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THE MAY QUEEN.

ERNEST HARRINGTON'S REWARD.

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CHAPTER I.

THE COMING MAN. THE RECEPTION AWARDED HIM.

THE news spread quickly over the quaint little settlement of Catlin's River that Old Jones had at last found a purchaser for his farm. His neighbours were well pleased to hear it, for Old Jones was not one of those nice clean old men, who remind one of the restful peace of the calm, quiet evening which follows a well-spent day. He was not nice; he was not even clean; and he was cantankerous and crusty to a degree. He never paid a bill without disputing it; never gave a penny away in charity; never settled up with his workmen without defrauding them of some part of their earnings, if not the whole, the latter for choice; and never allowed his cattle to feed on his own section if by any chance he could get them to steal a bite off any one of his neighbour's. Men who had only worked a few weeks with him—and, indeed, few cared to work longer—rather than lose time by waiting about till they could force him to settle, brusquely informed him that he might keep his dirty money and go to—— the place reserved for him. As a general rule, they did not believe in any such locality as the one to which they thus referred. The doctrine of eternal punishment they usually laughed to scorn. There was no such place as hell. Of that fact they were well assured: yet they told Old Jones to proceed there, and felt fully convinced that he could not possibly miss his way. Oh! ah! yes; when they came to consider the matter there must be a hell for him, and the very few who resembled him, but not for the general public. The best of us are inconsistent in some things.

Old Jones, meanwhile, chuckled gleefully to himself as he reflected that this piece of fencing, or that thatch of bush-falling, had cost him nothing but the man's food, which being of his providing, was far from expensive. As to the gratuitous advice he had received regarding his future movements, he took no heed of that, for he did not believe in the locality either, at least so far as it concerned himself. He was well aware that no one ever spoke a good word for him; but why need that trouble him? Good words never got work done cheaply, but his system did, therefore he preferred it. Local men would not engage with him on any consideration, but what matter? He could easily secure all the aid he required from the shifting tide of swaggers, who are ever wandering up and down the colonies in search of a job. They did not know him, but probably soon would.

Thus much have I written about Old Jones' peculiarities to show that his neighbours had good reason for refraining from grieving over his departure from amongst them. There exists no possible necessity why I should write more about him, and at this I rejoice, and so may my readers, for the old gentleman would not make a desirable hero for this or any other story. It would be mere waste of time even to hold him up as a sad warning to those who resembled him, if there are any, for they would never believe they were the least like him.

But to proceed. The arrival of a new settler in a sparsely inhabited district in a new country is an event which can only be fittingly spelt with a big E. He is the object of much profound speculation. As a fresh subject of conversation alone he is worth his weight in gold. The state of the weather, the price of stock, the last Road Board election, nay, even the last returns for frozen meat, sank into comparative insignificance for the time in the bucolic minds of the men. And as for the fairer portion of the community, the usually engrossing topics of dress, butter-making, and even the latest church tea-fight, with its delightful wind-up—the free and easy dance—ceased for the time to occupy their minds. They could not hold their own against the new man. The all absorbing question with each and every one was, 'Have you seen the man who bought Old Jones out?' But no one could yet answer in the affirmative. Curiosity was intensely aroused. An agent had come down and purchased the property for him, and all the information that he vouchsafed respecting his principal was that his name was Ernest Harrington, that he had been a digger, was about thirty years of age, and last, but not of least importance, was single.

Vivid feminine imaginations seized these simple naked facts with becoming modesty, and, shocked at their nakedness, without loss of time clothed them decorously with the voluminous robes of vast possibilities. A retired digger and single, what might not that mean? It was hard to say. On one occasion two adventurous youths had returned to pay a visit to their families after a few years spent at the Blue Spur and other prolific gold fields, and had taken to themselves wives of the daughters of the land. They were fine-looking young fellows, and had been exceptionally lucky. The happy brides wrote to their girl friends letters teeming with eulogies on their husbands' many virtues and nuggets. The Catlin's River girls were therefore prepared to adore diggers. In their estimation they were invariably wealthy, and they were also fine, manly, handsome fellows. They danced divinely, they were amusing and entertaining, never at a loss for something to say, and above all fell in love with delightful facility. To have one of them sweet on you was, they affirmed, perfectly lovely. They gave such valuable presents, were always in a great hurry to get married, and there was a delicious admixture of boldness and romantic reverence in their attentions. The very nature of their calling, the constant search, the ever present expectation of finding inestimable wealth in the bowels of the earth, imbued them with the firm conviction that they would find pearls without price in the hearts of their adored. They found them occasionally, but it is only reasonable to suppose, to carry out the simile, that, on more thoroughly prospecting their claims, they often dropped on a 'wild cat.' Then followed the deluge!

This last reflection is my own; it found no place in the minds of the young damsels. They were discussing Mr Harrington's probable attributes, not their own.

'But,' said one of more mature years and experience than the others, 'what if Mr Harrington does not come up to your glowing expectations? I have noticed that men rarely do,' this rather lugubriously.

'Oh! even if he doesn't quite, at all events he will be a new man, and as that alone he can't help being a godsend! I'm sick to death of these hobbledehoys of cockatoos' sons who have never been ten miles from their own doors, and possess ideas bounded by that limit.' (She had been five miles or so farther, and so was competent to talk.) 'They fall in love readily enough too—in fact, never seem out of it; but with them falling in love seems to mean standing staring at a girl like great gawks with their thumbs in their mouths till her friends chaff her most unmercifully, and she—gets no satisfaction.'

There was a general laugh at Miss Molly's outspoken confession of her own experiences, and unmitigated indulgence in banter at her expense. This she enjoyed mightily. It was what she wanted. She was exceedingly plain, there was therefore the more pressng need to enact the rôle of the too much worshipped beauty, and give her hearers the impression that she had far more admirers, if silent ones, than they gave her credit for, or, indeed, than she well knew what to do with. I have met others like her in this respect of both sexes. I do not care much for them, especially the men.

The young men, whom Miss Molly had so irreverently termed gawks, with the distrust and dislike common to their class and age of any strange man animal who is about to swoop down upon them, and concerning whom the girls are already raving in a delightful fever of anticipation, thereby pushing them out into the cold just as they had arrived at the age to feel the warmth of feminine attractiveness—these youths, I say, were convinced that the newcomer would prove a fraud. That he could not be wealthy, or he would have purchased a station instead of a bush section; that he might certainly be a bachelor, but was sure to pass off as one, whether he was or not. At all events, there must be something wrong about the man who left the goldfields to come and 'cockatoo' in a quiet little corner like Catlin's River. He must have something to hide. They hinted as much to the young women when the subject, so distasteful to them, was under discussion. If, however, they thought to gain anything by aspersing the coming man, they erred grievously.

In due course of time Mr Ernest Harrington arrived and took possession of his property. There was an unusually large congregation at the modest little place of worship on the Sunday succeeding his arrival. The fair sex predominated even to a greater degree than usual, especially in the seats near the door, generally rather empty. They had risen half an hour earlier that morning, and had spent it before their glasses. It was time well spent, as three or four extra ribbons testified. They looked their best, and this was quite passable for young women who had not the advantage of town style and fashion.

'Why, Sissy, you are a penny masher this morning. What a lark if the new man doesn't turn up! I'll bet my bottom dollar he doesn't!' exclaimed a younger brother, in genuine younger brother phraseology.

'Pooh! do you think I'd trouble to dress for him, you young idiot? What do I care whether he's there or not? Just mind your own business, will you?' was the scornful reply.

Nevertheless this young lady's eyes brightened wonderfully when Ernest walked in and took a vacant seat next her. She could not help admitting, however, after due inspection from behind her book, that he was disappointing to a degree. He did not look a bit like a digger. He was neither handsome, manly-looking, nor muscular, but was plain, undersized, and deficient in flesh and muscle. All that could be said in his favour was that he had a clear honest expression in his eyes which many a better-looking man lacked.

In truth, when they came to know him better these girls found that he was of a bashful nature, shunned rather than courted their society, had very little to say to them if he happened to be thrown in their company, and worst crime of all, did not seem in the least inclined to fall in love with any of them. They doubted indeed if he knew what it meant. Yes, there was no getting over the fact, he was a disappointment. They admitted it amongst themselves. The half-fledged cockatoos before mentioned gloried in the downfall of these girlish hopes, and boasted of their own superior discernment. They knew all along the fellow would turn out a brute. They put on airs in the girls' presence which, but for the feelings which prompted them, would have been considered by their fair companions a vast improvement on their usual diffident deportment. But it can easily be surmised that these blooming country lasses, whose vigorous love of fun and broad sense of humour were not inconveniently hampered with the troublesome retsrictions of refinement and delicacy which are supposed to obtain with their better-informed and more delicately-nurtured sisters, did not give Mr Harrington up without making some slight efforts to draw him out of his shell—efforts which probably will be considered ill-advised, to say the least. At first they contented themselves with entering his hut in his absence and putting things straight for him, as they termed it. Old Jones' patent home-made wooden latch, which would never catch, but had to be tied with a leaf of flax, had not yet been replaced by a proper lock. The girls washed up his crockery, burnished his billy and frying pan, inscribed amatory passages intensely underlined, exhibiting infinitely more fervour than brilliancy, in the fly leaves of his books, affixing thereto one another's signatures, and displayed the exuberance of their fresh young feelings in many other unique ways calculated in their estimation, but in theirs alone, to inspire the object of their attention with sensations of love and sweet thoughts of conjugal felicity. Had they drawn the line here all would perhaps have been well. The evidences of their frequent visits amused rather than annoyed Ernest after he had, by a thorough search on several succeeding evenings, allayed the ever-haunting dread that one or more of his uninvited guests might prove to be concealed about the premises, and spring out at him suddenly from her or their hiding-place. Such search proving needless, he discontinued it, and reflected philosophically that it might be as well to allow the poor girls to do his dirty work for him provided they did not come into personal contact with him. It appeared to afford them amusement, and did not hurt him, as the big man, in the old story, said when a friend inquired why he allowed his little dot of a wife to hammer him.

But as I have hinted, they did not draw the line here. One evening Ernest came in, having washed at the creek on his way up to the house, as was his usual custom, took his solitary tea, had a good read and a smoke, then with a yawn determined to retire to rest, though it was yet early, his manual labour having made him drowsy. He had not visited his bedroom since he came in. His candle had burned out, but no matter; he could jump into bed in the dark; it was not worth while getting another. Entering the only other apartment his but contained, he flung off his clothes, felt his way to his bunk, and sprang into it. But what was this? He was out of it in no time. It was occupied. For a moment the old fear of some love-sick damsel being concealed about the place almost paralysed him. This was simply awful. What on earth would they do next? He must strike a match and assure himself that it was not as he dreaded. He did so, but it was the only one in his box. It blazed up for a moment, then went out suddenly, but, oh, horrors! that uncertain light confirmed his suspicions—the occupant of his couch was a female. More he could not yet discover, but was not this enough?

I have said he was bashful, I will add he was virtuous. Many bashful men are, but it is not their fault; it is their fear that makes them so. It was not so with our hero. To his praise be it recorded that his virtue was due to high principle, not to diffidence. Forgetting his clothes in his haste, he fled from the room. If the girl had no regard for her own reputation, he would guard it for her to the utmost of his ability, and in this respect he rightly felt he was a very able man. Hunting up a fresh candle and another box of matches, he procured a light, wished he had his clothes, and sat down to think over the situation, and shiver. His fire was out, and the night grew colder. Clothes, overcoat, rug, everything, in fact, which would impart warmth was in the other room, and, worst of all, so was the girl. And now it suddenly struck him, that she might come out at any time. He shivered more at the thought than he had done with the cold. He must get his attire at all risks, otherwise he would not be ready to receive company, taking into due consideration its sex. He would open the door very gently. She might be asleep—he fervently hoped she was—then he could creep in and get his clothes. He opened the door the tiniest bit and listened intently. Not a sound of the heavy breathing of a person sleeping. She must be awake and waiting to play some trick on him. What was to be done? He could not go in dressed, or rather undressed, as he was. Again he listened. Still not a sound except the beating of his own heart. That was making noise enough for two. He could not make it out. Pushing the door a trifle wider open, but still concealing his figure carefully behind it, he held the candle so as to cast its light on the recumbent form. Ha! it was not a girl after all. His limited knowledge of the sex assured him that no girl would array herself in an old-fashioned night cap like that on any consideration whatever. He very much doubted whether they wore nocturnal headgear at all, but an unfashionable one, never. And now he caught sight of the face. Why, it must be the old half-mad woman who lived away down in the gully by herself! But she looked far more hideous at night than by daylight. This surprised him somewhat. Ladies who are dependent on toilet aids might exhibit an extra degree of ugliness when deprived of them on betaking themselves to rest, but one could hardly accuse the widow Bellew of getting herself up. At all events he was delighted to find the occupant of his couch was not one of those horrid girls, whose playful pranks he so much dreaded and his courage returned. He boldly slipped in and secured his raiment and slipped out again. There was still no signs of breathing. Could the poor old thing be dead? It was his duty to see as soon as he was dressed, but a duty he did not half appreciate. He approached the bunk with some misgiving, spoke to her loudly, but she did not move a limb. He next grasped what he judged to be her shoulder, and shook it gently. Still no movement. A more vigorous shake and a startling result—the old lady's head rolled off her body. He jumped backward in horror, then discovered that his dismay and virtuous indignation had been wasted on a bulky bolster surmounted by a mask portraying feminine feature, of hoary antiquity and unparalleled ugliness, and arrayed in a wide-frilled night cap and gown also, rightly judged by Ernest to be antiquities from their dirty yellow hue and general shapelessness. Without a blush, and totally regardless of the respect due to age, he incontinently dragged the old lady forth, disrobed her, and casting her habiliments into the far corner of the room, sought his couch.

'I wonder whose the darned things are?' he said to himself as he did so. 'It does not matter anyhow; the owner'll turn up if she wants them. I hope it won't be till the morning though. This night work seems to upset me somehow.'

The owner did turn up in the morning. She was in a towering rage; it was the half-mad woman. Ernest's next quarter of an hour was a bad one. In language which has deservedly sunk into oblivion she accused our hero of purloining her property off her clothes line. In vain he denied the imputation. She would not listen to him. The girls, she said, had seen him take them; that was proof enough for her. They weren't aired, and she hoped he'd catch his death of cold; it'd serve him right.

Ernest did not like the girls any the better after this *contretemps*, nor did it make him one whit more desirous of changing his condition. To have girls like them in the house for half an hour uninvited was bad enough, he felt. A lifetime spent with one of them would be too trying.

CHAPTER II.

THE LITTLE BUSH MAIDEN—ERNEST WAXES ELOQUENT.

FINDING their efforts at eliciting from him any spark of answering devotion useless, and a new look on the door, these high-spirited young rural beauties forthwith left Ernest to his own resources for amusement, entertainment, and house-tidying. He was grateful for his escape from their amorous persecutions. Meantime, he worked away with a will and the assistance of his man at the arduous task of subduing that portion of the wilderness which was his by right of purchase. The grass grew fast in the older clearings, and it was soon necessary to procure stock to eat it. He casually heard of a settler who had some weaned calves for sale. They might suit, so he went to see them. The old man was bedridden, but he lost nothing by allowing his good lady to transact sales of stock and other business in his stead. She prided herself on her judgment and capabilities as a stock saleswoman, and not without reason. Pleading poverty, which was but too apparent, she fixed a price on the animals which Ernest thought too high. He had not, however, either the pluck or the heart to haggle with her, as he might have done with a man, but closed the bargain at once. And now the trouble begun. Purchasing calves is easy enough if you have the money, but driving them home is an entirely different matter, especially when one side of the road is unfenced and skirted by standing bush, in which they have been accustomed to run. First one dodged in; while Ernest was running after him the others followed suit. They had never left home before, and were not disposed to do so now, if they could possibly avoid it. Fresh weaned calves have wills of their own, and if occasion serves they use them. Ernest was on foot. In this bush country a horse would be worse than useless. Time after time he drove them some few chains up the road, only to see them double back in a most exasperating manner.

The old lady calmly watched him from the verandah. She could sell calves, but would not guarantee to deliver them. Chasing them through the bush was not quite in her line. At last she took pity on him.

'Hold on, young man, I'll send Maggie to help you,' she cried.

Ernest frowned, 'Another of those horrid girls. Much good she'll do me. She'll only laugh at me, and make matters worse. I wish to Heaven I'd never seen the old woman's calves. Never mind, Mrs Martin,' he continued aloud, 'I'll bring the man to-morrow.'

His reply came too late. The old lady had already called her daughter from the wash-tub and instructed her to 'go and help that duffer of a digger fellow, or he'd never get the calves away.'

Maggie, nothing loth, hastily wiped the suds from her steaming arms, popped on her hat and a tight-fitting scarlet jacket to cover her plump white shoulders, hitherto bared for greater freedom of action and coolness of body while she toiled. The hot rays of the summer sun beating on the low roof of the little lean-to wash-house, combined with the steam from the tubs, caused the temperature to be sultry, and superfluous clothing undesirable. Having thus made herself presentable, she sallied forth. She had previously obtained several surreptitious peeps at the perspiring and perplexed stranger from behind the blind of her little window. She liked the look of him, and also pitied him. When bidden, therefore, she went to his assistance with becoming alacrity and the prompt obedience so pleasing in the young.

Vexed and harassed as Ernest was with his humiliating failures, and also at the idea of a girl being sent to his assistance, he could not but stand still and stare with wondering admiration at the frisky little dark-eyed beauty who suddenly flashed on his sight. He could see at a glance she was not one of those bold young explorers who had invaded the sacred precincts of his bachelor hut. She was a modest little maiden some seventeen or eighteen years of age, short of stature, but shapely and supple of figure, attired in the scarlet bodice before mentioned, and a very short skirt of a different material. These garments certainly bore evidence of much wear and tear, but neat needlework and skilful darning had done much to repair the ravages of time and bushlawyers. The effect altogether struck Ernest as being highly picturesque, and the costume admirably adapted for speedy movement in scrub and bush. Some extra particular sort of people might, it is true, have taken exception to the shortness of skirt and lavish display of prettily moulded lower limb. Ernest did not; but then in this respect he was not an extra particular sort of person.

Although he paused to gaze at her, she certainly did not return the compliment. A passing glance, a curt nod, a hasty spoken 'Good-day, sir,' and she was off into the bush like a shot, leaping fallen logs, diving under overhanging branches, and threading intricate interlacements of supplejack with a rapidity and lissom gracefulness which bespoke a practised bush woman in perfect health. Ernest acknowledged to himself that he was nowhere in the race. She beat him almost to a standstill, though you may be sure he did his best to keep up with her. The refractory calves also acknowledged her supremacy, for they were speedily reduced to order, and driven out of the bush to a part of the road where a fence on either side, and a sweet patch of white clover in the middle, restrained their wandering proclivities, and occupied their attention.

Out of breath with their smart bit of bush-scouring, these two widely dissimilar stockdrivers, with one consent, sank down on a soft moss-cushioned log for a much-needed rest. Not close together; oh, no! quite a becoming distance apart. Finding he had not yet sufficient breath for seemly speech to thank his companion for her opportune and valuable assistance, Ernest did the next best thing in his estimation. He took another good look at her. She was well worth it. Never before did he remember having seen so fair a picture. He wondered afterwards how it was the bushfulness, which troubled him, when in company with other girls, did not for a moment prevent him gazing straight at this little bush maiden. In flying through the bush rude, envious supplejacks had knocked off her hat, but a hat more or less mattered not when unruly calves had to be dealt with. She did not wait to pick it up; another day would do for that. A projecting branch next disarranged her hair; it fell in shimmering showers to her trim waist. She now sought in the most natural manner possible to reduce the glossy black tresses into something like order. Her attitude was perfect. The upraised arms stretched backwards to effect this object threw her well-developed bust well forward. It rose and fell tumultuously with her quickened breathing. Her colour, naturally bright, was heightened by the sharp exercise, and the dense dark green mass of foliage at her back threw out every delicate curve of the ravishing figure into rich relief. Her pose would have driven a painter crazy. Ernest was not a painter, therefore he kept his reason; I am not so sure about his heart. Be this as it may, though only an amateur, he secured a mental photograph of her, which for faithfulness of detail and proof against fading could not have been surpassed by a professional. The light in which he regarded her might have especially favoured him. If the young women who at our hero's first arrival judged him deficient in admiration of the fair sex could have seen him now, they would have altered their verdict, and merely wondered what he could see in that silly little chit of a Maggie to stare at her so. If it had been either of them now——

Miss Maggie, meantime, was in no way disconcerted by his gaze of admiration. In truth she was too busily engaged with her hair to notice it. At last he found breath and words:

'What a splendid hand you are in the bush, Miss Martin! I should never have succeeded in getting those contrary little brutes out without your assistance. You can't think how much obliged I am to you!'

'Well, yes, I think I am pretty fair. I ought to be, anyhow, for I have heaps of practice. You see since father's been laid up all the work falls to mother and me, for I've no brother except poor Davie, who never could walk without crutches. I have to do everything. I can catch, saddle, and ride almost any sort of horse. I can yoke up and drive our two old working bullocks, cut down trees and haul firewood, hunt wild pigs, and do all sorts of things. Did you see old Juno in her kennel up by the house? You know we are very poor, and if it wasn't for her and me it's very little meat we'd see on our table, I can tell you. She's my pet, and a most useful one. None of your fine ladies' lapdogs for me. Give me a dog that can hold a pig, and earn her salt. Juno's getting old and stiff, but I never saw the pig that could get away from her yet, when she once gets her grip. We keep a lot of cows in the bush. I hunt them up and milk them, and we sell the butter down at the Saw Mills on the river bank. I don't know what you'll think of me after all I have told you! I'm a sad chatterbox, I know, but it's so seldom I meet anyone here I care to talk to. It's a real treat when I do, so you must excuse me. What did you pay mother for the calves?'

'Excuse you, my dear young lady! I should rather think I would if there was anything to excuse, which there isn't. If it's a treat to you to talk, what must it be to me to listen? One pound each I gave you mother for the calves. I don't think them dear, at least not very.'

'I do, then. There were better sold last week at seventeen and sixpence. Fifteen shillings would have been quite enough for them. It was too bad of mother. Because she heard you had money she stuck it on. I am wild at her "having" you, taking advantage of your not knowing their value. I don't mind her "having" other people if she can, for as we are so poor we want every penny we can get. You must excuse her though.'

'Oh, it doesn't matter a rap! don't trouble about it. I'm quite satisfied. They are just the sort I wanted, and will grow into the money in a few weeks even if they are not absolutely worth it to-day. The clover will be up to their knees in Jones' old clearing,' returned Ernest, well pleased that she should single him out as one whom she considered her mother should have spared from undue spoliation.

'Poor little pets,' she said sadly. 'I am so sorry they are sold. I always fed them myself.'

'What wouldn't I give to be a calf at feeding time,' sighed Ernest, 'though in truth I'd rather be excused that sounding crack you gave Master Snowball across his nose when you were rousing him out of the bush.'

'I dare say you would, for though I love them when they are good, I make them respect me, and the stick is the only thing to effect that. It's horrid being so poor. If only we weren't dependent on every shilling we can scrape together, we could keep our calves till they grew up, and thus get a nice mob of cattle. But now directly they are old enough to be independent of me and the bucket, off they have to go. I hope you have good fences, Mr Harrington. If they can find the least hole to creep through, they'll be back here before to-morrow morning. Weaners always do try their hardest to get back till they forget the bucket or their mothers, as the case may be.'

'I am not the least surprised at their wanting to get back, Miss Martin. I should if I was a calf. But you need not fret at parting with them. You can come and pet them as often as ever you like. It's an easy walk, and I shan't mind in the least, I assure you,' returned Ernest hurriedly, and somewhat awkwardly.

Whether it was the fault of the fences I am not prepared to say, but it is a well authenticated fact that those identical calves did work their way back to the place of their birth, not once, but many times, and Ernest always came alone to look for them. The man invariably happened to be busy on these occasions. It spoke volumes for Miss Maggie's good nature that she never wearied of rendering him all the aid in her power, and he, for his part, never under-rated it since that first memorable occasion. The rests in the gnarled old rata log increased in length on each subsequent occasion. Ernest's conversational powers developed themselves at a surprising rate. He marvelled much at his loquacity. No one else ever made him talk like this fresh unsophisticated little bush maiden. She on her part, as we have seen, from the first never experienced any difficulty in keeping up her end of the conversation. She drew him out of himself. He became communicative concerning events of his past life which he had never before mentioned to a living soul. They were simple enough in themselves. His thirty years or so of life had certainly not been so brilliant and happy as they might have been under other circumstances. In this he was not unique. There are very few of us, indeed, who could not have said the same at his age if we have already passed it.

With regard to this past of his then, whatever it was, he was accustomed to take his troubles philosophically, much as one does when one gets into the way of expecting little else. He was not, however, by any means embittered, nor did he make a practice of boring his acquaintances by whining about his ill-luck, as too many do. It was only after many assertions that a relation of any of the incidents of his past life could in no way interest his hearer, and her emphatic contradictions of these assertions, that he was persuaded to relate to her somewhat of himself and his doings. He much preferred hearing her talk about herself and her home life, and he said so.

'That is all very fine, but I don't see why you are to let me do all the talking and have all the fun of listening to yourself,' was her unanswerable reply.

Fun was certainly not the word to describe his sensations while listening to her pathetic story, but Miss Maggie had not always time to select her words with a due respect to their exact meaning. The sensation which her story called forth was a new one to him. Until now all he had known about the word 'sympathy' was that it consisted of three syllables, and was to be met with in the dictionary, and it was just possible on rare occasions out of it, though he was not very certain about that. But what matter? It was not often required. He had rubbed along very fairly without it. Now he began to realize its blessed meaning, as Miss Maggie, in gentler tones than usual, and with tears in her soft dark eyes, told how her father had been struck down by a tree he was felling during his first year of bush life, six years ago now, but he was doomed never again to rise from his bed, though he might linger on it for years. How her brother had been a cripple from his birth, afflicted with pains and aches innumerable, yet withal so patient and uncomplaining, so ready to see the bright side of everything, to cheer and comfort her mother and herself when weary and cast down with their desperate daily struggle for existence, and the Herculean task they had undertaken of looking after two invalids and carrying on the farm unaided. But on this I will not enlarge. It is with Ernest's recital that we have more particularly to do.

'Well, if you really are determined to hear something about me,' he commenced, 'I had better begin at the beginning. My father had originally a fair income in the old country, but the maintenance and education of myself and brother, together with five sisters, made no inconsiderable hole in it. The much-asked-and seldom-satisfactorily-answered question of what to do with his boys sorely perplexed him. He at last solved it by emigrating to New Zealand and purchasing a farm. This he considered would find ample employment and a good home for us all. As long as he lived we were happy as the day was long. It had been always understood that at his death Ted and I were to have the farm between us, and that other provision was made for mother and the girls; but when he was thrown from his horse and killed on the spot, it turned out that by some unaccountable means I had been entirely forgotten, and Ted got the farm to himself. He and mother had worked on the old man somehow. I don't blame father. I know the day before his death they had a long argument about it, and I feel certain that if he had lived but another few days he would have provided in some way for me. Ted was always the favourite with mother and the girls. They none of them ever seemed to take to me, but dad always stuck up for me. I've no doubt they bothered him into letting Ted have the farm, and he thought he saw his way clear to fix me up some other way, but hadn't time to do it. Ted offered me work at good wages on the place, but I rejected his offer with scorn. I couldn't stand that, so I sailed for Australia to try my luck there. I was barely sixteen, but I obtained a stockman's billet, and soon began to save money. Up in the bush there was no way of spending it except at the grog shanties, and my tastes, fortunately, did not lie that way. After I had been there two years I fell in love, or fancied I did, which amounts to much the same thing with a mad-headed young fool of eighteen. The girl was a smart housemaid at the home station—But those calves are trying to work back. I'll give them a start, and come back to you in a jiffey.'

Miss Maggie had been listening with interest and pity to his story until he talked of falling in love. At this point a new sensation seized her, which she could best describe as a dull sinking feeling in the region of her heart. She wished he had left that part out, and, indeed, most men would have done so. Still, if she did not care to hear what was coming she could easily make some excuse to return home, and thus escape it. But no she would not do that. She must hear the sequel now, whatever it was. At this moment he returned, and this time was bold enough to take a seat much nearer her.

'And did this girl you speak of love you in return?' asked Maggie, fervently hoping the answer would be in the negative.

'Love me in return? I should just about think she did, if the way she took my kisses and presents was any criterion. We exchanged photos, and she promised to marry me as soon as ever I could put together another fifty pounds. That with what I had already saved, she judged was the least with which she would be tempted to start housekeeping.' Poor Maggie's indisposition increased alarmingly, but she bore it silently. 'The boss,' continued Ernest, 'was delighted to hear of our contemplated wedding, and promised me a larger hut. He had taken an immense fancy to me, and thought if I was once married I should settle down for good. To expedite the raising of the requisite sum, and also to suit his convenience in another way he offered me double wages if I would take charge of a mob of cattle on a new block of country he had just taken up. The blacks, he said, were reported to be a bit troublesome so we must keep a sharp look out. It was worth more than he offered me to live up on that ungodly back block, and go about constantly with your life in your hands, or worse still, in the hands of any sneaking black fellow who thought fit to lie in ambush and take it; but I did not consider this at the time. The joy of being able to earn enough in a few months to claim my bride counterbalanced this danger, and also the fact that I should have to leave her in the meantime.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FIG WINE.

FIGS are largely employed, especially in Algeria, for the production of fictitious wine. For this purpose figs from Asia Minor are preferred on account of their relative cheapness and richness in sugar. When the fruit is treated with a suitable quantity of tepid water acidified with tartaric acid, fermentation rapidly commences, resulting in the production of a vinous liquid of about 8deg. alcoholic strength, and so inexpensive that it defies all competition of genuine grape wine, Algerian or otherwise. Fig wine cannot be distinguished either by taste or the ordinary methods of analysis from genuine grape wine, especially when it is mixed with a proportion of the latter.

A Trip to the South Seas.

BY BERTHA V. GORING.

(ILLUSTRATED BY MARY B. DOBIE.)

I LEARNT to play the nose-flute, Mbeni being her teacher. In the picture of him and the cat he is holding one in his hand—simply a piece of bamboo with holes in it. The attitude in which one plays is not graceful, nor does it look respectful to the listener, for one has to press a thumb on one nostril, and to play on the flute with the remaining fingers, breathing gently into the uppermost hole from the other nostril. The sound emitted by the instrument is plaintive, but there is not much scope for execution or grand effect. Each native house has its fireplace, in which one or two brands always smoulder for lighting the sulaka with. It is simply an oblong space of the earthen floor left bare and sunken, with an edging of wood round it. The natives often gathered round it of an evening. We sometimes were glad of a rug over us at night, it being the winter season. The bed was simply a pile of mats and a mosquito screen, as I have described, with a pillow, and a rug to put over one if necessary. The top mat was an exquisitely fine one, made in the island of Rotumah. We had no sheets, preferring to sleep 'vaka-viti' (Fiji fashion). Besides, the mats are cooler, presenting a smooth polished surface. These Rotumah mats are very valuable, taking an immense time to make on account of the excessive fineness of the plait, each strand being about one-eighth of an inch in breadth, and the one I brought away with me measures—

Whilst M. carried on her musical studies under the tuition of Ratu Mbeni Tanoa (to give him his full title), I learnt mat-making from a woman who came to teach me, so what with our numerous excursions into the neighbourhood, making gowns for ourselves, sulus for some of the natives, and a piece of embroidery I had on hand for the English Church at Levuka, we were not idle. Mr Carew had a good collection of novels too, the chief time for enjoying which was inside one's mosquito screen over one's morning coffee and fruit. We were very regular in attending church, and though we could not understand much, enjoyed the fervour of the preacher and the unction with which he brought out the sonorous words. I liked the sound of the language, and used to get Ratu Mbeni to read to me from the Fijian Bible. The people are very devout, and their behaviour in church most reverent.

Having spoken often of yanggona, I ought to try to describe it. It looked rather like weak tea with a great deal of milk in it, tasted something like a chemist's shop, but with a peppery flavour that was 'comfortable.' I have the yanggona cup now that we used to drink from, with its delicate lining of purple enamel from the action of the fluid on the nut shell.

SON POPITJAN, A FIJIAN.

Mr des Voeux little boy, dressed up 'vaka viti.'

Visiting native towns in the neighbourhood we were gazed at with immense interest by the inhabitants, especially the women, who perhaps had never seen a white woman before. One old woman, to show affection and respect, instead of shaking my hand gently breathed upon it. If any men we met wore tappa cloth on their heads, as they sometimes do, turban fashion, as a protection from the sun, they would remove it until we had passed, the idea being that they should not wear any article of adornment before a superior. Some of their etiquette is very odd. It is disrespectful to *stand* before a superior. Caliban and Ariel always squatted down on coming into the room to deliver a message. It is also very rude to pass *behind* a person; you should always pass in front. This is probably because in olden days you would have felt afraid of a blow from a club if anyone were behind you. Now this constant state of warfare is over, but the old customs still prevail. Though I speak of tappa cloth that is not the Fijian name, it being 'masi.' Tappa is the English name, and comes probably from the way it is made, by tapping the piece of bark with flat wooden clubs made for the purpose. There is no 'p' in the Fijian language, therefore the word is an impossible one for them. I shall continue to call it by that name, however, as it is so commonly used now. One of our favourite walks was through the banana avenue; it was so shady and so beautiful. We had orange, lemon, and shaddock trees near, and used to adorn ourselves and the table with their delicious scented blossoms. Perhaps I should say something of our food, which was a mixture of Fijian and European. We had bread and scones (thanks to Mrs Witherow's care), tea, coffee, and

NAKOROSULI.

Australian wines, fowls, pork, and tinned meats of all kinds, but no milk and no potatoes. The yolk of an egg made a good substitute for the former in tea, and yams and taro took the place of the latter. Taro is larger than a potato usually is, of a grey mottled colour, something like Castile soap in appearance, with a flavour between a potato and a chestnut. It made an admirable stuffing for a turkey mixed with herbs. Mr Carew went fly-fishing sometimes, and so supplied the table with fish.

The dozen or so of cats all had names, some of great length—'Na vusi ulu vaka ngau ni vusi' for one, which being interpreted is, 'The cat with a head like the body of a cat.' Could anyone but a Fijian, to whom time is of no account, have thought of such a name? To show the beauty of their language, however, another was called 'Siosio,' which means 'an impudent, forward person who interrupts conversation by thrusting himself into it unasked.' All that in six letters! Even Humpty-Dumpty's meaning for 'Inpenetrability' can hardly beat it, as readers of 'Alice through the looking glass' will allow.

The native houses are most beautifully built, but like Solomon's temple, can be put up without noise, as hammers and nails are never used. All the parts are *tied* together. I wanted to drive in a nail one day to hang something from, but neither it nor a hammer were to be had in the place. We had an idea from the look of the sun that our time was an hour or two out. Mr Carew took it from my watch, which had not been set properly since leaving Auckland, and we had changed our longitude considerably in that time. I tried to put it right in Levuka, but no one could give me the time, they only knew it when a man-of-war was in! Can one wonder at 'Malua' being the favourite expression after this?

In our tramps about Nakorovatu we had some exquisite views, range after range of hills thickly wooded to the summit, and the river winding along amid beautifully fertile plains. Wild tobacco and coffee grew in many places. The natives did not know of the use of the former until traders from the Philippine Islands came in quest of beche-de-mer and sandal wood for the Chinese market. The wild coffee is not fit for use, but coffee plantations were being made in many parts by Government. Another thing that the Manilla merchants are supposed to have imported to Fiji is a game the natives play with their hands like the Italian game of 'moro.' We went a pleasant excursion one day in the big canoe, with the roof taken off it to allow of our seeing the view. We had luncheon in a native house with about fifty eyes watching our every movement with absorbed interest. While there a messenger followed us with letters carried like the sulukas in a split reed. One was from Mr Le Hunte telling us the Des Voeux had gone, and that Sir Arthur Gordon had returned in H.M.S. Cormorant. We found nutmegs in one of our walks growing wild, but of no use, I believe, though looking like the nutmeg of commerce. Its envelope of mace was a bright crimson when freshly fallen from the tree, but this soon faded to the yellow-brown one is accustomed to see as it comes from one's grocer.

Mr Carew had to go away on business for a day or two, leaving us under the care of the Mbuli and Ratu Mbeni. It seemed odd that we three women should be perfectly safe with no white man near us, in a country which three years ago was at war, and its people cannibals. The Wesleyan missionaries did a great deal in opening up the country and making it safe. We behaved very badly in our host's absence, speaking ungrammatical and broken Fijian (which he would not allow, being a master of the language) to the great amusement of the servants. I was rather alarmed one evening when going to bathe alone. An old man followed me shouting after me, and I fancied I was to be clubbed for his dinner, but found he was only saying, 'Sa vinaka vinaka marama sa vinaka,' viz., 'That is good,' and according to the habit of Fijian words possibly a good deal more besides. On Mr Carew's return we prepared for a trip up the river. M. and I had each made a stout dungaree petticoat and a loose blouse bodice of thin cotton stuff, also of dark blue, which we wore with a plain leather belt. A big reed hat, a bit of soft white muslin at our throats instead of collars, rough tan gloves and stout boots completed our travelling dress, and a very serviceable one we found it. We carried a few clothes, a mat, screen, pillow, and rug for a bed, all rolled up in our water-proof sheets, the black bag holding work, writing and sketching materials, etc. We started walking, letting the canoes follow with the luggage. The one with the house on it had six rowers, the smaller one two, so with our five selves (Ratu Mbeni was of the party), Caliban, Ariel, and another boy, we numbered sixteen. We tramped through lovely scenery, enjoying it much, although nearly melted with the heat, and stopped for luncheon at a place called Nairukuruku, where we took possession of a very nice house to rest in. One of the men brought some pine-apples and a bamboo full of water for us. After a time a small procession hove in sight, first a man carrying yanggona roots, then one with a pair of boiled fowls, followed by others with baskets of yams, also ready cooked, wrapped up in banana leaves. They laid all down in the middle of the house, we preserving a dignified silence, and pretending not to notice, which was *de rigueur*. There were then some solemn claps of the hands and a short speech or two, after which we ate of the good things provided, and had a brew of yanggona. In this place they strained it through fern leaves according to an almost obsolete Fijian fashion, and not with a bunch of hybiscus fibre, as is usual now. From there we went on to Nakorosuli, which we reached before five. M. and I preferred walking all the way, so Mrs Witherow had the coach and six to herself. At one or two villages we passed there was always a presentation of yanggona root, fowls and yams, Mr Carew representing the Government. At Nakorosuli we were given a beautiful little house, apart from the others and perched on a cliff, commanding a splendid view. I suppose someone went ahead, for we always found one ready for us at each halting place. Mr Carew was combining business and pleasure, showing us the country, and at the same time visiting coffee plantations and doing business in connection with his duties as a magistrate. The second day's journey we began by walking, crossing the river when necessary in a canoe, but after stopping for luncheon at Nasalia, we took to the canoes entirely as it began to rain. We had to go up a lot of rapids, and it was most amusing sitting snug under the shaggy roof, amidst the downpour, reading and knitting comfortably, with a lot of natives round the canoe dragging it over the shallow parts, laughing, jabbering and yelling. It was all they could do at times to keep it from floating down stream. Some of the men had blacked their faces for the journey, possibly to preserve their complexions, others had only bars or spots of black, or a chequered pattern, making them look very grotesque. Soon after

FIJIANS PREPARING FOR A FISHING EXPEDITION.

four we arrived as far up the river as we could go (now the Wailoa, which we had got into from the Wainimala, a tributary of the Rewa).

(TO BE CONTINUED).

THE ERUPTION OF NGAURUHOE.

THE recollection of the Eruption of Mount Tarawera and the destruction of the terraces have not yet been forgotten in New Zealand, especially by the inhabitants of the North Island, where the traces of volcanic action are so recent, and the centre of which abounds in volcanic activities of the most pronounced character. Recently the one live volcano of New Zealand has by a fresh outbreak reminded the people of this colony of the menacing possibilities in their neighbourhood. Overlooking the beautiful lake of Taupo in a region made waste by the fiery influences of the past stand the three mountains Tongariro, Ruapehu, and Ngauruhoe. Of these, though Tongariro enjoys the title of the Smoking Mountain, this in reality belongs to its neighbour Ngauruhoe, which is distinguished from it by its greater height and its peculiarly marked cone. In the two illustrations accompanying this notice the condition of Ngauruhoe when in activity is depicted. About three weeks ago the natives from Orakei, Karako, reported that a hot spring at Tarawera had suddenly burst into flame and had thrown up a considerable quantity of volcanic ashes and stones. It then subsided. At the same time Ngauruhoe, was displaying unusual activity. The whole mountain became hot, and from one of the craters in Ngauruhoe was discharged blue flames accompanied with black ashes. At 4.30. in the morning of Sunday, the 7th of February a native named Heta was passing under the base of the mountain when his horse suddenly stopped and displayed great fear. The mountain became agitated accompanied with a heavy rumbling noise. Suddenly a dense volume of flame and black smoke and volcanic stones and ashes shot up high into the air and threatened to overwhelm Heta, but a strong breeze of wind rose and carried the glowing mass to the westward. The ashes commenced to fall here about 6.30 a m., thus covering an area of over forty miles in this direction alone. During the day Ngauruhoe belched forth tremendous quantities of black smoke at intervals, and as seen from here the sight was a magnificent one. All day on February the 8th the mountain was covered with smoke, and nothing could be seen of what was happening within its vicinity. About 4.47 a.m. on Tuesday the 9th a heavy earthquake took place which lasted about thirteen seconds, and was followed by heavy booming from the Tongariro. The mountain was then sending up steam and smoke to a tremendous height.

NGAURUHOE—SCENE OF THE LATE ERUPTION.

DEAD IN THE DESERT.

IT was the 24th of December, 1870. I was at that time in charge of a division of engineers who were making a survey of the Mojave desert in Southern California.

For a month the officers and men had been eagerly looking forward to spending the Christmas holidays in the beautiful town of San Bernardino, on the other side of the Sierras.

On the 23rd the waggons, pack mules and all the men excepting three, who remained back to complete some work with myself, crossed the range that separates the Mojava desert from the flowering and fruitful paradise of Southern California.

For six weeks we had been working in the desert, running lines, taking elevations and platting our work at night by the smoky light of dried creosote and sapless sagebrush. At times we were sixty miles from the nearest water, and when obtained the water was alkaline. Many of our pack mules, maddened by thirst, broke their ropes and wandered further into the desert to die.

Hard tack and bacon, and not too much of that, had been the only food of the men since we entered the desert, and so the most cheerful became glum, and the skin of the youngest grew dry and parched as that of a mummy.

We did our work in silence; even the officers came to speak in whispers, for our throats were dry and our lips cracked. Everything with moisture in it parched as if in a furnace.

The alkali on the level expanses looked like dazzling snow. The fantastic hills and mesas were crumbling and burning up in the forceful and persistent fires of oxidation. And amid all this the mirage would appear to mock us with lakes and streams in which were reflected the spires, domes and minarets of grand oriental cities, such as might have been built by the genii of architecture.

It was half-past five in the afternoon and we hoped to reach the pass by dark, where fresh horses would carry us to the town before midnight and Christmas Day.

As our horses staggered on we saw three vultures rising from a dark object a little to the right. A glance through my field glass revealed the outlines of a prostrate man and horse stretched out side by side.

Years of this wild life had accustomed us to such sights. Yet as our hearts were full of thoughts of the joyous Christmas days of the past and of the rest, fresh food and water for bathing, which we were to enjoy on the morrow, there was something inexpressibly sad in the presence of death at such a time and at the foot of the purple mountains, beyond which lay Eden.

We reined in our thin, panting horses and dismounted. In that atmosphere no organic substance decays—it shrivels up and becomes as hard and indestructible as the glistening volcanic rocks that surround it; but enough remained to tell us that the horse had once been a noble creature, and the saddle and equipments were such as the wealthy Mexicans of Southern California delight in.

The man was of medium height, and the carbine, pistols and knife, still belted about his shrunken waist, indicated ability to resist. He was young. The long dark hair and the silky moustache, through which the white teeth gleamed told this. We opened the saddlebags and found $200 in gold, the titles to a lot of California mining lands made out to one 'Louis Bolton,' and a bundle of letters tied with a blue ribbon.

In the middle of the bundle there were two vignettes—one that of a sweet-faced, motherly lady, the other that of a beautiful girl, the name 'Dora' at the bottom of the picture being surrounded by a delicately painted wreath of forget-me-nots.

These letters were dated at 'The Elms,' but, as the envelopes were destroyed, there was nothing to indicate the town, state or land. One read as follows, and, curiously enough, it was dated Christmas Eve, a year before:

MY DARLING BOY,—I think of you at all times, but on Christmas Eve you fill my heart so that I can think of nothing else, and if it were not for Dora, who has come to cheer me, I fear I could not stand it. 'Where is my Louis to-night?' This question haunts me, and I picture you out in the deserts of that wild land, homeless and friendless, still hunting for gold. Ah, my boy, come back! Better poverty than this awful anxiety. But we cannot be poor where there is so much love.

The letter continued at length in this vein, and it ended, 'With love and kisses and blessings from Mother.'

The next letter was also written at 'The Elms' on Christmas Eve just a year before. I cannot pretend to quote it in full, but every line bespoke a noble womanhood and a profound love for the absent Louis.

'Do not think me impatient,' she urged, 'but I feel more and more that wealth does not mean happiness, and that the noblest manhood is not developed in the fierce struggle for gold. And then, my darling, the world is not so full of objects worthy of our love that we can afford to live our brief lives apart.

'You must not think that I am indifferent to the self-denial you exert and the sufferings you endure. I often fancy myself a man out seeking my fortune in that land of wonders; but I shudder when I think that you are surrounded by the dangers which my fancy conjures up. . . Nero, grown fat and lazy, lies at my feet as I write. I call your name, "Louis! my Louis!" and the dog starts up and rushes to the door with a joyous bark, but he hears no loved voice or footstep, and he comes back dejected and lies down with a moan. Ah, dear boy! if that dumb brute mourns your absence, how must it be with us?' . . .

And so the letter went on, full of love and gossip and gossip and love, till it ended with 'Ever and forever, Dora.'

We laid the body at the base of a volcanic cliff, and covered it with stones to save it from the vultures then we distributed the arms and saddlebags, so as to save our horses, and resumed our march for the west, where the peaks of the purple Sierras glowed like mighty fire opals in the light of the setting sun.

We found fresh horses at the pass, and then, although quite tired, we pushed on with all speed for the beautiful town of San Bernardino.

We were out of the desert. The odour of orange blossoms and perennial heliotrope filled the air, and the ripple of water came to our ears whenever we reined in our horses.

There never was such a clear, glorious Christmas Eve since the wise men from the east followed the star to Bethlehem and the manger in which lay the Christ child. Lights flashed through the groves, indicating the happy abodes of settlers, and now and then we heard a song that told of home and the musical laughter of children, whose special eve it was.

We found the hotel ablaze with light. There were wreaths and banners over windows and doors. There were flowers and the faces of beautiful women and handsome men wherever one turned. From the wide parlours came the rhythmic fall of feet and the swell of music.

Here was Eden, but on asking the landlord the reason of these festivities, he replied:

'It is a wedding. Louis Bolton, whose bride and mother reached here yesterday from the East, was married to-night.'

'Louis Bolton?' I repeated, and I thought of the dead man out on the desert.

'Yes; here he is. Let me introduce him.'

The landlord introduced me to a tall, handsome young man, and I at once took him to my room and showed him the arms and saddlebags.

As soon as he saw the titles, he threw his arms about my neck, and to my surprise he kissed me and shouted:

'You have brought a wedding present which makes me rich, rich as any honest man wants to be!'

Briefly, Mr Bolton's papers and much of his ready money had been stolen six months before by a Mexican desperado named Guan Chauz. The man was chased into the desert where he perished, and so my sympathy was wasted.

I met the dear mother, and I met 'Dora' that night, and I drank to their health and prosperity as the church bells rang in Christmas Day.

ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

TONGARIRO AND NGAURUHOE—SCENE OF THE ERUPTION.

SOMETHING ABOUT LOVE.

LOVE has been defined as a torment, a delight, a bore, a bother, the sole taste of paradise or—the other place.

It may be taken for granted, however, that given two people in health, with a keen enjoyment of sunshine and the fine weather, attracted for some reason to each other, with a charm of novelty about this attraction—for the love of to-day is curiously enough always different from the love of yesterday—the most perfect love will be possible if only one loves, and that one the man.

A man very quickly wearies of a woman who loves him.

For awhile adoration is delightful, then it is like too much sweet, and cloys him.

A woman is wisest when she has a sincere affection for a man, and her wisdom is that of the serpent, when she always keeps an attraction in reserve for him, and he is never quite sure of the charm that may come next.

When he next meets her she may greet him either with the words he has most longed for or a perfectly-dressed salad.

He doesn't know whether there will be a sweet invalid who can make his heart swell with joy, because his hand only can make the poor head stop aching, or whether a bright coquette will offer to pin a rosebud in his coat.

Never let a man be quite sure is the secret, for certainty and satiety are twin sisters.

AN UNREGISTERED PATENT.

A QUEER STORY.

'IT, surely, dear Mrs de Sylva you are not absolutely forced to leave us to-morrow ?'

'There is, unfortunately, not a shadow of doubt on the subject, Lord Nayve. I must leave Lucerne by the nine o'clock express to-morrow morning ; I am obliged to be in Paris early on Thursday. But don't let us talk of that now ; this is a perfectly divine waltz, and I really cannot consent to sit it out.'

Lord Nayve rose quickly, and the next moment was whirling round with his fair partner, to the languorous strains of one of Strauss's best waltzes.

'Pretty woman, that !' said one of the onlookers, as she glided past him. 'Who is she ?'

'A little Canadian grass-widow. Come to Europe on business, was knocked up with the voyage, and ordered to Switzerland to recruit—that's the yarn.'

'Poor little thing ! She looks too frail to be running about Europe alone.'

'Don't waste your pity, my good fellow ! She can take care of herself, you bet. She's not such an angel as she looks.'

Meantime Mrs de Sylva, after a few turns, declaring herself tired, was led off by Lord Nayve to one of the cool nooks which are not too numerous in the big, light hall of the Schweitzerhof.

She seated herself among the palms and flowers, and Lord Nayve felt that he ought to be able to say something appropriate about nymphs and goddesses, but the right words would not come, so he just stood still and watched her, and she certainly was worth the trouble. Mrs de Sylva was a perfect blonde. Her hair was like floss silk, soft and yellow and fluffy ; her big eyes of cornflower blue were shaded by long, dark lashes, which formed a shadow on her pale, delicate cheeks ; her whole face was like a flower, exquisitely pretty and appealing. Very *petite* in figure, with the hands and feet of a child, she seemed formed for tender care and protection, and she certainly made a great effort to fulfil her mission in life.

She had been in Lucerne for three weeks, she had not a female friend in the place, and every male in the hotel was her slave ! But Lord Nayve, in the first flush of his majority and emancipation, was her creature *par excellence* ! This young gentleman had lately inherited his father's title, which availed him not at all, and his maternal uncle's fortune, amassed in the soap trade, which enabled him to play the part of young Croesus with grace and effect. The fair Canadian had come, seen, and conquered him at once ; morning, noon, and night he danced attendance on her whims and fancies, and they were not a few.

To him she had confided the story of her loneliness, and all but desertion of her husband, Hippolyte, whose whole life and energy were engrossed by chemical experiments, away up in the vague Canadian regions. Proud of her confidence in him, and full of tender solicitude for this exquisite creature, he had felt it his bounden duty to be her guide, philosopher, and friend, and so now, when she announced her intention of taking this sudden journey, Lord Nayve felt that it was incumbent on him to discover that all possible precautions were taken to ensure her safety and comfort.

'But, dear Mrs de Sylva, you surely mean to break your journey at Basle, you cannot go straight through ?'

'Indeed, I must ; you see, but for my unfortunate illness on landing, I should have discharged the business which has brought me to Europe. As it is I have put it off to the eleventh hour, and now it must be attended to.'

'But—forgive me if I am indiscreet—is it not possible for someone to take your place, cannot you write, or—or—'

Madame de Sylva laughed softly—'Oh, no, that would not do at all ! You see it is quite a family matter, and—'

'Oh, pray pardon me, I am very sorry if—'

'Oh, there is nothing to be sorry about,' she answered gently, 'and there is no great secret about the matter, only I feared it might bore you.'

'Bore me ? Could you ?'

Madame de Sylva flushed slightly under the glance which accompanied these words, and continued in her soft, child-like tones—

'I am really my husband's messenger ! I have told you, have I not, that Hippolyte has a daughter by a previous marriage ? No ; I thought I had. I have never seen her, for years she has lived in Paris, she is an artist, at least so I am told. A little time ago she wrote to her father saying that she was going to be married, and demanding her *dot*. Hippolyte was very angry and wrote back that he would give her none ; that his fortune was devoted to the cause of science and was not to be wasted on buying useless packages of white falbalas, to be tied up with blue ribbons and stared at by all her friends. Hippolyte is very strange you know,' she added with a sigh.

'He is a——'

'Hush ! He is my husband,' she interrupted sweetly. 'Well, to continue, Virginie — that is the daughter's name—cabled back, that if he would not give her the money she would have her mother's jewels, and to this Hippolyte agreed readily enough ; never considering my disappointment in parting with them, for I had always looked upon them as my own.'

She looked so sad that Nayve would have liked to have rushed forth and played the Monte Christo, showering gems and precious stones upon his divinity, but *les convenances obligent*, and he sat still, while she went on with a little deprecatory smile :—

'You will think it very foolish of me, but I cried a whole night at the prospect of losing my jewels ; and at last I thought of a plan. It was evident that Virginie cared nothing for the trinkets, and it was more than likely that she would turn them into money as quickly as possible. Why should not I buy them from her ? I have absolute control over my own fortune, and Hippolyte made no objection ; if I thought fit to throw away a few hundreds, that was my affair ; as for the journey to Europe, that was an old promise ; and as I was willing to take it alone, my husband gladly let me go—in fact, I believe he was rather pleased to get rid of me !'

Nayve ground his teeth.

'And so now you are on your way to Paris ?' he asked.

'Yes. I have heard from Virginie, that she expects me on Thursday at the latest, as the marriage is to take place on Monday, and she wishes everything to be settled and *en règle* ; besides, in spite of everything, I think Hippolyte would wish me to be with her at such a time. I have been reproaching myself for not having gone to her sooner.'

Nayve thought her devotion angelic as she raised her eyes to his.

'Of course, of course ; but if you would allow me, I might accompany you. I——'

'Oh, no, dear Lord Nayve, I could not think of such a thing ; I shall manage quite well with Manon. Of course, it is a little unfortunate that neither of us speaks a syllable of German, and we shall be going straight through German Switzerland.'

'I speak it like a native. You must let me come as your interpreter.'

'I should be delighted, only——'

'Only what ?' for she stopped short and blushed.

Lord Nayve bent down and spoke in a low tone, and his companion's cheeks took a deeper and more distractingly-becoming hue as she listened.

'That's what I can't understand,' remarked Lady Vipére, who was passing the recess, and levelled her lorgnon at its occupants as she went.

'Understand what ?' asked her companion.

'Why, how that woman manages her blushes—wonderfully artistic.'

* * * * * * * *

'And so I may come ?' asked Lord Nayve, after a few moments' earnest conversation.

'Yes,' whispered Mrs de Sylva, shyly. 'If you are quite sure that it does not inconvenience you.'

A glance more eloquent than one would have thought possible from the lordling's pale blue eyes answered her.

'I will go to my room now,' she said rising. 'Then we start at nine to-morrow—'

The 'we' made young Nayve feel giddy—

'I will see that everything is arranged and ready.'

And with a bewitching little bow on her part, and a long look of admiration on his, they parted.

Lord Nayve left the drawing-room, and, ringing, gave his astonished man orders for their sudden departure. He then threw open his window, and lounging in the balcony, puffed his cigarette smoke towards the stars, and let his thoughts wander in delicious anticipation of to-morrow's *tête-a-tête*.

Truly she was a pearl among women ; beautiful, angelic, an ideal—in fact, a creature to be worshipped, and yet this wretched Canadian preferred pottering about with his evil-smelling acids to converting himself into a doormat that his sweet wife might pass over life's puddles dry-shod. Oh ! if it had but been given to him to guard her ; to lay his whole being at her feet ! Ah well ! there was to-morrow, and who knows—who knows ! Perhaps—but his head whirled as the thought presented itself to his mind.

Meantime, Madame de Sylva had reached her room ; she threw her flowers and her fan on an ottoman and called :

'Manon !'

'Well, Madame ?' said Manon, coming from the dressing-room, the very incarnation of dainty lady's maidism.

'It's all settled, Manon ; he comes with us, and we start at nine o'clock.'

'And we go to——'

'Paris ; my step-daughter is to be married !'

Manon laughed.

'Madame is incomparable !'

'Is everything ready ?' asked Madame de Sylva, dropping into a chair.

'Everything ; the casket ready strapped ; have you told him anything of the jewels ?'

'Only in a general way : I thought it wiser ; but they shall be given into his charge——'

'Exactly !' cried Manon, seizing her mistress's hands familiarly, while both burst into a light laugh. Next morning, as the guard slammed the door of the carriage, and the train gave its final shriek, Lord Nayve experienced a degree of beatitude seldom attained in our riper years.

Madame de Sylva was exquisitely pretty in her travelling dress, and betrayed a certain amount of blushing embarrassment most flattering to her companion.

Surrounded by wraps and travelling paraphernalia, they were quite isolated from Manon, who, huddled in a corner, seemed anxious to make up any arrears of insomnia ; besides this, Madame de Sylva spoke English perfectly, while her maid was only conversant with her native French, so that, to all intents and purposes, Lord Nayve was alone with the object of his adoration.

As the day wore on, their conversation forsook the plains of platitude to soar into the heights of personal confidence.

'Ah, yes, my dear Lord Nayve, you little know what we women suffer. We dream of love and romance, and we are reduced to ——'

A deep snore from Manon drowned her last words, but Lord Nayve had heard them, and, leaning forward, he caught both her hands in his :

'Mrs de Sylva, Aimée, let me——'

'Hush, I will not listen ! I dare not !'

Her evident agitation was more eloquent than the most passionate protestations, and slipping into the seat beside her, to the accompaniment of the maid's snores and the train's jostling, the ardent young lover poured forth his admiration.

A cry from Manon startled them. 'The casket ! the casket !' she exclaimed, sitting bolt upright amid her packages.

'Manon ! what do you mean ?' The maid rubbed her eyes and glanced round.

'A thousand pardons, Madame, but I was dreaming. I dreamt I had lost the jewels.'

Madame smiled. 'You are too nervous, Manon, the casket is safe by your side ;' then, turning to Nayve, she exclaimed in English, 'Poor girl, she is so anxious, she always imagines that my jewel casket will be stolen or lost.'

'Are the jewels very valuable ?'

'Oh no, not in your English eyes, for your ladies have such wonderful stones ; they are worth about a thousand I suppose, but under the circumstances, you understand——'

'Perfectly. Will you allow me to take charge of them ? You will feel happier if they are in my care, will you not, darling ?' he added, in a low voice.

Accordingly, at his request Manon transferred to his keeping the neat little leather casket, and depositing it by his side, he once more took up the burden of his rhapsodies.

'Paris ! Paris !' A shriek from the engine, a confusion of running porters and tall lamps, and they pull up with a jerk at their destination.

A hurried collection of packages and rugs in the darkening carriage, and Manon is on the platform, while Lord Nayve, the precious casket in his hand, is helping Mdme. de Sylva to alight.

But is it that the sweet confusion of the last hour has robbed the young Englishman of his nerve ? or are the dainty Aimée's heels too much for her ! At any rate, she stumbles, trips, and falls forward into Nayve's arms with a low cry. Before he can collect himself Manon is pressing near him with loud lamentations.

'Madame has fainted. She is so frail, so sensitive—Monsieur should have been more careful.'

A small crowd gathers, and beside himself with alarm, Nayve lifts Madame de Sylva in his arms, and carries her to the nearest fiacre.

'You are better now, my dear one ?' he murmurs, as she languidly opens her eyes, and his excuses and regrets pour themselves out in a thousand passionate phrases.

Arrived at the hotel, Aimée is still too shaken to climb the stairs unaided, and on getting to her room she sinks into a chair, and, after one quick glance exchanged with Manon, takes no further interest in the proceedings.

When the last trunk had been brought up, she roused herself.

'My dear Lord Nayve, you have been very good to me ; how can I thank you ?' and once more the innocent child-like eyes seek his. 'I don't know what we should have done without you—Algy !'

This last word with a most bewitching hesitation.

'Aimée —'

'Hush !' she whispers, with a glance at Manon ; then in a louder voice, 'It was most kind of you to take charge of that jewel-case !'

Nayve gave a sudden start of recollection. What had become of it in the flurry of the scene of the station ?

He turned a perplexed face to Manon.

'Yes, Manon, the casket.'

'The casket ? Mais, Monsieur had it !'

'But—but——'

Aimée starts up suddenly : 'Oh, surely, surely, you cannot have lost sight of it !'

'I lost sight and count of everything when you fainted.'

A wild scene of search ensues. Rugs and shawls and hand-bags are tossed about to no purpose. Sweetly resigned, Aimée weeps silently, while Manon rushes hither and thither and Lord Nayve summons successively porters, the concierge, and, finally, the proprietor. It is no use. No one has seen the little leather casket. Madame de Sylva's jewels are gone ! and Lord Nayve tears his flaxen hair in dire despair as he realises that the fault is his.

He has been everywhere, seen everybody, done everything—all with no result. He has had to announce his failure to Aimée, who, pale and tearful, utters no reproach, but allows her anguish to express itself in every line of her exquisite deshabille.

* * * * * * * *

Nayve cannot sleep ; his situation is intolerable ; what can he do ? How can he atone for his miserable carelessness ? He will leave no stone unturned, he will never rest till he places the little black casket once more in her hands.

What will be Aimée's position between the miserly husband, on one hand, and the severely practical step-daughter on the other ?

Poor little timid thing ! From the one she can expect no help, from the other no mercy, and all through his fault, his culpable carelessness. What did she say was the value of these luckless jewels ? A thousand, was it ? If he only could—if he only dared. Yes, he will.

And consequently, almost before daylight, Manon is aroused by the delivery of a small sealed note, addressed to her mistress.

Madame de Sylva sits up in bed, and breaks the seal with eager haste. A little pink paper flutters out, and Manon seizes it. A cheque for £1,000 !

Her mistress scans the cheque eagerly.

'Yes, it's all right. I wish I'd taken your advice, Manon, and added another nought ; he'd have been good for it.'

'Oh, never mind,' says Manon, cheerfully ; 'better luck next time !'

'Yes. Now we must clear,' answers Aimée, springing to her feet.

'What does he say in the note ?'

'Oh, nothing ! That he adores me, trembles at his audacity, hopes I shall not hate him, etc., etc. Come, we must be quick. Our train goes at 8.30. Where is *it* ?'

'*It*.'

And without further ado, Manon produces from the dressing-table drawer *the* casket—a novelty of its kind, collapsing like a *Gibus*, an unpatented patent of the pair.

'A good little friend !' she says, patting it affectionately, as she buries it in the recesses of a trunk.

'A fairy casket,' laughs the other ; 'for though it is empty, it contains a fortune !'

* * * * * * * *

After a weary trudge to the detective department, Lord Nayve returned to the hotel.

'Has Madame left her room yet?' he asked of the waiter.

'Madame? the lady has left Paris, sir; they went by the 8.30 express.'

Lord Nayve did not answer. A glimmer of light pierced his love-sick brain. Gradually it grew stronger, and his lordship understood!

He knew those jewels!

FORTUNATE BABIES.

IS it supposable that the modern baby ever stops for a moment to consider the immeasurably more favourable conditions that surround it than those with which the infant of half a century ago or even less were hedged about? If it does not, it certainly ought to. In all the centuries that have elapsed since the birth of the first infant within sight of the Garden of Eden, there never has been a period when babies were treated with such care and attention as in this latter quarter of the nineteenth century. All the resources of ingenuity are taxed in devising means for their comfort, well-being, and amusement. Nothing is too handsome or too expensive to be lavished upon these household pets. No care is too great to bestow upon them—they are the autocrats of the home circle. Everything must be subordinated to their pleasure or well-being, and woe be to him or to her who fails to show a proper spirit of subserviency to the royal mite, whose will, no matter how feebly or vaguely expressed, is law.

Time was when the baby was relegated to a very inferior position—when he was required to take a back seat, as it were. He or she, as the case might be, was regarded as a sort of necessary nuisance, on whose account or for whose behoof it was not incumbent that any adult should for a moment discommode himself. For ages a popular superstition had been fostered that the infant was under the deepest obligation to the authors of its being for their condescension in bringing it, all unsought and unasked, into this world of weariness and suffering. That obligation must be repaid by the greatest self-sacrifice on the part of the luckless infant, and was never supposed to cease this side the grave. The declaration 'I am your parent' was assumed to carry with it all the force of a divine decree, calling upon the child to humbly prostrate itself before the being who had seen fit, purposely or otherwise, to call it into existence.

But within the last generation a faint glimmering of the truth appears to have penetrated the self-sufficient ignorance of the average parent, and a belief has become widespread that the obligation between parent and child is exactly opposite to the idea that has held sway so many ages. Instead of the infant being overwhelmed with a sense of gratitude to the author of its being for having been, as it were, pitchforked into a state of existence where it was doomed to a lifetime of suffering, disappointment and anguish, and according to orthodox belief, in 999 cases out of a possible 1000, to subsequent endless suffering in a literal hell of fire and brimstone, without having been consulted in the slightest degree, it has at last dawned upon the comprehension of sensible parents that the burden of obligation ought in simple justice to be reversed. Instead of the offspring devoting a lifetime to hypocritical expressions of gratitude for existence in a world which could not well be more uncomfortable than it is for the bulk of mankind, it is now conceded that it is those who are responsible for the mundane existence of that offspring who ought rather to be in a constant attitude of apology for the results of their own actions, and who ought by every means in their power to lighten the burden which they have deliberately imposed upon the spirits which they have summoned to endure a period of unspeakable woe on this earth and to take chances of endless misery in the world to come.

It is this just reversal of sentiment and the adoption of a common-sense view of the relation of parents and children that lies at the foundation of the present exalted station occupied by the infant in the average civilised household—and by the use of the term civilised it is meant to emphasize the fact that even in the most advanced communities there are households which are as deeply sunk in barbarism as the most degraded specimens of humanity in the dark continent. But the infant which makes its advent into the civilised household certainly has reason to thank the kindly fates that have delayed its appearance on the world's stage until the present era. What would have been its fate fifty years ago or less?

Instead of having a nurse to care for it, or instead of receiving the constant attention of members of the family, it would have been crowded to one side and left largely to its own devices. Instead of the handsome rattan or ornamental wood rocker or cradle it had a clumsy sort of ark, made of rough lumber, with a great, ugly wooden hood over one end, and mounted on low rockers, in which it was roughly rolled to and fro until syncope set in and there was a period of something called sleep, but which in reality more closely resembled the effects of a temporary paralysis of the brain.

To keep the hapless infant quiet while awake a stick was perhaps fastened at the foot of the cradle, so as to make a sort of spring-pole, and from the end over the baby's face dangled a piece of salt pork or some other delectable and eminently suitable infantile nourishment, fastened to the pole with a stout string. If the youthful gormandizer, after many ineffectual attempts, finally succeeded in catching hold of the tempting morsel and cramming it bodily into its mouth and down its throat, then the utility of the spring-pole came into play. The infantile boa-constrictor of course choked over the great junk of meat, and, loosing the cord or the stick from his hands in his energetic convulsions, the spring-pole at once resumed its normal position, yanking the morsel from the gullet of the little gormandizer, and thus putting an end to the choking process. If the youngster were of a determined character and persisted in maintaining its hold, so much the worse for it, especially if the springpole were possessed of less than the usual elasticity, and showed a disposition to regain its normal position regardless of obstacles. If the infant were incontinently dragged from the crib and cast sprawling upon the floor, so much the worse for it again. The pole and the meat were not injured at all events.

When this diversion palled upon the youthful imagination the infant was blocked up in the cradle, and its fingers being well smeared with treacle or 'West Injy,' it was given a handful of small feathers to play with. Here was resource for many an hour, picking the feathers from one hand only to find them adhering to the other, and so on until exhaustion induced sleep.

When these failed, and the infant still persisted in 'declaring itself' to the discomfort of all around, recourse was had to that old-fashioned remedy euphoniously designated as a 'sugar-teat.' This consists of a small quantity of brown sugar tied up in a rag and placed in the infant's mouth. On this it was privileged to exercise all its powers of suction, the result being usually to calm the most fractious child unless indeed it were suffering from some actual pain.

When the infant of fifty years ago was taken out for an airing, does anyone suppose that his majesty was enthroned in one of those poems in upholstery and wickerwork that are now to be found in the great baby carriage establishments all over the land? Far from it. Not for him were the elastic springs, the satin cushions, the silken bows, the dainty sunshades adjustable to every angle, that are now lavished upon the cherubs that deign to rule in our households. Not for him even were the cheapest combinations of wheels, springs, woodwork and enamelled cloth which are within the reach of the humblest parents.

Instead he was in good luck if he were the owner by hereditary descent of a clumsy two-wheeled cart, without springs or cushions, into which he was dumped unceremoniously and bumped over the stones and clods at the imminent risk of his tender limbs and fragile bones. Instead of a patent adjustable sunshade, made of silk and fringed and embroidered in gorgeous shape, a hideous sun bonnet, about seventeen sizes too large, was wrapped about the infant's head, and thus attired he was dismissed with scant ceremony to take his chances with the calves and geese and other farmyard occupants.

When the luckless youngster, by the advent of a companion in misery, was forced to abandon his coffin-like hooded cradle, was he given one of those handsome works of art in polished brass that adorn the nursery of to-day? By no manner of means. A 'trundle-bed' made of rough boards, with a tick filled with straw and covered with patchwork quilts of the log-cabin, sunrise, hit-or-miss, or no pattern at all, was the luxurious couch upon which he reposed his aching limbs, this trundle-bed, by the way, usually accommodating anywhere from two to half a dozen of the smaller members of the family. There was only one thing that could ever be said in its favour. When any of the superfluous humanity got crowded overboard it had not far to fall to the floor, and no damage could be inflicted beyond a bruise or two.

Contrast the toys and playthings of the babe or child of the last generation with those of which there is such a superfluity for the enjoyment of a modern infant. A doll made of rags, a broomstick, a box of rough blocks, did duty for an entire family in those times. But the baby-jumpers, the perambulators, the adjustable high chairs, the thousand and one things now made for the use or pleasure of the infant, all testify to the high estimation in which that individual is held and the prominent place that has by common consent been accorded him in every day life.

Then compare the clothes of the average infant of fifty years ago with those of to-day. Can anything be more hideous than the garments in which some of us were swathed in those years long gone past? Just glance at the publications of that period and study the awful results of the handiwork of the average sempstress. Contrast them with the delicate, artistically made garments of to-day; compare the entire treatment of the infant of the last generation with the one of this; compare even the religious beliefs in regard to the little cherubs; contrast the cold-blooded atrocity of the so-called faith that 'paved hell with infants' skulls' with the present warm trust in the surpassing love of our heavenly Father for these best messengers of that love—and surely any sensible person must concede that the infant of 1891 has infinite cause for congratulation that he was not born in those olden times when children were looked upon as vessels of wrath, to be hammered into shape without regard to their rights or the infinite obligation owing them by their parents.

THE STORY OF BUDDHA.

BY ALFRED DEAKIN.

SARNATH was a city situated upon the banks of the Ganges, where Buddha, some 500 years before Christ, first proclaimed to the people a gospel which was the outcome of his meditations upon the miseries of life. The spot in the deer park from which he spoke is still marked by a great Dagoba or Stupa, 128 feet high and nearly 300 feet in circumference, built about a thousand years ago. The river has changed its course, the city has disappeared, and only the memorial remains, shaped like an immense beehive, the lower part of stone partly stripped and the upper of brick falling to decay. Once ranking among the most holy places, it attracted Buddhist pilgrims from far beyond the bounds of India, though rarely, if ever, visited by them to-day. For all that, it is not entirely neglected. Any spot once sanctified to any faith in India is certain to retain a reputation, even after the creed which created it has passed away. Consequently, although the Dagoba stands on a cultivated plain, amidst fragments of its own carving, and capitals which once adorned other structures, and where an ancient city is only suggested by a few shapeless mounds, it is not alone. Beside it is a walled garden to which pious Brahmins conducted crowds resort at certain seasons; just beyond it is one of their temples; adjoining is the tomb of a Mohammedan saint, which attracts devout believers; a little further is a brick tower, erected by their forefathers three or four centuries back, and in the distance, half hidden by the trees, are several small Jain chapels. Around us crops of barley and sugar cane stretch to an indigo factory, and then away to clumps of trees and fields intermingled. Even in its loneliness and decay the Dagoba is by far the most imposing feature of the scene, and may, without undue violence, be taken to typify the present position of the faith to which it testifies, since, though now unrecognised and unrevered, its message has been appropriated, in a mutilated form and under other names, by sects to which it has imparted much of their influence and prestige.

Owing to the poetic gifts of Sir Edwin Arnold one version of the life of Buddha has attained a world-wide popularity in all English-speaking countries. Fascinating as the story is, it requires to be regarded as poetry and not as history. There is no contemporary or early biography of Buddha extant which can be taken as trustworty (indeed, there are no biographies or histories of any kind in the early literature of India), and our knowledge of the facts of his life is derived from traditions, in which the profusion of supernatural interventions and meaningless miracles make it evident that they are the work of non-critical minds in a much later age. Buddha wrote nothing himself, and what was written about him, strange to say, does not affect to be inspired. The earliest canon was not written till probably two or three centuries after his death, the general judgment being that he died about 400 B.C., and that the first MS. date to about 100 B.C. The inscriptions of Asoka are considerably earlier; of the highest importance in their indication of doctrine, but throwing no light upon the life of the Master. Seeing that the sentence in which Steevens sums up our knowledge of our greatest national poet is generally received as true, when he wrote that 'all that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare is that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon, married and had children there, went to London, where he commenced acting, and wrote poems and plays, returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried,' we need express no surprise if we have but little more acquaintance with the details of the life of a religious teacher who lived in Asia 2000 years before. Having Shakespeare's works intact, the question as to his education and experiences becomes less urgent; the man can in large measure be known from them. The difficulty as to Buddha is that we are left in doubt not only as to his life, but in a lesser degree as to his exact teaching.

It appears clear that Gautama, as he is properly called, was the son of a rich aristocratic landowner in Oudh, owning a territory nearly as large as Yorkshire, who, though belonging to the soldier caste, neglected military exercises and gave himself up to contemplation; that he had a wife, and at least one son, whom he left to enter upon a life of self-mortification under the Brahmans; that he discarded their cruel penances, and arriving independently at what he felt was a clear vision of the true way of life, preached and practised what he preached indefatigably for more than forty years. M. Senart would resolve him into a solar myth, but his individuality, like that of Homer, promises to survive the attack, and on these cardinal points, at all events, appears to be reasonably settled. The careful inquiries of Sir Monier Williams point to such a conclusion, with the additional declaration that 'intense individuality, fervid earnestness and severe simplicity of character, combined with singular beauty of countenance, calm dignity of bearing, and, above all, almost superhuman persuasiveness of speech, were conspicuous in the great teacher.' High as this commendation is, it lacks the essential element which established his authority, and distinguished his career. It was an all-pervading pity, an infinite tenderness, and boundless compassion, which winged the words of Gautama and made him a sovereign of souls. The Bishop of Colombo, now preparing a work upon the Singalese records of his life, dwells upon the fact that there is no authentic record of any acts of his which rise to the level of these sentiments, but it may safely be taken for granted that his conquest of men's minds and hearts was achieved by example as well as precept, and that he effected his conversions not by mere eloquence or verbal dexterity, but by the proof of the sincerity of his sympathy in daily sacrifices and labours. These may be unrecorded, but not on that account the less credible, since they belong to

> That best portion of a good man's life,
> His little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love.

It is not necessary to the reputation of a Gautama to conceal his indebtedness to his time and people. The sacrifice he made in leaving his home was common, marking, indeed, an essential stage of every Brahman's progress. He was content to allow himself to be surpassed in penances by the ascetics with whom he first associated, and to adopt as he found it a general basis of belief in metempsychosis, as the material upon which to embroider his own theory. India is in some senses a miniature of the world, and in its religious history embraces just the same controversies as have agitated the schools of Amsterdam, the colleges of Rome, and the lecture rooms of German universities. Excessive credulity has been counterbalanced by outbursts of aggressive scepticism and polytheism has found itself face to face with atheism in more than one struggle. The result of the meditations of Gautama led him to take the side of the doubters, and so far as doctrine went he was a positivist, or agnostic, knowing no personal God, and banishing all except human agencies from the realm of his philosophy. He had as great a dislike to metaphysics as Comte or Henry Lewes. He accepted the universe as a reality without further inquiry, admitted that it was in a constant condition of evolution and dissolution alternately, and faced the familiar problem of Brahmanism, how to escape from the chain of conscious existences, in an even sadder spirit than his teachers. It is possible, he taught, to avoid the hells and win the heavens, for the spaces which intervened between death and rebirth, by means of virtuous living; but this after all was only a temporary avoidance of temptation, and his chief discovery was of a new means by which the cycle of lives might be finally broken, so that the soul, avoiding all other reincarnations, could leap at once to permanent and absolute rest. This rest was either entirely unconscious, or almost so, and contained nothing which could satisfy the desire for immortality in a European breast. Practically, too, there was no rebirth of the same soul, since its previous existences were always blotted from memory, and only recurred at last just before its final absorption. A temporary heaven or a temporary hell were all that he offered to the individual, with ultimate loss of personality as a final goal, to be attained, without divine help or spiritual sympathy, by a self conquest comprising an uprooting of every desire. His method was as uncompromisingly drastic as that of the Stoics, taught with a sweetness akin to that of Epictetus, and a sadness such as long afterwards possessed the imperial sage, Marcus Aurelius.

THE NEW MEMBER FOR WELLINGTON.

THE Wellington election has been the cause of much excitement in political circles throughout New Zealand, and the result of it was a great and unwelcome surprise to many who reckoned with certainty upon the defeat of the Government candidate, Mr William McLean. Mr McLean, who succeeded in defeating Mr Bell, is a Scotchman, and was born in Grantown, in Inverness-shire, forty-seven years ago. Of humble parentage, he owed his up-bringing in early life to the minister of the parish. As a mere lad he migrated to Lancashire, where he obtained employment in the cotton mills, and saw much of the suffering caused by the cotton-famine of 1863. He left then for Otago, where he arrived during the gold fever. His first digging experiences were gained at Manuherikia, and Black's diggings and Hill's Creek. He did fairly well in the pursuit of gold, and in a short time found himself able to open a small store at a place called Bread and Water Gully. Then came the news of brilliant finds on the West Coast, and girding up his loins, Mr McLean struck for the new El Dorado, being amongst the passengers carried to Hokitika by the steamer Gothenburg on her first trip thither from Dunedin. He was one of the first prospectors who broke ground at Lake Kanieri. Here he was unfortunate enough to break his arm, and was obliged to go to Christchurch for medical treatment, there being no doctor at Hokitika. From Christchurch he walked back to Kanieri and remained there for some years. Thence he went to the famous Blue Spur in the Kariori district, the Hau Hau and the Old Waimea, Second Terrace, and Lamplow (afterwards called Chesterfield). From there he gravitated to Reefton, still following his avocation as a goldminer, and at this place assisted at the erection of the second goldmining plant in the district. At Reefton he entered into business as an auctioneer, and mining and commission agent. Finally, he came to Wellington twelve years ago, and began business as an auctioneer. This he abandoned to enter the service of the Wellington Loan Company, as secretary, which position he held for three years. For the last four years he has filled his present position of secretary to the Empire Loan and Discount Company. This is Mr McLean's third bid for Parliamentary honours, but it is the first time that he has been taken up and run as a Government candidate. He was rejected at one general election, and again at the general election of December, 1890, each time by the electors of Wellington, whose suffrages he wooed.

Wrigglesworth & Binns. photo., Wellington.

MR WILLIAM M'LEAN.

(Newly Elected Member for Wellington).

THE YOUNG MOZART.

A BOY, only six years old, was sailing with his father down the Danube.

All day long they had been sailing past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hidden away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow, and its loneliness and stillness stirring the boy's heart like some dim and vast cathedral.

They stopped at night at a cloister, and the father took little Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ.

It was the first large organ he had ever seen, and his face lit up with delight, and every motion and attitude of his figure expressed a wondering reverence.

'Father,' said the boy,' let me play!'

'Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool, and, when the father had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals.

How the deep tones woke the sombre stillness of the old church!

The organ seemed some great uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the caresses of the marvellous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard it, and dropped knife and fork in astonishment.

The organist of the brotherhood was among them, but never had he played with such power.

They listened; some crossed themselves, till the prior rose up and hastened to the chapel.

The others followed; but, when they looked up into the organ-loft, lo! there was no organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power.

'It is the devil!' cried one of the monks, drawing closer to his companions, and giving a scared look over his shoulder at the darkness of the aisle.

'It is a miracle!' said another.

But when the boldest of them mounted the stairs to the organ-loft, he stood as if petrified with amazement.

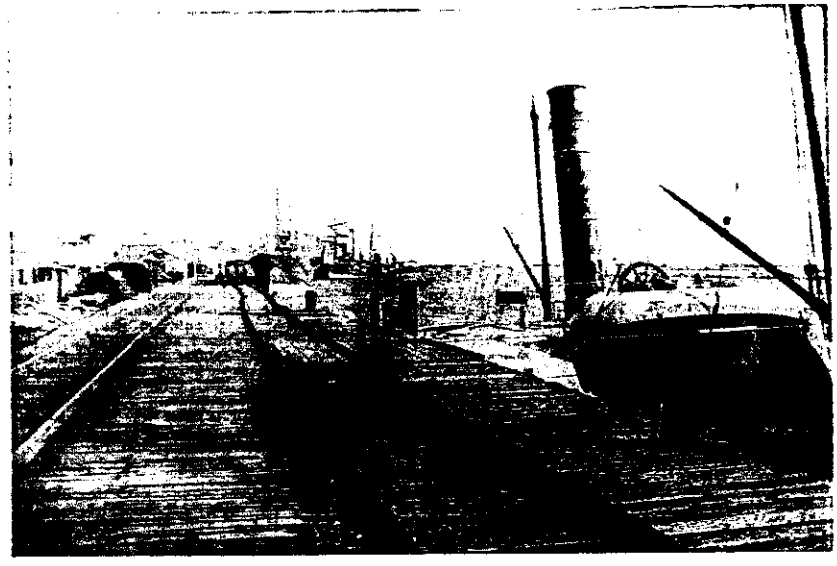
There was the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching at the keys above with his hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him.

He heard nothing, saw nothing besides.

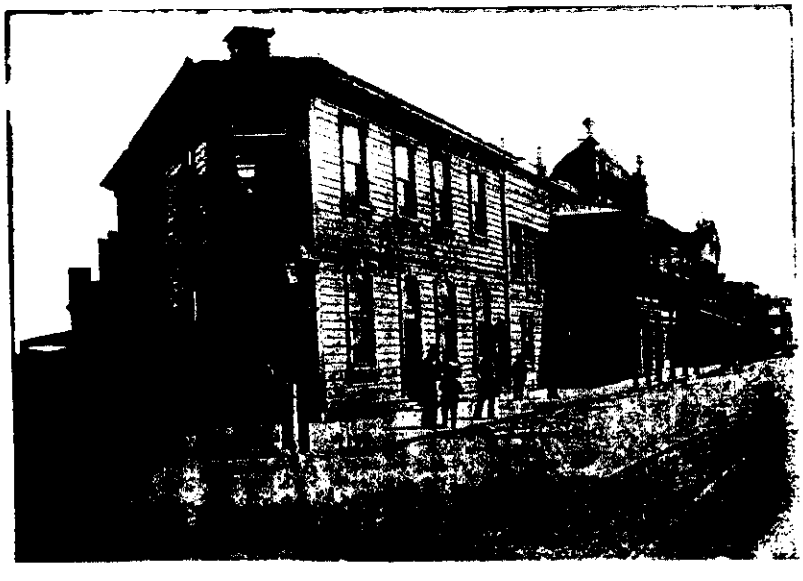
His eyes beamed, and his whole face lighted with impassioned joy.

Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the murmur of a wind-harp—and all was still.

The boy was Johann Wolfgang Mozart.



VIEWS ON THE VICE-REGAL TOUR.—GREYMOUTH WHARF.



VIEWS ON THE VICE-REGAL TOUR.—GREYMOUTH QUAY.

'THERMIDOR, AN II.'

BY MAY PROBYN.

BLOW of staff and musket on the sturdy door of oak—
Lightly from the casement leaning, laughed she as in joke.
'Bring the priest, the traitor just escaped us through thy door—
Bring him! We demand it by the sacred tricolor!
His surrender wait we here, a score of doughty men—
In the name of the Republic, yield him, citoyenne!'

Blossom of the trellis, careless, she began to nip,
From the casement leaning with her finger on her lip.
'My little children lie asleep—speak lower, citizens!
My husband's at the market—this morning passed he hence.
By the laws of the Republic, till he return I swear
I will only open to you at bidding of the Mayor.
Only the Mayor can bid a wife unbar her husband's door—
Fetch him! I demand it by the sacred tricolor!'

Gendarme on the left hand posted, gendarme on the right—
All the house they ringed, no corner spared they out of sight.
Only the trellis roses about the casement creeping
Saw why she prayed so long a prayer beside the children sleeping.

Rap of staff municipal, Mayor and two-score men—
'In the name of the Republic, open, citoyenne!'
Lightly to the threshold stepping, peeped she as in jest.
One hand on the bolt, one pinning rosebuds at her breast.
'Search my house — and after, tell me where was my offence!
But, lest my little children wake, tread softly, citizens.'

Tramped they, stamped they, hither, thither, up and down the stair—
Smiling, at her glass, she stuck a red rose in her hair.
'Where's the priest, the spy, the traitor? All our score of men
Marked him enter as they chased him. Yield him, citoyenne!'

Idly, from the rose's stem, a thorn she stayed to strip,
And tendered them her keys with her finger on her lip.
Back and forth, and there and here, on every side they stepped,
All round and round again, where her little children slept.

Storm of oaths municipal, rage of men and Mayor—
'The knave, the scoundrel—curse him!—has found some safer lair.'
Leisurely on tip of toe she ushered them away,
Little gay malicious courtesy dropped them as in play,
Laughed to hear them rate and cuff the baffled sentinel,
Lightly from the lattice leaning, nodded them farewell.

Only the trellis roses all round the casement meeting
Could feel her fingers tremble and hear her heart's loud beating.
Only the roses watched her, behind the bolted door,
Mattress and little children lift softly to the floor—
'The road is clear, good Father—God and the Saints thee keep!
The rebels hence have wended—and still the children sleep.

A DAUGHTER OF EVE.

He was a nice young man, with a fine little cane, polished boots, and a stand-up collar, and he wore a buttonhole bouquet composed of a rose and two or three violets. Buttonhole bouquets are all right. They don't cost anything to speak of, and the wearer is generally certain to be taken for a millionaire or the head clerk in some tea shop. The nice young man sat down beside a motherly old lady in a tramcar. She had a market basket on her lap, a copper between her fingers, and did not even scowl when a boy jumped on her corns. She gave the young man a motherly smile as he sat down, and pretty soon she asked:

'Them can't be artificial flowers, can they?'

He didn't answer. He had lots of dignity.

'Can—them—be—artificial flowers?' she inquired, raising her voice much higher.

He gave a little start of surprise, mumbled over something, and partly turned away.

'My biggest girl had deafness come on her once,' she continued, sending her voice a peg higher, 'but we cured her by pouring goose oil into her ears. Is it a case of long standing?'

'I am neither deaf nor inclined to hold conversation,' he muttered, flushing very red.

'Oh, that's it? Then you don't need any goose oil. Did you say them flowers was artificial ones?'

'No.'

'Natural, eh?' she queried. 'Well, I thought that they smelt like natural; but there's such a crowd and so much noise that I can't trust my nose. You didn't grow them, did you?'

He didn't reply.

'Did you grow them flowers?' she emphatically demanded.

'No.'

'Well, why didn't you say so in the first place, then? I thought you didn't. Do you put salt water on 'em to keep 'em fresh?'

'No.'

'I didn't say whether you did or not. I was going to say that a little weak vinegar would take the dust off 'em, and make 'em just like new. Do you wear a bokay as a general thing, or are you going now to see somebody?'

He turned his head away, and tapped the toe of his polished boot with his cane.

'Boy,' she remarked, pushing her basket against his knee, 'I asked you a civil question, and I want you to answer it. This isn't a country like Japan, where some folks are stuck up above other folks; we're all alike. I'm afraid you haven't been brought up right.'

'I do not wish any conversation or discussion with you,' he whispered.

'Why don't you?' she demanded.

'Because——'

'Because, what, sir? Dare you say anything against my character, sir? I should like to hear you, sir, I should. I want you to understand that I could buy a whole ton of them flowers gewgawa, and then have lots of money left. When I ask you a civil question it is your business to speak right up in answer. Now, I'll ask you one more question. Have you been brought up right?'

He made for the door, and, in grasping for his flying coattails, she upset her basket, and 2lb. of cherries rolled over the floor of the car.

'I don't care—let 'em go,' she remarked, scraping the pile under the seat. 'When anyone sticks up their nose at me, 2lb. of cherries ain't nothing to my feelings.'

A MAN'S VIEW OF WOMAN'S DRESS.

We are not accustomed to look for enlightened views on woman's dress to the daily press, but occasionally we come across an article on the subject that has clearly grown out of a male brain and is sure to contain something startling.

A correspondent a little time ago chose to inveigh against that one feature in women's dress that is most charming—its constant variety.

We read:

'It is not women's love of dress that is at fault, it is their constant change of fashion. Last year's style will not do this year; last season's bonnet or jacket is as dead for every well-regulated feminine mind as the clothing of the wemen of ancient Egypt.'

Of course it is; and we should like to know who regrets it, except a crank or two among the other sex. Without change there can be no improvement; even men's dress changes, though more slowly.

'Now, starting,' continues this writer, 'on the hypothesis that it is the business of a woman to look well after dress, why should she not come to adopt some normal type of a kind which suits the average woman?

'Most people who look over an illustrated paper or a fashion-plate of a generation ago will admit that women are much more tastefully dressed now than then.

'This is not a matter of an individual opinion, but a fact decided by a consensus of competent opinion.

'While many reforms are to be still desired, it is pretty certain that women's present dress is less heavy, more natural and shapely, better adapted to the general contour, freer and less restrained, throwing more into relief a pretty face or figure than was formerly the case.'

Here he seems to 'give himself away.'

If his idea of a normal type of dress is sound now, it must have been sound a decade, or a century or a thousand years ago.

But, by his own showing, the present is the best, and has been the result of evolution, in other words, of constant change.

But he tries to prove his position thus:

'The reason is that dress is, on the whole, simpler and more natural.

'Now when a normal type of dress is reached, combining grace and beauty with healthy qualities, why not stick to it, and rebel against extravagent caprices? Consider the gain of such a course as compared with the method of chronic change.

'A vast deal of suffering in the world of labour, caused by capricious changes of fashion, would be obviated, and money would be saved, while there would be the certainty of adherence to an accepted beautiful design.

'The lives of women, now shortened by anxieties about the spring fashions, would be prolonged, and the temper of many millions of husbands would be greatly improved, for which very reasons nothing of the kind will probably be done.

'For if women cease to be capricious, cease to be fond of lightening the purse, and never cared to arouse the opposition of the despotic man, they would cease to be women—they would lose their essential attributes.

'Even a Girton course does not eradicate these qualities, and at Newnham they have not yet excluded fashion-books from the studies of the fair girl-graduates.

'Women will continue to charm and exasperate us for a good long while to come.'

The real motive of the article comes out pretty clearly in this last extract.

The writer is a male person who thinks more of his own purse than of the anxieties he assumes to be a cause of suffering to his wife and daughters.

Why, what pleasure is there in life that is not accompanied by some little care and worry in attaining it?

And ask any woman if she would not rather have the anxiety along with the change of fashion than be stereotyped forever.

WOMAN'S LIFE.

A sudden glimpse of strange things in a strange new world,
A little puny protest 'gainst existence hurled,
A lot of smiles and rocking, and a lot of aches and strife,
Soapsuds bath and catnip tea—
And that is life.

A chasing bees and butterflies through spring's bright days,
A plucking gold-eyed daisies in the woodland ways,
A little bread and sugar, and a little fuss and rife,
Mud pies and broken dolls—
And that is life.

A little books and music and an 'art' or two,
A sweetheart, and a long dress, and some gum to chew.
A ring and a love-letter, 'Will you be my wife?'
A wedding veil and bridal tour—
And that is life.

A little home and dishes, and some rooms to sweep;
A lot of tumbled castles, and a lot of tears to weep,
Some joys as sweet as heaven, some pains keen as a knife;
Then creeping down the 'shady side'—
And that is life.

Belle Hunt.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

RELIGION AND DISEASE.

It is alleged that the religious feasts in India cause outbreaks of virulent fevers and also of cholera, because of the unsanitary habits of the vast crowds of pilgrims that assemble on such occasions. The authorities are unable to cope with the difficulties of the situation, and say: 'It is well nigh impossible to maintain, at the localities where religious feasts are held, sanitary arrangements which are, at long intervals only, suddenly required for assemblies of some fifty to sixty thousand pilgrims, many, if not most, of whom are drawn from the lowest and most dirty classes, and who lack the inherited knowledge that Europeans may be expected, in some measure at least, to have acquired as to the value of cleanliness in relation to health.'

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ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES AN HOUR BY RAILROAD.

A new railway is projected on which, instead of trains, single cars of great length will be propelled by electricity, supplied to them through the rails. The speed to be attained is from 120 to 150 miles an hour. To provide against accidents the roadway is to be built on solid masonry, without curves, steep gradients being adopted instead, if necessary. The great momentum of the cars will enable them to climb grades which would be insurmountable to a steam locomotive. As a further safeguard, the signalman will have the power to stop the cars by shutting off the current in their section of track. The first experimental line is projected between Vienna and Buda-Pesth.

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THE FASTEST STEAMER.

The model of the new steamer building at Glasgow will, it is claimed, insure the quickest possible transit of the Atlantic Ocean attainable by steam craft. With a length of 630 feet and seventy feet beam, very fine lines are obtained, and the twin-screws are of some twenty-three feet diameter, well supported. There are four funnels, and about two hundred feet of the length of the ship is devoted to the boilers and bunkers. The engines, triple compound with four cylinders working four cranks, are figured at 33,000 horse-power. Accommodation is provided for some seven hundred first and 300 second-class passengers and about four hundred emigrants, and all the arrangements worked out in the plans for carrying out this important feature are far ahead, it is claimed, of anything yet produced in nautical construction. The plating of the ship is carried up to the promenade deck, which runs from end to end, and about twenty feet on each side is left for walking.

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DISTRIBUTION OF THE CAMEL.

In a recent paper on the camel, Herr Lehmann refers, among other things, to its relations to temperature and moisture. Neither the most broiling heat nor the most intense cold nor extreme daily or yearly variations hinder the distribution of the camel. It seems, indeed, that the dromedary of the Sahara has better health there than in more equably warm regions; though after a day of tropical heat, the thermometer sometimes goes down several degrees below freezing-point, and daily variations of 90 degrees occur. In Semipalatinsk again, where the camel is found, the annual variation of temperature sometimes reaches 187 degrees. In Eastern Asia, winter is the time the animals are made to work. In very intense cold, they are sewed up in felt covers. Of course, each race of camel does best in the temperature conditions of its home; a Soudan camel would not flourish in North-east Asia. Camels are very sensitive to moisture. In the region of tropical rains they are usually absent, and if they come into such with caravans, the results of the rainy season are greatly feared. This sensitiveness expresses itself in the character of different races. The finest, most noble looking camels, with short silk-like hair, are found in the interior of deserts, and they cannot be used for journeys to moist regions. Even in Fezzan (south of Tripoli) the animals are shorter and fatter, with long coarse hair; and in Nile lands and on coasts it is the same. These animals, too, are less serviceable as regards speed and endurance.

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PREHISTORIC AGES.

At the recent general meeting of the German Anthropological Society, Professor Montelius, of Stockholm, delivered two remarkably interesting archæological lectures. In the first he dealt with the chronology of the Neolithic Age, especially in Scandinavia. The monuments of that age, he said, belonged to three different periods. First, were free-standing dolmens without passages; next, passage-graves; finally, stone cists. The last are later in proportion to the completeness with which they are covered by the mounds heaped over them. Behind the periods represented by these classes of monuments was a Neolithic period from which no grave of any kind is known to have survived. It has left traces, however, in its implements, which are of an earlier form than the various sorts found in the different groups of monuments. The Scandinavian forms of Neolithic weapons, implements, and ornaments are closely akin to those which have come down in the rest of Europe, especially in North Germany, England, Italy, and even Cyprus. This may be held to prove that there was a more or less active commercial intercourse between Scandinavia and the Continent, at a very remote time. To this commercial intercourse Professor Montelius is disposed to attribute the relatively high civilisation of Scandinavia in the Neolithic Age. Professor Montelius also contends that the various periods of the Neolithic Age in Scandinavia were more nearly contemporaneous with those of other parts of Europe than has hitherto been generally supposed. In his second lecture, Professor Montelius treated of the Bronze Age in the East and in Southern Europe. He distinguished the following periods: (1) A copper period without bronze, represented by the finds of Richter in Cyprus and those obtained by Schliemann from the first city at Hissarlik. (2) The bronze period in the islands of the Ægean Sea, Rhodes, Crete, etc. (3) A later bronze period—(*a*) with shaft tombs at Mycenæ, (*b*) with bee-hive tombs in the neighbourhood of Mycenæ, Orchomenos, etc. These cities had not a pure Hellenic civilisation, but must be regarded rather as oriental colonies. The knowledge of bronze certainly came to Europe from the East; not by way of Siberia and Russia, nor across the Caucasus, but probably through Asia Minor and the Mediterranean to Italy and Spain, whence it rapidly spread to Gaul, Britain and other countries.

EVERYTHING SACRIFICED TO PLEASURE.

OUT-OF-DOOR life is the first thing that strikes the visitor in Paris. The broad pavements on the principal streets, with half of them reserved for tables and chairs, which are crowded with people dining and drinking, seem an extravagance that would ruin an American city. Imagine such a thing in Chicago, where the edict has gone forth that even signs suspended in mid-air must not obstruct the way! In Paris there seems to be but one command, and that is that nothing shall interfere with pleasure. Every little way are these cafés on the thoroughfares. The city itself seemed a continuation of beautiful parks and flower gardens. They are given up to the public through the day, but when night comes it is there that Paris dines and listens to the music that is everywhere. The music may be a military band that holds forth in some pavilion, or it may be a concert or variety entertainment just over the way. You have dinner and music and moonlight and flowers, and are glad that you are alive, though sometimes you do feel that this outdoor side of life is rather expensive. It is also sometimes a question whether the aristocracy of France appreciate and enjoy this privilege of living so openly, but Paris is the one place where you are not obliged to 'do as the Romans do.' Tourists enjoy it and do not bother their heads about the grades in French society. The Bois de Boulogne, which commences just outside the gates of the city, is one continuation of cafés and music. It was out here that Adelaide Neilson drank the fatal iced milk. Each café would like to claim ths distinction of having served the decoction, and several do claim it. They will show you the room where she died, and will gesticulate over her beauty. Only one of them, however, shows you a marble memorial with her name, age and time of death. Whether the little memorial with its French and English inscription is or is not a cheerful and successful method of advertising a pleasure resort, the moon smiled down on, the trees cast their shadow over, and the music floated out to almost empty chairs at the Café du Lac.

WOULD MAKE A GOOD WIFE.

'I WAS thinking, sir,' he said, as he hesitated at the door of the old gentleman's private office, 'that perhaps I'd like to marry your daughter.'

'A noble girl,' said the old gentleman, reflectively. 'I don't know how I can spare her, but I suppose I'll have to some time.'

'Yes, sir; quite right, sir, and I'd like to have her, except—except—you know I'm not rich, sir.'

'I know it,' replied the old gentleman, 'but you are drawing a fair salary, and I don't require wealth.'

'I'm glad of that, sir; but I was sort of thinking that—that she isn't experienced in household matters.'

'She isn't,' said the old gentleman; 'but she's a wonderfully observing girl.'

'Yes, sir, and I think a great deal of her; but if I take her to a home of her own I'm afraid, sir—I'm afraid it would be hard, very hard. She was educated for a rich man's wife, and wouldn't know——'

'You're partly right,' interrupted the old gentleman. 'But let me tell you something about that girl. She went to my cupboard a couple of days ago to get something that was there, and there were a pair of trousers hanging near the door.'

'Yes. What of it?'

'One of the brace buttons was gone.'

'And she—she—' The young man was so agitated that he could not finish the sentence.

'She noticed it,' said the old gentleman.

'Noticed it herself?'

'No one had said a word to her about it.'

'But she—she didn't—'

'Yes, she did. She sewed that button on.'

'Please, sir, say "yes,"' pleaded the young man, 'and—and if she'll have me let us name a day in the near future. And grant me one other favour.'

'What is it?'

'Don't, please don't let any other young man know about that button until after the wedding. I don't want to take any chances.'

SEPARATION.

AH, me! a long, long time my love's away
The world, it is a weary world to-day;
How swiftly, were it granted me, would I
Across the land, across the waters fly,
As now the clouds go sailing through the sky.

Ah, me! a long, long time my love's away,
The world, it is a gloomy world to-day;
Across the grass, across the bending rye
The shadows from the clouds go racing by,
Upon my heart unmoving shadows lie.

Ah, me! a long, long time my love's away,
The world, it is a lonely world to-day;
How gladly with the swallows would I fly
To seek the summer land where lilies lie
Faint in the warm glance from her loving eye.

Ah, me! a long, long time my love's away,
The world, it is an empty world to-day;
Within the crowd there is no presence nigh,
More closely separation draws the tie
By which are bound in one my love and I.

Ah, me! a long, long time my love's away,
The world, it is a silent world to-day;
For it's young brood is given the eagle's cry,
My neighbour's voice is calling home his kye,
To love's fond call there comes back no reply.

Ah, me! a long, long time my love's away,
The world, it is an idle world to-day;
Why should the lyre's strings be vexed, or why
Should quivering lips of a sad singer try
To modulate the heart's instinctive cry!

Guileless mountain maiden: 'Quick, mother, quick! There are tourists coming up. Put some milk in a saucepan on the fire—they like it warm from the cow!'

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

To find out how old a lady is—Ask some other lady.

Women take kindly to the telephone; it never disputes their right to the last word.

A cross-old bachelor suggests that births should be announced under the head of new music.

A woman came after
The very first man
And that is how
The trouble began.

The most modest woman ever heard of was in a rowboat in a storm. She got swamped and drowned because she refused to hug the shore.

The man who makes the funniest speech at the dinner and keeps all the boys in a roar of laughter frequently has nothing to say when he gets home to his wife.

No crime in Lapland, saving only that of murder is punished more severely or summarily than is the marrying of a young woman against the express wishes of her parents.

The meanest man so far on record lives in the Isle of Man. His wife asked him to give her a pet, some animal that would stick to her, and the next evening he brought home a leech.

'How do we hear?' asks a scientist. That is easily told. Somebody tells a friend, and tells him not to tell, and the friend of the teller tells a friend of ours, and he tells us, and so we hear.

The sage who said: 'The love-letter that contains anything of interest to a third party is not a love-letter,' never rummaged around when a boy, and stumbled on a bundle of his big sister's letters from her best fellow.

Bobby struggled with the problem for an hour, and then presented for his mother's inspection the following truthful but unconventional effusion:—'Mr Robert Carhart declines with pleasure Miss Bessie Smith's invitation for the 14th, and thanks her extremely for having given him the opportunity for doing so.'

A MOTHER'S HAND.

Her hand is soft and white and fine,
It flutters when sometimes in mine
It lies,
Its veins, so delicately blue,
Forever fill me with new
Surprise.

It is so dainty and so fair!
On it she bows her head in prayer.
Perhaps,
But when she spanks her way ward boys,
With what a loud, resounding noise
It slaps.

Marriage is never a failure in a home where consideration fills the minds and lives of husband and wife. It is a golden band between them which brightens with increasing years, and binds them together when they are absent one from the other. On a lichen-covered stone in a village burying-ground I once read this epitaph, 'He was always considerate,' and I wondered whether there was in the English language a sentence from which there could be derived more meaning. On that stone there had, indeed, been chiselled a sermon.

HOW GERMANY TAXES FRANCE.—Strange as it may appear, the French Republic is actually a German taxpayer and has been so for more than sixty-two years. An ultra patriotic German has just discovered this fact, and much fuss and talk have arisen about it. It appears the French Government in 1829 purchased the plot of ground in Sasbach, near Baden, on which Turenne had fallen in battle, and erected a monument to the great Marshal, which is guarded constantly by a French invalid soldier. The Republic, like any other landholder, pays the lawful ground tax and positively refuses to sell out, even though all the ultra German patriots in the Empire should burst with Teutonic ire.

REMOVING THE HAT.—It is pretty certain that the first gentlemen of England two centuries ago habitually wore their hats during dinner, nor is it known just when or why the practice was changed. In Pepys' famous diary, which is the best manual of manners for this period, we read, under date of September 22nd, 1664: 'Home to bed, having got a strange cold in my head by flinging off my hat at dinner and sitting with the wind in my neck.' In Lord Clarendon's essay on the decay of respect paid to age, he says that in his younger days he never kept his hat on before those older than himself except at dinner. Lord Clarendon died in 1674. That the English members of Parliament sit with their hats on during the sessions is well known, and the same practice prevailed at the early town meeting in New England.

THE MEMORY OF CHILDHOOD.—The loves, the friendships, the innocent enjoyments, the kind words, the good deeds, that grace the first half of the journey, serve to smooth the last. They are *immortelles*. Misfortune may overtake, sickness may enfeeble, age may cripple the pilgrim to 'that bourne from which no traveller returns,' but the reminiscences of a happy, well-spent youth outlive fortune, health and strength, and linger among and brighten the last solemn shadows which precede the dawning of Eternal Day.

'You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will.
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.'

Parents of volatile children sometimes wish, no doubt, that their young romps and scapegraces were, like Portia, 'much more older than their looks,' but they would be sadly taken aback, nevertheless, if the giddypates should be suddenly transformed into sedate men and women. It is better as it is.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.—In Spain, the etiquette to be observed in the royal palaces was carried to such length as to make martyrs of their kings. Philip the Third was once gravely seated by the fireside; the fire-maker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood, that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, and his grandeur would not suffer him to rise from the chair; the domestics could not presume to enter the apartment, because it was against the etiquette. At length, the Marquis de Potat appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fires; but he excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by the etiquette to perform such a function, for which the Duke d'Useda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The duke was gone out; the fire burnt fiercer; and the king endured it rather than derogate from his dignity. But his blood was heated to such a degree that an erysipelas of the head appeared the next day, which, succeeded by a violent fever,

THE VICE-REGAL TOUR

OVER THE ALPS WITH THE GOVERNOR.

FROM CHRISTCHURCH TO THE WEST COAST.

(BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.)

VISIT TO ROSS.

AFTER leaving Hokitika our next stage was the mining township of Ross, situated 18 miles south of Hokitika. It is reached by a daily line of coaches from Hokitika. We did not leave Hokitika till 12.30 p.m., on account of waiting for the mail due to arrive there, as this would be one of our last places which is connected with the telegraph. A very pleasant bush drive it is, and on the way a deputation of miners were congregated at the Rimu, where an address of welcome was presented to His Excellency.

After suitably replying to the assembled congregation we pushed on, reaching Ross about 3 o'clock, where we were met at the bridge by the volunteers and band. Here addresses were read to His Excellency, who, having replied to them, drove on to Healy's Hotel, preceded by the volunteers and band. I may mention that the turnout of volunteers for a small place like Ross did them infinite credit, and they were warmly complimented by His Excellency and the Defence Minister on their smart, soldier-like appearance.

SLUICING FOR GOLD.

SLUICING FOR GOLD.

In the afternoon we all proceeded to the Mont d'Or gold mine, where the sluicing operation was witnessed with great interest by all the party. There was a six-inch nozzle with a pressure of 240 feet of water, and the way it brought down the huge masses of moraine, was a sight worth going miles to see. With a plentiful supply of water sluicing is one of the easiest methods of obtaining the precious metal, and we were shown samples just taken from the blocks which compose the tail race. To show how all the heavy metals are caught up in the tail race, there was a miscellaneous assortment consisting of ironsand, nails, buttons, shot, and small flakes of gold. His Excellency had control of the nozzle for a time, and brought down huge quantities of earth.

After witnessing this most interesting system of gold-saving, we reluctantly left the big nozzle and wended our way homeward.

The Minister of Mines, in his latest statement to Parliament, says:—'Ross is the most interesting alluvial goldfield in the colony. Nine different auriferous layers of wash-drift have been passed through, and no main bottom yet reached. The deepest is about 250ft below sea-level, and underneath this there is a brown gravel-drift full of small rounded sandstone boulders, similar in character to that found on the top of Mount Greenland, about 3,000ft. above sea-level. The nature of the wash-drift found on top of this bottom coincides with that found on the top of the mountain referred to; and some of it has proved very rich in gold. There is no doubt when this wash-drift was deposited on Ross Flat the whole of the country was at a much higher elevation, and probably the source of the gold will yet be found back in the mountains, as there is sufficient evidence to show that the Mikonui River has been flowing in a different direction from its present course, and this river was probably the means of depositing the large accumulations of auriferous drifts on the flat.'

In the evening a banquet was held in the hall, at which a large number of the Ross inhabitants attended. Some excellent speech-making on the part of the local dignitaries helped to while away the evening. Mr Andrews also favoured the company with some capital songs. Altogether a very pleasant evening was spent, and as we had to be up early next morning it did not take long for us all to seek our rooms. The Minister of Defence found a formidable companion in his bed in the shape of a most persistent ticking clock. After many vain efforts he succeeded in keeping it quiet and in securing some rest.

A FIFTY-MILE RIDE.

In the morning we were all in the saddle pretty early, having selected our Rosinantes the previous evening, and set out to make Butler's, near the Wataroa River, 50 miles distant. Shortly after leaving Ross, we had to ford the Waitaha River, which, fortunately, was very low, permitting us to cross it easily. A few miles further on we came to a charming little lake called Ianthe, the shores of which were clothed down to the water's edge with the most luxuriant native foliage, the rata now blooming magnificently, illuminating the foliage with its scarlet blossoms.

About eight miles from Lake Ianthe we strike the banks of the Wanganui River, which is not so easily forded as the Waitaha, being pretty high at present. A shrill 'cooey' brings out Mr Hendes, the ferryman, who comes across the river with his boat. We take all the saddles off the horses preparatory to swimming them across the river. All being safely landed at the opposite bank, we repair to Mrs Hendes and enjoy a capital lunch, the horses also enjoying a good feed after their bath in the river. Saddling up again after lunch, we were quickly on the road, which now becomes a perfect avenue, the long slender currant tree growing most luxuriantly on both sides of the track, top branches intertwining, and the long avenue straight ahead making it appear like travelling along a tunnel of trees.

This portion of the journey proved a most enjoyable ride, and about 6.30 we arrived on the banks of the mighty rushing Wataroa river, where we had to unsaddle the horses and again swim them across. Giving a loud 'cooey,' we soon had Mr Gunn on the scene with his boat, and safely reached the opposite bank after making several trips, towing the horses behind the boat two at a time.

Here our party were split up for the night on account of the limited space at Mr Butler's, where we had arranged to stay for the night. We all met again in the morning at Mr Butler's, who, I may say, has a pretty homestead near the foot of Mount Price, 3,394 feet high.

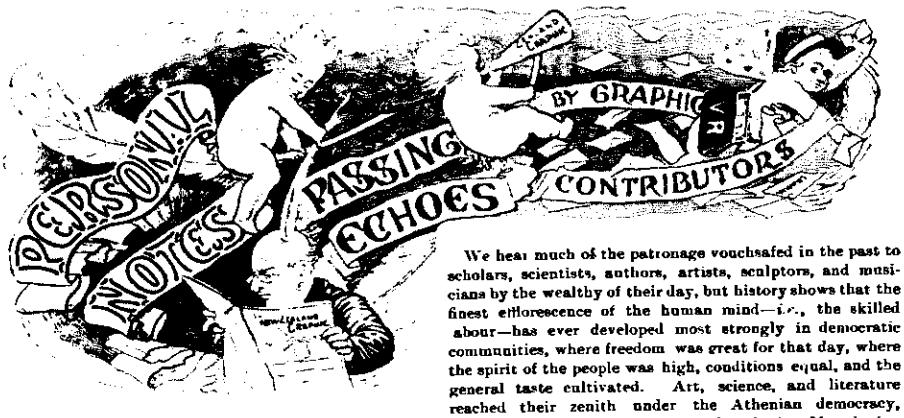
A RIDE OF FORTY-SIX MILES.

We were underway next morning at 7 a.m., intending to visit the Franz Josef Glacier and reach Okarito, which meant another ride of forty-six miles. We follow the track along beautiful bush scenery as far as a small settlement called 'The Forks,' where some mining is indulged in. Just before reaching 'The Forks' we skirt the shores of Lake Wahapo, another lake very similar to Ianthe, but much larger, and teeming with wild fowl. From 'The Forks' we leave the main track and follow another track, which leads, via Lake Mapourika, to the Glacier. At Mapourika His Excellency was met by a good number of the miners from the surrounding country, and presented with one of the best addresses which he has received on the coast. The Hon. the Defence Minister also had one presented to him, but, unfortunately, it was on the same sheet of paper as the one to His Excellency, consequently there was much confusion as to who should keep the original. There being no way to divide the addresses, the difficulty was overcome by the Hon. the Defence Minister giving his portion to His Excellency.

A short stay sufficed here, so as we had a long ride to the glaciers we pushed on, soon arriving at Lake Mapourika, which is a fine large lake surrounded with very high picturesque mountains clothed with verdure. As usual, the rata was very luxuriant, its scarlet blossoms being in full bearing now.

A striking example of the complexity introduced into the emotions of a high state of civilization is the sight of a fashionably dressed female in grief. From the sorrows of a Hottentot to that of a woman in large buckram sleeves, with several bracelets on each arm, an architectural bonnet, and delicate ribbon strings, what a long series of gradations!

OVER THE ALPS WITH THE GOVERNOR.—VALLEY OF THE TEREMAKAU.



The New Zealand Graphic

AND LADIES' JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1891.

THE Labour Commission which is at present sitting in England for the investigation of the condition of those who work with their hands, will undoubtedly succeed in eliciting some very valuable evidence. It is now some sixty years since a commission was instituted for a somewhat similar purpose, namely, to examine into the state of the children employed in factories and mines. The facts disclosed before that commission and now completely forgotten, was in places of a horrible and heart-rending nature, almost rivalling the horrors of the slave trade and of the middle-passage. Children of tender years, dwarfed and distorted by hard-labour, lasting from sixteen to eighteen hours a day, themselves testified to the inhumanity of their parents who enforced, and their employers who accepted these services. It has never been disputed that the results of that inquiry proved other than beneficial to those unprotected creatures, and that the cruelties which our ancestors viewed with so much composure have in a great degree been mitigated by the acts passed in accordance with the report of the Commissioners.

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Such a victory in days when the public conscience was benumbed by a long heritage of cruelty and indifference must have been great indeed, and encouraging to those reformers who writhed under the objections of reactionaries and the warnings of the apostles of *laisser faire*. It was the first interference with the (so-called) external laws of supply and demand, and all kinds of dislocations to the course of business were predicted as certain to follow upon it. These prognostications have not been borne out by experience, and though the physical condition of the manufacturing population in great cities at home still leaves much to be desired, the modern factory system presents no such shocking instances of induced malformity as those which the 'good old times' viewed with perfect equanimity.

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In those days there was, no doubt, often a large proportion of unemployed. It will never be known to what extent the battles of England have been won by the valour of honest labouring men whom the conditions of society excluded from all prospect of work other than that of accepting the Queen's shilling and going forth to slay the nation's enemies. Then, as now, the population question pressed, and in the absence of free emigration, the blood-letting of continual war served to drain off the restless humours of the community. For seventy years the British Isles have enjoyed comparative peace, and, despite increasing wealth, the problem of how to find sufficient work to keep people out of mischief and enable them to earn the necessaries of life grows with each year. Those who point derisively at the enormous armaments of the nations of Continental Europe, leave out of their reckoning the consideration how all this labour which is absorbed in preparation for war could be utilised in the event of a general disarmament. Statistics—those unwelcome facts to heedless people—go to show that there is in this age of machinery labour far more than is needful for performing the elementary work of society, and that fictitious or artificial wants, the desire for luxuries, does not increase rapidly enough to absorb the excess. So long as the notion endures that the so-called luxuries of life are to be in the sole enjoyment of the wealthy, it is clear that there must ever be a redundancy of even skilled labour in the world. In Russia, for instance, where the rich are comparatively few, there is in reality less scope for high-class effort than in the United States or the colonies, where the conditions of life are more equal, though fabulous prices may be given to persons of exceptional ability by Russians of princely fortune.

We hear much of the patronage vouchsafed in the past to scholars, scientists, authors, artists, sculptors, and musicians by the wealthy of their day, but history shows that the finest efflorescence of the human mind—*i.e.*, the skilled labour—has ever developed most strongly in democratic communities, where freedom was great for that day, where the spirit of the people was high, conditions equal, and the general taste cultivated. Art, science, and literature reached their zenith under the Athenian democracy, merely to decline under the rule of the Macedonian satraps, and to become still further debased and unoriginal under the rule of the Roman Emperor and his aristocratic land monopolists. When they revived again it was among the democratic towns of mediæval Italy and the free cities of the Hanseatic League in Germany and the Netherlands. In no despotically or aristocratically-ruled land has the human-mind long continued to exhibit its freshest and most original colours in any intellectual department. When Italy was enslaved by foreign usurpers and Germany by native princelings, the palm passed to England and France, where the progressive spirit of democracy still existed.

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The result of the present Labour Commission is, therefore, likely to show that the only method for getting rid of the unemployed is to increase the sphere of intellectual culture in the community. The animal needs of society are now-a-days easily supplied by means of machinery, and the present question is how to secure for the masses a fair share of leisure and of culture. The beneficial influence of toil has been preached for generations, it being generally toil of a sordid nature. Those were, however, days when life was rough in many of its aspects even for the highest class, and aristocratic pleasures were sullied by much coarseness and animality. Despite the diatribes of Jacobin orators the wealthy of to-day have a breadth of culture and humanity which would put their predecessors to shame. The question is how these newly-developed capacities of enjoyment are to be extended more widely instead of becoming narrowed and confined to a limited class. The right to a broader culture in addition to the right to live comfortably will, undoubtedly, be the lesson taught by the report of the Commission now sitting at London.

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It is almost impossible to believe that the latest news from Russia can be true. The Czar is an absolute monarch, and has at his command an army numbering some half a million of men; but if he contemplates making the experiment of reducing some seventy millions of his subjects to serfdom, he is likely to find it one which will task to the utmost his immense resources. His private fortune is a vast one, and the monies he could extort by means of an armed force would be very great, but the endurance of the whole autocratic fabric depends not upon money but upon the loyalty of an ignorant peasanty, which such a measure would inevitably alienate.

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At one time the Russian peasantry were the prey of a number of petty despots, and it was in the exercise of self-preservation that they tacitly abetted the Czars in their projects which led to the subjection of the nobles to the Crown. The Russian peasant, like the peasant of other lands, found that of the two evils a strong and centralized tyranny at a distance was preferable to that of a number of petty oppressors near at hand. They therefore for three centuries have rendered abject allegiance to the 'Little Father,' in consideration for the condition of comparative comfort secured to them by his thus clipping the claws of the aristocracy. For the tyranny of the old aristocracy there has now become substituted that of the bureaucracy, through which the Czar administers the affairs of the Empire. In it are many nobles, but education in Western ideas has had the effect of bringing some of these into sympathy with the popular party, and their defection threatens to counteract even the cohesive tendencies of self-seeking in the bureaucratic class. But for this Nihilism would lose half its power.

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The machinery, therefore, which the Czar possesses of enforcing his will as against the discontented section of the educated classes and the whole of the peasantry whom he would re-enslave, is the active army and the army reserve moved through the bureaucracy. All power in the last resort everywhere depends upon the number of disciplined men that can be found to fight for it. It is, however, a characteristic of modern armies that they are merely highly-drilled militia, never losing touch with the population. Socialistic ideas are rapidly permeating the armies of both Germany and England, and even the ignorant peasants who go to make up the mass of the Czar's soldiery are in the cities where they concentrate gradually acquiring these from the propagandists of Nihilism. It remains to be seen whether in the face of this and the threatened re-enslavement of their relatives, the rank and file of the Russian army will remain constant to a reactionary despotism. If history teaches one lesson rather than another it is that the person who seeks to ride full tilt against the spirit of the age gets ignominiously discomfited, and the Czar if he persist in his headstrong course will discover this as did his predecessors Ferdinand II., Charles I., and Napoleon.

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We know not what the renewed activity of our live volcano Ngauruhoe may portend. Japan has been visited by an earthquake disastrous to thousands of its dense populations, and there is nothing to console ourselves but the vague hope that the traditional quiescence of the earth's surface in New Zealand may endure. If evidence of igneous action goes for aught the North Island of New Zealand should be racked with earthquakes to a degree unknown in either Italy or Japan. The record of the past transmitted to us by our barbarian predecessors is after all not so complete or trustworthy as to be very assuring of our terrestrial stability. 'Hope springs eternal in the human breast,' and just as each soldier marching into the thickest fire of battle expects to escape, so we in New Zealand calmly view the bubbling activities of our wonderland with a spirit of careless belief in our security.

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No lesson more instructive to proud man, and especially to proud woman, could possibly be conceived than even a trifling earthquake. In half a minute all the pride, the 'gas,' the courage, the mental self-control, the philosophy, the propriety of all our women and half our men would run out of their trembling heels did Ngauruhoe give a really good heave with its grumbling entrails. In another half a minute, did it continue, no person in the community would retain any vestige of the dignity with which European civilization seeks to endue mankind. Abject terror would take possession of all and obliterate any moral consideration and material interest other than the brute instinct of self-preservation. At that moment comment upon the policy of the present Government would be forgotten, the Episcopalian synod would adjourn rapidly from debating the question of religious teaching in the public schools, and the afternoon sederunt of ladies to discuss the conduct of Miss X in going to the theatre with a young man who was not her *fiance* would dissolve amid faints and shrieks. Then when nature spoke with her great voice would be shown the pettiness and triviality of our daily life and the flimsiness of the distinctions which so-called civilisation creates, master herding with man, mistress fleeing with maid, and university professors hanging on to the coat tails of grimy labouring men. Society here waggles its head and wriggles its tail, but let it not be puffed up, for a power greater than it is around, one pulse of which would demolish its flimsy structure and reduce it to the level of the merest savagery.

BY THE RIVERSIDE.

Two lovers through the greenwood walked
The more they thought, the less they talked,
For beating fast with love and hope
Their hearts felt weak with love to cope.
While every bird sang in their ears—
'Speak out your thoughts and have no fears.'

The river's bank, with flowers sweet,
Blushed welcome to their straying feet;
The lilies looked up from below,
The wild rose wore a deeper glow,
And violets, with tender eye,
Smiled as the lovers wandered by.

And when the day was lost in night,
The stars lent them a kindly light,
And later came the pensive moon,
To wooing hearts a gracious boon,
While peace reigned empress everywhere,
Save in the bosoms throbbing there.

The lovers stood beside the stream
And saw on it the silver beam,
That, from the moon, stole softly past
The sleeping trees, and gently cast
Upon the river's waiting breast
Its fair, white form in loving rest.

'See Nature's heart in this!' he cried.
'Yon moonbeam is the river's bride.
Here let us make our vows to-night;
Few words we need, our hearts are right.
Take me—I'm thine through good or ill!'
And then the maiden said—'I will!'

NELSON.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 8.

No need to complain of dearth of news this week. Where to begin and how to get it all in is my only difficulty. However, that may be got over by taking each day as it comes, beginning with Monday. Well, Bee, at an early hour on Monday morning we were all aroused from our slumbers by a salute of guns fired by the 'H' Battery. This had been arranged as a signal for all the citizens to hoist their bunting, and before the boom of the first cannon had ceased the town was alive with flags, and not only the town, but all the surrounding hills, and, as you can imagine, the sight was a very gay and pleasing one. Shortly after eight o'clock people began to assemble on the Church Hill, and the Garrison Band took up its position at the foot of the steps and played 'God Save the Queen.' By nine o'clock the whole town was crowded with people, all eager to see and hear what was going on. A platform was erected on the top of the first tier of steps, upon which were the Ven. Archdeacon Mules, Bishop Julius (of Christchurch), and the local clergy, all of whom took part in the thanksgiving service which was held, and which lasted for about half an hour, when the procession formed and marched to the Botanical Gardens, and here speeches were delivered by Bishop Julius, Archbishop Redwood, Sir William Fox, Mr Seddon (M.H.R.), the Mayor (Mr Fell), and others. When these were over the procession again formed and marched to the Government buildings, and there the 'old settlers' left their ranks to join in the dinner which was being given in their honour. But this would be a fitting place to tell you the order of the procession, which was a long and imposing one:—'H' Battery Artillery, Band, Oddfellows, Foresters, Rechabites, Good Templars, Salvage Corps, Fire Brigade, Trades, Band, ten different schools, including the girls' and boys' orphanages, visitors and clergy, members of both Houses of Parliament, Mayor and Councillors, old settlers Most people then either went to the sports, which were held in Trafalgar Park, or else to the tennis match, Nelson *versus* Marlborough. The day ended with a display of fireworks.

Now for a little about the tennis match, which was watched with intense interest throughout, Nelson winning rather easily. Of course, the chief match of interest was the single played by Mr Wood (Nelson) against Mr Douslin (Marlborough). Although Mr Douslin played a grand game, and a very plucky one too, our champion was too much for him. What a splendid game Mr Wood does play! He never misses a chance, and plays with such judgment! He beat Mr Douslin, 6-4, 4-6, 6-3, 7-5. The other singles were between Messrs Heaps, Broad, and Fernie (Nelson) and Messrs Griffiths, Kennedy, and Richmond (Marlborough), all of which Nelson won. The doubles were Messrs Wood and Heaps against Messrs Douslin and Griffiths, won by Nelson, and Messrs Broad and Fernie against Messrs Richmond and Kennedy, also won by Nelson. Then the players changed opponents, and Messrs Wood and Heaps were pitted against Messrs Kennedy and Richmond, winning by 6-0, 6-0, and Messrs Broad and Fernie against Messrs Douslin and Griffiths, Nelson this time being beaten 5-4, 7-5. Play began about half-past ten, and after the doubles a substantial lunch was partaken of, and play resumed again about two o'clock. The day was a lovely one, so people flocked to the tennis ground during the afternoon, and Mrs Pitt, who was kindly giving afternoon tea, had her resources taxed to the utmost, but her assistants were numerous and willing. Among them were Misses Levien, Preshaw, Fell (2), Pitt (2), Hosking (Sydney), and, of course, several of the sterner sex. And now, Bee, for some of the dresses, which were all light and cool-looking. Mrs Watts, handsome black silk grenadine, lace mantle, black bonnet; Mrs C. Watts (Marlborough), becoming robe of grey cloth with white waistcoat, bonnet to match; Mrs Percy Adams, sweet costume of heliotrope cambric with deep flounce of lace round the long basque, rice-straw hat with spray of rose buds; Mrs Levien, fawn corduroy robe, black and gold bonnet; Mrs J. Wood, pretty fawn costume with white waistcoat embroidered in gold, black straw hat; Mrs Macquarrie, flowered cambric; Mrs L. Adams, cream flowered delaine, large white muslin hat with feathers; Mrs Bunny, grey flowered pongee, small black bonnet; Mrs Renwick, black silk grenadine, small grey bonnet; Mrs J. Sharp, blue-spotted pongee, white hat with blue cornflowers; Mrs R. Kingdon, grey costume with vest embroidered in silver, white straw hat; Mrs Broad, black cambric with chenille spots pinked out with gold, black and gold bonnet; Mrs Pitt, black cashmere, bonnet to match; Mrs Fell, blue spotted muslin, white straw bonnet; Mrs Ledger, green flowered camoric, small bonnet Mrs Thornton, white muslin relieved with red silk vest, white hat with feathers; Mrs Andrew (Masterton), grey costume, white straw bonnet; Miss Mackay, cream flannel embroidered in gold, black and gold large hat; Miss B. Atkinson, fawn corduroy trimmed with brown silk, brown hat; Miss Catley, ecru flowered muslin, cream hat; Miss Fell, cream flowered muslin, large cream hat; Miss L. Fell, also a flowered muslin, white muslin hat; Miss G. Pitt, cool-looking white robe, large white hat; Miss Hosking, who is staying with her from Sydney, becoming soft white robe, white rice straw hat; Miss Levien, grey alpaca, large hat; Miss Esther Atkinson, cool-looking white flowered cambric; Miss Wood, dark green robe with white pique vest, white hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Heaps, black robe, with grey aerophane hat; Miss A. Oldham, fawn costume and hat; Miss Curtis, blue flowered muslin, large white hat; Miss Jones, pretty heliotrope nun's veiling, hat of black lace; Miss G. Jones, pink muslin with a grey flower running over it, white muslin hat with pink roses; Miss Munro (Wanganui) green flowered muslin, soft straw hat with green aerophane trimming; Miss Norse (Wanganui), fawn robe, Bond-street hat; Miss Marsden (Stoke), fawn cloth costume with white vest; Miss McRae (Richmond), cream delaine, sailor hat with band of black velvet; Miss Watson, black and white striped zepyhr, black lace hat; Miss Kissling (Auckland), white pongee silk, white straw hat; Miss Johnson, (Wellington) white muslin, white lace hat. I also saw Mesdames Preshaw, Heaps, Tomlinson, Mackay, Ronalds (Christchurch), Atkinson, and Misses Pitt, Ledger (2), Broad, F. Sealy, and Atkinson (2). And now for the names of some of our Marlborough friends, a great many of whom are at present in Nelson. Mrs Griffiths, fawn costume and bonnet; Mrs Clouston, black flowered cambric, hat with white feathers; Miss Seymour, peculiar shade of heliotrope flowered muslin, straw hat with trimmings to match; Mrs G. Watts, white costume with a narrow pink stripe in it, large hat.

Tuesday was again a lovely day, and soon after ten o'clock people began to wend their way to the port to watch the Regatta. All the yacht races took place in the morning, and the rowing races in the afternoon, but owing to a strong breeze which was blowing they were not able to start the first until nearly four o'clock, necessitating a postponement of three races for the following morning. The Champion Races were won by the Canterbury Rowing Club, the Star Boating Club (Wellington), and the Wellington Rowing Club. There were not many people at the Regatta that one knew, owing, I suppose, to the attractions offered by Mrs Richmond, who was having a garden party for the benefit of the Cathedral, most people just driving straight there, and not remaining at the wharf at all. So, Bee, for your sake I had to climb that dreadful hill, only to find that most people were wearing the same gowns they wore to the tennis match. However, I will give you the names of some of the people I noticed. Mesdames Watts, Percy Adams, Levien, R. Kingdon, J. Sharp, C. Watts, G. Watts, Richardson (Blenheim), G. Wood, Blackett, Cock, Pitt, Sealy, Bunny, Preshaw, Selanders, Cloustin (Blenheim), Mackay, L. Adams; Misses Watson, Catley, Mackay, Oldham, Broad, Pitt, Levien, Johnson (Wellington), Munroe (Wanganui), Morse (Wanganui), Curtis, Pitt (2), Hosking, Richmond (2), Jones (2), Fell (2), Hunter-Brown, Sealy, Seymour (Blenheim), Boor, Lightfoot, and Atkinson (2).

The great event of Tuesday was the Jubilee Ball, to which, I think, nearly everyone went. It was held in the Provincial Hall, and that and the jury room were both packed with dancers—in fact, over three hundred people were present. The hall was decorated with flags and photographs of the old settlers, and a large marquee had been erected outside for the supper-room. The music was very good, and as the floor also was in good condition, we had every reason to enjoy ourselves, and the Committee are certainly to be congratulated on the excellence of all their arrangements. Some of the gowns, Bee, were lovely, so I know you will like to hear of them. Mrs C. Saunders, a handsome gown of yellow silk covered with brown net, and sprays of roses; Mrs Percy Adams, becoming brocaded pink silk and chiffon with long spray of pink poppies on the skirt, gold band in her hair; Mrs C. Watts, who looked exceedingly well, wore a coral pink robe, pink heath in her hair; Mrs G. Watts, white silk; Mrs Watts, black velvet, with panel of pink silk embroidered in gold; Mrs Broad, heliotrope satin with black nett and feathers; Mrs R. Kingdon, a very sweet robe of pale pink, the front of the skirt being almost entirely covered with white jet trimming, the same appearing on the low corsage; Mrs H. Glasgow (Wellington), looked well in thick white silk; Mrs A. Glasgow, rich black silk, the front of corsage being covered with black ostrich feathers; Mrs Bunny, yellow silk and net: Mrs Richardson (Blenheim), becoming gown of heliotrope silk and net; Mrs Moreton looked well in pale heliotrope silk; Mrs Walker, rich white silk and lace; Mrs Trask, handsome gown of black satin and lace; Mrs Seddon, black merveilleux; Miss Trask, rich cream brocaded silk with deep flounce of lace; Miss J. Pitt, pale yellow brocaded silk; Miss Hosking (Sydney), yellow silk with black lace on the long corsage; Miss Levien looked very well in black merveilleux with deep lace flounce and spray of buttercups, the corsage having a thick spray of the same flowers, large bouquet of sunflowers; Miss Johnson (Wellington), cream velvet robe braided with gold; Miss L. Fell, very pretty gown of green silk with gold girdle; Miss Fell, black lace over white silk; Miss Broad, pale green merveilleux with white jet trimming; Miss Worsp (Auckland), brocaded heliotrope silk; Miss B. Atkinson, peach-coloured cashmere trained; Miss Watson, white silk covered with gold spangled net; Miss Mackay, heliotrope cashmere with chenille spots; Mrs Thornton, pure white silk with thick girdle; Miss Jackson, pretty white silk and lace; Miss Curtis, blue silk and chiffon; Miss Seymour (Picton), very handsome gown of bright red silk braided with gold; Miss Richmond, white net and silk; Miss C. Richmond, apricot silk and net; Miss Jones, heliotrope cashmere; Miss G. Jones, white silk; Miss Preshaw, pink cashmere. The gentlemen, of course, were very numerous. Among them were Messrs Pitt, Trask (the Mayor), Seddon, Macdonald, Macquarrie, Percy Adams, C. Watts, Thornton, Oldham (2), Kirkby, Broad, Kennedy, Douslin, Griffiths, Atkinson, Fell, Richmond, Glasgow (2), Kingdon, Curtis (2), Duncan, Levien, Andrew, Wiggins, Newton, Johnston, Colt, Maclean, Symons, and Dr. Collins and Lieut. Stansfield from H.M.S. Ringarooma. Dancing was kept up until an early hour in the morning.

Notwithstanding this, no one seemed at all tired on Wednesday, but rolled up in hundreds to the races, which were held at the pretty course in Richmond, an easy driving distance from town. From about half-past ten o'clock carriages were leaving town laden, and the train was also packed. By twelve o'clock the grand-stand was crammed with an eager and expectant crowd of onlookers, the bright dresses of the ladies all adding to the beauty of the scene. Everything went off well, and the delay between the races was only short, so that they went with a swing, and did not, as they sometimes do, drag. The first day was lovely, with just a gentle breeze from the sea, but Thursday was very dismal, pouring with rain the whole day. However, a good many people faced the elements, and I should say the good sport they had well repaid them for any little inconvenience regarding the dampness of the weather. As I have only ten minutes to catch the mail in, I will leave the dresses worn and the other items of news until next week. I find I have also omitted to tell you about the Art Exhibition, which was opened by Sir William Fox last Monday, but this must also wait.

PHYLLIS.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 16.

Weddings I know are always an interesting subject for feminine gossip, and therefore you will be delighted with a description of one of the very prettiest matrimonial events of the season, and also one of the most interesting, for both bride and bridegroom are not only well known, but general favourites in Auckland society. The contracting couple were Mr A. L. Edwards (so well known as one of our sweetest tenor vocalists) and Miss Kathleen Agnes Johnstone, eldest daughter of Mr Wm. Johnstone, manager of the Auckland Fibre Company. The marriage was solemnised in St. Sepulchre's Church, Kyber Pass, in the presence of a large congregation of friends and interested spectators, the Rev. J. Haselden officiating. The service was fully choral, a good attendance of the choir being present under Mr Vincent Rice, who presided at the organ, and who subsequently performed the 'Wedding March' in splendid style at the close of the ceremony. The arrangements in the church were admirably carried out, several of Mr Edwards' gentlemen friends acting as ushers, and otherwise assisting in carrying out the details. The bride was given away by her father, and certainly looked lovely in her magnificent bridal robe of rich cream merveilleux silk, which fitted perfectly. The skirt was made with a very long train from the waist, the plain front being finished at the foot with a flounce of lovely lace, and the gored seams were overlaid with strings of moderately large pearls. The bodice was also finished with lace and edged with pearls, a long graduated fringe of pearls hanging from the front of the bodice over the front of the skirt. The sleeves were high on the shoulder and very full to the elbow, when they were tight to the cuff, which was finished with lace. She also wore a beautiful wreath of orange blossoms surmounted by an embroidered tulle veil, which fell gracefully over the train. The bride's costume was completed with white kid gloves, satin slippers, and a very large and exquisitely beautiful bouquet of choice flowers and delicate ferns. The bridesmaids—four in number—were the Misses Wright (first), F. Johnstone, M. Gorrie, and Upton. The first-named couple wore dainty and very becoming gowns of the sweetest shade in pale blue cashmere relieved with silver. The skirts were plainly finished with a few tucks, whilst the bodices were finished with pale blue silk cord edging and bows of blue ribbon, the vests and cuffs being elaborately braided with silver braid, large and jaunty shaped hats of pale blue chiffon trimmed with silver passementerie and bows of chiffon and blue ribbons. Misses Gorrie and Upton also wore dainty costumes alike of cream cashmere, the foot of the skirt draped with bows of cream ribbon; the bodices were made long, the vest and cuffs braided with gold, and the whole of the seams overlaid with narrow cream silk and gold tinsel gimp; large hats of cream silk lace trimmed with cream ribbon and gold-coloured velvet flowers. Each young lady carried a beautiful bouquet to harmonise with her costume, and each wore a neat gold bangle, the gift of the bridegroom. The attendant groomsmen were Messrs J. S. Johnstone (best man), Wilfred Bruce, Alf. White, and R. J. Johnstone. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party drove to 'Erin Lodge,' the residence of the bride's parents, Cleveland Road, Parnell, where a reception was held, the guests being most hospitably entertained by Mr and Mrs Johnstone. Some hundreds of beautiful and costly presents were received, the collection comprising sets and articles in silver of almost every conceivable kind suitable both for use and ornament, numerous beautiful vases and ornaments of various kinds, both artistic and valuable, and other articles too numerous to mention. The members of St. Sepulchre's choir, of which Mr Edwards is a prominent member, presented the bridegroom with a very elegantly bound copy of hymns, ancient and modern, with the music. After receiving the congratulations of their friends the happy wedded couple left amid a shower of rice, slippers, etc., for Te Aroha, where the honeymoon will be spent. Mr and Mrs Johnstone purpose giving a party on their return as a welcome home. The bride's going away dress was of dark blue costume cloth, with vest and cuffs of chamois leather, and hat to correspond, the effect being both novel and pretty. The bride's

mother wore an exceedingly handsome gown of rich bottle green merveilleux silk, the bodice trimmed with lighter green passementerie trimming, and stylish little bonnet to correspond; she carried a lovely bouquet of pink and crimson roses and ferns; Mrs W. H. O. Johnstone wore a beautiful silver-grey gown with vest of white silk, over which was gold passementerie, tiny stringless bonnet to correspond; Mrs Harry Johnstone also wore a handsome grey silk gown, the bodice adorned with grey and gold passementerie, small bonnet of grey ostrich tips; Mrs H. C. Tewsley, dainty cream costume, the skirt beautifully embroidered with silk, and the bodice trimmed with petunia coloured silk, gold bonnet trimmed with petunia velvet and flowers; Mrs Holmwood (Wellington), handsome cream flowered with heliotrope delaine gown, heliotrope and gold bonnet; Mrs J. B. Gilfillan, black and white chic silk gown trimmed with black lace, black lace bonnet trimmed with a wreath of tiny blossoms; Miss Gilfillan, black brocade and lace gown, cream bonnet trimmed with black velvet; Mrs Lewis, black merveilleux gown richly trimmed with jet, black bonnet trimmed with foliage; Miss Taylor (Tamaki), very pretty soft white silk gown, large hat covered with white ostrich plumes; Miss Gorrie, pretty gown of white material trimmed with sage green silk, and small hat to correspond; Mrs J. Haselden wore a rich black silk gown, and pretty little bonnet; Mrs (Dr.) Wright also wore black silk and black bonnet; Mrs D. Murdoch, pretty black and white costume, bonnet to match; Mrs Upton, rich electric blue merveilleux gown trimmed with embossed plush to match, white bonnet. Amongst other invited guests, some of whom were unable to be present from various causes, but sent lovely presents, were Mr and Mrs E. W. Mills (Wellington), Mr and Mrs W. J. Napier, Mr and Mrs Struthers (Christchurch), Mrs Taylor (Tamaki), Mr and Mrs V. E. Rice, Mr and Mrs T. Charter, Mr and Mrs T. Kissling, Mr Claude Kissling, Mr and Mrs W. Gorrie, Mr Gibbons, Mr Wallace Bruce, Captain and Miss Anderson, Mr Alex. Walker, Mr Harold Bagnell, Miss Prosser, Mr and Mrs Whitson (Dunedin), Mr and Mrs Blakie, Mr Cash, Mr Pollock, and others too numerous to mention.

The marriage of Mr J. C. Entrican to Lizzie, eldest daughter of Mr D. Macpherson, was quietly performed at the residence of the bride's parents, Selwyn-street, Ponsonby, by the Rev. R. F. Macnicol. The guests present were only the immediate relatives of the families. The bride wore a lovely trained gown of white cashmere finished with lace and orange blossoms, wreath of orange blossoms and handsome tulle veil, and carried a large and very beautiful bouquet. The bridesmaids were the Misses J. Macpherson and Entrican, wearing gowns alike of soft cream matina relieved with gold, and each wore a pretty gold horseshoe brooch set with diamonds and rubies, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr R. Entrican attended his brother in the capacity of best man. At the close of the ceremony the bridal party were entertained by Mr and Mrs Macpherson at a sumptuous wedding breakfast. Mr and Mrs Entrican left by the afternoon train for Rotorua Hot Lakes where the honeymoon will be spent. The bride's travelling dress was exceedingly handsome—of light grey corduroy cloth trimmed with silver passementerie, and stylish hat to correspond. The wedding presents were numerous and valuable, and comprised articles both ornamental and useful. The bride's mother wore a handsome gown of black silk flowered grenadine over merveilleux, and trimmed with gold and black passementerie; Mrs Entrican (sen.), wore a rich black satin gown, and collar and cuffs of real lace; Mrs A. J. Entrican, handsome gown of rich bengaline silk trimmed with jet and lace; Miss MacPherson (aunt of the bride) wore a gown of rich black satin sparkling with jet; Mrs Foreman (an aunt of the bride from America) wore a lovely silk gown; Mrs R. W. Gallaugher, handsome black silk and lace gown relieved with jet; the Misses MacPherson and Entrican (jun.) wore pretty cream dresses.

There have been a great many moonlight picnics this week. One was got up by the Fishing Club, the Misses Baker having very much to do with it. About forty people were present including the officers of H.M.S. Tauranga. They danced the whole evening having on board a band.

The Misses Rees, Jervis, and Mr Stewart got up a very successful driving picnic to Kohimarama, but by mistake they took the wrong road and came to St. Heller's Bay; but that did not spoil the enjoyment of the affair.

The H.M.S. Tauranga gave a water picnic also.

Mr E. Macleau, of Bleak House, and his niece, Miss Bailey, gave a large picnic, but I will tell you about it next time.

It was a pity that somewhat boisterous weather rather spoilt the water picnic to Motutapu, got up by some energetic members of St. Luke's Church, Mount Albert. The Ruby was chartered for the afternoon and evening, leaving the Queen-street wharf soon after two o'clock. The run down to the island was not unpleasant, and some of the party were landed, whilst others elected to remain on the steamer and go fishing. Alas! some of these adventurous spirits, when suffering from *mal-de-mer*, regretted their choice of amusement. Messrs Reid are always so very kind in permitting visitors to go over the pretty island that it is a great shame many people carelessly cut and injure their valuable trees, leave fires burning, which destroy the grass, and even take some of the poultry for a trip in their boat—at least I have been told so. None of these things happened on the present occasion, and the whole party seemed to enjoy themselves very well without doing mischief. By nine o'clock they were back in Auckland, delighted to find vehicles of various descriptions awaiting them. Few fish were caught by the fishing expedition, for which they were much chaffed by the land contingent, who had been ably entertained by Mr Reid's monkey. Amongst the party were Mrs and the Misses Kerr-Taylor, Mr and Master Kensington, Mr, Miss, and Master Sellers, various members of Captain Dawson's family, Mrs J. M. Alexander and family, Miss Dixon, Miss Florrie Sellers, Mrs Wilkins and son, Mr Talbot and two daughters, Messrs Haigh, Pollen, Hume, Cinder, Townsend Beck, May, Clement Dixon, Motion, etc., etc.

I hear there is a picnic on foot to be a sort of acknowledgement to Mr Tonson Garlick for his kindness in connection with the Mount Albert Mutual Improvement Society.

A Sydney correspondent tells me that Mrs Taylor, whose husband is connected with a large overdraft at the Land Credit Bank, bought Mr Fergus Hume's first novel from him for £250, but all the author's profit amounted to was £50.

Mrs and the Misses Keesing, Symond-street, gave a very large afternoon tea, and amongst those present were Mrs Farelle, Mrs and the Misses Baker, Mrs and Miss Nashelski, Mrs Keesing (jun.), Mrs Conolly, Mrs Oathwaite, Mrs and Miss Masefield, Mrs and Miss Kerr Taylor, Mrs Niccol and Miss Phillips, Miss Williamson, Miss Benjamin (lately from Sydney), Professor Pond, Mr Cuff and Mr Stewart (H.M.S. Tauranga). Amongst the musical contribution a lady sang very sweetly. I believe her name was Mrs Scio.

Mrs Cottle and her daughter, Miss Burchell, Remuera, gave such a successful little dance the other evening. Songs were sung alternately with the dances, which made it so delightful. Mr T. Jackson, whom we are never tired of listening to, sang, and also Miss Burchell, who wore a pretty yellow satin covered with black lace; Miss Jervis also sang, she wore white; Mrs Uptil, red silk; Mrs Wilson, black; Mrs McMillan, handsome trained satin; Mrs Pritt, black; Miss W. F. Buckland, black; Miss White, blue, and her sisters wore white; Miss Pritt, white skirt and red garibaldi; Miss Kerr-Taylor and her sister, pink sateen; Miss Rookes, blue; Miss McDonald, white satin. There were many others present, but I have forgotten, and I will let you judge for yourself who was the belle. We had a few more gentleman than ladies, which, of course, adds to the success of a dance. The couples wandered about the beautiful garden in the moonlight.

Preparations for the regrettable duty of bidding adieu to our popular Governor and the Countess Onslow are going on apace. A very pretty idea is that of a procession of boats in the harbour to escort the Mararoa round the North Head, as this steamer is to convey the present representative of Her Majesty away from this colony.

Unfortunately, Madame Goldenstedt has had to postpone her concert, owing to a sudden attack of influenza.

A very satisfactory meeting in connection with St. Matthew's Church was held the other evening. The death of the late Rev. W. Tebbs, while on health leave, was sorrowfully referred to, and also the depression in church affairs during the time the deceased was in such poor health. The vestry consider the engagement of the Rev. L. H. Outram a cause for congratulation, and under his vigorous charge hope for brighter things for St. Matthew's. The financial position was improving, considering the unusual expenses to which the parish had recently been put. It was decided to build a handsome stone church in place of the wooden and decaying building now in existence. The appointment of Mr Arthur Towsey, the eminent organist from Dunedin, has given great satisfaction.

MURIEL.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE. FEBRUARY 11.

Such a dull week we have had, but perhaps after all it is a good thing by way of preparation for a gay one to come next, for you know Lord and Lady Onslow and Captain Guthrie will be back before this reaches you, and all kinds of entertainments are being got up to say farewell to them. The Earl and Countess are to hold a farewell reception from five to six o'clock at Government House. During their stay they are to be the guests of the Hon. Charles and Mrs Johnston, of Hobson street. Government House is no longer fit for their reception, most of the things, except, of course, the ordinary furniture, having been either packed or sold. The Mayor (Mr H. D. Bell) is to give a banquet at Bellamy's. This is to be a very brilliant affair, but I hear that Mrs Bell, through illness, will not be present. Then the members of the Wellington Club are to give His Excellency a farewell dinner, and the following evening Dr. and Mrs Newman entertain them, and Mr and Mrs Johnston are giving a dinner party, and afterwards an 'At Home,' so that we shall have a gay week. We ladies are busily engaged in furbishing up our wardrobes, which, as regards evening gowns, manages to get very scanty during the summer months. It is quite exciting having these festivities in this usually dull month. They will, however, be tinged with regret, as indeed, to my mind, are all farewells.

Although as yet no official intimation has been received, everyone is discussing our new Governor with vigour, but very little is known about him at present.

The lawn tennis tournaments at the Thorndon Grass Courts are progressing rapidly, owing to the beautiful weather. The mixed doubles are just finished, the winners being Miss Maggie Kennedy and Mr Winston Barron, who played very well. The gentlemen's singles are now going on, and later come the ladies' singles. In both cases these have been divided into the first and second classes, which seems to me to be a very sensible idea. The ladies who have entered for the first class are Miss Mason, Miss Trimnell, Miss Maude Grace, Miss Kennedy, and several others—about seven only, I think, and all are good players, so it will be very interesting. Miss C. Campbell will be missed from the tournaments. She is visiting in Nelson at present.

Miss May Kebbell and Messrs Frank and Mark Kebbell have just arrived from home, Miss Kebbell being very much the better for her trip.

Miss Macdonald is passing through to Nelson, being on her way back from Sydney.

Mrs Cowie, wife of the Bishop of Auckland, and Mrs Nevill, wife of the Bishop of Dunedin, are both in Wellington during the Synod, the former staying at Bishopscourt, and the latter with Mrs Quick. The Rev. Mr Waters is to give a garden party at the Vicarage in honour of the Synodsmen and his guest, Bishop Julius. On Sunday I heard Dean Hovell, of Napier, in the morning, and Bishop Julius in the evening.

The Misses Wilford have left for Dunedin to be present at their brother's wedding.

I hope to send a more interesting letter next week.

RUBY.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE. FEBRUARY 9.

Though people are nearly all back again in town now, I have little but public news with which to fill my letter this week. With the exception of very small tennis and croquet parties, nothing is being done in the way of private entertainment. I suppose the heat and the natural apathy it produces, are the causes of our present dead season. But for Walter Bentley and the Athletic Championship meeting we might have shut ourselves up and slept undisturbed the whole week. Walter Bentley himself, though, is enough to compensate us for the dearth of social events. He is a grand actor; some people say the best that has ever visited New Zealand. 'David Garrick,' is the nicest piece he has played us as yet. Whether founded on fact or not it is clever, touching, and amusing, and Bentley portrays the dilemmas of the honest popular 'David' to perfection. Then again the dresses of the period with powder and patches are lovely. I also saw 'The Bells,' and shuddered the whole night after. Bentley's powerful rendering of a remorseful and conscience-stricken murderer held us all enthralled. But though the play is what it pretends to be—a fine psychological study, it is so gruesome that I should not advise you to go and see it without a strong determination not to let the horrors affect you too deeply. The scene is laid in Alsace, and the costumes worn are the pretty short skirts, black velvet bodices and white chemisettes of the peasantry. I am anxious to see Bentley in 'The Lady of Lyons,' as I hear Claude Melnotte is one of his best rôles. Amongst the crowded audience on Thursday night I noticed Mrs Thomas; Mrs Stead, in white, large ostrich feather fan; Mrs Graham, Mr and Miss Turnbull, Mrs Matson, Mrs J. Matson (jun.), the Misses Helmore, Miss Delamain, and others.

The weather was much too miserable for me to brave, so I did not go to the first day of the athletic meeting at Lancaster Park. I hear, however, that in spite of the rain the grand-stand was filled with ladies, many were standing out under umbrellas on the wet grass to see the finishes of the various events.

Town is full of young athletes from all parts of the colony, and they are being fêted in various ways by our local men. One night they had a smoke concert, and the next day they were all to have gone to Sumner in drags. Some went, I believe, and a wretched drive back they must have had, for it poured nearly all the afternoon and evening. A great many picnickers to Diamond Harbour and other places were caught in the same way. We have not had such a rain for years. The rivers all over Canterbury were very high, and in some districts floods were the result. It seems, however, that we only had the fag end of the storm, as in Otago it was much worse. The line between here and Dunedin has been broken in several places, and the Governor and Lady Onslow, on their way to Christchurch, had to return to Dunedin. In consequence the luncheon in their honour has been postponed for two day.

But I must now tell you about the second afternoon's sport. You will have doubtless had full particulars of these in your daily papers, so I will not give you the details of any but the three races I myself most enjoyed. These were the 100 yards flat race, the five-mile bicycle race, and the quarter-mile hurdles championship. Mr Hempdens, a Hawke's Bay man, won the first in fine style; he came right away from all the others. It being the final heat of the race, the excitement was intense. The five-mile bycicle championship was never out of the hands of the Australian, Mr Kerr, who was in splendid training and who came in at the finish a 'lap' ahead of his other men. Mr Batger, of Wellington, skims over the hurdles like a deer. It is really wonderful to see such agility in a man. Certainly the Canterbury hurdle-jumper was not much in it, in spite of his success the first day, which was a tremendous surprise to everyone. Christchurch, however, has had no reason to be ashamed of its representatives at this meeting, as a great number of the events were won by our men, Messrs D and P. Wood each keeping up their reputations as our best runners. The crowd at the Park was one of the largest I have ever seen there, and nearly everyone I knew personally or by sight was present. I saw Mrs Cowlishaw and her three daughters, each wearing pretty tweed dresses and light flower straw hats; Mrs Graham and her daughter, the Misses Greenwood, Miss Robison (lately returned from a long visit to Wellington); with her Miss Reeves; Miss Clarke, in a flowered blue dress, white hat and poppies; Miss M. Helmore, grey dress, and white hat and feathers; Mrs T. Matson, very stylish gown of grey and white; Miss R. Tabart; Mrs Stringer, in a cream cloth braided dress; Miss Turnbull, spotted grey dress, and black hat; Miss Cohen, very stylish costume of blue with tan front, tan shoes of the same shade; Mrs Weston, Mrs Merton, Miss Way, Miss N. Way, pretty tweed of brown shade, hat of autumn leaves with brown strings; Mrs Hamer, black bonnet, grey-blue dress with embroidery; Miss Martin (Dunedin), and Miss Ashcroft (Dunedin), both navy blue costumes; Mrs Millton, who is down in town for a little while from Birch Hill, was wearing a very prettily made blue dress with white chiffon on bodice and sleeves. A great many of the gowns worn by the younger ladies were delaines, nearly all made with lace round the bodices and the bottom of the skirt. I think no trimming is prettier, on a light material, particularly if a large hat be worn at the same time. Miss Emily Rhodes' dress, struck me as being exceedingly stylish in quite a different way. It was a black and white check and dark grey vest, coat bodice very long ornamented with large steel buttons, altogether a most becoming gown. Others I noticed were the Misses Beswick, Potts, Maude, Saunders, Gerard, Gray, Kinsey, Powell, Wynn-Williams, Wilkin, Gould, Mrs Otterson, Mrs Thomas, Mrs Meares, Mrs G. Roberts, the Misses Turner, Meeson, Harman, Macdonald, Torlesse, Mrs Harley, Mrs Clarke (Melbourne), Mrs Webb, Mrs G. Way, Miss Marchant, Miss Matson and many more.

Invitations are out for Miss Kitty Dixon's wedding on the 24th. She is to be married to a young English gentleman, Mr P. H. Johnson, who has only been out from Home a few years. There is to be a dance on the same evening at Mr Dixon's house, Eyrewell, about thirty miles from town. Country dances are most delightful affairs, I think, there is always so much spirit about them.

Some of the lady members of the musical society are busy getting up a leap year concert for the 29th, in which only ladies will take part. There will be glees, solos, and perhaps instrumental music, both pianoforte and string.

Mrs Wilson has kindly undertaken to conduct, and as some of our leading vocalists are taking part in the programme, and the whole affair is to be managed by ladies, it ought to be a great success.

I hear that Mrs Reeves has taken a house in Latimer Square, where she will reside with her daughter and sons, one of whom, Mr Hugh Reeves, has just returned from a trip to the old country. How people do travel backwards and forwards now a days! Mr and Mrs George Gould sailed for home by the s.s. Ionic. A great number of friends and relations went down to Lyttelton to see them off.

A ball was given by the Christchurch Athletic Club to their visitors. Mr Densley Wood was the hon. sec., and it all passed off very successfully. However, I will tell more about this in my next. Till them adieu.

DOLLY VALE.

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 10.

For forty-eight hours the rain has been pouring unceasingly, and every rivulet is a rushing stream, to say nothing of the gutters, which are dignified to the dimensions of creeks. How the poor farmers feel I don't know, when the fruit of all their industry is at the mercy of the elements. It is bad enough to be shut up indoors, with the drip, drip, drip, from the eves telling their dismal tale of the summer season past, and no summer. It is to be hoped it will clear up for next week, when two fashionable weddings will come off, one Miss Hale's, at All Saints' Church, and the other the following day, Miss G. M'Lean's at Knox Church. All the girls are greatly interested, and are vying with one another in doing honour to the young brides-elect for the last few days they can claim them as of themselves. A number of girl afternoon teas, luncheon parties, etc., are to come off between now and next week. Miss Macassey gave one to Miss Hales, upon which occasion she invited a number of girls to meet her, among whom were the Misses Macdonald, L. Roberts, Livingstone, Ulrich, Ziele, Fitchett, Weldon, Shand, Nevill, Scott, Alexander, Kate and Tui Stephenson, King, Waters, and Louie Mackerras. Miss Hales' bridesmaids and one or two privileged friends were allowed a peep at the pretty things which were being packed for Home, where the young couple are going on a lengthy visit to Mr Jowitt's people. For ship use there were lovely warm serges and cloths, one notably stylish in cornflower blue made with a long coat, and finished with large pearl buttons, and all sorts of dainty bride-looking prints and delaines for the tropics, elaborately trimmed with lace. Among the *trousseau* were countless evening dresses, walking dresses, carriage and reception dresses in all the daintest shades of silk and crêpe, and the newest of cloth and serge. Heliotrope, terra-cottas, pansy colour, cream, white, pale gold, pale green, and pink were among the favourite evening colours, while fawns, greys, and browns of different shades led with the walking and visiting costumes. One remarkably stylish walking dress was between a heliotrope and grey shade of cashmere and cream ottoman silk combined. One of the tea-gowns was of heliotrope and white silk, and another of a pinkish shade of terra-cotta with a much darker shade of velvet. In due time I shall have plenty to say about the weddings. I hope to catch next mail with an account of Miss Hale's, and as Miss McLean's comes off half-an-hour after the mail closes, I must hold that over till a week latter. Mrs McLean gives a large dance upon the night of the wedding, to which a great number have been asked.

The end of the week we had a soft, mild day, and the weather was greatly appreciated, for in different parts of the town various affairs were drawing the people according to their position and tastes.

His Excellency the Governor and the Countess of Onslow held a farewell reception in the Town Hall, which was not so largely attended as might have been, owing to counter-attractions in the way of tennis matches, and the swimming tournament at St. Clair, etc. The Countess was dressed in black, with a soft scarf of chiffon at the neck, black bonnet, and white parasol. Among those present were the Hon. George and Mrs McLean and the Misses McLean, the Hon. Richard and Mrs Oliver, the Hon. W. H. and Mrs Reynolds, Mr and Mrs Leslie Reynolds, Miss Reynolds, Mr and Mrs C. Chapman, Dr. and Mrs Lindo Ferguson, Mr and Mrs P. C. Neill and the Misses Neill, Dr. and Mrs Hocken Mr and Mrs J. M. Ritchie, Mrs and Miss Sievwright, Judge, Mrs, and the Misses Williams, Mr and Mrs H. McKenzie, Mrs Davies, Mrs and the Misses Sise, Mr and Mrs John Roberts and the Misses Roberts, Mr and Mrs Israel, Miss Lubecki, Mrs and Miss Stephenson, Mrs Rothemley, Mrs and the Misses Roberts, and Mrs Holmes. Mrs M Lean wore a handsome dress of golden brown, with bonnet to match; Miss M'Lean, grey tweed dress, black feather boa, and black hat; Miss G. M'Lean, fawn tweed, and very pretty floral bonnet; Miss B. M'Lean, a very pretty blue figured delaine, and cream hat; Mrs Pearse (Wellington), navy blue dress, bodice trimmed with red silk, and cream hat; Mrs Williams, a light electric blue dress, and light bonnet; Miss Williams, a stylishly-made dress of fawn tweed; Mrs Oliver, a handsome dress of plum-coloured brocade, bonnet to match; Mrs Israel, fawn tweed, with a cream hat; Miss Sievwright, a very stylish costume of brown and fawn, hat to match: Mrs Sise, black dress, lace mantle, and black and gold bonnet; Miss Sise, a neatly-fitting dress of cornflower blue spotted print, white hat with plumes; Miss L. Sise, navy blue spotted print, white hat.

Mrs Joachim has given a very enjoyable afternoon tea to welcome back Professor and Mrs Sale from their visit to England. The time passed very enjoyably, Mr Stanley and his wife being present, also Dr. and Mrs Colquhoun, Dr. and Mrs Hocken, Mrs Davidson, Mrs Woodhouse, Mrs and the Misses Rattray, Mrs Pim, Mrs and Miss McLean, Mrs and Miss Neill, Mrs and Miss Reynolds, the Hon. Richard and Mrs Oliver, Mrs and Miss Fenton, and others.

Mrs Mackerras gave a most enjoyable evening, music and games passing the time very quickly. Among those present Miss Royse looked very nice in white and gold; Miss L. Mackerras, in pale blue silk and chiffon; Miss Smith wore black, so also did Miss Dunlop; Miss Palmer, white and heliotrope; Miss Wyatt looked very pretty in cream brocade and chiffon; Miss Mackerras, figured blue silk; Mrs Mackerras wore a very handsome black silk.

The crowded houses that have greeted Stanley will be a thing to remember, while his lectures have been an evidence how much more thrilling and wonderful and romantic is the statement of fact than any romance can be. The memory of those adventures has eaten itself upon the great explorer's heart, and when he recalled some of the horrors of that awful march through the forest to the relief of Emin Pasha he visibly paled. Upon the night of his third lecture a benefit concert was tendered to Mr W. H. McLaughlin, who is leaving for Invercargill, and only to Mr Stanley's visit, can be attributed the fact that there was not a crowded audience at the City Hall. We have been so destitute of amusement for some time past, and that fact alone, apart from the desire of the musical public to do Mr McLaughlin honour, and the added one of a remarkably good programme, would certainly have drawn, had the time selected been the week before or after Mr Stanley's visit, but many recognised the fact that while we have always good musicians among us, Stanley will only be here once.

The formal introduction of Mr W. E. Taylor, F.C.O., the new organist of St. Paul's pro-Cathedral, took place the other evening, when an organ recital was given to a crowded church. Mr Taylor justified all the expectations regarding him by his skilful handling of the instrument over which he has come to preside. One of the most enjoyable items of the evening was the 'Serenade' for cornet, violin, and organ, by Messrs J. Coombs, C. Coombs, and Taylor. During the evening Mr and Mrs Jones, Miss Hurtz, and Messrs Newbury and Blenkinsopp contributed.

The farewell banquet to the Governor was a great success. All the leading citizens were present, and some very kind things were said. The Governor and Countess have always been favourites here, and it is not toadyism but genuine regret that causes the people to express their regret at their departure. During their stay they have been the guests of the Hon. George and Mrs McLean, but no festivities have been indulged in, everything being of a most private nature.

The convalescent fund, in which so many ladies here take an interest, has provided the means since December of sending away into the country for change of air thirteen convalescent girls. The Club held their monthly meeting with Mrs (Dr.) Colquhoun as hon. treasurer and Mrs Downie Stewart, hon. secretary. Mesdames Dymock, Morris, Ross, Will, Carew, Webster, Ashcroft, and Woodhouse were on the committee.

The floods all through the South have been disastrous, most of the crops are spoilt, and two men have been drowned. The Bowling Tournament, which was to have occupied several days, has been postponed, as the Caledonian green is under water.

In spite of the heavy rain which fell at the opening service of the new North-East Valley Catholic Church, there was a crowded congregation. Bishop Grimes, of Christchurch, came down specially to preach at the opening.

MAUDE.

NAPIER.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 9.

We are all very quiet just now. I don't know when there has been so little going on in our usually gay town. However, there is one consolation, it can't last, so in the meanwhile we are collecting our scattered forces and are quietly waiting for something to turn up. I hear rumours of a large boating picnic to be given next week, in which I believe most of the youth and beauty are to participate. If I should happen to be one of the lucky ones invited I will tell you more about it anon. In the meanwhile several of us are in a perfect fever wondering whether we are to be asked.

A local lawn tennis tournament is to be started, and judging from the number of entries it ought to prove very interesting. Of course we have been rather spoilt for tennis by the tournament lately held here. It was so extremely delightful to meet so many people from all parts, but half a loaf is better than no bread, and I am very glad a local tournament has been started; it will help to revive any lagging interest in this truly delightful game. The Scinde Court is very fairly patronised every Wednesday, and considering the time of year the courts are looking remarkably well. I am afraid the old asphalte court at the Union Bank is about to be destroyed, for I hear rumours of a fine new bank being built, which is to stand back about sixteen feet farther than the present building, and we all fear the court must go. Lately mostly gentlemen have played there, but a few short years ago what fun it used to be! numbers of the fair sex came every afternoon to play, and on a damp day when the grass courts were very wet the asphalte court at the Bank was in great requisition.

Mr and Mrs William Marshall, who were at one time living at the Grammar School here, are back in Napier, but merely on a visit, I believe. It is about fourteen or fifteen years since they were here, and they cannot fail but be struck with the difference of our town between then and now. Mr and Mrs Marshall are both looking well. The climate of Australia seems to agree wonderfully with them.

Mr Sydney Hoben has returned from the North, but I am sorry to say he is not much better than when he went away. He has resumed practising, I hear, and we all hope his hands will soon recover all their power. He plays so wonderfully well, it would be a great loss to us if he were obliged to give it up.

Mr and Mrs Sainsbury have gone to England, I think with the object of bringing out their eldest son. I don't think they intended going quite so soon, but all the same they are wise to travel now instead of later on as they will escape the boisterous March weather which usually prevails outside New Zealand at that time of the year.

Mr and Mrs James Carlile are going to England shortly. Mrs Carlile has not been at all well lately, and hopes great things from a sea voyage. We shall miss both Mr and Mrs Carlile very much indeed, but we hope the change will prove beneficial. It usually does; it is better than any medicine.

Our worthy Dean and Mrs Hovell and children have gone South. I am glad to say that Mrs Hovell is much improved in health.

Mrs Richardson has been on a visit to Mrs Chambers, at Te Mata, Havelock.

Miss De Pelichet has returned from England, and I believe is looking very well. She is at present living with her brother, Mr Gollan, but I am told she intends at no very distant time to come to Napier to live. We shall all be glad to have her amongst us once more.

I noticed Mrs E. Tanner (Hastings) in town looking very well in a blue gown with white spots trimmed with white guipure lace, white sailor hat; Miss Cherkins also looks well in a navy figured gown, stylish little bonnet.

GLADYS.

HASTINGS.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 27.

There hasn't been very much going on here lately, but thanks to the energy of the Rev. Mr Hobbs, our worthy incumbent, some fun will be forthcoming next week or the week after. I think I told you in my last that we were going to have an exhibition of waxworks, the rehearsals for which are going steadily on, and the whole affair looks most promising. One of the pictures, 'The Old Woman who lives in a Shoe,' will, I am sure, be most amusing. Given a fine night, I think I can safely predict a crowded house, more especially as I hear the price of admission is to be extremely low.

Mr William Marshall preached a very touching sermon at St. Matthew's Church the other Sunday evening. The Rev, gentleman has come from Australia for a trip, and is paying a flying visit to all his friends. He seems very sorry to have to leave New Zealand again, and would most likely stay here only the climate does not agree with him.

I am sorry to have to tell you that Mr Reid met with an accident a few days ago. He was riding rather a frisky horse, when the animal started bucking and pitched Mr Reid off on to his head, and hurt him very much. However, he is recovering, as I see he is going about again much the same as usual.

What a number of accidents occur yearly through horses! I once heard an experienced New Zealander remark that nearly all the accidents that happen in this new country of ours are caused by rivers or by horses, and I think he was about right. In nearly every paper you take up there either is a case of drowning, or a death from a kick from a horse or from a fall from one. One really can't be too careful.

From latest advices I hear that Mr Lanauze is getting on very well indeed. He is in Christchurch at present.

Miss Seale has returned from the South, and is looking very well.

Mr and Mrs A. C. Lewis have removed to Havelock, and are now living in the house formerly occupied by Mr Robert Braithwaite.

Mrs Von Dadelzen has been on a visit to Mrs Lowry at Okawa. I hear that she is shortly going over to Sydney for a year. Don't you call that something like a change, Bee?

Our Athenæum is in a very flourishing condition just now, and I think a good deal of the success attending it is in a great measure due to the exertions of Mrs Price. A number of new members have lately joined, and one can procure a very readable book now, for fresh supplies seem constantly arriving. We are not allowed to take the journals and papers home, but we may read them in the reading-room, a nice large clean and airy room, which is of itself a boon.

The Heretaunga School has re-opened, and I am very glad to hear that Messrs Fraser and Robinson have a great number of new boys. Miss Rainbow is in charge of the domestic arrangements, so we may be sure everything will be properly managed, as it should be.

Mrs Rainbow is staying with Mrs (Captain) Russell at present, pending the erection of her house at Tomoana.

Whooping cough is going about a good deal now. I have several times lately seen children nearly choking in the streets, and have pitied them from the very bottom of my heart. With the exception of this there seems to be very little sickness about, and the influenza patients are all doing well.

The Ram Fair here has attracted a number of visitors from all parts, of course I mean men. The town seems very full, and the cabs are rushing about at a great rate. It is very enjoyable to take a walk up town when there are a number of people about. It makes one think, 'Well, really, our town is certainly growing,' and growing it is, Bee, for I hear there are a number of new shops going up, and that is a good sign.

Mrs Tyreman gave a children's party on the race-course, and the fun waxed fast and furious. The little ones seemed to enjoy themselves immensely, and were only too sorry when it was time to go home.

I have noticed some pretty street gowns lately. Mrs Sheath wears a black and white figured delaine, white Tom-tug hat: Miss Wallace, green and white delaine, sailor hat; Miss Seale, dark skirt, pale blue blouse, Tom-tug hat; Miss Amy Seale, dark brown skirt, blue blouse, Tom-tug hat with yellow band; Mrs Tipping, dark blue figured gown, stylish hat; Miss Tipping, navy skirt, rose pink blouse, black hat with white ribbon bows; Mrs Norman Beetham, navy skirt, white shirt, navy cut-away jacket, white Tom-tug hat; Miss Wardell (Wairarapa), stylish grey costume, white vest, white Tom tug hat; Mrs E. D. Tanner, navy figured gown, sailor hat; Mrs Robert Wellwood, white gown, large white hat with feathers; Miss Lisaman, dark skirt, heliotrope blouse, small black hat; Miss Russell, very pretty pale blue and pink striped gingham, stylish hat; Miss Raine (Christchurch), navy figured gown, white belt with gold stripes, small hat; Miss Williams, dark skirt, very stylish navy blue jacket, white Bond-street hat, with black velvet band.

DOLLY.

'FRANK MELTON'S LUCK.'

PALMERSTON NORTH

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 10.

I notice that 'Minnie' has not been writing to you lately, and as we have had several festivities worthy of note, I take up my pen to try and fill the vacancy.

The Rev. H. B. Harvey has returned from his trip to the old country. Rumour proved correct, for he has brought a bride, and very charming she is.

We have also another bride, namely, Mrs Milton (*nee* Miss Irvine). At present they are occupying the Union Bank in the absence of the manager.

Mr and Mrs Lionel Abraham gave a very enjoyable tennis party at their residence last week. There were from fifty to sixty guests present.

We have all been very excited over the playing off of the tennis tournament. At the final games the combatants were, ladies' singles, Mrs Harrison and Mrs Abraham; gentlemen's singles, I. Spyers and H. Cosh. The games were very exciting throughout, the winners being Mrs Abraham and H. Cosh. We were all sorry to see Mrs Harrison and I. Spyers beaten, as they are such favourites, and play exceedingly well.

Among our visitors here during the holidays were: Mr and Mrs Barron, from Wellington; Mrs Ireland and daughters from Auckland, who, I am sorry to say are leaving us again; Mrs Broad, from Sydney, who is on a visit to Mrs Cook; she too is leaving us to go to Nelson.

There is great excitement among the young folks just now over a circus which opens directly. I will tell you all about it in my next letter.

Now, Bee, for a few of the pretty dresses which I have noticed at our different places of amusement, namely, the tennis lawn, the sports, and about town. Miss Waldegrave, looked well in a handsome black silk, pretty black hat with white flowers; Mrs Milton, fawn, stylish cape trimmed with pink, and hat to match: Mrs Harrison, black skirt, stylish pink delaine blouse, cream Tom-tug; Miss Randolph, black skirt, blue and white bodice; Miss L. Randolph, very pretty grey costume, hat to match: Miss Keeling looked well in blue and white delaine, dainty white hat trimmed with white feathers; Mrs Fitzherbert, prune cashmere, handsome dolman, fawn hat; Mrs Ireland, stylish grey costume, bonnet and parasol to match; Mrs C. Scott looked charming in a pretty fawn costume; Mrs Snelson, brown tweed mantle and dress to match, large black lace hat trimmed with black ribbon and white roses; Mrs (Dr.) Porter looked very handsome in a flowered delaine, with long lace mantle reaching to the ground, black hat; Miss Ireland, pretty cream delaine with gold trimmings, *chic* black hat; Miss E. Ireland, becoming grey dress, pretty transparent hat trimmed with chiffon; Mrs W. H. Smith, cornflower blue costume, sweet little bonnet to match, red silk parasol; Mrs Pratt, dainty black and white costume, very becoming hat to correspond; Mrs L. Abraham, black serge skirt, blue spotted shirt, white hat trimmed with ostrich tips; Mrs Watson, pretty prune dress, pale lavender vest, lace hat with lavender flowers; with many others too numerous to mention.

You will be sorry to hear that our popular Mayor (Mr Snelson) has been very ill, but is now sufficiently recovered to drive out.

MINNIE'S FRIEND.

[Thank you very much for so kindly and ably filling the vacancy. Please do it again.—BEE.]

LONDON.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 3.

Still paramount amongst the New Year questions is the important one of our Royal wedding. According to one statement Society is greatly exercised by the rumour that the Princess Victoria Mary is desirous of being married on the last day of February, 'Leap Year Day.' This is not an original idea. More than one cynic has selected that day because it only involves the celebration of a silver wedding day a century afterwards, and the usual anniversary wedding-day party only once every four years. Even if the cynical husband is not a 'literalist,' the choice of February 29th as one's wedding day raises the embarrassing question whether its anniversary in ordinary years should be celebrated on February 28th or on March 1st.

I learn on good authority that the eight bridesmaids selected are all daughters of dukes or earls, with the exception of one (the daughter of the Marquis of Bath). They are Lady Margaret Grosvenor, Lady Dorothea Murray, Lady Alexandra Hamilton, Lady Katherine Glynne, Lady Evelyn Lindsay, Lady Victoria Leveson-Gower, Lady Eva Greville, and Lady Gertrude Molyneux. The eldest of the fair group is Lady Eva Greville, whose brother, the Hon. Alwyne Greville, was Equerry to the Duke of Clarence from 1885 until his marriage in 1888, when he was made extra Equerry to the Prince of Wales. The youngest of the bridesmaids is Lady Alexandra Hamilton, who is only fifteen years of age, and the next youngest is Lady Margaret Grosvenor, who is eighteen. The bridesmaids will wear white and silver, trimmed with May-blossom in compliment to the bride. They will also wear wreaths and veils. The bride's dress will be trimmed with Honiton lace and orange blossoms. The looms at Spitalfields are, it is said, busier than they have been for over 100 years, weaving the silk for the dresses of the bride and her attendant maids, and also for the trousseau.

We are none of us surprised that the Duchess of Teck is very much depressed at the prospect of losing her companion. Princess May has always been of the greatest assistance to her mother in all her many charitable undertakings. The dress that is already prepared for the young bride's going away is of fine faced white cloth, embroidered with gold and trimmed with sable, and a small white bonnet, with an edging of sable, to rest on her light-brown hair, is exceedingly pretty, and will suit her to perfection. There is something about Princess May's figure and manner of doing her hair that gives her at times a great look of the Princess of Wales.

Hunting just now is at a standstill, owing to the weather. Have I ever told you, Bee, how much Miss Tennant has been admired in the field? She has been lately staying with Lord Spencer at Althorpe, and wears a real pink coat, being very particular about the proper manly cut of it; her skirt is a new safety one.

A little German girl is greatly disappointed that the Empress has had another little boy. One of the correspondents of a society paper gives the following translation of the little maiden's letter to a Berlin newspaper. 'The Kaiser,' she writes, 'has taken the boys' part in demanding that they should be relieved from too much study at home, and that time for their bodily exercise should be freely allowed. Now, my brother has had three afternoons lately for skating, while we girls sat in school over our geometry, geography, and Nibelungenlied. This is not right. My brother says the Emperor's children are all boys, and that is the reason why he looks after boys especially. The girls pray to God every day that the stork will bring him a little girl, so that his Majesty may be led to take mercy upon us girls also.'

A dainty wedding present for the Princess Mary of Teck that I saw recently was a little tortoiseshell eight-day clock mounted in silver. Tortoiseshell ornaments—candlesticks, letter cases, jewel caskets, card trays, and so forth—are fashionable gifts this season. Silver flower vases, too, are largely sold for the same purpose. They are chased or fluted, and sometimes take the form of flowers. The Queen has just bought several, with other things, for gifts.

I have been touring the shops lately for novelties, and send you one or two ideas on the subject of clothes. They are not altogether mine, but they are just what I think. I noticed that this season's coats are trimmed with very handsome buttons. One of the new models is trimmed with real tortoise-shell buttons as large as a five-shilling piece. A beautiful coat for an Italian duchess with a long name that I have forgotten how to spell was of pearl grey and black broché silk and velvet, lined with pale pink brocade. It was made like a covert coat, and fastened down the side with three carved ivory buttons. The rolled-over collar and deep cuffs were of skunk. Another model not so ornate as the one described was dark blue cloth, with braided collar and cuffs of tan cloth fastened with porcelain buttons hand-painted and mounted in steel, faceted to sparkle like diamonds. A beautifully warm-looking coat, made of fawn-coloured frieze cloth, with a brown velvet collar, was adorned with mother-of-pearl buttons.

If you wear a fashionable sheath gown, my dear Bee, mind you get a petticoat and bodice in one. It is so comfortable and so slim-looking! It is made of fine stockingette edged with lace, and fits the figure like a glove. The texture of the material is so soft that it can be worn next the most sensitive skin without causing irritation. Some new silk underskirts that I saw elsewhere were lined with flannel. A very pretty one of shot pink and grey silk for evening wear was wadded and quilted inside. It would be warmer and lighter than two ordinary petticoats.

I suppose you have had full reports of the great Pearl Mystery! No one feels any sympathy for the woman who could act so base a part towards her friend. Had not proofs of Mrs Osborne's guilt been forthcoming, the Hargreaves might have long rested under the imputation of having, for their own ends, slandered an innocent woman.

On Christmas Eve I was at Loughborough, where the thermometer registered 17° The highest inland temperature was 35° with the exception of one place, Cambridge, where it rose to 38°. But oh, Bee, *how* we did enjoy the skating? It proved to us that the foundationless skirts are a boon and a blessing to women, because they hang closely and compactly, and, being made with an extra width round the hem they allow greater freedom to the feet. But woe to that woman who thinks she can manage in her ordinary walking-dress, and so appears on the ice with a demi-train! One or two women were foolish enough to make the attempt, and the result, of course, was disaster. It is easy enough to take hold of one's 'tail' when walking, but on skates it is a totally different thing. The mere stooping sideways to catch hold of the superfluous portion of the skirt is enough to upset the equilibrium of the unaccustomed performer; and, even if that feat is safely accomplished, it is impossible to take long and elegant sweeps when the skirt is dragged back, as it naturally must be when held up. Also, both hands are wanted by most people to restore the balance, if it is at any time threatened to be lost.

A CITY MOUSE.

THE NEW WATERBURYS.

A WONDERFUL RECORD.

THE average newspaper reader who has noticed our advertisements from time to time often remarks, 'What a pile of money those Waterbury fellows waste in advertising,, and no doubt this is the view held by ninety-nine people out of every hundred. The initiated, however, know what a wonderful result these advertisements have brought about. When the writer came to New Zealand with the Waterbury Watch in 1887, and made the usual trade calls, the wholesale dealers would have none of them; one Dunedin firm having about a hundred stowed away in a Dowling-street cellar, quite, as they stated, unsaleable, because every one considered it infra dig. to carry a nickel watch. Retail jewellers were appealed to, but with no better result. The public will never take to a nickel watch said they, and if they did we could not sell them without lowering the status of our craft. This position was illogical. They handled nickel clocks, but could not be persuaded to handle nickel watches. This result was general in New Zealand, and not until the advertisements began to appear, and the public started their eagerness to obtain these watches, could any dealer be induced to purchase them. When a show was made the sale grew by leaps and bounds. Thousands were sold in each city in the colony, and the country, stimulated by the 'weeklies,' began to pour in their orders. Shipment after shipment arrived, and were at once absorbed, orders originally modest were doubled and trebled by cable, and yet for more than half the year we were without stock. Gradually our circle of distributors extended, and many firms finding that a regular 'nickel age,' had set in, hunted the market of Europe and America for substitutes. Each mail brought small parcels of metal watches equally handsome in appearance, which were offered to the trade as fully equal to the Waterbury, and on which double the profit could be made. They equalled the Waterbury in outward finish only, not as timekeepers; they, like the man who fell out of the balloon, were not in it. Still the inducement of excessive profits was potent, and many firms who ought to have known better became parties to the deception, and backed up with their influence the representations of the maker abroad who had nothing to lose, and were not worth powder and shot, did they imitate the Waterbury never so closely. In this manner, and aided by our shortness of supply, many spurious imitations were foisted upon the public, and gained a temporary footing. Our boxes were at first imitated, and Continental watches were cased, so that the outward resemblance was great. Many purchasers were so deceived, and have urged us several times to take proceedings against the parties to the fraud. Sufficient legal evidence of sale and identity has never been forthcoming, and all we could do was to watch our 'suspects,' and wait our opportunity. We place our monogram W.W.C. on the face of every watch, and buyers should see that it is there, otherwise they are being 'rooked.' Gradually the public became more wide awake. Our advertisements were too far-reaching, and having initially created the demand, we were also able to minimise the chance of deception. Store-keepers in the first place not in the trade, gradually began to consider the Waterbury a first staple. Jewellers saw that their original idea of the views of the public had been refuted by results, and the larger and more respectable who were most in touch with the people overcame that early prejudice and resolved to supply what their customers required. Judges, Bankers, Merchants, Clergy, and the other components of our population called for the Waterbury with no uncertain sound. History repeats itself. In America, where the Waterbury sales were originally confined to Clothiers and Booksellers, nearly 40,000 Jewellers are now purchasing direct from the Company, and are selling no other 'cheap watches.' Their Swiss and Home counterfeits have been sent to Coventry. This is the Waterbury age.

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

ONE MILLION WATERBURYS

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

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

84,790 WATCHES,

and the population of the colony at the last census was 626,359. This gives more than one Waterbury to every eight natives and settlers, young and old, males and females, in the colony, and is a result totally unprecedented. 'Ah, but how do we know it is true?' says a reader, and for purposes of corroboration we annex testimonials from four only of the thirty-two firms who are at present acting as our distributing agents, who certify personally to the sale of over 34,500 watches.

11,952 WATCHES.

WELLINGTON, 24th October, 1891.

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

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

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

(Signed) ORLANDO KEMPTHORNE,
Manager.

9,360 WATCHES.

AUCKLAND, 25th September, 1891.

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

E. PORTER & Co.

4,320 WATCHES.

CHRISTCHURCH, 29th September, 1891.

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

EDWARD REECE & SONS.

9,000 WATCHES.

DUNEDIN, 10th November, 1891.

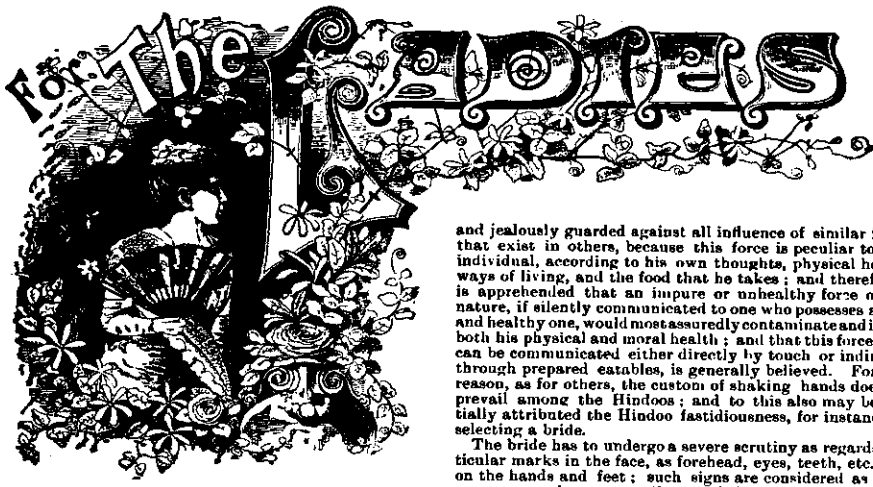
We have examined our books, and find we have sold close on 9,000 Waterburys, and the demand for them still keeps up.

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

NEW ZEALAND HARDWARE CO., LTD.
(Per T. Black, Manager.)

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

The new short-wind, solid silver, and gold-filled Waterburys have arrived, and any person requiring the correct time in an intrinsic setting can obtain the keyless Waterbury, jewelled movements in either ladies' or gentlemen's size, for from 22s 6d to 63s. The nickel favourites, with improved movements, remain at 22s 6d and 30s, and the long-wind pioneer series is unaltered at 13s 6d. Call and see the new watches before purchasing other Christmas and New Year's presents.



HINDOO FAMILY LIFE.

NO one unacquainted with the inner life of a Hindoo family, it would no doubt appear curious and strange that so many could live together amicably in one family; and they jump to the conclusion that the widows in it must be neglected, and that the females generally are ill-treated or, practically, imprisoned, and that Hindoos must pass a very uncomfortable domestic life, when, instead of only one husband and his wife, so many persons of different degrees of relationship constitute a home. These are, however, mistaken assumptions. Anglicised Hindoos, outcast men or women, hunters after fashion, and others who want to show how civilised they are by denouncing everything Indian, may, perhaps, find fault with my views; but, as no one can please everyone in this world, it will not grieve me much if I displease such persons by telling the truth, remarks a Brahmin official in the *Asiatic Quarterly*. In living together, he says, it is necessary that some rules should be observed; it matters not whether the husband and wife alone constitute the family, or whether there are other relations forming part of it; the larger the number, and the more different the degrees of relationship, the greater is the necessity for observing the rules of family government. In the case of the Hindoo family, these rules are so deeply impressed in the minds of its members—both male and female—that they are scrupulously observed by almost all the respectable classes of Hindoos in every part of India. The first and foremost of the rules is hospitality to kindred. Hindoos are well known as a hospitable race; they are initiated into it from early childhood. It is well known that when one member of a family acquires a living, not only his nearest relatives, such as father, mother, brothers and sisters, have a right of support from his earnings, but more distant relatives, especially if poor, have also a similar right. The brothers and sisters of parents, for instance, cannot be left unsupported, and an indigent aunt, especially when a widow, must be considered a member of the family. Thus the small income of most Hindoos becomes hardly sufficient to make both ends meet, and it certainly does not allow him to enjoy luxuries; but he does not complain of this—not because he is 'uncivilised,' but because he knows it to be his duty to support his relations; his religion enjoins it, his customs support it, and his ancestors gave effect to it by unbroken practice.

The internal management of the family chiefly depends on the females; everything almost rests in their hands; the paterfamilias only supervises outdoor work, and watches that nothing extraordinary takes place in the family without his knowledge and consent. Within this limitation his wife is the recognised head of the whole family; the wives of her sons, her own daughters—if they live in the family—and all other female relations must be guided by her. Having learned during the term of her own pupilage, she knows how to behave to others who are subordinate to her; once a pupil, she is now a teacher; her principal duty consists in directing the management of the entire indoor work; she alone is responsible if a guest or relative is not well received, so far as concerns her duty, or if a beggar goes away from the door disappointed. This latter duty cannot be sufficiently observed in wealthy families, because the gatekeepers never allow beggars to cross the threshold; in such houses it is generally the rule to distribute alms on a particular day of the week set apart for the purpose.

In a family so large, it will be interesting to learn how their kitchen and feeding arrangements are carried on. The Hindoo kitchen is very different from a European kitchen, not only in the shape of hearths and utensils used for cooking purposes, but also in cleanliness and the use of culinary instruments; those who have seen both English and Hindoo kitchens know very well where the difference exists. The Hindoos consider a kitchen as a sacred place, and no one is allowed to go there with shoes on. Even the members of the household are not always admitted, particularly not with unclean clothes, or allowed in that condition to touch the utensils which they employ for cooking purposes, especially when a widow uses them. The Hindoo idea is that food, if prepared by their own women, is more pleasant, tasteful, and healthy than when this is done by mercenary cooks. Besides, this view is also consonant with the religious doctrine of the Hindoos, that food prepared by persons of other castes should not be taken. For the preservation of bodily health and mental purity, experience has taught us that it is better to get food prepared by members of one's family, and not by utter strangers; indeed, according to a branch in the religious philosophy of the Hindoos, the magnetism existing in a person should be carefully preserved and jealously guarded against all influence of similar forces that exist in others, because this force is peculiar to each individual, according to his own thoughts, physical health, ways of living, and the food that he takes; and therefore it is apprehended that an impure or unhealthy force of this nature, if silently communicated to one who possesses a pure and healthy one, would most assuredly contaminate and injure both his physical and moral health; and that this force is, or can be communicated either directly by touch or indirectly through prepared eatables, is generally believed. For this reason, as for others, the custom of shaking hands does not prevail among the Hindoos; and to this also may be partially attributed the Hindoo fastidiousness, for instance, in selecting a bride.

The bride has to undergo a severe scrutiny as regards particular marks in the face, as forehead, eyes, teeth, etc., and on the hands and feet; such signs are considered as prosperous or ominous, according to their peculiar characteristics. It is supposed that a woman with peculiar marks is naturally bad at heart; and that she, therefore, must exercise disagreeable, unhealthy, and impure influence, which, when communicated to others in the family, either directly or indirectly, would assuredly effect and contaminate them. Nothing is so dear to Hindoo women as religion; they will not take their food unless they have been able to perform their daily religious ceremonies, it matters not how long other household duties may take. Women in every country are more religious than men; but in India they may be said to be uncivilised and benighted because they spend their whole time in household and religious duties, instead of reading the last novel, going out shopping, attending theatres, balls, and a thousand other recreations, which the ladies of so-called civilised countries are accustomed to do. A Hindoo wife is taught by her religion to consider her husband as her lord; to him she is true both during his life and after his death; and she serves him with the unfailing devotion of a loving wife, and thus she achieves her own salvation. She is not to leave a husband because he is poor and unable to keep her in opulence, or meet the demands of her caprice and extravagance; nor can she claim separation if the husband unfortunately suffers from any bodily infirmity, for the marriage tie, in the good castes, is spiritual, and its sublime tenderness is quite unintelligible to ordinary European comprehension. She must share both wealth and poverty with her husband, and must not neglect her duty if he is in distress. Divorce is not known to Hindoo law, nor is there any such practice among Hindoos. Marriage once solemnised cannot be dissolved.

It is a great mistake to suppose that there is no happiness among the female members of our family. I should say that, in their humble homes, they are as happy, if not more so, than any good English lady in her palatial house. Some think that we are not kind to our women; but whence outsiders infer this is probably from the fact that we do not allow our women to walk about the streets and attend public places, etc., as ladies do in London. This prohibition Englishwomen consider is a great misfortune to our women, who are therefore supposed to be very miserable, trodden-down, having no liberty, and consequently no true enjoyment of life. But here I may point out that liberty of the body does not necessarily mean liberty of the soul; nor are the pleasures of life the same for women of the East and the West. Each has a different ideal of happiness; it would be unwise to measure the so-called happiness or misery of the former by the totally different standard of the latter. A *mem saheb* (European lady in Indian) in her gown and bodice, a 'Mussammat' in her paijama or dhoti—each has her own ideal that suits her better, and each will be uncomfortable and unhappy if transplanted from one dress into another, from one diet to another, or from an indigenous to a foreign mode of life, thought, and action.—*Home News.*

TIME WAS PRECIOUS.

GERMAN scholars are famous for their economy of odd minutes.

Herr Schmidt is an absent-minded teacher of music. One of his pupils asked him:

'At what o'clock do you want me to come to your house to-morrow to take my lesson?'

'Oh, vell, choost come ven you gets ready; put be sure you vas on time, for I don't vant to be kept vaiting.'

WOULDN'T CALL HER 'LADY.'

A 'HANDLE' to one's name is often a cheap acquisition. 'The clouds may drop down titles and estates,' but to the mind of a sensible American such things are hardly worth seeking or using.

The late Leonard Jerome's three pretty daughters, somewhat to his grief, chose Englishmen for husbands, but though he lived abroad during the latter years of his life, he remained independent and a good American to the end. In fact he never acknowledged Lady Randolph Churchill's title, and the first visit he paid her after her marriage he astonished the flunkey at the door by asking for 'Mrs Churchill.'

The cockney footman at first seemed inclined to throw the tall, amused-looking American down the steps, and, holding the door half-way open, announced, indignantly, 'Er leddyship is at 'ome, but not to the likes of you.'

Whereupon Jerome smiled gently, reached in the doorway, and, by a twist of his long, strong hand on the back of the footman's coat-collar, twirled him round like a top.

'Now,' said he, 'go tell Mrs Churchill that her daddy is down here in the parlour and wants to see her, and I'll stand in the door-way and see how fast your calves can carry you up those steps.'

AT THE GLOVE COUNTER.

THE hard life of the saleswoman at the counter of a great retail store is often rendered less burdensome by the kindly acts of fellow-workers, and sometimes by the generosity of employers.

It is not unfrequently the case that girls are at their posts in these stores who are not strong enough to do the work properly. Under such circumstances the public which must be served is generally less indulgent than the employer.

At a great retail store in Sydney, the girls at the glove counter work almost constantly in fitting gloves to customers' hands. The work is arduous, for the saleswoman must lean over the counter in doing it, and her back often aches with the strain upon it.

At one of these glove counters a young girl was employed who was in consumption, though perhaps neither she nor her relatives were fully aware of the fact.

Though she knew she was ill, she hesitated to leave off her work, for the loss of one of her parents and a subsequent marriage had made the circumstances of her home life unpleasant to her; and, moreover, she did not know where she should turn for the small sum per week which she earned.

The lunches which she brought to the store indicated extreme poverty or else unkindness at home, and the other girls at her counter often shared their lunches with her, pressing upon her the most nourishing and delicate bits that they had brought. One day she came to the store looking unusually pale and weak, and when an exacting customer required her services in fitting gloves, she was slow in making the effort which the customer—a woman—seemed disposed to exact.

The customer scolded, and possibly the girl, weak and ill, answered impertinently. At any rate, the customer went to the superintendent and complained sharply of the saleswoman's conduct.

'I am very sorry, madam,' said the superintendent, 'but the girl is ill to-day.'

'Then she ought not to be here,' said the lady.

There was nothing more that could be said; but that there was no unkindness on the part of the saleswoman's superiors is evident from the fact that within a day or two her case was reported to the head of the firm, Mr Jordan, as one worthy of benevolent action.

'Send her to me,' said Mr Jordan.

The poor girl turned pale when she was told that Mr Jordan wished to see her, and became suddenly faint. She feared that her discharge—a thing much more to be dreaded than any hardship of her daily task—was coming. But she was quickly assured that no harm would come to her.

The proprietor questioned her kindly about her work, her family, and her health. Learning from her that she had friends in Dunedin, he asked her to ascertain how much it would cost her to go thither. When she had learned, Mr Jordan gave her money for her fare and expenses; and not only this, but paid her wages regularly, until, two months later, her strength failed her utterly, and death came.

ANEMONES.

It was a happy holiday of ours
When first we trod the sunny southern shore!
'Twas that poor patch of closely tended flowers
I saw, this moment, through the hot house door,
That sent my fancy flying o'er the seas,
To that bright day we saw Anemones—

Saw them in glory, do you recollect?
Or are the trackless plains of heaven too fair
To care how richly, royally, they decked
The mountain-side, as we stood lingering there,
Happy in wonder, beauty, love—we two;
How much of all has passed from life with you!

Above us shone the bright Italian sun,
Below, the 'city of the golden shell;'
Around, the haunts we knew when life begun,
Through the old pages that we loved so well;
And all about us sky, and hill, and sea,
Lay in the glory that was—Sicily.

And spreading far adown the mountain-side,
The flashing masses of the flowers sprung;
And as we looked from where, in marble pride,
She, 'mid her jewels, lay, who died so young;
Down Pellegrino swept the scented breeze,
And 'Look,' you said, 'at the Anemones!'

How all the crimson living lustre swayed
Like rosy billows on the ocean swell;
Then tossed their fairy heads as if they made
A voiceless music from each fragile bell;
Till, dazzled by their glow, we turned away.
Have you forgotten, dear, that crowning day?

Forgotten our sweet month of wandering?
Forgotten our long life of flawless love?
Forgotten our slow parting's bitter sting,
In the blessed waiting of the life above?
They are but English blooms I train to wave
Beside the northern sea-board, on your grave.

WHEN TO STOP.—Everything in this world of ours has its limits; time, place, opportunity, human power, life itself, all come to an end. One of the great arts of living well and successfully is to understand these limits and to adapt ourselves to them. For the want of this many excellent schemes come to naught, many worthy people fail in their efforts, much strength and energy and talent are wasted. Everyone realizes the importance of making a beginning, but few appreciate that there is an equal importance in making an end. How and when to do this is deserving of much more thought and care than is usually bestowed upon it.

AT HOME WITH THE LADY EDITOR.

Under this heading I am very pleased to reply to all queries that are genuine and helpful to the querist and others. Kindly write on one side of the paper only, and address to the Lady Editor.

ALICE E.—You want a design for 'Night' to be worn at a fancy-dress ball? You say it must be inexpensive. If you possess an old black silk skirt, cover it with black tarletan. First spread the tarletan (or grenadine) on the table, and arrange on it the Southern Cross cut out in silver paper. Fasten with paste or white of an egg. Then add any other constellations visible in this hemisphere. On your head wear a crescent moon made of a tinfoil. You can add a fringe of dew drops, made of oval glass beads, to your bodice. Black shoes, stockings and gloves.

M.E.D.—I think these are your initials, but they were difficult to decipher. You must be aware that eating arsenic is a most dangerous and foolish plan. At first you may fancy it improves your complexion, but in a little while you will most bitterly regret, as you gaze at your now hopelessly ruined face in the glass, that you ever meddled with the harmful poison. I entreat you to use no more of it.

ALFRED W.—Yes, I am willing to answer your query, though this column is supposed to belong to the fair sex. What are you to give your *fiancée* for a birthday present? In return I should like to ask you three questions. What does she want? Are you anxious to give an expensive present? Are you soon to be married? If your *fiancee* has all sorts of dainty knick-knacks, glove case, card-case, portable writing-case, elegant little receptacle for holding her scissors, thimble, etc., then give her none of these. Has she plenty of jewellery, or are you rich enough to give her the latest design in earrings—if she wears them—a lovely brooch, bangle, or ring? If you do give anything of this kind let it be good. With respect to my third question, if you are to be married soon, why not give her something which will come in afterwards as a house decoration in the shape of a bewitching cup and saucer in a velvet-lined case, a plaque, a bamboo easy chair for her own room, etc., etc.? I can only say that, knowing so little of the circumstances, these are the only ideas I can give you. One gentleman gave his betrothed a large cookery-book as a delicate hint to begin studying domestic economy in the dinner line, but she mistook his meaning, declared she was not going to marry a 'greedy old glutton,' who evidently only required a clever cook, and broke off the match forthwith. *Verb. sap.*

META.—At what age should you marry? *Cela depend.* Princess Beatrice waited until she was getting on toward thirty before she decided on her husband. The unfortunate Princess Mary of Teck is twenty-four, and was to have been married this month. How would that age suit you? Really, it depends so much on the girl. Some are children at eighteen, others quite experienced women of the world. Medical men advise girls not to marry before twenty-one, and young men before twenty-five. The other day in an omnibus I saw a girl still wearing her hair down her back with an infant in arms and a tiny toddler by her side. As soon as she had left the vehicle I was exceedingly amused to hear two ladies promptly exclaim: 'Did you ever?' 'Bah! it's very wrong for a child like that to get married.'

Apropos of women's work, I am very pleased to receive the following letter from an esteemed correspondent:—

DEAR LADY EDITOR.—I believe the idea of your correspondent regarding an Exchange for Women's Work would, as suggested, prove a boon to many in Auckland, even if commenced on simpler lines than the one in Paris. But it needs active and influential ladies to take the initiative, and good business heads to carry it on. I would suggest that a donation of 2s 6d would entitle any woman to send suitable articles for sale at fair prices, including such things as china, brass-work, coins, curios, and drawings and paintings, wood-carving, etc. All articles sent should, of course, be fresh, clean, and uninjured, so as to make an attractive display of bric-a-brac to add to the show of needle work. Probably the shop would soon be resorted to for the purchase of small presents, and I have an idea that the exhibition of varied and well-executed needle-work would be an incentive to many idle hands in New Zealand, and fill up many listless hours. I shall feel interested in the further ventilation of this useful scheme.—Yours faithfully, ELLA F.

A Napier lady says:—'Servants are the topic of conversation just now. One gets pretty sick of it, but what *are* we to do? We must have some one to do the work, and we simply can't get anyone, and if we do manage to get them, oh dear, we were better far without? I am speaking of my own experience just at present, but I hear all my friends complaining. We would willingly do the work, but it is utterly impossible to work and do the fine lady too. That is where the rub is. We must be dressed and ready for visitors even if we don't go out, and we must go out sometimes (it is good for the liver if for nothing else), and if we have a late dinner to cook, and a basket of ironing to do, and a baby to nurse as often as not, what are we to do? I wonder if they have the same bother all over New Zealand?'

MR KIPLING.—I am requested to tell Mr Rudyard Kipling that his remark in an Auckland paper to the effect that the New Zealand storytellers have yet to appear has given deep offence. And no wonder! Had Mr Rudyard Kipling condescended to raise his eyes from his own pile of M.SS. and turn over the pages of the Christmas number of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, he would have seen that the young people, the settlers, the story-makers of New Zealand have already begun their work. Does this gentleman, who has so suddenly sprung up as a raconteur of Anglo-Indian tales, imagine that the soil from which he sprang is the only soil which can produce authors whose works will be read? Does he think with a self-complaisant smile, that unless he devotes a little of his valuable time to New Zealand yarns the literature of this country will never be adequately represented? He has already given us a few cheap, cynical remarks on harbours and loans, etc.—remarks which are too stale to be witty, too obviously true to be a joke, too obnoxious to our tender and honourable feelings to be in good taste. We do not appreciate those travellers who skim over the surface of our islands like birds of prey, taking away literary material, which they say we do not know how to use; hard cash, which they say we ought thankfully to spare; and our good name, which they say we do not value, or we would take better care of. This is all very hard, and I should like to be able in the course of the next few years to hurl volumes of excellent New Zealand stories at the head of the particular offender who has stirred up these remarks. I do not venture to say that everyone who has yet written tales descriptive of life in this colony has equalled the Anglo-Indian efforts of Mr Rudyard Kipling. This has not been the case exactly, but I do think that there is sufficient latent talent in our beloved land to rise up at once and confront in three, two, or one volumes the fatal accusation that for some years, at least, we can produce no very good writers. Being a gentleman, Mr Kipling did not say it in quite those terms, but he insinuates it, and you all know a lie that is half a truth is hardest of all to disprove.

TO GIRLS ABOUT TO MARRY.

BY FELICIA HOLT.

ALLOW me just a word or two in the ears of many of the girls who are about to marry.

Do not marry, my dear, until you and Jack have a small bank account. I take it you have had to work for your own living, therefore you are the more independent, and, to use a Hibernianism, 'What is yours, is your own.'

The land teems with saving-funds; I hope you have a book in one of them, with a good balance in your favour. If necessary, draw out some of this for your house furnishing, but not *all*; leave a reserve for the rainy day which may come in the shape of ill-health or we know not what form. Let your furnishing be simple, but tasty; do not devote the greater part to a swell carpet for your parlour, or a walnut suite for your bedroom. Paint your rooms round the edges for about two feet, and have tasty ingrain carpet rugs, and remember there is much light-wood furniture which is inexpensive and really charming.

This suggestion, if followed, will give you excellent effects, less work, and more health in your family. Buy yourself good and durable clothes, and a sufficiency to last for some time. In place of an imitation seal sacque, and a hat surmounted by a cockatoo as big as a young turkey, select a fine cloth coat and, at least, two woollen gowns and plenty of durable underwear.

A young girl of my acquaintance, in very moderate circumstances, was extremely particular to have a black silk dress in her wedding outfit, which was much coveted by her less pretentious friends, but I doubt if she would have been considered such an object of envy had they seen her as I did six weeks after the wedding, when she entertained me in a much worn 'Mother Hubbard' wrapper, and with slip-shod feet, which disclosed all too plainly the holes in her stockings; her face wore a lugubrious air of discontent; she had not found marriage the holiday it promised to be. As I looked at her front door, already covered with finger-marks, I sighed to think what a little industry, combined with soap and water, would effect, and what a miserable future awaited her companion in misery, who, out of the great lottery had drawn such a blank. I will give but one more illustration out of, possibly, a hundred. I knew a young woman who moved out of a tasty little home, because as she told me, she 'would rather have a handsome bedroom suite, and a *real* Brussels carpet, than a whole house to herself.' I may add that she lived to miss her husband, as well as her house, for he, having no longer a home of his own, began to look around him and meeting plenty of idle people like himself, he soon found more congenial company than his lazy wife. Remember how much you have in your own power; unless you have married an exceptionally bad man, you can make or mar him. Do not be persuaded to marry unless you can see your way clear before you; then, having joined hands, throw all your heart, courage and determination into your work.

It is for life; make then, I beseech you, an earnest effort to secure your happiness and his. Give him a loving welcome, an attractive home and a well-cooked meal, and, above all, let him find you fair to look upon. Let your eyes be as two jewels for depth and brilliancy, and your soft hair shade a brow whereon sweet content shall rest.

COMPLICATIONS OF INFLUENZA.

THE grippe or influenza itself is not particularly dangerous, according to a writer in the London *Lancet*, but its complications are serious, and its sequelsare of a peculiarly low and depressing type. The attack is commonly very sudden. The first symptoms are a chill, nausea, and a feeling of general illness, followed quickly by severe and persistent headache, break-bone pains in the limbs and trunk, fever, and great prostration.

A violent paroxysmal, irrepressible and harsh cough with soreness in the chest, is common. Coryza—running at the nose—may or may not attend it. When the disease is uncomplicated, the worst is over by the third day, and the fever by the fourth or fifth, though the debility may continue for weeks or months.

The most serious complication of the disease is acute bronchitis. This may appear early or late. The breathing becomes rapid and difficult. A spasmodic cough is almost constant. The expectorations are glairy and tenacious. With all this there is the peculiar prostration of the grippe.

A more common complication is pneumonia, of which there are three varieties—croupous, congestive and bronchopneumonia. Although these complications are dangerous, yet recovery is the rule under prompt and careful treatment.

A third complication of the grippe is connected with the heart. If patients sit up, they become faint. Some die of simple failure of the heart; others are saved from death only by careful attention on the part of the nurse. After the grippe has passed off, a tendency to faintness and neuralgic pains may remain for weeks or months.

Another complication shows itself in a diarrhœa; still another affects the nervous system, and is characterized by pains in the head or elsewhere, or by weakness in certain parts of the body, such as the hands or arms.

As to treatment, the doctor must decide in view of all the symptoms. But the patient should in every case take to his bed. To keep about is exceedingly dangerous, especially as exposing the patient to the above complications.

ANKLE-SPRAINS.

AN ankle-sprain is a stretching or tearing of the ligaments of the joint caused by a sudden twist, the weight of the body being unexpectedly applied to the ligaments, as if by a lever. In most cases the foot is turned inward, and hence it is the external ligaments that suffer.

If the sprain is slight, simple rest of the foot for a few days may be sufficient. The more absolute the rest, the better. But an apparently slight sprain, causing, beyond the first pain, no discomfort for perhaps twenty-four hours, may, without proper care become sorely troublesome for months.

Sprains may result from the most trivial accidents. Some persons are more liable to them than others, but no one is exempt from the liability. All may be interested in the main points of an article on the subject in the 'Journal of the American Association of Railroad Surgeons.'

Severe sprains require elevation of the limb, support to the foot, and a local bath as hot as can be borne, to be repeated every three hours. After each bath the ankle should be wrapped generously in cotton batting, over which should be applied a tight flannel bandage, or a loose rubber bandage.

After the third day, the stage of active hyperaemia (excess of blood) having passed, massage may be used on the parts, and when the swelling has somewhat subsided, a starch bandage may be applied.

The splint should include the entire foot, except the toes, and extend one half or two thirds up the leg, and when hardened should be cut open down the front and thus made removable. The hot bath should be repeated several times a day, from ten to twenty minutes at a time, the limb being dried and then well massaged during the intervals.

Precaution should be used in working the foot not to turn it *in*, otherwise the external lateral ligament fibres which were torn and stretched—now undergoing repair slowly because of their low vitality or meagre blood supply—may be re-torn, the tender parts bruised, pain caused, and repair delayed.

PREPARED AUTUMN LEAVES.

NO matter how humble or destitute of costly adornments our homes may be, they may be brightened all through the long, dreary winter by a little forethought in gathering a quantity of the autumn leaves which the obliging breezes scatter at our feet.

What a beautiful carpet these leaves make, and how we long sometimes to preserve their rich beauty, and wonder why they suddenly grow so beautiful just before decay.

They may be preserved much more perfectly than many people suppose, after one acquires the 'knack' of preserving them properly. The most successful way to do this is by the use of spermaceti and a moderately hot flatiron. After gathering the leaves take a piece of board, lay the leaves upon it, and touching the pointed end of the iron to the piece of spermaceti, iron both sides of the leaf with it. Do not let the iron remain on the leaf any longer than is necessary to cover with a good coat of the spermaceti.

After a two-years' use of leaves prepared in this way for window curtain decorations, they were still so beautiful that I disliked to throw them away. One advantage of this method of treatment is that the leaves may be prepared in clusters in their natural form, and used for bouquets, or in any desired form.

Ferns are also prepared in the same way, very successfully, but before preparing them thus, it is better to press them for a short time between papers or book-leaves. Also green leaves or other autumn leaves containing much moisture are more easily prepared if pressed or dried before ironing.

The green leaves are very pretty mixed with the brown and bright-hued ones. One of the most beautiful varieties of leaves to prepare this way is the wild crab-apple. Leaves of hard or soft maple, oak, or silver-leaf poplar, blackberry, and many others are favourites.

Clusters of pressed larkspurs, pansies or other firm flowers may be preserved in this way after being pressed, and both leaves and flowers are rendered quite durable by this process, if properly done.

This process gives a delicate and beautiful finish, quite unlike the 'vulgar glare' of varnish. Remember, the iron must be heated to just the right temperature, to succeed perfectly, just enough warmth to melt the spermaceti quickly. You can 'tell by trying,' just as we learn many other things.

Numerous are the ornaments that may be fashioned from these leaves from Nature's book. To make cornices for window curtains, sew the leaves firmly to a narrow strip of pasteboard and fasten at each end with a tack. Some make of the leaves pictures for framing; others make frames of them.

I once made a picture of pressed flowers, perhaps fourteen by sixteen inches, covered it with glass, and fitted it into a frame made in this way: An oval piece, the size of the picture, was cut from a very large piece of heavy pasteboard. Wild crab-apple leaves were placed in the corners, and smaller leaves were arranged where the frame was more narrow. The leaves were pasted on with flour paste. I think the pasteboard was either painted black or covered with black cambric or calico before arranging the leaves upon it.

The leaves may be framed into graceful sprays for curtain or other decorations, by winding the stems with wire. Leaves may be prepared the same way by using either beeswax or rosin. The wax gives a very delicate finish, but the leaves are more inclined to curl than when spermaceti is used, while the rosin imparts a gloss resembling varnish, and renders the leaves quite brittle.

Some may object to leaves for decorations on the ground that they catch the dust, but nearly everything has this failing. This article is written as a suggestion to those who, because every shilling is required for necessities, hunger in vain for pretty things.

MILDRED MERLE.

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.

BRAISED BEEF.—A few instructions as to preparing this will greatly oblige.—META.

CREAM CANDY.—I fancy this must be an American recipe, as I cannot find it in English cookery books. If you know how to make it, will you be good enough to tell me?—HELEN R.

PIE CRUST.—Kindly give a recipe in the GRAPHIC for a good pie-crust, and how to roll it.—MRS MOLLIE.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

'Nannie.'—I have a genuine Scotch recipe for barley meal scones, which I hope will suit you. It is for boiled scones. Put on a little milk and water and a small piece of butter in a pan—say two breakfast cups altogether, and about one teaspoonful of butter. When it boils stir in barley meal like you were making porridge till it is quite thick. Take it from the fire, and take a spoonful and knead it, and roll it out quite thinly; put it on the griddle, and cut it in four; fire on both sides, a few minutes will do, then proceed to another. It is best to keep the pan with the mixture covered till all is used up.

SPONGE CAKE, LARGE SIZE (Bella Mia).—8 eggs, 1lb white sugar 1lb fine flour, ½ teacup milk, 1 large teaspoonful baking powder. Put eggs and sugar in a basin and whisk them either with a good whisk or two forks for fifteen to twenty minutes, then sift in the flower and stir very gently, then the milk, and then the baking powder. Mix all well but gently with a spoon. Butter and flour a cake-pan, and bake gently till firm.

HOW DELMONICO SETS A TABLE.

BY FOSTER COATES.

DELMONICO is a name famous the world over. Wherever lovers of good living assemble the name is known. For generations it has stood for all that is good in a gastronomical way. All the famous men and women who have visited New York during the fifty years gone by, have crossed the threshold of the world-famed restaurant and been refreshed there. Famous dinners have been given in its great white-and-gold dining-room; politicians, statesmen, editors, artists and ministers have dined there and thundered forth their after-dinner eloquence; college boys have feasted and sang there; and the big building has sheltered beauty and wealth at hundreds of great private entertainments, where rare gems have gleamed and the odour of thousands of roses made one almost believe that fairyland was a reality. Delmonico has no rival in America, if indeed in the world. Everything is on the most lavish scale—rich, rare and costly.

How many persons know how to give a dinner, set a table, and serve foods and wines as they should be served, in an orderly, appetizing way?

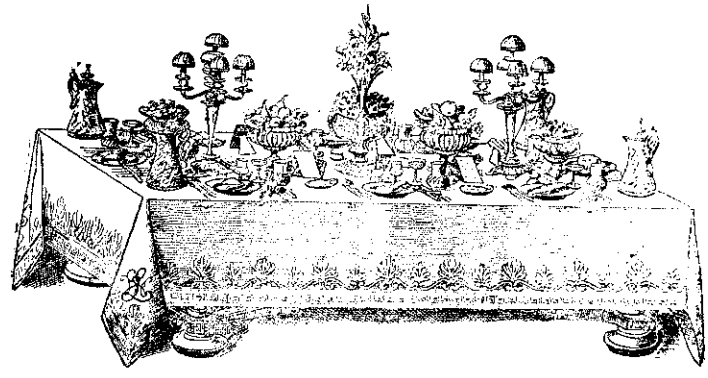
Epicureans differ as to what constitutes a perfect dinner. There are certain well-known dishes that every cook knows how to prepare, but the lack of unanimity of opinion among dinner-givers as to the service of rich viands and rare wines, is very curious.

No one will deny that a dinner properly cooked and well served is a delight, and, if the company be agreeable, it is perhaps one of the chief pleasures of life. But all people cannot have rare foods, served on gold or silver plates, and not all of us possess handsomely decorated dining-rooms, and for the lack of these we must make up in less expensive ways. And one of the most important is a well set and attractive board, snowy napery, polished glass and china, and brighly burnished silverware, if you possess it.

In New York city dinner-giving is carried on to an extent only equalled in London and Paris, and many are the uses made of flowers, candelabra, coloured lights, silverware and silver and gold plate, and from the reports about these great dinners the woman who wishes to establish a reputation for good dinners may learn much.

Learn first, says Delmonico, how to set a table. A round table is better than a square table, if the dining-room is large enough to permit it. If not then the ordinary oblong extension table must be used. The round table is much more preferable, and easier to seat people at, besides it gives a suggestion of the famous 'King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.' A few prominent society women still cling to the old-fashioned long, narrow table. Mrs Astor, for example, still uses that style of dining-table in order that her famous gold dinner-set may be placed to the best advantage. Mrs August Belmont, on the contrary, prefers an oblong table, and the decorations for an elaborate dinner are carried out to make the shape more pronounced. Flowers should never be absent from the dinner-table. No matter how homely, they add to the picturesqueness of the feast; and it is important that the temperature of the room should be kept a trifle cool, than a degree too warm. An over-heated dining-room is an abomination.

Let us see how a table is set for a fashionable dinner-party. On the table is first placed a thick flannel cloth; the thicker it is the better, as it prevents noise of the dishes as they are placed on it. Over this is spread a snowy-white damask table-cloth, bearing the family crest or coat-of-arms. Sometimes over this is placed still another, of elaborate embroidery and lace, lined with pink or yellow satin, as taste dictates, or whatever colour is to predominate at the dinner. The plates are first placed upon the table. As these are to remain until after soup is served, they are always the handsomest in the gold or china sets, as the case may be. Don't crowd. Each guest should be allowed a space of two feet or twenty-six inches, if the table will admit of it, and the plates placed at equal distances apart. Place two dinner-forks to the left of each plate; also an oyster fork with prongs resting on the edge of the plate. On the right must be a dinner knife and a spoon for soup. The glasses are arranged at the right of each guest on a line with the inner edge of the plate. The water glass is set next to the plate. Then glasses for whatever other beverages are intended to be served. If wines are objectionable, any of the best mineral waters can be used, with French coffee at the close. A glass, whether of water or



A TABLE FOR EIGHT PERSONS AS SET BY DELMONICO.

any other liquid, should never be filled more than three-quarters full.

In the middle of the table is the big centrepiece of silver, and at each end handsome candelabra with coloured satin or flower shades. In between are silver compotiers of fruit, one at each end, and four low compotiers—two at each end—filled with cakes and *marron glacés*. Two other dishes of fruits glacé, are placed one at either end. These dishes of glacés are used principally at winter dinners. In the summer, different kinds of fresh fruit are substituted in their stead. Two compotiers, which stand on either side of the centrepiece, are filled with favours for the ladies, and may be anything that the fancy dictates. Six silver shells, three on each side, are filled with olives and salted almonds, to be served after soup. Six or eight handsome salt-cellars are usually placed on the table, each one serving two guests. As no individual cellars are any longer used, the salt must be taken from these large salt-cellars. The napkins to be used are large damask, over-folded so as to reveal the monogram, and each forms the receptacle for a dinner bread roll. When the roll is taken out of the napkin by each guest, it should always be placed at the left of the plate. The name-cards must be placed on the top of the napkin, and the menu-cards at the right of the plate.

If decanters are used, which are usually handsome glass jugs covered with silver, they are placed at opposite corners of the table, one at each corner, making four in all. These generally contain claret and sherry. Burgundy is sometimes decantered, but authorities differ about the advisability of doing this.

On a side table, the butler has all the extra silver and china required. The plates are of course changed, after soup, with each course, until cream and fruits, which are the last things on the menu.

The finger-bowls, which may be of gold, silver, or enamel ware, or very fine glass, are not placed on the table until after the ices and fruits have been served. They are then put on handsome dessert plates with fine embroidered doyleys.

The table decorations of flowers must always be in keeping with the colour of the dinner decided on, and consist of a large centre vase of flowers, not high enough to obstruct the view across the table. It should extend within ten inches of the inner edge of the plates. A few hostesses like to have large bouquets at each end of the table also, but this is not necessary. A pretty idea is to decorate the chandelier above with smilax and flowers.

The corsage bouquets for the ladies are placed at their right hand, just in front of the plate; while the gentleman's boutonnière is placed on his napkin, with his dinner card.

An old-time expression, 'When the cloth was removed' is going into disuse, as the cloth never is removed at the present time. In the olden days of polished tables, the cloth was taken off and fruits with coffee served on the bare table. Later side-slips were used that could be taken off after the game and thus save crumbing; but all that has been changed, and now the same table-cloth remains throughout the entire dinner.

For a dinner of eight or ten persons, two men usually serve. For fourteen, sixteen, or eighteen, four men are in attendance. While for over that, six or eight men are in charge.

Thus an elaborate dinner of the present time is served, and the cost may range from one pound to five pound per person, as the host pleases.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

(SEE FASHION PLATE, PAGE 215.)

THE very useful and becoming blouse bodice has had rather a run in fashionable circles. I learn that just now it is being extensively adopted in Sydney for the summer weather, and I suppose you in New Zealand are doing likewise. Lace is much used, put round the pointed bodices, or arranged as a wide frill over the hips. But I must try and describe one or two blouse bodices, tea-jackets, etc. I think I will take the latter first. I saw a lovely one in black striped stockingette, with deep falling lace collar and lace cuffs, also lace in a full cascade down the front, and round the bodice. This is illustrated by the sketch in the top left-hand corner. Opposite to this the artist has drawn a most useful bodice to be worn with any skirt. It is cream flannel, with bronze silk vest, closely pleated at the throat, where a turn-down collar meets it, secured by a dainty cream bow. At the waist it is covered by a Swiss belt made of pleated cream silk, with plain cream bands, embroidered with black or narrow bronze braid, the braid also edging the seemingly loose fronts. A bow of cream ribbon hides the fastening of the belt, whilst a deep frilled basque finishes the elegant bodice.

The central figure represents a very pretty, yet simple tea gown of flowered delaine, over a full front, reaching to the feet, of soft silk or sateen to harmonise with the floral design. The arrangement of the delaine at the throat is rather new, as it forms a sort of loose, coat-shaped collar, revealing the silk gathered up to the neck.

These same stylish blouses are also used for evening dress as the fourth figure will explain. This is made of palest blue silk, relieved by tiny chiffon frills round the low-cut corsage and sleeves.

The fifth figure is a very stylish blouse of black and white spotted sateen, the yoke and cuffs being of handsome white embroidery. The crossed belt is made of the sateen.

Another pretty blouse I saw was an effective combination of white surah silk and black velvet, the yoke being formed of pleated silk and velvet, and the cuffs trimmed to match. I liked a plain blouse of white flannel, with turned down collar and deep cuffs, herringboned in silk of any colour. Also an exceedingly pretty silk blouse in a delicate shade of pink, effectively trimmed with points of black velvet.

Amongst tea-gowns—which, by the way, we are all wearing whilst cosily toasting our toes before going upstairs to dress for dinner, for it is very cold in London and Paris just now—I fell in love with one or two worn by stylish and rather pretty women. One was plain, showing the lines of the waist. The materials it was made of were Japanese brocade and gauze. Wing sleeves have not quite disappeared, but I imagine everybody must be tired of them. The prettiest gowns had sleeves that were wrinkled all the way up, or slashed.

There are some lovely silks for swell tea-gowns, those used for this purpose costing over six shillings a yard, but they shimmer like satin, and look enchanting. Sicilian brocades, used chiefly in trains, wide width, only ten shillings a yard, are so lovely one wants to buy lots of them. Some sweet little frills for the edging of skirts are made of gauze, and are said to wash. HELOISE.

PILLOWS.

THE use of a pillow is not a matter of mere blind usage. It has a physiological basis. We sleep for the most part, on the side, and without a pillow the head would be uncomfortably and harmfully lower than the body.

It will be remembered that Jacob, when fleeing from Esau, took a stone for a pillow. He needed something for the purpose, and nothing better than a stone presented itself. Such practices are common in Africa at the present day. Bishop Taylor probably found it convenient, if not necessary, to take up with them in his travels in that land; for on his return to this country, he rejected the soft pillows of his friendly hosts, and, sometimes at least, substituted one of books.

Some people rest the neck instead of the head on hard pillows. In Africa extraordinary headgears make this practice necessary, and many a civilised woman has been compelled by a somewhat similar coiffure to forego both the pillow and the recumbent posture.

A consideration of the physiological reason for pillows will suggest their proper thickness. They should merely bring the head to the natural level. Some pillows are much too thick. By bending the neck unduly, they interfere with the outflow of the venous blood from the head. The pillow that just fills up the space above the shoulder best suits its end.

Again, pillows of feathers are objectionable.

It should be remembered that more blood, and hence more heat, goes to the head than to any other part of the body. Head-heating pillows are against the wholesome maxim, 'Keep the feet warm, but the head cool.' There is nothing better than the hair pillow.

Further, the pillow is for the head, not for the shoulders. To rest the shoulders on the pillow defeats the very end for which it is used.

Finally, special care should be taken of infants in this matter. We have seen their heads sunken deep in the softest and thickest of pillows, and their faces, as a natural consequence, covered with great beads of perspiration. It is no wonder that children so treated die.

Ladies' STORY Column.

THE 'MARY.'

E were all alone in the world—my mother and I. She was as frail as a delicate flower; I, young and strong, nearly a woman grown; and I loved her, my fair, young mother—oh, how I loved her!

But one day there came another love into my life, a love that even surpassed this affection for my mother; a love which grew and flourished, taking full possession of my heart, and making the whole world brighter. Richard Lyell was a sailor; that was the only objection that my mother intervened to our marriage; but he was one of the ship's officers—the good ship 'Mary'—and his position was lucrative, and the life on shipboard just suited him. He would have made me his wife, and then I could have accompanied him on his voyages; but how could I leave *her*, my dear mother, who loved me so dearly, and who would have laid her life down to secure my happiness?

'Wait a little longer, Bessie,' she said, the day that Richard came to her and asked for her blessing upon our future. 'I shall not be here long, and then you can go with him far over the seas to foreign lands, and visit strange countries, and see all the lovely sights. Do not cry because I spoke of dying, my child,' she added, as the tears rushed to my eyes. 'You know that I cannot linger much longer. If I had reason to hope so, I would not do so selfish a thing as to ask you to give up your own happiness indefinitely. But wait awhile, Bessie. Richard is good and true, and he will see the situation as I do.'

And he did, though his handsome, bronzed face grew pale as death when I referred to our future.

'Ah! well, sweetheart, what is to be must be,' he returned, trying to speak lightly. 'But the "Mary" sails in a week's time, and to go without you is like tearing the heart from my bosom. But it is right, and we must be patient and wait—wait for what the future will bring.'

The days flew by until the night before the 'Mary' was to leave port. With an aching heart I went down to the beach to get a glimpse of the tall, white-winged vessel rocking idly at anchor in the bay. It was a gloomy scene upon which my aching eyes gazed. The sun was setting—a great ball of crimson fire—in the west, where great black storm-clouds were piled up in a threatening mass. Off in the distance the thunder was muttering hoarsely, and once in awhile a lance of lightning shot sharply athwart the inky pall. Sad and disheartened, I wandered on down the long, white, sandy beach. I had received a note from Richard an hour before saying that he would not be able to call upon me that evening as early as usual. So, not knowing what to do with myself to while away the weary time of waiting, I strolled slowly onward. I came to a pause near a sheltered nook in the rocky beach. There was a little cove there, and as I halted I caught sight of Richard—my Richard—and he was not alone! At his side stood a woman—a woman in a dark dress, with a shawl about her head and shoulders. Her face was upturned, and her eyes were gazing into his face—my betrothed husband!—with a look of eagerness which seemed almost adoration. Even as I stood there hesitating whether to go or to stay, she caught his hand in hers and kissed it passionately. I waited to see no more. With a stifled cry I turned and fled from the spot, back to my home—to my mother. Thank God, there was one true heart left in all the cold, dark world!

I must have been insane. 'To be wroth with one you love doth work like madness on the brain.' It is true. Torn by mad jealousy, I sat down and wrote a note to Richard, telling him that he was free. I made no explanation; how could I? I enclosed his ring in the envelope with the hurriedly scrawled note, and sent it to him at once. So it was all over.

Later I heard his voice at the door of our cottage, begging to see me—to speak with me just for a moment. But the demon of jealousy had entered my heart and taken full possession, and I closed my ears against his pleading. It was a mad, a cruel, a senseless act.

The next morning at sunrise the 'Mary' sailed and I was alone with my sorrow.

Days came and went, and my life went on in a dull, grey, uneventful round until the end came—the end of my sorrow and despair.

A note was placed in my hand one day—a note in a strange and unfamiliar handwriting, almost illegible, as though its writer had been in pain when it was written.

'Miss Bertrand,' it said, 'I am very ill—dying, I think—and I want you to call and see me before I die. I have a message to send to one who has been my good angel.'

ANNA GREY

I remembered the name, though its owner was personally a stranger to me. I put on my hat and went at once to the humble cottage where the woman lived. I shrunk back with a strange faintness stealing over my heart as I recognised before me lying upon the bed, pale and wan, and evidently dying, the woman whom I had seen on the beach with Richard—the woman for whose sake I had broken my engagement with the man I loved. At sight of me the dying woman held out her hand.

'Oh, miss! I have wanted to see you so!' she moaned. 'I want you to write to Captain Lyell for me, and tell him how much I thank him for what he has done for me. But for him I would not now be the wife of Roger Grey, for Roger was going to the bad, and but for Captain Lyell he would have had no employment. Captain Lyell saw me on the beach the night he sailed. He had already used his influence with Roger, and helped to lead him into the straight path again, and had given him work to do. That night I sought Captain Lyell and thanked him. Oh, miss, I could have died with gratitude, for I knew that, with the steady employment, Roger would do right, and we could be married. We were made husband and wife soon after, and my short married life has been the happiest part of my existence. But I am dying now, and I want Captain Lyell to know how grateful I am. Will you write to him for me?'

With a heart swelling with shame over my unworthy jealousy and silly mistake, I seated myself and wrote the letter that she dictated. At its close I added a few lines for myself—a few pleading, agonized words begging his forgiveness.

The answer came to-day. To-morrow his ship sets sail for home, and I shall soon be with him, my own true loved one, never to part again on earth.

This is a true story—the story of a woman's mad, unreasoning jealousy, and the end is better far than I deserve.

MARY ANDERSON'S LIFE.

HOW SHE PASSES HER TIME AT HER ENGLISH HOME.

FOR the best part of the last twelve months Mr and Mrs De Navarro have been living at Tunbridge Wells, in the green neighbourhood of which they have now determined to settle down definitely in a pretty house. Between household occupations and discoveries, the long rambles through the lanes and byways, in which husband and wife take an equal delight, the study of Spanish pursued by Mrs De Navarro under her husband's tuition, the evenings given to music (to which both are passionately devoted, while Mr De Navarro is a high class performer as well as a connoisseur and composer), and the intercourse with a few friends, complete their daily routine.

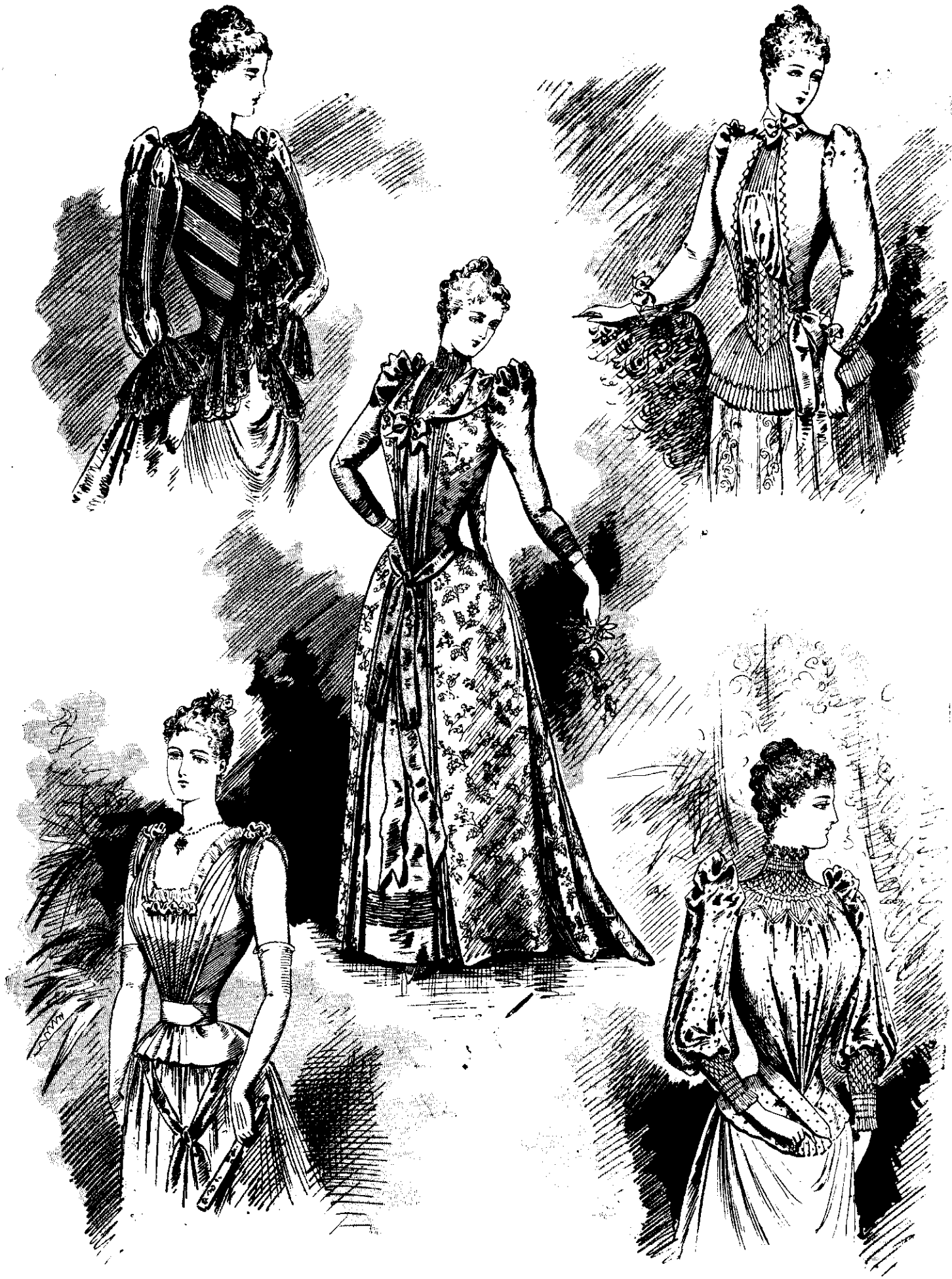
All Tunbridge Wells has from the first shown itself not only willing but eager to fête and welcome 'the De Navarros.' Unfortunately, these strenuous endeavours have so far met with very little response. If you go to the Roman Catholic Church down in the town you may, Sunday after Sunday—mostly at early mass as well as during the chief service of the day—see Mr and Mrs De Navarro, side by side, looking into the same book and joining in the service with the devoutness for which Miss Mary Anderson has always had the reputation, which is fully shared by Antonia de Navarro.

They are unwearying walkers, too. The lady who has had more social and artistic triumphs and successes than fall to the share of many women, be they never so fair or accomplished, and the gentleman who has travelled over the best part of the globe and enjoys the intimate friendship of many an eminent musician, think it neither *infra dig.* nor dull to spend a sunny afternoon in a quiet game of croquet or tennis, or in easy chat with friends whose literary and artistic interests preclude the conversation from ever falling to the level of average society.

It was in the drawing room of one of the pretty country houses on the hill slopes above Tunbridge Wells that I met Mr and Mrs De Navarro a day or two ago. Of course I had heard dim rumours that Miss Mary Anderson 'was completely broken down in health,' that she was 'a wreck of her former self,' pale, and a favourite society phrase—'gone off' altogether. It was therefore with considerable surprise that I looked up to the radiant woman entering the room, her figure as queenly as ever, her face as beautiful and flushed with the healthy tinge that follows an outdoor life in pure air and pleasant surroundings, and her eyes flashing with happiness and high spirits.

Her dress was elegant, but very simple; she wears the close-fitting, sage-green costume with the unequalled grace we have learned to appreciate since we saw Miss Mary Anderson as Galatea, but which is considered to 'go' only with the clinging draperies of ancient Greece.

Mr De Navarro, if his wife expressed the wish to return to the stage, would never think of preventing her; he has far too much of the artist's soul not to sympathize to the full with the longingness to express in acting, or painting or music what stirs the heart and mind. But no; she had the choice between a public life of triumph and success and a very simple, retired home life; she has chosen the latter, and is radiantly happy in it.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*



LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.—See page 211.

SELF-PUNISHED.

As on the earth the mists it yields to heaven
Descend in rain,
So on his head who e'er has evil given,
It falls again.

VERE'S NOVEL.

HERE, then, is Vere's 'novel.' I hope you will be pleased with it, and get as much amusement out of it as I have done. I believe the second story, though it has not been 'written in three weeks,' is now being written in the odd half-hours the author can spare from his lessons and his play. But the last I heard of Vere was that he had been so moved by the pictures in the *Budget* about the broken toys of the poor London children that he was making up a parcel of his own unbroken toys to send to them.

JACK'S ADVENTURES.

ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

With 15 Illustrations.

BY VERE BENSON.

FIRST EDITION.

VOL. I.

JACK'S ADVENTURES ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

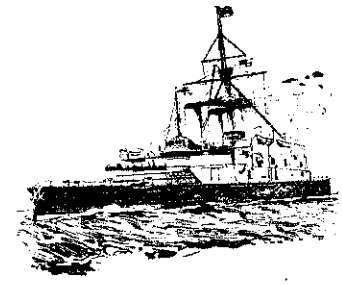
Once upon a time there livde in partsmouth an old fat man. he once had a wife but she died 11 yeas ago she had one son and wen she died the boy was a baby. the old fat Father was very cruel to jack he uset to beat him. One night jack sead to himself I no what I will do I will run down to the warf and see if there is not a man-of-war going out. so he did it at 1 p.m. he soon got to the warf. He saw a man-of-war. the warf was rather high and he thaglit he cood easerly jump on to the deck. So he did. he found a nice hiding-place it was under a bit of tarpolin. the ship said at 4 in the morning and he was not found out until half-past 7 wen they scrubde the decks. then he was dragd to the captian. hoo are you road the captian. I am jack Hally said jack. he had just said thos werds when he looct round and saw another stoaway. the captian spac agan. Smith, yes sir. take this young scamp to the purser and tell him to show him how to be a cabin boy. all right sir said Smith. and he took him away. The other stoaway was put off at Plimouth. Jack was very sick all the way to Plymouth he tride to eat some paridg it made him beter for a bit and he was just clening the looking glass when all the parig came out and made a mess on the captian's perjarmers. Oh dear send Jack what shal I do now. he ran away to his cabin and the perser saw him where are ye off to me lad. for he was an Irish. Jack had to tell and the purser sead well ye'll just get a beating with a rawps end and so he did. after the rapid left Plymouth for that was the name of the ship Jack was in it came out to Auckland New Zealand. ho ho sead Jack that will be fine fun then wen the ship gets to N.Z. I shall be a joky and ride carbine and win some races.

When the man-of-war had got to Gib he thought he would go on shore so he asked the captain the captain said he could but he must come back at 12 the next morning so he put his best jumper on and went on shore he looked at the monkeys one snatcht his cap with the Rapid markt on it in gold letters. my word said Jack. he got it back after a bit but he got a black eye or two because he had to fight for it. it was getting rather dark and he thought he would go to a shop and ask if there is not a cup of cocoa to be had for he had 5 shillings in his pocket. He askd the bar-made for it was a hotel that he went to. she gave him an awfull big crust and a cup of concoa he enjoyd it very much but he had to pay too shillings. then he climde up a tree and slept very well. He awock at 8, had a good brecfkast which spent one and sixpece. then he sind to himself I will clime to the top of Gip to see the vew. he just got to the top and he just saw the Rapid steaming away he ran to a sun dile and saw it was half-past 12. oh what shall I do said Jack. he went done the hill when he got to the bottom he suddenly thought that he would get a paper and see if another man-of-war was not going to N.Z. ho ho he jumpt for joy as he red out that the Orlando was coming and was going to N.Z., then he said to himself I will go and see the town. so he did. he got into a tram and said he would go to the end and back so he climd on the top and injoyd it very much. then he got done and went to a shop and bought a good knife for said he I will be sure to want it for cutting rops. he bought a fine bucs handle knife, it had one blaed because sailors knifes only want one.

the Orlando came the next day she was a fine ship she had been made specially for the Australian scwadron, flag-ship of course.

he askt the captain if he could come on in it. of course said he we just want such a young chap as you. he was much nicer than the captain of the Rapid. beside the Rapid was only 4920 tons and the Orlando was 5600 tons. so they saild away. the Orlando went 20 knots an hour. Jack wya not sick because he did not eat parige. thed soon got to Aden there he got sun-stroke ans the docktor that was on the Parrmata 2 years ago had to attend to him so Jack became quite friendly with him.

When Jack got to New Zealand he was a stockman for he was quite old now he was 20. he used to galop after stock with his 16 foot stock whip. his horse was not a scrubber and not a thoro' bred but just between the two. he called it O.H. because it had O.H. branded upon it when he bought it. he was a capital stock horse. on the 19th of March he and his comrades were invited to an enormous muster because Jimmy Tailor was going to sell his cattle. for that was the name of the man that invited Jack to the muster. all the best stocknen in the Waikato came and at once went after the cattle. they were enormous fat cattle calld ragers. it was really good fun seeing two hundred



fat cattle with heads down and glaring eyes heading for the stockyard, with cracking of stockwhips and shouts of the stock men behind them. Jacks stockwhip cracked like thunder. one of the stockmen told Jack to gallop to the stockyard and open the sllprails because the cattle would soon be up to the stockyard so he put the hooks in and galloped off. after the muster was over Jack went to see the Maory settlement he had great fun there then he bought a nice house and stables.

CHAPTER 2.

JACK MARYS AND GOES HOME.

Jack maryd a nice wife cald Alizerbeth henryeter Jones. Jack did not no what to call her she had such a long name but at last he calld her Lizy. she could crack a stockwhip just as well as Jack could and could ride. At last Jack got a son. he was a funy fat little thing. he was three years old when he could ride. One night Jack came home in spirits for he had bought a fine big cattle run of three thousand acers. Ho, ho, how merry that evening was, they all jumpd for joy. When Jack was quite settlde down he used to go out deer stalking with his son Jackanapes, for he remembered how when he was a little boy he thought Jackanapes was such a good little boy in the story so he cald his son Jackanapes. one day, Jack and his son were out shooting and saw a fine white stag Jack amde bang the sound of the righfull ecoed in all the hills and vales. Then they ran to the stag and skind it, put it on Jacks horse and road home. Jacks wife was much pleased on finding that the venson was so good and they all enjoyed it very much.

Jack had 8 sons after he shot the stag, of course not all born on the same day. But when the eldisd was 12 then Jack and his wife, Jackanapes, John, Thomos, Willy, Harry and Johnny, Leonard, Loris, Chubby because he was so fat, all went home on the Victoryer. when they got to Gib he remembered the monky smacking his cap off and he smild as he saw them again and told all the sons about them.

I forgot to tell you when Jack got to Ceylon he stade a night there because the ship went in the morning. he saw a good deel of Colombo. one of the things was an enormous tortoise 200 years old at least.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

THE END.

PROMPT AND HEROIC.

ALL Australian boys are taught the necessity of guarding against snake-bites. The treatment of such wounds is a necessary part of their education. One day two little fellows, six and eight years old, went into the bush to play. The smaller one, chasing a rabbit into a hole, pushed in his hand, and brought it out quickly with the head of a venomous snake attached to one of the fingers.

'Quick, Charley!' he cried, putting his hand down on a stump. 'Chop off my finger! The snake has bitten it.'

Charley, without a pause, lifted his axe and chopped, not only the damaged finger, but two of the others as well. Then the boys ran straight into town, over a mile distant, and sought a surgeon, who dipped the injured members in ammonia before dressing them. Imagine the pain of such a burning bath!

A young Australian lady was one day walking along the street, when she saw a dirty and wretched-looking tramp to whose leg a venomous snake had allixed itself.

After killing the reptile with her parasol, she borrowed his pocket-knife, cut the trousers away from the wound, and then, cutting a cross upon the bite itself, applied her lips to it, and sucked the poison away. The tramp's life was saved, at the sacrifice, perhaps, of some dainty scruples.

HOW STARS ARE FORMED.

THIS is an idea which has lately been suggested, and I refer to it here, because it appears to make clear a great many points on which children even of a larger growth have been long puzzled.

The idea, in its most general form, is that the bodies which shine in space, whether nebulæ, comets, stars, planets, or moons, all start in the same way. For the starting point, it is imagined that they all consist of little particles, far apart, and not in very rapid movement. Collisions take place between these particles, and give rise to light as the striking of a flint against a steel gives rise to light The light at first is dim, because the collisions are not numerous, but in time the little particles condense toward a centre which, therefore, becomes brighter because the particles are then nearer together, clashing together oftener, and, therefore, developing a larger amount of heat and light.

In this way we pass from what we see in the heavens as patches of milk-white light called nebulæ, to other bodies even hotter than our sun; and when the stage is reached in which we see specks of light merely, and deal with 'stars' properly so-called, we get a hot body which increases in temperature as all the little particles arrive at the centre, until the motion of all of them has been changed into heat, and a ball of vapour results, very, very hot.

As soon as the supply of heat ceases, the mass begins to cool. Our sun is such a cooling mass. The cooling goes on till at last a body, such as our own earth, is formed. This is why it is that the chemical composition of the sun and the earth are so similar.

If this is what really happens, we can easily explain the colours of all the stars. Each stage of heat in a star has its own special colour. It is true that sometimes very nearly the same colour is produced at two different stages of heat, but apart from this, we know that very white stars are at the condition of their greatest heat, and that yellow stars are cooler, though some are old, some young: and that very red, but especially blood-red, stars are tottering on the verge of invisibility, having run through all their changes.

MORNING.

REJOICE! sweet messenger of light!
Rejoice! and send to all below
The sweetness of thy heavenly glow;
Dispel the darkness, scatter night,
Till we thy fuller glory know!

PERCHANCE.

A WOULD-BE literary woman, whose enthusiasm for Lord Byron's poetical works has led her to name her two boys Harold and Manfred, recently bought a little dog to which she gave the name 'Perchance.'

Replying to a visitor's comment upon the singular name of the animal she said, knowingly:

'I named him for Byron's dog. Don't you remember the line where the poet says, "Perchance my dog will howl?"'

MAGIC GLASS.

ONE of the most curious inventions of this inventive age is what is called platinized glass. A piece of glass is coated with an exceedingly thin layer of a liquid charged with platinum, and is then raised to a red heat. The platinum becomes united to the glass in such a way as to form a very odd kind of mirror.

The glass has not really lost its transparency, and yet if one places it against a wall and looks at it he sees his image as in an ordinary looking-glass. But when light is allowed to come through the glass from the other side, as when it is placed in a window, it appears perfectly transparent like ordinary glass.

By constructing a window of platinized glass one could stand close behind the panes in an unilluminated room and behold clearly everything going on outside, while passers-by looking at the window would behold only a fine mirror or set of mirrors, in which their own figures would be reflected while the person inside remained invisible.

In France various tricks have been contrived with the aid of this glass. In one a person seeing what appears to be an ordinary mirror, approaches it to look at himself. A sudden change in the mechanism sends light through the glass from the back, whereupon it instantly becomes transparent, and the startled spectator finds himself confronted by some grotesque figure which had been bidden behind the magic glass.

What wonders might not a magician of the dark ages have wrought if he could have had a piece of platinized glass!

SELF-POSSESSED.

TWO ladies and an invalid boy who was carried on a stretcher were the last passengers on the gang-plank of a river steamer, says the Washington *Republic*. The boy and one of the ladies were safely embarked, and the other lady was crossing the plank, which was loose and partially drawn in, when it tipped and plunged her into the river. Several young men on the boat hastily removed their coats, and were just ready to leap into the water when she came up smiling, holding fast to her bag and umbrella.

'Now don't any one jump in after me,' she called to the excited passengers; 'I'm all right, and will float until my clothes become soaked with water. Just throw me a rope. There's no necessity for any one else to get wet.

The rope was thrown to her, and she grasped it with one hand and was drawn to the side of the steamer, when she said:

'Now some one lie flat on the deck and reach down and take my bag and umbrella, and then help me out.'

A young man followed her instructions, and she was soon standing safe on the deck.

Requesting a porter to take her trunk immediately to a state-room, she retired, and in a few minutes returned, dry-clad and cheerful, to receive the congratulations of her fellow-passengers, and to relieve the alarm of her lady friend, who had promptly fainted at sight of the accident.

SCHOOLS RE-OPENED.

As the schools are opened again, it is but natural that our boys and girls should turn their thoughts toward the business of their young lives, which is, to prepare for taking their part in carrying on the world's business.

The time is forever past when there could be a doubt as to the indispensableness of mental training for all.

It must be evident even to the youngest inmate of a school that, as the world now is, the person without knowledge must take a very low place indeed in the industrial scale. He can be nothing but a hopeless drudge, unable even to handle the tools which a workman of high grade is obliged to use.

It is a mistake to say, as is so often said, that a modern workman is but the thoughtless servant of the machine he attends. To be efficient, he must understand his machine, which is usually a thing involving several important principles and many ingenious devices. He must understand those principles; he must be able to keep in order those devices. The machine merely saves him much rude, unprofitable labour, and renders his work an intellectual pursuit.

One might profitably pass days and weeks examining one of the large ocean steamers. Such a vessel contains a very large part of all that man has done and discovered since he emerged from the savage condition.

Every trade carried on in civilized life is represented, from the simplest to the most complex. All the learned professions contributed to her construction, equipment or navigation. The fine arts are seen in her decoration, and the composers of music have placed upon the piano and the organ in her cabin a selection from their productions.

Whatever men of thought have evolved from Aristotle to Faraday; all that mechanics have invented, from the most ancient of the Chinese devices to the recent deposits in our Patent Office, we see combined in the beautiful ship, out of the deep, cavernous hold of which merchandise is coming up at the rate of tons a minute.

Let no student forget, as he or she hears the school-bell ring, that, in the days near at hand, all the work of man on earth is going to be done in the same majestic, magnificent way, and that they who are to bear an honourable part in that work must rise to the height of those superb vessels; must possess knowledge, trained intelligence, minds habitually thoughtful, and bodies uncontaminated. In those ships the touch of the tranquil and virtuous hand is everywhere seen.

The day of the ignoramus is over forever! There is no longer any room for him in civilized lands, except in the kinds of work that no one likes to do; and even from them he is sure to be driven at last.

The men who empty drains and gather offal are learning to do it in a high, clean, intelligent way, using implements that make the work almost agreeable, and rendering their trade an important part of the system by which the fertility of the earth is kept up.

The school-bell invites the future masters of the world. The great point is to *understand* the matters taught. Never mind so much about getting the highest rank, but go for the main thing, which is to comprehend clearly the principles that underlie the triumphant industries of the modern world.

WHICH WAS IT?

ONE of the best compliments a preacher can ever have is this: 'He preaches as if he meant every word he says.' Nothing is quite as soon detected as insincerity in the pulpit.

A minister, who is not always so careful as he ought to be in making his preaching and his practice go together, was lately telling some friends a story of adventure. It was a large story, and the minister's little ten-year-old girl was listening to it very intently. When he finished, she fastened her wide-open eyes upon her father's face and said, very gravely:

'Is that true, or are you preaching now, papa?'

IN AN OLD TUNE.

SONG and laughter of long ago,
Sad and sweet as a far-blown flute
Echo low in the music's flow,
And the shadows listen and winds are mute.

PATCH AND ALL.

AN old sea-dog, Sawyer by name, was a privileged character on a certain man-of-war, writes a correspondent, because of his age and the length of time he had been in the service. He eked out his pay by making and selling uniforms for the other men, and as he had the market entirely to himself it was natural that he should become a little autocratic in his dealings. On one occasion a young sailor wished to buy a pair of white duck working-trousers.

Old Sawyer, holding a pair of second-hand trousers at arm's length, descanted upon their various excellencies until he was compelled to pause for breath. At that point the young fellow ventured to ask, meekly:

'And what might the price be, Mr Sawyer?'

The old man hemmed and hawed, and began thus:

'Waal, young feller, I reckon you know what white duck costs from the paymaster, don't you? One and sixpence per yard, ain't it? And so many yards is six shillings altogether. Then there's the thread, two pence we'll call it, and the making will bring it up to fifteen shillings. Ye won't quarrel with that; and then there's this blue patch,' he continued, stroking it lovingly, 'I put that in myself last summer, an' it's a good piece of work. I'm 'fraid I shall have to charge you one and sixpence extry for that patch, say sixteen shillings and sixpence altogether.'

The money was paid and received, without a word, neither party seeming to think it surprising that patched trousers should cost more than whole ones.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

KITTYKIN WINK.

KITTYKIN WINK
Sat down to think
What she would like to eat.
But while she sat still,
The mice had their will
And ate all the cheese for a treat.

AN AFTERNOON CALL.

I PAID a call the other day, and as it was more entertaining than calls usually are, I thought you might like to hear about it.

In the first place, the maid who came to the door was so pretty and had such bright eyes that I wanted to kiss him—I mean her—on the spot. She wore the most beautiful white cap and a lovely apron that came down to her feet.

The little red saucer she carried was too small for my big card, and it fell on the floor, but the maid said it was no matter, and he—I mean she—picked it up in the politest manner possible.

Then she showed me into the parlour, where she said I would find Mrs Ching-Ling, the lady of the house.

When we entered the room, sure enough there was the lady sitting before a large kitchen stove with her feet—which you will be astonished to hear were bare—resting on the door of the oven in a very unusual position.

Somehow I felt so much at home with the pretty maid, that I ventured to ask in a whisper if there was a fire in the stove.

She said 'Why, of course there is,' and pulled Mrs Ching-Ling's chair back with such force that the good lady rocked in her seat.

Then the maid, who seemed to be a kind of master—I mean mistress of ceremonies, called my attention to a gentleman who sat on the floor in a corner of the room.

This was Mr Ching-Ling. He seemed for some reason to be very much out of spirits, and I was just about to ask him why he chose so lowly a seat when I noticed he wore a Japanese costume, and concluded that was his Eastern manner of receiving guests.

Then I turned to the lady, who sat facing me with a very stiff and ungracious air, gazing over the top of my head as if she were trying her best not to see anything.

Feeling obliged to say something, I began:

'Your husband looks sad; is he in bad health?'

'Nothing's the matter with him,' spoke up the maid, before the lady could answer. 'He always acts like that.'

'Perhaps change of air—' I ventured to remark, but the maid interrupted me in a most sudden way.

'I'm going to make you a cup of tea,' she announced, walking over to the stove.

'Oh, thank you,' I said, 'but maybe Mrs Ching-Ling would not like it.'

'Why not?' said the maid, beginning to pour out a great deal of water from the tea-pot and getting his apron very wet.

'Well, you see,' I answered, 'she has not spoken to me since I came in, and she looks so rigid and uncomfortable, I am afraid she would like to have me go away.'

'Oh, no she wouldn't,' declared the maid. 'And she can't help being stiff. She's got something the matter with her knees.'

'How sad!' I exclaimed, as I sipped my tea. 'Rheumatism?'

I addressed my question to the lady, but the maid *would* answer.

'No,' she said, in an unconcerned tone, 'I don't know what it is. Do you like your tea?'

'Very much, thank you.'

'Would you like to see the children?'

'Oh, yes, indeed!' I cried, for really the silence of the gloomy gentleman and the stiff lady was growing very oppressive. The maid left the room, and for a few minutes I was left alone with my new friends. Neither of them spoke, and the lady seemed to grow stiffer than ever.

Presently the maid came back with the children. There were eleven of them, all ages and sizes. Indeed, the oldest girl was much larger and taller than her father.

I shook hands with them all, and was very glad to see them, though I think I never saw children whose clothes were in a worse plight.

I said as much to the maid, who remarked scornfully that their mother never sewed anything for them.

'Perhaps you might,' I began, feebly, for I was rather afraid of the maid by this time.

'Why, it isn't my place,' she burst out, quite roughly. 'I'm the cook.'

'Oh, indeed,' I murmured.

Then I mustered up my courage, and said boldly, 'I feel very sorry for this family. Everything is in such disorder. The kitchen stove is in the parlour, and the lady of the house has no shoes and sits with her feet in the fire all day. The children have nothing but rags for clothes, and seem to have dreadful things the matter with their arms and legs, and yet no one does anything for the poor creatures. Perhaps if you were a girl instead of a boy—oh, I beg your pardon, I mean if you knew how to play with dolls—dear me, what *am* I saying!' I cried, coming to a full stop and feeling very much confused.

The maid was gazing at me with a very reproachful look in his blue eyes.

'Is that the way you talk when you go calling?' he asked in a severe tone.

'Not always,' I said, meekly.

'I think you had better go home now,' said the maid.

'Perhaps I had,' I answered, rising. Then I bowed to the sad Japanese gentleman and the stiff lady and the eleven miserable children and took my leave.

Just outside the door, some one sprang at me and gave me a big hug and a kiss. It was the maid dressed in a boy's sailor suit.

'*You* don't know how to play you mean,' he cried laughing. 'I did my part all right, but you forgot, you know you did.'

A CAME OF BALL.

EMERSON'S saying that the child is the true democrat is illustrated by an incident in the life of Queen Victoria. Mr William Beale, afterward known as a music publisher and a manager of concerts, says that when a boy he used to walk daily with his mother and sister in the gardens surrounding Kensington Palace.

A lady and her daughter were one day walking in the same direction we were going, followed by a tall footman. We were throwing a ball about, and once it happened to fall at the lady's feet. Her daughter picked it up and joined our game for a minute or two, and then returned, out of breath and laughing merrily, to her mother's side.

The lady was the Duchess of Kent; her daughter the Princess Victoria. We renewed the acquaintance the next day and the next, and were always greeted with gracious smiles of recognition when we met.

I wonder whether Her Majesty has any recollection of that game of ball played more than once in Kensington Gardens.

A VISIT TO GRANDMAMMA.

I'M going to see dear grandmamma,
She lives in London town;
You see I've got on my best gloves
And my very best Sunday gown.

And 'Nursy,' who is very good,
Has brushed and combed my hair,
And has put on my pink bonnet,
With a very self-satisfied air.

But now the train is coming in,
And I must good-bye say;
I'll jump into the carriage, dear,
And hope we'll meet another day.

BROTHERLY FORESIGHT.

LITTLE Tom was involved in the difficulties of learning to dress himself, and regarded the buttons which had to be fastened behind his back as so many devices to torment small boys.

One morning he was informed of the arrival of a baby sister, and later in the day was allowed to steal into his mother's chamber to look at the baby as she lay asleep.

Tom regarded the small creature with much interest, and the nurse, wishing to know what his thoughts were, asked him softly:

'Well, how do you like her? Isn't she a darling?'

'I don't think she looks much good,' answered Tom, with uncompromising frankness. 'How soon will she be big enough to fasten my back buttons?'

CLEVER PIGS.

DO newspapers always tell the truth? If they do, then some animals have an astonishing amount of intelligence.

The Worcester *Gazette* says that a farmer has a sow and four well-grown pigs, which have the run of an orchard where the branches of the trees hang low, and are full of apples.

The old sow springs up and catches a limb and shakes it, and then she and the pigs devour the fruit thus shaken down. When all that can be obtained in this way has been eaten, one of the pigs climbs on the mother's back and reaches a higher limb, which it shakes vigorously, and so brings down a fresh supply of apples.

A HYMN FOR A CHILD.

FOR all the pleasant things I see,
I must give thanks, dear Lord, to Thee!
The bending sky, so blue, so bright,
The daisy-meadows, green and white,
The silver moon and golden sun,
'Tis Thou hast made them, every one.

The robin in the blossoming tree,
Sings 'Praise!' and 'Praise!' and 'Praise to Thee!'
The sea-gull on the waves afloat
Still utters 'Praise!' with harsher note.
In every voice of beast or bird
Their love and thanks may still be heard.

And I, who am Thy child indeed,
Shall I not give most careful heed
To praise Thee with a thankful heart,
To do Thy will in every part,
To keep myself all pure and sweet,
As for a child of God is meet!

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

UNFORGIVEN.

THE pet of the house knelt as usual to say his prayers at his mother's side.

'God bless papa and mamma and Uncle Ed and—and—' here he hesitated.

'And Polly,' prompted his mother.

Polly was his nurse.

'Ma!' he cried indignantly, looking up, 'can't I skip Polly? She spanked me to-day.'

NOTHING BUT FRECKLES.

MERTIE was not allowed to play with several children who had lately been sick with diphtheria.

One day her mother saw her playing with a little girl, and she asked, 'Who is that child?'

'It's a little girl that ha-n't got the 'theria or the small-pox. She hasn't got anything but freckles.'

THE THINNING OF THE THATCH.

Oh, the autumn leaves are falling, and the days are closing in,
And the breeze is growing chilly, and my hair is getting thin!
I've a comfortable income—and my age is thirty-three;
But my thatch is thinning quickly—yes, as quickly as can be!

I was once a merry urchin—curly headed I was called,
And I laughed at good old people when I saw them going bald;
But it's not a proper subject to be lightly joked about,
For it's dreadful to discover that your roof is wearing out!

I remember asking uncle—in my innocent surprise—
How he liked his head made use of as a skating-rink by flies;
But although their dread intrusion I shall manfully resist,
I'm afraid they'll soon have got another rink upon their list.

When invited to a party I'm invariably late,
For I waste the time in efforts to conceal my peeping pate—
Though I coax my hair across it—though I brush away for weeks,
Yet I can't prevent it parting and dividing into streaks!

I have tried a hair restorer, and I've rubbed my head with rum,
But the thatch keeps getting thinner, and the new hair doesn't come—
So I gaze into the mirror with a gloomy, vacant stare,
For the circle's getting wider of that open space up there!

People tell me that my spirits I must not allow to fall,
And that coming generations won't have any hair at all—
Well—they'll never know an anguish that can adequately match
With the pangs of watching day by day the thinning of your thatch!

Punch.

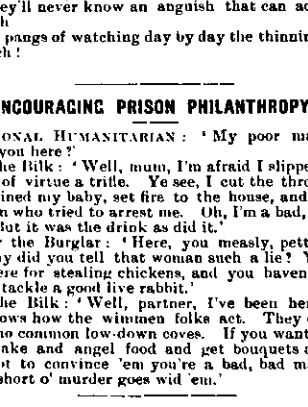
ENCOURAGING PRISON PHILANTHROPY.

Professional Humanitarian: 'My poor man, what brought you here?'

Billy the Bilk: 'Well, mum, I'm afraid I slipped outside the path of virtue a trifle. Ye see, I cut the throat of my wife, brained my baby, set fire to the house, and shot two policeman who tried to arrest me. Oh, I'm a bad, bad man, mum. But it was the drink as did it.'

Jimmy the Burglar: 'Here, you measly, petty-larceny thief, why did you tell that woman such a lie? You know you're here for stealing chickens, and you haven't enough nerve to tackle a good live rabbit.'

Billy the Bilk: 'Well, partner, I've been here before, and I knows how the wimmen folks act. They don't feed and pet no common low-down coves. If you wanter live on sponge cake and angel food and get bouquets and books you've got to convince 'em you're a bad, bad man. See? Nothin' short o' murder goes wid 'em.'



OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

Fitzgoggy (in agony): 'Steward! I say, *steward*!'
Steward (from below): 'Comin' hup directly sir.'
Fitzgoggy: 'So—so's my dinner! Oh, Lord!'

LOVE BADLY HANDICAPPED.

Maude: 'George, I don't think I ought to marry you, for I don't believe you love me one bit.'

George (ardently): 'Why, my darling, I am passionately, desperately, madly in love with you. I worship the very——'

Maude: 'You talk well enough, George, but those letters you wrote to me when you were away were so cold and distant that they froze my heart. One would think you were writing to your washer-woman about her bill.'

George (slowly): 'Maude, I—was—engaged—to—a—girl—once—before, and when she sued me for breach of promise all my letters to her were—read—in—open—court.'

HE KNEW HIS SISTER.

Little Dick: 'Is this the house you and sis is to live in when you is married?'

Mr Nicefello: 'Yes, my boy. What do you think of it?'

'Taint half big enough.'

'Your sister, myself and a servant will constitute the family as a rule. I am sure there is plenty of room for us and spare rooms for relatives.'

'Yes, plenty for the family, but the family don't count. What you want is strangers, all the time, too.'

'Ha, ha! Why should I wish to entertain strangers, my boy? I am not going to keep a hotel.'

''Cause sis will always be real kind and polite to you when strangers is about.'

DIDN'T SEE IT.

Pat: 'Are yez good in arithmetic, Mike?'

Mike: 'Oi am.'

Pat: 'Well, if ye had a suv'rin, an' oi axed yer fer the lend o' ten shillin's, how much would ye hov left?'

Mike (decidedly): 'A suv'rin.'

Pat: 'Ah, yez don't seem to see my ideear!'

Mike: 'No; an' ye won't see my ten shillin'!'

WHERE WORK IS PLEASANT.

Neglected Wife: 'Why don't you go to work?'

Husband (a ne'er-do-well): 'I ain't got no tools.'

Neglected Wife: 'Deacon Smith offered you to fix his fence, and you have a saw and a plane and a hammer and nails. What more do you want.'

Husband: 'The saw ain't no good, and I ain't got no file to sharpen it. Old Smith can fix his fence hisself.'

Same Husband (ten years later): 'Hist! Say, wife, I've escaped from the penitentiary. Gimme some other clothes so I kin light out agin.'

Wife: My! my! How did you get out?'

Husband: 'I dug forty feet under ground with a two-tined fork, and then cut my way through two feet of stone wall and ten inches of boiler iron with a saw made out of tin dinner plate.'

DELIBERATION OF PURPOSE.

Mr Billus (calling down the stairway): 'Maria, have the children gone to school?'

Mrs Billus: 'Yes.'

'This is the girl's day out, isn't it?'

'Yes. She's gone.'

'This is not the minister's day to call, is it?'

'No.'

'Any of the neighbours likely to drop in during the next hour or so?'

'I think not.'

'You're alone, are you?'

'Yes. What do you——'

'Then put some cotton in your ears, Maria. I am going to shave myself with that new razor you gave me the other day.'

BRUTALITY.

Broken-hearted Girl: 'He has treated me brutally.'

Sympathetic Male Cousin (aching for a fight, savagely): 'What did he do—break of the engagement?'

Broken-hearted Girl: 'No, he never even proposed.'

THAT SETTLED IT.

Collector (on his tenth visit): 'Look a-here, how many more times do you want me to call with this little account?'

Bill Overdue: 'Why, man, I don't care if you never call again.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

Nurse: 'Well, what do you think of the new baby?'
Boy: 'Why, he ain't finished.' Nurse: 'How's that?'
Boy: 'Ain't got no teeth or hair.'

Miss Notinette (at the seaside): 'I don't know whether you know me or not, but I was here last year.' Miss Highplane (extending her finger-tips): 'Oh, yes, I recognized you at once by your gown.'

'How hideous Miss Blakely looked in that new bonnet.' 'I thought it was very becoming. At least the trimming was very appropriate.' 'I didn't notice the trimming.' 'The bonnet was trimmed with ivy leaves. Ivy is very appropriate. It only clings to old ruins.'

Miss Passa (of uncertain age): 'Te he! I don't know whether to go into the surf or not. Some folks say the salt water makes wrinkles.' Old fisherman: 'No, mum, it's just the other way, mum. Salt water takes wrinkles out, mum. Just you try it an' see.'

Mrs Sanso: 'I trust that we shall see a great deal of your friend when he comes to the city. My daughter will be back from the country by the time he comes. She is a wonderful pianist, you know.' Mr Rodd: 'Oh, my friend won't mind that. He is as deaf as a post.'

Johnny: 'I was looking through the keyhole at Sally and Mr Featherly and ma came and stopped me.' Ethel: 'What did she do then? Spank you?' Johnny: 'No she took a peep, too.'

Professor (lecturing): 'Finally, I would instance mental aberration, a mania of which the learned are frequently subject, and occasionally make themselves ridiculous without knowing it.' (After saying which, the professor took, instead of his hat, the lamp-shade of the bracket, put it on his head, and walked out.)

What strange creatures girls are! Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and ten chances to one if the mother can spare any of her girls—but just propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a life-time for victuals and clothes.

'Yes, I had all the fellows in town for my rivals when I was courting.' 'And yet you carried off the prize?' interrupted his enthusiastic friend. 'Well,' corrected the other slowly, if not severely, 'I don't altogether know about that, but I married the girl.'

'I didn't know you could read, Bre'r Downey.' Downey (apparently much interested in his paper): 'Oh, yes, I'se read ebber since I wuz er boy.' 'Den how comes it dat you'se readin' dat paper upside down?' 'I always reads dat way, Bre'r Downey, den I's get at de bottom of de facts without habing ter read down de whole column.'

'What was the subject of your debate this evening?' 'Whisky.' 'Was it well discussed?' 'Yes: most of the members were full of the subject.'

Laura: 'I wish George wouldn't smoke! To be kissed by a man who smokes is horrid.' Irene: 'Eat onions, Laura, and you won't notice the odour of cigars.' Laura (aghast): 'Why, then he'd never kiss me at all.'

'And I want to say, "To my husband," in an appropriate place,' said the disconsolate widow to the tombstone-monger. 'Yessum,' replied he. Later on the stone appeared with this legend:—

'TO MY HUSBAND.
IN AN APPROPRIATE PLACE.'

And now his friends want to know where he's gone.

Little Johnny's father had been elected commander of a grand army post—an honour of which he had good reason to be proud. Johnny could not conceal his exultation when he heard the news. 'Oh, papa, I am so glad you've got to be a commander,' he said. 'Thank you,' said his father. 'But can you tell me, my son, why you are so glad?' 'Cause you'll have soldiers at your funeral,' answered Johnny.

A lady had in her employ an excellent girl who had one fault. Her face was always in a smudge. Mrs —— tried to tell her to wash her face without offending her, and at last resorted to strategy. 'Do you know, Bridget,' she remarked in a confidential manner, 'it is said that if you wash the face every day in hot soapy water it will make you beautiful?' 'Will it now?' answered the wily Bridget. 'Sure it's a wonder you nivver tried it yourself, ma'am!'