Harding, black silk costume; Mrs (Dr.) Hooper, rich ruby merveilleux gown, the bodice finished with handsome lace, white and pink cap; Mrs Armstrong, pretty grey costume; Miss Wilkie, stylish costume of cream Indian silk combined with green silk; Mrs (Dr.) Knight, black lace evening dress; Mrs Templar also wore a black evening dress; Miss Chew, pale blue evening dress; Madame Tutschka, cream evening dress; Mrs Donald, lovely gown of apricot silk with pompadour flowers; Mrs Hadley, black merveilleux gown. Many others were present, but I have forgotten the names.

The English steam-yacht, White Heather after a stay of some weeks, resumed her journey, the next port of call being Hobart. During the stay of the yacht in Auckland Mr and Mrs Leigh have made many friends, who sincerely regret their departure. Prior to this event a return cricket match was played on the Domain Cricket Ground between elevens from the White Heather and H.M.S. Tauranga, the latter having won the previous match. On this occasion the fortunes were reversed, for the White Heather won by a very large majority. Mr and Mrs Leigh entertained the elevens and other friends (amongst whom were Colonel and Mrs Goring, Dr. and Mrs Honeyman, Mrs and Miss Moss-Davis, Mrs Lewis, Mrs Bloomfield, Misses Firth, Fenton, etc.,) at a splendid luncheon, which was laid under the trees. The day was beautifully fine, and in the afternoon a large number of both sexes were in the Domain interested in watching the match, and for whom Mr and Mrs Leigh kindly provided afternoon tea, which we greatly enjoyed.

The first round of the Lawn Tennis Association matches for the ladies' championship singles have so far resulted as follows:—Miss Gorrie beat Miss Atkinson, 2-6, 6-0, 6-1; Miss Whitney obtained a bye from Miss Goodhall; Miss Nicholson beat Miss Rigby, 6-3, 3-6, 6-3; Miss Hall beat Miss Rookes, 6-4, 5-7, 6-4; Miss E. Scherft beat Miss G. Kempthorne, 6-2, 6-2; Mrs Chapman obtained a bye from Miss Rees; Mrs Burton obtained a bye from Miss M. Paton; Miss Spiers drew a bye.

Madame Goldenstedt (*nee* Miss Staunton) has announced her concert in the Opera House shortly. A feature of the programme will be the prison scene from 'Maritana' in character. Madame Goldenstedt will appear as Lazarillo, Mr T. M. Jackson as Don Cæsar de Bazan, and Mr G. M. Reid, Don José.

Mrs W. L. Rees gave a most successful dance at her residence. The evening was, for the time of year, quite a cool one, and so excellent were all the arrangements, that though in the middle of summer the rooms were kept at a comfortable temperature the whole evening. The genial M.H.R. was simply indefatigable in seeing that the floor was kept to the highest possible pitch of slipperiness consistent with the preserving of the perpendicular, and the music was excellent. You may easily imagine, therefore, that everyone enjoyed themselves immensely. Mrs Rees was handsomely gowned in black silk, Miss Rees also being in black; Mrs H. B. Lusk wore cream, and looked her best; Miss C. Brien wore rose-leaf green; Miss Rookes looked remarkably pretty in white, and Miss Power wore a pretty frock of white silk; Miss Whewell, Miss George, Miss R. Rees, and Miss Jervis all wore white; Miss Lusk, in black net, looked pretty, as did Miss M. White. There were others who no doubt looked just as well, for indeed everyone appeared to look their best, but I have mislaid my memory, so to speak. The supper was a most enticing one, and very prettily arranged.

One of our University College staff—Professor Brown—did a very kind act in taking the children of the Chapel-street—formerly called the Truant School, down to the island of Motuihi in the p.s. Victoria. We have so many charming islands and bays for water picnics that it is hard to choose a destination. However one large party have decided on a trip to the island of Motutapu, and I hope to tell you all about it next week.

Whilst we are on matters aquatic, I may mention that a very delightful little dance was given to Mr and Mrs Leigh, of the attractive White Heather, by Mrs Moss-Davis at her residence, Princes-street. The great charm of the affair was its complete impromptness, There was no time for long formal invitations, the White Heather was anxious to blossom in other climes, and so a few easily-procurable friends were asked to drop in to meet the fugitive guests. But despite that, or I should say, because of the unexpectedness of the dance, it was the more charming. A carpet was whipped off one of the up-stairs rooms, the breakfast-room converted into a much-appreciated snuggery and smoking-room for the gentlemen, a delicious supper appeared by magic in the dining-room, the drawing-rooms were thrown open, and the house was ready. Concerning that same supper, a little bird told me that the very prettily arranged table, with its soft folds of yellow silk and white flowers, was the work of Miss Moss-Davis, but I believe this is a secret, so don't tell, Bee. The dancing-room looked so pretty, I thought, the mantelpiece and fire-place embowered in greenery and crimson tiger lilies, Chinese lanterns hanging in convenient nooks. Our hostess was handsomely gowned in a trained black silk and black lace, with lovely cream feather fan; Miss Moss-Davis wore cream, in which she looked very well. The guest of the evening, Mrs Leigh, wore a fascinating dress of white silk and white chiffon, with exquisite diamond ornaments; the lady who is her *compagnon de voyage*, Miss M. Jones, was in black. There were many guests, and I can only give one or two, as I was too happy dancing to take the mental notes I fully intended for you, Bee. Mrs Carré wore black; Mrs Honeyman, green silk with black lace; Mrs T. Morrin, grey, every detail of her elegant toilette being *en suite*: there were also the Misses Firth, Russell, Thomson, etc., etc., with several officers from H.M.S. Tauranga.

A dinner party on the yacht was the next festivity. We were fetched from the wharf in the gig, and arrived on board to find ourselves in a blaze of electric light. The dinner, *à la Russe*, was a most *récherché* affair. After it had been done ample justice to we found an Auckland band had arrived, and there was to be dancing in the drawing-room, as they call it. It is a large saloon all hung in daffodil-coloured Liberty silk, a grand piano, soft couches, and photographs and flowers everywhere. The whole vessel is fitted up like an English house, so the usual nautical terms seem quite inappropriate. Colonel and Mrs Goring, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Moss-Davis, Mr J. Coates, Mr Philson, and two lieutenants from H.M.S. Tauranga—Messrs Pelly and Abdy—were there. Mrs Leigh looked well in blue *crêpe de chine*, with her diamond ornaments, Miss Jones wearing heliotrope.

Mr Abdy and Mr Pelly gave a very enjoyable little luncheon on the Tauranga to Mr and Mrs Leigh, of the White Heather. There were present Mr and Mrs Leigh, Miss Jones (Sydney), Mrs Bloomfield, Mr Featherstone, and several other gentlemen whose names I did not know. After coffee on deck we all adjourned to the White Heather, where Mrs Leigh entertained quite a party at afternoon tea, and accordingly we saw Mesdames Bloomfield, Honeyman, T. Morrin, Mrs and Miss Moss-Davis, Mrs and Miss Isaacs, etc., enjoying that refreshing beverage on deck. Altogether our charming visitors quite roused us up. There are two ladies on board and six gentlemen, one of them being a medical man, Dr. Crosse. We wish them heartily *bon voyage*.

The polo members again gave one of their large afternoon teas to their lady friends. It was an extremely pretty sight to see the front of the stand lined with vehicles of every description, most of the drivers' boxes being occupied by the fair sex, who all seem to handle the ribbons with great effect. Amongst the members who played were Messrs Wansborough, Lockhart, Stewart, Daveney, Francis, MacKellar, Whewell, Gilmour, Colegrove, Dr. Purchas and Dr. Forbes. In order that the spectators could distinguish easily the sides, one side wore a bright scarf of turkey red, which seemed to brighten up the whole lawn, making such a charming picture. Amongst those present I saw Mr Cottle driving with the Misses Burchell and Von Sturmer; Mr Greenaway and Miss Firth, Misses Kerr-Taylor, Mrs Bilbrough and her brother, Mr Mackellar, Miss Purchas and a friend, Mr Noble, Mr Stubbings, and Miss Forbes, Mrs Worsp and daughter, Mrs Walker and daughter, and Miss Wylde-Brown, Miss Marks and her friends. There were a great many others driving round, but I cannot at present recall them. On the stand I saw Misses Rookes, Jervis, Kilgour, and riding round were Mr and Mrs Bloomfield, Mr Ware, Miss Dixon and Mr Chalice.

I noted some pretty street dresses. Miss Masefield, cream delaine; Miss Dunnet, a handsome blue grey cashmere edged with gold braid, very pretty gold and brown parasol, black lace hat with black and gold ribbons; Miss Burchell, grey skirt, pink blouse, and fawn hat; Miss Hill pale green trimmed with fawn; her companion, grey tweed, grey hat with feathers; Mrs Wine, handsome silk, fawn dolman, hat *en suite*; Miss Thomson ('Rocklands,' Epsom), a pretty flowered delaine; Miss Jervis, navy frock and jacket lined with red, gem hat; Miss Rookes, white muslin, and charming white hat; Mrs Dixon, handsome black costume.

A very interesting memorial service in connection with the death of the Rev. Charles Spurgeon, Baptist, of London, was held at the Auckland Tabernacle. Two of the outside pillars of the building were tied with crape. Inside, the pulpit was draped with crape, whilst a bust of the late preacher occupied a prominent position. Many churches were represented at this impressive gathering, and the speeches were listened to with respectful sympathy. Resolutions of condolence with the widow and bereaved family were carried unanimously, by the congregation standing. The most interesting speech was that of the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, for some time Baptist Minister here. In affectionate terms he spoke of his father's life-work, and his, comparatively, early death at Mentone. Mr Spurgeon said that his message from Home read: 'Father in Heaven; mother resigned.' He was thankful for that. She had exclaimed: 'It's all right; it must be right!' During this address many people were quietly weeping. At the conclusion, after the Hymn, 'He fell asleep in Jesus,' Professor Lambert played a beautiful 'Dead March,' which he had composed himself.

MURIEL.

LONDON.

DEAR BEE, DECEMBER 30.

We have had some severe fogs this month. Curiously enough the fogs have kept pace with the country's increase in population, etc. Someone says that whilst from 1805 to 1810 there were only twenty-four fogs, now we have thirty a year! There was one sad case in which we were all interested—almost everyone receives telegrams some time or other. The terrible fog proved directly fatal to a local telegraph boy. He started with a telegram to Park Bridge at half-past six, but the poor little lad was never seen again alive; his body was found in the Manchester and Ashton Canal the next morning; owing to the foggy evening he could not see the road and had evidently walked into the treacherous water.

I have been to one or two charming 'at homes' at some of the lady artist's studios. Such a quaint and pretty idea of 'We are Seven,' by Miss Helena Fisher, attracted me greatly. It was just seven rabbits nibbling grass! There was a pretty 'Eucalyptus' by Miss C. M. Wood, rather grey in tone, but good. Is the artist from your part of the world?

I wish Londoners could have warmers in their public conveyances! I hear that our Parisian neighbours are likely to be in a position to defy the elements to a great extent this winter by the possession of comfortably warmed railway carriages and omnibuses. A system of heating these vehicles by means of hot air pipes placed under the seats and supplied with steam generated in a small boiler fixed on the top of the train or omnibus is at present under trial, and if successful will immediately be applied on certain railways and subsequently the omnibuses of the city.

We are all so interested in the approaching marriage of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. It is to be on the 27th or 29th of February, and at St. George's, Windsor. To make up to the city folks, a procession is to take place in the afternoon. The wedding-dress will be a work of art, a present from the National Silk Association. It is whispered that the Queen at first opposed her grandson's marriage with Princess May, but the young people were really in love, and at length gained the wished-for consent.

A CITY MOUSE.

NELSON.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 1.

Our town is gradually filling with strangers come here for the Jubilee. Among others I have seen Sir William and Lady Fox, who have been here for the last week or two. But what pleases us most is being able to welcome back old friends. Dr. Cressy has arrived from England after a six months' absence, and looking all the better for his trip. You can imagine, Bee, how delighted all his friends were to see him again in their midst. Mr Donald McDonald and his family also returned from Sydney after being away nearly nine months. They were warmly welcomed by all their old associates. Yet another arrival—that of Miss G. Pitt, who has been visiting with friends in Marlborough for the last four months. We were all glad to see her bright face among us again.

I wonder if we shall have as many people here as the Jubilee Committee expect! Nearly everyone will have friends staying with them, and as I hear all the hotels are already full, it remains to be seen where the bulk of the people are to be accommodated. The committee propose fitting up some empty schoolrooms for the occasion, and I should think it would be a good idea. The especial feature of Monday's entertainment will be the old settlers' dinner. All who arrived here before 1843 are to be entertained with a large dinner in the Provincial Hall. Tuesday is the day fixed for the Regatta, and in the evening the Jubilee Ball is to take place; then Wednesday and Thursday are the two race days. On one of the evenings the oratorio 'Samson' is to be given by the members of the Harmonic Society, so there is every prospect of our having a good week's fun.

Mrs Sealy gave an enjoyable picnic to a few of her friends. The place chosen was the Poplar Grove on the Maitai banks, just an easy distance from town. Those present were Mesdames Sealy and H. Glasgow, Misses Sealy, Meason, Levien, Richmond (2), Broad, Pitt, Johnson, and Preshaw, and Messrs Fuller, Harden, Kirkby, Glascodine, Fernie, and Broad.

We enjoyed a rare treat when Stanley, the great explorer, occupied the theatre, and gave two of his most interesting lectures. You will, no doubt, have already heard him yourself, Bee, so know how enthralled he holds his audience while he relates his perilous journey across the dark forest of Africa. It seems wonderful that he should be here to tell us his adventures after all he went through when he went so bravely to the rescue of Emin Pasha. The theatre was simply packed both evenings. In the dress-circle were Mesdames Percy Adams, Atkinson, A. Atkinson, Broad, Levien, Kenny, Glascoigne, Suter, Mules, Blundell, Day, Blackett, Pitt, H. Glasgow, Jim Wood, and Misses Sealy, Meason, Pitt (2), Levien, Johnson (Wellington), Broad, Boor, Watson, Atkinson, Richmond, Glascoigne (2), Oldham, Bell, Hunter-Brown (2).

The theatre is occupied for three nights by the Kowalski Company, but I am afraid they will not have good houses, as people evidently are all saving themselves for the Jubilee.

A tennis match has just been arranged between Marlborough and Nelson, and a keen contest is expected, so in my next letter you may look forward to a regular budget of news.

PHYLLIS.

MARLBOROUGH.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 2.

Picton put on gala attire on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the new Presbyterian church. A large assemblage, which included a number of visitors from Blenheim and Tua Marina, were gathered on the site, and took a lively interest in the proceedings. The stone was laid by Mr J. G. Aitkens, of Wellington, who is, I believe, the oldest elder of the Presbyterian church in this district. He is certainly worth listening to as a speaker, and after hearing him, as well as the Rev. Mr Patterson and the Rev. Mr Ogg, we can only regret that the churches do not secure eloquent men as well as good men to preside over the religious part of our education. Mr Aitkens was presented with a very handsome silver trowel, which he promised to keep in remembrance of the pleasant duty he was then performing. I am afraid some of the ladies standing around were actuated by feelings of envy towards the recipient of the trowel, and—judging others by myself—many of them would have been willing to lay the stone for the sake of the presentation trowel. After the ceremony was over the whole gathering proceeded to the Public Hall, where a sumptuous tea was provided by the ladies of the congregation. Presiding at the tea-tables were Mesdames Smith, Lloyd, Peek (2), Blizzard (2), Frazer, Mouat, and Jenkins, who were assisted by quite an army of young ladies. At the tables I noticed Mrs H. C. Seymour, in a pretty navy blue dress with biscuit-coloured spots, biscuit-coloured silk vest and ribbons, and hat to match; Mrs Marten (Wellington), Mrs McCormick, Mrs Allen, Mrs Draper, Mrs Barr, Mrs Nosworthy, Mrs Cruickshank, Mrs Fuller, Mrs Card, Mrs O'Donnel, and the Misses Speed (2), Fuller, Lloyd, Greensill, Smith, Peek, Macauly, Baillie, (Para), Renwick, Western, McCormick, Falconer, Campbell, Wemyss, Greig, and Galbraith. During the evening some felicitous speeches were delivered, and two young ladies from Wellington sang very nicely. The proceeds from the tea and collections brought in nearly fifty pounds for the little band of workers to add to their building funds.

Stanley has been and gone, visiting Blenheim only, at which some of our Picton dignataries are slightly irate. 'What have we ever done?' they ask, 'that we should be passed by, or made to pay double by having to go to Blenheim to hear anything worth hearing.' I am sure the people here would have turned out *en masse* to hear so celebrated a traveller, as they did not do in Blenheim. A short time ago the Dobson-Kennedy Company agreed, with fear and trembling for the financial result, to play in Picton for one night only. They played for three nights with a crowded house, and promised to play again on their return, to which the Picton people are looking forward. Mr Stanley was, I hear, highly delighted with the Sound scenery, and only regretted having left Mrs Stanley in Wellington. It seems a harum-scarum way of flying round the country, but I suppose when they have done that and gone home again, Mr and Mrs Stanley will wrap themselves up in the belief that they have seen New Zealand and everything worth seeing in it.

Mr and Mrs Andrews have returned to Picton from the Grove, where they have been spending the holidays, Mrs Andrews looking all the better for her long rest.

Half Marlborough seem to be going to the Jubilee, some by steamer, some by coach, some riding. Mr Richardson, I hear, is taking a party up in his yacht, Captain Fisk another in the Torea, and I guess, as a late American visitor would say, there will be quite a procession from this part of the country alone. There are so many old Nelson settlers located in Marlborough.

We are all glad to hear that Mrs Charles Redwood is slightly better, and her friends have hopes now of her ultimate recovery.

We are having the oddest weather for summer weather, cold south-easters being the prevailing winds. We really require fires half our time, and can seldom go out without our winter wraps. Stale jokes about the clerk of the weather and the presiding genius for New Zealand, Captain Edwin, are continually being dished up afresh; but there, what would some people do if it were not for the inconsistencies of the weather, which has a broad back and a thick skin, and can bear any amount of 'last straws'?

Mr C. J. Liggings, of the U.S. Company, late of Blenheim, was married to Miss Minnie Bull, eldest daughter of the Rev. H. Bull, Wesleyan minister, Blenheim. The bride, prettily dressed, was attended by her five sisters—the Misses Eva, Mary, Irene, Jessie, and Mildred Bull, and the bridegroom by Mr W. H. Penny, H. T. Bull, and Walter Bull. The bride's uncle, Mr Tonks, gave her away, and the marriage service was performed by the Rev. H. Bull, assisted by the Revs. — Murray and Heteraka Warihi. The bride and bridegroom's friends were afterwards entertained in the schoolroom, which was artistically decorated for the occasion. Toasts were proposed and speeches made, and the Royal Family were loyally remembered and sympathetically toasted amongst the general rejoicing. The National Anthem terminated the proceedings. Many handsome presents were received by the bride, who as well as Mr Liggings is much respected in Blenheim.

Mrs Goodall, of Kaikoura, has been spending a pleasant little holiday with her mother, Mrs Duncan, of Waikawa Road. It is nice to see eastwhile Picton girls wandering back to their old home, and thoroughly identifying themselves with the progress going on.

JEAN.

TIMARU.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 2.

What peculiar weather we are having, are we not? It is almost as cold as winter. I wonder if it is good for the influenza.

At St. Mary's Church a funeral service was held for the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale. The church was slightly draped with crape, and the lady members of the choir wore black. A beautiful anthem, 'He Giveth His Beloved Sleep,' by Bridge, was sung with great feeling, and also the quartette, 'Qui Tollis,' from Mozart's 'Twelfth Mass.' Archdeacon Harper preached a very touching and appropriate sermon. The church was crowded, extra seats being provided in all parts of the building. All the Garrison Corps were present under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey. During the collection Mr Gooch, the organist, played with expression the 'Dead March in Saul.' The archdeacon in his sermon also mentioned Cardinal Manning in terms of the highest praise. I see that the ministers of all denominations have spoken of his death with deep regret.

Mrs Lovegrove, wife of Dr. Lovegrove, has been very ill lately, but I am glad to say is much better, and although still weak, is quite on the mend.

The Payne Family are here again. They are always favourites, and are almost sure to have a good house.

We also had Stanley here, but as you all have so lately had him, I need not say much about him. A great number of people went to the railway station to see him and his wife, but were rather disappointed, as they drove straight away to the Grosvenor Hotel. In the evening he was received by a large and attentive audience, which showed its appreciation at the close of the lecture in an unmistakable manner.

I wish you could see our beach now, dear Bee. It is quite like Sumner or New Brighton, only that it is much nicer—at least we all think so here. The whole length of Caroline Bay is crowded with bathers from morning till night, during the afternoon the scene is extremely pretty—the long stretch of sand dotted with the many coloured dresses of the ladies, and the numbers of children running about in and out of the water and round about the bathing machines. All this has only been so for the last two or three years, the sea before that washing right up the beach to the foot of the railway bridge.

Walter Bentley, the great tragedian, has been the excitement here for the last week. He certainly came up to the very highest expectations. His 'Hamlet' was a genuine treat, but in 'David Garrick' he was simply delightful. Everyone liked this play the better of the two. It is a powerful comedy, containing plenty of laughing matter, and was exquisitely given. You certainly have a treat in store in this great actor. Among the ladies in the circle I noticed Mrs (Dr.) Reid and a lady from Dunedin, Mrs George Rhodes, Mrs Crammond and her daughters, the Misses Lovegrove, Mrs Antil, Mrs Luxmoore, the Misses Allen, and many others.

The annual festival of St. Mary's Sunday-school, was held the other day in Mr Perry's paddock, Beverley. The children were marched into the paddock about half-past one o'clock, and games and sports of all sorts were kept up with spirit till quite a late hour. At five o'clock a large ring of about eight hundred children was formed, with an outer circle of four hundred adults, and after grace had been said by the Archdeacon an abundance of tea and good things was brought into the ring, and a hearty meal followed. After this sports were again resumed, and the day ended with a very hearty vote of thanks for Mr Perry, who had so kindly lent his ground. The weather was perfect, and the Archdeacon declared that it was the best festival they have had for years.

One afternoon the naval cutter again took a number of ladies and gentlemen for a sail in the harbour. It was a beautiful afternoon, and after about an hour's gentle sailing in and out of the harbour all stepped on to the wharf, declaring that it had been a most pleasant afternoon. Among those out I saw Mrs Laing Meason, and her daughter, Mrs Gordon Wood, the Misses Mee, McLean, Bamfield, Hassell, Stubbs, White, and Raymond, Mr G. Wood, Dr. Lovegrove, Dr. Thomas, Mr Tripp, and Mr Smithson.

Now, dear Bee, hoping you will excuse a short letter,

ESTELLE.

NAPIER.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 4.

Everything down here is quiet, and most people are out of town. Walking out the other day I met Mrs Walter Tabuteau in a pretty costume of wine and grey; Mrs (Captain) Russell, in dark grey summer tweed, Tudor cape of the same material; Mrs G. N. Williams, in a grey cloak, and pretty black bonnet; Miss Una Hitchings, in delaine, and small hat; Mrs Ernest Tanner, pretty navy gown with white spot, small hat; Mrs Logan, tweed gown; Miss Iris Fulton, lilac gown, large black hat; Miss Fulton, black dress, white front of lace; Miss Neiderhouser, black dress, light vest.

There seems to be nothing but removals. Mr J. H. Hempton, who has been in H.M. Customs for some time, left last week for Wellington, to which place he has been promoted. He will be much missed in athletic circles, always taking a great interest in those matters. Mr Whitcombe, the popular manager of the railway here, has been promoted to Invercargill, and leaves in a few days for his new home. Mr Whitcombe has always been a great tennis-player, and will be missed from Farndon Courts muchly. Mr and Mrs Whitcombe take with them the hearty good wishes of a large circle of friends, also Mr Hempton. Mr and Mrs Sainsbury left early this week on a trip to England, intending to be absent about a year. Mr Gaisford, of Waipukurau, also went with them. Mr and Mrs J. W. Carlile leave in a week on a trip to England. We hope to see Mrs Carlile return quite restored to health. Mr and Mrs Westney, of the National Bank, have gone South for a few weeks.

Mr G. W. Harden's many friends will be pleased to hear he has received good promotion, and is now stationed in the Bank of New South Wales, Nelson.

The Dean and Mrs De Berdth Hovell have returned from their trip to the country, and are much stronger.

Mrs Horace Baker is able to get into town, and is mending quickly.

Mrs Davis and Mrs McKinnon, the victims of the buggy accident are going on well towards recovery.

JACK.

SYDNEY GOSSIP.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 22.

Yesterday I 'did the shops,' so can give you the very latest as regards hats and dresses. Of the former there seem to be three new shapes, one of which has quite a high crown and small turned up rim, and resembles the hats which were worn in our grandmother's young days. They are trimmed with feathers chiefly. Another is quite flat, much like those we have been wearing for some time, but is turned up at the side, and trimmed with a twist of chiffon or *crepe de chine* round the top, while the turned-up side has a loose knot or else two ears of the same material. They are very jaunty little affairs. The third is superseding the Tom-tug, though not unlike it, the difference being that the rim is turned up from the crown instead of being flat, except at the edge. It is like the small boy's sailor hat as much as anything, though of course on a smaller scale. The trimming consists of soft silk put on according to the taste of the wearer. I have seen several with feathers, but I think they take away from the character of the hat. The prettiest dresses are of muslin in all shades, styles, and patterns. One I saw in Farmer's was of soft white muslin deeply embroidered in delicate shades of pink and blue. There are numbers of light woollen fabrics, but it is much too hot for anything but prints and muslins, which are nearly all made after one style, that is, with flounced skirt, the flounce being deeper at the sides than in the front, round bodices with deep frill (the deeper the frill the more fashionable the dress) either of the same material as the dress or of deep lace. A great many people wear serge skirts and jackets with blouses, and very neat and sensible they look.

There are no festivities at Government House, as Lady Jersey has gone to New Zealand, where she will spend some time with Lady Onslow. Nearly 'everybody who is anybody' has gone away to try and avoid the hot weather, so there is nothing of much interest going on in the social world.

The topics of the last week have, of course, been the deaths of the Duke of Clarence and Cardinal Manning. The flower shops are full of memorial wreaths and broken pillars with huge black ribbons attached, and in every other bookseller's ones sees photographs of the former draped with crape.

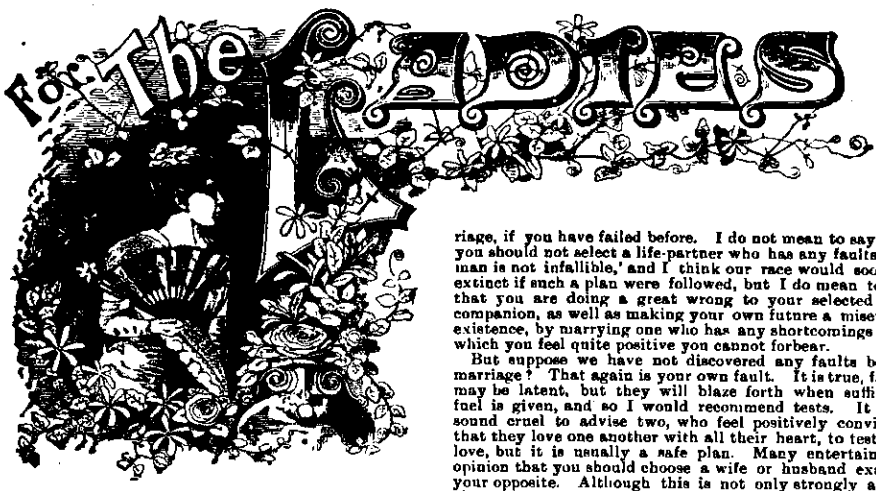
Sydney is mourning the death of Sir John Hay, President of the Legislative Council, which took place at Rose Bay.

Have you read Hall Caine's latest work, 'The Scape-Goat.' If not I would advise you to get it, that is, if you like his books.

There is nothing at the theatres but pantomimes, 'Forty Thieves' at the Theatre Royal and 'Babes in the Wood' at Her Majesty's. I hope to have more news of interest for you next time.

B.

'Five words,' says Dr. Pierson, 'described the biography of women in eastern lands: Unwelcome at birth, untaught in childhood, uncherished in widowhood, unprotected in old age, unlamented when dead.'



THANKSGIVING.

BY MRS J. E. AKERS.

Oh, give thanks for the summer and winter,
Give thanks for the sunshine and rain,
For the flowers, the fruits, and the grasses,
And the bountiful harvest of grain;
For the winds that sweep over our prairies,
Distributing vigour and health,
Oh, give thanks to our Heavenly Father
For Nature's abundance of wealth.

Oh, give thanks for loved friends and relations,
For sweet converse with those that are dear;
Give thanks for our country's salvation
From famine and war the past year;
That while kingdoms and empires have fallen,
Our government firmly has stood,
Oh, give thanks to our Heavenly Father,
For all this abundance of good.

Give thanks for each lawful ambition,
That gives a new impulse to do;
Give thanks for each fond hope's fruition,
And all of God's goodness to you;
Forget not whence cometh the power
That all of these blessings secures,
Oh, give thanks to our Heavenly Father
Whose mercy forever endures.

INCOMPATIBILITY OF TEMPER.

BY EMILIE HOFFMAN.

DOUBT not the largest cause of matrimonial unhappiness is due to 'Incompatibility of Temper,' at least such has been the plea of the majority of plaintiffs of high life in all recent cases. Why is this? Either because husband and wife have not familiarized one another with their respective peculiarities, or, if so, do not care to inconvenience themselves by conforming with or endeavouring to bear with such shortcomings; frequently each labouring under the false impression of personal perfection. A large percentage of divorces are also due to too close application to the old proverb: 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure,' not allowing sufficient time to become convinced of the compatibility or incompatibility of temperament.

Another scourge and curse in matrimonial alliances is the fact that young people are apt to disguise their true feelings, always being 'on their good behaviour' while enjoying the pleasure and bliss of their joint companionship. We all know that life is not all serenity, but that many storms and clouds of annoyance overtake us through life's journey, and that the restraint which is put on under forced circumstances will at last give way and allow the storm to break loose. Therefore, I say, act perfectly naturally during your courtship; that is, talk and act before marriage just as you intend to do afterward. If George has said anything to cause you to become angry, do not excuse yourself from the room and retire to your own sanctum to give full vent to your feelings, neither choke down your passion for the time being, unless you intend to do so after you are married. If Grace has caused you any feelings of jealousy and you feel like telling her 'what's what,' do so by all means if you intend to do likewise after marriage.

There is, perhaps, no phase of life in which such a large amount of hypocrisy is displayed as during the days of courtship, and for this reason we find so many unhappy husbands and wives who vainly endeavour to tolerate one another until finally they give up in despair and seek release in the divorce courts. Who is to blame for this? No one, my dear would-be-wife or husband, but yourself. After you have once taken the important step, it is too late to study one another and discover you have incompatible tempers. Before is the time.

'But if I act as I sometimes feel, I will lose him,' I hear you say. My dear, isn't it a thousand times better to lose a man before you are bound to him than to find yourself a wretched and ever unhappy wife? I once heard a gentleman, speaking of a shortcoming in his affianced wife, say, 'Oh! I'll break her off that when once I get her.' Another gentleman in a similar instance made the remark, 'True love never runs smooth, but after we're married Nellie will do exactly as I wish; she will be an angel!'

Here is just where the great mistake lies, and I would like to firmly impress it upon your minds, my young friends, that you will never succeed in trampling down the shortcomings of your helpmate, nor of yourself, after marriage, if you have failed before. I do not mean to say that you should not select a life-partner who has any faults, 'as man is not infallible,' and I think our race would soon be extinct if such a plan were followed, but I do mean to say that you are doing a great wrong to your selected life-companion, as well as making your own future a miserable existence, by marrying one who has any shortcomings with which you feel quite positive you cannot forbear.

But suppose we have not discovered any faults before marriage? That again is your own fault. It is true, faults may be latent, but they will blaze forth when sufficient fuel is given, and so I would recommend tests. It may sound cruel to advise two, who feel positively convinced that they love one another with all their heart, to test this love, but it is usually a safe plan. Many entertain the opinion that you should choose a wife or husband exactly your opposite. Although this is not only strongly advisable but absolutely necessary for a happy married life in some respects, it is not to be implicitly followed in all ways. For instance, it is necessary to conjugal happiness to have mutual tastes and desires. A husband of refined tastes can never be happy with a wife not possessing an equal amount of the same; neither can a wife desiring social glory and pleasures be happy with what is termed a 'domestic husband.'

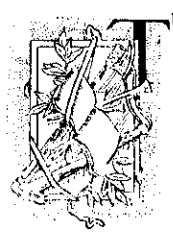
On the other hand, two of the same temperament should never become husband and wife. These are matters which are of all importance to a happy union, and should be ascertained before marriage. If a man is conscious of his own short-comings he should select a wife with whom he is positive he can agree, and if a girl has faults, only too well-known to herself, she should convince herself that she can live harmoniously with the man of her choice before linking her lot with his. If you have a quick temper, show it when occasion offers and see what course your companion will follow. If he, too, has a hasty temper, by all means separate, as you will never be happy. If you are especially fond of teasing, and cannot possibly withstand this pleasurable temptation, be sure that the husband of your choice knows how to take it, or your matrimonial bark will not glide smoothly. If you are fond of gentleman's society and flattery, prove to yourself that your future husband is not jealous, as the bitter pangs which follow such actions will not tend to make your home one of contentment and happiness. If you possess a determined spirit, your life-mate should not be of the same types, as two hard stones cannot grind. If you are of a quarrelsome nature, however slight it may be, do not select a companion who also wants 'the last word,' as your quarrels will never end.

Should you, however, be so unfortunate as to discover seriously objectionable traits after marriage, do not allow them to mar your domestic happiness, but 'make the best of them.' 'Bear and forbear,' remember that you have promised to 'love and honour one another until death doth us part.' This is a serious vow and does not mean that, at the provocations of married life, which are frequently numerous even in happy marriages, you should seek freedom in the divorce courts, where your name and personal affairs will be scandalized.

Another great cause of unhappy marriages is owing to the fact that our young people refuse to heed or accept any advice given by their well-meaning elders who are not blinded by love to the defects of the interested party. Usually, as sure as a third person offers advice in such matters, the contracting parties look upon the kind act as an attempt to prevent the 'match,' and they marry 'just in spite.' I think of several marriages which were contracted 'out of spite,' and without an exception, they have resulted most unfortunately. It is only a few weeks ago that I heard a gentleman, who married young, say, 'Never marry out of spite nor in haste,' and with this admonition I will close.

THE GIRL WITH A TASTE FOR MUSIC.

BY MISS EMMA NEVADA.



THE young girl who is so fortunate as to possess a voice cannot be too careful of it. If she intends to follow the career of an artist, it is not too much to say that every action in her life must be considered with reference to its effect on that precious organ. The temperature of her rooms, the food that she eats, the garments that she wears, the employment of her time must all be regulated so that no harm shall come to her voice.

It is surprising how susceptible to these influences a high soprano voice becomes. The owners of mezzo-sopranos and contraltos have less sensitive throats, but even those require many precautions if they are to be kept in good order.

Overheated rooms are bad, as a too high temperature has a weakening effect, and moreover predispose the singer to catch cold. Daily exercise in the open air, when the weather is favourable, I have found positively essential.

As to food, the regulations prescribed by the doctor at Ems, now one of the most renowned health stations for the care of the throat in Europe, cannot be improved upon. Nothing must be taken either very hot or very cold; the food must be simply tepid, to avoid the shock of great heat or cold to the vocal cords.

All raw fruit is forbidden on account of the acids which it contains, and which are very injurious. In fact, all sour eatables and beverages must be given up, and all sweets and pastry as well. Mustard, pepper and all spices in general are strictly forbidden.

Plain, wholesome, strengthening food, including stewed fruits of all kinds, alone is permitted. Nor is it well for a vocalist either to sit up late, or to spend too much time in bed in the morning, except of course, after a performance, when she requires a thorough rest.

On the day preceding the evening on which she sings, she ought to talk as little as possible, confining her utterances strictly to necessary monosyllables. Under all circumstances she ought never to talk much, and never in the open air, in a carriage, or a railway car. The strain on the voice is most injurious.

Nor ought she, with a view of sparing her throat, to carry on a conversation in a whisper. The tone is unnatural, and, like all unnatural things, is harmful.

One of the leading Italian teachers of singing always advises her pupils to remain in bed during the day preceding the evening on which they are to sing; but such a proceeding would be impossible for me. I always go out on such occasions for at least an hour, taking a brisk walk if the weather is pleasant, or a drive in a close carriage if it is stormy.

The daily period of study should never exceed an hour, and that should be subdivided into exercises at different parts of the day, each lasting for fifteen minutes only.

'How many hours a day do you practise?' is a question that I have often been called upon to answer, the popular idea being that a prima donna spends the greater part of her leisure hours at home in singing away with all her might.

Such a process would be far more likely to break a voice than to improve it. There are some exceptionally robust organs that require exercise to finish and perfect them, but they *are* the exception.

Contrary, too, to the popular impression, a singer should accustom herself to dispense as much as possible with warm or heavy clothing. The throat should not be muffled or heated in any way. Furs should be worn as little as possible. The becoming and fashionable boa is positively injurious, and should be, in all cases, discarded.

Heavy flannel underwear, reaching up to the throat and down to the wrists, is also harmful, especially when the young singer has begun her professional career. The warm flannel under-vest must be laid aside when the vocalist dresses for the concert-room or for the stage, and the sudden change is apt to be most injurious.

On the other hand, the feet should be carefully guarded from cold and damp. One great professor in Paris is apt to be very angry with those of her pupils who, being naturally proud of their pretty feet, persist in walking in thin soled boots or shoes through the mud and wet of the Parisian streets in winter.

The student of singing must give up balls and evening parties of all descriptions. Dancing, late hours and the night air play havoc with the voice as well as with the strength. Each indulgence in such amusements will cause the pupil to waste several days of invaluable time.

A curious detail about professional singers is the fact that each one of them takes a different article as a refreshment to the throat during a performance. One singer drinks champagne. Another will swallow a raw egg. Others prefer strong *bouillon*, or will take a tumbler of brown stout.

Italian singers, as a rule, drink cold coffee and water, but one famous tenor indulges during the evening in a salted cucumber. One young prima donna munches water-crackers all the time that she is not actually on the stage.

An old Italian gentleman whom I once met in Florence told me that Malibran, whom he had known well during her brief, dazzling career, was in the habit of taking, every evening that she sang, a bowl of onion soup towards the middle of the performance. She had it made at home, and brought cold to the theatre. Her maid used to heat it for her in her dressing-room.

One evening she was attended by a maid whom she had just engaged. Malibran gave her new attendant many and minute directions respecting her bowl of soup, especially enjoining upon her to have it ready at the wings for the prima donna to take at a certain point in the performance.

The opera was 'Norma.' The heroine and *Adalgisa* were in the act of singing their grand duet, and the audience was hanging breathless on each of *Norma's* impassioned notes, when, to the horror of Malibran, her too zealous maid appeared on the stage, bearing the bowl of smoking soup, and walked directly toward her with the words, 'It's all ready, ma'am—please take it while it's hot!'

Fortunately she was seen by the stage manager, who rushed after her and whisked her behind the scenes before the audience had had time fully to comprehend the situation.

Another odd thing about opera singers is the difference in their ways of demonstrating stage-fright. One great prima donna will stand on one foot and moisten her lips nervously with her tongue. Another will kick her train energetically, whether or not it happens to be in her way. A certain celebrated baritone always pulls down the cuff of his left sleeve, and sings a great deal too slow. And I, on such occasions, invariably sing much too fast.

MOTHERS' COLUMN.

A WORD TO PARENTS.

ONE of the strangest things parents ever do, is to punish their children for what they have not strength of character to overcome in themselves. Fathers have been known to severely punish their little one for profanity, when at the same time they almost unceasingly indulged in it, saying: 'I have become accustomed to using such expressions, and cannot abstain, but I intend my children shall form no such bad habits as I have.

Oh, 'consistency, thou art a jewel!' Do they not realize that the whole list of the little one's doing is an imitation of its elders? If the elder, with his reasoning faculties matured, and with the full force of will power their own, cannot overcome a fault, how can a child be expected to? Mothers often seat their little ones at the table which contains food injurious to both parent and child, compelling the child to abstain, while they partake, afterwards remarking in the presence of the child: 'I ate too much of that rich food, but I could not leave it alone, it was so good.'

What kind of an influence does such an example exert over a child? Does not the child feel that it has been wronged? and that as soon as it can have its own will, it will also partake? If the mother had only abstained, and carefully explained to the child the injury resulting from eating improper food, she would have obtained a lasting influence over it for good.

Many times a child will say something before a caller, for which it is reproved, and in extenuating its conduct will say: 'Why, mamma! I heard you say so.'

Mothers should be very careful of their words before their little ones. The best way is to have one's heart so pure that nothing improper will find its way to the lips, realizing that 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'

MRS S. ROSALIE SILL.

THE MORNING DIP.

MANY mothers dread the hour for the baby's bath. The dear little babies, also, seem to regard it as the hour of torture. The soul-piercing shrieks of the infant, and the long-drawn sighs of the mother, indicate it to be anything but the happy time it should be.

There is a right and a wrong way, and it is the wrong way which tires the mother and against which the baby rebels. The bath should be given as nearly as possible at the same time each day, the hour most convenient to the mother. Most mothers prefer an hour early in the forenoon, though a bath before putting the wee one in bed is thought by some to court sleep for the wakeful ones, but at whatever hour, let things be in readiness, plenty of warm water with soft linen wash-cloth or sponge, soft warm towels and the basket with all its equipments, also all the little garments to be worn. Then, in the very warmest corner of a thoroughly-heated room, mother and babe may have a happy time. The atmosphere and water should both be sufficiently warm so that the little hands will not turn purple, for cold often causes the screaming. Never trust the hand to decide the proper heat of the water but use a thermometer. The temperature of the water should not exceed ninety degrees, but it should not be allowed to cool for the baby would become chilled. Rather, have hot water near by, to add to the bath. It is not advisable to use soap in the bath, as the child's skin is oily and should be preserved so. Occasionally Castile soap may be used, but not as a rule. There is also a happy medium between using too much powder and not enough. All mothers must decide upon that, for the skin of some infants will not admit of a great deal of powder while others chafe without it. It is a mistake to take a long time for the bath, for before all the little garments are on and pinned in place the bather is apt to be very tired, ready to be fed and laid in the cradle for a long nap. Great pains must be taken to pin the bands smoothly and just tight enough. If too loose they will get out of place, and if too tight they will cause discomfort An old nurse gives as her rule, to pin all bands over two fingers, which is sufficiently tight to keep them in place and at the same time insures 'growing room.' The mother will learn the best way to turn the little one in adjusting the clothing without causing discomfort. A commendable change has taken place in the clothing of infants within the last few years, and the garments now in use are much more sensible, fashioned with an idea for comfort.

'Now, that the bath is over, if too long a time has not been taken for it, perhaps the baby will be just in a mood for a visit, and lazily stretched on the mother's lap, with feet undone and held towards the fire, may stretch and grow. The mother can enjoy this 'visit,' too for she is through with her task with a feeling far removed from exhaustion.

F.W.T.

EARLY RISING.

BY FANNIE L. FANCHER.

FROM a very ancient date there has been a class of wiseacres who were unwilling to admit that any good could emanate from those who did not 'rise with the lark.' These would-be philosophers held mere early rising to be a virtue which covered a multitude of sins, and that early retiring, and early rising, would make men 'healthy, wealthy and wise,' despite the fact that milkmen, chimney-sweeps and others, who are earliest out of their bed, were never distinguished for these said characteristics or acquirements.

Should one argue that early rising, like cold baths in winter, did not agree with all constitutions, they would refer to the sluggard, or to the early bird, or to some other person or thing having not the least possible relation to our circumstances.

Imagine the comfort (?) of having one of these early-rising philosophers as a near neighbour, or perchance a dweller under the same roof, and he not only rising at unreasonable hours, but insisting upon disturbing 'the forty morning winks' of the other inmates.

These good people are not aware that they have mistaken a habit for a characteristic, and you could not convince them that it is as often a bad as a good trait. They have never observed that many evil deeds are frequently stirring about early in the morning. Indeed the drunkards, the gamblers, and the marauders are not usually found in bed in the morning.

If, however, early rising is used by them as an argument for forehandedness, then much that is said may be true; still it is really more important that a man should obtain a sufficient amount of refreshing sleep than that he should rise each morn at a given hour.

Poor Richard averred that 'a man who rises late may trot all day without overtaking his business,' but that depends wholly upon his gait. If his sleep has been plenty and refreshing, he can trot pretty fast without causing fatigue. In a word, it is the recuperative power which we have gained by sleep, much more than the time we arise, which determines our working power in any direction for the day. To be sure it will not do for the bakers or the milk-men to lie in their beds too late in the morning; but the merchants or the professional men need not get about so early, providing of course that their business has been properly attended to before retiring. The merchant need not be on hand much before his customers, who are not wont to stir about until they have partaken of their morning meal.

More recreation and healthful sleep, therefore, is the demand of the hour, rather than early rising, which entails a yawning, stupid existence the live-long day. Should one's business demand early rising, early retiring should then be religiously followed in order to obtain the requisite number of hours in sleep, that best and only restorer of tired nature. The ability to exist without much sleep is nothing to boast of, neither is it worth while to plume one's self above ordinary mortals on the ground of being out of bed an hour or two before the rest of mankind.

CLIPPINGS FROM SOCIETY PAPERS.

I AM very glad to hear that the publication of interesting stories and so on in Latin is in a fair way to be realised. Mr Henderson, of Red Lion-court, to whom the public already owe several capital publications, will bring out in October a humorous magazine, called 'Post Prandium,' in which current jokes from the illustrated papers will be repeated with the text rendered into colloquial Latin. I wish so capital a project the success which it deserves.

AN approaching marriage is announced which may possibly have serious consequences for a future generation of readers and playgoers. The daughter of Ibsen is said to be engaged to the son of Björnson, the Norwegian novelist, whose views of life are not dissimilar from those of the author of 'Ghosts' and 'Hedda Gobler.' Who knows what dramatic and literary terrors may result from the union of these two families? The imagination positively reels before the prospect of the possible foundation of a race of pessimistic playwrights and novelists, all believing it their special mission to carry on the amiable work of their progenitors, and to preach the grim gospel of self-love, self pity, and general dismalness and despair! There is only one hope left to us, and that is that the Ibsens and Björnsons of the new generation may be more cheerful or less gifted than their respective 'forbears.' If not, the outlook for the coming generation will be gloomy indeed.

RAPID strides are being made in funeral reform, and the vulgar habit of wearing 'deep' mourning is undoubtedly on the decrease. Whether we shall ever arrive at a stage when outward and visible signs of mourning are altogether dispensed with is more than doubtful, but we are unquestionably learning to have the courage of our opinions in these matters, and the 'no flowers' announcement has now been succeeded by the 'no mourning' intimation in the obituary columns. Though we may not like to altogether give up our black gowns in sign of our bereavements, few sensible folk now approve of crape, and certainly the less parade made at such times the better for public taste.

YOU know that Mlle. Hélène Vacaresco, who was said to be engaged to the Crown Prince of Roumania? Well, she gained the affection and confidence of the Queen, who is the famous 'Carmen Sylva,' and resolved to be the future Queen of Roumania. But when King Charles heard about it, he was very wroth, had the lady dismissed from Court, and is now trying to marry his son to the eldest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, pretty Princess Marie.

IT was at first proposed to devote the £700 collected for a wedding present for the Earl and Countess of Dudley towards a silver model of Dudley Castle and Hill, but Lord Dudley has intimated that some other present would be more acceptable. It is always a case of 'to him that hath shall be given.' Now, that £700 would be infinitely more appreciated by poor people than by the noble and wealthy family who are to receive its equivalent in some useless present. Here is another instance: Lord Alington, who is shortly to be married to Miss Blundell-Legh, has presented his *fiancée* with some wonderful jewels, one diamond tiara alone being valued at about £9,000.

WE may now drink tea with easy consciences. Sir Andrew Clarke calls tea a 'blessed beverage,' only he stipulates that the teapot must not stand long before its contents are consumed.

BY-THE-BYE, of course no one uses belladonna for the eyes; they are too sensible. But some may, so read this true and sad story. A girl friend who was for some reason extremely anxious to shine at a ball to which she had been invited, purchased some belladonna ointment to enlarge the pupils of her eyes. Having, like the unlucky lady we read of, put on overmuch, she became so dazzled and blind during the dance that she had to return home. After two days of great pain the sight was restored, and doubtless this young lady has learned a lesson she is not likely to forget. It is to be hoped that the prosecution threatened against the shop where such dangerous preparations are sold will not be allowed to drop. It is clearly expedient that one should die commercially for the safety of society at large.

AT HOME WITH THE LADY EDITOR.

EILEEN.—I am sorry for you as you say your hair is coming out fast. Do you brush it enough? You should brush it well, dividing it into strands, for a quarter of an hour every night. To wash it, use a little borax and tepid water. Let it dry well before you plait up for the night. A very excellent but very disagreeable tonic for the hair is made of two parts brandy to one of castor oil. Rub in well with a tiny sponge or with your fingers, but only on the scalp, as it will make the hair sticky. Frequently, the hair falls out if the general health wants attending to. See to this, and take some strengthening tonic.

MADAME HENRI.—Thank you very much for sending me your photograph. Yes, I will 'tell you what I think of it' with pleasure. I should say the hair was nice and thick (if all your own!), and very becomingly dressed for your style of face. The eyes are honest and true, and the sweet mouth looks kissable, and as if it could give a very entrancing smile. Your nose is your worst feature, but it does not in the least interfere with the generally pleasant impression conveyed by your other features. On the whole, I think you are a true, loveable woman.

SWEET BRIDE.—So you think I don't believe in marriage? You are quite mistaken, for I think a happy married woman the most fortunate of human beings, it being understood that her life is completed by children. But as I have some other letters on this subject, I will let them answer you.

DEAR LADY EDITOR.—I think your remarks *re* marriage horrid. You seem to imply that a woman must ask a man how much his income is before she allows herself to fall in love with him. Such detestable, mercenary marriages will, I trust, never become the rule in this land. Here people can live on so little, that an economical girl can safely risk marriage with a man she really loves on quite a small income. Perhaps if they wait until they are rich they may both grow old and ugly, even tired of each other, before they can marry. Whereas if they were united, they could cheerfully make both ends meet by care and contriving, and be as happy as the day is long. Hoping you will insert this letter, yours truly,

AN INDIGNANT FIANCÉE.

Here is another letter:

DEAR MADAME.—Surely in your remarks on matrimony you have overlooked one important aspect of a woman's life—that of motherhood. I do not deny that many an old maid is very happy as far as her limited experience of happiness goes, but the crown of a true woman's life comes when baby fingers are clasped round her neck, and sweet baby lips are pressed to hers; when the little toddler kneels at her knee and learns from her to pray; when, later, the schoolboy or girl lays the first prize in her hand, 'Thanks to you, mother, I have won that'; when the good conduct which distinguishes the child is credited to the mother's influence; when still later in life, a man in an honourable and high estate says, 'All that I am I owe to my mother.' In view of all this I cannot but say I think a woman should not be condemned for making some sacrifice of her own comfort to get married and fulfil the destiny for which she is specially fitted. Apologizing for trespassing on your valuable space,

I am, dear Madame,
Faithfully yours,
A HAPPY MOTHER.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

(SEE FASHION PLATE, PAGE, 189.)

To begin with a fashion other than mere millinery or dresses, and this is the fashion which prevailed in London this Christmas in respect of the ever-popular Christmas card. Alas! you can no longer send home-made ones. You choose a card for some particular friend, and the maker stamps any kind words of yours on it, together with your name and address.

Fur is to be much worn this season. A fur border on a hat suits most faces. To make a pretty hat you want velvet, quills, and fur, paste brooches and pins. Any shape will do. It sounds simple enough, does it not? But there are, of course, divers other and very charming kinds, of which I must tell you more anon, only hinting that toques are much worn, and are cosy and coquettish.

The illustrations this week show two dainty evening gowns, and a charming opera cloak or party wrap. The wrap is of brocade, the ground-work being a faint primrose shade with very handsome silk embroidered tulips worked on it. The sleeves are semi-long, and are lined with the exact shade of the tulips in satin. Round the neck is a most becoming cream lace frilling. It goes twice round, edging also both fronts of the wrap, which is fastened together by three agate chains.

The dress to the left is of black tulle most exquisitely embroidered in white chrysanthemums. A thick ruche goes round the skirt, which is slightly trained. The same ruche, a trifle smaller, encircles the neck, two rich chrysanthemums appearing just in front. Black satin comes from under the arms and wanders down each side of the full front, edging it and finally disappearing in a novel manner in a bow behind. Streamers of ribbon fall from the left shoulder. The bouquet of very fine, but very carelessly arranged and straggling chrysanthemums, is tied with white ribbons.

The third figure is indeed a dream of beauty. It is a French gown of white *crêpe de chine*, exquisitely embroidered in coral and many pale coloured silks. The train is of coral satin lined with white satin merveilleux, which, as you know, hangs infinitely better than the lately much-used corded silk. The trimming of the bodice specially lends itself to the soft crêpe and lovely embroidery.

Handkerchiefs of finest lawn, beautifully worked, or trimmed with real Valenciennes lace, with the corners diagonally striped at intervals with insertion, or with the Christian name exquisitely stitched across one corner, are used just now in polite society.

For pretty dresses for little girls the short-waisted Empire style is a good deal seen. Still more dainty frocks are made with a yoke, smocked or not, the skirt hanging belt-less, and entirely unconfined at the waist. Puffed sleeves are much worn.

HELOISE.

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.

BARLEY MEAL SCONES.—Will you kindly tell me how to make these?—NANNIE.

SPONGE CAKE.—I should be much obliged for proportions for a large sponge cake.—BELLA MIA.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

A correspondent very kindly sends me the two following recipes for buns in answer to a query from a lady:—

LIGHT BUNS.—Ingredients: Half a teaspoonful of tartaric acid, half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, 1lb. flour, 2oz. butter, 2oz. loaf sugar, ½lb. currants or raisins when liked, a few carraway seeds, ½ pint cold new milk, 1 egg. Mode: Rub the tartaric acid, soda, and flour all together through a hair sieve; work the butter into the flour; add the sugar, currants, and carraway seeds, when the flavour of the latter is liked. Mix all these ingredients well together; make a hole in the middle of the flour and pour in the milk mixed with the egg, which should be well beaten; mix quickly, and set the dough with a fork on baking tins, and bake the buns tor about twenty minutes. This mixture makes a very good cake, and if put into a tin should be baked half an hour.

GOOD PLAIN BUNS.—Ingredients: 1lb of flour, 6oz of good butter, ½lb of sugar, 1 egg, nearly ¼ pint of milk, 2 small teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a few drops of essence of lemon. Mode: warm the butter without oiling it; beat it with a wooden spoon; stir the flour in gradually with the sugar, and mix these ingredients well together. Make the milk lukewarm, beat up with it the yolk of the egg and the essence of lemon, and stir these to the flour, etc. Add the baking powder, beat the dough well for ten minutes, divide it into twenty-four pieces, put them into buttered tins or cups, and bake in a brisk oven from twenty to thirty minutes. Sufficient for twelve buns.

'Janie.'—I have a recipe for caramel puddings made in small moulds. I will copy it for you. To make eight puddings divide two ounces of sugar between the moulds and the juice of a lemon. Then place them on the top of the stove, or, I should say, two or three at a time, and let the sugar and lemon juice cook until it is a deep golden colour. This is the caramel from which the puddings take their name. As soon as the caramel is the right colour, with a cloth take the moulds one at a time, and turn them round and round, holding them on one side until they are entirely lined with the caramel. As soon as this is done dip them at once into cold water. If this is not done when the puddings are ready to be turned out you will probably find some difficulty in being able to do so. When all the little moulds have been lined in this way, make a custard by mixing together with a wooden spoon two ounces of castor sugar, three eggs, and about half a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla. Mix them well together, then add half a pint of milk; pour this custard into the moulds, then place them in a stewpan, which should have a sheet of folded foolscap paper at the bottom of the pan, and enough boiling water in it to come three parts of the way up the moulds. Place the stewpan on the fire, and watch the water reboil, then place the cover on the pan and draw it to the side of the stove, and the steam will be sufficient to make the custards firm. If the water is allowed to continue boiling the puddings will be quite spoiled, as they will become quite spongy, and full of holes instead of being a smooth custard, as they should be. They will take about three-quarters of an hour to cook, as nearly as I can tell you. To turn them out loosen the edges with a knife, and the puddings will easily be removed from the moulds, and the caramel will form the brown sauce which is poured over the puddings. You can eat them either hot or cold.

RECIPES.

I have lately met with a menu for a charming French dinner, and can also give recipes for a few of the dishes:—

MENU.

Clear Soup,
Melon,
Braised Beef, à la Mode,
Eggs, à la Duchesse,
Roast Chicken, à l'Espagnole,
Haricot Beans, à la Creme,
Gateau of Veal,
Asparagus Salad,
Cheese,
Dessert.

MELON.—This was served simply cut in neat slices a convenient size for serving, prettily garnished with fresh green leaves, and accompanied by fine white sugar, and rich cream.

EGGS, A LA DUCHESSE.—Boil half a dozen perfectly fresh eggs for ten minutes, allow them to become quite cold, then divide them in quarters. Put two ounces of butter into a saucepan, and, as it melts, work in, very smoothly, a large tablespoonful of flour; add a seasoning of salt, stir over the fire for a few minutes until the flour is sufficiently cooked, then pour in a large breakfastcupful of rich white stock, and add a tablespoonful of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of chopped capers, one tablespoonful of minced parsley, and a pinch of cayenne. Bring to the boil, lay the eggs in very gently, allow them to become thoroughly hot through without being broken, then arrange them tastefully on a hot dish, pour the sauce over, and serve, with the edge of the dish neatly garnished with toasted sippets.

ROAST CHICKEN, A L'ESPAGNOLE.—Prepare and truss in the usual manner a fine, plump, young chicken, then stuff it with a very dainty forcemeat made with half a pound of sheep's liver, very finely chopped; four ounces of bacon, cut into tiny dice; a tablespoonful of minced onion; a tablespoonful of chopped parsley; a teaspoonful of mixed powdered herbs; a liberal seasoning of salt and pepper; four ounces of bread crumbs, and two well-beaten eggs. Parboil the liver and the onions previous to mincing, and partially cook the bacon. Fasten the openings of the bird securely, smear it entirely over with clarified butter, and cook in a well-heated oven, basting frequently during the process. When nearly done enough, brush the uppermost part of the chicken over with beaten egg, sprinkle it thickly with finely minced lean ham and sifted egg yolk; return it to the oven to finish cooking. Dish up on a hot dish, pour some well made Espagnole sauce round about, and serve.

HARICOT BEANS, A LA CREME.—Soak the beans overnight in cold water, then next day drain them, and boil till tender in either salted water or thin white stock—the latter, of course, to be preferred. When thoroughly soft, but not broken, pour off any liquid that remains, and add to the beans a tablespoonful of finely-minced parsley, the strained juice of a fresh lemon, and a small teacupful of rich cream. Stir gently for a minute or two until the beans are well coated and the whole thoroughly hot, then serve neatly piled up in the middle of a hot dish, with a border of toasted sippets round about.

NOT TO BE MOVED.

WHEN Anna Dickinson was travelling about the country in war time to fulfil her lecture engagements, she was abundantly entertained and bored by the pertinacious questioning of many a chance acquaintance. One man, who insisted upon talking with her during a railway journey, ended their interview with an astonishing proposition, beginning with the leading question:

'Lecturin's your trade, ain't it? You make your bread and butter by it, don't you?'

My tired head nodded what served for an assent to his inquiry.

'Well, now, all's grist that comes to your mill, then. One fellow's stamps are's good as another's hey?'

I was forced to admit the very self-evident proposition.

'Well, now,' growing emphatic and dragging out some bills and currency, 'look here. You'll never lecture in our town; it's too small. But I'd like to hear what you can do when your steam's up. There's half-a-crown 'll pay you for a good square talk and all the fixin's.'

I made it manifest to him that it would not, and once more held my peace.

'What! Not for half-a-crown? Well, then, it's pretty steep, but I don't mind just for once going five shillings.'

Not even for five shillings would I be wound up and made to go, and his forbearance was exhausted.

'Well, I never did see your beat! You won't be sociable, and you won't make a square trade. You're not the woman for my stamps,' putting back his currency. 'I wouldn't talk to you if—well, I'd as lief talk to a stone wall. Perhaps you'd like your own company?'

As I did not contradict him, he gathered himself up and re-planted himself for a slow roast by the fiery dragon of a stove; but evidently he bore no malice, for, getting out at a lumber town in the woods, he paused near me, and said: 'If you ever *should* speak anywhere round, I'll come to hear you.'

Ladies' STORY Column.

LITTLE JIM.

'I MUST take the child in, Sally,' said Miss Bell, looking down upon a small creature that crouched upon the rug before the blazing fire of her little parlour grate—a boy of nine years old, half naked, hatless, barefoot, and wet to the skin, for the rain was pouring piteously without, and the suburban cottage seemed about to float away upon a sea of mud and water. 'I think I must let the child stay, and see what I can do for him.'

'You're your own mistress, Miss Bell,' said Sally, 'but it's my bounden duty to demonstrate agin it. You're a single lady, Miss Bell, and I'm a widder. We ain't no men folkses about, and we ain't jest the kind to take in strangers of that class, seems to me.'

'Such a baby, Sally!' said Miss Bell.

'It was one jest as small as he is, and a gal to boot, that took my black silk dress—one Mis' Widder Croker gimme when she went and married a second time,' said Sally. 'It was as good as new, and I ripped the crape off it and trimmed it with red velvet, and I can say fur it it was scrumptious! And a little gal came beggin', and I up and asked Mis' Croker fur to hire her, and she did, and fust we sent her for a narrand she off with the dress and my back comb and two han'kerch'efs, and I dunno what all. I ain't never been charytable sence, nor I ain't never had a black silk gownd sence nuther, nor I don't expect to. If I let that boy stay till he was dried and give him a dinner, it's all I'd do, miss.'

'I know,' said Miss Bell, 'it's what anyone would say, Sally; but I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll give you a new black silk dress—pattern and lining and buttons and any trimming you like, and you can choose it for yourself at Mr Potter's shop—if you'll just take that child and bathe him and dress him up in some of the boy's clothes sister Martha sent me for the church poor. Yes, and Miss Muntle shall make it for you, Sally, and I'll pay her, if you'll only—well, not—not—'

'Not interfere, Miss Bell?' said Sally. 'Well, I won't. I always have said that Miss Bell was the liberelest lady ever I lived with—and ever so much obleeged, mum.' With that Sally seized upon the urchin, who had been found lying before the door face downward in the mud, and bore him to the bath-room, while Miss Bell sat before her fire and thought over a plan that had formed itself in her brain some time before.

She was sixty, she was a spinster, she had a nice little fortune of her own, and her married brothers and sisters had chosen to scatter themselves over the world, leaving her to herself for the most part of the time. They could provide for their children. Why should not she, standing on the threshold of old age, take to herself an adopted son? The big black eyes that had looked up at her had touched her heart. Once, long before, such eyes in a far older head had done that, for she had a love story, this elderly woman who had once been a pretty girl; and the tale the child had told had touched it also.

'Father lost at sea—mammy dead. No home—nothing to eat.'

Very evidently nothing to wear, from another point of view than Flora McFlimsey's.

'It seems as if Providence had sent him to me,' said Miss Bell, 'and I *think* I shall adopt him.'

When the boy came down, clean and bright in the well-patched grey suit in which Sally had arrayed him, Miss Bell thought him very pretty. It did not occur to her, as it did to Sally, that he was rather rosy for a child that had been starving for three days, and that his appetite was no more ravenous than that of any healthy boy of his age. In fact, Miss Bell was delighted, and after dinner, when she had had a talk with him and sat watching him as he pored over a great picture-book—no one had taught him to read yet—felt, as she expressed it to herself, 'Quite like a mother.' Yes, after she had had the child about her for a week or so, and made sure that she was not mistaken, Miss Bell resolved that she would legally adopt him and make her will in his favour. He should go to school. She would see that he was properly brought up, and her friends might say what they pleased. She should have a son in her old age, and would have accomplished a good deed besides.

Even Sally began to look upon little Jim with less disfavour before three days were past, and when she had really bought her black silk with all that was needful, and had it fitted by Miss Bell's own dressmaker, she softened to the unconscious cause of this favour, and made him special turnovers and even allowed him to make toffee on her kitchen range on Saturday evening after teaching him how to do it.

'A child does liven up a house, miss,' she said on Sunday evening; 'and we seemed quite a family in the church pew, somehow or another.'

On Monday Jim was to go to school in the brand-new clothes which had come home Saturday night. There was quite a flutter in the small household. A tiny blue neck-tie graced Miss Bell's work-basket. Sally 'did up' several small collars with great care, and it was a proof that she had changed her mind in regard to the boy, that when Miss Bell said, meditatively:

'Sally, I mean to give James that small silver watch I had at school myself. But *perhaps* I'd better keep it until he has made some improvement and call it a reward of merit,' the handmaiden replied.

'Well, just as you think best, of course, miss; but if he wears a watch first off it will show he is somebody, and he'll be tret better.'

So Jim wore the watch in the pocket of his new suit, and before he went upon his way he was kissed and counselled as tenderly as though he really had a mother.

'It made him cry, miss,' said Sally. 'I saw the tears in his eyes, and I'll own up that I was mistook in him.'

The two women watched him out of sight as he went down the street. But when school hours were past they waited in vain for his return. Night fell and he was still among the missing.

The school to which he had been sent was kept by an old friend of Miss Bell. To her house, when eight o'clock struck without bringing the truant home, Miss Bell, full of anxiety made her way, and to her inquiry received a most unpleasant answer.

'He never came, my dear. The watch and the new clothes have been too great a temptation. It never does to take children like that to your bosom, Evelina. I wanted to tell you that. But when you wish to do a thing, you will; I know you of old.'

Then Miss Bell went back to her home, which seemed more lonely than it had ever been before, and said to Sally Simpkins:

'Just please don't talk about it, Sally. All that can be said has been said by Maria Pascall.'

Two days passed away. Still there was no news of Jim. Miss Bell expected none. All through her life she had been used by her family as a dreadful example of what came of trusting tales of woe and being benevolent to unworthy objects, and this was her crowning performance.

'No matter,' she said to herself. 'No matter; it is a lesson that will last my life. I deserved it.'

The third day, however, a slow-stepping policeman sauntered up the doorsteps and pulled the bell.

'The ash-barrel again, I suppose, Sally,' Miss Bell said. 'No doubt the authorities want it set just inside the door at exactly five o'clock in the morning. I don't know what other change they could make. They've done everything else with it.'

But it was not the ash-barrel that was in question this time.

What the policeman said was this:

'Morning, ma'am. Do you know a little chap named Jim? He says you do. He says you've been good to him—gave him a watch and lots of clothes. He's got rid of them if you have. In fact, he says he lives here. No doubt it's all a lie.'

'No, no!' cried Miss Bell. 'It is true. I—I took him in I intended to adopt him. I—oh! perhaps I haven't been deceived in him, after all. Tell me quick.'

'If you'd kindly step over to the station, in —— street, you'll hear all about it,' said the officer. 'At once, please.'

It took Miss Bell only a few moments to get ready, and as quickly as the little cab that Sally called could carry her she was at the police station, and in a few moments, Jim, looking very small indeed among the large policemen, stood before her—Jim, more ragged than before, and shoeless again, but quite undaunted, his eyes blazing, his fists clenched tight and hard, though his head was bandaged, and his face bruised and very pale.

'There she is!' he cried. 'There's the lady! She'll tell you how good she was to me. Nobody never was good before. I had clothes, *swell* clothes; she gave 'em to me; and I had a watch, she gave it to me; and she kissed me, she did; and I love her, I do, like she was my mammy. Don't believe I've gone back on you, miss; don't believe it. I wouldn't.'

A change swept over Miss Bell's face as he spoke. It grew soft and warm and kindly again.

'I know you wouldn't child,' said she. 'No indeed you wouldn't! I thought you had but now I *know* better.' And in her prim poplin and all her tidy, Quakerlike belongings, she stooped and kissed poor ragged Jim very tenderly.

'Madame,' said the grave elderly gentleman at the desk, 'this boy tells a very curious story. You may tell it again, Jim.

'Yes, sir,' said Jim. 'When you took me in that day, lady, I was put there by Tom Gillie. I lived along of him. It was true about mammy and daddy, but I lived along of Tom, and he put me there so that you would take me in, and I'd open the door and let them get in at night and take your money. They said you kept a great deal in the house.'

'Well, I haven't any trust in banks,' said Miss Bell, apologetically.

'I didn't want to do it,' Jim went on, 'but I thought I had to if Tom Gillie said to do it. But when you was so good to me, and gave me clothes and a watch and all, and said I was to be your little boy, why, I loved you. I wouldn't have done it for nothin', and I prayed to God, like you told me, and thought I'd be took care of. I never had a good word spoke to me before. Seemed like I'd got to heaven, and I meant to tell you some day, but I didn't want to yet, and I went off to school jest as happy. But before I got there I met Tom Gillie. He was watching the house. "Oho!" says he, "quite a swell. All the better. To-night you must open the kitchen door. They go to bed early, of course. At one o'clock—you've got a watch to tell time by now—you let us in." "No," says I, "not then—not ever. I've been treated good by the lady, and I'll not go back on her, nor the other one, the servant; she's good too. And God won't let you get me back, for the lady said He'd take care of me if I prayed at night." Then Tom grabbed me and pulled me into a dark alley and hit me. When I came to I was in some of my old clothes again. I was on a bed, and Tom and Bill were talking about how they'd break into your kitchen. Bill would pretend he was the gas-man and so get in and take the cellar-door off its hinges jest before dark. So I got up and began to go down-stairs, jest as easy, and Tom saw me and gave me another clip on the head, and pitched me out of the door. I came to in the hospital, and jest as soon as I could think I told the doctor, and he brought me here to swear to it all. Oh, dear, good lady, you will be robbed, and may be murdered if you don't believe me! Tom killed a woman once—I've heard him tell of it.'

'Tom will not have the chance this time,' said the gentleman at the desk. 'I have no doubt that the boy's story is a true one, and if the burglars come to your house, Miss Bell, they will have a warm reception.'

'And *my* little boy? You will give him back to me?' said Miss Bell. 'He has been with bad people; but you can see there is good in him, and I shall do just as I intended if I may have him.'

'At present we will take him back to the hospital, madame,' said a young man who had hitherto remained silent. 'He has been very badly hurt indeed, and needs our care. But if—I mean when he recovers, I have no doubt—'

'Miss Bell holds the position of his guardian,' said the grave gentleman at the desk.

Miss Bell once more kissed the little fellow, who smiled at her fondly.

'I'm just as glad as can be,' he said, 'and I'll be good—so good, dear lady, when I'm your little boy again!' And then the surgeon took him by the hand and led him away.

That night the policemen were hidden in the cellar of Miss Bell's pretty house, and when Bill and Tom arrived, instead of sneaking upstairs to rob a little old lady, and murder her if she objected to it, they walked into the hands of four of the 'finest,' and were dragged away to meet their just reward.

But as for Jim. When good Miss Bell trotted up the hospital steps next day, and smilingly asked if she might see 'her little boy,' they told her tearfully that in the night he had lifted his head from his pillow and said to his nurse:

'Kiss the dear good lady, and tell her good-bye. The woman in white says I must go where the music is. Hark! It's a hymn—'

There was no woman that the nurse could see, nor did she hear any music; but before she could reach the child's side he had dropped back upon the pillow—dead.

SKETCHING A GIANTESS.

'WELL, Sir?'

'I'm from the *Pall Mall Budget* to get sketches of "Aama."'

'Oh, yes—well—you will find the gov'nor right in there by the bar—he'll attend to you'—this in the lobby of the 'Trocadero.'

The 'gov'nor' heard my business, drained his glass of S***, crossed with me to the far corner of the stalls promenade, opened a panel with his private key, and we descended a narrow flight of steps into that mysterious subterranean realm known as 'behind the scenes'—a place in this instance resembling nothing so much as a feudal castle's dungeons. Another flight of stairs to a lower system of catacombs, and the 'gov'nor' sighted the party he wanted. I was introduced as 'a newspaper man to draw the giantess.'

'There she goes now!' exclaimed the person.

We turned and looked. Shades of Gulliver! Out of one of the dressing-rooms there had just emerged a giraffe-like apparition which, bent half double to keep its head clear of the stone ceiling, was groping its way down the corridor to the room at the foot of the stage stairs, lunging and swaying about in a loose-jointed, awkward fashion for all the world like an ostrich might in a hencoop.

We all pursued, and the guardian of Aama (for indeed 'twas she) corraled this child of fifteen years and ninety inches, and backed her up to a table, upon which she seated herself.

'Shake 'ands vede air,' said the guardian.

I took hold of the ham-like paw extended—it had the feel of a chicken fresh picked. 'Bon jour, mademoiselle, comment savon?' said I.

'W-w-r-r-g-g-m-m,' she started to say in the tones of a loose-valved pump, but thought better of it and stopped. The 'gov'nor' took his leave, Mademoiselle was cautioned to *posez bien*, and I commenced my sketch. One of the supers worked around to where he could see over my shoulder and remarked: 'Ain't she a *whale?* Look at her now—she's always like that—never smiles, never, and looks at everything as though 'twas to eat.' She is enormous, in truth, and, as we used to tell the models after dinner at Julian's, 'quite out of drawing'—for her head is too small and her lower limbs certainly long out of proportion to the rest of her.

'She doesn't seem strong,' said I to the manager.

'No,' he replied, 'she has just had a growing spell. Every once in a while she lays off and just grows, and while that lasts she is so weak that she has to stay in bed—lays there in a sort of growing fever, as you might call it, sometimes for weeks. All we do is to feed her. Eat? As much as any six men. We picked her up in the province of Jura, in France.'

'Could I get a tracing of her foot?' I inquired.

'Certainly.'

'Here you have it. Her boot was just an inch longer than the *Budget* is high.

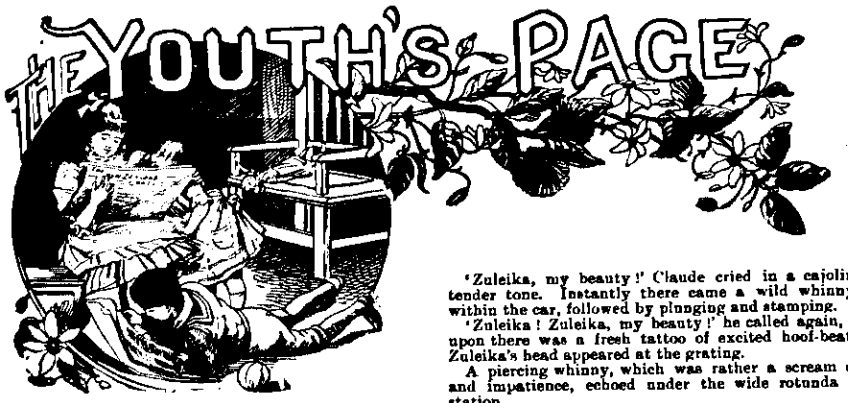
The call-boy appeared when the sketch was about completed, and the young ogress was helped upstairs. Her feet were so long that she had to ascend sideways in order to get them on the steps.

Verily, she *is* a whale!—*Pall Mall Budget*

A THOUGHTFUL SPOUSE.—'I've a great notion to go and jump into the river,' said Mr N. Peck, at the end of a little domestic discussion, as he picked up his hat and started out. 'You come back here,' said his wife. 'If you intend any such trick as that just march up stairs and put on your old clothes before you start.'

A HOUSEHOLD DEODORISER.—A pleasant household deodoriser is made by pouring spirits of lavender over lumps of bicarbonate of ammonia.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.—See page 186.



ZULEIKA.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

CLAUDE RECOVERS HIS OWN.

IT was plain to anyone who knew Zuleika well that the mare which stood before Claude was not the splendid animal which he had brought from Constantinople with so much trouble. In his agitation he could form no idea how the substitution had taken place.

Without stopping to thrust the grey mare back into her box, Claude ran out into the stable yard, and in a hoarse and unsteady voice, called his groom.

In a moment the man came running out of the hotel, his absence even at that moment indicating that he had not been very diligent in his attendance.

'Where is Zuleika?' cried Claude.

The man stared stupidly at the mare, who had not stirred from the spot where Claude left her.

'Surely, this is Zuleika, sir,' answered the groom.

'Don't dare to tell me that! Have you no eyes? Who has been here since last night?'

'No one has been here that I know of.'

'Do you mean to say that Zuleika has walked off and left this substitute in her place without you knowing it?'

'I know nothing, sir, about it.'

Claude could not make out from the man's manner whether he was telling the truth or not. He had a suspicion that he had been bribed to allow the exchange; but if so he was feigning innocence very cleverly.

There were grooms in the stable during the entire night; there was no evidence that the lock had been forced or picked. A skilful burglar might, however, have picked so simple a lock without leaving any sign that it had been tampered with.

Dismayed and heartsick, Claude walked back to the dining-room and told his father of Zuleika's disappearance. The Colonel listened for a while in silence; then a ray of light suddenly broke across his face. He jumped up with a vehement gesture, and cried:

'That scoundrel, Mudir, has done it!'

'Mudir Pasha?'

'Yes. He followed me northward. I saw him in the train, but it did not occur to me then that he was tracking me in order to find you. I supposed he had gone north to buy horses. It is Prince Ishmael who has sent him. You know he was terribly angry when you left, and he swore to get Zuleika, no matter where she was.'

'Then Zuleika is now on the road to Constantinople?'

'Undoubtedly.'

'And I am going to Constantinople after her, unless I can catch her on the way.'

'Well, I am going with you. A fraud, a theft like this, is more than I can stand. Such villainy must be punished.'

It was a gratification to Claude to find his father scarcely less incensed than he was himself, for when the Colonel started to do a thing, he seldom allowed any obstacle to defeat him.

Both packed their hand trunks in haste, and drove to the Anhalt station. An express train was to leave at ten o'clock, and Claude employed the fifteen minutes he had to spare before the departure of this train in asking questions relating to Zuleika of brakemen, conductors and freight agents.

He ascertained, beyond a doubt, that Mudir Pasha had started with the Arabian mare by a freight train which left at six o'clock, and which would be overtaken by the express at Dresden in the afternoon. Unless he had taken the precaution to get off at a way-station, or unless some accident happened, they would therefore be certain to catch him; and they had no doubt that they might rely upon German justice to do its work surely, if slowly.

Both Claude and the Colonel, while speeding southward, gathered all the information they could from train hands and station-masters, in order not to lose track of the Turk. They became convinced before they reached Dresden that Mudir had regarded extra precautions as unnecessary, and was taking the straight road southward to the Ottoman dominions.

At the great station in Dresden, where they arrived at two o'clock, Colonel Ring and his son, having obtained a permit, made their way with difficulty among the network of tracks and the pulling engines.

After five minutes' search they found a box car with an open grating for ventilation at the top, and stopping to listen, they heard distinctly the stamping of a horse's hoofs.

'Zuleika, my beauty!' Claude cried in a cajoling and tender tone. Instantly there came a wild whinny from within the car, followed by plunging and stamping.

'Zuleika! Zuleika, my beauty!' he called again, whereupon there was a fresh tattoo of excited hoof-beats, and Zuleika's head appeared at the grating.

A piercing whinny, which was rather a scream of pain and impatience, echoed under the wide rotunda of the station.

Claude felt as if his heart would break. With a tremendous wrench he tried to pull the sliding door aside; but it was locked.

'Patience, my son, patience!' said his father. 'Do nothing rash, or you'll spoil everything.'

A surprised exclamation and a slam as of a bench that was upset was heard from an adjoining car, and in another moment Mudir Pasha burst through the door and tumbled down the steps, followed by two railroad employées.

'Thieves!' he yelled, in broken German, as soon as he saw Claude and the Colonel. 'Thieves! Robbers! I demand their arrest instantly!'

His coarse face was scarlet with anger and alarm. Two or three of the officers at the station came hastening up.

'It is I who demand this man's arrest,' said Colonel Ring, calmly. 'He has stolen my son's horse. And I tell you,' he exclaimed, turning to Mudir, 'that you shall not escape from this place until you have given up Zuleika!'

'You think to bully me,' Mudir muttered in Turkish, glowering at the Colonel, 'but if you dare interfere with me, I warn you it will go ill with you!'

Colonel Ring turned to the officials, and said, frankly and calmly, in German:

'I demand of you, gentlemen, that you keep this man in your custody until I can procure a warrant for his arrest. He has stolen the dapple-grey Arabian mare which is locked up in this car, and I shall hold you responsible for the safety both of the horse and the man until I return—which will be in an hour.'

He spoke politely, but as one who was accustomed to command. He wore now the uniform of an officer in the Norwegian army—for he had been allowed to retain his rank in the army of his own country. This uniform, with the ribbons of many orders on his breast, did not fail of its effect upon the railroad officials.

Mudir, it was evident, was a coarse fellow, who might be capable of anything, while his accuser's appearance showed that he was a man of authority and rank.

They promised to keep Mudir for an hour, and not to allow him to take the horse away. To make assurance doubly sure, Claude remained at the station, now and then speaking to Zuleika through the grating, while his father went in search of the police.

It occurred to Colonel Ring, when he had sworn out a warrant for Mudir's arrest, that his former acquaintance with the King of Saxony, whose cicerone he had been during a visit to Constantinople, might now stand him in good stead. He therefore wrote a letter to the court marshal, asking for an audience on the following day.

Mudir, after fuming and storming in vain for half an hour, telegraphed to the Turkish ambassador in Berlin, and then sat down to wait. He was not treated as a common prisoner, but forcibly detained, and kept under guard in a hotel.

Zuleika was taken from the railroad car, and lodged in a stable under the custody of the police. Claude, though he longed to pet her, was not allowed to approach her, and he walked about in a state of feverish impatience and misery, knocking the scabbard of his sword against the furniture, tracing faces and animals in the pattern of the wall-paper, and drinking soda-water which he did not want from sheer desperation.

The matter was taken before a magistrate, and the examination of Mudir was set for the next day. Knowing how slow and thorough German justice is in its operations, Claude was prepared to spend a week, if not a month, in Dresden before Zuleika was restored to him. In the meanwhile, in order to leave nothing to chance, he telegraphed to his groom to come on with the false Zuleika by the next train, and called upon one of his classmates, Cadet Schwerin, who knew Zuleika well, and might be valuable as a witness.

The next day, as he was preparing to attend the trial, the Colonel received a message from the court marshal, stating that the King would grant him an audience that very morning at eleven o'clock. He hastened to the court, and asked that the trial be postponed until the afternoon; but the Turkish ambassador had already arrived from Berlin, and could not stay long. Mudir insisted upon an immediate trial of his case, and the magistrate denied the request for delay.

The Colonel wished heartily that he had been in less haste to renew his acquaintance with the King, for now he was obliged to be absent from the trial, where his presence was greatly needed. However, he could not break an engagement with the King without damaging his case, and cutting off his chance of appeal in case of an unfavourable decision.

With a heavy heart he arrayed himself in his gala uniform, and went to the royal palace, where the sentinels presented arms to him.

He waited a full hour in an ante-room, and was not a little startled when the Turkish ambassador was bowed out from the royal presence by two gold-laced chamberlains. It was now his turn; but he felt for the moment, that the Turk had been too clever for him, and that his chances of setting his case right were not promising.

The King received him kindly, and after the usual polite formalities, gave him the desired opportunity to mention his errand.

The Colonel described his son's affection for Zuleika, and Zuleika's love for him; he referred to Prince Ishmael's offer to buy the mare, and his anger when Claude refused to sell her, and finally expressed his conviction that Mudir had been sent on by the Prince to steal the mare, or what amounted to the same thing, exchange for her an inferior animal, not pure Arabian.

The Colonel warmed up, as he proceeded in his narrative, and the King became intensely interested. He asked some questions about Zuleika and her false double, and finally begged the Colonel to accompany him on horseback, and let him see the two mares.

'I have a good mind to play Haroun al Raschid on a small scale,' he said, laughing. 'If the decision of the court goes against you, you must appeal, and I'll deliver myself of a Solomonian judgment.'

Meanwhile, things had taken a bad turn in the court-room. The judge reasoned with great acuteness 'in the air;' but it did not occur to him to look at the two mares, and compare their merits. Very likely the testimony of the ambassador, who swore to Mudir's high rank and excellent character, outweighed with him all the evidence on Claude's side. Moreover, the groom, when he was put on the stand, greatly damaged his master's case by refusing to swear that any exchange had taken place. He was in doubt, he said; he did not think any one could take a horse out of the stable without his knowing it.

This settled the matter, as far as the judge was concerned; and neither Claude's nor Cadet Schwerin's testimony, which was equally positive on the other side, could change his conviction. It was a case of hallucination, he thought, or of mistaken identity.

He therefore determined to order the release of Zuleika, give Mudir full liberty to proceed on his way, and apologise for having detained him. He was about to pronounce this judgment, when a messenger arrived from the King, bearing a large envelope. The magistrate hastily broke the seal and read the contents.

The letter commanded him to adjourn his court, and irrespective of his decision, to proceed with the parties to the case and the witnesses, to the parade grounds outside the city.

With a solemn voice the judge read this message in the court-room, and expressed his astonishment to Mudir and the ambassador. But he said immediate obedience to the King's wishes was necessary.

Accordingly, the court, the officers and the witnesses proceeded in carriages to the parade grounds, where they found Claude and Cadet Schwerin, and a battalion of soldiers drilling.

At about three o'clock a royal carriage, preceded by outriders, was seen approaching, and the magistrate, Mudir and the ambassador hastened to pay their respects.

They were not a little surprised to see Colonel Ring seated in the King's carriage, in conversation with him.

'Your Excellency,' said the King, turning to the ambassador, 'I think in a case of this kind the horse is the better judge who is its master. Let Mudir Pasha and Cadet Ring place themselves about fifty yards apart, at the upper end of the parade grounds.

'Then the two horses, the ownership of which is in dispute, shall be led up to within a distance of two hundred yards of both, and loosed. I shall be much astonished if Cadet Ring's does not seek its master.'

The Turk did not dare to object to this plan, though he disliked it exceedingly. Claude accepted it eagerly. After the dreadful depression and sense of outrage which had possessed him in the court-room, his spirits suddenly revived. Zuleika would not fail to greet him!

Zuleika came forward, led by a royal groom. What spring there was in her step, what grace in her motion, what nobility in the slight curve of her neck, and the shape of her head! And what a common place looking animal the other dapple-grey mare was, in spite of the outward resemblance. She stepped well, to be sure, and was handsomely shaped; but all the finer points which distinguished Zuleika her rival lacked.

An officer of the royal guard received the two horses from the groom, and for a while he had very hard work to hold them. They pranced and reared, and lifted him off the ground again and again.

He managed at last to make a sign to Claude, who stationed himself at the place which the King had designated. Mudir Pasha also dragged himself forward with visible reluctance, and came to a stop about fifty yards from where the young cadet was standing.

The King gave a sign to the officer, and the two horses trotted away over the parade ground, with a proud elastic step. Presently both came to a standstill; the false Zuleika kicked up her heels and lay down to roll; but the true Zuleika lifted her head, gazed to the right and to the left, and then with her wild, joyous whinny ran straight towards Claude.

She rubbed her nose against his face; she whisked her tail excitedly, and whinnied again, and then, with a low and friendly neighing, laid her head upon his shoulder.

The proof was absolute and unmistakeable. The spectators broke into a loud hurrah; and Claude, with tears in his eyes, patted Zuleika's neck, and then swung himself lightly up on her back.

She stood still like a lamb, until he had got his seat; whereupon, with a snort and a shake of her head, she dashed across the wide parade grounds, while the soldiers and officers cheered, and the spectators waved their hats and clapped their hands.

Mudir Pasha knew that he was utterly beaten; but he still had left one means of preventing this pride of the Ottoman stables from falling into the hand of the Christians.

He walked slowly to where the ambassador stood talking with Colonel Ring and Cadet Schwerin, and paused a step from them.

Just then Claude came dashing at full speed towards the group, followed by the plaudits of the crowd. Mudir with an oath, pulled a pistol from his pocket, and taking aim at Zuleika's head, fired.

But Cadet Schwerin, who saw the quick motion, struck his arm upward, so that the bullet, whistling past Claude's ear, spent itself in the air.

The King, startled at the report, ordered Mudir to be disarmed and brought to him.

'How do you dare,' he asked, sternly, 'to shoot in my presence?'

'Your Majesty,' answered Mudir, sullenly, 'I promised my Prince to bring this horse back, dead or alive. I have failed. Allah is great! His will be done!'

Then, bowing low, he begged for permission to depart, and seating himself in a carriage, drove off under the protection of the ambassador.

Claude was now introduced to the King, to whom he expressed his gratitude for his wise judgment. Under the escort of His Majesty he rode Zuleika back to the city; and it was difficult to tell which was the more admired, the handsome, high-spirited youth, who sat so well in the saddle, or the noble, proudly-stepping mare.

From that time forth no attempt was made to separate Claude and Zuleika, and she is yet Lieutenant King's dearest friend and companion.

[THE END.]

THE PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.

[THACKERAY'S 'ESMOND.']

WITH that mind-vision that transcends
A hundred-fold our natural sight,
I see him clearer than the friends
Of this to-day, and yet I write
Of one who fought in Marlbro's wars,
Whose periwig is 'temp Queen Anne;'
Here is the Hall, push wide the doors—
The 'Portrait of a Gentleman!'

It hangs against the wainscot brown;
The sunshine from the lozenged pane
Shows the dark face, the sombre frown,
The long, sad features, gaunt and plain.
You know him? Well, he was not much
To look at—and a ray the while
Has reached his eyes—I think the touch
Of Beatrix could make him smile!

I need not tell you of his race,
Whose pictures smile along the wall—
Smiling is often easier grace
Than frowning, but you know them all:
'My Lord,' that hath a royal air,
'Young Frank' grown foreign overseas,
And 'Trix,' red stockinged on the stair—
My 'Gentleman' is none of these!

The heartache of a lonely youth,
The bitterness of love refused,
That deeper wronging when the truth
Broke on him of fair trust abused,
Have left him, colder, sterner still,
And that last failure touched his pride;
Henceforth, plain 'Colonel,' if you will,
The Marquisate a thing denied!

The walls grow thin as air, and see!
The smiling pictures fade away,
This thick green volume on my knee
Holds all of Castlewood to-day.
But stronger than a castle wall,
And longer than our lives' frail span,
Esmond will stand among us all,
'The Portrait of a Gentleman!'

TOSSED BY A BUFFALO.

IN Doctor Pruen's book, 'The Arab and the African,' he describes a nocturnal adventure of a friend of his who went out one evening in search of game, his people being in want of meat. After hunting for some time he came in sight of an antelope, and began stalking it. He was an expert hunter, and succeeded in getting well within range without attracting the antelope's attention; but in doing so he accomplished a feat which Doctor Pruen thinks, must be almost unparalleled in the annals of hunting.

So cautiously did he approach through the long grass that he was unnoticed by a buffalo lying in it; and so intent was he on his expected game, that, unknown to himself, he stalked right up to the buffalo, and stood just in front of its head, with his back to it.

In a second the astonished animal was on its feet, and the sound brought Cole sharply round; but so close were the two, that although Cole's gun was at full cock, the buffalo had caught him on the back before he could fire, and his gun flew from his hand as he went flying through the air.

A second and a third time did the infuriated animal gore and toss him before he could realise his position and restrain his shouts. Then he lay motionless and quiet, feigning death, but expecting every moment to be tossed again.

The buffalo stood eyeing him for a few minutes, and then, half satisfied that its work was done, trotted off and stood again to watch its victim at a short distance. Then it disappeared in the jungle, while Cole's native boy, a frightened spectator of what had happened, ran to the house two miles away, and brought assistance.

CHANCED THE SUBJECT.

ONE of the most difficult things to do gracefully is to change the current of an unpleasant conversation. But the small boy can do it if circumstances make it necessary.

'Thomas, will you please tell me why you pulled up the onions from my onion-bed? How many times have I told you to keep away from the garden?'

Thomas grew red in the face, and his grandfather went on to depict the evil fate that was sure to befall boys who went around destroying what their elders had planted.

Meantime, Thomas had pulled himself together, and, as the harangue was concluded, he said, with a smile, referring to an event of the previous week:

'Pity our old rooster died, wasn't it, grandpapa?'

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

MY BOY.

SUCH large brown eyes
And curly hair,
Such dimpled hands
And cheeks so fair
Has my boy.

Such a little tottering form,
Running about all the morn;
Such funny ways of doing things,
And tiny voice that often sings,
Has my boy.

MY BOY.

RATS AND MICE.

THE teeth of rats and mice grow very rapidly; they are kept short by the constant gnawing. A rat once lost a tooth, and the opposite tooth having no companion to wear off its edge, grew so long that it nearly filled the mouth. The rat consequently died.

A lady while cleaning house found on the floor a large number of needles and several pieces of the covering of a pin-cushion. The mice had gnawed their way into the cushion, and had eaten all the meal with which it was filled.

Rats and mice take a taste of everything they find. They will even eat soap.

A child once placed in the attic a large bouquet of grain. On going for it, she found that it had furnished the rats with a fine feast. She also found that the rats had carried off many of her doll's dresses. Did they dress their babies in them? And under the floor was a tiny cup. Had they eaten their grain from that?

HOW TO MAKE A REED CHAIR.

YOU have all seen those little green reeds that grow in marshy places. They are hollow and are often called grasses. You can gather some of these reeds and make them into a little chair in the following manner:

Place a reed in the left hand so that it will cross the back of the hand at the second and third fingers, and be held, in place by the fore and the little fingers. Hold it fast by turning back the ends of the first reed, one going between the first and second, the other the third and fourth fingers.

Put another reed across the hand and fasten it as before, and so on until six or eight reeds have thus been used.

Then remove the whole from the hand, turn the ends of the last reed under the other reeds, fastening them at the loop caused by the second reed. Tie the ends of all the reeds together by a narrow ribbon. The first reed form the back of the chair. Cut off long ends, straighten out the chair, and it is done.

A LONG AFTERNOON.

WHAT *shall* I do all this long afternoon?' cried Will, yawning and stretching himself. 'What—shall—I—do! A whole long afternoon, and the rain pouring and nothing to do. It will seem like a whole week till supper-time. I know it will. Oh—*dear*—ME!!'

'It *is* too bad!' said Aunt Harriet, sympathetically. 'Poor lad! What will you do indeed? While you are waiting, suppose you just hold this yarn for me.'

Will held six skeins of yarn, one after another, and Aunt Harriet told him six stories, one after the other, each better than the last.

He was very sorry when the yarn was all wound, and he began to wonder again what he should do all the long, long afternoon.

'Will,' said his mother, calling him over the banisters, 'I wish you would stay with baby just a few minutes while I run down to the kitchen to see about something.'

Will ran up and his mother ran down. She was gone an hour, but he did not think it was more than ten minutes, for he and baby were having a great time, playing that the big woolly ball was a tiger, and that they were elephants chasing it through the jungle.

Will blew a horn, because it spoke in the 'Swiss Family Robinson' of the elephants' trumpeting; and baby blew a tin whistle which was a rattle too; and the tiger blew nothing at all because tigers do not trumpet.

It was a glorious game; but when mamma came back, Will's face fell, and he stopped trumpeting, because he knew it would tire mamma's head.

'Dear mamma!' he said. 'What *shall* I do all this long, long afternoon, with the rain pouring and nothing to do?'

His mother took him by the shoulders, gave him a shake and then a kiss, and turned him round toward the window.

'Look there, goosey!' she cried, laughing. 'It stopped raining half an hour ago, and now the sun is setting bright and clear. It is nearly six o'clock, and you have just precisely time enough to run and post this letter before tea-time.'

TYKE AND FIDO.

TYKE was an old and homely bulldog. He was the pet of Miss Sophy Staples, who believed him to be as intelligent as he was ugly. He belonged to the people with whom Miss Staples was boarding, but was not the pet of the family, all their attention being lavished upon Fido, a little black-and-tan terrier.

Miss Mary Staples, who was also boarding in the house, was not so fond of animals as her sister.

'You talk to that Tyke as if he had human motives and feelings,' she said one day. 'If you must pet something, why don't you pet Fido? He is bright and pretty.'

Miss Sophy looked down into the ugly face of the dog, who was standing by her side.

'We are not beautiful, but we know what we are about, don't we, Tyke?' she said, stroking his head. The dog lazily blinked his eyes and wiggled his short tail feebly.

'You see he has an affectionate heart,' she said, laughing at his awkwardness. 'He thinks everything of that silly little Fido. You will notice that he shows real animation when Fido comes in.'

The smaller dog at that minute came through the open door, whining pitifully. He scratched at his face with one paw, and wiped it along the floor.

Miss Sophy took him up into her lap and bathed his eyes, which seemed to be hurt, with warm water and milk. Tyke stood by and whined and scraped the floor sympathetically.

'You see they are talking together now,' Miss Sophy said to her sister; 'I haven't any doubt that Fido is telling Tyke how he got hurt.'

'I really believe that you think he is,' her sister answered, sarcastically.

Fido scrambled to the floor and ran out of the house, Tyke following him. It was hardly five minutes before both dogs were back, Tyke running, and carrying in his mouth a cat that had the appearance of having had the life recently shaken out of her. Fido followed, still scratching at his face.

Tyke brought the cat and laid it at Miss Sophy's feet, wagging his stump of a tail enthusiastically.

Both sisters were greatly interested. They went out into the shed, where the man was sawing wood, carrying the cat with them.

'Do you know where Tyke got this cat?' they asked the man.

'My gracious! I should say I did. He got her in here. That scamp of a Fido had been worrying her. She was that stray cat that has been hanging around here for some time. Fido seemed to think it his business to drive her off, and they had it out this afternoon, and the cat beat, and he ran away whining like a good fellow.

'First thing I knew here comes Tyke, and quick as a flash he dashed at that cat and shook her life right out of her, and Fido stood by and barked to see him do it.'

Miss Sophy laid the cat down on the wood, and turned to her sister.

'There, now I hope you are convinced that dogs have human motives and feelings?'

'This does surely look like it, but it is a question whether it is a worthy motive to emulate.'

Tyke, meanwhile, had surreptitiously taken up the cat and darted out of the door, Fido after him.

The two women and the man followed. They were curious to see how the thing would end. They followed the two dogs to a little wooded knoll at the back of the barn.

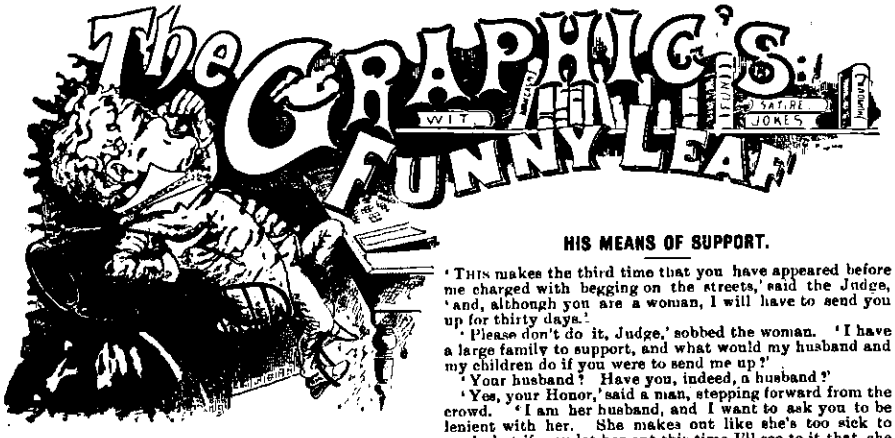
Laying the cat on the ground, the dogs began rapidly digging a shallow hole, and after laying the cat in and imperfectly covering her with dirt, they chased each other joyfully back to the house.

WHAT PUZZLED ALLEN.

LITTLE Allen looked serious. He had been thinking of his grandma, who was a very large woman, and of his great-grandma, who was a very small woman.

'What are you thinking about?' asked papa.

'It's this,' replied Allen. 'I don't see why I should call Granny Brown my great-grandma, when she's so much littler than Granny Beers, who is just grandmother.'



WHAT HE COULDN'T FIND.

He had hunted for the North Pole, and he claimed that he had found it;
Cape Horn was but a picnic, for he knew how to surround it,
And when it came to Africa—well, now, I shouldn't wonder
But that he growled when people thought to Stanley he'd knock under:
For he'd hobnobbed with all,
Beast, king, and cannibal;
Well he knew the Congo, Niger, and the Nile;
Killimanjaro he had straddled,
Though his very guides grew addled,
Nor could Tanganyika's billows stir his bile.

In the depths of Asia's jungles, the tiger he had captured,
On the Himalayan summits he had rhapsodized enraptured;
He delved in Buddha's mysteries, then China he invaded,
The doctrines of Confucius he furiously raided.
In Australia, by the way,
He was utterly *au fait*;
In the bush he lived for days on kangaroo;
He had voyaged upon a whaler
Till he felt himself a sailor,
And for lack of lands to conquer he was blue.

So he pitched into astronomy and the wide heavens dissected,
Till he could tell just why the sun with small-pox is affected;
He swore the man within the moon is quite a jolly fellow—
And that the Milky Way runs o'er with cream both thick and mellow:
Yet when his wife forgot
Her purse, and made him trot
To search in a dress pocket for it—mind!
There his Waterloo he met,
And he learned that there were yet
Things that even he could never, never find.

SETTLED WITH A WHACK.

On one of the late ferry boats the other evening was a well-dressed man and woman who sat side by side on the deck talking earnestly.

When the boat was about west of Governor's Island the man said in a loud voice:

'But I say it was, and that settles it.'

'Oh, well, it does not,' said his companion, rising from her seat and bringing a parasol down on his head with a bang; 'but that does.'

Evidently it did, for the man jumped from his seat and quickly put the length of the boat between the parasol and his head, which, by the way, was bald on top and bled a little from the blow.

To a few men who gathered around him with inquiring faces as he mopped his cranium, he said:

'It's all right, gentlemen—all right. She's my wife. We had a little discussion about some music we heard at the beach. I thought I knew more about it than she did, but I find out that I didn't.'

The pair left the boat arm-in-arm ten minutes later.

Mistress: 'What wages do you expect?'

Cook (indignantly): 'I never works for wages, mum; I goes on salary or nothing.'

HIS MEANS OF SUPPORT.

'This makes the third time that you have appeared before me charged with begging on the streets,' said the Judge, 'and, although you are a woman, I will have to send you up for thirty days.'

'Please don't do it, Judge,' sobbed the woman. 'I have a large family to support, and what would my husband and my children do if you were to send me up?'

'Your husband? Have you, indeed, a husband?'

'Yes, your Honor,' said a man, stepping forward from the crowd. 'I am her husband, and I want to ask you to be lenient with her. She makes out like she's too sick to work, but if you let her out this time I'll see to it that she works in the future and supports her family.'

'I don't think you will,' said the Judge. 'In fact, I'm going to let the woman go and send you up for six months as a vagrant. You have no visible means of support.'

And the man muttered as he was marched out: 'No visible means of support? Good Lord! Ain't my wife in court?'

A PROMINENT PERSONAGE.

Jawkins: 'Who is that man over there, going along with his nose in the air?'

Hogg: 'Sh! He's a mighty important personage. His picture and biography are in all the papers.'

Jawkins: 'Why, what has he done?'

Hogg: 'He's the man who was cured by Screechem's Liver Pills.'

A BAD MISTAKE.

'What's become of John?'

'What John?'

'John Thompson.'

'Why, haven't you heard?'

'No. The last time I saw him was early in the fall, when he said he was going to redeem his life from laziness—in fact, was going to forge ahead.'

'He said that, did he?'

'Yes.'

'Well, he made a little mistake somehow, and forged a signature. He's doing six years.'

NOT UP TO THE BUSINESS.

City Editor (to reporter): 'How thick is the ice on the mill pond, Robinson?'

Reporter: 'About half an inch.'

City Editor: 'Well, I saw a little boy going in that direction with a pair of skates slung over his shoulder; you had better saunter down that way.'

Reporter: 'Shall I stop him from going on the ice?'

City Editor (with intense scorn): 'Stop—him—from—going—on—the—ice.' (Turning to speaking tube): 'Cashier, pay off Robinson and discharge him.'

HE SAW IT AT LAST.

The clock had just struck eleven and was ticking away in a discouraged manner on the next hour, but young Fitzmaurice de Bang had not gone. The young lady was gazing dreamily at him, or rather through him, and his heart stirred with a vague, nebulous rapture.

'Aw—Miss Laura,' he said, tenderly, 'may I ask you what you are looking at?'

'Nothing,' she murmured, and her pensive dreamy gaze still seemed to rest on the young man.

Fitzmaurice de Bang sat in thoughtful silence for nearly ten minutes. Then a light appeared to dawn by degrees on his mind. He reached mechanically for his hat, rose in a preoccupied way, moved abstractedly toward the door, went slowly out, and she never saw him again.

'Johnny,' said the pretty teacher, 'what is a kiss?' 'I can't exactly put it in words,' returned the boy; 'but if yer really want to know, I can show yer.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mrs T. Youngwife (sobbing): 'Y-you are ungrateful. Didn't I bake you three big cakes last week, and what have you done for me?' Thomas: 'Didn't I eat them?'

Friend: 'What became of that young man you were engaged to last summer?' Miss Catchem (innocently): 'Which one?'

He: 'I really believe Miss Highup tried to cut us.' She (rival belle): 'If she had tried she would have succeeded. Did you ever see such a hatchet face?'

'She may have a temper, but she is interesting. Did she ever get over the death of her first husband?' 'Yes; but her second husband is inconsolable.'

He: 'Then you reject me?' She: 'I'm sorry, very sorry, but I must.' He (desperately): 'Then there is only one thing left for me to do, that's all.' She (anxiously): 'Oh, what do you intend to do?' He: 'Propose to somebody else.'

Musical Editor (meeting composer): 'Hello, Tewnes! I haven't seen you since you got married. Doing anything in our line?' Composer: 'Nothing much—only a little—er—cradle song in A flat.'

'How do you feel now?' inquired Smith of Brown, upon whom a two hundred pound female had fallen while trying to get a seat in a street car. 'As though I had had greatness thrust upon me,' replied Brown, smiling faintly, but facetiously.

Yabsley: 'I have always had an idea that after a couple had been married for some time even their thoughts became to a great degree identical. Am I right, Peck?' Mr N. Peck: 'I think you are. About now my wife is thinking over what she'll say to me for coming home so late. And so am I.'

A lecturer, discoursing on the subject of 'Health,' inquired:—'What use can a man make of his time while waiting for a doctor?' Before he could begin his answer to his own inquiry, some one in the audience cried out: 'He can make his will.'

Why Johnny Didn't Graduate.—'Define millennium, Johnny?' said the tired school-teacher, in the last half of the closing hour of the last day of school. 'The millennium,' said Johnny, promptly, 'is the time when it will be vacation all the year, and there won't be any old school-teachers around to ask little boys fool questions.'

A gentleman heard a young visitor in his house ask his own son, aged six, 'Which would you rather be—a walking policeman or a mounted policeman?' 'A mounted policeman, of course,' said the boy. 'Why?' asked the other. 'Cause if the robbers came I could get away quicker.'

'Where have you been?' asked Mrs Brown at the theatre of Mr Brown, just out between the acts. 'Oh, just out to see a man.' 'When did he die?' 'When did who die?' 'The man you went out to see.' 'What are you talking about?' 'Well, judging from your breath it must have been a spirit you saw.'

'So you are a rapid shorthand writer?' 'Yes, sir.' 'I should think it would be difficult to take everything down a speaker says.' 'It's not hard when you understand it. I was reporting a speech the other day, and I thought I would see how fast I could report, and will you believe me none of the speakers could follow me.'

A Head for Business.—Philanthropist (to coloured woman): 'Your boy looks as if he might have a head for business, madame.' Coloured woman (proudly): 'Yer bet yer life he has boss. He's de champyun butter of dis yere distrikt.'

A Cure for Vanity.—Jinkers: 'That man is the most insufferable lump of conceit that ever trod the earth. I wish he could be Premier.' Winkers: 'You do? Why?' Jinkers: 'The newspapers would make him sick of himself, in a week.'

Doctor: 'Troubled with insomnia—eh? Eat something before going to bed.' Patient: 'Why, doctor, you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed.' Doctor (with dignity): 'That, madam, was so far back as 1889. Science has made great strides since then.'

AN OKLAHOMA COURTSHIP.

Miss Lillie Begad: 'How did you come to accept Alkali Ike?'

Miss Randy Bitters: 'Because he was so brave. Why, just as soon as I asked him to do something heroic to show his love for me, he whooped till paw riz from his bed an' came down stairs to quiet the rumpus, an' then Ike whipped him inside uv two minutes. Oh! it was beautiful the way he done it; an', you know, paw always had the reputation of bein' the hardest man in the country to handle.'

HIS REWARD.

Benjamins: 'Ah! you haf saved mine leedle poy, but you have spoilt dose close. Here I gif you my card; you come round to my shop and I will gif you a new suit at haf price.