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THE GOVERNOR AND LADY ONSLOW'S FAREWELL TO NEW ZEALAND.

HE visits paid by Lord and Lady Onslow to the principal cities in this colony for the purpose of taking leave of the citizens, have, in each case, been marked by unusual festivities. Our Auckland Society correspondent furnishes the following letter containing an account of the farewell proceedings in Auckland and Russell:—

Of course the principal topic which I shall, with pen and ink, discourse to you in this letter is the departure of our late Governor, Lord Onslow, and his family. So general was the interest and excitement, so elaborate and beautiful the preparations to send off the representative of Her Majesty in due style, that many citizens in their enjoyment of the half holiday proclaimed on the afternoon that the Mararoa left Auckland, forgot to infuse the correct amount of regret in their too energetic speeding of the departing guests. It is rather amusing that even the most democratic of our community were not above taking advantage of the pleasure afforded by the spectacular display, which I shall attempt to describe presently. But I must pull myself together and tell you of an event which I omitted last week, when Lord and Lady Onslow honoured Mr and Mrs T. Morrin with their presence at luncheon, Wellington Park, I was told, looked very pretty, and the luncheon was a very good one. But I cannot undertake to give you a man's account of what the ladies wore. Really, their ideas of gowns are *too* ridiculous! But I can tell you some of those who were there. 'If you want the horses,' says my informant, 'I can tell you their names and colours!' Amongst the guests then, were Mr and Mrs Jas. Russell, the Hon. E. and Mrs Mitchellson, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Moss-Davis, Mrs S. Morrin, Lieutenant Abdy, etc. In the afternoon the whole party went out to inspect the stud, Lady Onslow being asked to bestow a name on a colt (one of Frailty's). It was to have a fighting sort of a name with a gun in it. But as the Countess couldn't invent one on the spot, she had to promise to send it along by post. Afternoon tea was discussed about four o'clock to enable the Vice-regal party to return home early enough to attend divine service at St. Paul's in the evening.

I have told you about the reception held the next day at Government House.

The following afternoon the Countesses of Jersey and Galloway came down by train from Rotorua, very enthusiastic over the beauties of our Northern Wonderland. Their visit had caused quite an excitement in the neighbourhood. Amongst other visitors of note are Lady Herbert and Miss Hudson, both with their attendants.

The grand farewell luncheon given by the mayor and citizens

of Auckland to the Earl and Countess of Onslow took place in the Choral Hall on the day of their departure from Auckland. It was held at two o'clock. The hall was profusely decorated with flowers, and the effect was extremely good, the walls as well as the tables receiving due floral attention. The latter were arranged *a la* horseshoe, the guest of the hour, His Excellency the Governor, being seated on the right of the Mayor (Mr Crowther), who occupied the state chair at the centre of the shoe. The Mayoress, in black silk, was placed on the other side of Lord Onslow, the Hon. P. A. Buckley taking charge of the Countess of Galloway in close proximity. To the left of the Mayor our smiling Countess of Onslow was seated, Captain Gertz, of the Bussard, having the honour of sitting next; then the Countess of Jersey, Mr T. Thompson (M.H.R.), and Mr C. C. McMillan in his capacity as Chairman of the Harbour Board. I must particularly mention the decorations of this table, as they were wonderfully and beautifully executed. One was an Imperial crown of green, the jewels being represented by red and white flowers. In the centre of the middle table was a magnificent shield of flowers representing the Onslow arms, with the well-known motto 'Festina lente' inscribed below. The red and yellow colours were faithfully produced, the whole being a very handsome piece of work, carried out by Miss Speight, who also made the Prince of Wales's feathers. The arrangements were perfect, and we took our seats in comfort and contentment. Though the three Countesses were, of course, in court half-mourning, and various ladies present also wore dark and appropriate dresses, the hall presented a sufficiently bright and attractive, not to say brilliant, appearance. For this we were largely indebted to the magnificent costumes and gold lace of the officers of the warships, especially of the German, and to the number of uniforms worn by the volunteer officers. The caterer had done well in the pretty arrangements of flowers, still better in his display of plate and glass, and reached the superlative point in the very excellent and sumptuous luncheon itself. The menu card, bearing the Onslow arms and a suitable inscription, was tasteful, and received much admiration. Hunter's Band, conducted by Mr Eady, played the National Anthem as,

precisely at two o'clock, the vice-regal party entered. Some pretty selections of music beguiled the monotony of eating. I will give you all the names of those at the luncheon as far as possible, but will reserve most of the dresses for the description of the afternoon tea on the s.s. Tauranga, which was attended by many of the ladies. I can pretend to no sort of precedence in my list, so let no one be offended at their position in it. Mr and Mrs J. H. Upton (dark costume), Colonel and Mrs Goring, Mr and Mrs H. Brett (dark costume), Mrs Garrard (Christchurch), Mr and Mrs D. B. Cruickshank (French Consul), Mr and Mrs T. W. Leys, Mr L. D. Nathan, Mrs S. Nathan (handsome gown), Mrs T. Hope Lewis, lovely heliotrope dress, *hat en suite*; Mr and Mrs T. Ching (pretty grey dress); Mr and Mrs W. R. Bloomfield, the latter looking very charming in cream, with a cream-trimmed sailor hat of the new shape; Mr and Mrs P. L. Dignan, whose red dress very much brightened up the other ladies' sombre-hued costumes; Mr and Mrs W. Cochrane, Mr and Mrs A. Devore, the lady wearing a very handsome black dress lightened with gold and black lace; Mrs and Miss Kerr-Taylor, both in white, the mother's pretty hat and dress being relieved with black velvet; the Very Rev. Mounsignor McDonald, the Rev. G. M. and Mrs Nelson, Mr and Mrs T. Peacocke, Mr G. Peacocke, Mr G. L. Peacocke, Mr Jackson Palmer (M.H.R.), Mr Laver and Miss A. Laver, the Mayor of Newmarket and Mrs Kent, Mr S. C. Brown (Mayor of Newton), Mr and Mrs W. Barry (the latter wearing a pretty dark dress), Mr Hugh and Miss Campbell, Dr. J. L. Campbell, Mr John and Miss Savage, Mrs H. Walker, Miss Lanauze, Mr and Mrs John Grey, Mr and Mrs Wm. Johnston, Mrs Ella W. Gamble, Mr and Mrs A. L. Edwards, Mr and Mrs T. Cohen, Mrs J. Stanton, Mr and Mrs Charles Ranson, Miss Prosser, Mr and Mrs J. J. Holland, Mr and Mrs E. Mahoney, Mrs B. Holmwood, Miss Harris, Mrs J. H.



QUEENSTOWN—SEE GOVERNOR'S TOUR, PAGE 250.

Smith, Mr John Briscoe, Mrs Briscoe, Mr H. Brown (German Consul), and Mrs Brown, Miss Gutherie (A.D.C. to Lord Onslow), Captain Rupert Leigh (A.D.C. to Lord Jersey), Lieut. Abdy (H.M.S. Tauranga), Messrs Barger, C. Arnold, J. E. and E. Yates, James Russell, A. S. Russell, M. Nicolay, Napier, W. Kelly (M.H.R.), F. Lawry (M.H.R.), J. Mowbray, W. McCullough, H. Eyre, Kenny, Johansen (Danish Consul), E. W. Alison (Mayor of Devonport), C. Atkin (Chairman of Hospital and Charitable Aid Board), T. Buddle, A. S. Aldrich, J. H. Witheford, J. M. Suera (M.H.R.), James Hardie, R. K. Garlick, H. Rees George, A. Clarke, J. D. Connolly (United States Consul), C. F. Bourne, J. M. Brigham, J. Carroll (M.H.R.), M. A. Clarke, P. A. Phillips (Town Clerk), Arthur Masy (Belgian Consul), C. F. Fearing, C. A. La Roche, W. J. Courtney, L. Ehrenfried, T. Hodgson, W. Gorrie, F. W. Lawry, T. Garrard, R. F. Luks, A. Porter (Chairman of Chamber of Commerce), R. Warnock, T. Hodson, Higgins, R. Struthers, J. Trenwith, R. Udy, H. Worthington, W. S. Laurie, Skeats, Paymaster Matthias (H.M.S. Tauranga), Mr W. E. Hackett, Dr. Dawson, Colonel De Quincy, Dr. Walker, Hon. J. B. Whyte, Lieutenant Stuart (H.M.S. Tauranga), Dr. W. R. Eason, Dr. Bayntun, Captain H. E. Anderson, Rev. Shirley W. Baker, Inspector Broham. You will see that we were well-supplied with medical men, in case our feelings proved too much for us (ladies) or the champagne, for the sterner sex. You don't want a *resumé* of the speeches, do you? As soon as women manage these things, I can assure you that the speeches will be decidedly lighter and shorter than they are at present. But I must not digress. I forgot to tell you that we presented a testimonial—I mean a handsome illuminated address to the Governor, which, unlike most illuminated addresses, possesses merits as an intrinsic work of art. The designs, which are all original, have been carried out with extreme care and fidelity. The whole address is engrossed in colour on vellum, the golden initials of the earl's name being very handsomely and boldly designed and illuminated in 15th century style. After the luncheon was happily disposed of, the Vice-regal party made their way to Government House, which, with

the adjoining streets, was besieged by a crowd of loyal sightseers. About half-past four a grand procession was formed to proceed down to the wharf. Seventeen carriages, followed by sixty of the Grammar School boys, made an imposing spectacle, headed by the Garrison Band playing some appropriate airs, the first being, 'Then You'll Remember Me.' The hundreds of spectators closed in behind the school boys, until, when the wharf was reached, thousands of people were gathered together, the cheering *en route* being continuous. A strong guard of honour escorted the carriages containing His Excellency, Lady Onslow, with Lord Huia on her knee, the Mayor and Mrs Crowther, and Ladies Jersey and Galloway, Hon. P. A. Buckley, Captain Rupert Leigh, and the Ladies Gwendoline and Dorothy Onslow in white dresses and hats, Captain Guthrie, the Town Clerk, and the Under-Secretary, Mr G. S. Cooper, to the S.S. Mararoa lying at the end of the wharf. A carpeted gangway had been prepared, and the Mayor and Mrs Crowther escorted the travellers on board. The cheering was tremendous as the large steamer moved slowly away, and Lord and Lady Onslow repeatedly bowed their acknowledgments of the sincere compliments and good wishes showered on them.

Let us now go on board the Tauranga, where a large and fashionable crowd is assembled. I see Mrs Morrin, in black; Mrs Moss-Davis, looking charming in a handsome pink Juste, black bonnet with pink roses; Miss Moss-Davis, simple white muslin, with a very becoming hat of white, chiffon and grapes trimming it; Mrs T. Morrin, looking unusually well in white liberty silk prettily garnished with chiffon, black hat relieved with pink flowers; Miss Fenton with her sister, Mrs Hope-Lewis, dressed in navy serge with white spots; Miss Wilkie, in blue; Mr and Mrs Bloomfield; Mr and Mrs James Russell, the latter in a handsome black silk dress trimmed with white, black bonnet with white feathers; Mr and Mrs Dignan; Mrs Allen Kerr-Taylor and her eldest daughter; Mr Ackland (Christchurch); Mrs Earle, in black, accompanied by her daughter; Miss Macdonald, who was dressed in grey, with a pink rose-bud covered bonnet; Mrs Lewis' dress, I forgot to tell you, had a deep cream lace bouce round the bodice; Messrs Clarke (who has just returned from his holidays, and looks more *a la mode* than ever), Aldrich, T. Williamson, Philson, etc., etc. We greatly enjoyed the refreshing tea so liberally provided, but our first attention was due to the departing Mararoa. I cannot tell you, how very entrancing the spectacle was. In the centre the noble steamer moving, as conscious of its restrained power, in unusual slowness; on its upper deck Lord and Lady Onslow, holding up the little New Zealand, Lord Huia, to bid a long farewell to his native land; beside them two fair little girls, intensely interested in the salute of seventeen guns with which the Tauranga notified our little world that Lord Onslow had finally left the Queen-street

wharf. Round the steamer the white-winged yachts glided gracefully like cloudlets in the blue vault of heaven, many of them accompanying the Mararoa to the North Head, where they skillfully turned and came back up the harbour. I cannot possibly tell you how many rowing boats there were; they were marshalled in two lines each side of the steamer (the yachts beyond them) and kept abreast of her to the North Head. A dozen steamers filled with passengers some of them being chartered by private parties, steamers belonging to the Ferry Company, the Government torpedo launch, with various other craft, formed a unique escort on the quietly dancing and smiling waters of our beautiful Waitemata. It might have been a welcome instead of a farewell, with the cheers, and bands, and guns, and general enthusiasm. The weather was perfect, the Western sun no longer burning us with the heat of the middle of the day and early afternoon. The breeze was just right, the crowds on the wharves, Emily Place, and, indeed, on every coign of vantage, happy and demonstrative, and our late Governor and party very appreciative.

But I must tell you the last news of Lord Onslow's New Zealand farewell. This took place at Russell, our coaling station, you know. The natives were all agog to also say good-bye to the Governor, who, as they declared, had taken a greater personal interest in them than any other representative of the Queen. They took the party ashore, the Countesses of Jersey and Galloway accompanying them. A war dance was performed, and very much approved of. The Maori women were charmed with little Huia, and presented him with a handsome greenstone attached to a ribbon, and a beautiful Maori mat. The chief sent many messages to the Queen by Lord Onslow. Won't it be fun when he goes home, and instead of kissing his sovereign's hand as per usual, says, 'Madam, allow me to show you how we do it in Maori-land!' Then they will rub noses! *Tablan*. I have no doubt since snuff taking has gone out that the idea will be quickly followed all round. The Vice-regal party had lunch on the Kingarooma, which is at Russell, and returned to the Mararoa quite as much pleased with the black as with the white subjects' farewell.

ERNEST HARRINGTON'S REWARD.

BY THOMAS COTTLE, REMUERA, AUCKLAND.

AUTHOR OF 'FRANK MELTON'S LUCK.'

CHAPTER V.

MAGGIE GIVES DICK A LESSON IN PARROT-SHOOTING—THE SEARCH FOR THE MANIAC.



At this juncture a hungry kaka flew into the dense branches of the tree above them and commenced its evening meal. A berry dropped at Maggie's feet. To seize her gun was the work of a moment, then standing on the spot where the berry had fallen, her practised eye pierced the interweave of the thick dark green foliage, and descried the brown plumage and busily-engaged beak of the bird as it pecked at the ripe berries far overhead. Notwithstanding the fact that her hand shook from her late struggle with herself, the bird fell fluttering to the ground, badly wounded and uttering piteous cries. She did not stoop to pick it up, nor did she attempt to put it out of its pain, but quickly reloaded the empty barrel. Dick ran forward to secure the bird.

'Let it lie,' she exclaimed, 'its cries will attract others. Get your gun ready. We shall have some sport now.'

She was right. From all quarters with swiftly-swirling flight and angry grating shrieks came wheeling overhead dozens of sympathising comrades, ready to fight or die, if need be, in its defence. And in truth death was the reward meted out by a rattling hail of shot from the two guns to many of them for their instinctive devotion. The screeches of the dying only added to the furious disregard of danger of the survivors. The bags were at length filled, and the carriage ceased.

'There you see, Master Dick, if you had despatched that bird we might have missed the chance of all these. Did you never try that dodge before?'

'Oh, yes, often, when we were out prospecting, and it was my week to be cook and provide for the camp, but I must say I always considered it cruel slaughter, not sport. It's all very well for pot-shooting. I hardly expected, I must admit, to see one of your sex adopt it.'

'Ah, well, mine is all pot-shooting, as you call it. I would never shoot for sport. Both brother and father are very fond of kaksas and pigeons, and I have so little time for shooting, I cannot afford to lose such a splendid chance of bountifully replenishing my larder. I suppose it is cruel as you say, but one sees so much cruelty in Nature that one gets hardened, and is apt to ask what does one little bit more matter? Does not God allow thousands—nay, myriads of the animals He has created, to die lingering deaths of agony from wounds inflicted on one another in fights? He does not trouble to cut short their fearful sufferings by so much as one weary moment. Why, then, need we care? We are not allowed to shorten the life of one of our suffering brothers or sisters, even when they beg and implore us to do so, because every moment is a hell of torture to them! No; that would be murder! Why, then, need we be so very particular to do so in the case of animals if it suits us for any reason to do otherwise? What have they done to deserve such consideration—such an incalculable advantage over us?'

Dick did not know, nor did he care to inquire particularly into the matter, so he quickly changed the subject into a more agreeable channel, and spent a very pleasant afternoon, even although he did not get the nap under the trees that he proposed when he set forth. On his return to his host's hut the latter congratulated him on his well-filled bag.

'Yes, I have had good sport. I do not know that I ever enjoyed a day's shooting more. This Catlin's liver isn't half a bad spot after all. I'm not sure whether I won't look out for a farm here myself.'

'Do, old man! I should like nothing better than to see you settle down near us. There are several places for sale that might suit you.'

Dick did not reply. He did not feel quite comfortable. Notwithstanding the arguments which he had advanced to quiet Maggie's scruples, he felt that he had behaved very severely to his old friend. The fact that many other men would have done the same did not comfort him. He had always prided himself on his nice sense of honour, and it cut him to the quick when he reflected that he could do so no longer.

Three years passed by, and we find Dick married and settled down on a large farm he had purchased in the district. It was pointed out as a model. It is not difficult to make a model farm if you have the means and the ability. Dick had the former and his wife the latter. Her early training stood her in good stead, and the farm owed much to her careful supervision and suggestions. Dick knew more about quartz reef and alluvial digging than crops and cattle, but, unlike mankind in general, was very willing to learn even from his wife.

Ernest was generally reported to have taken his loss much better than could have been expected. But, after all, what could he report know about it? He did not show much grief or disappointment, but often the exertion of concealing a trouble arguments it tenfold. At first he made up his mind to sell the farm and leave the district, but after due consideration he abandoned the idea.

Maggie had been very humble before him when she acknowledged her defilement. She laid great stress on the point that she was deceived in her own sensations, otherwise she would never have deceived him; that she had not won his affections for passion, and then flung them ruthlessly from her as many do; but that in her heart she honestly believed at the time that it was real love she felt

for him. Her heartfelt pity for him somewhat eased the blow, as being single-minded and truthful himself, he believed every word she told him, and they parted friends.

To Dick he told his mind in a few words, to which Dick listened abashed, not attempting defence, seeing that he was rather short of it. 'You might have left me to my happiness, Dick,' he said, 'and gone elsewhere—you could pick and choose where you pleased. It was cruel of you, very cruel. I would to God it had been anyone but my old mate who had dealt me this blow! But it is done, and I must bear it as best I may. Be kind to her, Dick, and do your best to make her life as bright as she deserves it should be. You owe it to me to do that as well as to her. If any harm should come to her through you, you will have me to reckon with. But, paw! what avail threats? You could not possibly ill-treat her loving her as you say you do.'

'Ill-treat her! I'd sooner cut off my right hand! God bless you, old man, for taking it all so kindly. Remember always though that I used no artifices to draw her love away from you. I did not steal her from you. I merely took what she could not help giving. Still I do not justify myself overmuch. I acknowledge that I ought to have left the district directly I saw what might be, but I miscalculated my powers, and here too, perhaps, till it was too late.'

'That will do, Dick. I'd rather dismiss the subject,' said poor Ernest, turning abruptly away.

He watched anxiously for a time to see if Maggie was happy in her new life, and was compelled to admit to himself that she was. It was very evident that she loved her husband more dearly than she could ever have loved him. This consoled him somewhat; for if they could not both be happy, it was surely well that one should be, he reasoned thus vainly trying to reason away his grief. But it stubbornly refused to be so summarily dismissed. It oft times came back forcibly to its old quarters, especially when he happened to meet his old sweetheart with her husband. Still, strange as it may appear, he preferred this occasional renewal of his trouble to the obviously easy escape from it by leaving the district and never setting eyes on the fair lady again. He could not divest himself of a curious presentiment that he might yet be of great service to Maggie at some future time. In what manner he had not the slightest idea.

There was also another reason for remaining where he was. While paying his attentions to Maggie, he had with his considerate, kindly manner greatly endeared himself to the rest of her family. They liked him much better than they did the careless, easy-going and somewhat selfish Dick, and after his rejection they often allowed him to see that they deeply regretted Maggie's conduct, and wished she had remained true to him. Although Dick provided his wife with the means to pay a man to work on her father's farm, as Ernest had proposed doing, Ernest undoubtedly did much more. His wise counsel and ready assistance at any hour, day or night, either by the bedside of the invalid or in the bush after a battle, were always at their service. At odd hours he assisted greatly in clearing and fencing a large paddock for the milking cows, thereby saving infinite labour hunting them up night and morning in the bush, and increasing materially their milk-producing powers. It was he who kept the wages man up to the mark; it was his ingenuity that constructed a handy go-cart, whereby Davie could cast aside for a time his crutches and propel himself along the smoothest of the roads in the vicinity. But it would take far too much space to record all the advantages the Martins reaped from their friendship with Ernest.

And so time wore on. Hard work is an excellent specific for trouble. It is 'the labour we delight in' which physics pain. That sort of labour, however, is sometimes scarce.

With many of us in truth very few descriptions of toil come under the category, and those few are not always obtainable. Still, the other sort—that for which we have no inordinate affection—is far better than none. Ernest was lucky in this respect. There were any quantity of acres of primeval forest on his section which required clearing, and bushfelling was his delight. He went in, he would tell you, for the science of the thing. See how carefully he chooses his axe from the careful at the store. Its weight must be right to an ounce; the handle must have exactly the correct amount of swing in it. There are perhaps two in the whole case which please him; the rest he would hardly take at a gift. Fortunately, the store-keeper has other customers who are not so particular, and could not discern a shade of difference in the tools. As he enters the bush with his axe in his hand to commence the new clearing which he has planned for the season's operations of himself and man, Ernest pauses awhile and reflects. Here before him stands a mighty forest which has withstood for centuries the dread forces of nature—the blinding storm, the blasting lightning, the raging tempest. But to what avail? It is undeniably and majestically grand, but it cumber the earth, and therefore it must go. In a few short weeks with the keen little tool in his hand he will level it to the ground where it will lie a tangled mass of broken dead wood, heavy trunks, tender saplings, and scrubby undergrowth mingled together in the general destruction, till the time shall come when, dried and withered, he deems it fit for burning. A good breeze is blowing. The match is struck; a tiny flame arises which in a moment or two the wind fans into a raging and terrible conflagration. Flames leap up amid showers of meteoric sparks, till they are lost in the lurid pall of smoke overhead. The roar and crackle, as they curl their scorching tongues round the objects before them, are appalling. In front is a wall of quivering, all devouring fire, behind will shortly be the blackness of desolation, smouldering stumps and charred trunks too massive for consumption, alone

showing where once stood the evergreen luxuriance and cool shades of New Zealand bush. Some people doubtless would greatly deplore this devastating ruin, but Ernest did not. He laughed gleefully to himself as he contemplated it. To him it was no mournful sight. In its blackened heaps of ashes he saw but the well-prepared seed bed for the grass and clover seed he meant to sow broadcast, which would presently burst forth and transform the ruin of the bush into a luxuriant grass paddock, producing succulent herbage and ample sustenance for increased flocks and herds.

And truly Ernest's way of looking at it was the better one. It is ever best to work for and look forward to what may be the bright outcome of present destruction. It is awful to contemplate the time which is lost in mourning and whining over what we regard as ruin, whether of our own working or that of others. Our hopes in life are perchance shattered, it may be unavoidably, but what boots grieving overmuch. The time will be so much better employed in sowing good seeds on the ashes—seeds sifted clear of evil weeds; then when the harvest comes, as come it assuredly must, we may regard the past desolation with as little concern as Ernest did the destruction of the bush. My simile does not seem exactly to fit, but the lesson I seek to teach from it is nearly as hard to hear as to learn. 'It is as old as the hills,' says one. True, but age has not rusted it, and when you have learnt, and, what is more to the point, applied all the old lessons, my dear reader, we will try and teach you something new. But that will not be just yet.

I do not pretend to say that Ernest dreamt of likening his trouble to the work he had in hand, or that he reflected that there might yet be for him, as for it, a blossoming forth of smiling, sweet-scented verdure which would hide for ever the ugly, ash-strewn surface—one which, perchance, he would not for worlds exchange even for the pristine beauty of the native bush. Still, the possibility was before him; but there was a proviso, the right seed must be sown. Would he stretch forth his arm to sow it, or would he withhold his hand, saying, 'There can be in the future no good thing for me.' We have yet to see. He this as it may, it is very certain that this pet work of his prevented him from thinking too much over his loss.

It will be remembered he was slight of stature and but poorly endowed with physical strength, but he was, nevertheless, a splendid axeman. He possessed the knack, the perfect swing of his axe, compared to which mere brute force is as nothing. The merry ring of his keen edge against the hard grained timber was music to him. The resonant creaking groan and crashing sound as the heartstrings of a hoary big limbed birch gave way, and it quivered, tottered, and fell exactly as he had intended, knocking down with it, like a row of nine pins, several others which he had previously cut half through, thus economising labour, made him laugh gleefully. The scent of the flying fresh-cut chips was sweet in his nostrils. Life even without Maggie was really not to be utterly despised after all; yet with her it would have been—But of this it was best not to think.

About this time he had occasion to visit Dunedin on business. He was absent some weeks, and on his return he was surprised and deeply pained to hear it currently reported that Dick Porter had lately shown signs of being a little queer in his head. That was the way the neighbours expressed it. It appeared that about a fortnight previously he had been thrown from his horse, but was judged at the time to be little or none the worse for the fall. Now, however, it was stated that the accident had left serious results. As yet it was not deemed necessary to put him under restraint. A complete change was what the doctor recommended, together with constant care and supervision. Maggie was only waiting till Ernest returned to ask him to secure someone to look after the farm, so that she could carry out this recommendation by taking a trip to the North Island. It was reported that he occasionally talked of suicide, and that Maggie never allowed him out of her sight if she could avoid it. A neighbour had at first been engaged to assist in watching him, but this so irritated him that it was discontinued. Ernest soon found a man to act as overseer at the farm, and everything was in order for their departure on the proposed journey, which was to take place in two days' time. But suddenly news flew round the settlement one evening that poor Dick had eluded his wife's vigilance by some means, and had been missing since the morning. A few of the nearest neighbours had been hunting for him, but had not found him. It was too late to organize a regular search party that night, but at daylight next morning every able-bodied man and boy in the settlement turned out. The ladies, it is said, acted even more promptly, for not one of them, from the youngest to the oldest, retired to rest on the night they received the intelligence without searching ever conceivable and inconceivable crink and cranny of their respective homes, in no way forgetting the weird and ghostly spaces beneath their beds, but Dick was under none of them.

When Ernest first heard the news he was human or heartless enough—which you will, it matters little—to feel some sort of a sensation of pleasure at it. It flashed through his mind that if the man had destroyed himself—might he not, after a decent period of mourning had elapsed, comfort the sweet young widow in a manner which made the blood dance in his veins even to contemplate. The devil—I will call him by his ordinary name, and leave others to invest him fulsomely with the rank and title of majesty—the devil, I say, is popularly credited with putting such ideas into men's heads, when they happen to be prematurely entertained, as in the present case. That makes all the difference. With reliable evidence of his successful rival's decease before him, Ernest's ardent desire to administer consolation to the poor widow at the cost of his own freedom could not but be regarded as meritorious in the extreme (save perhaps by a few single girls, whose opinions being prejudicial do not count), and far, very far, from being an emanation from the evil one; but he had not that reliable evidence. I might here remark, by the way, that, if the generally conceived opinion quoted above is correct, the devil is about the hardest worked old fellow of his age about. Whoever put this idea into Ernest's head, he very soon drove it out at all events temporarily, and was the most untrusting and energetic of the search party. He went first to the house to gather every particular which might aid them in their labours. The sight of the woman he still loved in her dire distress, with her little sorrow and his father's peril, would have made a far worse man than Ernest vow within himself to do his utmost to save the life of the man who was so

necessary to her happiness—if so be that he was not yet past all saving—even although it would assuredly be to the further annihilation of his own.

The search proceeded. The day was dark and lowering. The scene was sad and sombre. Grim horror was depicted more or less on every face as they creased through the rank flax and rapu that lined the swampy creek, which wound its dull, sluggish course down a dark valley a few miles from the homestead, and probed with extemporised drags its slimy bottom. The ever present ghostly fear that at any moment they might bring to surface the sudden, distorted remains of what was so short a time since a man in the prime of life, and more than that, their comrade and their friend, haunted them. This fear was intensified a hundred-fold when, as was often the case, their clumsy tools became entangled in a straggling root or dead niggerhead. To find him alive was more than the most sanguine dared hope.

Evening drew near. The creek had been dragged and re-dragged. Every inch of the tangled undergrowth in the dark recesses of the bush near at hand had been thoroughly searched, but no trace of the missing man could be discovered.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT—A FEARFUL STRUGGLE.

DARKNESS set in, and the weary searchers departed to their various homes, arranging to meet again at daylight. At the distracted wife's special request Ernest entered the house ere he returned to his farm. He tried his best to comfort her by assurances that he would yet restore to her her husband alive. But his tearful eyes and broken tones, which strive as he would, he could not control, prevented the poor woman from taking consolation from his words, for she knew that even as he spoke he had no shred of hope. She pressed him to take some refreshment, for he had partaken of nothing since his early breakfast. He tried to swallow a few mouthfuls, but it was no good. It choked him. A crumb had gone down the wrong way, he said, but it was not the bread. Pressing his old love's hand, he hurried from the house, and when fairly out in the dark gloom of night, he sobbed as he had not done since he left his mother's knee twenty long years before. Should he go home? No, he felt that he could not. There was one direction in which no sufficient search had yet been made. He would at least ride along that road before he returned to his farm. He had ridden three or four miles when the clouds which had obscured the sky all day suddenly cleared off. The moon, until now scarcely visible, had risen in all her calm, still beauty. Her silvery rays rested alike on the dense foliage of the mighty forest and the verdant clearings, lighting them up with an almost unearthly loveliness. At another time Ernest would have enjoyed the scene intensely, but now he was not in the mood, nor had he time.

What was that dark spot in the centre of the clearing away to his right? A charred stump? No, for it moved rapidly towards the bush. It was human. At that time of the night, who in their senses would venture into that densely-timbered swampy bush? No one! The tall figure before him could not but be poor demented Dick. In the twinkling of an eye Ernest threw himself from his horse, for on foot he could take the shorter cut. The dark deep creek which skirted the road was too wide a leap for the best horse ever foaled. It was in flood, but a slender stemmed tree had fallen across from bank to bank. The centre of this frail apology for a bridge swung low, and over it dashed the swiftly flowing turbulent water. Ernest heeded it not, but dashed across. In his hurry and excitement he performed the feat without a false step. In his calmer moment he would not have attempted it for worlds. Was it possible for him to reach the further side of that clearing before the dark figure entered the bush and became lost to his sight? He would strive his utmost. He did, and overtook him on the very verge of the sombre-shadowed forest.

As he had anticipated, it was Dick, but how pitifully, woefully changed since he had last beheld him. He was hatless; his hair stood up in a tangled mass; his eyes were bloodshot, and starting almost out of their sockets; they glittered like sparks of fire in the dim light under the trees; his cheeks were sadly white, worn, and shrunken. One hand was pressed wildly to his forehead, while the other swung aimlessly at his side, as he strode along utterly regardless whether he went. His mouth and beard were bespattered with a foul mass of foam; his teeth chattered as he ceaselessly muttered meaningless words, and his usually neat attire hung from him in rags, besmirched with mud and mire.

Ernest's sensations may be better imagined than described as he beheld his old comrade and successful rival in such a plight. He paused for a moment to consider what steps to take. He had not tasted food all day, and was not aware that the maniac had fasted twice as long. He knew that Dick was by far the most powerful man of the two at any time, and was now endued with the strength and desperation of a madman. It was the dead of night. Dick had not yet seen him. What should he do? He was sorely tempted in this weak moment to refrain from this fearful encounter, which would hardly fail to end disastrously to him. Not a soul could ever know he had seen the madman. Once in that murky bush the poor fellow would assuredly never come out again alive. Old bushmen in broad daylight and in their sober senses found it most difficult to retrace their steps when once in its wild swampy entanglements, if the sun their usual guide, was not shining. A more dangerous piece of bush could hardly be conceived, for were there not in its wild mysterious depths hideous pitfalls even for the wary, bottomless swamps of soft yielding mud cunningly concealed by the rank overhanging masses of surrounding vegetation?

For the moment, of a truth, Ernest was sorely tried. The attempt to save the maniac's life appeared so utterly hopeless, the danger to his own so plainly palpable, and the devil-prompted thought of what this man's death might eventually mean to him, so vividly, temptingly clear. Yes, he would yield. He turned aside to do so, when suddenly, like a flash of light, there appeared to him the vision of an angel. With weird trickery, face and blinding tears there seemed to stand before him in spirit the poor madman's wife, his own lost love, and the promise he had made her was instantly recalled to his mind. He gave one big, gulping sob, which shook his whole frame. His indeci-

* A swamp plant, which from its thick, black, fibrous stem, surrounded by a tuft of coarse grass, has received this name.

sion was gone. He determined to save her husband or die in the attempt. He cared little which now. Two or three swift bounds brought him to Dick's side.

'Hold on, old man,' he cried cheerfully. 'It's too dark to venture into that bush to-night. Come along home with me and have a rest and a yarn. I've got a lot to tell you about my trip to Dunedin.'

With one fierce swing of his powerful arm Dick cast his would-be preserver from him with a force which sent him reeling to the ground. He had not recognised Ernest, nor understood his words, but tramped on muttering to himself. In no way dismayed by this repulse, the brave little man picked himself up, and again following Dick, grasped his hand to try and detain him. Dick turned furiously round and raised his arm to strike with all his cruel force the man who thus dared to arrest his steps. Suddenly a sense of who Ernest was seemed to come to him, and again clasping his brow with his upraised hand, as it were to clear his wandering brain, he strove to speak as of old. 'Ernie, old man!' he commenced; the rest was but raving. The slight spark of returning reason was already quenched. Again casting off his pursuer as one he knew not, he hurried on through the dark gloom of the thick forest, through which no smiling or kindly moonlight could, by any man's pierce. Ernest followed through scrub and swamp, through thicket and morass. Weary, faint with hunger and well-nigh exhausted as he was, he pressed manfully onward, though he well knew the chances were a thousand to one they would not get out that night, even supposing they ever did. Repeatedly he strove, by one means and another, to check the madman's headlong career, but he might as well have tried to fly. Again and again he was hurled ruthlessly aside by the superior strength of his self-constituted foe. Ever and anon as they blundered on, pursuer or pursued tripped and fell over fallen logs or protruding roots, but only to rise again and pursue their reckless terrible course. And now by the changed nature of the rank undergrowth, which Ernest felt rather than saw, he knew that a horrible, fathomless morass lay right in front of them. A few more fierce strides and Dick must plunge headlong into its hideous depths. The thick overhanging growth of matted vegetation on its precipitous brink would not stop him. He would all the more determinedly crash through it, as he had hitherto done through every other obstacle.

Again was Ernest sorely tempted to give up this seemingly superhuman task, and allow the poor maniac by his own unconscious act to abruptly end an existence which at best could scarce fail to be a living death, a prolonged agony. Would it not be in reality kindest for all parties that he should do so? Dazed and sick at heart as he was with the hopeless struggle, he thought that it would. He turned aside that he should not see. He pressed his hand wildly to his ears that he should not hear the dull splash of the foul black waters as they closed round his old comrade. In doing so once more before his aching eyes flashed that bright halo, and in it he beheld again the pale, imploring, woeful face, surpassingly beautiful, it seemed to him, even in its abandonment of grief; the glorious eyes bedimmed with bitter tears, the wealth of glossy raven hair, free from its bonds, shrouding the fair figure to the waist. It was a magnificent personification of heartrending sorrow, a sight to make angels weep. One moment, and it had vanished into the thick darkness.

Ernest was not an angel. It affected him differently. He turned sharply round, concentrated all his remaining strength, overtook poor Dick, and with the bound of a tiger was on his shoulder. The suddenness of this unexpected onslaught brought the madman down on his back in the tangle of prickly bush lawyers on the very verge of the chasm. Ernest was under him, and well content to be there, holding on like grim death to his adversary's collar, regardless of ought else. Dick made frantic but futile efforts to rise. His mad yells of furious rage at being thus shamed were terrific. The startled night birds added their shrill cries, and the bush, usually silent as death at this hour, re-echoed with a hellish discord.

Ernest held bravely on. If he could but shift his grasp so as temporarily choke the maniac there might be some hope, but his position was as yet too cramped. It was a struggle of life and death, with the chances a hundred, nay, a thousand to one on the latter. The giant strength of poor Dick, augmented by his maniacal fury, would have made short work of the wiry little fellow if he could but have got at him; but he was still underneath, and there he meant to stay if it were but possible. The slightest move in one direction would hurl them both into what must inevitably be a watery grave. The overhanging, slimy banks of the abyss precluded all hope of escape to anyone once engulfed in its cold oozy slime. Ernest had seen the spot in broad daylight, and his dread of it was well-founded. He never for a moment now hoped to leave it alive; but his presence of mind did not desert him.

There was now another brief glimmer of reason and coherency in Dick's fury. He wildly accused the man who was risking his life to save him of a wicked desire to murder him and marry his widow, and, as he did so, he gave another frantic struggle to free himself which caused him to hang right over the hellish hole. Another fierce temptation assailed the poor little fellow to let go his hold. In any case he could but retain it for a very few moments. The pain in the strained muscles of his arms was fast growing intolerable; his endurance was all but exhausted. There was no hope of saving his old comrade now. It was but to unclasp his hand to avoid being dragged in also, and all would be over. Not a soul could blame him. There was no help for it. But wait—what is that? For the third time that sweet, sad face appeared, and for the third time our hero put forth almost superhuman effort. The madman's screams and struggles simultaneously and suddenly ceased. Ernest had attained his object. The man was half strangled and temporarily senseless. He still lay on his preserver, but was limp, and to all appearance lifeless. Ernest lost no time in creeping from under him and rolling him to a safe distance from the horrible hole. It was no light task for a man thoroughly worn out, but it was achieved. Dick soon recovered consciousness, and now Ernest tried another plan. By himself feigning madness, and by teasing the half-stupified, but wholly subdued man into pursuing him, he was lucky enough to get him safely out of the bush and back to his home. It was sheer luck he afterwards affirmed. By his own knowledge or skill no man could have extricated himself from such a bush as that at dead of night, for by this time the moon had set, therefore no guidance could be obtained by securing a glimpse of her now and again.

As they neared the house Dick sank down from sheer exhaustion, and Ernest hastened on to secure aid and inform the poor wife that he had kept the promise so rashly and hopefully given. He had brought back to her her husband alive. They speedily had poor Dick safely housed. And truly Ernest had his reward. To see the sorrow-stricken expression on the face he had loved so well turn to one of great joy and gratitude to the brave preserver of her husband's life; to see her tears of bitter woe turn to those of glad thankfulness; and to hear her murmur amid them the simple but fervent prayer, 'God for ever bless you, my noble fellow,' was enough, Ernest felt, nay, more than enough to compensate him for all he had undergone.

Dick was forthwith taken to the asylum at Dunedin, where two eminent medical men, after careful examination, due deliberation, and a lengthy consultation, pronounced him to be insane. There was something about his case, however, which evidently puzzled them. It was unparalleled in their experience. Yet they found words unpronounceable enough to explain the peculiar nature of the malady to one another's satisfaction if not comprehension, while the uninitiated, as Ernest afterwards said, had to 'stand off the grass.'

It could not have been much more than three months after Dick was taken to Dunedin that two of the young damsels whose gambols I described in an early chapter, but with whom we have not met, had to do, were standing chatting together opposite the old wooden building which bore the title of the Catlin's River Hotel. After failing utterly in their attempt on poor Ernest, they succeeded in drawing two young men, who were engaged at the saw mills not far from the township, out of their selfish shells of bachelorhood, and on the night in question were vainly endeavouring to draw them out of the hotel. That one last glass had yet to be discussed, and everyone who knows anything at all about it is aware that it takes longer to dispose of than a dozen ordinary ones. The girls had in no way improved in dress or appearance since their maiden days. Rather the reverse in fact. They beguiled the weary hour of waiting by talking over Mrs Porter's trouble, after having duly discussed their own, past, present, and to come, particularly the latter.

'I always said there was something queer about Dick Porter,' said one. 'There was a wild look about his eyes that used to scare me. If Maggie hadn't been such a hard-working, stick-at-home little idiot, she'd never have been taken by his flash manner. I don't envy her her fine match that they all talked so much about. Though I detected the girl, because she seemed to look down on us, I can't help pitying her. It must be awfully bad case, and that he'll never get out of the 'lyum. Brought on by drink, I heard too. They say he used to soak at home. Not like our men do, have a bust, and then have done with it.'

As a matter of fact she had never uttered a word regarding any peculiarity in Dick, and would have given her ears to have stood at the altar in Maggie's place. Her companion knew it, but having herself entertained a similar ambition, and being also disposed to ignore it, she allowed the statement to pass unchallenged. In fact, on Dick's first appearance this feeling became quite infectious amongst the marriageable girls in the district, and not only amongst them, but two or three eligible widows were also afflicted. Their sufferings, though considerable, were borne for the most part in silence, but very few caring to own that they were martyrs to the epidemic. But I am digressing. Let us listen.

'I quite agree with you in all except about Dick's drinking; that was only a wicked lie (as indeed it was). I pity poor Maggie, though, more than I can say. But it was her own fault. If she'd mixed up with us girls in those days we'd have put her up to a thing or two, and taken care she wasn't a prey to the first handsome fellow that came along. Of course she's well off, but what amount of money would make up for being bound for life to a lunatic who's mewed up in a 'lyum? What do you get married for if it isn't to have a man about when you want anything done. I'd just like to know? Men have all got their faults. Yours and mine get on the booze sometimes, as you say, but then we have the satisfaction of knowing they're sane, and of having them with us; while she only sees her precious Dick once in a blue moon, and only through a grating at that. That there divorce law ought to be altered so as a poor woman could get married again if her man goes mad, same as it is in Ameriker, I hear, for what use is a lunatic to a woman I'd like to know? You're tied to him and can't get another, if you want to ever so; not by good rights leastways. It would have been ten times better for her if he'd died right off. She made a lot of fuss about Ernest's bravery in saving him that time, but that was all my eye. But what a minny he was to do it! Some men are such idiots! Why if he'd had the sense to let Dick drown himself, as they say he tried his best to do, there'd have been the widow and that fine farm right in his hands, for whatever else said, I always did believe she loved Ernest best, but married Dick for his money. And this is a judgment on her, no doubt, poor thing!'

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

THE Man in the Moon looked down, looked down,
As he went sailing over town,
And spied a snug retreat and dark,
Beneath a yew-tree in a park,

(Oh, dear,

Why did he smile so broad and queer?

There was a bench beneath the tree,
And on it sat not one nor three,
And yet he peered the branches through
To be quite certain there were two.

Well, well,

Such tales the Man in the Moon could tell!

He sent a silver shaft of light
Straight through the vague and lying night:
It flashed athwart two eyes upturned,
And two with love and youth that burned—

Alack,

And these were blue and those were black.

And then the Man in the Moon sailed past
Across the heavens wild and vast;

And though he smiled, he did not look
Again into that leafy nook,

(Oh, oh,

He sees so much that's queer, you know!

A Trip to the South Seas.

BY BERTHA V. GORING.

(ILLUSTRATED BY MARY B. DOBIE.)



HF houses are often built on a bank faced with stones in this way. The inside was very beautifully finished with a great deal of elaborate work in 'sinnet' (plaited cocoa-nut fibre). We were alarmed at seeing sparks flying about its thatched roof one evening till we found they were fire-lies. We went after luncheon to see their majesties Thakombau, or 'The Vunivalu' (the Root of War), and his wife, Andi Litia (Lydia). Here they are with a favourite grandchild, Andi Thakombau, such a pretty, bright-eyed little thing. Her mother was a Tongan. Her Majesty Andi Litia was enormously fat. We were regaled with very delicious cocoa-nuts, a small kind which are thought a special delicacy for drinking. Thakombau expressed great interest in us, and was surprised at the independent way in which we two sisters travelled about together. Next morning we left for Levuka before 8 in the boat belonging to Mr Laughan, the Wesleyan missionary. He and his wife were in Levuka, or we should have gone to them. We had breakfast on board at 9—tea, a loaf of bread, and a tin of preserved meat.



THAKOMBAU.
(Ex-King of Viti.)

As salt had been forgotten we used sea-water, of which there was certainly no lack. It was very hot in the middle of the day, and we baled sea-water over our heads to cool them. Winds failed and were contrary, so that we didn't reach Waitovu (Mr Chalmers' house) till 5 o'clock, by which time we were fatigued and had eaten half a tin of jam alone, the only edible left in the boat after breakfast was over. The last two hours were pleasant, as the sky was overcast, and we were not very tired, although we had over nine hours in an open boat. I forgot to say that we also called on Thakombau's daughter, Andi Kula, in Mba. She was Mbeni's mother—a fine-looking and very pleasant woman.

We spent a week with Mr Chalmers, who provided all sorts of amusements for our benefit. On October 15th we returned to Nasova, where Sir Arthur Gordon was re-established. Captain Knollys, his A. D. C., and Mr Arthur Gordon, one of his secretaries, came for us in the Nasova gig, a canoe following for our luggage, instead of having, as at Home, a brougham for oneself and a cab for one's portmanteau. Not having yet been in a Fijian sailing canoe, we were ambitious to do so, so sent our luggage by the brougham, getting into the cab ourselves. We had an exciting sail, as the canoe was small, and the breeze a brisk one, and two of the crew had to sit on the thama or outrigger to keep us from upsetting. They talk of a one, two, or three-man breeze, according to the number it is necessary to put on the 'thama.' Lady Gordon had not returned with the Governor, so we were the only women folk at Nasova, though the house was full, as Sir Arthur had brought a number of young men out with him to take different appointments. We had a very pleasant and merry time, with plenty of tennis and boating. One day we all went out to the reef in a canoe, and pattered about for ever so long grubbing for strange beasts and shells.



ANDI LITIA.

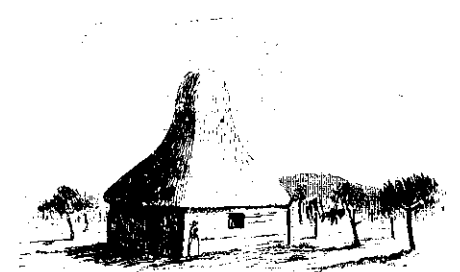


ANDI THAKOMBAU.
(Favourite grandchild.)

The day after our arrival His Excellency made an address to the Levuka people and a number of planters in the dining-hall. M. and I sat in one of the galleries, hidden by the tapps, but able to see and hear everything. For the big dinner party we managed to smarten our white frocks with scarves, etc. of the lace-like tapps that had been tinted with smoke from the refuse of sugar cane. The natives make it very pretty in this way, shaded from pale gold to deep brown, but it smells decidedly smoky.

On October 20th all assembled at an early breakfast and saw us off from the Nasova wharf for the armed Constabulary camp in Viti Levu. Mr Le Hunte, Mr Marriott, M. and I formed the party. We had a smart little decked cutter of 10 tons, called 'Na Vului' (anglic 'The Flora').

She belonged to the Roko of Mba, in Viti Levu, and had a crew of eight Fijians, so with Mr Le Hunte's two native servants, Zekonia and Samela, we numbered fourteen on board. At first we thought the latter was a nickname, it sounded so like 'Sam Weller,' but found it was the Fijian way of sounding Samuel. Like the Italians, all their names end with a vowel. We coasted along the other side of the island of Ovalau, which is very beautiful. Some of the scenes were like a fine well-timbered park. We had luncheon on board, and about 4.30 arrived off a small island inhabited by Mr Leefe and his family, who took us in and hospitably treated us. Before dinner we walked to the top of a hill, where we had a fine view of the surrounding islands, coral sands, belts of cocoa-palms, and an exquisite sunset. The Leefe's had a piano in their house, and we had a musical evening. Next morning we were off again at eight o'clock, having a slight breakfast of bread and fruit on the verandah before starting, and a second one on board later. Even in an open boat a Fijian will always give one a cup of hot tea. They carry a box with some earth at the bottom, in which they have their fire and boil the 'billy.' We coasted along Viti Levu with fine views of it and distant islands, finally reaching the Mba River, up which we slowly drifted. We passed another cutter with Mr Chalmers and his son, and a Mr Eastgate on board, so sent them an invitation to dinner, which they accepted, and we had a merry meal on deck by moonlight. We reached the town of Mba by nine o'clock, it being some miles up the river of the same name, and



COURT HOUSE.

went to the Roko's house, where we sat for some time drinking yangona. We were then taken to a fine Mbure, where we were left for the night with a native woman to take care of us. We were up early next day, as usual, and not having had our morning tea or coffee became very impatient for breakfast, and hailed Mr Marriott with joy when he came to take us to have it with the Roko's wife. It was a very good as well as a novel one, being, with the exception of coffee, biscuits, and marmalade, entirely Fijian. First we had fish-soup, which we drank out of cocoa-nut shells, and very good it was; then fish, yams, bread-fruit, crabs, and boiled uripe bananas, finishing with loti, a dish composed of mashed bananas, mani-apples (which grow on the screwpine), and grated cocoanut, mixed with milk squeezed from the latter, all boiled together and served hot. We thought it very delicious.

We spent the day in our big Mbure, which was the Court-house, with Mr Marriott, having several visitors, amongst others some Fijian damsels, who flirted with Samuela and Zekonia when they brought our luncheon. Mr Le Hunte and Mr Eastgate were busy all day over their ministerial duties. Mr Eastgate's district was on Vanua-levu (big land), and he and Mr Le Hunte met here expecting a number of men to be brought for trial from a group of islands called the Yasawas, about forty miles off. We dined at the Roko's house. A whole turtle lying on banana leaves in a huge basket was placed before Mr Marriott. His face of utter dismay thinking he was expected to carve it was perfectly delicious, but mercifully it was only meant to be looked at, and was a gift to the party. A man afterwards cut it up and the crew of the cutter had it. An alderman would have fainted at the way it was hacked.

The Fijians make a rough and picturesque-looking pottery. Some is a *porcelaine au feu*, and they cook food in it. They cook in the underground oven, according to my former description, also in these pots, some being of great size. They use them too for holding water, etc.

As the men from Yasawa didn't turn up, it was decided that we should go to look for them, and at the same time see the lovely group of islands of that name, there being some fine caves in one of them. Accordingly we embarked that evening and dropped down the river so as to be ready to start the first thing in the morning. It was a little embarrassing to meet the very men on our way down, but we could not then disappoint ourselves so much as to turn back, so held on our course, they being told to await our return. We had a meal on deck under an awning, as it rained slightly, after which M. and I were left in possession of the Vului for the night. Mr Eastgate had joined our party and took Mr Le Hunte and Mr Marriott to his own cutter, the Kathleen. We were up at 5.30 next morning, improvising a bath with buckets of water on deck behind a blanket screen. Soon after we were dressed Mr Marriott boarded us with the crew, and we had up the anchors and made a start, coming up with the Kathleen and another cutter

which had come down during the night, and then, alas! we all stuck fast on a mudbank. Mr Eastgate and Mr Le Hunte joined us, and then began an exciting scene. The natives jumped overboard, and after much shoving, pulling, and great exertions on all sides the fleet got fairly under way, and we sailed merrily before a brisk breeze. We had both breakfast and luncheon on board, and at 6 o'clock anchored off a lovely native town on one of the Yasawas. The last part of the way had been amongst many islands, passing exquisite bays, the luxuriant vegetation coming down to the golden coral sands which edged the shores and the waters perfectly clear. A native magistrate had landed on another part of this island, and we found one house ready for us, with fresh mats laid down, and another for our three friends.

This gives a good idea of the places we visited in this group of islands. Each day we anchored off a different one. The two cutters are the Vului and the Kathleen, and this native town rejoiced in the name of Matathawalevu. In one place we found a very primitive kind of lamp, simply pieces of cocoanut set alight upon a large stone. We carried lamps, candles, beds, food, etc., with us just as we did when travelling with Mr Carew. Our own luggage consisted, as usual when travelling, of the two bundles done up in waterproof sheets and the faithful black bag, which you will find is generally a conspicuous object in any sketches of our belongings.



A GOOD SPECIMEN OF A FIJIAN.

This is a morning scene, in which Mr Marriott has been amusing himself, as he often did, by jumping off the cutter and swimming about it.

I have never, I believe, mentioned the Fijian salutation, namely, 'Sa andra, which means 'You are awake,' 'Sa mothe' being used for good-bye, and meaning 'You are asleep.' 'Saka' does for either 'sir' or 'ma'am,' and 'Io Saka,' called from a distance sounded not unlike its English equivalent.

Yes, sir, especially as the Fijians, like the Maoris, have a way of almost dropping the last syllable. In consequence of this, English people will speak of Viti Lev, instead of Viti Levu, which is both unmusical and incorrect. But to return to the Yasawas. This is the finest island of that group, and is called Yasawa-i-lau. We called it 'The Arthur's Seat of the Pacific.' It is uninhabited, except by thousands of flying foxes, and full of marvellous caves, some containing very wonderful and beautiful stalactites and stalagmites. We sailed to it early one morning, and while some of the men prepared breakfast on the shore, went off to a cavern near. We approached it through a dark narrow passage, after which the scene that burst upon our view was the more amazing—a huge lofty cavern, indeed, we could see no top. The light streamed from above, showing us the rocky walls with beautiful arches in places, and bright green water at the bottom, of great depth and quite clear, so that when the men began swimming and diving in it their every movement was visible. The scene was most extraordinary, and the natives made a great yelling and hallooing. They climbed up the rocky walls and took headers (also 'footers,' for some went feet foremost in preference) from high ledges and pinnacles. Our three friends could not resist following them, and knowing they had dry clothes at hand, were soon diving and swimming also. They were able to penetrate into further caverns through passages under water, like that described in Byron's 'The Island,' and we could hear the voices dying away in the distance. We sat on a ledge of rock (*vide* the left-hand



ARTHUR'S SEAT OF THE PACIFIC.

corner of this sketch, which, however, gives little idea of the beauty and marvels of the place), and felt much tantalized, longing to explore further ourselves. We at last tore ourselves away and went to breakfast, and found that Mr Eastgate, with kind forethought, had arranged for some men to come in a canoe with the necessary ingredients and apparatus for brewing a dish of loti, such as we had at Mba, and here they are in their *ad frisco* kitchen. It was cooked in a 'pohohore.' They stirred it with a stalk from the cocoa-palm, helped it with a ladle formed out of a cocoa-nut-shell fixed on a bamboo, and served it in banana leaves on mats of

plaited cocoa-nut leaf. Amongst our crew was a man also called Loti, who was a wag, and afforded us all immense amusement. He attached himself in especial to Mr Marriott.

After breakfast we all started to climb to the top of the island, 2,000 feet and to see the upper caves. In all these islands, as in New Zealand, there are no snakes. No white woman had ever been to these caves, and but one white man besides Mr Eastgate. Probably some day there will be a railway and Cook's excursions there, but it

instead of hob-nailed boots, as usual, the soft india-rubber soles being more suited to the rough rock-climbing. At last we attained the top and were back in the full light of day. I did not attempt to climb to the very top of the island, there being an awful precipice, but heard of the wonders of the scene from the others. M. took this sketch from the summit. They seemed to have been specially struck with the shadows of the two palms in the foreground—not the reflection, but the shadow, they said, on the sand under water. They described the island as having a razor like edge, the side not shown in the sketch of the 'Arthur's Seat' of the Pacific being a sheer precipice. The view was glorious, all the islands standing out from the deep blue of the sea like emeralds set in their golden rim of coral sands, the water so clear that the coral itself was distinctly visible through it, and as far as the eye could reach the ocean was studded with islands. This with the brilliant tropical coloring of sea, sky, and vegetation made a truly wondrous whole. Some of the natives, with their usual forethought, had carried drinking cocoanuts up with them, so that we could have a refreshing draught whenever we wished. This was fortunate, as we found no water. We returned by a comparatively easy route to the shore, where we rested and had luncheon before re-embarking. Several of the men had collected a quantity of the little red berries for us in a nautibus shell and cocoanut shells.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FASHIONABLE WEDDING AT DUNEDIN.

OUR Dunedin correspondent, 'Maude,' sends the following full account of the marriage festivities, held in connection with the marriage of Mr T. M. Welford and Miss Georgia Constance McLean:—

The day following Miss Hales' wedding, Miss Georgia Constance, the second daughter of the Hon. George McLean, M.L.C., was married to Mr T. M. Welford, of Wellington. The Knox Church was densely crowded quite an hour before the ceremony, and so thronged were the aisles that it was a difficult matter for the bridal party to get through the throng. The bride looked charming, leaning on the arm of her father. Her gown was of Duchesse satin and silver brocade, the petticoat of the silver cloth, and the long Court train of Duchesse satin. The petticoat was edged with silver maidenhair fern on white chiffon; the back of the bodice was Duchesse satin, and the front of silver brocade, with full sleeves of chiffon fastened with satin. The bridal veil was fastened with a spray of diamonds and pearls, the gift of Mrs and the Misses Buckley, of Christchurch. The bride also wore a present from Lord Cranley, sent from Home—a brooch in the form of a wishing bone, of glass and diamonds, and a gift from the bridegroom, a pearl and diamond bracelet. There were four bridesmaids—Misses I. and M. K. Wilford (sister of the bridegroom), E. McLean, and K. McLean. Their dresses were of a pale pink Indian cloth, finished with pink ribbon velvet and lace. The skirts were made plain and ruched round the bottom, and the sleeves were puffed to the elbow. The hats of the two chief bridesmaids were pink velvet with white ostrich plumes, and the two younger of white dawn chiffon trimmed with pink feathers. The bridesmaids all carried large posies, and the bride a lovely white bouquet. The best man was Mr W. H. Field, of Wellington. The Rev. Dr. Stuart performed the ceremony, Mr Barth presiding at the organ. Mrs McLean (mother of the bride) wore a handsome dress of Irish poplin of a bluish grey shade, beautifully trimmed with Irish point lace, the petticoat flounced with lace, and made with a long train, the bodice also being trimmed with the same lace, bonnet to match; Miss McLean wore a red silk and velvet trimmed with Honiton lace, large white felt hat; Miss Wilford, silver grey brocade with silver, large white hat. The church was prettily decorated with the large edifice repaired to Hazelwood to an 'At Home,' among whom were Mr and Mrs J. White, Dr. and Mrs Colquhoun, Miss Holmes, Miss C. Mackenzie, Mrs J. Davidson, Mr and Mrs Ewing, Mr and Mrs J. Mills, Mr and Mrs Spence, Mr and Mrs A. Pearce, Mr and Mrs E. C. Reynolds, Mr and Miss Cargill, Miss Cumine, Dr. and Mrs Batchelor, Mr and Mrs P. C. Neill, Mr and Mrs H. Mackenzie, the Hon. Mr and Mrs W. H. Reynolds, Mr and Mrs Mason, Mr and Mrs Hosking, Mr and Mrs J. Roberts, Dr. and Mrs Shand, Mr and Mrs F. Chapman, Mr and Mrs Houghton, Mr and Mrs Sinclair, Mr and Mrs T. Whitson, Mr and Mrs Ritchie, Mr and Mrs Joachim, Mr and Mrs Dymock, Mr and Mrs Ridings, Mrs Webster, Mr J. Blackie, Mr Cran, Mr Leigh, Mr and Mrs A. P. Davidson, Mr and Mrs Reid, Mr and Mrs Watson, Mr F. Perry, the Misses A. and J. McLean, Mr and Mrs Rattray, Mr and Mrs Spencer Brent, Dr. Scott, Dr. and Mrs Roberts, Mr and Mrs Sise, Miss K. Neill, Mr and Mrs Matfield, Mr and Mrs Sise, Mr and Mrs Hodgkins, Mr and Mrs Vigers, Mr J. Buckley, Mr and Mrs Driver, Mr Denniston, Mr and Mrs Rose, Mr W. C. Smith, Mr D. Crawford, Mr and Mrs D. Reid, Captain and Mrs Cameron, Mr A. Bell, Miss N. Driver, Mr D. Matson, Mr and Mrs Sale, Captain Easter, Miss Bell, and Mr and Mrs Bolmine. After the usual congratulatory speeches, etc., the wedding group were photographed upon the lawn by Mr F. L. Jones. It is impossible to give a full and correct description of all the guests' dresses, but among those I remember were Mrs Henry Mackenzie, gold brocaded cloth and black striped velvet, with sailor hat to match; Mrs Rose, pretty grey and white costume; Mrs Driver, grey flowered with black; Mrs T. Whitson, a costume of violet corded with gold, very handsome cream lace Dorothy cape, and gold and purple bonnet; Mrs Michie, heliotrope and salmon pink silk; Mrs Batchelor, black velvet with front of white silk beaded with black; Mrs E. C. Reynolds, fawn tweed trimmed with brown velvet; Mrs Conghly, black lace with heliotrope bonnet; Mrs Rattray, plum colour, and long black lace mantle; Mrs Dymock, black; Mrs Joachim, wallflower brocade, bonnet to match; Mrs F. Chapman, slate cashmere and velvet, bonnet trimmed with forget-me-nots; Mrs (Dr.) Roberts, brown, large hat trimmed with brown; Miss Macassey, the pink bridesmaid's dress already described; Mrs Williams, fawn and pink; Mrs Cameron, sage green silk; Mrs Colquhoun, black dress, black bonnet trimmed with cornflowers; Mrs Lardlaw, black serge and red silk trimmings, black hat



QUAGUARILOO.—CAVE IN YASAWA-I-LAU

is twelve years now since we went, and I have not heard of anyone else seeing them, so think it will be some time yet ere they are accessible to tourists. We had a rough scramble over sharp jagged rocks on them that one sees used for ornaments, growing in great profusion. They are in clusters of small brown pods, which burst open when ripe, disclosing the dainty rows of gleaming red seeds. We got fearfully hot, and were delighted on reaching a spacious cool cave in which to rest. This was more beautiful than the first on account of the splendid stalactites and stalagmites which filled it, of enormous size and extraordinary shapes, all of a pure white like marble. The place looked to us like a vast cathedral, and we could make out all its adjuncts—pulpit, niches for statues, side chapels, confessionals, mortuary chapels and tombs, arches, and groined roofs, even a bell-rope, and gas and hot water pipes—the former a long creeper swaying from the roof, the latter the roots of the mbaka (a species of banyan) which ran in perfectly straight lines down the walls and along the floor, some large, some small.



MAKING LOTI AT YASAWA-I-LAU.

We wandered about, discovering fresh marvels at every turn, and from it crawled and scrambled through dark and tortuous passages (in one place so narrow that had any of us been fat, he or she must have remained behind), into a still larger cave. In this one a brilliant stream of light came through a rent in the roof, at a great height up, giving the effect of line-light turned full on to one spot. Some of the stalactite formations in this cavern were of delicate green tints as well as of pure white as in the last. After this we passed through more dark passages, but went into no more caves. We peeped into one awful, apparently bottomless one, out of which a refreshing cool blast of air greeted us. We finally found ourselves at what looked like the bottom of the inside of a high tower, with a patch of blue sky shining above, up the steep and rocky sides of which we had to climb. I should have been there now had it not been for the ingenuity of the natives in helping us over and round perilous places. In one part when we seemed hopelessly stuck a man crouched down making a stepping-stone for us of his back. Luckily for him we had on tennis shoes,

and red feathers, and bouquet of dark red flowers; Mrs Ann Roberts, silver-grey costume; Miss Neill, dress of peacock blue braided with silver, cream hat; Mrs A. Holmes, black dress, black and green bonnet; Mrs Pearce, very stylish costume of pongee silk, vest of green silk, lovely bouquet; Miss Bell, green serge braided with gold; Mrs Reid, black silk, panels of jet over heliotrope; Mrs Oliver, dress of biscuit colour, bonnet to match; Miss Gualter, black dress and bonnet; Miss Gibson, fawn relieved with red; Mrs Shand, green merveilleux with wigonnette bonnet. The bride's going-away dress was of electric blue corduroy cloth with white silk waistcoat, hat to match. The wedding dresses were made at Herbert, Haynes' by Mrs Campbell. After the 'At Home' the bride and bridegroom left amid a shower of rice and rose leaves for Wellington en route for the Lakes, where they will spend their honeymoon. The presents were unusually numerous and handsome, being more than two hundred in number. I will enumerate a few. The Countess of Onslow's present was a very handsome hall clock; Lord Onslow, a massive silver toilet set; the little Ladies' (Gwendoline and Dorothy, satin pincushions of their own work); Mr P. C. Neill, silver revolving breakfast dish; Mr McLean's cousin, silver tea service, Mrs McLean, very handsome ivory and silver dressing bag; Mrs J. McLean (Napier), painted mirror; Mr and Mrs J. Reid (Elderslie), Indian footstools; Mr Hodgkins, a picture painted by himself; Miss Hodgkins, also a picture of her own work; Mrs Turton, silver-framed mirror; Dr. and Mrs Shand, ebony and silver-mounted tray; Miss Lotze (Christchurch), handkerchief satchet; Miss N. Driver, also a handsome satchet; Miss Connie Richmond (Nelson), bags for toilet; Mrs Matson, eighteen white and grey ostrich feathers; Mr and Mrs E. Spence, grey ostrich feather fan; Mrs Richardson (Wellington) table ornaments; J. A. Mason, ornaments; Mrs Stephens (Christchurch), painted mirror; J. R. Jones, silver kettle; Dr. and Mrs Truby-King, Russian leather desk; Mr and Mrs J. Roberts, basket of silver salt-cellars; Miss Hales, silver-mounted toilet bottles in glass cases, the Misses A. and L. Roberts, gold and alabaster candlesticks; Mr and Mrs Ridings, afternoon tea spoons; Mr and Mrs E. C. Reynolds, also silver spoons; Mrs E. Grierson, silver cake basket; Mr and Mrs A. W. Morris, silver kettle; Mr W. Cantrill, silver cheese and butter stand; Mr and Mrs F. Chapman, mother of pearl opera glasses; Mr J. Douglas, moonstone and pearl bangle; Mr J. Buckley, diamond and pearl bangle; Captain McIntosh, sapphire and pearl bangle; Dr. and Mrs Lindo Ferguson, gold bangle; Mr Pearce (Wellington), gold and pearl brooch; Mr and Mrs Travers (Wellington), ruby and diamond ring; Mr and Mrs J. McLeod (Australia), handsome jewellery; Mr J. McGuinness (trainer), tea-set; the Manager of Warrington, handsome vases; Mr and Mrs David Mills (Melbourne), silver butter dish and knife; Mr and Mrs Bell (Wantwood), Dresden saltcellars; Miss K. Neill, jam spoon and butter knife; P. C. Neill (jun.), two silver butter knives; Mr G. G. Russell, butter dish and two silver spoons; Mr J. Blake, picture; Dr. and Mrs Roberts, clock; Captain and Mrs Cameron, travelling clock; Mr and Mrs R. Oliver, handsome vases; Mrs J. Davidson, handsome vase; Mr and Mrs Joachim, tall Japanese vase; Mr and Mrs E. Le Crean, vases; Rev. Dr. Stuart, Bible in four volumes; Rev. Mr and Mrs Davidson, Tennyson's poems; Mr A. Bell, framed scenes; Miss G. Neill, Honiton lace handkerchief; Mr and Mrs J. White, carpet; Mr and Mrs J. Mills, pearl pendant; Mr and Mrs H. Mackenzie, miniature lamp and silver candlesticks; Mr and Mrs Watson, beer jug, goblet, and tray (silver and gold); Mr and Mrs Calder (Melbourne), pair of blue and silver lamps; Mr and Mrs R. Ewing, silver-mounted desert dishes; Mr and Mrs Ritchie, silver fish knife and fork; Mr and Mrs B. C. Haggitt, dessert knives, forks, and spoons, and nut-crackers. In the evening a large dance was given at Hazelwood. The large dining and drawing-rooms were devoted to the dancing, and the rooms were beautifully decorated with white flowers and maidenhair ferns. A marriage bell of white blossoms hung between the doorway and the conservatory, a horse-shoe and other mottoes were hanging on the walls, and the conservatory was draped with the U.S.S. Company's flags, and decorated with white flowers. Lounges were here arranged, and with the soft shaded lights had a remarkably pretty effect. The hostess received her guests in a handsome green silk, relieved with couch feathers; Miss McLean wore white silk and net with white water-lilies; and Miss I. McLean, her bridesmaid's dress; Miss Welford, black velvet with white chiffon trimmings; Miss K. Welford also wore her bridesmaid's dress. The guests were Mr H. S. Holmes, Messrs Spence (2), Mr and Mrs White, Mr R. Cook, Mr W. Cantill, Mr J. B. Reid, Miss Dick, Mr Mills, Mr Lawford, Mr Sleigh, the Misses Reynolds (2), Mr McDonald, Misses W. and A. Reynolds, Mr and Mrs A. Pearce, the Misses Cargill, Mr M. Cook, Mr and Mrs T. Reynolds, Mr and Mrs E. C. Reynolds, Mr C. Butterworth, Mr Sidney Cook, Mr McCowan, Mr and Mrs F. Chapman, Mr and Mrs J. A. Mason, Mr J. Blackie, the Misses McLaren, Miss McKinnon, Miss A. Roberts, Dr. and Mrs Davies, Mr A. Gaultier, Dr. and Mrs Ogston, the Misses Shand (2), Mr Henry, Mr Gibbons, Mr and Mrs H. Mackenzie, Miss Butterworth, the Misses Webster (2), Mr R. Dymock, Messrs Webster (2), the Misses Dymock (2), Professor Parker, Mr and Mrs J. B. Ridings, Mr and Mrs Sintott, Dr. and Mrs Lindo Ferguson, Dr. and Mrs Batchelor, Mr and Mrs Woodhouse, Mr and Mrs Michie, the Misses Stanford (2), Miss Neill, the Misses Spence (2), Mr F. Perry, Miss Bell, Mr A. Bell, Mr Vigers, Mr P. C. Neill (jun.), the Misses Buckley (2), Mr Crosby-Morris, Misses Carr, Miss Johnston, Mr Stokes, Mr C. Hattray, Dr. Scott, Mr and Mrs McMaster, the Misses Sise, Mr S. Sise, Dr. and Mrs Roberts, the Misses Rattray, the Misses Williams, Mr H. Williams, Miss N. Driver, Mr J. Buckley, Mr W. Black, Mr and Mrs Petre, Mr C. Morris, Miss Macassey, the Misses Cutten, Mr Spencer Cook, Mr and Mrs Ewing, the Misses Hodgkins, Mr D. Crawford, Mr W. Hodgkins, Miss Morris, Mr G. Morris, Captain A. Cameron, Mr R. Driver, Mr and Mrs Fenwick, Mr P. R. Sargood, Mr D. Matson, Mr J. Kettle, and Mr H. Kettle. The supper was laid in a long room at the end of the hall, and the tables looked remarkably pretty, decorated with red and white flowers. The dance was in every way a success.

The following day Mrs White, of Anderson's Bay, gave a large garden party, to which all the wedding guests were invited.

FLAG BRAND PICKLES.—Ask for them, the best in the market. HAYWARD BROS. Christchurch.—(ADV'T.)

1891.

THE YEAR WE'VE LEFT BEHIND US.

THE world does not think, with the post-diplomatist whose recent loss it is still deploing, that

"When time has flown, how it fled It is better neither to ask nor to tell."

The history of any year, however uneventful, is worth looking back upon. Twelve months cannot well go by without leaving some record of their passage on the story of a race; and it is not alone in paths of revolution and sensationalism that history makes itself.

TO THE QUEEN, the year, if not eventful, has, at least, been busy. The fifty-fourth year of HER MAJESTY'S happy and glorious reign has been crowded with benevolent activity. A month's holiday at Grouse was quickly followed by the task of graciously inspecting the Naval Exhibition (which THE QUEEN inspected on May 7th) and the visit of HER MAJESTY'S grandson, the GERMAN EMPEROR, at the beginning of July. THE KAISER (who



THE QUEEN.

was banqueted at Windsor on July 7th and in the Guildhall on the 10th, witnessing a review at Wimbledon on the 11th, and visiting the PREMIER at Hatfield next day) was quickly followed by the PRINCE OF NAPLES, who received a Garter at Windsor on August 4th. Then came the festivities of welcome to the French Fleet under ADMIRAL GERVAIS, commencing on the 19th and lasting more than a week.

The PRINCE OF WALES celebrated his fiftieth birthday on November 9th, after being the subject of considerable public attention in connection



ADMIRAL GERVAIS.

the DUKE OF CLARENCE to the charming and popular PRINCESS VICTORIA OF TRUCK. Death, which has spared our own Royal house, has been busy on the Continent. PRINCE RAOUL OF FLANDERS died on January 22, and PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON on March 17, the latter being "succeeded" in his claims to the French throne by PRINCE VICTOR NAPOLEON.



PRINCESS VICTORIA.



SIR E. GUINNESS.

The Peerage have been unusually numerous, among the most notable names being LORD GRANVILLE, the EARL OF ALBEMARLE, LORD CLANGARRY, the Duke of Bedford (by suicide), Lord (Ottosloe, Earl Beauchamp, Lord Chylesmore, the Earl of Clonmell, the Earl of Dartmouth, Lord Tolls-nachs, the Earl of West-

moreland, and last, but perhaps most regrettable loss of all, the EARL OF LYTON, alike distinguished as a poet and diplomatist. Two Arch-bishops of York have died, DR. THOMSON and DR. MAGEE, DR. MACLAGAN, Bishop of Lichfield, succeeding the latter, while CANON LEECH has been translated to the See of Lichfield. DR. MAGEE was followed at Peter-



LORD DUFFERIN.



DR. MAGEE.

borough by CANON CREIGHTON, whose works on English history are well known. BISHOP WILKINSON, who retired, was succeeded by DR. GOTT. The See of Carlisle is left vacant by the recent very sudden death of DR. HARVEY GOODWIN. DR. LIPPERT, Dean of Christ Church at Oxford (the "Liddell" of "Liddell and Scott") has also resigned. Outside the Church of England, the interest of the Roman hierarchy in labour questions has been marked by an Encyclical thereon from the POPE who, like the EMPEROR WILLIAM, has also issued a rescript in condemnation of duelling.

"GENERAL" BOOTH has won something more tangible than "golden opinions from all sorts of people" in the Colonies, but the Salvation Army has fallen on troublous times in Eastbourne. The REV. GEORGE ROGERS, oldest Congregationalist minister in Great Britain, is dead. MR. SZURCZON, whose condition during the summer excited great alarm, is warned by his doctors that his disease is still uncomquered. On the death of DR. ADLER, Chief Rabbi, his son, DR. HERMAN ADLER, the distinguished scholar, MME. BLAVATSKY has



ARCHB. OF YORK



THE POPE.

been the talk of all Europe, has published her reminiscences of life in Manchu. In Canada SIR J. MACDONALD, who framed a charge of treason against his political opponents, triumphed at the General Election in March, and, dying on June 6, was succeeded by the HON. J. J. C. ABBOTT. We have had visits from SIR WILLIAM WHITEWAY, who pleaded the cause of the Newfoundland fishermen at the Bar of Parliament, and from the HON.

injured upwards of a thousand more. An upheaval of another kind has taken place in Chili, where a revolution had commenced the previous year. The President, GENERAL BALMACEDA, finally overthrown by the Congressional forces, avoided capture and probable execution by suicide. DOM PEDRO, the ex-EMPEROR OF BRAZIL, died in exile on December 4th, just when disturbances in Brazil began to look as though he might one day be recalled to the throne.

DR. HERMAN ADLER, the distinguished scholar, MME. BLAVATSKY has been the talk of all Europe, thrown the mantle of the Mahatma, left vacant by her own decease, on the shoulders of Mrs. BESANT. On March 30, a thrill of horror ran through the nation at the news of the Manipur massacre, in which MESSRS. GRIMWOOD and QUINTON, English officials, had been slaughtered, and a force of native troops cut to pieces in trying to adjust a local intrigue. Mrs. GRIMWOOD, whose heroic conduct and hairbreadth escape have



MR. SPURZON.



MRS. BESANT.

quickly followed to the grave by GEN. BOULANGER, who, consistent to the last, committed suicide in the most approved style of melodrama, on the grave of MME. DE BONNEMAIN at Brussels. THEODORE DE BANVILLE, the great French poet, M. FORTUNE DU BOIS-GORREV, novelist; OCTAVE FEUILLET, novelist and dramatist, have been lost to the literary circle of Paris during the year. On April 24th, GENERAL VON MOLTKE, the organiser



MRS. GRIMWOOD.



GEN. BOULANGER.

of German military ascendancy, died of sheer old age, loaded with honours and universally lamented. Russia has had her hands full, first with a most anachronistic persecution and expulsion of the Jews, whom HANON HIRSCH hopes to save by becoming the Moses of a new Exodus, and then with the most appalling famine of historic times, both incidents strongly recalling the



VON MOLTKE.

story of another land of bondage: the arrest of CAPT. YOUNGHURST, and the Pamir incident are still fresh in all minds. A strange canard circulated for speculative reasons, on September 14th, affirmed that the island of Mitylene had been occupied by a British man-of-war's crew, an exaggeration of a simple visit by business for exercising purposes, permitted by the local authorities.



BARON HIRSCH.

China has been the scene of a dreadful insurrection and atrocities committed on native and European Christians, which commenced with a riot at Wuhu in May last. There have been earthquakes at San Salvador, San Francisco, and, on an appalling scale, in Japan, while a tornado at Martingo, in August produced 50 wrecks, besides killing 300 people and



GEN. BALMAQUEDA.

inguring upwards of a thousand more. An upheaval of another kind has taken place in Chili, where a revolution had commenced the previous year. The President, GENERAL BALMACEDA, finally overthrown by the Congressional forces, avoided capture and probable execution by suicide. DOM PEDRO, the ex-EMPEROR OF BRAZIL, died in exile on December 4th, just when disturbances in Brazil began to look as though he might one day be recalled to the throne.



MISS LEALE, THE LADY SHOT.

In the Army and Navy no great events have taken place. Bisleby, the new Wimbledon, proved very satisfactory shooting ground, and was the scene of remarkable triumphs by a lady marksman, MISS LEALE, of whom a sketch is annexed. ADMIRAL WALLIS, the father of the Fleet, has attained his hundredth year; several large vessels have been launched, some of them by THE QUEEN in person, and a Naval Exhibition in London has been a great success, financially and popularly. Probably no better recruiting advertisement for the Fleet could have been devised. The mimic operation shown in the lake, at Chelsea, delighted all visitors.



SIR W. HART DYKE.

In home politics 1891 will be set down in history as the year of Free Education, which Act was passed by the House of Commons in a little more than a month, thanks to the skillful management of the measure by SIR W. HART DYKE. Mr. Goschen's Budget was satisfactory, if not very brilliant, the surplus of nearly two millions being divided between Free Education, as aforesaid, Barracks, and renewal of defective Gold Coinage.



with the infamous scandal associated with the name of SIR WILLIAM GORDON CUMMING, and arising out of a visit of the Prince of Wales to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson at Tommy Croft. In the libel action unsuccessfully brought by the latter, which concluded on June 9th, the PRINCE appeared in Court as a witness.



SIR W. G. CUMMING.

Silver weddings were celebrated by our own PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHRISTIAN and by the CZAR AND CZARINA OF RUSSIA. The visit of the EMPRESS FREDERIKE to the French capital was made the occasion of an absurd and somewhat brutal de-



DUKE OF CLARENCE.

monstration by the Chauvinists of Paris. Other notable events in the life of the Royal Family of this country, which must be passed over with a briefer mention, were the erection of a monument to the late DUX DE ALBANY at Cannes, the marriage of PRINCESS LOUISE to PRINCE ARTHUR, the first at Sandringham House, and the illness of PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES, now happily terminated in

his restoration to health and the betrothal of

For the rest the politics of the year are chiefly rendered memorable by the number of important statesmen who have died, and the official changes thus necessitated. The death roll includes such names as MR. CHARLES BRADLAUGH (Jan. 30th), EARL GRANVILLE (March 31st), MR. PARNELL (whose death, on Oct. 6th, so quickly followed his marriage with Mrs. O'SHEA, MR. CECIL RAIKES, Postmaster-General, the RT. HON. W. H. SMITH (Oct. 6th), SIR JOHN PUFF, HENNESSY, MR. CAVENTISH BENTINCK, MR. W. H. GLADSTONE, THE O'GORMAN MAHON, and LORD EDWARD CAVENTISH. MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR (who is succeeded in the Irish Secretaryship by MR. JACKSON) becomes Leader of the Commons, and SIR J. FERROUSSON Postmaster-General. The vacated Financial Secretaryship is given to SIR JOHN GONST, whose action on labour questions probably caused the appointment of the Labour Commission, over which LORD HARTINGTON still presides. SIR JOHN, like MR. BALFOUR, was once a member of the defunct Fourth Party, whose leader, LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, "bearded like the pard," has been playing at Special Correspondent in South Africa. The effort of SIR CHARLES DILKE to re-appear in public life has excited much indignation in some quarters. MR. GLADSTONE, young as ever, has



ADMIRAL WALLIS.



EARL GRANVILLE.



MR. W. H. SMITH.

naturally made many speeches, and LORD SALISBURY no fewer. The year began with all eyes concentrated on Boulogne, where MR. PARNELL was treating with M^{rs}. O'BRIEN and DILLON for the re-union of divided ranks. The latter members, when MR. PARNELL broke off all negotiations on February 11th, returned to England, and were arrested next day to undergo their sentence of six months imprisonment, from which they were released on July 30th. Early in the year much distress occurred in Ireland; MISS BALFOUR and LADY ZETLAND made an interesting tour in the famine stricken districts, and opened a subscription, which was supplemented by Government funds and relief works. Meantime, in politics, the



MR. BRADLAUGH.



MR. RAIKES.

Parnellite split showed no signs, as it shows none now, of closure, and even over the grave of the Un-crowned King the contending parties could not shake hands. All progress, however, has been on the side opposed to MR. PARNELL; and MR. JOHN REDMOND, on whom his mantle fell, failed to secure election even in Cork.

The memory of John Bright has been perpetuated by the erection of two statues during the year, one at Manchester, and the other at his native place, Rochdale, yet, as Lord Derby said, in performing the unveiling, at



THE BRIGHT STATUE AT MANCHESTER.

Manchester, "John Bright needed no statue to keep him in the memory of his countrymen, for he had written his name in large and durable letters in the history of England."

The Clitheroe case, in which a Mr. JACKSON had forcibly "abducted" his own wife, who declined to live with him, was the judicial sensation of the year, a writ of *habeas corpus* being granted, and the principle established that conjugal rights cannot be enforced against the person of an unwilling party.



SIR CHAS. DILKE.



MR. PARNELL.

The squalid details of the RUSSELL separation case, and the ST. JOHN case, will be none too soon forgotten. LORD PRESIDENT INGLIS, Justice-General for Scotland, died on August 20th. *Punch* celebrated its jubilee, under the editorship of MR. F. C. BURNAND, and in the course of the year has lost two of its most distinguished contributors, GILBERT ARTHUR A'BECKETT and CHARLES KEENE. MR. JOHN LATEY, fifty years editor of the *Illustrated London News*, died on January 6th, and MR. A. W. KINGLAKE, author of "Euthen," on January 2nd. Two diplomatists who were also poets, have passed away, each amid a pean of praise and regret—MR. JAMES RUSSELL, LOWELL late United States Minister to this country, and LORD LYNTON, well remembered as "Owen Meredith," the poet of many beautiful lyrics, British Ambassador in Paris.



GEN. WHICHCOTE.

LORD LYNTON, in his 83rd year, retained enough of his youthful fire to write the beautiful hymn "Crossing the Bar." MR. W. G. WILLS, the well-known dramatist, and MR. G. T. RETTANY, scientific lecturer and man of letters, have died in the closing month of the year. DR. HUGGINS, the great astronomer, officiated as President of the British Association at Cardiff, and his address on August 19th contained a remarkable revelation of the wonders of science.

A memorial to Christopher Marlowe was unveiled at Canterbury with a remarkable speech by MR. HENRY IRVING, and Matthew Arnold, by LORD COLERIDGE, in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster Abbey, with a thoroughly appropriate address. The death of MR. BARRY SULLIVAN, actor, (May 3rd), with that of MR. HENRY FARMER, musical composer (June 25th) constituted the greatest losses sustained by the drama and music in this country. MR. LAURENCE BARRETT, actor, died in America on March 20th, and the great "moral" showman and champion advertiser of the world, PHINEAS T. BARNUM, on April 7.



CHAS. KEENE.

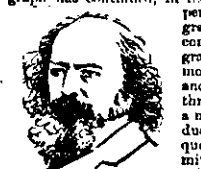
The published plays of HENRIK IBSEN have given rise to much controversy, usually of the heated kind, and much ink has been "slung" in connection therewith. Messrs. A. W. PINERO and H. A. JONES have likewise adopted the plan of publishing their plays. As a nine days' wonder must be mentioned the feats of "the Little Georgia Magnet," Mrs. ANNIE ABBOTT, who performs mysterious feats of strength, "which yet unseen most would have thought impossible," by the alleged help of certain magnetic powers.

The foundations of a structure which is to rival the Eiffel Tower have been laid near London, and we give a sketch which will show what the finished structure will be like.

We give portraits of M^{lle}. MELBA and the DUC D'ORLEANS, who have become notoriously prominent during the year. The pianist of the year has undoubtedly been M. PADEREWSKI. MR. SIMS REEVE has given his "last farewell concert," and H^{is} MAJ. PATTI has at length opened her long-talked-of private opera theatre at Craig-y-nos.



LORD LYNTON.



TENYSON.

Mr. T. A. FENIMAN's honograph has continued, in its perfected form, to excite great public interest, and in combination with his kinetograph, by which the actual movements can be recorded and reproduced at will through the intermediary of a magic lantern, should produce startling results. Liquefied gas guns and dynamite projectiles have been exhibited in England and America, and may in a few years become indispensable adjuncts to modern armaments, which, as they are exceedingly costly, is not very good news for the taxpayer. GENERAL DYREN-FORTE claims to produce rain at will, by the action of high explosives in small balloons.



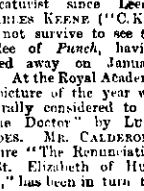
BARNUM.

Art has lost many distinguished exponents. J. E. MEISSONIER, the great French painter, died on the last day of January; KEELEY HAINSWELLE, R.A., on April 11th, and Edwin Long, R.A., on May 15th. The greatest



HENRIK IBSEN.

subject of controversy, both of the historical kind and of that other sort proverbially inadvisable, an entertaining speech by Lord Salisbury, and a parody in a satirical Christmas number.



MADAME MELBA.

Among what may be termed miscellaneous events is CARL SHAW'S retirement from the direction of the London Fire Brigade. He was not allowed to go without a determined effort being made to induce him to withdraw his resignation. The Jubilee of Cook's Tours has been celebrated with due *rejoice*, and that of the Tonic Sola-fa with musical honours.



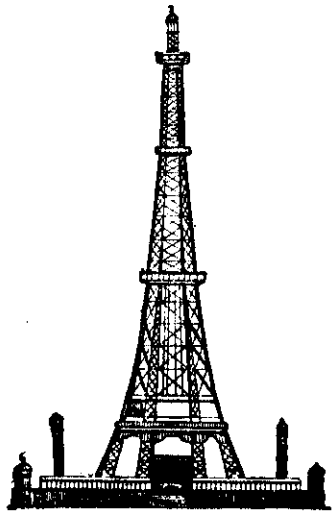
DUK D'ORLEANS.

SIR J. W. FAZLIGETTE, Engineer of the Thames Embankment, has passed away. The cantibus men of London have struck, and the conditions of their employment have been readjusted, more or less to their satisfaction, while the Scottish Railway strike, which last January found in full progress, terminated unfavourably to the strikers, despite the advocacy of MR. JOHN BURNS, who seems to be developing into occupation-general for all distressed labour. May-day was celebrated as the workman's festival, not without bloodshed on the Continent; but the first Sunday in May, here adopted as Labour-day in its stead, passed over in peace, thanks to the English plan of indulging the taste for oratory which all workmen inherit.



JOHN SALISBERY.

Strangely enough there have passed away all in this year, the last surviving officers who fought at Waterloo (GENERAL WHICHCOTE and MAJOR HEWITT), and LADY DE ROSS, who was present at the great ball, described in Byron's stirring poem, which took place on the eve of the great battle, is also dead. Turning from work to play, 1891 had a wet Henry—a more miserable exhibition of the typical English climate has not been seen for years. The Leander crew, which was practically the Oxford crew of the year, won the Grand Challenge Cup, their first race with the Thames crew—a dead heat—being a most exciting performance. The four-oared races for the Goblets, in which the crews of Oxford v. Cambridge rowing contended, were also unprecedentedly close in their



THE LONDON TOWER.

finishes. There was also what may not

(in)appropriately be called, a "Common" place Derby. The down of jockeys, J. OSBORNE has retired, and a sadder retreat has been sought by NIGHTINGALE, the famous trainer, by Mr. HENRY SAXTONS ("Penny-dragon" of the *Telegraph*), and Mr. G. W. BLAKE ("Augur" of the *Sporting Life*). An English rider, Mr. G. P. MILLS, beat all France in 'de great cycle race from Paris to Bordeaux.



LUKE FILDERS.

Such is the old year. It has taken away many that we can ill spare, while it has brought little on which we can greatly congratulate ourselves. But the nation is happy which has no history, and progress, on which Mr. ARTHUR BAILEY has discoursed so eloquently the other day, has been steady, peaceful, and beneficent. Disaster has been mercifully withheld, and, on the whole, we should be lacking in gratitude if we allowed the tears, which have fallen on many honourable graves, to obscure our vision, or hide from us the many blessings which 1891 has left behind.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

We are tenting to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer our hearts, Our weary hearts, a song of home And friends we love so dear!

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by; Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said good-bye.

We are tired of war on the old camp ground; Many are dead and gone, Of the brave and the true, who've left their homes; Others have been wounded long.

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp ground; Many are lying near, Some are dead and some are dying, Many are in tears!

Since twenty-six years have passed away, And trestle-picks have come; Remember to-night the dear ones gone, Who're sleeping in the grave's dark home.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts full of sorrow to night, Thinking of the war's dark days; Mourning o'er the hero dying for the right, Who won't Columbia prize; Who're sleeping to-night, sleeping to-night, Sleeping on their last camp ground. They're sleeping to-night, sleeping to-night, They're sleeping in their last camp ground.

THE DELIGHTS OF A TENNESSEAN PICNIC.

I HAD been staying with a Tennessee mountaineer for three or four days, while I waited for mail and to get my shoes repaired, and was invited to go with the family down to a farmers' picnic. Before leaving home the old man took his son Bill, who was a young man of twenty, aside for a talk, and I noticed that Bill looked thoughtful all the way down. There were about 100 families gathered at the grove, and it seemed to me as if I had never seen a more pleasant or good-natured crowd. Lunch was over and everybody was still enjoying himself, when the old man winked me out of a knot of people, beckoned me into the bushes, and there stopped to say:

'Kurnel, I want yo' to go and wrassle with Bill, right away.'

'But I'm no wrestler,' I protested.

'I dun doan' mean fur yous to take hold of him, but to argue. He won't listen to me, but he's sorter took to you, and he'll believe what you say.'

'What's the matter with Bill?'

'Why, he's dun bound to git up a jumpin' match.'

'Well, let him jump if he wants to.'

'Kurnel, yo' doan' consider the consideration. If Bill gits up a jumpin' match, he's bound to spread hiself and jump nine feet. Thar's all the Hawkins boys yere, and some of 'em ar' gwine to jump ten feet or bust. Thar's all the Dunbar crowd yere, and some of 'em ar' gwine to make it ten feet six or break both legs.'

'Well?'

'Well, do you reckon my Bill is gwine to stand that? No, nah! When he finds hisself knocked out on the jumpin' business he's gwine to pull that ole pistol o' his and begin to bang, and the next thing yo' know yo'll think another war has broke out! Go'n wrassle with him, kurnel, and wrassle fur all yer warts, fur thar' haint five minits between us and the rip-roarin' ole shootin' scrape yo' ever heard of.'

I found Bill just as he had taken of his coat to jump. It was tough 'wraslin' to get him away and induce him to give up his programme, but he finally consented. On the way home he said to me:

'Kurnel, I reckon you was right about that yere fustin'.'

'Yes, I think so.'

'Cause I dun looked at my pistol after I had promised, and what do you reckon? Why, she hadn't a darned cartridge in her, and them Hawkins crowd would a made b'ar meat o' me afore I could en hollered there!'

HOW HE WON THE SCHOOL TEACHER.

'Yes,' said the young man, as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty school teacher, 'I love you and would go to the world's end for you.'

'You could not go to the world's end for me,' George. The world, or earth, as it is called, is round, like a ball, and slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy!'

'Of course I did, but—'

'And it is no longer a theory. Circumstances have established the fact.'

'I know; but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah! Angelina, if you but, knew the aching void—'

'There is no such a thing as a void, George. Nature abhors a vacuum. But, admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?'

'I meant to say that my life will be lonely without you; that you are my daily thought and nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in darkest Africa or at the North Pole, I would fly to you.'

'Fly! It will be another century before man can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome there still remains, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance—'

'Well, at all events, exclaimed the youth, 'I've a pretty fair balance in the bank, and I want you to be my wife. There!'

'Well, George, since you put it in that light I—'

THE MUSICAL EAR.

THE late Mr John Hullah said: I find, as a rule, that students can either tell sounds played or sung to them readily and certainly, or not at all. This might suggest the conclusion that the power of doing so was a natural gift. That it is largely dependent on race and family is certain, simply, as I believe, because among certain races and in certain families music has long been cultivated. Among varieties even of the most musical races with whom this has not been the case, musical aptitude will be found to die out. Thus the Celts of Wales, are, perhaps, the most musically apt of any people in Great Britain; on the other hand, those of the Highlands of Scotland are the least so. I have never met with a Welsh student with what is called a defective ear. I have taken the utmost pains to get a Highland student to imitate even approximately the simplest succession of musical sounds, quite unsuccessfully; and this not in one instance only, but in half a dozen consecutive instances. The cause is not far to seek. Music is an imitative art. From time immemorial the Welsh harp has been formed, consciously or unconsciously, by the harp, an instrument not merely refined in its quality, but an instrument of harmony, and therefore, of necessity tuned on the system which, with Europeans, use has made into a second nature. The Highland ear has been formed on the coarsest variety of one of the most imperfect even of monodic instruments, the bagpipe. I do not give these as the only causes of the musical inequality of these two varieties of the same race, but as one of them, and that of itself a sufficient one.

FALSE DIAMONDS.

It is stated that artificially coloured Cape diamonds have been sold lately in Belgium. Mr Guillot, a French chemist, finds out that on being dipped in a weak aniline solution the diamonds lose their yellowish tinge, and appear as pure white as the Indian or Brazilian stone. The aniline can neither be seen by a magnifying glass nor rubbed off with a chamois leather; so Mr Guillot thinks that the dye must lodge in the sharp angle of the facet which remains unpolished and so affect the light as it falls on the flat surface. A bath of nitric acid will show the fraud, or a little alcohol, which Mr Guillot recommends diamond merchants to use for testing.

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 should 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 ceased, 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 stir up. 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, 25th 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 prove 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 favourite, with improved movements, remain at 22s 6d and 30s, and the long-wind pioneer series is unaltered at 15s 6d. Call and see the new watches before purchasing other Christmas and New Year's presents.

THE THREE AGES.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIE CONSTANTIN.)

My dears, when I was young like you—
O, days that long ago took wing!—
I had your wit, your sweetness, too,
And loved, like you, the spring.
Fondly do I remember still
How dear to me were fields and flowers;
How dear the hearts in lighter hours
Made captive in the gay quadrille;
A merry child like you, my dears,
And such was I at fifteen years.

Later, my heart, less wild and gay,
To one devout espousal moved;
And wedded joys, how sweet are they,
To love and to be loved!
But sometimes, pensive and apart,
I prayed in secret sighs to heaven
That some dear angel might be given
To stir in me a mother's heart;
Wife and fond mother, too, my dears,
And such was I at thirty years.

O later! Onward still and on
Time flies, like an advancing wave,
And summer, autumn, both are gone,
With all the joys they gave!
Yet, while we droop with age and pain,
The heart that to our babes we give
In their sweet innocence may live,
And with their babes be young again;
And such am I at length my dears,
With my full span of eighty years.
GEORGE COTTERELL.

MAZZINI'S COURAGE.

THIS famous Italian exile was once forewarned that his assassination had been planned, and that men had been dispatched to London for the purpose, but he made no attempt to exclude them from his house. One day the conspirators entered his room and found him listlessly smoking. 'Take cigars, gentlemen,' was his instant invitation. 'Waiting and hesitation on their part followed. 'But you do not proceed to business, gentlemen,' said Mazzini. 'I believe your intention is to kill me.' The astonished miscreants fell on their knees and at length departed with the generous pardon accorded them, while a longer puff of smoke than usual was the only malediction sent after them. Mazzini once, when he was staying with his friends in an Italian city, where his head was forfeited, saw guards ap-

proaching the house to arrest him. On their way up to the door—the chateau stood on an eminence—they met a person sauntering down toward them smoking a cigar. He gave them the salutation of the morning, which the Captain returned. On arriving at the chateau, Mazzini was demanded. 'We well know he is here,' said the chief officer. 'Certainly,' said the host, who knew it was in vain to profess ignorance; 'he was, but is not. It is he whom you met. I saw him salute you.' They had been completely thrown off their guard by the coolness of the smoking stranger. Once out of their sight they knew it was vain to expect to lay hands on that ubiquitous smoker, whom no man ever betrayed.

PETERS THE PLOTTER.

An old seaman named Peters, stationed on a cruiser in the North Atlantic squadron, was a man of rough exterior but of a warm heart. Its warmest corner was reserved for a certain young lieutenant on board the same ship, whom Peters worshipped with unswerving constancy. One day it happened that an unpractised landsman, while attending to some duty in the rigging, lost his footing and fell into the water. As he was unable to swim he would probably have been drowned had not an officer sprang after him and gallantly held him up until assistance came. A letter from the Secretary of the Navy, commending in high terms this heroic action, was sent to the brave rescuer and read before the assembled ship's company. Old Peters viewed the whole proceeding with a feeling of jealousy, and after brooding the matter for some days, he relieved himself in the following manner:—
'Mr Bradley,' said he, gliding up to the object of his devotion, 'that there letter what the Secretary wrote, that's a fine thing for a young man to have. You ought to have one, Mr Bradley.'
'Why, yes, Peters,' said young Bradley, with his pleasant smile, 'that letter is undoubtedly a thing for any fellow to be proud of; but I'm afraid I don't quite see my way to getting one like it.'
'Mr Bradly,' answered Peters, in a hoarse tone, inviting confidence, 'ter-morrow night, sir, I'll be in the main chains, fusin' with somethin' or nother. P'raps I'll accidentally fall into the water. Such things have happened, as yer' know yerself, sir. Then, Mr Bradley, what's to hinder ye from jumpin' after me, like your messmate there? I guess ye'd have as good a chance as him for one o' them letters from the Secretary.'
'There's only one difficulty about the plan, Peters,' said Bradley, preserving a grave countenance, but inwardly much amused, 'unfortunately, you see, I don't know how to swim.'
'Sho—is that all, sir?' returned Peters, undismayed. 'That ain't nothin'. I'll hold you up till the boat comes!'

THE NEW RELIGION.

THE socialistic idea manifests itself in various ways and under diverse forms. It shows itself stronger in the tendencies of municipal and national politics. It calls to its cause many of the purest and most cultured men and women of England. It is making itself felt in the land question. Perhaps the most remarkable thing in connection with this agitation is that comparatively few voices are raised in anything like active and complete opposition. In all this work of reform an important part is borne by the university settlements. The scholars of Oxford and Cambridge have left their academic shades and taken up their quarters in the slums of London to aid in the elevation of the masses. Women from Girton and Newham, as well as University men take part in the movement. University and college missions have been organized.

The celebrated Toybee Hall is, perhaps, the most typical of these establishments. Arnold Toybee was an Oxford student who seemed to gather up in himself all the new influences rising at that university. He spent his vacations in Whitechapel and like neighbourhoods lecturing to popular assemblies. He died in the harness in 1883. His friends at Oxford resolved to commemorate his name and work in some permanent way. Toybee Hall is the result. At first it was one room in the East End of London. Now it is a large building arranged university fashion, around a quadrangle. It provides accommodation for a numerous body of regular residents, and for a few occasional, who come from Oxford to see what is going on and lend a hand. There is also a large body of associates of both sexes who come at intervals to take care of classes and clubs. Each resident has his special work. One looks after charities, others, severally, make specialities of labour organizations, children's holiday funds, etc.

A great deal is done in local politics. During the outbreak of crime in 1888, Toybee Hall organized a Vigilance Committee and patrolled Whitechapel. Some residents manage schools; others supply dinners to ill-fed children. There is a great deal of social life at Toybee Hall in the way of dinners, receptions, entertainments, lectures, discussions, etc. The evenings are taken up with regular class studies, in which political economy is a prominent feature. Space is lacking to even mention the many other ways in which Toybee Hall acts as an educational and elevating centre. Oxford House, Bethnal Green, does somewhat in a religious way what Toybee Hall does in a secular way for the people. Numerous other similar establishments testify to the activity of the cultured and well-to-do classes in behalf of the masses.

The New High Arm Davis Vertical Feed is acknowledged by experts to be the most perfect Sewing Machine the world has yet seen.—ADV'T.

HIGHEST AWARDS EVERYWHERE.



LONDON,
PARIS,
BOSTON,
SYDNEY,
MELBOURNE

PHILADELPHIA,
EDINBURGH,
ETC.

Pearl's

For TOILET and NURSERY.

soap

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

Prevents Redness, Roughness, and Chapping.

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

THE VICE-REGAL TOUR

OVER THE ALPS WITH THE GOVERNOR.

FROM CHRISTCHURCH TO THE WEST COAST.

(BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE ILLUSTRATIONS PAGES 252-253.)

LAKE WAKATIPU.

WE did not leave Pembroke till twelve o'clock, when we started for Queenstown, being driven by the well-known coach proprietor, Mr Craig. Shortly after leaving we entered the Cardrona Valley, down which the Cardrona River runs to join the waters of the Clutha near Pembroke. A pleasant drive up the valley which has been highly auriferous and is still so, judging by the number of alluvial mines to be seen at work, brings us to the saddle near the Crown Mount. The road is 3,500 feet above sea level, and the view from the summit looking towards Lake Wakatipu is of a most panoramic description. The waters of the lake at the Frankton arm environed with huge mountains sparkled most brilliantly in the sunlight. Away in the distance rise the Walter Peak and Hector Mountains, while nearer are the serrated peaks of the Remarkables. Below, on the rich alluvial flat, could be discerned the lovely homesteads and fields of ripe and ripening wheat, forming altogether a most pleasing and effective picture.

We now start the descent, and soon come in sight of Arrowtown, a prettily situated mining township on the Arrow river. A nice craggy drive winding round the mountain brings us into the town, where a deputation of the Miners' Association have an interview with the Hon. K. Seddon on some important mining matters. The interview being over, we start on for Queenstown, and after a pretty

drive from White's Point). Away in the distance could be seen the fantastic-shaped Cosmos Peaks, over 8,000 feet high, clothed with eternal snow and glaciers. Nearer on the right hand was the majestic giant Mount Earnslaw, towering 9,200 feet high, its huge glacier sparkling with dazzling purity in the morning sun, whilst on the left are the Humbolt Mountains, with the giant Mount Bonpland (8,100 feet) keeping sentry over them, as it were, with its glacier-crowned peaks rising almost sheer up from the little village of Kinloch. Following the Humbolt Range round the left, we come to the Tooth Peaks, a peculiar rugged formation running down into the valley of the Greenstone River. Glancing away to our right towers the Richardson Mountains, culminating in Stone Peak (7,224 feet high), whose summit of mica schist and snow shines with dazzling brilliancy, while to complete the picture the lovely Pigeon Island, Long Island, and Rabbit Island lie reflecting their respective forms on the placid lake.

The wool being all aboard, we start off again up the lake, admiring the whole time the wondrous scene before us, till at length a break between the ranges reveals another giant mountain, called Mount Aspiring, rising in a lovely cone to nearly 10,000 feet high, its summit, like that of Earnslaw, as yet untrodden by man. Passing along the wooded slopes of the Humbolts for a considerable distance, we come in sight of the pretty villages of Kinloch and Glenorchy, and soon arrive at Kinloch, where we disembark and stay at Bryant's Glacier Hotel, where accommodation is remarkably good, and attention all that can be desired.

Kinloch is the starting point for Lake Harris Saddle,

towering walls of Earnslaw and the other Cosmos Peaks. One thing noticeable was the predominance of bunny in these parts. As we galloped along the grassy paddocks of Mr Ludemann rabbits were rushing to and fro in hundreds, showing that they have a distinct loving for the English grasses in lieu of the native tussock.

Soon after leaving the pretty station we emerge into the lovely Roubertum Valley, and what a grand sight! In the foreground was a beautiful oasis of native grasses, fringed by lovely Veronica, above which towered the graceful foliage of the birch forest. Away behind the forest, in among the perpendicular heights, a huge waterfall was descending in two leaps, altogether about 700 feet, high, whilst to back up the enchanting scene the glaciers shone on the summits of the massive mountains.

We pass on, crossing and recrossing the Roubertum River, until we come to a steep bit, where we lead the horses up: in parts the slippery slate makes the foothold for the horses rather insecure. The river here now forms a series of lovely cascades, the deep blue shading of the deeper pools looking a most exquisite tone. To our left above the cascades rose a sheer precipice of about 1,500 feet, overhanging near the top and forming a grim weird wall of solid rock. The track leads now through lovely birch forest, and soon through lovely grass patches near the river-bed, till at length we reach the splendid grass flat near where the dilapidated hut stands, which has been erected for the accommodation of visitors, but now wrecked through a mountain torrent washing out the sides.

Leaving our horses grazing on the flat we start the ascent of the saddle, and a good track leads to near the top, where a huge mass of rock has to be scaled; then we come to a grassy flat and soon reach the summit, nearly 5,000 feet high, where a wondrous weird landscape can be gazed upon. Below is Lake Harris, a small sheet of water environed with beetling cliffs, almost devoid of any vegetation, but I may mention that the Alpine flora is most abundant here, the lovely Mount Cook lily growing in profusion. We look away to the westward at the rugged country between here and Milford Sound, which is only about ten or eleven miles away, at present not thoroughly explored on account of the frightful rough state of the country. Nearly opposite us lies Mount Christiana (8,500 feet high), and other equally grand peaks all covered with glaciers. In the deep-abyes below winds the Hollyford River, like a silver thread winding its way to the blue Pacific, which can be seen breaking on the sands beyond Martin's Bay and Lake McKerron. Everywhere you look there is nothing but grandeur and glaciers, especially along the line of the Darran mountains and Mount Aspiring Range. It is with regret that we have to wend our way to the flat again to our horses, so as to get back early, for as a rule a stay of two days is necessary to



RIVER BEES AND MOUNT FORBES, LAKE WAKATIPU.



VIEW FROM QUEENSTOWN.

drive round Lake Hayes, a charming sheet of water, we are soon on the shores of Wakatipu. Skirting round the shores for some distance we arrive at Eichardt's Hotel, where we stay for the night.

Next morning it was decided to remain all day at Queenstown so as to have an easy day after the rapid rough travelling we had lately undergone, thus giving time for a quiet ramble round Queenstown and the Shotover Gorge, where so much gold was obtained in the early days, and hopes are now entertained that by dredging the bed of the Shotover river, untold wealth still remains to be extracted from among the shingly bottom of the river.

A stroll through the pretty Domain at Queenstown on a summer evening is a real treat. Selecting a nice grassy patch you can lie down just about sunset and watch the marvellous sunset glow on the Remarkables, whose rugged summits seem at times to be bathed in a most exquisite colouring of pink, violet, and purple, which gradually fade away with the setting sun till the whole scene is wrapped in a sombre grey. Another peculiarity is also the lovely twilight which exists in these southern climes. It is quite easy to read a newspaper at 9 o'clock at night. Well, after watching such a lovely scene fade away, it is time to return to the hotel.

Next morning we started for the head of the Lake, taking passage by the smart p.s. Mountaineer. We were soon cutting the placid surface of the lake, on whose bosom are reflected with striking distinctness all the peaks and glaciers which surround the shores. Steaming along the Northern Shore, pretty little strands here and there come into view, backed up with all kinds of native shrubs, the huge bracken-covered slopes of Ben Lomond mountain forming a sombre background. Away across the lake rise Mount Cecil (6,417 ft.), the Walter Peak (5,956 ft.), Afton Peak, Mount Nicholas, and other towering masses of rock, their summits clothed with snow. Still ploughing our way along the shore we pass the Five-mile and Wilson's Bay, then come to a pretty little bay called Bob's Cove, a favourite resort for Queenstown holiday-makers. A short distance further on, we round White's Point and steam across the lake to a sheep station, where we take on board a quantity of wool for shipment to Lake Kingston by rail.

While the steamer remains here it gives us time to look up the head of the lake, and what a grand imposing scene we contemplate! The lake was as smooth as glass (ruffled slightly by the thin line of wake the steamer made when crossing

Sylvan Lake, Rere Lake, the Valley of the Dart, and the Roubertum Valley, and in Mr Harry Bryant we found a conversant and reliable guide. The 'Bryant Glacier' is situated just behind the hotel and is easy of access, a splendid track having been cut through the bush by Mr Bryant. Having decided to visit the Lake Harris Saddle, we started early next morning in company with Mr H. Bryant as guide.

The distance to the Saddle is about eighteen miles through a most charming valley, where some of the grandest scenery in New Zealand is to be found. Following the old tram line and Martin's Bay track we come on to the Dart river, which, being pretty low, we were able to ride along the bed of it, and what magnificent grandeur we witnessed! Passing by Mounts Alfred and Bonpland, we arrive at the Roubertum crossing, after passing through lovely birch forests which come right down to the banks of the Dart. About six miles from Kinloch we pass the lovely little homestead of Mr Ludemann, which forms a pleasing change to the surrounding country. The waving corn, ripe and ripening, sheep, cattle, and horses, with no end of luxuriant English grasses, stand out in lovely prominence against the grim

do this trip thoroughly, but it can be accomplished by good horsemen and climbers in one day from Kinloch without the necessity of camping out. The great charm about the head of the lake is to see the sunset effect on the lofty mountains and glaciers, which sight alone is worth all the trouble and expense.

On our arrival from the Harris Saddle, which, by the way, was pretty early, we were surprised to find that Lady Onslow and the remainder of our party (Lady Gwendoline, Captain Guthrie, Mr and Mrs Hutherford), who had left in the morning to visit the lovely Rere lake by boat, had not as yet returned, and as evening wore on and no signs of the boat on the lake, we were getting anxious on account of the high wind blowing on the lake. Horses were got ready so as to go around the shores of the lake and bring the party back should the wind still continue to blow so strongly. Anyhow, after anxiously waiting till about 9 p.m., the boat and its occupants safely arrived after a lovely trip to the Rere Lake. The cause of the detention was the high sea which was raised on the lake, and progress by pulling was somewhat tedious.



KINGSTON.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEB,

FEBRUARY 19.

I hardly know where to begin this week, for there is so much fashionable news that I fear you will tire of it before you have heard all. Everything, of course, was given as a 'farewell' to his Excellency the Governor and Lady Onslow, who must have been quite tired of shaking hands and bidding good-bye by the time it was all over, for, as you already know, they have left us. First of all came the banquet given by our Mayor (Mr. H. D. Bell), and Mrs. Bell, and this perhaps was the most brilliant affair of all. It took place at Bellamy's, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Mr. Bell received in the hall at half-past seven o'clock, dinner being announced about eight, and was not over until nearly midnight, there were so many speeches and toasts to be got through. His Excellency made a particularly happy speech, as also did Mr. Bell. Mr. Bell took Lady Onslow in to dinner, taking the head of the table, with the Earl and Mrs. Bell at the opposite end; then the Chief Justice, Sir James Prendergast, took Mrs. Ballance; the Premier (Mr. Ballance), Mrs. Grace; Mr. Justice Richmond, Mrs. Charles Johnston; Captain Bourke, of the Ringrooms, Lady Hector; Mr. Pearce and Madame de Béchone; the Hon. J. McKenzie and Mrs. Robert Hart; Mr. Fitzgerald (Controller General) and Mrs. Richmond. Others present were the Hon. A. J. Cadman, the Hon. J. G. Ward, the Hon. W. P. Reeves and Mrs. Reeves, the Hon. J. R. Seddon, the Hon. Dr. Grace, the Hon. Charles Johnston, the Hon. K. Hart, Dr. and Mrs. Newman, Mr. G. Hutchison, Mr. W. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Castendyk, Mr. and Mrs. G. Fisher, Dr. de Béchone, Sir James Hector, Mr. J. Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, Mr. W. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. G. Beetham, Mr. W. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Travers, Captain Guthrie, besides most of the city councillors and leading citizens. King's band was stationed in the lobby, and played at intervals during the evening, and a guard of honour was formed by the Permanent Artillery, under Major Messenger, as the Governor and Lady Onslow, accompanied by Capt. Guthrie, entered. His Excellency wore his vice-regal uniform, and the other uniforms, including the naval, military, and Consular, greatly added to the brilliant scene. The menu was most highly spoken of, and also the wines, which were especially procured by the steward at Bellamy's. The menu may prove interesting:—Hors d'œuvres, Saumon de Norvège and Caviare; Potages, Tortue and Printanier; Poissons, Turbot, Sauce homard, and Morne Anglaise aux Concombres; Entrees, Suprême de Volaille à la Toulouse and Cailles à la Financière; Relevés, Selle d'agneau à la Duchesse and Dinde Truffée à la Périgéux; Gibier, Canard Sauvage; Entremets, Gelée de Pêches au Noyau, Kauglauffe au Sahazon, and Salade de Fruits; Relevés d'entremets, Canapés à la Prince de Galles, and Petits Hamacques en Caisse; Glaces, Fraises and Ananas.

The following night the Governor was entertained at a farewell dinner at the Wellington Club, Mr. Ed. Pearce, the President, being in the chair, the guest of the evening being on his right and Sir James Prendergast on his left. Captain Guthrie was also present, and the Hon. W. P. Reeves, the Hon. P. Buckley, Captain Bourke, of the Ringrooms, Mr. Wythea, of the yacht St. George, and Sir A. Steppay—about sixty altogether.

The next night the vice-regal party was entertained at supper by Dr. and Mrs. Newman, but this was not a very large affair. The Ladies Gwendoline and Dorothy stayed with Mrs. Newman on their arrival at Wellington, His Excellency and Lady Onslow staying with the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Johnston until they finally left Wellington.

The following afternoon the Earl and Countess held a farewell reception at Government House. There were not a large number of guests, but it was very pleasant, except, I might add, that there lurked a tinge of regret throughout the assemblage. Lady Onslow received in a dark grey gown softened with white chiffon ruffles down the front, and a small jet bonnet, and carried an exquisite bouquet of hot-house flowers. I believe they are in mourning for the Duke of Clarence. Captain Guthrie was helping to entertain. Afternoon tea and all sorts of good things were served in the dining-room. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. Travers, the latter in fawn and brown silk, and brown tulle bonnet with yellow roses; Mr. and Mrs. G. Beetham, the latter wearing a very quaint, new-looking gown, the skirt of fawn with a very broad edging of brown stripes, and a long bodice of brown figured satin, under which was a vest of striped and cornflowers on every side; they are evidently the prevailing flowers. Miss Johnston was in black silk, the long tabs edged with jet; Mrs. Grace wore blue figured foulard, and bonnet of cornflowers; Mrs. Newman also wore blue; Mrs. Reeves, white and black, and large white chiffon tie spotted with black, flat black hat with white flowers; the Misses Grace, grey; Mrs. Collins, a pretty combination of grey and white silk, large white hat; Miss Gibson, a visitor to Mrs. Collins from Dunedin, a very handsome dress, the prevailing colour being pink, which was trimmed with brown and gold; Mrs. Williams, a very pretty cream chiffon bonnet; the Misses Williams, grey; Mrs. Cooper, Miss Cooper, white delaine figured with black,

black hat with grey feathers; Mrs. Parfitt, cornflower blue, trimmed with gold braid; Mrs. Gore, Miss M. Gore, brown silk, and transparent cream bat with flowers; Mrs. Medley, Miss K. Hadfield, M. and Madame de Béchone, Mrs. Mantell, grey; Miss Dransfield, fawn; Miss L. Izard, cream; Mrs. Gillon, a pretty black dress, and bonnet embroidered with steel; Miss Quick, crushed strawberry silk with ruffles of black lace; Miss Murray, the Misses Halse, Trimmell, Fairchild, Allan, Barclay, Canon Howell (of Dunedin), and many others. The Ladies Gwendoline and Dorothy Onslow were present, being dressed completely in white, and Lord Huia, who was also taking leave of his many friends, being in his nurse's arms.

The evening of the same day Mrs. Charles Johnston gave a dinner party, and afterwards an 'at home,' as the last farewell to the Earl and Countess. It was a delightful affair, the guests of the evening apparently thoroughly enjoying everything. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston received in the hall, from whence everyone passed on into the drawing-room and shook hands with Lord and Lady Onslow. Dancing was kept up until nearly two o'clock, when all assembled and said good-bye to the host and hostess and the Earl and Countess. Mrs. Johnston wore a very handsome dress of palest pink brocade satin, made in the new redingote style over a petticoat and long train of pink crepon, the lining being of turquoise blue satin; puffed sleeves and a high collar, and a lovely bouquet of pink tiger lilies and maiden hair fern, completed an elegant costume; Lady Onslow was in black satin and lace, made with a very long train, and brightened only by quantities of diamonds on the low corsage and hair, and carried a huge bouquet of white tiger lilies and maiden hair tied with streamers of broad white ribbon. The Bishop of Christchurch and Mrs. Julius were there; and Lady and Miss Hector, Mr. and Madame de Béchone, Mr. and Mrs. Tolhurst, the Hon. P. and Mrs. Buckley, Mr. and Mr. Werry, Mrs. Richmond, the Hon. Dr. and Mrs. Grace (the latter in white silk striped with black velvet, and diamonds), Dr. and Mrs. Newman, the Hon. W. P. and Mrs. Reeves, Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Travers, Dr. and Mrs. Collins, Miss Johnston, sister of the host, who wore pale blue gauze studded with turquoise beads and turquoise buckles; Miss Williams, in pale blue scattered with buttercups; Miss H. Williams, wearing a very pretty pink satin brocade with true lover's knots; Miss Alice Grace (the only *absentee*), wore a lovely gown, the white satin train and bodice worn over a petticoat of lace, and carried a beautiful bouquet; Miss M. Grace, pale green with heliotrope chiffon sleeves; Miss Izard, white; Miss Gore, pale blue silk and pink crepon; and her sister, white silk with trails of white roses; Miss Richardson, white silk; the Misses Barron, pretty cream and pink chiffon gowns; the Misses Cooper, white; Miss Medley, cream with bronze passementerie; Miss Gibson, a pretty pale blue crepon gown, trained, the basque effectively trimmed with jewelled embroidery; Miss Menzies, blue silk; and her sister, old gold. Amongst the gentlemen were Captain Guthrie, Captain Bourke, of H.M.S. Ringrooms, and several of his officers; several officers from the team yacht St. George, and Messrs Baker, Cooper, Richmond, Turnbull (2), Tripp, Brown St. Hill, etc., etc. The whole house was most beautifully decorated, chiefly with quantities of sunflowers. A delicious champagne supper was served shortly before midnight, and the strains of 'John Peel' brought a most enjoyable dance to a close.

On Wednesday Lord and Lady Onslow and suite left by a special train at eleven a.m., and the railway station was thronged with people wishing to say good-bye. They drove down with Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, and Lord Huia wore an imitation Huia bird in his hat as he said farewell to the town of his birth. Lady Onslow was dressed in a dark travelling dress and black bonnet, and took affectionate farewells of Mrs. Johnston and other of her intimate friends before leaving. Captain Guthrie, the Hon. P. Buckley, and Mr. G. S. Cooper travelled with them part of the way.

A quiet though very interesting wedding was celebrated a few days ago—that of Mrs. Rawson, daughter of Mrs. Borlase, and Mr. Walter Pearson.

I must say a word about the Star Boating Club Swimming Sports before closing. They were held in the presence of about four hundred guests at the Star Sheds, and very interesting they were for those looking on who knew all the competitors. Afternoon tea was dispensed by the ladies, and proved most acceptable. I noticed Dr. and Mrs. Adams, Mrs. W. Ferguson, Miss Moorhouse, Mr. and Mrs. Ogle, Mrs. Wardrop, Dr. and Mrs. Rawson, Mr. and Mrs. Mantell, Mrs. and the Misses Cooper, the Misses Grace, the Misses Gore, Miss L. Izard, the Misses Harding, and many others.

Ah, something else too—we have been gay. An 'At Home' was given on board the private steam yacht St. George by the owner, Mr. Wythea, who has been visiting Wellington for a few weeks. The weather was lovely, and a very pleasant afternoon was spent, our numerous hosts proving most hospitable. I have not space to go into details, but you shall hear a few of the guests. The Hon. P. and Mrs. Buckley, the Hon. J. McKenzie, the Hon. K. Seddon, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Reeves, Mrs. and the Misses Cooper, the Misses Williams, Mrs. and the Misses Grace, Dr. and Mrs. Collins, Mrs. and the Misses Gore, and a great many of the Star Boating Club.

Amongst our distinguished visitors this week have been Lady Jersey, Lady Gower, the Hon. R. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Steppay, the Countess of Meath, and Mr. Wythea.

Except that it was given in honour of Bishop and Mrs. Julius, I will not be able to tell you anything about the Rev. Mr. Water's large garden party, for I am afraid I have already overstepped my amount of space. RUBY.

DEAR BEB,

FEBRUARY 26.

Bentley is the talk of the town, and deservedly so, for he is a splendid actor, and merits all the praise

showered upon him. He played 'Hamlet' on his opening night, and then gave 'David Garrick,' and in this latter I think I liked him the better, the character apparently suiting him to perfection. I believe the fact of the matter is that his company are not good enough for Shakespearian works—at least they do not appear to help him out with his difficult parts, which must be a great drawback. One good actor is a great deal, but he cannot do everything, and it struck me again and again that he was not well supported in 'Hamlet.' Up to the present he has had crowded houses every night, and they are likely to remain so considering the enthusiasm with which Bentley is nightly received, until the end of his season. Altogether I did not enjoy 'Hamlet' nearly as well as I did 'David Garrick,' the latter apparently being better staged, and more within the compass of the performers. The drunken scene by Bentley was an exceedingly clever piece of acting, and evoked roars of laughter, and the horror of Ada (Miss Hansen) was also very realistic. The company assembled at Mr. Ingot's dinner-table was very amusing, and one of the best things was the quarrel between Ada and her would be lover. The dresses worn by Bentley as David Garrick were very handsome. I liked him best in a handsome bluish-green plush coat braided with sparkling silver, white satin waistcoat braided with silver, white satin breeches, white silk stockings, and lace ruffles studded with diamond brooches. But in all his costumes he looked a fine handsome fellow. Miss Hansen, the heroine had an ungrateful part, but made the most of it, and brought tears to the eyes of many with her sobs when she was renounced by her father. First she wore a very pretty pale blue brocade with a Watteau train falling from the shoulders, and then afterward at the dinner party she was dressed in cream satin, made also with a Watteau train and cascades of lace. Arimata, the authoress (Miss May Thorne), was splendid and was capably got up, and so also was the stutcher, but Mrs. Brown (Miss Deorwyp) I thought rather overdid her part. In 'Cramond Brig' Bentley, as Jock, the Scotch Farmer, was so good, and was quite unrecognisable from the courtly David Garrick. Surely he must be a Scotchman: his accent was perfect. Miss Hansen had a small part only in this, but did it well, and looked quite the Scotch lassie. The king (Mr. Alderson), acted remarkably well in this, but Bentley was simply inimitable. He is so natural and seems to thoroughly enter into his parts. The dinner scene where Jock unconsciously entertains the king is most amusing; indeed, the farce altogether is worth seeing if only to have a good hearty laugh. Amongst the audience on both nights were Dr. and Mrs. Grace, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, Miss Fitzgerald, Mr. Mrs. and the Misses Polhurst, Mrs. Buckley, Mr. and Mrs. Loughnan, the Hon. Mr. Seddon, and Mrs. Seddon, the Hon. J. McKenzie, Mrs. Edward Richardson, Miss Johnston, the Misses Grace, Mrs. Collins, Miss Gibson (Dunedin), Mrs. Leckie, Mr. and Mrs. Jellicoe, Mrs. and the Misses Gore, Mr. and Mrs. Moorhouse, Miss H. Moorhouse, Miss Izard, the Misses Cooper, Dr. and Mrs. Gillon, Mrs. (Dr.) Pollen, Miss Williams (Gisborne), Mr. Tanner and Mrs. Gordon (Hastings), Mr. and the Misses Burnett, and many others. We are to have 'The Bells' next, and then several more Shakespearian pieces.

The Flower Show is now open at the Columbia Rink, and is an excellent display. The weather was kind, and allowed the flowers to be picked quite perfect the day before. I think the dahlias are the finest ever exhibited, but the hot-house flowers are very beautiful. There is one table entirely covered with exhibits from Government House, chiefly remarkable for the exquisite maiden-hair ferns. The bouquets are one and all so very old-fashioned—tightly tied, and with so little greenery. Nothing could be more beautiful and natural than the new large, loosely-arranged bouquets, arranged with just Nature's green leaves and grasses, and for one never sees them at a flower show. One esperegne filled with rats and variegated grasses was exquisite, and the roses and lilies were lovely. I have never seen such a magnificent display of vegetables. The collections of flowering begonias exhibited by Mrs. Burne, Mr. McKay, and Mr. Charles Izard (junr.) are wonderful. Amongst the prize-takers are Mrs. Burne, Mrs. McNab, Mrs. H. D. Bell, Mr. Eberle, Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. W. Moorhouse, Mr. C. J. Hill, Mr. C. H. Izard, Mrs. Stuart, and for bouquets in various classes the prize-winners are Miss McNab, Miss Cooper, D. N. Wilkinson, Miss Crease, Miss Salmon, T. H. Sewell, Mrs. Wills, and W. H. Taylor.

Lady Hector is giving a garden party at Petone very soon, and there is to be a conversation at the Museum in honour of the University Senate which is sitting in Wellington now. RUBY.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEB,

FEBRUARY 15.

Mrs. Philip Hamner, of Fendalton, gave a large garden-party one afternoon. Among the *invites* were Mr. and Mrs. Michael Campbell; Miss Hattie Campbell, in a lovely gown of white crepe, pink and white striped yoke of same material; Mrs. Willing looked very handsome in a dark green dress trimmed with rich old lace; Mrs. Hamner wore dark blue with white embroidery; Mrs. P. Hamner, in a grey spotted gown; Mrs. Bates had a tasteful dress of myrtle green silk, with black lace flounces around bodice and skirt looped up with jet; Mrs. F. Miles was in white; Miss Willis in grey white-braided gown, white and grey hat; Mrs. Wigram, in dark blue, white shirt and sailor hat; Mrs. Forbes looked well in a handsome black silk, white flowers in bonnet. Others were Mr. and Mrs. Charlewood, Mr. and Mrs. George Hamner, Mr. and Miss Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. and Miss Gilman, Mr. Mrs., and Miss Neave, Mrs. and Miss Gerard, the Misses Bowen, and the Misses Neidwell.

Professor and Mrs. Cook entertained a party of English friends to luncheon one day last week.

Kowalski, the celebrated pianist, gave the musical public a treat last week at four excellent concerts. Unfortunately however, Christchurch cannot support more than one good public amusement at a time. Walter Bentley continued to draw large houses, but I am afraid fond as people here profess to be of good music, the musical artists were not so well patronised. I like Kowalski best in his own music. His pupil, Miss Beatrice Griffiths, is also a brilliant pianist. Miss Russow's singing is always delightful in execution and refinement, and I think her voice has gained in mellowness of tone.

Continued on page 54.

OVER THE ALPS WITH THE GOVERNOR.



LAKE WANAKA FROM NEAR PEMBROKE.

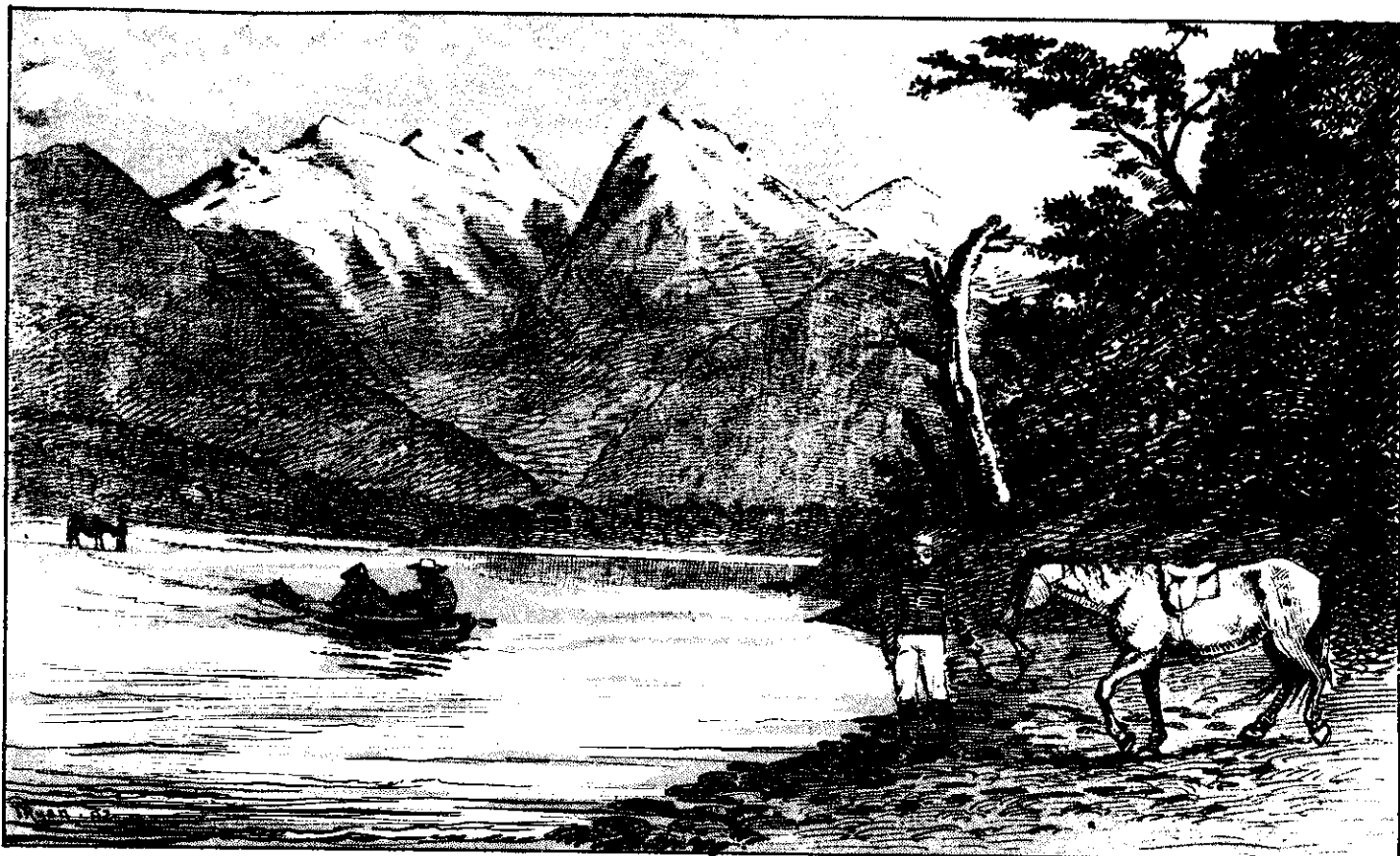
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



HEAD OF LAKE WAKATIPU.

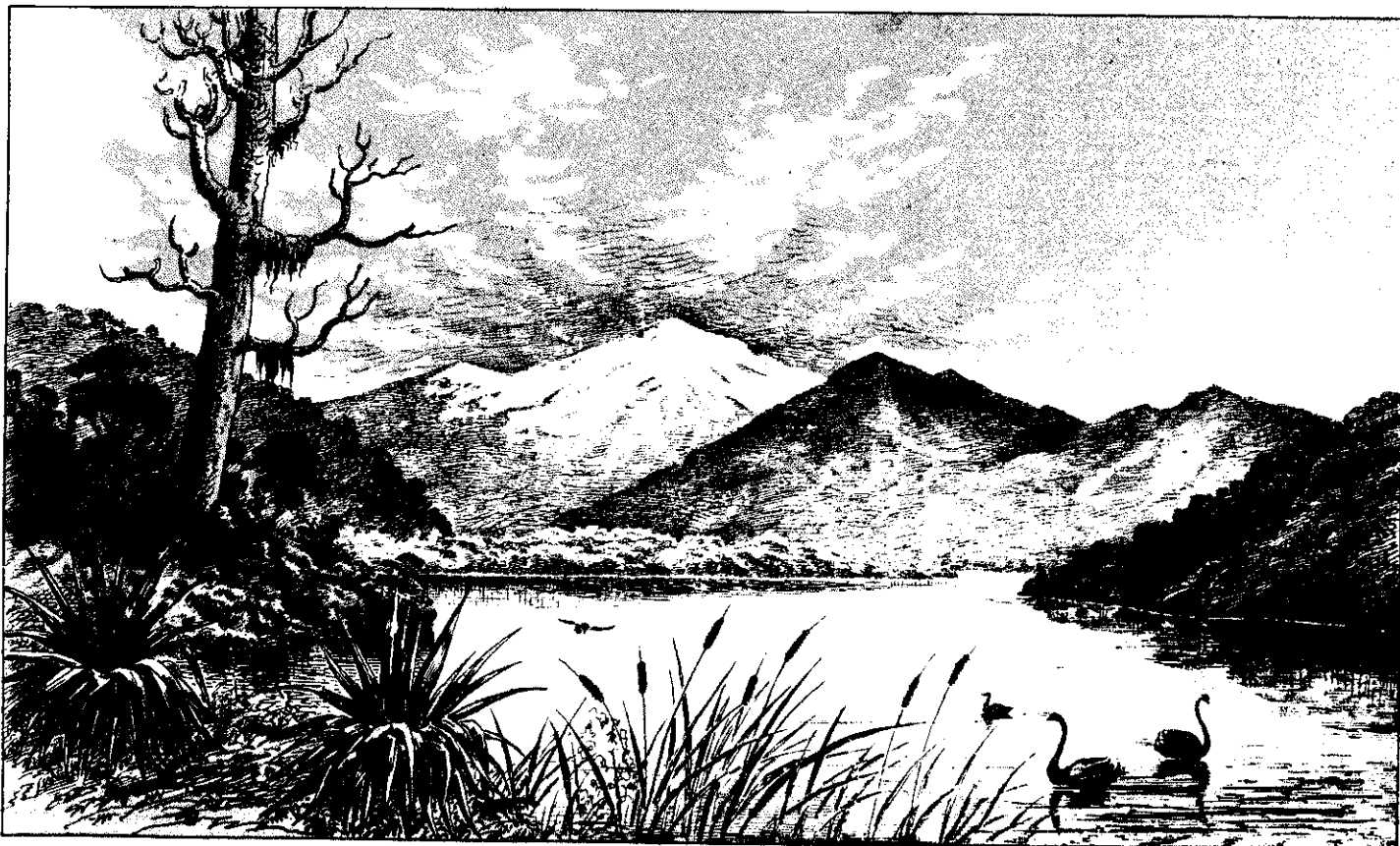
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

OVER THE ALPS WITH THE GOVERNOR.



CROSSING THE WATAROA RIVER.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



LAKE PARINGA, WEST COAST.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

(Continued from page 251.)

The theatre, as I have already said, has been full every night. I have seen Bentley as Claude Melnotte, and as John Midway, in 'Still Waters Run Deep' and in 'Shakespeare'. In all he is a finished actor, and makes the most of each part, but it is the general opinion that his genius can have full play, rather than in mild, modern-comedy roles, such as John Midway. Let me entreat you not to miss a chance of going to see him. We have never had a better actor on our shores, connoisseurs say. The company, too, is a strong one on the whole, so you will be altogether pleased.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 23.

I feel almost too heart-broken to write to you to-day. Bentley has gone. He gave a farewell performance of 'David Garrick' and 'The Taming of the Shrew,' and made us quite a touching little speech at the end. The only thing that will console us for his loss is the knowledge that we shall probably have him with us again next year, but with a different company. One thing is certain, if we had had him here much longer we should all have become bankrupt, for no one who had once heard him could resist going to the theatre again and again. Indeed, I know of some people who went to see him in every piece that was put on the stage. His Shakespearian renderings, particularly that of 'Hamlet,' are very fine; but I confess to an undecanted liking for the lighter dramas myself, and Bentley pleases me most in 'Money' and 'David Garrick.' The former play was undoubtedly the most enjoyable of any given by this talented company. Miss Hansen, the leading lady, acts gracefully and naturally. Do notice some of her gowns; they are models of elegance. *Adaptus*, I cannot resist mentioning Miss Deorwyn's dress in 'The Taming of the Shrew.' It is of handsome red brocade, fitting closely, and with a long train; bodies cut square in front; high sleeves, with a tiny cape of satin over each shoulder. Over her head she wore a dainty toque to match, turned up becomingly on one side with feathers. It would make a splendid fancy dress for a dark girl.

While I am telling you about public amusements, I should like to describe a ballad concert given by Mr Weir. There was a large audience, chiefly of ladies however, as men find it difficult to get away from work for *matinee* performances. The lady vocalists were Miss Ada Taylor, Miss Fairbairn, Miss Bonnington, and Miss Bell, and Mrs Wilson. The latter lady, as you know, has a full, rich contralto voice, and sang very effectively. Miss Taylor is a finished artist, and the remaining three ladies have each very pleasant soprano voices. Mr Weir was at his best. He possesses a light tenor of good quality, and sings with infinite taste and sweetness. Mr Millar, also in capital voice, Mr Hugh Reeves, Mrs Edgar, and Mr Lund were the other performers. Among the listeners I noticed Mrs Russell, Mrs Gardner, Mrs Bell, Mrs G. Roberts, Mrs Stringer, Miss Rollands (Sydney), Mrs and Miss Meares, Mrs Louison, Miss M. Tabart, Miss Thomson, Mrs Ollivier, and Mrs Graham.

When the Lake Forsyth Annual Regatta was held the day was beautifully fine, and a public holiday, so thousands of people flocked out of town. There were several picnic parties organised to Lake Forsyth. Mrs Cunningham had a party there. I also heard of one given by Messrs Newman and Day.

One evening Miss Spenseley gave a river picnic. Another was given by Mr Alpers, of which the chief feature was some real punting. I hear a pouring rain surprised this and other river parties during the evening. You see I cannot write you a letter without mentioning the weather, our summer has been too disappointing.

Mrs Leonard Harper gave a ladies' luncheon, at which Mrs Cook, Mrs Westmacott, and Mrs Forbes were some of the guests. Mr Harper is already en route again for New Zealand, having taken his return passage with Mr J. Gould.

In the afternoon Mrs Clark, of Colombo Road, gave another very enjoyable garden party. She has lovely lawns, and besides tennis, one can enjoy punting up and down the pretty little brook which flows through in the grounds. I cannot tell you of many new gowns, it is too late in the season, but the following are the names of some of the guests. Mrs Howard, Miss Bullock, Mrs and the Misses Cowlishaw, Mrs and the Misses Wynn-Williams, Mrs Robison, and her daughter, Mrs Campbell, Miss Helmore, Mrs Parberry, Mrs A. Wilson, Mrs and Miss Lily Kimbell, Mrs and the Misses Rhodes, Mrs and Miss Greenwood, the latter of whom we are glad to see looking very well after her recent trip to Napier; Mr and Miss Mitchell Clark, Messrs Hall, Mathias, Rolleston, Fenwick, Harman, Harris, etc.

In the evening there was a musical 'at home' at 'Tilford.' Mrs and Miss Loughnan were exceedingly attentive to their numerous guests, all of whom passed a pleasant evening. Miss Beatrice Loughnan sang very well to her guitar accompaniment; Miss Burns played some brilliant piano solos. Mrs Burns was present, and disappointed us all very much by not singing. Mr Izard, as usual, charmed everyone with his sympathetic rendering of ballads.

Mrs Cook, of Cranmer Square, entertained about fifty little children from 3 to 7 p.m.

Mrs Bullock, of 'Ferndale,' Avonside, is giving a large 'at home' at her residence. Dancing is to be the programme, and I hear nearly one hundred guests are invited.

Preparations for the ladies' concert are in full swing. It is to come off before this reaches you, and all the performers are busy with rehearsals and ticket selling. Tickets are going rapidly, they say.

The last direct boat homeward bound took Mr and Mrs Clifford, and Mr W. Cowlishaw; and Messrs W. and J. Edwards are once more among us.

I shall have pleasant news to tell you next week—that of two weddings. Till then adieu.

DOLLY VALE.

PHOTOGRAPHER: 'Will you take something to drink?'

Sitter: 'With pleasure. (The photo was taken, and the sitter said: 'But what about that little invitation?'

Photographer: 'Oh, sir, that is just a trade ruse of mine, to give a natural and interested expression to the face.'

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

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE,

FEBRUARY 25.

Mrs T. Whitson gave a large farewell afternoon tea to Mr Whitson (sen.), her husband's brother, who has been staying on a lengthy visit, and who is now leaving for good. There were about fifty ladies present, and as several among them sang very well, there was some capital music, Mrs Hislop, Mrs Whitson, and Miss K. Grant contributing, and a most enjoyable afternoon was passed.

This is Cup Day, and a fine morning, and the town is all astrir. Next week I shall have the dresses to tell you of, and must conclude now as it is time I was away.

Wirth's Circus is pitched, and is driving splendidly, the three rings being really too great a task to watch at one and the same time.

MAUDE.

TIMARU.

DEAR BEE,

FEBRUARY 23.

What fearful weather we have been having lately, especially down this way. We not only have had so much rain here, but such a fearful sea for about a week. One day in particular the sight was so magnificent that it drew crowds of spectators to the shore all day. The sea dashed over the whole length of the breakwater, carrying with it great quantities of shingle, most of which it deposited on the breakwater and wharf. The waves were a tremendous height before they broke, and huge white breakers were rolling into Caroline Bay for more than two miles out with a noise like thunder. Oh! it was a glorious sight! Many thought the sea rougher than on the memorable fourteenth of May. Of course, bathing was impossible for some days, but I am quite sure the visitors to Timaru must have felt quite repaid for this loss by witnessing such a grand sight. There have been such fearful floods, too, down South of here. I am afraid many poor farmers have suffered severely. Some of them in Otago had their sheaves washed bodily away, for of course, the grain was all, or nearly all, standing in stook, very few, unfortunately, having begun to stack. It has all sprouted, though in some places not so much as was feared. It will be disastrous to farmers everywhere. However, the weather looks more settled now, and one may hear in all directions the monotonous hum of the threshing machine. Many, indeed, have been threshing from stook.

I expect you have heard all about Mr A. E. G. Rhodes' wedding, but in case you have not I will give you a brief account. The bride was Miss Rose Moorhouse, of Waimate, and the wedding took place in St. Augustine's Church, Waimate. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Harper, assisted by the local clergyman, Rev. J. Toichon, and Rev. C. Coates, of Lyttelton. Mr Barton, of Wellington, was best man, and the six bridesmaids were Miss Isabel Studholme, Miss Ruth Studholme, and Miss Alice Moorhouse (cousins of the bride), Miss Amy Rhodes (cousin of the bridegroom), and the two little Misses Laing-Meason. Miss M. Studholme wore a pink dress trimmed prettily with pale grey chiffon; Miss R. Studholme, Miss Moorhouse, and Miss Rhodes wore pretty grey gowns trimmed with pink silk; the Misses Laing-Meason, nieces of the bride, looked very pretty in pink silk frocks picked out with pale grey, bronze shoes and stockings. Each bridesmaid wore a beautiful gold bracelet set with pearls, the gift of the bridegroom. Miss Moorhouse was married from the house of her aunt, Mrs Michael Studholme. A great many guests were assembled in response to the liberal invitations of Mrs Studholme. Among them were Mrs G. Rhodes (Wellington), Mrs R. Rhodes (of Elmwood, Christchurch), and her daughters—the Misses Amy and Emily Rhodes, Mrs B. M. Moorhouse (Christchurch) and her sons, Dr. Moorhouse, and Mr F. Moorhouse, Mr and Mrs G. Laing-Meason (of Timaru), and their daughters, Mrs Buchanan (Timaru), Mr W. Moorhouse (Wellington), Mr P. Studholme, Mr and Mrs J. M. Barker, Mrs A. Boyle and her daughter, Mr G. H. Rhodes (Clarendon), Mr P. Perry, Miss Alice Moorhouse, Rev. C. Coates, and Mrs Coates, Mr H. Bewick (Christchurch), Mrs Blakiston, Mr Robert H. Rhodes, Mr and Mrs A. Clark, Mr E. T. Rhodes (Hadlow), Mr, Mrs, and Miss Hessel, Mr and Mrs Parker, and Mrs Smithson (Timaru), Messrs J. Thierens, H. Tripp, E. H. Cameron, G. McLean, and C. Perry. Mr and Mrs Cecil Perry, Mr and Mrs G. E. Rhodes, Mr A. Perry and his sons, and Miss Turnbull would also have been present but for the sad death of Mr H. Bristol, which occurred last week. Mr Bristol was a cousin of the bridegroom, and his death has cast a gloom over the whole community. He was a keen sportsman and a noted cricketer, and his loss will be much felt in Timaru, where he has spent the whole of his short life (twenty-four years). The bride's dress was of beautiful white Duchesse satin with long train, and trimmings of white chiffon and ostrich tips. Orange blossoms were fastened on the left side of the train and in the hair, surrounded by a profusion of tulle, which composed the veil. The dress fitted to perfection, and was the admiration of all who saw it. The travelling dress was also extremely pretty, being of soft grey with vest of silver and white brocade. The happy pair left by south express en route for Auckland on Thursday.

This week we have the Rev. W. J. Mayer here. We have all looked forward with great interest to his visit. It is such a good idea, I think, to send him out here, for Dr. Barnado could never stir up the same amount of interest in his splendid institution by any other means. He is a most wonderful man, and I am sure his representative, Mr Mayer, will be well received wherever he goes. I do not think he will return home empty-handed (or pocketed). At all events the theatre was crowded the other night when the Company gave an entertainment here. Every available corner was filled, numbers standing in all parts, and the stage being packed. Rev. Mr Mayer's description of the Houses was extremely interesting, and his cause evidently met with sympathy, for a very large sum was collected during the evening.

The Bicycle Clubs held their annual sports last week, but they were decidedly 'damped' by the weather. Of course, very few ladies were present, but on the whole, although the track was rather heavy, the sports were very good.

A large complimentary banquet was given the other evening to Mr. Moore Jones. A great many guests met in the Assembly rooms, all of whom were old friends of Mr

Jones. Some very good speeches were made, and a pleasant evening was spent.

The cold weather is creeping upon us once more. Many of the shops are exhibiting winter goods. It seems as if the summer was only just beginning. Now, dear Bee, I must leave off.

ESTELLE.

MARLBOROUGH.

DEAR BEE,

FEBRUARY 25.

If I were an artist I should portray with a few pencil strokes a great deal of the scenery through which we processionists passed on our way to and from the Nelson Jubilee, but not being endowed with that most charming attribute, I must leave all descriptions—to which I could not possibly do justice—to your imagination. The Rai Valley is indescribably beautiful, and for miles you drive through a natural and perfect avenue of all sorts of beautiful shrubs, creepers, trees, and rare ferns, the majestic Pelorus River flowing peacefully along, whilst the tremendous rocks in its bed show only too plainly what it is capable of in flood time. Plantations of trees ferns grow along its banks, and here and there a gully spreading out, in which the nikau-palm grows plentifully and unmolested in all its native glory. I should show you the road winding up the Rai and Wangamoa saddles, and the deep gullies full of supple-jacks, brambles, mighty rocks, apparently tumbled one upon the other by nature unsparing hand, and the rushing water which looked like silver specks here and there down in the 'Unfathomable Depths,' as one particular gully is named. But, alas! I can only write, and space is valuable even if I could do justice to the theme.

For days the exodus from Blenheim and the surrounding district had been going on, the travellers' faces all set in the direction of Nelson. We went in all manner of vehicles, coaches, vans, sulkeys, buggies, expresses, some went by steamer, and some followed John Gilpin's illustrious example, and went 'on horseback after we,' till there were between four hundred and five hundred Marlborough people at the Nelson Jubilee, and I think we all heartily enjoyed ourselves. I can speak for myself at any rate.

Our particular buggy was warranted to hold three, our horses warranted to go, and our Jehu one of the whips in Marlborough, a statement which was proved by our beating the record and doing the distance—about ninety miles—in eight hours, not counting stoppages, of course. No wonder a poetical-looking individual came out and quoted Scripture to us at one of the four *half-way houses* on the road. 'I knew who it was,' he said, 'for the driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimoth.'

In Nelson I saw Mr and Mrs C. Watts, Mr and Mrs F. Richmond, Mr and Mrs Macalister (and Mrs Allen, Mr and Mrs Richardson, Mr and Mrs C. H. Mills (of Havelock), Mr and Mrs A. P. Seymour, Mr and Mrs Jackson, Mr and Mrs Hanna, Mr and Mrs Clouston, Mrs Mowatt (of the Awatere) Mr and Mrs G. F. Watts, Mrs and Miss Mullen, Mrs and Miss Farmer, Mr and Mrs J. Bell, Mrs Griffiths, Mrs and the Misses Gillespie, Mrs Draper, Miss Duncan, Miss Hay, Miss Clare, and so many others, that we were meeting, smiling at, and shaking hands with Marlborough people wherever we went. I believe we are all returned now.

The Ringarooma paid a visit to our pretty harbour after assisting at the Jubilee, and Picton was *en fete* for the occasion. Many of our inland towners went down by train, making Picton look as festive as on New Year's Day. Two dinners were got up in Blenheim, one for the officers and one for the men, but alas! the liberal spirit which has actuated the lords of creation at the Nelson Jubilee, and later still in Wellington on the occasion of a farewell banquet to Lord Onslow—to admit ladies—has not yet found its way to enlightened Blenheim. There was no dance got up, and we were debarred, as having no rights, from the little dinners.

The light shined! On board the Ringarooma were Mr and Mrs James Hodson, Mr and Mrs Helliwell, Mr and Mrs Fell, Mr and Mrs A. P. Seymour, Mr and Mrs H. C. Seymour, Mr Philpotts, Mrs Duncan, Mrs Smith, Mrs Speed, Mrs Beauchamp, and the Misses Dobson, Farmer, Speed, Mellish, Seymour (A. P.), Seymour, Scott, Allen, Gilbert, Hay, Beauchamp, Falconer, Kenny, Gordon, Mullen, White, Philpotts, and Western. The captain and officers were very kind in showing their ship and all the objects of interest on board, but I think an old man-o'-war like the Challenger, or the French L'Inferno, much more interesting. They seemed to have picked up so many curios in their travels, which have so many quaint histories attached to them, and the men seem to have so much more to talk to their visitors about.

A cricket match was the only excitement the Pictonians were able to get up for the visitors, and that the Ringarooma people won. Afterwards Mrs Speed rewarded the combatants and others with afternoon tea.

One day was spent by the visitors in Blenheim rabbit-shooting, and another game of cricket, which they won too, and at which Mrs A. P. Lucas and Mrs Snodgrass dispensed afternoon tea. The weather was showery, and there were not many ladies on the ground, and apparently very little interest taken in the game. The day was finished off with the little dinners before mentioned, at which Captain Bourke complimented New Zealanders generally on the purity of their English, and one of the diners then and there distinguished himself by calling out 'ear, ear,' and wondered what everybody was laughing at.

There was a garden party at 'Marshlands,' the residence of Mr and Mrs Chaytor, in aid of St. Luke's Church. Mrs Chaytor always manages to make a success of anything she takes in hand, and the garden party was no exception to the rule. Mrs Reynolds, Mrs Hiley, the Misses Chaytor and others were assisting at the various magnets on the grounds.

The children belonging to the church of England Sunday-school had an enjoyable picnic up Eason's Valley. Plenty of visitors, young and 'grown ups,' joined in to assist in making the affair a success, which it undoubtedly was, though strangers expressed their unbounded surprise at there being no clergyman present. However, everybody enjoyed themselves, and the verdict was that this was the best picnic ever held by the English Sunday-school.

Grattan's Riggs' Company have been performing here to moderately good houses, both in Picton and Blenheim. Many pleasure-going folks had not returned from the

Jubilee, and others had had so much pleasure that they could not feel very enthusiastic over it, but it was worth going to, and (I trust) King himself is very good. At present we have Professor Artemus Colledge, the phrenopsychologist, with us. He is very highly spoken of, and I hope to hear and see him before he leaves Blenheim.

We have invented quite an elegant bad-language code here, and coming home from the Jubilee, whenever the horses thought it was time for a rest, we could hear the gentlemen swearing at them in a most unconcerned way, flattering themselves all the time that we knew nothing at all about it. But of course we knew quite well that, 'Oh! you hymenophilium javanicum aspidium bulbiferum, pteris aquilina,' and so on, had no reference whatever to ferns, especially when accompanied by the whip application and a few interjections relating to an old cow or a pig. We knew our driver had to be cruel to be kind, especially when the horses thought seriously of taking up their abode for the night in the middle of a rather bad river, and we forgave the driver and pretended ignorance of its purport.

JEAN.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE,

MARCH 1.

To return to some Auckland amusements. We seem to have lived in a whirl of gaiety this week. Dr. and Mrs. Honeyman have gone to Sydney for two or three months, when they return here again before their trip to England. Before she left, Mrs. Honeyman had an impromptu dance, and it was most enjoyable. The floor was very good, likewise the music. The upper table looked quite a picture, being draped with yellow silk and silk net, and sunflowers, so you can imagine what a pretty effect it gave. About thirty guests were present, the ladies all looking very nice. Our hostess wore a beautifully-fitting gown of apricot-yellow silk, shoes and gloves to match, and a bouquet of pale yellow roses pinned in the bodice; Mrs. Haines looked her best in a soft black dress; her sister, Miss Isaacs, also in black; Mrs. Bloomfield wore white satin trimmed with net, and garlands of green poppies and white marguerites, white ostrich feather fan; you know, Bee, how pretty she is; Mrs. Moss-Davis, in poppy red; and her daughter, in blue-grey silk; Mrs. (Dr.) Lindsay, in white; Mrs. Walker, black; Miss Firth wore white trimmed with gold; and her sister, salmon pink silk and black lace; Miss Anderson, cream; the Misses Hay, black lace dresses; Miss C. Walker, pretty dress of mauve trimmed with violets. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs Sharland, Clark, Kettlewell, Stewart, Felley, etc. There were plenty of gentlemen, and a very delicious supper, so you can imagine every one enjoyed themselves.

We went to see the tennis match between Mr Morrison and Mr Hooper, which the latter won rather easily. Amongst those on the lawn (there was a great crowd) I noticed Mesdames Rock, Warr, Morrison, Carr, Bridgeman, Mr and Mrs Bull, Mr and Mrs Heather, besides hosts of girls. After the match, which was over at 4.30, we went on to polo, and had a cup of tea there. Poor Colonel Dawson had rather an accident. Somebody whirled his stick round very fiercely, and evidently mistook the Colonel's head for the ball. The result was a nasty cut, which Dr. Forbes dressed as well as he could under the circumstances. The interest in polo, judging by the numbers present, doesn't seem to be dying out. Amongst those on wheels I noticed Mrs Walker driving Mrs (Colonel) Dawson; Miss Gordon driving her sister; Mrs Craig, who is up from Christchurch for a short time; Mrs Bilborough and Mrs Buddie; and Miss Firth in her phaeton. On horseback were Mr and Mrs Bloomfield, Misses Firth, Dixon, and Sellers, and several gentlemen. I noticed on the grandstand Mrs Dargaville, Misses Wilkins, Jervis, Fenton, Keer, Berry, etc.

Mrs Allan Kerr-Taylor, Alberton, assisted by her son and daughters, gave a very successful impromptu young people's dance. About fifty couples glided round their spacious ball room, the officers of H.M.S. Tauranga and the German ship Hussard making quite a brilliant scene with their gold lace amongst the many beautiful dresses worn by the ladies. The hostess wore black grenadine, while her two daughters wore pink sateen edged with net and silver flowers. Amongst those present were Miss Burchell, who looked extremely well in blue tulle and white rosebuds; Miss Firth, cream; Miss M. Firth, grey sateen; Miss C. Firth, heliotrope; Miss Devore wore a very stylish and becoming costume of white muslin trimmed with black velvet bows; Miss Kilgour, a pretty dress of pink; while her sister wore pale blue, both of them carrying large bouquets of flowers; Miss Rees, white; Miss Stevenson (Ponsonby), black lace; Miss Nashelski, a becoming white dress; Miss Upton, white; Miss Masfield, in a peculiar shade of pink; Miss Evans, white; Miss Beale looked very interesting in black tulle; Miss Brigham, in a pretty cream Indian silk; Miss Birch, in grey shot and blue satin; Miss L. Baker, dark shade of pink; Miss E. Baker, in white, Miss Burrell in blue; Miss McDonald looked remarkably pretty in a handsome costume of cream and gold; Miss Williamson, in white silk; Miss Heekher, in pale blue; Miss Buckland, in white; Miss Rooke, pretty white muslin; Miss Percival, pink; and her sister, cream; Miss Keesing, elegant pale yellow silk; Miss N. Scherff looked very pretty in white; Miss E. Scherff, white muslin, handsome red cloak; Miss Jervis, red tulle; Miss (Gordon), black lace; Miss Sellers, pink; Miss Dixon looked very well in black with white sash; Miss Larkins, blue with gold; Miss O'Brien, in white cashmere; Miss G. Walker, red cashmere; Miss Elliot, pink; Miss Kempthorne, dark shade of yellow. I cannot remember any other young ladies at present, nor can I decide who looked the best, as they all looked so remarkably well. Miss McDonald (Parnell) had a charming afternoon tea at St. Helier's Bay. Some of the officers of the Tauranga were present.

A large number of spectators of both sexes were present at the Auckland Swimming Club's Summer Carnival in the Graving Dock, and a very pleasant afternoon was spent in watching the various events, which were, on the whole, closely contested. The weather was beautifully fine, a pleasant breeze tempering the heat of the sun. The Club had provided ample seating accommodation, so that we could sit in comfort and watch the races, while the Artillery

Band on the ground enlivened the time with selections of music at short intervals. I noticed a number of very pretty dresses. Amongst those whom I remember were Mrs D. K. Cruickshank, wearing a dainty and stylish white muslin gown embroidered with pale grey, pouter hat trimmed with white ribbon, and wreath of tiny white flowers, white silk parasol; her little daughter also wore a pretty white frock and hat; Miss Grey, pretty pale pink gown, black lace hat with pink flowers; Mrs Cosser, black gown, black and gold bonnet; one daughter looked well in black, with tan-coloured vest and hat to correspond, and the other in fawn tweed with brown crossbars, and pretty little hat to match; Miss Porter looked uncommonly well in a cornflower blue gown, large hat trimmed with scarlet poppies and scarf of white chiffon; Miss Dickey wore a stylish white dress trimmed with embroidery, white hat; her sisters wore fawn and grey, respectively, and pretty white hats trimmed with ostrich tips and ribbon; Miss Nellie Edmiston, stylish and very becoming cornflower blue dress trimmed with ribbon velvet, openwork straw hat trimmed with cornflowers and ribbon; Mrs Upton, dark blue flowered sateen gown, black lace bonnet with wreath of cream roses; Miss Upton also wore a dark blue gown and fawn hat; Miss Maggie Stevenson, pretty white dress and hat; Miss Owen, grey skirt, white blouse bodice, and pretty little gold and cream hat; her sister wore a pretty cream dress, and hat trimmed with feathers; Miss Dannel, stylish grey gown, and pretty black and gold hat; Miss Dillam also wore grey, and black lace hat; Mrs Myers, handsome black gown, black bonnet with white tips; Mrs Goldie, fawn gown, black and yellow bonnet; Miss Lewis, light biscuit coloured dress, white hat trimmed with ostrich feathers; Mrs Banne, handsome black costume, bonnet trimmed with old gold feathers; Miss Stewart, blue cambric gown, sailor hat banded with blue ribbon; Mrs Coutts, dark gown, silk and lace mantle, and bonnet trimmed with flowers; Mrs Burns, black silk dress, and mantle richly trimmed with jet, black bonnet; Mrs Fountain, pretty white flowered muslin dress, cream hat.

The Auckland Society of Arts hold their annual exhibition this week in the Choral Hall. A large number of pictures have been received for exhibition, and the Hanging Committee have been kept busily engaged during the last few days preparing for the opening conversation and private view of members and friends.

The members of the Auckland Choral Society are engaged at their weekly practise in the rehearsal of Mendelssohn's 'St. Paul' for the next concert, which takes place about the end of the present month. The soloists are Miss Harper (soprano), Mrs Burgess (alto), Mr Ferriday (tenor), and Mr Percy Dufaur (bass).

The North Shore Lawn Tennis Club entertained the Auckland Lawn Tennis Club on their ground upon the holiday afternoon. The lawns were looking both fresh and green after the recent rains, and presented a gay and bright appearance with the many light and dainty costumes worn by the ladies, and the light tennis suits of their masculine friends. With members, visitors, and friends there must have been quite one hundred and fifty present, and the afternoon was most enjoyably spent in watching the games and conversing with the players. Some really excellent games were played during the afternoon, the contests at times between the rival clubs being most exciting. The North Shore ladies provided a splendid tea, and I can assure you we all enjoyed the delicious cakes, fruit, etc., which were present in such abundance. The members of the Club, both ladies and gentlemen, were indefatigable in looking after and attending to the wants and comfort of their visitors. Amongst the North Shore ladies were Mrs Frater, who looked well in a pretty cream costume; Miss Hill looked exceedingly nice in pale blue skirt, white blouse, and large white hat; Mrs Nicol wore an all white dress, and pale green hat trimmed with red; Miss Patterson, navy blue skirt and small sailor hat; Miss Annie Scott, pretty pale blue and white costume, white hat; Misses Harvey looked nice in all white costumes; Miss Sibben, stylish mourning; Miss N. Biddle also wore a pretty mourning costume; Miss Russell, dainty cream tennis dress; Mrs Keals, all white; Mrs Allport, Mrs Scardon, Miss Murchie, Miss Mason, and numerous others. Amongst the visitors from the Auckland Club were Mrs Chapman, Misses Atkinson (3), Misses (Marie) (2), Miss Pierce, Miss Woolter, Misses (Gretchen) (2), Misses Nicholson (2), Miss E. Scherff. The majority of the ladies wore their club colours (red and gold). Miss Gorrie's costume being perhaps the most admired. It was composed of soft cream material, with belt, collar, and cuffs of red and gold, and small cream hat. Amongst the lady visitors were Mrs Logan, Mrs Philcox, Mrs E. Queret, Miss Buddie, Miss Bates, Misses Cameron, Miss Cook, Miss Chapman, Mrs Duder, Miss Cave, and many others whose names I did not know.

The marriage of Miss Ada Hills, daughter of Councillor Hills, of Onehunga, to Mr W. T. Court, eldest son of Mr F. W. Court, was solemnized at St. Peter's Church, Onehunga, by the Rev. W. Mulgan. Although the wedding took place at the early hour of 8 a.m., the sacred building was well filled with the many friends of the young couple, who are both well known in the district. The church looked very pretty, the harvest festival having taken place the day previous, and the decorations had not been removed. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a trained gown of white cashmere prettily trimmed with lace, ribbon, and sprays of orange blossoms, wreath of orange blossoms and long tulle veil, and carried a lovely bouquet of white blossoms and maiden-hair ferns. The bridesmaids were the Misses Flora Hills and Court (cousin of the bridegroom). Their dresses were exceedingly pretty—of shrimp pink cashmere, the skirts finished with a ruche (shell pattern), the same trimming also finishing the bodice and sleeves. Their hair was tied with shrimp pink ribbon, and each carried a pretty bouquet to correspond with their gowns. Mr Butler Hills acted as best man. A large number of guests were entertained at a splendid wedding breakfast by the parents of the bride. The newly-wedded couple left by the morning train for Rotoura and Okoroite, where the honeymoon will be spent. The bride's travelling dress was of French grey cashmere trimmed with white silk, and white hat with ostrich tips. The bride's mother wore a black silk gown veiled with black silk lace; Mrs F. W. Court wore a rich black silk gown trimmed with jet; Mrs Mulgan, also wore a handsome gown of black silk; Mrs Chappell, black satin gown trimmed with jet; Mrs Gilmour, fawn silk costume; Mrs Stych, black satin costume; Mrs W. Hills, crushed strawberry gown trimmed with brocade; Mrs Hutchinson, black silk costume. Amongst the wedding pre-

sents, which were numerous and handsome, was a beautifully-bound Bible, presented to the bride by the Rev. W. Mulgan.

MURIEL.

NAPIER.

DEAR BEE,

FEBRUARY 23.

I think I told you in my last that a boating picnic was on the tapis, but as the weather proved so unfavourable, it was decided to give a dance instead. Miss Lascelles and Mrs Heath managed the affair between them, and the result was a grand success. The dance was held in Mrs Heath's schoolroom, and refreshments were served in the dining-room. The floor was most delightful. Messrs Von Sturmer, Ross, and others worked like Trojans to bring about the desired result. Most of the Napier girls were invited, but some were not able to be present, as they were up the country. This was a slight drawback, as there were more men than girls, but this is a fault on the right side. Miss Lascelles looked so nice in a bright pink gown; Miss Flo Peacock looked charming in a handsome black gown; Miss Locke looked extremely well; Miss Hamlin was much missed; she was not able to go, as her mother was laid up with the influenza. I am glad Mrs Hamlin is better again, and has been able to get out.

The Misses Rhodes gave a progressive euchre party, which was great fun. I don't know whether you have ever heard about these euchre parties, Bee; they are quite a new institution. You have four tables. One is called the 'Booby's table,' and you play for prizes. Punctually at eight the bell rings and you start, and woe betide any player who is late! But to be serious, it is a terrible crime to be late, and it is worse to accept an invitation to one of these euchre parties and then not to turn up. You put the whole business out, so, ladies and gentlemen, say 'yes' or 'no' when you are invited, and keep to it. Mr Von Sturmer has been very fortunate so far, and has won some really useful little prizes.

Mrs Hamlin gave a progressive euchre party, and everyone enjoyed the evening immensely. Amongst those present were Misses Lascelles (Clive), Rhodes, Locke, Cotterill, Hitchings (3), Mrs Logan, Miss Taylor, and Mr and Mrs McIntyre, Messrs Dacont, Von Sturmer, Ross, A. Kennedy, J. Parker, and other gentlemen were present also.

Mr Von Sturmer has left the Bank of New South Wales, and will shortly be leaving Napier for good. He will carry away the good wishes of everybody. We shall all be so sorry to lose him.

Miss Milly Rhodes evidently finds the air of the Ruataniwha Plains very salubrious, as she is still staying with her sister-in-law, Mrs Joseph Rhodes. I believe a dance is to come off shortly at Ashcott, which ought to be great fun for the people on the plains. It was to have been last week, but was unavoidably postponed for a month.

A cricket match was played on the Recreation Ground—Christ's College v. English Public Schools—and was great fun. The English Public Schools won, although the other side played up well. Messrs Ludbrooke and Willie Studholme really batted splendidly. Mr Logan surprised all of us by his remarkably good style, and Messrs Peacock and Ernest Tanner made some very good catches. A great number of people assembled on the ground in spite of the threatening appearance of the weather, and a number of ladies rolled up, some of whom most kindly dispensed afternoon tea, which was much appreciated. I was very busy watching the game but I managed to notice a few who were there, amongst them being Misses Della, Kate, Hilda, and Una Hitchings, Bower, Iness, Hughes, Locke, Weber, Rhodes, Taylor, Cotterill, Lascelles, Heath, Hamlin, and Mesdames Logan, Williams, Hamlin, Hoadley, Gore, Kearn, and Miss Nelson (Hastings), and several others. We are looking forward to seeing a match played shortly between Napier and Pahiatahi. I believe a return match is to be played at Fardon soon between Christ's College and English Public Schools.

Miss Lascelles (Clive) is staying with Mrs Peacock at present.

Mr and Mrs Marcot (England) have been in Napier on a short visit. They expressed themselves as delighted with our very pretty town.

Mr and Mrs Douglas McLean are staying at present at their country residence at Marekakahe.

I noticed Mrs Hamlin in town, looking as nice as usual in a pretty navy blue gown with white spots, black hat with yellow flowers; Miss Lascelles I also saw one day, in a pretty cream gown, sailor hat; Miss Una Hitchings looks very stylish in a white gown, white Tom-tug hat; Mrs Vickerman (Hastings), a pretty cool-looking pale pink gingham, stylish little hat. Although navy figured materials are having their day, I must say I like the pretty pale blues and pinks and charming heliotropes. I hear they are very much worn in Melbourne in turns with the darker colours.

GLADYS.

DEAR BEE,

FEBRUARY 22.

Looking round Napier at the present time one would think it spring time instead of the end of summer, so beautifully green are the hills, and the foliage round about looks its best. Sheep farmers are rejoicing over the abundant rain which has fallen, while farmers with crops have lost a great deal.

Mr and Mrs J. W. Carlie have left for England. Mr Carter, who is married to Mrs Carlie's sister, has been promoted to the Customs in Dunedin after a residence of many years. He is a most energetic officer, and his familiar figure will be missed, being, one might say, quite a landmark.

Mr Patten, Collector of Customs, has retired on a pension after a service of thirty years. This new Government gives nothing but changes. Let us hope it is for the better! Mr J. H. Hempton got such short notice of his removal to the Customs in Wellington that it prevented his friends here from making him a presentation before he left. A handsome gold sovereign case, suitably inscribed, has now been procured, which has been despatched to Mr Hempton, at Wellington, accompanied by an illuminated address. The latter expresses regret at the champion athlete's departure from Hawke's Bay, where he had made numerous friends, and wishes him every success in the future.

In my next I hope to have more news.

JACK.

NELSON.

FEBRUARY 22.

DEAR BEE,

As I went to Nelson for the Jubilee, perhaps my impressions may interest you. The Jubilee really began on Sunday, with special services in all the churches. We did not arrive in time to hear Bishop Julius, of Christchurch, preach his Jubilee sermon in the pretty little cathedral on Church Hill, but we were fortunately in time for the evening service in All Saints. After hearing Bishop Julius I have no further desire to go to church, least I should chance to hear a less eloquent man. His quaint appearance, and quaint, though forcible and eloquent sermon will linger in my memory for some time to come. All the same I thought of our own Bishop, and the part he would have taken in our Jubilee had he not been stricken down by illness.

We all had to be up very early on Monday morning, and at eight o'clock a royal salute was fired off from a hill close to town. Then the crowd began to assemble on and about the Church Hill, an idea of which you will get I hope, from the various photographs which Mr Tyree has promised to forward to you. A Thanksgiving Service was held from the steps, and after right loyal singing 'God Save the Queen,' the procession formed and proceeded to the Botanical Gardens, where some most eloquent speeches were delivered. I heard they were eloquent and judged them to be so by the actions of the speakers as seen from a distance. Like many others who would like to have heard the speeches, I was debarred from hearing, or approaching the platform by crowds of school-children, who were marshalled by their teachers into the only place where it was possible to hear anything, and stood in compact lines of two or three dozen deep all around, to their own misery and other people's annoyance. After trying in vain to get through, and bringing down a few blessings on our devoted heads from an ardent teacher, we gave up all hopes of hearing anything, and wandered back to the Government Buildings, where we tried to see the gold and silver fish sporting themselves in some muddy ponds in the grounds, and made the acquaintance of Princess Julia, Nelson's Grace Darling, who made herself famous some years ago rescuing people from the wrecked ship, Delaware. She had received a special invitation to the 'old settlers' dinner, and I am glad to say that in the speeches her name was not forgotten, and her health was drunk, with that of other heroes and heroines. The Committee found us good seats at the dinner where we could hear and see everything, next door, as it were, to the illustrious personages who occupied the across table at the top of the Hall. The Mayor (Mr Trask) was supported on his right by the Hon. Mr Seddon, Bishop Julius, Archdeacon Mules, Lieut. Col. Pitt, and the member for Nelson (Mr Harkness), and on his left by Captain Bourke, of the Kingarooma, Archbishop Redwood, Rev. Mr Kempthorne, and others. I cannot say much for the taste displayed in laying the tables, or in the decorations, and there being the only decorations. In a place like Nelson, where flowers grow in abundant profusion, one would think a few might be spared to gladden the hearts of the poor old pioneers, some of whom had to be supported into the hall. A few flowers would have filled up the many vacant places on the table. That dinner—the first public one I ever attended—occupied four solid hours. Of course, a great deal of time was taken up with speeches, and fortunately there were no school-children present, so we could hear everything. Some of the speeches were worth listening to, notably, Mr Henry Redwood's, also Mr Harkness', both of whom condemned other speakers for bringing politics on to the scene. Of course, we had to take the bad with the good and listen to common sense, brilliant flashes of wit, sentimental pathos, and political twaddle, just as if we liked it all and everything. Many old celebrities were present—'Old Ben Crisp, the children's friend; 'Heavy Weather,' Mr Barnet; Mr Baigent, of Waimea, the hero of 'The Royal Charter'; Julia, the Maori heroine, and many others. Four hours seem long to think of, yet there was so much to interest one, that time seemed to have flown when we stood up to sing 'Auld Lang Syne' and 'God Save the Queen.'

During the afternoon sports were held in Trafalgar Park, and an Art Exhibition opened in Bridge-street, both largely patronised. In the evening there were fireworks, to see which the visitors paid one shilling for admission into Trafalgar Park, and another shilling if they wished to sit down, which most people did want to do after all they had accomplished during the day. I noticed that the crowd was chiefly composed of strangers, and that Nelsonians were conspicuous by their absence. I found out afterwards that they saved their shillings, and had a better view by sitting comfortably on the Port Hills. The fireworks, I must say, were no better than those we enjoy for nothing on the Pictou wharf on New Year's Eve.

On Tuesday a regatta was held. Regattas to my mind, are always slow things, but we saw one or two pretty races, and a splendid explosion of gun-cotton by Captain Falconer, of the Wellington Torpedo Corps, when the old boat upon which he operated was simply blown into atoms, and all we could see were specks of something black in a mountain of white froth which rose from the sea like a geyser.

The same evening there was the Jubilee Ball, but though a member of the Committee offered me a list of the ladies' dresses, they did not send me a ticket, and there were so many other attractions I did not care to spend 7s 6d to go to the ball, which, nevertheless, I heard was very successful, and of which no doubt your correspondent 'Phyllis' will give you a good account. We tried instead to get into the Theatre Royal, where Grattan Riggs' Company were performing, but being a new chum, we did not understand the way of the world in Nelson, and were simply amazed at the way the folks were fighting at the ticket box. We gave it best, our escort not caring to have their holiday attire torn off their backs. I heard the company took a hundred pounds a night whilst in Nelson, some of the front seat ticket-holders having to sit on the stage—too near to be pleasant, and yet not near enough to assist in the piece going on behind the scenes.

From the Jubilee Ball to a barrel-organ and monkey seems a long way, yet that was what we came to, and the crowd in the street's affections seemed to waver between the barrel-organ and a visit to Tyree's Photograph Exhibition by lime-light.

The children's fete in the Botanical Gardens came off also on Tuesday. We saw the procession of schools from the

window of the hotel ere we left to see the regatta, the Tolstoi Valley children carrying appropriate bunches of toi-toi. Three thousand mugs had been provided for the children's tea, but after seeing the procession I doubted if that number would be sufficient.

On Wednesday and Thursday the Jubilee Races were held at Richmond. Wednesday was gloriously fine, and the ladies were able to walk about and display their Jubilee attire, but on Thursday the rain came down in torrents. The rain, however, did not put any damper on the fashionable crowd which filled the grand-stand, amongst whom I saw many familiar faces from Blenheim. Most of the ladies were indulging in shilling sweeps, and occasionally hazzarding something, through the medium of gentlemanly friends, on the totalizator. The Cup and two other races were won by Awara Rose, a horse belonging to Mr Henry Redwood of the Wairau.

On Wednesday evening we went to hear 'Samson' performed by the Harmonic Society in the Provincial Hall. Here again we were at a disadvantage, not knowing from hour to hour to which of the many attractions held forth by the Nelson people our fate or fancy would lead us. We got tickets at the door for front seats, thinking it *infra dig* to sit in back seats in a new country, and in spite of a strong protest on my part, we were planted on a hard and uncomfortable form right under the orchestra. Some people like noise, but I do not. It has a somnolent effect upon me. I could hear nothing but the blare of brass instruments, mingled with other noises too much jumbled up in my ears to mean music, and I began to fancy there was a thunder-storm going on, especially when escaping gas caused a little scare around me. Once or twice I caught myself napping when according to Nelsonians, I ought to have been in raptures over Mrs Percy Adams' singing. The voices I liked best of all—that I could hear of them—were Mr Chatterton's and Mr Kempthorne's. The oratorio was one of the few things I did not enjoy in Nelson. We heartily wished we had paid less and had a better seat.

On Thursday, after the races, we thought a little rest would be good for us, so we drove out to Mrs Neville's homestead at Wakapuaka, where we had a lovely time till Saturday morning, when a large party of us drove into town again, and spent the greater part of the day 'doing the lions,' and making short calls on friends. The Cathedral we had seen during an 'off' half-hour, thanks to Mrs Kempthorne's kindness in trusting us with the key. The tradespeople too, we found, were only too glad to allow us to range over their domain at will without any expectation from us as purchasers. We would like to have spent, but travelling overland is a restriction in that respect, so we admired and complimented the tradespeople on their Jubilee show instead.

We also went to see the Nelson bowling green in Selwyn Place, which is really a 'thing of beauty and a joy for ever,' and the pride of every member's heart I am sure. It is one of the most beautiful spots in beautiful Nelson, is a perfect work of art and whoever was possessed with the happy thought to make the Bowling Green just what it is must have all the instincts of a true artist. Quite a large and fashionable crowd were present to witness a match between Wellington and Nelson players, and all were regaled with afternoon tea, provided by Mrs Langley Adams.

Other amusements were going on in addition to those I have named during Jubilee week. There were several dances, a Military and Naval Review, in which the officers and men of the Kingarooma took part, a Fire Brigade Demonstration and torchlight procession, a garden party at Mrs Richmond's, a concert by the Nelson Orchestral Society, at which a Jubilee national song composed by Mr A. A. Grace, was sung to music composed by Herr Zimmerman; a promenade concert at the Art Exhibition, a lawn tennis tournament between Blenheim and Nelson, and so many other items all crammed into one little week, that even the immense crowd collected in Nelson must have been quite full up of it, and the Nelson people must have reaped quite a little harvest out of it.

I have said very little of how beautiful Nelson looked in her gala attire, almost every house in the city and suburbs displaying a flag. Where they could not raise a flag-staff the chimney did duty for one, and many a flag hung forth from that original stand-point. Flags bung out of windows everywhere, and whole strings of them here and there across the streets. All the processionists carried banners and at night the town was illuminated, and a large illuminated Jubilee lit up the Church Hill, and another Trafalgar Park.

I saw hundreds of pretty dresses everywhere in the streets, at the Provincial Hall, even amongst the old settlers, on the lawn and grand-stand at the races, at the regatta, and at the bowling green. I saw pretty hats and pretty jackets, pretty capes and opera cloaks, but I saw no prettier girls than those we left behind in Marlborough.

A VISITOR TO NELSON.

DEAR BEE,

FEBRUARY 25.

One would think after our gay week that we would all settle down to our usual quietness, but this has been by no means the case, for picnics and dances are still the order of the day. One of these latter was given by Mrs Mackay. It was quite an impromptu one, and consequently there were few present. Amongst them were Misses Sealy (2), Curtis, Preshaw, Fell, Oldham, Worsp (Auckland), Broad (Wanganui), Williams (Blenheim), Duncan (Pictou), and Messrs Oldham (2), Harden, Colt, Andrew, Wither (3), Kennedy, and Griffiths. Although only such a limited number were present, we had great fun, and pronounced it an awfully jolly little dance.

The day after we all went to a most enjoyable picnic given by Mr Duncan, our destination being 'Macky's Bluff,' about eight miles from town. Some of the party drove and some rode. Altogether we had great fun. The party consisted of Mesdames Preshaw and Pitt, and Misses Pitt (2), Levien, Preshaw, Duncan, Fell, Knight (Christchurch), Hoeking (Sydney), Johnson (Wellington), and Catley, Messrs Duncan, Harden, McLean, Symons, Joynt, Northcote (Christchurch), Cooke, Wither, and Garret.

On this, the latest engagement is that of Miss Watson, the second teacher of the Girls' College here, to Mr W. Atkinson.

We were all glad to see our old friend, Mr Kinsling, again, although I am afraid it is only for a short time. He has been in Australia for the last three years, but has not returned permanently to New Zealand, I believe, but unfortunately not to Nelson.

We had such a jolly dance, Bee, given by Mrs Hudson. Her brother, Mr P. Andrew, leaves for England next week, where he is going to study medicine, and the dance was given in his honour, and great fun we had too, especially at the end, when we all sang 'Auld Lang Syne,' and 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow.' Mr Andrew replying briefly. The room was not overcrowded, and for the middle of summer it was a particularly cold evening, so the fates were in our favour. Mrs Hudson looked well wearing a black merveilleux with silver; Mrs Andrew (Maisterston), wine-coloured satin with bicent-coloured lace; Miss Preshaw, soft green silk with chiffon frills, gold band in her hair; Miss Wood, black lace relieved with yellow; Miss Kinsling (Auckland), soft white silk and chiffon; Miss Sealy, black net and silk, with primrose coloured bows; Miss F. Sealy, pure white net and silk; Miss Mackay, heliotrope gown with chenille spots, gold bands in her hair; Miss Pitt looked well in green net, her hair becomingly arranged; Miss G. Pitt, soft white nun's veiling deeply embroidered in gold; Miss Hoeking (Sydney), very chic robe of bright yellow silk, with black lace draped becomingly on the corsage; Miss B. Atkinson, black net and silk; Miss L. Fell, soft white cashmere, the corsage braided with gold; Miss Broad, black silk and net relieved with gold; Miss Catley, pretty blue cashmere; Miss Worsp (Auckland), blue and white striped silk; Miss Holmes, black lace trimmed with black jet; Mrs Thornton, pure white silk and chiffon; Mrs L. Adams, soft white silk, with deep flounces of lace; Miss Greenfield, red spotted net. The gentlemen were Messrs Thornton, Holmes, Oldham (2), Broad, Wither (2), Harden, Andrew, Cooke, L. Adams, Symons, Harrison, Colt, and Pitt.

The Brook Club again challenged the Nelson Lawn Tennis Club. The match was played at the Brook Club courts, and very nice courts they are too, far greener than ours, and they can boast of three, while we have only two at the Nelson Club. The play of the members of the Brook Club has wonderfully improved. They were only beaten by eight games, and I would not be at all surprised if by the end of the season we find ourselves properly routed by them. There were a good many people present, who all enjoyed the delicious afternoon tea dispensed by the Misses Green and Sadd. The players for Nelson were Messrs Broad, Fernie, Macquarrie, Williams, Holmes, and Duncan; and for the opposing Club Messrs Green, Levien, Broad (2), Mabin, and Gibbs. The ladies moved about a great deal, so I had a splendid opportunity of viewing their costumes, which you may be sure I availed myself of. Mrs A. Glasgow was wearing a very stylish robe of heliotrope, with velvet vest and gold trimming, small black bonnet with very palest pink heath; Mrs J. Sharp, white robe, the skirt deeply worked with gold leaves, small white and gold bonnet; Mrs Broad, black soft muslin robe, black and gold bonnet; Mrs Bunny, black spotted gown, large black and silver hat; Mrs R. Kingdon, dark green cashmere, white felt hat with white feathers; Mrs Levien, fawn costume, with small bonnet of pink heath, Mrs Holmes, soft white silk, large white straw hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs Thornton, pink and white striped cambrie, with lace yoke, small hat with spray of pink flowers; Mrs Williams, soft white silk, large white straw hat; Miss Monro (Wanganui), white flowered delaine, white and green hat; Miss Jones, heliotrope robe, black lace hat; Miss Broad, soft white silk, large hat; Miss Holmes, blue spotted zephyr, cream hat with cream feathers; Miss Sealy, white striped muslin, small sailor hat with grey ribbon; Miss Worsp (Auckland), white pique, large white hat with feathers; Miss L. Fell, red skirt, white shirt, large straw hat trimmed with red; Miss Green, cream flowered delaine, sailor hat; Miss Sadd, flowered zephyr, large hat; Miss Mabin, cream cashmere, cream hat; Miss Robinson, blue flowered zephyr. Mr Elliot, who is leaving Nelson, being promoted to the Collectorship of Customs at Wanganui, was entertained by the members of the Nelson Club at a supper, when a jovial evening was spent, all joining heartily in the singing of 'Auld Lang Syne' at the *finale*. We all wish him every success in his new sphere of duties.

The season for deer-stalking has opened and one gentleman has already been successful in obtaining a good-sized stag.

Next week there are to be more festivities in the shape of a dance, a tennis party, and some afternoon teas, so in my next I shall have still more news for you.

The weather has been most unseasonable lately for February, such cold days—in fact, some people were quite glad to have fires, and the rainfall has been unheard of for this time of year. However, I see by the papers that it has been the same everywhere, so we must not complain.

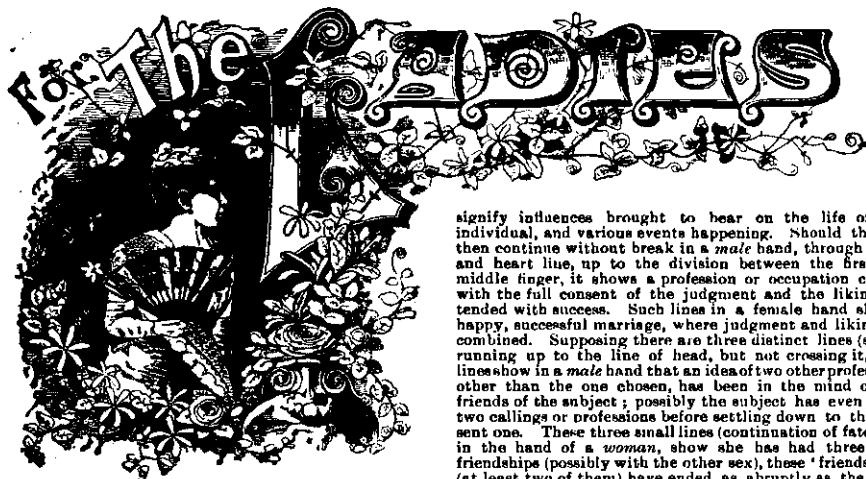
PHYLIS.

(The Hastings letter has been unavoidably held over.)

WOMAN'S NATURE.—Lady Hiborne: 'And you have really been on the stage and worn short skirts, Miss Honeydrop?' The Newest Beauty: 'Oh! yes.' Chorus of Ladies: 'How shocking! how frightfully dreadful! (Metaphorically): 'How delightful! how glorious! How I would like to do the same!'

HOT SPRINGS—TE AROHA. VISITORS WILL FIND IT TO THEIR ADVANTAGE TO STAY AT THE PALACE HOTEL. THE LARGEST, BEST APPOINTED, MOST COMFORTABLE, AND MOST REASONABLE. SAMUEL T. SMARDON, Proprietor.

COCKER'S FAMILY HOTEL, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND. PATRONISED BY HIS EXCELLENCY LORD ONSLOW. Five minutes from Rail and Post. The most moderate first-class Hotel in Australasia. Inclusive tariff per day 10s 6d. Ditto .. per week 23 3s 0d. THOMAS POPHAM, (Late Commander U.S.S.Co.) Proprietor.



THE TRUTH ABOUT PALMISTRY.

BY MRS JOHN WHITE.

Author of 'Shall I Tell You Your Fortune, My Pretty Maid?'



WHAT is Palmistry? is a question that is often asked, and replied to with one word—'Humbug!' If you ask, 'Why?' the response is not infrequently like this: 'It must be all "stuff." Fancy telling the fortune, character, and probable future from the lines of the hand, just like the gipsies do. How can you find facts and ideas in lines? Just so, gentle reader; but why do you say on first seeing a person, "I like him," or "I like him not," as the case may be. From the expression, you reply. From the lines of the face, I say. Certain lines about the mouth are produced by certain traits of character, and these indices to the soul show on the face. You know, and admit that persons with dropped corners in their mouths are of a melancholy disposition. With raised corners they are merry and so on; you don't dispute that. Now, have you ever watched the play of the hands that accompanies speech? The clasped, prayerful hands, the beckoning finger, the angry, clenched fist, the horrified, frightened, stretched-out hand? Did it never occur to you that these "emotions," and hundreds of other emotions might leave their traces on the hands as passions do on the faces? If you open your hand and look in the palm you will see the lines form a sort of written capital M. The nearer perfection this letter is, the more perfect the moral tendencies. Supposing the M is a little broken, do not despair, or suppose that the owner of the hand is a thief or a murderer. Nothing of the sort; it may be but a curious twist in the character, that may make all "tarradiddles" appear very venial. Should it be a serious break, however, it means great want of morality in life. The top line of all, stretching from under first finger across the hand to under little finger, is the Heart Line.

If this is deep it means an affectionate, impulsive nature. Fond of home, of near relatives, a loving, kind disposition. If not deep it denotes a love of travelling, fresh faces, and new scenes. If chained at the end it shows flirtation and a certain amount of insincerity; should the line run round the back of the hand jealousy is denoted. Little troubles are shown by small strokes across the line. Death of those we love by little tiny "pits" on the line (about the size of a pin's point); capability for making few but dearest friendships is shown by the tributary lines running from the heart line to below. Very many and short tributary lines show numerous acquaintances but few friends.

Just above the heart line and under the little finger is sometimes (but very rarely) seen a line above, and sloping down towards the middle of the heart line; this denotes influence over others. As one is brought into contact with the world and influence increases, this line *actually* grows. I have seen this line come in the hands of a man in the space of two years, when circumstances have brought him into contact with a large number of people, and his influence was felt. No doubt very many public men have this line; if not used it fades away and influence goes. The next line is immediately below and parallel with the heart line; it is called the head line. If long, deep, and straight it denotes great brain power. If broken in the middle, an accident to the brain or head is shown. If curved slightly, originality is shown. If curved rather more acutely, eccentricity is denoted. Should it run up to the heart line, the possessor of such a line is not infrequently a candidate for Colney Hatch. Sometimes you will observe the heart line terminate in a fork; this is *always* a good sign, as the upper prong denotes common sense, the lower one impulse. These lines (the fork) in proper proportion form a lovable, good character. Without the common sense prong there is too much impulse, and we all know into what awkward positions an impulsive character may get. On the other hand, if there is only the higher prong (common sense), it produces a cold, calculating, unattractive character—good, but uninteresting.

The line of Fate.—The line generally starts from the wrist, and runs more or less clearly (according to the life) up to between the first and second finger. Should it slant from the 'south-east' corner of the hand, it denotes singular circumstances at the birth of the subject, possibly wealth gained or lost, the death of the mother, or being in a place other than the home of the parents. If it rises deep and straight about one inch, it shows nothing particular has occurred for the first fourteen years of life. Breaks after that (before reaching the head line)

signify influences brought to bear on the life of the individual, and various events happening. Should the line then continue without break in a *male* hand, through head and heart line, up to the division between the first and middle finger, it shows a profession or occupation chosen with the full consent of the judgment and the liking attended with success. Such lines in a female hand show a happy, successful marriage, where judgment and liking are combined. Supposing there are three distinct lines (small) running up to the line of head, but not crossing it, such lines show in a *male* hand that an idea of two other professions other than the one chosen, has been in the mind of the friends of the subject; possibly the subject has even tried two callings or professions before settling down to the present one. These three small lines (continuation of fate line) in the hand of a *woman*, show she has had three dear friendships (possibly with the other sex), these 'friendships' (at least two of them) have ended as abruptly as the lines have, but terminating on the head line shows the offers or opportunities have been good, in a worldly sense. After the fate line has crossed the head line, it may break on the line of heart; this means in a *male* hand dislike of profession; should it have two little lines at the side of the fate line, terminating abruptly on the heart line, this means dislike to two previous professions other than the one now engaged in.

If these breaks on the heart line occur in a female hand it denotes (according to the number) disappointments in the affectional. If a line continues up to the division between first and second finger, it denotes a happy marriage, if the line is faint—to come, if deep, already made.

The Line of Fortune or Professional Line.—Between the third and fourth finger you will find generally a deep line, about three-quarters of an inch, running downward to the heart line; this I call the talent indication. We are all born with a talent, however small; if we bury it, our talent dies out, if we use it, it deepens, grows down into the fate line; should the bottom part of the professional line be broken, it shows talents cultivated by fits and starts; if the line is crossed by small lines, it shows many difficulties to be overcome; if it has little pits in it, it denotes that the death of some dear friend has very much hindered the talent being used as much as it should. Supposing the line at the top of the talent line has two accompanying lines, and arranged like a plough share, it denotes success. In a male hand success in business, or profession and attendant fame; in a woman it shows success attending the right use of her talents, whatever it may be. I think the indications of these lines are about the most encouraging in the whole of the hand, for by that we can judge the amount of our success in life.

The Life Line comes next; it starts between the finger and thumb, running round the base of the thumb. If broken and charred at the commencement—i.e., the top—it means many childish diseases. After this, a break in any part denotes disease and illness at a certain age (according to the part where the break occurs); should it run right round the thumb, great age is denoted, and according to where the line leaves off, so we can judge of the duration of life. Should this line be deep, robust health is shown; if thin, health is poor.

The Temper Line. This runs from under the little finger down to the wrist. If 'scratchy,' a scratchy temperament is denoted; if long and even, an even good temper; if wide and broken, a brutal character. A certain amount of temper line is necessary to give the required amount of courage to assert one's self, and to say 'No' at proper times.

Business Capacity.—This is shown by the puffiness under the little finger. By business capacity I mean capacity for managing one's own affairs, whatever shape they may take, well. If you send some people for change of a sovereign, they will come back with nineteen and elevenpence—that is *not* business capacity. Others may come back with a little more—that is not capacity, it is sharpness; the individual who comes back with the right change shows business capacity of the right kind.

Social Capacity.—This is shown by the amount of puffiness under the first finger. Some people show a lot of flabbiness there; this denotes love of society, but no opportunities. We can also judge of the amount of love for ordinary society or if there is an unusual craving for gaiety. Possibly the puffiness may be altogether absent; if this should be the case we should put down the subject as a society hater.

The Ball of the Thumb.—On this there are often an unusual number of lines, those running parallel with the line of life denote long journeys; small lines crossing the journey line denote short journeys. By the length of the thumb we can also tell if the subject is obstinate, persevering, or weak as water. The thumb of a persevering man should reach exactly half way between the root of first finger and joint of the same; if it should reach to first joint it denotes obstinacy, and should be guarded against; if the thumb is so short as only to reach to root of first finger great weakness of character is denoted, and conscientious perseverance should be cultivated in order to counteract a natural and deplorable defect.

The Magic Bracelet.—You will probably find these lines running round the wrist. The first line, if unbroken, deep, and even, denotes a good constitution; the second, with the same qualification, denotes wealth. Very often this line commences in the middle of the wrist, and runs to the part of the wrist under the little finger; this shows wealth acquired in middle life and kept. The third line denotes happiness; if broken, uncertain happiness; if composed of many small strokes—happiness drawn from many sources. On the male hand, a perfect line of happiness is an indication of a very happy marriage.

Light Letters of the Fingers.—Should this be seen very slightly when held up to the light, susceptibility to cold is shown; if light is shown through large spaces, it shows lung disease.

I have been often asked: 'How do you know all this?' My reply is: 'By observation.' If you examine the hands of your most intimate friends who are unfortunately possessed of a temper, you will find in each case the temper line identical. Supposing you number amongst the members of your family several warm-hearted, affectionate people, you will find in all cases the heart line is deep and long in this way, i.e., by examining the hands of those whose characters are well-known to you, you will be able to satisfy yourself as to the truth or falsity of the indications of Palmistry. Having thus satisfied yourself, you should take every opportunity of studying the hands of strangers. After telling them what you see in their hands relative to their lives, ask them to say if the reading is correct. I venture to predict that in many of these cases you will be, like myself, astonished at the exactitude of Palmistry. The whole science is so simple, interesting, and useful as an indication of what we are and may be, also as to the amount of happiness and prosperity we may reach, that it seems ten thousand pities it should be surrounded by so much absurdity, falsity, and guesswork, such 'attributes' making it appear, in the eyes of many intellectual and really good people, positively ridiculous, instead of being what it is—an unerring and intelligible guide to the future, fame, and character of all.—Gentlewoman.

HOW TO DO IT.

Would you win the heart of woman,
Not an angel (they are rare),
But a woman, useful, human,
Fit your little life to share?

Treat her gently, chaste, kindly,
Let her welfare be your own,
Neither judge nor love her blindly,
Breathe her little faults to none.

Stint not praise, but never flatter,
Let your converse be sincere,
Should you differ on a matter
Crush her not by frown nor sneer.

Never flirt with other girls—
Such a slight may not be borne,
Flirts like mashers, knives, and churls
Merit honest women's scorn.

Should you win her, guide her, guard her,
With a husband's love and care,
Heaven only may reward her—
Woman's worth is known up there.

JAS. DICKSON.

THE QUEEN'S COLLECTION OF PHOTOCRAPHS.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN (we are reminded by the *Photographic News*) is supposed to have the largest collection extant of photographic portraits of notabilities of her time, from the portraits of kings, queens, emperors and empresses downwards. They commence in the early dawn of the art of making sun-pictures—in the days of those daguerrotypes on metallic surfaces which generally required you to hold them sideways before you could get a view of their rather pale and feeble traits. Hence they embrace the whole history of the art, and are thoroughly representative of the progress of photography. Our contemporary suggests that if reproduction of all in some permanent process be impossible, a selection might be made which would be well worth preserving for the information of future generations. Unfortunately, time is no respecter of photographs, Royal or otherwise, and many of the most interesting must show signs of fading. The collection would, our contemporary thinks, justify the appointment of a Royal photographer, one of whose duties it would be to watch the collection, and copy these which are considered worthy of preservation before they fade.

PAINFUL SCENE IN A CHURCH.

AT a fashionable Presbyterian church in Geelong a scene took place when the minister, in the most affecting manner, began to speak of Christ as a visible presence, and to address the Divinity in terms of endearment, as if in ecstasy. Then he assured his hearers that God was standing beside him in the pulpit; and after referring to the supernatural power with which he felt himself imbued, announced his intention of there and then amputating his right arm as a proof of his lasting fidelity to his Master. The name of a well-known Geelong doctor was mentioned by the preacher as one who could perform the operation satisfactorily, but as the medical man referred to was laid up at the time with influenza, he assured the congregation that he would get a carving knife sharp enough for the purpose, and enforce the scriptural injunction without assistance. This naturally created a sensation, and several ladies of the congregation had to be assisted out of the church, while others swooned away in their seats. The leading members of the congregation induced the preacher to cease his discourse, and assisted him to his residence, where it was found he was seriously indisposed. Medical assistance was procured, and a complete rest and change of air were ordered for the patient.

THE LATE LITTLE LORD FAULTLERDY.

MRS HOBSON BURNETT's memorial to her much-loved and loving little son, Lionel, the Little Lord Faultlerdy, whose early death was such a blow to the popular authoress, will be of great practical use, which is not always the case in commemoration of the loved and lost. The newboys' home, which is to be called 'Lionel's Home,' in Drury Lane, will be a boon in that truly wretched neighbourhood, to give comfort and warmth to the wan and unaturally precocious and wild gamin, who, to our distraction, about themselves hoarse, poor unfortunate neglected little creatures with apeshull disfigurement.

LOCAL INDUSTRY V. IMPORTATIONS.—Competent Judges assert that the Lozangko, Jujubes and Sweet-manufactured by ALEXANDER & CO. are unequalled.—(A.W.V.)

AT HOME WITH THE LADY EDITOR.

DEAR LADY EDITOR.—Will you kindly give me space for a few words about girls to young men? So many people now-a-days give their opinion about girls, why should not I? especially as I flatter myself that I know them well enough to be able to give some sound advice to young men concerning them. But stay, what is the definition of a girl? Well, in New Zealand she is called a girl up to thirty years of age, so let this definition be assumed by me also before proceeding. A girl, in my humble opinion, is not fit to marry before twenty-five years of age, at which period she has got over the excitement of her "coming out" frivolities, and if ever to be sensible will be sensible then. If she is accomplished, or rather means to be, she will need all that time to develop her faculties, and she will have had time to look into the household management, and ought then to be sensible enough to acknowledge the advisability of looking thoroughly into these matters. Beware of the girl who shuns house-work and seems to make everything around her comfortable and beautiful! If it is her misfortune (?)—I consider the best wives are those chosen from a "not very well-off family"; I think you will understand what I mean—be poor, let her not think it undignified to work for those she loves. There is nothing mental in labouring to make happy our dear ones, and if it is God's wish, and it undoubtedly is if she is poor, let her be glad to bear her burden cheerfully and brightly, and then if for goodness sake do not "put on side," as the schoolboys say, for there is no more painful sight than the poverty-stricken trying to appear grand in the sight of their neighbours. Remember, girls, for although this is written especially for the sterner sex, I dare say some fair head will bend over and read it with a smile, that whatever you do, let it be done thoroughly. When gentlemen are poor, they are almost always proud. They cannot help it, I know, for I have felt it myself, but for a sensitive heart to have to contend with this is extremely trying, and her rich friends unthinkingly deal her many a blow. A girl, whether she be rich or poor, bravely doing her duty, will command respect from any man whose opinion she values.

Beware of girls who speak slightly of their fathers and mothers, or of any member of their family, or if they laugh behind their backs. A dangerous girl is she who wickedly makes fun of her relatives. A worthy girl will take the best even of their faults to outsiders. Beware of the girl who wears a shirt and tie, and perhaps carries a silver-topped cane, and also of she who dresses extravagantly, and in the extreme of fashion. Anything exaggerated is vulgar, and "manishness" in a woman of all things is to be abhorred. Rather, oh, far rather, choose for your companion through weal or woe "one who is modest, quiet in voice and manner, and who is beloved in the family circle, and one who makes you feel welcome when visiting at her home. Rather choose she who pays particular attention to a stranger, or to some one who is rather shy in society, for a beautiful nature will always assert itself in this way, and will do her best to make everyone feel "at home." An unselfish girl is so rare a thing nowadays, I grieve to say, but when one does alight upon one, is she not a treasure, and how well she compares with her selfish sisters! Then again, she must be thoughtful; she must not forget her promises, however small they be, for it is not in small things rather than in great ones that one's character is revealed. I remember once thinking how well a young lady's modest character was shown when she was sending a present which had cost her a good deal of time and trouble, and to which she did not even attach her name. She was willing to make the recipient happy in the possession of the gift, and to forget which she knew would be appreciated, and yet never for a moment wished for the credit of having given such pleasure.

There are a great many indefinable evidences of a refined and beautiful mind, but here are a few—a young lady paying great attention to having always neat collar and cuffs, gloves, shoes, and a dainty handkerchief. You may laugh, young men, but there is a great deal of character displayed in a lady's handkerchief, for no matter how badly off she is, she will generally manage to have a good handkerchief, and also one that has been freshly laundered, if the latter has to be performed by her own fair fingers. Then, if you ever have occasion to receive a note from her, you will find that she uses dainty note paper. There is a great deal to be learnt of anyone in a letter; it is part of themselves, as indeed are all the actions, which, if springing from a pure mind, are sure to be beautiful.

Lastly, beware of the dancing girl. By this I mean she who devotes her whole life and thought to dancing, and will in a moment forget the name of an insignificant partner and substitute that of a more favoured and perhaps richer one. How often this is done, and what an unlovely nature it betrays. The dancing girl is very amusing, and will find plenty of partners at a ball, but if you take the trouble to look into the matter, you will find that she is an empty-headed little flirt, not to be compared to her less fortunate (?) sister, who perhaps will be found sitting out unnoticed. Beneath a quiet, unselfish disposition you will be almost certain of finding a strong sympathetic nature, such as will be a comfort and help to any man. Man needs sympathy and comfort, but he is very loth to believe it, and that it can only be satisfactorily given by women. Just think of the time when you were ill, and when Mary was the only one who would do when you called for help. Who was it but Mary who smoothed your pillow, and kept you comfortable, and bent over you, and seemed to soothe all the pain out of your fevered brow with her cool hand, tired and worn out, on a dreary winter day. Why, your whole dreary aspect of life changes the moment you get home and find a cheerful fire and a hot meal, and, above all, Mary waiting for you with her bright, fresh face ready for a chat, or if you do not feel so disposed, quite ready to leave you alone to rest. A woman's ever-ready tact can tell whether you are in a mood for talk or rest. Her tact is a gift just as also is that instinctive power which enables her to tell whether or not she likes a man at first sight. In nine cases out of ten you will find her right in the end. She shrinks from anything rough and cruel, and looks for gentleness and courtesy in a man just as much as she admires his manliness. The one without the other will not satisfy her. Young men, do not scoff at love, for to her "Love is the incense which doth sweeten earth," and it is upon those who laugh at it that it generally falls deepest. If it has not already come to you it will surely do so in time, and you will then be glad to agree with Unseley. It is only

natural, although so many look upon it as a weakness. The so-called love, which might better be termed ambition, that one sees in the fashionable world at a ball, for instance, where it so closely resembles jealousy, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, I admit, is repulsive, but surely it is the very reverse in the truest sense, for does it not bring out all that is beautiful in life, and add a rosy tint to all that is unlovely in creation.

Try and get the idea that all girls are scheming to marry you out of your head. It is equally unwholesome and untrue. There may be some with that thought, but you may rest assured that it is only those who are utterly devoid of pride, therefore it is only those to whom a true gentleman would not give a second thought. I hope, in being frank, that I have not been unkind in giving both sides of the question of "Love, that mystery."—E.L.F.

DEAR LADY EDITOR.—Having been struck by some remarks in this column on the subject of loyalty and reverence as practised in the colonies, permit me, as a "new chum," to say a few words thereon. The remark you particularly allude to is one from which I gather that you were inexpressibly shocked because the theatrical audience failed to remain in their seats until Royalty, as represented by the Earl and Countess of Onslow, had taken its departure. If you are not aware what period of time has elapsed since you left the old country, but most assuredly at the present day no London audience would dream of remaining in their seats until Royalty (by whomsoever represented) had passed out. I have been present at several theatrical and operatic performances which were attended by members of the Royal Family, and in no instance have I ever seen the audience wait to see them out. Of course, I am not now speaking of occasions like that of the German Emperor's visit to Covent Garden, though even then I fancy the people are too much engrossed by the thoughts of their several "busses and trains to study ceremony. Only last spring I saw the Princess of Wales, her daughter, and Prince George at the conclusion of an afternoon concert at St. James' Hall walking out among the crowd just the same as anyone else, the only difference being that upon their arrival at the door the officials at once stopped the other carriages until the Royal lady with her bairns had been safely packed off. If the door-keepers at Wellington did not act in a like manner for the Governor, you will excuse me for saying that the fault and ignorance was theirs only, and not that of the audience.

One other thing I should like to ask in my simplicity. I am not a worshipper or even an admirer of Royalty in the abstract, though perhaps it is rank heresy in your eyes to say so, but like everyone who knows what sorrow is, I sympathised deeply with the Princess of Wales in her late trouble as I should with any mother in a like case. Therefore, it is in no carping spirit, but merely as a matter of inquiry that I ask where and by whom was the practice of standing during the recital of the "Dead March" initiated? To me it seems all wrong. According to the ritual of the Church of England we kneel to pray, sit while the Word of God is being read, and stand up to praise and glorify Him, as in the Psalms, hymns, and while the Gospel is being read. There could have been no question of the latter during the playing of the "Dead March" under the circumstances, hence my inquiry. I have no doubt I am wrong, and am entirely open to conviction on the subject.

I should like also to tell you how deeply disappointed I was upon coming to what I expected to find a democratic country, to find you so set in particular striving and struggling very hard to get to the effete old inanities and non-sensical ceremonies of the old country. Everyone can understand how Lady Clara Vere de Vere, the daughter of a hundred earls, loaded to and worshipped from her cradle, has come to look upon herself and her class as beings of an entirely different order and calibre to the masses round about her. This was the natural result of her bringing up; but no one with the average amount of common sense can understand how anyone out here in this newly-made country, where there is no aristocracy except the very doubtful one of "oof," can set themselves up as a class and talk about the masses and "Society" as though born and bred in the purple, while in many cases their parents, if not themselves, came out in an emigrant ship. I am sorry, as I have a great admiration for the sex which is akin to the angels, to see that they are the worst sinners in this respect, the men, as a rule, striking me as being much more free and easy and sensible in their notions.

Now, my dear lady editor, if I have not already bored you to death, I should like to relate just one little incident which will perhaps illustrate better than I have been able to the loyalty of the average Briton, and where it ends. It occurred at the Victoria Hall, and where it ended, I know as the "Vic," the home of drama of the most sanguinary type, now transformed by the generosity of the late Samuel Morley into the South London Polytechnic. Thursday night in every week are devoted to ballad concerts, presumably for the poor, who can usually hear a very good selection of music at prices ranging from threepence "up in the gods" to a stage box for five or ten shillings according to size. The artists, I must explain, give their services free, some of the best musicians in London occasionally contributing; also for the sake of drawing a good house and so adding to the fund, Royalty is sometimes induced to put in an appearance. Upon the evening of which I write the Prince and Princess of Wales had been humbly petitioned, and their Royal Highnesses had graciously consented to grace the concert with their presence. Heirs-apparent being rather an unknown quantity in Lambeth, the house was crammed to suffocation, an unusually good programme having also been put forward. At the hour appointed to commence, the expected visitors not having arrived, the opening was delayed until the audience got impatient, and an individual stood up in the pit saying, "Get on with the blooming concert, can't you? We don't want to stop here all night waiting for 'Tiddy Wales.'" A few more remonstrances of the same sort were passed, and at last the concert commenced. It had not proceeded far, however, when with a terrific fust and bustle, their Highnesses entered, while a gentleman (Mr Redfern Hollis, the well-known tenor) was singing. The toadies behind immediately called him off (in the middle of a song) to allow the band to play "God Save the Queen." Then, my dear lady editor, a scene ensued that would have destroyed your belief forever in the loyalty of the British working man. The crowded audience rose to their feet *en masse*, demanding the song to be finished at once, and a struggle between loyalty and courtesy began—true courtesy to the man who was exerting himself singing for them as against loyalty to the lady and

gentleman who sat there and allowed themselves to be stared at. I am thankful to say that, to the honour of the British workingman, courtesy gained the day. After immensa uproar, stamping, and shouting, "The Mairiel Boy" was concluded, and narrowly escaped an encore, after which the "National Anthem" was quietly permitted. It is only fair to say that H.R.H. applauded the singer as vigorously as anyone else, and appeared, if one might judge from his face, to think the people were perfectly right.

Apologising for the length of my letter, I am, dear madam, yours,—NEW CHUM.

I can assure you, "New Chum," that you have my sincere sympathy in your deep disappointment that a democratic colony should ape the nonsensical ceremonies of the old country. I do not quite follow your meaning as regards the "effete old inanities." Surely your dreams of this liberal land did include having the chimney sweep early in the morning to operate on your smoke-conductors, and then asking him to sit down to your spotlessly clothed table and eat with you and your feminine belongings? I am, grieved, indeed, that society in New Zealand has not *en masse*—and class—opened its arms so wide to you that the petty distinctions which human nature in its grovelling mammon-worship invariably makes, should—in your case at least—have been obliterated. I think, my dear "New Chum," that my correspondent, when speaking about the rush made at a theatrical performance, intended to imply that as this was—so I understand—the first time the Governor and Lady Onslow had appeared in the Opera House, a few polite people in the dress circle might have allowed those of confessedly higher position—looking at them purely from a political point of view—to pass out first. Of course, were Royalty or their Representatives frequent visitors, this would not be done. Do you not remember that Mark Twain makes one of his characters—a regular new chum from England—express astonishment that in a democratic country like America some females should be called "ladies," while some were not? He fancied they must be all women. In this, as in other democratic colonies, wealth, not worth, entitles its feminine possessor to be styled lady. With regard to your second objection to my correspondent's words, I must say that I see no harm at all in standing while the "Dead March" is being played. It is, to my mind, a token of respect for the dead—you have no right to judge how far they, personally, are worthy of it—and a mark of sympathy for the living. Why do men raise their hats at a grave, whilst the funeral service is proceeding? Why, when they meet a funeral procession, do so many pause, men lifting their hats? I think it is an instinctive feeling of reverence for that wonderful thing, Death, whose awful summons no man or woman, child or infant, has the power to disobey or to delay for even an hour.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

(SEE FASHION PLATE, PAGE 261.)

THERE were so many stylish gowns worn at the autumn Dublin Horse Show, that I am sending you a few sketches from which you can gain some ideas for your own autumn frocks, mantles, and hats.

Her Excellency the Countess of Zetland wore a gown of vivid pea-green Irish poplin, with a deep festooned flounce, lined and turned back with white satin, and caught up with green and white bows; a long "bell pull" slash on the side, soft white silk vest, and bands of handsome silver embroidery trimming the bodice, and carried around the hem of the skirt. Long *mousquetaire* cuffs of white satin, embroidered handsomely with silver, and bonnet composed entirely of lily-of-the-valley, mingled with grass and foliage. She wore, on arriving, a most becoming mantle of fawn camel's-hair cloth, made with a yoke, stylishly braided in gold stripes, and trimmed down the fronts with lynx fur.

Her Excellency's daughter, Lady Hilda Dundas, displayed a costume of navy-blue cloth, with diagonal revers, caught across the waist with a buckle, over a pretty pale pink vest. Her hat was the large, flat-crowned, crush-leaf shape which the Duchess of Leinster affects, and was set far back from her forehead, and ornamented with ostrich plumes.

The Lady Mayoress: *Heliotrope ercpon* dress; skirt lifted at one side, over a *jupon* of plain heliotrope cloth; bodice "built up" with soft folds of silk about the waist; sleeves much puffed and rolled; short puffing of material around the outer edge of the waist-line; handsome embroidery on collar, cuffs, and skirt hem; black chip hat, raised high at one side, with mane and feather trimmings; collar of soft grey and white ostrich, worn close around the throat.

Mrs Loftus Steele, extremely stylish gown of vieux rose *ercpon*, with flounce of deep French lace, beaded with nitred jet; bodice crossed with lace, outlined with jet passementerie; long falls of lace from the shoulders, and full blouse of same in front; deep fringe of cut jet falling from the waist-point, met at hips by long bodice-tabs, bordered with jet; bonnet of black crinoline, trimmed vieux rose velvet and jet. Mrs O'Carroll, dark Hussar-blue crepe cloth, ornamented very handsomely with cut jet and lace, cuirass and collar of rich jet-work, hat to correspond; Miss Edith Wynne, lovely dress of ivory-white Indian silk, trimmed with silk lace and ribbons, flounce of lace around skirt and bodice, black chiffon hat, with pale pink roses; Lady Eva Fitzgerald, black cloth costume, with stylish tabbed skirt and double-breasted bodice, braided handsomely with grey cord; Hon. Mrs Dewhurst, gown of *gendarme*-blue cloth, with double-breasted Eton jacket, made with tails at the back; white *crinoline*, outlined with *her* cord, deep jacket revers of white silk, white felt hat to correspond; Mrs O'Neill, navy blue costume, with vest of pale aure silk; Miss Kennedy (Glen-n-Geragh), ivory serge cloth costume, with ruby-velvet enrichments, jacket in "cavalier" style, with ruby silk cordings, and cavalier hat; Miss O'Brien, an exceedingly pretty dress of very narrow striped silk—black, or dark grey, and white, with a graduated pleated fall of the material at one side of the skirt, bordered with narrow black blonde; a pleated flounce, similarly edged, and a deep depending neck-kilting to correspond. The back of the bodice was crossed with black watered ribbons, which were carried also around the pointed waist, and tied in a long bow in front.

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 'Answers to Queries' as a case may be. The replies for correspondents are free 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.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

'May L.'—How would this recipe for tomato sauce do? I have not seen it except some time ago in an English cookery column.—Two onions, two carrots, a turnip, one or two bay-leaves, a leek, a sprig of parsley, and about a dozen peppercorns. The vegetables should be cut up in dice shapes, and the peppercorns should be crushed. All these vegetables, with four large tomatoes cut in slices must be put into a pan with some butter or dripping, and all should be fried together for about a quarter of an hour, then add a couple of teaspoonfuls of vinegar, rather more than a pint of thick brown sauce, and a little carmine. To make the sauce a good colour all the ingredients must be cooked quietly until the vegetables are quite tender, then run through a fine hair sieve. This is an excellent sauce to serve with cutlets, and when tinned tomatoes are used the other vegetables should be fried first of all, and the tomatoes added afterwards.

'Madame B.'—I have one recipe for cooking salmon in croquettes. I hope it will be what you want. Tinned salmon drained, beaten up with eggs, fine breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, pepper and salt, make excellent croquettes.

RECIPES.

FRENCH PANCAKES FOR LENT.—Mix two ounces of flour with a tablespoonful of castor sugar, a little grated lemon rind, and a short pint of milk, keeping the mixture very smooth and free from lumps; then stir in the beaten yolks of four eggs, and their whites whisked to a stiff froth. Put a tiny lump of butter in each of five or six saucers, melt, and run the batter well over each saucer, pour some of the mixture into each, and bake. When they are done, spread some jam over them, and either double over, omelet fashion, or serve them piled on each other.

DAINTY DISHES FOR AN INVALID.

By ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON.

Woe to the invalid who is fretted and disappointed by the recurrence of ill-prepared food! His recovery is by that much retarded, for there is wear and tear of mind as well as body. The food given to a patient is often of more importance in his treatment than the medicines, and yet it frequently happens that careful thought is not given to it.

There is, for instance, nothing more unappetizing, both in appearance and flavour, than some of the editions of chicken soup imposed upon unfortunate invalids. There is only one way to make it properly, but a legion of ways to make it improperly. The chicken should be nice and fat. If that be the case it matters not whether it be the great-grandmother or a young pullet. My own preference is always for the pullet; but that is a question of taste, and the grandmother, when in proper condition, serves a very good purpose, and makes more soup, one-half of such a fowl being sufficient to make a pint of very nice soup.

The chicken should be carefully cleaned, and thoroughly washed. Divide it in half, allowing to each half a giblet. Cut up all of the joints of the half you are going to use, and break all of the bones.

Put it on in three pints of water and let it boil steadily until it is reduced to one pint. From time to time after it begins to boil, skim it carefully so that no atom of scum is left on it. About ten minutes before removing it from the fire, throw into it a small sprig of thyme and one or two sprigs of parsley, and season to taste with salt. Unless herbs are objected to, they make the soup much nicer. When removed from the saucepan skim off all of the grease, and strain out the meat and herbs and serve the soup clear.

If admissible and preferred one tablespoonful of raw rice may be added to the soup when first put on to boil. The rice should be thoroughly done, and when the soup is done, remove the meat and herbs, but do not strain out the rice.

If bread is allowed serve with this soup tiny squares of toast. Cut from a loaf of white bread a slice three-quarters of an inch thick, trim off the crust and cut the bread into half-inch squares. Set them in the stove for a few minutes until crisp and a pale brown. These are very tempting little devices to have on a flagging appetite which would disappear at the thought of bread in any other form.

When meat is permitted, chicken-steak is very appetizing and nice. Here one must insist on the pullet; the grandmother will not do at all. The breast of a fat, tender pullet will make two steaks. One is sufficient for an invalid who is just beginning to eat solid food, but both can be very readily dispatched by one whose appetite is returning in 'seven-league boots.' After separating it from the body divide the breast lengthwise and cut out the bone. Beat it slightly with a steak hammer to flatten it, and lay it on a well greased gridiron, over bright coals. Turn from side to side until nicely browned and quite done, though not at all burned. Remove to a hot plate and put on it a piece of

fresh butter the size of a walnut; butter both sides well, sprinkle on a little salt and pepper, if it is allowed, and it is ready for the eater.

If sweet things are not objected to, rusk sliced about half-an-inch thick and coated a pale brown, will sometimes be found a pleasing and light supper, taken with a cup of tea or cocoa. There are such nice and delicate preparations of the latter on the market now.

Very tempting crackers are made as follows: Into half a pint of flour rub thoroughly a piece of lard the size of a guinea's egg, mix to a rather stiff dough with cold water or sweet milk; knead smooth, break off in small pieces the size of a nutmeg, and roll into a round cracker that is no thicker than letter paper. Prick all over with a fork and bake in a quick oven a light brown. They must be carefully watched while cooking as they burn very readily, and are worthless when scorched. They are identical with the 'wafer' of olden times, only this new addition of it is cooked in a pan, while the others were cooked in 'water-irons.' Persons troubled with indigestion can eat these crackers when all other forms of bread seem indigestible.

For an invalid there is nothing nicer than tender loin steak if it is properly made. Cut the steak three-quarters of an inch thick. Have ready some bright coals, and when the broiler is hot, grease it with pure lard and lay on the steak. Turn from side to side as it cooks. Warm a plate, and when the steak is sufficiently done—by which I mean it is as rare as the invalid will eat it—lay it on the plate, sprinkle with salt and put on both sides a piece of nice fresh butter the size of a walnut. The plate must not be really hot, or the butter will get oily. Chop the steak with the knife while putting on the butter, and in that way it will absorb it. This steak is very nutritious and delightful.

Batter-cakes make a very pleasant variety if properly made and cooked. Made according to the following receipt they are delicious: Take one gill of grated hiacuit crumbs and put to soak in one gill of sweet cream. When perfectly soft, add one gill of sifted flour, salt to taste, and one tablespoonful of melted butter. Beat a fresh egg very light, white and yolk separately, and stir into the butter which should be as thin as buttermilk. If more cream or sweet milk is needed stir in enough to thin it properly.

Have ready a hot griddle, grease it slightly with sweet, pure lard, or rub over it lightly a bit of fat pork. Put one large spoonful down for each batter-cake and cook a pretty brown on both sides. Watch closely and turn just in time, or they will scorch.

Serve immediately on a hot plate, and butter with fresh butter. Never let there be any grease standing on the griddle, but put on only enough to prevent the cakes sticking, thus you avoid the very objectionable taste of fried grease.

A CHAT WITH MOTHERS ABOUT THEIR LITTLE ONE'S DRESSES.

WHAT are you going to make your little girl for an autumn dress? A pretty and comfortable frock is made of some soft thin serge, camel's hair cloth, or other material. The skirt, which reaches just below the knees, is gathered and smocked, so that the fulness is drawn in for quite a distance below the waist-line. The bodice is a round, full one, smocked to form a guimpe, and having for its neck finish a prin little stock of pink ribbon. About the waist is a soft sash of Liberty silk or of the material, that has its edges hemmed, and which is tied in bows and ends at the back. The sleeves are full, and allow the arms plenty of room, but are gathered in at the wrists, and smocked to form the cuffs. The hat is a felt of a shade to harmonise, trimmed with folded silk or ribbon. The stockings are black, and the low shoes are of black patent-leather; the gloves worn are of tan undressed kid with a little stitching on the back.

Somebody says, 'prim' Not a bit of it; but you want to teach your little woman that she is to be gentle rather than rough in her manners, and I know of nothing that will do this so well as making her understand the true value of a proper personal appearance. I once heard a bright woman tell that as a child she disdained her clothes until she was presented with a pair of kid gloves, and from that time on she had a great desire to live up to them.

FOR LARGER GIRLS.

HIGH-NECKED bodices of cashmere frocks are laid in very fine pleats to the depth of a yoke, and then shirred at the top, leaving the waist full over the front above the gathers at the belt. The collar, cuffs and girdle from the side seams are of silk, edged with silk, gilt or silver braid. Sashes, guimpes, and a ruffle for the edge of the skirt are of plaid silk on cashmere dresses. Round low-necks worn over a guimpe are edged with a turn-over frill of the dress material, or a finish of pascamenterie. The always girlish plaid frocks have a gathered skirt, made up on the bias, and a high waist shirred across the front like a square yoke, and at the centre of the waist-line. This is bias, as are the full topped sleeves; and the girdle, collar and cuffs are of piece velvet, or rows of velvet ribbon. Very full bodices for large and small girls, are gathered on cords

in several rows round the neck, waist-line and at the top of the sleeves. Shirt front plastrons of black silk are on misses' gowns of brightly coloured cashmere. Black China silk, figured with yellow, has a yoke and sleeves of yellow chiffon or silk.

A COMFORTABLE HAT.

ALTHOUGH you are grown-up, you know exactly how uncomfortable a hat may be. You know how it may give you the headache by being too tight, keep you in a continual state of nervousness by coming over your eyes, or threatening to blow off of your head, and so in buying the hats for the little women think of comfort as well as beauty. Although they are a little warmer, if a hat will not stay on the head without something to hold it, ties are recommended in preference to rubber. The rubber band must, to be of any use, be rather tight and usually cuts a red line in the tender skin. Then some injudicious mothers put the rubber behind the ears, which results in forcing them forward, making them an ugly shape and ruining their natural beauty, for a beautiful ear is something to be prized and yet it is so seldom possessed.

PARTY FROCKS.

OF course some pretty dresses will be needed when the little ones go out to parties. The illustration gives two, suitable either for a large garden party, if long, puffed sleeves be added, but still more for an evening with young friends in the house. The first is a pretty combination of white silk tulle and dark brown foulard, with a sash of brown and white surah, and a brown and white checked skirt, dark brown stockings, chamois shoes and gloves. The second is a dainty little frock of white satin and dark grey silk tulle, pale grey silk stockings, white shoes and pale grey gloves. These are French dresses, but could be reproduced in materials which I should call much more suitable for children's wear, say nun's veiling, with blue Liberty silk, and saten and washing silk, or pretty woollens and plaids.

HELOISE.

WHAT IS LIFE?

LIFE'S a jingle, life's a dance,
See the numbers everywhere
Hopping, tossing bells in air—
How the hobby-horses prance!
I advance,
Somewhat sick, the round to share.

Life's a yearning, life's a keen
Sense of moments and emotions,
Art and song and tone-devotions,
Moods intense and joy and teen;
I have been
Through the whole of such-like notions.

Life's a sad sepulchral song,
Chanting of an unseen choir,
Rising, falling, ever higher
Striving up through clouds of wrong;
Life's a long
De Profundis from the mire.



TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

Life's a jumble and a maze
Where we trip and blunder ever,
Halt performance, high endeavour,
Panting strife and withered bays;
Pass the days—
Rest at last from fret and fever.

KENNETH GRAHAM.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, PLANTS AND FERNS for the drawing-room, dining-room, and hall. Miss POPE has a splendid assortment. Art Needlework and Fancy Repository. Mortons Buildings, CHRISTCHURCH.—ADV.

FOR Invalids and Delicate Children, AULSEBROOK'S Arrowroot and Tea Biscuits are unparelleled.—(ADV.)

Ladies' STORY Column.

FLOSSIE'S BRAVERY.

BY MRS E. BURKE COLLINS.



NE cannot help admiring bravery—a truly brave and fearless nature. If I ever marry, "the not impossible she" must be a brave lady. None of your silly, affected, bread-and-butter misses for me. I could not love a cowardly nature, but one that is strong, bright, and brave—an—

"Anonally, Herbert Wylie, you are a dreamer. Women are not prone to be brave and all the rest of it, and heroines such as you describe are not found every day. Give it up, my dear boy. If you wait for this very "impossible she" you will doom yourself to a lonely old bachelor's existence. That's my opinion."

And Arthur Way proceeded to light a cigar, while his friend, Herbert Wylie, unfolded the morning paper, and began to glance indifferently over the freshly-printed pages.

Two strikingly handsome young men were they—boon companions and warm friends; his friend was fair, with golden-brown hair and moustache. Herbert had just arrived upon a visit at the Way farm—a large and valuable stock farm. It was Herbert's first visit since his boyhood, and the two friends were anticipating all sorts of pleasures in each other's society. The farm lay on the outskirts of quite a flourishing town—a small city, in fact, and there was no lack of amusement. The Way household consisted of Arthur Way and an only sister.

"I can't help your opinions, my dear Art," observed Wylie, glancing up from the paper all at once. "I am in real, sober earnest, though you do not seem to believe me. I am tired of these nobby-pamby girls who scream at the sight of a spider, and go into spasms over an unfortunate little mouse. I want a wife with a stronger mind; but none of your woman's rights, blue stockings, spectacles, and short hair for me. In fact, I suppose I shall never realize my dreams, or meet my imaginary divinity."

And he sighed dolorously. Arthur Way laughed aloud. "Then, I suppose you wouldn't care a straw for Flossie?" he observed.

"She is a perfect little blue—" in the perfect little blue—a terrific crash in the adjoining room startled the young men and put an end to the conversation. Arthur hastily entered the apartment, where he remained an unconsciously some time, then he returned to where Herbert sat composedly reading and smoking. If there was a mischievous twinkle in Arthur's blue eyes, his friend did not observe it; and how was he to know that there had been a plot laid during Arthur's absence.

"Cats" was Arthur's laconic explanation of the tumult which had called him away. He seated himself once more and turned the conversation immediately back in its old channel. "No you want to marry a strong-minded woman, eh, my boy? Well, I prophesy that you will marry the very reverse."

"I will never do it," warned. "I do not mean that I prefer a strong-minded woman in the usual sense of the term. One thing sure, I will never fall in love with a "clingy vine"—a silly, sentimental school-girl. Arthur, who is that?" glancing as he spoke from the open window at his side into the cool, fragrant grounds, where a graceful figure had just come in sight—a beautiful young woman attired in a soft white gown with a basket of roses on her arm. She was gathering flowers and singing softly to herself as she went.

"That's Arthur Way's eyes twinkled once more. "She?" Oh, that is my sister Flossie; but you will never fall in love with her, Herbert, much as I should like to have you for a brother-in-law."

"Why?" eagerly, excitedly, the cigar which he had just lighted tossed into the empty grate as he spoke.

"Because she will not fill your bill; she is anything but strong-minded. I have known her to shriek like a Comanche chief in his war paint at a spider; and one day coming into the kitchen, I found her actually perched on top of the table, holding her breath in unfeigned horror because she had seen a small mouse capering across the kitchen floor. "Had seen," I say, for the poor little wretch was half a mile off, I suppose, before Flossie could be induced to come down from her perch on the table. Oh, no! Flossie will never do for you; and I must say, Bert, I have dreamed lots of nice, romantic dreams about you and Floss falling in love with each other. What in the world are you staring at?"

For all during this baragone Herbert Wylie's eyes had been fastened upon that graceful figure in the white gown and big sun-hat, with the roses all about her.

"Are you never going to present me?" he cried, stilling a laugh. Arthur led the way through the long window out into the grounds.

Two minutes later Mr Herbert Wylie had been presented to Miss Flossie Way, and the mischief was done. She was the loveliest little creature whom Herbert had ever met—a perfect blonde, with a crinkling mass of golden hair, and pearly-blue eyes—almost black beneath the shadow of the long golden-brown lashes. Graceful as well as beautiful, there was a nameless charm about her that made the young man's heart thrill in his breast whenever her beautiful eyes met his own. Yet remembering Arthur's remark in regard to Miss Flossie's lack of wisdom as well as heroism, the young man studiously avoided all reference to abstruse topics, scarcely ventured to discuss books and authors, and only then did he touch upon the very lightest of novel-nere froth.

Miss Flossie said little, but there was a demure look upon her face all the time, and Herbert never dreamed that there was a conspiracy against him.

The very first day of their acquaintance Herbert was treated to a succession of proofs which ought to have satisfied any man that the young lady was not different from the rest of her sex as represented by the silly school girls already frowned down by Mr Herbert Wylie. Flossie was really and unfeignedly frightened half out of her wits by a twal which ran across her foot while standing in the garden walk with Mr Wylie, and a spider discovered upon the filmy white skirt of her evening dress that evening, when they all sat out in the porch watching the moon rise,

created great havoc, Miss Flossie shrieking wildly and executing a war-dance until the unfortunate insect was safely removed.

Every night of her life it was Flossie's custom, as house-keeper, to make a regular tour of the house, to see that every door and window was secured and several times during Herbert's visit she aroused the household with a false alarm of burglars.

In short, Flossie Way was a perfect little coward; it did not require much penetration to arrive at that conclusion.

Yet, an awful thing had happened to Herbert Wylie. He awoke one day to the terrible truth—he was desperately in love with Flossie; his heart gone forever into her keeping—this silly, shrieking school-girl, who was afraid of her own shadow! He smiled grimly at the thought.

"I should be ashamed of such a silly little wife!" he decided, sternly; "and yet, oh, heavens! how bewitching she is! Of all the ladies of my acquaintance—and their name is legion—there is none to begin to compare with her!" And at last the end came. He was out riding one day with Flossie. She, with her characteristic timidity, rode a gentle, slow old horse, while Herbert had mounted the most fiery steed in the Way stable. Something frightened the animal, and it started off like a mad creature, dashed into a belt of woodland, and threw its rider upon a pile of stones which lay at the roadside. When Flossie, urging her own horse into its fastest pace, arrived at the scene, he lay there pale and insensible.

Dismounting from her horse without a word, the girl bent over the prostrate form. Her lips trembled; she was pale as death.

"I must help him!" she murmured, wildly. "Poor Herbert! he thinks me a cowardly little fool. Now is the time to a swift the truth."

A swift examination, such as a practised physician might have made, revealed the fact that his right arm was badly fractured. With swift, deft fingers she tore up her own handkerchief and his, and speedily bandaged the arm, doing all that could be done without help. Then she bathed his brow and restored him to consciousness.

Fancy Herbert's astonishment to find his injuries attended to by the cowardly little creature who was moving about him now like a real physician. But Herbert had more wonderful truths yet to learn.

Flossie had found a conveyance in which to carry him back to her brother's house, and he was soon placed in bed and the old family physician summoned.

To Herbert's intense surprise, Miss Flossie proved an expert assistant.

"Oh, yes!" cried old Doctor Holden, smiling at the young man's astonishment, "Flossie Way is a medical student. She has studied under me for a year or two now, and is a splendid surgeon for a beginner. A trifle nervous by nature; but when there is work—real work like this—before her, she becomes as cool as an icicle, and never breaks down."

"But," interposed Herbert, "she is so young!"

"True; she is not much over twenty-two; but she is a brave little woman, and has already done much good out here in the country, nursing the sick and assisting me. She will soon be ready for a diploma. She has also contributed several very able articles to a medical journal. She is going to be one of the intellectual lights of the day."

"I never dreamed of such a thing," murmured Herbert. "I thought her just like other women."

The good old doctor laughed aloud. "Well, to be sure she is. And, I tell you, Wylie, if I were young and could win her, Flossie Way is the girl who would be my wife."

And before Herbert Wylie had recovered from his injury—nursed all the time by Flossie, in conjunction with the old housekeeper—he had asked a certain question, to which the girl whom he had found to be so self-reliant and brave, with the truest kind of bravery, blushing answered yes.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S LOVE OF JEWELLERY.



MARIE ANTOINETTE, a bride, young and beautiful, was naturally very fond of dress.

Cardinal Rohan, a profligate, luxurious, and dignitary of the church, by enormous extravagance had become inextricably involved in debt. He had lost favour at court, and loitered around the salons at Versailles, watching for an opportunity to regain it. At the same time there was at Versailles a very and beautiful fascinating, though thoroughly unprincipled woman, the Countess Lamotte.

The jewellery of the Queen was quite ample. She had brought from Vienna a large number of pearls and diamonds. As Queen of France she inherited all the crown jewels of the kingdom. In addition to these her royal husband, Louis XVI., had presented her with a set of rubies and diamonds and a pair of bracelets, which cost £8,000. Still the Queen's thirst for gems was not satisfied. Boehmer, the crown jeweller, had collected six pear-formed diamonds of prodigious size. He offered them, set as earrings, to the Queen for £16,000. The Queen could not resist the temptation, though, as a matter of special economy, she removed two of the gems and replaced them by two of her own, engaging to pay for the jewels, thus arranged, £12,500, in equal instalments, for five years, from her private purse. She now turned her mind to collecting the most magnificent necklace of diamonds in the world. Wherever he could hear of a large and beautiful gem, he negotiated for it.

At length the magnificent string of the costliest diamonds to be purchased in Europe was complete. The glittering bauble, which became famous as 'The Diamond Necklace,' was exhibited to the Queen, and offered to her for £50,000. The king, a man of no common sense, and at that time exceedingly attached to his wife, was anxious that she should possess the ornament, and yet the treasury was so bankrupt that he could not put his hands upon the money. The rings of the storms of the French Revolution were also then beginning to be felt, and the whole nation was clamouring against the extravagance of the court. The Queen, having far more vigour of mind than her husband, felt that the purchase would expose her to measureless censure, and reluctantly declined the offer, stating, for public effect:

"We have more need of ships than of diamonds." Boehmer was in consternation. He was raised if he could not find a purchaser, and none but those possessing regal wealth could be expected to indulge in such a luxury.

The queen was interested in the unfortunate man's trouble, and, through Madame Campan, inquired what disposition he had made of the necklace. He said that the grand sultan of Constantinople had purchased it for the favourite sultana. The queen expressed much gratification that Boehmer had been extricated from his troubles. Soon after this, Marie Antoinette's infant son was baptized. The king purchased of Boehmer, as a baptismal present for the child, a diamond epaulette and buckles. As the crown jeweller delivered them to the queen, he slipped into her hands a petition, containing the following sentence: "I am happy to see your majesty in possession of the finest diamonds in Europe; and I entreat your majesty not to forget me."

"What does the man mean?" said the queen, as she read this note. "He must be insane."

A few days after, Boehmer called upon Madame Campan, and anxiously inquired if she had no commission for him from the queen, adding:

"To whom must I apply for an answer to the letter I presented her?"

"To no one," Madame Campan replied; "Her Majesty could not comprehend its meaning."

"That is impossible," said the man trembling; "the Queen knows that she owes me £50,000 for the necklace."

"Man, you are crazy," said Madame Campan; "did you not tell me yourself that you had sold it at Constantinople?"

"The Queen requested me," he replied, "to state that to all who inquired upon the subject, as she did not wish to have it known that she had made the purchase. Cardinal Rohan took the necklace in her name. I have all the promissory notes signed by the Queen."

"It is a detestable plot," said Madame Campan.

The poor man, delirious with fright, hastened to the cardinal. Rohan seemed much embarrassed, and was disposed to say nothing. He then hastened to the Queen, who was at the Little Trianon. She was very much alarmed, and told the story to the King. He immediately sent for the cardinal. Rohan said, trembling in every nerve, that the Countess Lamotte had brought him a letter from the Queen, requesting him to purchase the diamonds for her, and that he had done so, supposing that he was being of service to the Queen.

"How could you suppose," said the Queen, "that I should have selected you for such a purpose, that I could have employed such a character as the Countess Lamotte?"

"I see that I have been duped," he said, and drew from his pocket a letter directed to the Countess Lamotte, and signed in the name of the Queen.

Still there were circumstances which exposed the cardinal very strongly to the suspicion of having been an accomplice in the fraud. He was arrested, and his trial, though various interruptions, continued more than a year. The enemies of the queen took the ground that he was innocent, and that the queen, with the infamous Lamotte as her accomplice, had duped him. All France was agitated with the contest. The cardinal appeared at his trial in the utmost pomp of ecclesiastical robes, and was treated with the most marked respect. He was finally acquitted by a majority of three votes. This was regarded as a virtual declaration that the queen was guilty. A friend who called upon the queen immediately after the decision found her weeping bitterly.

The Countess Lamotte was brought to trial. It was popularly understood that the Queen was tried in her person. The dissipated beauty appeared before her judges in the most costly robes. It was clearly proved that she had received the necklace, and that she had sold the separate diamonds here and there for large sums of money. The populace were taught to believe that the Queen was her accomplice in this infamous deed, sharing with her the money. The Countess was found guilty, and was doomed, with horrid barbarity, to be whipped on the bare back in the courtyard of the prison, to have the letter 'V' branded on each shoulder with a hot iron, and to be imprisoned for life.

As the terrible sentence was pronounced rage and despair overwhelmed the wretched woman, and a scene of horror ensued unimaginable. She threw herself upon the floor with piercing screams. The executioner seized her and dragged her, struggling and shrieking, into the courtyard, her garments were torn from her back, and the lash cut its way mercilessly into the quivering nerves. The hot irons simmered upon her recoiling flesh. Then, mangled and half dead, she was conveyed to the prison hospital. After nine months of captivity she was permitted to escape, and died in England.

No one now doubts that Marie Antoinette was entirely innocent. Whether the cardinal was an accomplice is a question which can never be decided. But the occurrence threw reproach upon the unhappy Queen, which hastened the overthrow of the throne of the Bourbons and conducted her to the guillotine.

THE GREAT SLAUGHTER OF SEALS.

The Standard says:—Mr Tingle, the Revenue and Marine agent, reports that the Alaskan seal poachers have this season taken sixty thousand seals, including forty-three thousand five hundred taken by forty-eight British boats, and eight thousand five hundred and eighty-five by twenty-three American boats. It is reported that the British Commissioners estimate the number of the herd in the Pribilof rookeries at five hundred thousand, which is a decrease from 1890. *Appropos* of the British protest against exceeding the stipulated number of seven thousand, five hundred to be killed, Mr Williams, the Treasury agent, reports that the total authorized slaughter has been ninety thousand including only four thousand since the date of the *modus vivendi*. Mr Williams estimates that the poachers killed seven seals for every skin that was saved.

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

FLAG BRAND SAUCE—Try it the best in the market. HAYWARD BROS., Christchurch.—ADVT.

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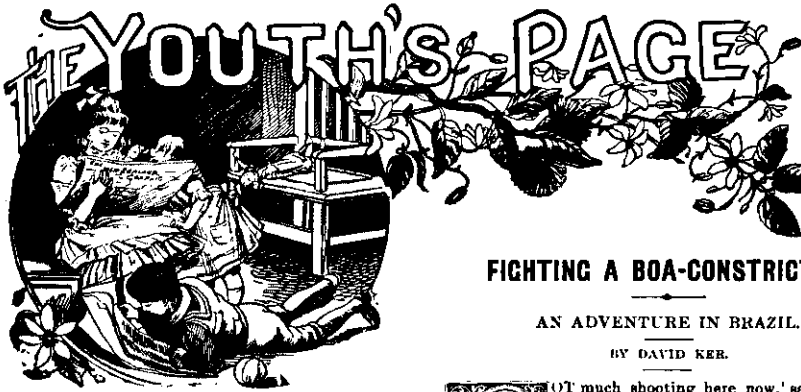
LADY EVA FITZGERALD.

MISS KENNEDY.

THE LADY MAYORESS.

MISS O'BRIEN.

LADY HILDA DUNDAS.



THE FAIRIES' COBBLER.

I SAT at work 'neath the lintel low,
And the white-walled street was still,
Save for the sound of my neighbour's loom,
'Plik-a-plek-plek,' through the twilight gloom,
And a curlew crying shrill.

The curlew cried, and I raised my head,
For I felt the good folk near;
Slim little shapes in the fading light,
Dusk and dim, but their eyes gleamed bright,
And they bailed me thin and clear.

In they swept with a rustling sound,
Like dead leaves blown together;
Bade me fashion their dainty shoon,
'O the morrow's e'en the Feast of the Moon,
And we dance on the wan white heather.'

So I took their gay stuffs, woven well,
As never a mortal weaves;
Fashioned daintily, fashioned fair,
Little red shoon that the Pixies wear,
Of the blood-red autumn leaves.

They stood at my knees, they crowded near,
And shrilled a piping tune,
Their great eyes glowed, and they whispered, 'Quick!
And my work went merrily, 'tic-tac-tic,'
By the light of the yellow moon.

'Thanks and thanks for thy labour done,
And aye when the summer's o'er,
And reapers carry the last brown sheaf,
We'll send our sign of a yellow leaf,
A leaf blown in at the door.

'So shall ye know that the time hath come,
And merry at heart shall rise—
Rise and go where we lit and fleet,
Follow the track of twinkling feet,
And the glow of our golden eyes.'

They reeled away through the starlight air,
And cried 'On our crystal shore,
O friend, you shall 'scape the winter's grief,
Follow the sign of the golden leaf,
The leaf blown in at the door.'

So shall I know when the time hath come,
And merry at heart shall rise—
Rise and go where they lit and fleet,
The little red shoon on the twinkling feet,
And the glow of the golden eyes.

Winter will come with snow-stilled skies,
And the neighbours' hearts aglow;
But the owls will drowse on my cold hearth-stone,
For I shall be gone where the birds are flown
And the great moon daisies blow.

I sit at work 'neath the lintel low,
And the white-walled street is still;
The twilight deepens dim and grey,
To-morrow it may be—no to-day—
And I wait the Pixies' will.

TWO SIMPLE CONJURING TRICKS.

A WONDERFUL KNOT.—For this you require a sheep bone, which you must offer to tie in a knot. How is it done? By soaking the bone in a strong acid until it is pliable. On the same principle you can put an egg into a bottle. Soak it in vinegar until the shell is quite soft; then squeeze it through the mouth of the bottle. To one who does not know the secret, the egg in the bottle seems a marvellous thing. Acid acts in the alkaline lime of the bone and the egg shell.

A MATHEMATICIAN.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER (to infant class): 'Who can tell what is meant by forefathers?'
Sage of Eight (promptly): 'One less than five fathers.'

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

FLAG BRAND PICKLES.—Ask for them, the best in the market. **HAYWARD BROS.** Christchurch.—(ADVT.)

FIGHTING A BOA-CONSTRUCTOR.

AN ADVENTURE IN BRAZIL.

BY DAVID KER.

NOT much shooting here now, said my kind Brazilian host, Dom Joao de Sanchez, as we sat at dinner on the spacious piazza of his country house, watching the red sun sink over the endless mass of tree-tops that flanked one of the great tributaries of the Amazon.

'Is there not?' cried I. 'Why, I should have thought that such a spot as this would be just the very place for it.'

'So it was a few years ago,' replied Sanchez; 'and then it wouldn't have surprised me in the least to have seen a panther creep in through the window, or a big snake poke his head out from under my bed just as I was going to get into it. But now, what with so many people settling here, and the thickets being cut away, and the officers from the towns coming up here to hunt and shoot every year, the game is being thinned off at a great rate. Even the alligators are getting shy, and the only sport that we have which is worth speaking of is when a boa-constructor comes up now and then out of the great swamp yonder, into which no man can penetrate.'

'A boa-constructor?' I exclaimed. 'That must be rather awkward for your cattle, whose pastures lies right along the edge of the swamp that produces these bad neighbours.'



FIGHTING A BOA-CONSTRUCTOR.

'True enough,' said Dom Joao; 'we have lost several beasts that way, and as soon as I can spare the money, I'm going to build a spiked fence all along the edge of the pasture that the snakes won't be able to get over.'

Just at that moment there came an unexpected commentary upon our talk, in the form of an Indian servant attached to my host's household, who had come up to report that a monstrous python (boa), larger by far than any yet known in the district, had been seen that evening among the reeds of the great swamp, just on the edge of the estate.

'Then the sooner we make an end of him the better, before he has time to do any harm,' cried Dom Joao, starting up excitedly, for he was very proud of his fine cattle, and had no mind to see another of them snapped up by these troublesome snakes. 'To-morrow morning I'll go on and see if I can find him; and if you, senhor, care to see the sport, I shall be very glad to have your company.'

I agreed at once, and early the next morning Dom Joao and I sallied forth in quest of the boa, along with our Indian retainer, I and my host carrying double-barrelled rifles, and the Indian armed with a long and very heavy club.

Our way led right through the cattle pasture, and Dom Joao pointed out to me with no small pride the fine show of live-stock that he possessed. In fact, it would have been hard to imagine a prettier picture than the long, low, old-fashioned looking house with its trim little garden in front, and the smooth green pasture meadows all around it, dotted with grazing cattle.

But as we drew nearer to the edge of the estate, and came in sight of the dismal swamp of which my host had spoken, this charming landscape underwent a sudden and ghastly change. Contrasted with the rich and grassy meadows that looked so green and beautiful in the bright morning sunshine, the black dreariness of the festering swamp beyond then seemed doubly hideous. The rank, unwholesome green of the long wiry grass, the sluggish pools of black slimy water half hidden beneath it, the glistening banks of food, half-liquid mud and spongy turf, into which were fastened the claw-like roots of dark, leathery bushes, were all wild and desolate to the last degree; and the horror of this evil place was increased by the gloomy shadow cast

over it from the huge trees that grew along its border. In truth, it would have been hard to imagine a fitter spot for the abode of serpents and alligators and destroying monsters of every kind.

'What a horrid place!' cried I. 'They talk of the swamps of Florida and Louisiana, and I've seen some pretty bad ones myself in Sumatra and Siam, to say nothing of the Sunderbunds below Calcutta; but, upon my word, I think this one would take the prize from any of them.'

'I wish it were possible to drain it,' replied my host, 'or at least to drain the part of it that borders my land. But one might just as well try to drain the sea; for every time the river overflows (which happens here every few months), the whole swamp is flooded over again from one end to the other.'

While we were talking thus, our Indian guide's keen eyes had been glancing round on every side in quest of the snake of which we were in search; for it was not far from this spot (so he gave us to understand) that the monster had been seen the evening before. But look as he might, there was no trace of it to be seen.

By my host's instruction I climbed into one of the low branches of a tree and sat there holding my gun ready for action.

'That's a venturesome little beast of yours over there, Senhor Dom Joao,' said I, pointing to a small white calf that was browsing carelessly beneath the ghostly shadow of the huge trees that stood along the very brink of the hideous morass. If it knew what was good for it, it wouldn't feed quite so near the edge of a swamp that swarms with big snakes.'

'My daughter's pet calf!' cried my host, with a start. 'This will never do; if it goes straying as near to the swamp as that, it may get snapped up at any moment.'

'So its mamma seems to think,' said I, glancing at a white cow on the other side of the meadow, which had just looked up from her pasture, and seeing whither the calf had strayed, lifted her head, sniffed the air uneasily for a moment, and then began lowing excitedly, as if to call back the truant from its perilous wanderings.

'Manoel,' called out Dom Joao to his Indian follower, 'go quick and drive that calf back again.'

But ere the Indian had time to obey, there occurred a sudden and startling interruption.

As we had neared the border of the swamp, I had noticed once or twice, among the higher boughs of one of the tall trees along its edge (under which the unwary calf was feeding), a strange many-coloured glistening, somewhat resembling—though on an immensely large scale—the peculiar light cast by the sun upon a wet cobweb.

I was just wondering what this singular rainbow could be, when all at once there came a flash of green and gold through the dark leaves, my 'rainbow' shot downward with bewildering swiftness, a shrill cry of mortal terror and agony was heard, and in an instant I saw the poor little pet calf writhing in the coils of a monstrous boa, no doubt the very one of which we were in quest.

My host uttered a cry of rage, and his gun was at his shoulder in a moment; but ere he could fire, a hoarse bellow made the air ring, and the white cow, dashing wildly to the spot, flew at the destroyer of its young, pushing and goring with its horns at the entangled monster with a headlong fury terrible to see.

Dom Joao and I looked on in silent amazement; for so great, as a rule, is the terror of cattle for any large snake that no amount of lashing and goading can force them to pass near a spot where one of these monsters lies hid. But in this case the beast's insinuating fear of its natural enemy appeared to be wholly gone, with nothing left but a mad eagerness to rescue or revenge its entrapped young.

Meanwhile my host and I, not daring to fire at the mixed and struggling group, stood silently watching this unheard-of battle, in which, for a time, it really seemed as if the cow were going to get the best of it.

In fact the boa, with more than half its length coiled round the tree and the body of the calf, was in no condition to make a vigorous defence against its new foe, every plunge of whose long sharp horns made a fearful wound in the monster's scaly body. The snake began to uncoil itself, in order to seize and crush the cow in its turn; but ere it could do so (for the slowness and heaviness of its movements showed how badly hurt it must be), the assailant's horn was driven right through the serpent's neck, almost pinning it to the ground!

With a mighty effort, however, the boa wrenched itself free, and in a moment more all would have been over with the brave beast—for the snake, though bleeding and sorely wounded, had at length got free for action those terrible coils, which could have crushed the bones of the largest buffalo to splinters with one squeeze—but just then Dom Joao who was one of the best shots in the whole province, sent a ball into the monster's uplifted head, and then, coming up at a run, despatched it outright with a second shot.

'Well, I'm glad we've got rid of that rascal,' said the planter, eyeing with hunter-like admiration the vast bulk of the conquered foe; 'but I've paid more for him than he's worth—he has cost me a cow and a calf.'

'A cow?' echoed I, in surprise. 'What do you mean. The cow is not hurt a bit!'

'She won't live, though, poor thing!' said my host, with a pitying air; 'she'll never get over the loss of her calf.'

His words proved only too true. From that day forth the poor mother began to pine away, and died within a very few weeks after her strange exploit.

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

ARE THE RED SUNSETS RETURNING?

THERE have been reports recently of the appearance of brilliant red sunsets resembling those that ornamented the evening skies for many months after the tremendous eruption of the volcano of Krakatoa, in the East Indies, in 1883. The fine dust thrown into the higher regions of the atmosphere on that occasion was distributed by aerial currents all over the earth, and had the effect of producing strangely beautiful sunrise and sunset effects, the phenomenon assuming, in our latitudes, the appearance of a fiery glare like the reflection of a distant conflagration.

There has certainly been no general return of such skyey spectacles this year, and yet reports from various sources seem to indicate that some increase in the redness of the sunset colours may have taken place. If so, the explanation remains to be found.

When the splendid sunsets that followed the Krakatoa eruption began to appear in this country and Europe, it was at first suggested that they might be the result of an encounter between the earth and a cloud of cometary dust. There was, perhaps, nothing essentially impossible in that idea, but it was quickly abandoned when the evidence began to accumulate that the strange dust came from Krakatoa.

If now a new series of red sunsets should make their appearance, without being preceded by any extraordinary volcanic explosion, it is probable that the cometary dust theory and other perhaps equally interesting theories would again be put forth to account for it.

But the first thing to be done is to make certain that the sunsets are really any redder than usual: and anybody who chooses to look can help to settle that question, while at the same time making his eyes familiar with some of the most attractive phenomena in the reach of human vision.

THEY FOLLOWED COPY.

IN the days when merchant vessels came home redolent of spices and loaded to the brim with silks and china, a certain family, described by Miss Leslie in her Pencil Sketches, determined to send beyond seas for a dinner service which should outshine in beauty everything thus far seen on this side of the Atlantic. Original designs of fruit and flowers, arranged in the form of a wreath, had been made for it by a skillful artist, and the sea-captain who undertook the commission was charged to spare no money or pains in having it properly carried out.

Spring returned, and there was much watching of the vanes by this particular family, and the ship-news furnished the most interesting column of the daily papers. At length the long-expected vessel arrived, and when she had cast anchor, the ladies of the family could scarcely refrain from walking down to the wharf to see the ship that held the box that held the china.

Invitations were at once sent out for a long-projected dinner-party, at which the new porcelain could be displayed. The box was landed, and conveyed to the house. The whole family were present at the opening, which was performed by Mr A.—himself, while the servants peeped in at the door.

As soon as a part of the lid was split off, and a handful of straw removed, a pile of plates appeared wrapped carefully in paper. Each of the family snatched up a plate, and hastily tore off the covering. There were the flowers, glowing in beautiful colours, the gold star and golden A, admirably executed. But under the gold star, on every plate, dial and tureen, were the words, 'This in the middle!'

The literal and exact Chinese workmen had copied this direction minutely from a very crooked line which Mr A.—had hastily scribbled on the pattern with a very bad pen, of course, without the slightest thought of finding it inserted *verbatim* beneath the central ornament.

Mr A.—laughed, his wife cried, the servants giggled, and the daughter cried first and laughed afterward.

The only silver lining to the cloud was the fact that thereafter Mr A.—always had something amusing to tell his guests at a dinner party.

DIGESTION AND SLEEP.

IT is a somewhat general opinion that sleep suspends gastric activity, much as it suspends the action of the intellectual faculties. Hence the common objection to meals at late hours. This opinion is adopted by some medical writers. Says one writer:

"During sleep the medullary centres relax their activity, digestive fluids are not secreted, and the movements of the stomach and intestines are slow and almost if not entirely cease."

The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal takes the opposite view. It says that the stomach and intestines continue their functions during sleep, though with lessened activity; that the secretions are not suspended; that all the essential junctions continue to be exercised; that while there is a diminished activity of the secreting glands, yet in healthful persons these organs are still adequate to their work, as is proved by the fact that many persons can eat a full meal on going to bed, sleep soundly, and be ready for another meal on waking.

It is true, at the same time, that many persons who take late meals suffer from restlessness and wakefulness.

This result, however, may not be due entirely to the eating of a late supper, but to the fact that the digestive system has already been overtaxed, perhaps habitually, by eating too much or too rapidly, by eating food naturally difficult of digestion, or food that has been made so by bad cooking, or by eating when harassed by care, or with overtaxed brains, that were drawing to themselves the nervous energy needed by the stomach. Persons who have offended against nature in such ways had better forego the supper entirely, and give brain, stomach and intestines a chance to recuperate their nervous energy.

So, too, if one cannot get the muscular exercise so essential to vigorous digestion, it might be well to take only a simple lunch at noon, and a full but not excessive meal at night.

As to men whose habits in life secure them a vigorous, normal digestion, they need take no particular care about their food. Some persons, as the above quoted journal says, need food that 'stands by' one, such as baked beans and pork, boiled beef and cabbage, and mince pie. Such persons sleep well despite their hearty fare.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

LITTLE JAKE'S BUMPS.

COME here, little Hop o' my Thumb,
Let me tell the bumps on your head,
We'll see if a magistrate you'll become,
Or a lobster-man instead.

Heigho! Shall I ever find one,
Down here among the curls?
The curliest curls—they remind one,
For all the world, of a girl's.

Yes, here's one peeping from under,
And there's another one yet.
The wee, wee bump is Remember;
And the big one's the bump Forget.

Oh, bless me! this head 's a boy's,
Hide it in curls, if you will,
For I've found such a big bump of Noise,
But where is the bump of Still?

And I think he'll be a magistrate,
At any rate, he'll be a man,
See! there's never a bit of bump Cannot,
But a generous bump of Can.

But look here, little Hop o' my Thumb,
Here's a bump as big as two;
And I'm all at sea to name it—
Bless me! it's black and blue!

'Oh, that one? I know it, gramma!'
Cried its little owner, Jake.
'I bumped it myself on the hammer;
I guess you can name it Ache.'

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

ELSIE'S SURPRISE.

A TRUE STORY.

ELSIE looked out of the window one morning, and laughed to see the bright sunshine.

It had rained for five days, and she was so tired of looking at the grey clouds and the muddy street that now she was ready to dance for joy at the sight of the clear blue sky.

'O mamma,' she cried, 'let's do something nice to-day because it's so pleasant!'

Mamma smiled, and asked her what she wanted to do.
'I don't know,' said Elsie, as she laughed again. 'You think of something nice, mamma, and s'prise me.'
Mamma looked very wise as she said, 'Well, put on your hat and coat, and we'll take a walk to begin with.'

As they started out Rover came bounding after them, and mamma told him he might go and be surprised, too. He splashed through the puddles till Elsie said:

'Look out, or you'll be sent home, and that will s'prise you the wrong way.'

By and by they came to a little shop with pictures in the window, and mamma said, 'We'll go in here. Yes, Rover may come, too,' she added, as she looked back and saw him wagging his tail as if promising good behaviour.

A man came forward, and Elsie heard her say, 'Can you take a tintype of my little girl and the dog this morning?'

And then he replied, 'Certainly, madam. Walk into the next room, and I'll attend to it at once.'

'O mamma,' she whispered, 'how you *have* s'prised me, and it's awful nice!'

She took off her hat and coat, and called Rover to her side. The man moved her head this way, and her shoulders that way, and told her to drop her chin, and to wink as often as she wanted to, and I don't know how many other things.

Finally he said, 'Now you have a good position, don't move.'

But Rover didn't approve of all this and thought it was time to express his opinion. He walked back and forth barking and growling, and making himself so disagreeable that he had to be scolded.

Even then he didn't behave well, and at last mamma went to the door with him and made him go out, saying as she did so, 'You are a bad dog! You are spoiling Elsie's picture. Go home at once!'

After he was gone and it was quiet Elsie had her picture taken alone, but it was a disappointment not to have Rover's, too.

When they went home he was nowhere to be seen. Dinner-time came, but no Rover.

'Why, mamma, where do you suppose Rover can be?' Elsie kept saying.

Just at dusk she saw him come trotting along with a package tied to his collar. She ran to the door and opened it, and in he came wagging his tail as if trying to say, 'I am sorry I was naughty, I'll be good now.'

Elsie undid the package, and her eyes grew big as she looked at it.

'O mamma!' she cried, 'this is the s'prisingest of all.' And sure enough it was, for there was Rover's picture. He had gone back, and teased the man (who must have understood dog language) till his picture was taken, and then he lay down, and waited till it was tied around his neck.

The man told mamma this the next day when she went to inquire about it, and he said as she paid him for the work:

'The dog knew he had done wrong, and wanted to make amends for it.'

'Just as if he had been a little girl,' said Elsie, thoughtfully, after mamma explained it to her. 'That is s'prising I'm sure.'

ANNA M. PRATT.

A KITTEN LOVES A DUCK.

A CURIOUS FRIENDSHIP ON AN ENGLISH FARM.

SOME time ago, when spending my summer holiday at a farm house in Surrey, I was much amused by seeing a little kitten and a large white duck apparently on the most friendly terms with one another, says an English writer.

The duck was most attentive to the kitten, and the kitten returned the duck's affection by walking about with her, and gently purring and rubbing itself against the old white duck. Every now and again the duck would nibble or run its bill all over the fur of the kitten, which performance Kitty enjoyed. It would stand upon its hind legs and clasp the duck around the neck, as though fondly embracing the bird.

There were other ducks and fowls about the poultry yard, but Kitty never condescended to pay such marked preference for them, but always remained true to its old favourite.

One wonders what first gave rise to such an odd friendship, and it would have been interesting to know whether it was maintained after little Pussy grew up to years of discretion.

SHE HAD HEARD SO.

WHAT numbers of facts are still unrecorded in any book! A teacher was hearing her class in natural history recite, and asked a bright-looking little girl:

'What is a ruminating animal?'

'One that chews her cube,' was the innocent reply.

THE SNOW PRINCESS.

A FAIRY TALE.

'SNOWDROP was the beautiful daughter of the great and good Snow King Snowball the First, who reigned over Snowland, a country lying so far north that even its people were made of snow. Snowdrop was so beautiful that every Prince coming from any adjoining snow country fell desperately in love with her. She had so many suitors that she was really at a loss to know whom to accept, and, as a matter of course, was very vain. Besides the Princes of the neighbouring countries, there was the son of a poor bellows-mender who loved the Princess so devotedly that when he sat down to an oil dinner—which was about the only kind the poorer people of Snowland knew—he fancied he was eating nightingales' tongues stuffed with rose leaves. Being only a poor bellows-mender's son, he was afraid to declare his passion.

Finally, seeing that Snowdrop was pining away, the King said he would give her to the man who would produce the orange blossom wreath for the wedding, provided he was not an aes. Now there was not an orange-blossom in all Snowland, and never had been, but when the King's offer became known, all the young snow men for miles around started for the land of the olive and the rose for the blossoms for the coveted wreath. Poor Snowdrop was sad at heart, because she was afraid she might have to marry some one for whom she cared naught. But the snow men who started southward—some on great birds, some in boats, and in every other way they could think of to get there and back first—after a few days' journey came in contact with warm weather, and melted away. The Snow King learned this from a snow-bird.

Then the son of the bellows-mender pushed his plate of oil aside, stopped feasting on imaginary nightingales' tongues stuffed with rose leaves, imagined himself to Snowball the First, and demand the hand of Snowdrop.

'"Where's your orange wreath?" asked the King.

"I have none," replied the bellows-mender's son. "I went in quest of none."

"Why did you not?"

"For the same reason that I now claim Snowdrop's hand."

"And what is that, pray?"

"That I am not an aes!"

The King at once appreciated the wisdom and philosophy of the poor bellows-mender's son, who shortly after was wedded to the lovely Snow Princess, with whom he led a long and happy life, the sunshine of which was unmarred by a single sullen cloud.

WHAT THE LITTLE ONES SAY.

THIS comes from Palmerston. 'In the course of my travels I hear some original sayings of children. I give you two or three:—

'Little boy after tea and bun feast: "Oh, mother, put me to bed, but be sure you don't bend me."

'Squatter and men shearing (enter on scene two little girls of five and seven years): "Oh, papa, papa, do come and look at two *bad* sheep, almost as bald as our parson."

'"Johnny, you should not cry so late in the day." "Oh, father, I think mother does not care for me as she used to. She washed me for tea and never rubbed the soap in my eyes that she might kiss my tears away."

HER OWN FAULT.

HOW true it is that none of us ever foresee all the results of our slightest action.

Mrs. Suburb was in trouble with her washerwoman. 'Why can't you come and work for me to-morrow, as usual?' she inquired.

'Cause I've got ter stay at home an' mend the childers clothes—that's why. And it's your own fault too.'

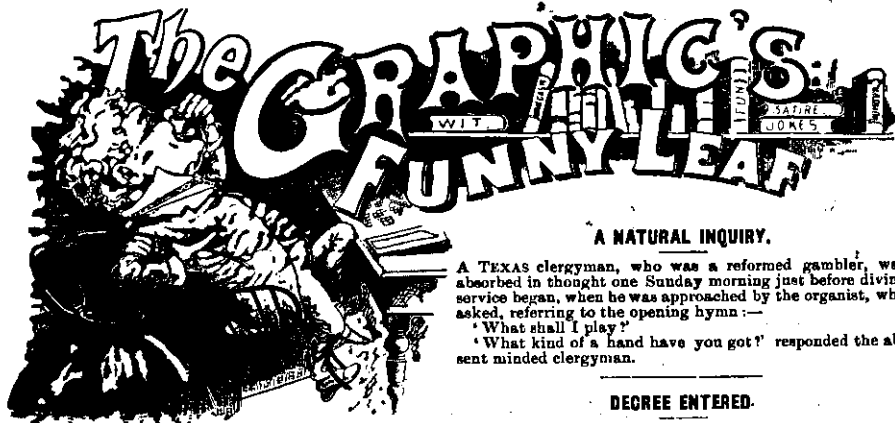
'My fault! How can that be?'

'Well, what business had ye to go an' put a barbed-wire fence round your apple orchard, I should like to know!'

AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.

TEACHER (to grammar class): 'Charlie, what do two negatives together make?'

(Charlie promptly): 'A composite.'



A NATURAL INQUIRY.

A TEXAS clergyman, who was a reformed gambler, was absorbed in thought one Sunday morning just before divine service began, when he was approached by the organist, who asked, referring to the opening hymn—
 'What shall I play?'
 'What kind of a hand have you got?' responded the absent minded clergyman.

DECREE ENTERED.

LAWYER: 'So you want to get a divorce from your husband? What is the cause of your disagreement?'
 Despairing Wife: 'I just simply can't stand it any more. He makes home a perfect hell. He wants the marrow out of the soup bone every day, and so do I.'

HAPPY WITH GOOD REASON.

QUICKLY: 'Did any man ever kiss you before?'
 Miss Gettington: 'Never, Mr Quickly, in my whole life, I assure you.'
 Quickly: 'Then I am positively the first?'
 Miss Gettington: 'You are, indeed, you happy man.'
 Quickly: 'Happy? Well I should say I am; I'm ten in on Jenkins.'



PARSON: 'Now, Pincher, my good man, don't you think it would pay you a great deal better to keep a pig instead of those useless dogs?'
 Pincher (notorious poacher): 'Why, mebbe, parson; mebbe 'twould, but what a fool ah should luk to goa rabbitin' wi' a pig.'

NOT QUITE FINISHED.

CALLER: 'Your daughter is at home now, is she not? I heard she had graduated at the Artistic Literary and Scientific University.'
 Hostess: 'She is not at home. She has gone to a finishing school.'
 Caller: 'Why, what for?'
 Hostess: 'Oh, to learn how to enter a room, and to sit down, and hold a fan, and blush, you know.'

PATERNAL PROFANITY.

MISS GUSH: 'And Ethel, dear, what is the baby's name?'
 Mrs Newmother: 'I've named him Ethelbert Algernon.'
 Miss Gush: 'But I always thought the father named the boys.'
 Mrs Newmother: 'If you could hear what his father calls him when he is walking the floor with him in the early dawn you wouldn't wonder I took matters in my own hands.'

BORROWED HUMOUR.

EXAMINER: 'I am surprised that you all made mistakes in answering the question, "Where was the Magna Charta signed?" Think it over—can no one tell me?'
 Little Boy: 'I can, sir.'
 Examiner: 'Well?'
 Little Boy: 'At the bottom of the page.'

'Please, ma, mayn't I have a lock of papa's hair? I want it so bad.' 'Yes, my child. Just see there, George, what an affectionate little fellow he is. That child has more heart than any child of his age I ever saw. He wants to keep a lock of your hair as a keepsake.' 'What do you want the hair for, Johnny?' asked Mr Peterby. 'I want to tie it on the tail of my hobby-horse; his tail is so thin,' replied the affectionate little creature.

There is a story that some children had a discussion concerning the services in one of the fashionable temples. One youngster who had reached the mature age of seven, said: 'I'd just like to know what preaching is for.' 'Oh, don't you know?' inquired his five-year-old sister. 'It's to give the singers a rest, of course.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS BREEZY (with hammer): 'There, I've hit the nail on the head at last.' Mr Breezy: 'Why do you put your finger in your mouth?' Mrs Breezy: 'That was the nail I hit.'
 Mother: 'Arthur, this hurts me more than it does you.' Arthur: 'Yes, mamma, but not in the same place.'
 'Well, congratulate me, old fellow. I am a father!' 'Good! Boy or girl?' 'By Jove! So excited I forgot to ask.'

A woman loves to talk. Anybody can tell when a woman's dead, but it takes an expert to tell when a man's dead. A woman is never dead until she stops talking.
 Judge (to a very homely old maid): 'Miss, in what year were you born?' Witness: 'In the year 1866.' Judge: 'Before or after Christ?'
 Jones: 'Red herring, blue fish, white fish, green peas, green corn and yellow label.' Artist: 'Jove, old fellow, you ought to belong to the Palette Club.'
 Judge: 'Well, officer, who is this person, and what is she charged with?' Officer: 'Sure, it's the "magnetic girl," yer honor, and she's charged with electricity.'
 Bunker: 'Bloomer is looking pretty well lately. Has he had any luck?' Hill: 'Why, haven't you heard? He married a Harlem widow, and her former husband's clothes just fit him.'

Stranger (to Bridget, scrubbing the front steps): 'While you're on your knees, Biddy, pray for me.' Bridget: 'O Lord, make this fellow a gentilemon!'
 EVOLUTION OF A PROPOSAL.—Act I.—The belle poses. Act II.—The beau proposes. Act III.—The father disposes. Act IV.—The wife imposes. Act V.—The mother-in-law interposes. Act VI.—The husband opposes. Act VII.—The divorce court exposes. (Curtain).
 Young Football Player: 'Say, if you hit me, paps, I'll have you ruled off for slugging!' Father: 'Who'll do it?' 'Mamma. She's the referee, and what she says goes. See!'

Smythe: 'I dropped a cent in front of a blind beggar today to see if he'd pick it up.' Thomson: 'Well, did he?' Smythe: 'No,' he said, 'Make it a half-a-crown boss, and I'll forget myself.'
 Enthusiastic Professor of Physics (discussing the organic and inorganic kingdoms): 'Now if I should shut my eyes—and drop my head—so—and should not move you would say I was a clod. But I move, I leap, I run, I hop—then what do you call me?' Voice from the rear: 'A clod-hopper.' Class is dismissed.

'Why, Jimmy,' said one professional beggar to another, 'are you going to knock off already? It's only two o'clock.' 'No, you mutton head,' responded the other, who was engaged in unbuckling his wooden leg, 'I'm only going to put it on the other knee. You don't suppose a fellow can beg all day on the same leg, do you?'

THE TRAMP'S REVENGE.—Sour-faced Woman: 'You get right out of here or I'll call my husband.' Tramp: 'Y'r husband ain't at home.' Sour-faced woman: 'How do you know he ain't?' Tramp: 'I've allers noticed, mum, that w'en a man is married to a woman wot looks like you he never is at home except at meal time.'

Aunt Jessie: 'Wish Mr Happpiman good morning, dear. You know he will soon be your uncle.' The fiancé: 'Good morning, little sweetness! Did you have pleasant dreams?' Florrie: 'No, sir. I dreamed there was a big locomotive shrieking by the side of me. Ah! then I woked up, and it was nothin' but Aunt Jessie snoring.'

'Buckle my shoe, Egbert,' said a belle to her near-sighted fiancé. Egbert went down on his knees like a true knight, but, as he had lost his eyeglass, his vision was a little uncertain. 'Is this your foot, darling?' he inquired. 'Yes.' 'Aw, pawdion—I—thought it was the lounge.' Egbert is now disengaged.

Candidate (in chemist's shop (of prohibition town): 'Come, gentleman, walk right up to the prescription counter. One and all, gentie; it's my treat. Here, Mr Drug Clerk, plenty of patients for ye. Now, gentlemen, name y'r diseases and the clerk will mix y'r medicine.'

POESY.

Oh, Minnie! You're a ripper.
 You're a wild and woolly skipper.
 You're the girl to kick your slipper
 Up into the very skies.
 You have captured the persimmon,
 You have squeezed the yaller lemon,
 You're a waving of your penon
 At the gate of Paradise.

Mr de Seiner (on being introduced to Adored One's Mother): 'Pardon me, madam, but have we not met before? Your face seems strangely familiar.' Adored One's Mother: 'Yes; I am the woman who stood up before you for fourteen blocks in a street car the other day, while you sat reading a paper.'



THE JUDGE: 'How can you swear the handkerchief is yours?'
 Plaintiff: 'By the colour.'
 The Judge: 'But I have one exactly like it.'
 Plaintiff: 'That does not astonish me; I had several stolen.'

IT WAS FAMILIAR.

BY THE DEACON.

My memory is very good,
 That sermon I have heard before,
 But then it's new to all the rest,
 So I'll doze off without a snore.

BY THE TRUSTEE.

That sermon I have got to heart,
 I heard it first in sixty-seven,
 But then it's fresh to other folks,
 And would be were it preached in heaven.

BY THE ELDER.

I've heard that sermon many times,
 Expect to hear it ten times more,
 But it's a comfort that his bar!
 Won't last to reach the other shore.

BY THE PASTOR.

This week my children have been sick,
 It seemed at times that I must fall,
 So in place of the sermon I have read
 An epistle from St. Paul.

MATHEMATICS.

TEACHER: 'If your mother had twenty-five yards of stuff and made a dress requiring but eighteen yards, how much would she have left?'

Little Girl: 'Mamma can't make her own dresses. She has tried often, and they are always either too—'

Teacher: 'Suppose she sent it to a dressmaker, how much would the dressmaker send back?'

Little Girl: 'Depends on which dressmaker she sent it to. Some wouldn't send back any.'

Teacher (impatiently): 'Suppose she sent it to an honest one.'

Little Girl: 'Some of the honestest ones cut things to waste so that there is never anything left, no matter how much you send 'em.'

EASY TO FIND.

A RATHER fresh-looking man entered a drug store and said to the druggist:

'See if you can find me the address of Mr Theophilus Thompson.'

After looking through the directory for some time the druggist gave it up, remarking:

'I can't find him at all.'
 'Nonsense. Why, you can't help finding him. He is a little fat man with a bald head and a little black moustache, waxed at the ends. He is the easiest man in the world to find. Gimme that book.'



'How stylishly you shake hands, Mr Softsleigh.'
 'Ya as, I got it from the Prince of Wales.'
 'Why, have you been presented to him?'
 'No; but Cholly Davis saw him meet a friend in the street one day.'