

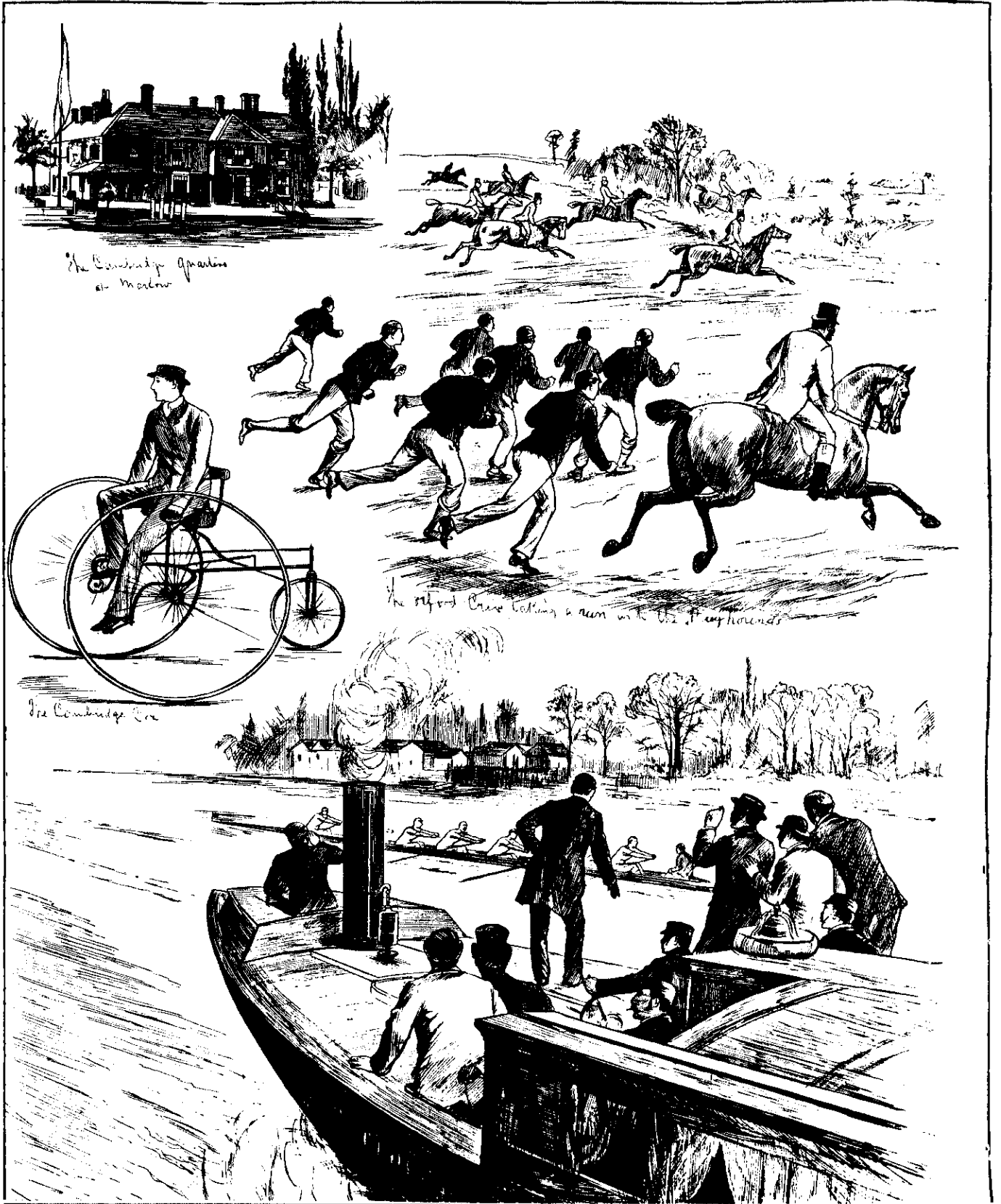
The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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COACHING THE 'VARSITY CREWS.—SEE LETTERPRESS.

Topics of the Week.

SOCIETY'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS

FROM the point of view of a society journalist it is with gratitude past understanding that I chronicle the fact that the Lenten season is closed, and that of gaiety, dancing, ostensibly that of a messenger of peace and love to the working men, who, like a great many of our own country-men, have interesting labour questions on their mind and bunting begun. Passion week passed off as usual. No important dances were given, and things generally were very quiet. Good Friday seems to become more and more of a public holiday, and to lose its religious character more and more each year. Churches are open and theatres are closed, but with these exceptions there seems little to indicate that the day is one of the most important in the Christian calendar. The Catholics are the staunchest, and continue to regard the religious observances of the day very strictly; but with the Church of England and Nonconformists the percentage of those who do not regard Good Friday as a pleasant holiday to be spent in enjoyment is steadily diminishing. Whether or no this is good is not for me to say, but one thing is certain, in no pagan religion, Buddhism, Mahomedanism, or any other, are religious festivals treated so inconsequently as are the Christian fast days.

THE Rev. Mr Grubb's mission meetings in Wellington were largely attended and greatly enjoyed; indeed, frequently there was not standing room in the Opera House during his preaching. He is an eloquent and very earnest preacher, and his devotion to his mission excites the sympathy of his hearers. Last April (1891) Mr Grubb left England for the third mission tour. He and six other helpers have since been labouring in Australia and visiting the dioceses of Victoria, Ballarat, Goulburn and Sydney. Mr Grubb conducted mission services in the cathedrals of Melbourne, Ballarat, Goulburn and Sydney. They then proceeded to Tasmania, visiting Launceston and Hobart. Their stay in New Zealand will be short, as they hope to leave for England by the end of May. They have already visited Dunedin Oamaru and Christchurch, and Wellington. They hope to go to Nelson, Blenheim, Wanganui, Napier, Gisborne and Auckland.

It does seem strange, says my Picton correspondent, that the Press has not got hold of our poisoning case, especially as Dr. Skey's (the Government analyst) telegram relating to the affair has been seen by several people. Only one Marlborough paper mentioned it, and that one solved the problem by the riddle on the broken case of arsenic in Wellington months ago. But as the flour was ground in Marlborough, that they will not do, and in the meantime Mr Fraser, of the Loan and Mercantile, who is a stranger in Picton, and against whom no one has the slightest ill-feeling, but quite the reverse, eats and drinks in fear and trembling. The affair is one of those mysterious events which puzzle the village wise acres, and will, I fear, have to be consigned to the regions of unsolved enigmas.

MR RUDYARD KIPPLING is a very smart story-teller in his own particular line, and when he sticks to the subjects he is acquainted with, he is likewise a smart writer of verses, but as a writer of comic songs he is somewhat of a failure. A copy of 'Tommy Atkin,' his maiden effort in this line, has reached me. It is, I understand, achieving only a moderate success in London, though sung by Colburn, who is quite one of the best music scale 'artists.' It certainly doesn't seem to have half the necessary nerve and go to enable anyone to make a success out of it. The words are clever, and this is probably one cause for the song's failure. The more idiotic the words the more successful the song as a rule.

At an afternoon tea-meeting of ladies in Picton the other day, it was unanimously resolved that for the future no assistance should be rendered to men in any of his undertakings until he had recognised the Rights of Women and obtained for them the Franchise.

THE circus still continues to draw crowded houses in Wellington, perhaps because of the changes of programme which nightly appear. The whole troupe frequently ride through the principal streets in costume, and cause great excitement.

A correspondent from Christchurch writes: 'There are a good many complaints here about the difficulty of obtaining copies of the GRAPHIC. Last week I myself wanted several copies, and after hunting wildly all over the town heard that I could obtain some at the station. Ordinarily this is too far to go, but I wanted them badly. Everyone says the GRAPHIC is excellent, and I think everyone ought to take it.' I am much obliged for the compliments, and may say that the GRAPHIC should be obtainable from any stationer. The matter shall be looked into.

A LONDON correspondent informs me that any number of Anglo-New Zealanders are joining the *New Travellers Club*. The club house, which has just been opened, is in Piccadilly, and is as luxurious and handsome as any in the metropolis, which is saying a good deal. The names on the committee are exceedingly good, and now that some 900 hundred members have been elected there is likely to be a rush for the last hundred memberships without the ten-guinea entrance fee. Candidates will be considered according to priority of application.

It is seldom that an actress is accorded a public reception such as was extended to Mrs Bernard Beere on her arrival in Australia; but then it is also seldom that a lady so distinguished in her profession comes amongst us colonists. Favourites in opera bouffe and shining constellations of burlesque are common enough, and the popularity of their incursion is shown, as a rule, by packed houses and unattained applause; but Mrs Beere is a lady whose advent marks a distinct acquisition to the higher walks of the legitimate drama. She has been recognised for the last ten years as one of the leading English speaking *tragediennes*; the seal of English approval has conferred upon her a place in popular favour second to none, and in certain emotional



and impassioned rôles she is admitted to have no superior and scarcely an equal, save Madame Bernhardt. Her approaching appearance before Australian audiences has therefore been looked forward to with unusual interest. The heartiness with which the welcome was arranged and carried out must have convinced Mrs Beere and the ladies and gentlemen comprising her company of the warm feelings of appreciation that are entertained for all that pertains to distinguished histrionic ability. It is not yet settled whether Mrs Beere will come to New Zealand.

SAYS a Wellington correspondent:—'Of course there is very little going on in the social world in Wellington during Passion week. At Easter, however, there will be some gaiety, I fancy. At present everyone is busy arranging up-country parties, boating picnics, etc., for Easter week. A great number of people are going to the Wairarapa for the holidays, so that the small townships there will be quite gay. The chief attractions, I fancy, are the races, which are generally very interesting.'

ONE of the smartest theatrical functions held in Auckland for some time will be the benefit to Mr W. Bentley next Saturday. Everyone is to be present, so I hear.

MISS MYRA KEMBLE is about to open her season in Wellington, the opening piece to be 'Dr. Bill,' which is most amusing. In her company the good people of the Empire city will have the pleasure of seeing a Wellington face in the person of Mr Harry Diver, son of the late Dr. Diver, of Wellington. The company also includes Mrs Walter Hill, Miss Ada Hill, Miss Nellie Lyons, Miss Mudge Cochrane, Miss Lillie Clitheroe, and Messrs George Leopold, R. O. Harris, Edwin Lester, E. Leonard, and J. J. Welsh, many of whom are known to us.

SINCE the fire at the Benedictine Liqueur Factory in France Finlanders have been wearing, so to speak, sack-cloth and ashes as a mark of sorrow for the loss of their favourite drink. No less than 30 per cent. of Benedictine brewed is drunk in Finland by about 100,000 people. 'Claret for boys, port for men, but brandy for heroes,' said Dr. Johnson, but there was a limit even in the quantities drunk of these. The Fins, however, have not a very high opinion of homeopathic doses of their favourite drink in liquor glasses, and consequently they quaff it in tumblers, two or three men thinking nothing of putting away a couple of bottles. It seems a strange anomaly that the importation of whisky, which is certainly a much more harmless drink, should be prohibited on account of its great proportion of alcohol. I suppose the reason lies in the fact that the Finny tribe all drink like fish.

WE usually look for new ideas of a rather unique kind from our Yankee cousins, but the French have lately quite eclipsed them. The latest Parisian addition to a mourning outfit is *corsets à sanglots*, or 'sobbing stays.' The French dressmaker has reflected that when a woman sobs unrestrainedly, her frame undergoes certain physical expansions which might be fatal, or at least detrimental, to her toilette if she were clad in stiff, unyielding stays.

THIS is the way this addition to a fine lady's toilet is made. A triangle of black elastic—for of course the corsets for a lady in mourning must necessarily correspond—is set at each side, and these 'give' with every violent outburst of grief. So that now Madame can sob bitterly and unrestrainedly, knowing that when she has overcome her emotion she will not need to grieve further for a bodice that has lost its perfection of fit by her exertions.

It is quite an open secret that a detective is disporting himself in Picton for a season. It is also evident that the romantic interest attached to the profession in America does not exist there, as we have yet to hear of any mysteriously fascinating lady killer appearing in Pictonian society.

MOST successful, except from a financial point of view, was the dance given in New Plymouth the other day under the auspices of the local cricket club. Everyone enjoyed themselves immensely. The Alexandra was decorated with many flags, and in honour of the noble British game, round the walls were hung innumerable bats and balls. The stage also was fitted up as a drawing-room. Mr Paul was M.C., and Mr Alfred Okey had acted as Secretary, both proving themselves 'good men and true.' One thing rather interfered with the pleasure of the ball, however—the floor. It was terribly heavy.

SOME very pretty frocks were worn. Miss Woods, who was in great demand, looked her best in a low-necked dress of pink brocade with one of the now popular Marie Stuart collars, this being edged with pink beads; the skirt of the dress was trimmed with shirring pink lace. Mrs Paul wore a most handsome dress—black lace over moss-green satin, and aigrette of feathers of the same shade (a very smart dress which looked far better on its wearer than it does on paper). Miss Adelaide Rennell, in white tulle, danced vigorously; her white satin corsage fitted perfectly. Her sister, Miss E. Rennell, was perhaps the best dressed woman in the room. She was in pale pink, and a perfect cloud of broad ribbons. Miss Read was in brightest red satin and tulle, and had a good foil in Miss Raikes's subdued heliotrope and black lace. Miss R. Stuart wore a very pretty frock of some shimmery heliotrope shade, and her sister, Miss A. Stuart, white silk. Mrs Hall had on an amber striped gauze with satin bodice. An Auckland girl, Miss Atkinson, had a good time, and looked well in pale pink cashmere. Mrs Millar looked matronly in handsome cardinal velvet and tulle, and Miss Scully remarkably well in white Indian muslin and yellow sash. The supper was provided by the ladies, and was a great credit to their culinary ability.

THE first of the 'at homes' or open nights of the Christchurch Musical Society took place on Tuesday after an hour's practice. There were an unusually large number of members present, who with the sisters, cousins, and aunts made a great gathering. Songs and solos were given by the members, Miss Dara Mason opening with a prettily played piano solo by Lizst. Mr F. M. Wallace favoured us with a genuine solo on his violin, being unaccompanied by piano. Mrs Kaye gave 'White Wings' with great expression, and looked exceedingly well in one of the latest gowns of very rough tweed of a brown shade with broad stripe and flecked with red and white, a pretty embroidered vest of biscuit-colour, brown and biscuit velvets bonnet; Mrs Rout, Mrs Harrison, and Miss Richmond were the other ladies who sang, and Messrs Barkas and Day. The latter gave 'Margarita' in his best style.

It is expected that the new coinage will reach New Zealand about this time next year. Amongst the artists who are competing for the designs of the new sovereign, half sovereign, crown, half-crown, florin, and shilling, are Messrs Armstead, R.A., Birch, A.R.A., Poynter, R.A., Thornicroft, R.A., and Ford, A.R.A.



SIR EDGAR BOEHM.

MR WOOLNER, R.A., and Mr Gilbert, A.R.A., who were invited to send in their designs, declined, prompted possibly by the remembrance of the abuse which was very justifiably showered on the atrocities in coinage which were inflicted on a long suffering nation by the late Sir Edgar Boehm. Mr Gilbert's refusal is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as he is a very able man, and whatever designs he might have prepared would have borne the stamp of originality and full knowledge of a most difficult subject.

EVERY now and then the fashionable kettle drum is conducted on exceptionally successful lines. Such an one was certainly the afternoon tea given by Mrs Archie Clark, Remuera, Auckland. Her numerous guests were delighted with their hostess, the house and grounds, and the particularly excellent refreshments provided.

NONE of the hotels of St. Louis will have the honor of sheltering Mme. Bernhardt. Not content with a full retinue of maids and servants, Madame is accompanied by a number of dogs, several birds and two or three snakes, whose companionship she absolutely declines to dispense with. Manager Abbey recently telegraphed to the Southern Hotel, requesting that a suite of rooms be reserved for her. The answer was sent that Mme. Bernhardt and her retinue of featherless bipeds would be gladly received, but that for her menagerie no quarters would be provided. For awhile the wires were kept hot with ardent appeals from one side, and heartless refusals on the other, and finally a decision was arrived at that Madame, rather than endure the pangs of separation from her pets, would abide with them in her private car. Sara tried both the Southern and Lindell, but neither place would house her pets.

THE Costley Home, Auckland, has many benefactors, who from time to time provide suitable entertainments for its aged and infirm occupants. Mr and Mrs Pickmere, ably assisted by their two daughters, Miss Baker, Miss Harrison, Messrs Clarke, Norman Bell, McLean, and O'Halloran, gave an excellent concert in the large dining-room of the Home, which seemed to afford great pleasure to the inmates.

THE opening of the Dunedin hunting season on Saturday was a great success. The day was glorious, and the run out to Mrs Jones' beautiful place, Woodcote, was in itself a pleasure, and many vehicles and horsemen were to be seen. After a capital run Mrs Jones, who is famed for her hospitality upon these occasions, entertained the visitors to afternoon tea.

THE Burnham school children had a picnic on Friday, going by lanche to Port Levy. Several Christchurch friends, both ladies and gentlemen, joined the party, and had, I believe, a most enjoyable day. Mr Meers, photographer, Colombo street, also accompanied them, and no doubt took some interesting groups.

THE dancing portion of the Timarites are eagerly looking forward to a Fancy Dress Ball which the Rowing Club has in hand. At first a smoking concert was suggested, but it was pointed out by the ladies that this was a very selfish form of amusement, so it was decided to have the dance after Easter.

MR A. CRACROFT WILSON, of Cashmere, met with a very serious accident last week. Some repairs to a drain were being done near the house, and in the dark, on returning from town, he fell into it and narrowly escaped his death, getting his face severely cut, and otherwise much bruised and shaken. I am glad to say he is progressing satisfactorily.

How far does the admittedly bad ventilation of churches keep people away from their religious duties? A number of people state that the gas and fetid air which lingers from the last service are constantly causing ladies to faint, and that something ought to be done if everybody is not to give up church going for fear of the consequences. But to them rises up a stern moralist, who points the finger of scornful rebuke at the ungodly. How is it, he wants to know, that people stay away from church because the ventilation is bad, but go gaily to the theatre, where the ventilation is ten times worse? Out of that tight place the complainants will find it very hard to wriggle. But the fact remains that most public buildings are exceedingly badly ventilated.

THE Art Gallery at Christchurch opened its twelfth annual exhibition the other evening, and was fairly well attended. Seeing one's friends and listening to the music is more of a first night's business than seeing the pictures, though they are so decidedly good, a visit in the day-time will be an oft-repeated pleasure during the week, especially as there is nothing to be done now but wait for Easter. Mr Maitland Gardiner and friends gave the musical programme, which was much enjoyed.

THE little township of Brighton, Dunedin, was the scene of unwonted excitement, the other day, on the occasion of the marriage of Mr David Finnie, of Moorlight, eldest son of Mr Thomas Finnie, of Saddlehill, to Miss Mary Christie, niece of Mr and Mrs Alex Christie of Brighton. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Watt, of Green Island, and nearly the entire population of Brighton was present at the church. The wedding guests to the number of about forty, including several from Dunedin, were afterwards most hospitably entertained by Mr and Mrs Christie, and in the evening a dance took place in the hall attached to Brighton House. The bride wore a very pretty gown of white cashmere, draped on the bodice with silk and lace. The two bridesmaids—Miss Finnie and Miss Hoelap—also wore white.

MRS MOUNIER is staying at the North Shore, and came over to Auckland city in a russet-brown dress, lace mantle, and black lace straw hat, trimmed with black.

To be twenty; to be a Prince; and to have £60,000 a year: are, whether jointly or severally, very agreeable things indeed. But unless the youthful possessor of these triple delights be reasonably level-headed he is likely very soon to own somebody else's experience while the other man will have the cash—or a good deal of it. In the instructive case of Prince Alexis Soltykoff which was before the Queen's Bench Division the other day, there seems to have been a liberal expenditure even for a Prince with something more than £1,000 a week. Among other gallant trifles there was a diamond-mounted parasol bearing the monogram of the happy lady to whom it was given. That stood the princely revenues in a bagatelle of 250 guineas. Then there was a necklace of sapphires and brilliants, which totted up to £3,610—a little *gage d'amour* which (let us hope) went to the same lucky damsel. If we may take these outlays as a fair sample of the expenditure of the Russian young man of the day who is 'gilded on both sides,' we need not wonder that the Czar's paternal Government is anxious to retain Prince Alexis Soltykoff at home, where it can keep its eye upon him.

MRS JOHN RICHMOND, of Mount Eden, Auckland, is looking very well just now, the terrible neuralgia of the eyes from which she suffered so intensely some time ago, having apparently left her. She is wearing a pretty grey plaid skirt, with white silk blouse almost concealed by a black jacket, and a black feathered hat.

NOW that the game season is commencing, the following hint from *The Seasons* should prove acceptable to sportsmen, and their lady friends:—Should the bag contain anything very pretty—a bird of rare plumage, for instance—the best feathers are selected, labelled with the date, place, and sportsman's name. They are then kept until there are sufficient to make a commemorative fan. When it is at last mounted, the name, date and particulars respecting each feather should be placed on each of the divisions it forms. The frame is wood or ivory. The letters are best done in black or gold. In every case they should match the owner's monogram placed outside the handle.

MANY people who will remember the very pleasant 'At Homes' given by Miss Janet Achurch during her stay in New Zealand, will be glad to learn that Miss Annis Montague, the *prima donna* of the Montague-Turner Opera Company, intends to follow her example. It is confidently expected the same success will attend her efforts.

THE widow of General Grant has written a volume of autobiography and reminiscences, for which she has received £10,000 from her publisher, whose liberality has no doubt been stimulated by the enormous success of her husband's memoirs.

MRS COLERIDGE, of Wellington, gave an 'At Home' in honour of the anniversary of Mr and Mrs W. T. L. Travers' wedding day, at which a large number of guests assembled. It took the form of a musical evening, and Miss Gore, Captain Barclay, Mr Wardrop, and Mr Beesley (a visitor to Wellington) all gave great pleasure by their singing. Mrs Coleridge received in a handsome black gown, trained, and Mrs Travers wore her beautiful wedding dress of cream satin and lace, and carried a bridal bouquet. Among the guests were the Hon. Charles and Mrs Johnston, Miss Johnston (Fitzherbert Terrace), Dr. and Mrs Newinan, Mr and Mrs George Beetham, Mr and Mrs W. Ferguson, Mr and Mrs Parfitt, Miss Holmes, etc. The rooms were prettily decorated, as was also the supper table. A very pleasant evening was spent.



AFTER a long period of almost deathly silence Louise Michel, the famous 'Red Maid' of the terrible day, of the last French Commune, is heard from again, and now on English soil. She is still at her old business of instigating anarchy, although her mission was hands at present. An idea of the means chosen by her to ameliorate their condition may be gathered from extracts from her speeches, which are so modest that they merely suggest, in a sense, the almost wholesale destruction of all the life and property in sight of those who do not exactly coincide with her views. Like many others of the same ilk, she makes the balls, but to roll them, oh, no! That is for the poor fellows of the rank and file to do. While they are displaying their devotion to the cause by starving themselves, Louise is living on the fat of the land. It seems that there must be grave errors in the laws of both America and England that a clapper cannot be put on the mouths of such creatures as Louise Michel, Herr Most and others of their kind until they have practically done their mischief.

ATHLETICS.

A CRICKET match played the other day on Nelson Square, Picton, between Reunwick Town and Picton teams resulted in a victory for Picton by 63 runs. The local team are picking up heart again, owing in a measure to the indomitable energy and excellent play of Mr F. W. Andrews, who bats with a good old English style which might be copied with advantage by some of the other players. The individual scores were not brilliant on either side. W. Seymour alone attained double figures for the Reunwickites, while for Picton D. France made the best score, 20. Andrews and Eason also distinguished themselves.

A SWIMMING contest eventuated in Picton Harbour last Thursday. The occasion was a 'life-saving competition' for a Queen's Medallion given by the Royal Humane Society of Australasia to any State school in the Australasian colonies which will hold a competition in any sea port town, the rules being—1st, to swim out and rescue a floating dummy and bring it to land; 2nd, to swim out and dive for a sunken dummy at a point indicated by a floating cork unattached; 3rd, to swim out, dive for and recover a dummy sunk in a spot not indicated. R. Ragh won each and every one of the competitions, Galbraith taking second in No. 3, and P. Maeshane second in one and two.

THE school sports at Cambridge Public School were held last Thursday in the Government paddock. Good prizes were offered to the boys and girls, and the number of entries for all the races were large. Great praise is due to those who helped to make the sports such a success, which they were undoubtedly in every respect.

THE Napier Bowling Tournament opened on Saturday. The weather was fine, and the green in splendid condition. So far I have only the telegraphic news ament the affair. Next week I hope to be able to give some additional particulars. In the first round Wellington defeated Napier by 135 to 17; Wanganni defeated Palmerston by 51 to 27; Auckland defeated Christchurch by 47 to 31. In the second round New Plymouth defeated Auckland by 64 to 55; Napier defeated Wanganni by 81 to 76; Wellington defeated Palmerston by 41 to 29; Christchurch defeated Wellington by 48 to 35. In the third round Wanganni defeated Wellington by 87 to 72; Napier defeated New Plymouth by 96 to 60; Auckland defeated Gisborne by 65 to 35. In the fourth round of the Inter-club Match Napier defeated Palmerston by 44 to 31; Christchurch defeated Gisborne by 23 to 12; Auckland defeated Wanganni by 68 to 44; New Plymouth defeated Wellington by 76 to 61.

IN the Champion Rink Tournament, Christchurch defeated Napier by 43 to 18; Napier defeated Wanganni by 18 to 17; Napier defeated Wellington by 20 to 15; Auckland defeated Napier by 25 to 22; Wanganni defeated Gisborne by 21 to 14; Napier defeated Auckland by 23 to 18. Napier (2nd rink) defeated Auckland by 28 to 9; Wellington defeated Napier by 30 to 8; Wellington defeated New Ply-

mouth by 26 to 15; Palmerston defeated Gisborne by 18 to 15; New Plymouth defeated Napier by 31 to 10. Second round: Napier defeated Wellington by 17 to 14; Napier (2nd team) defeated Wellington by 16 to 14; Napier (3rd team) defeated Wellington by 23 to 11; Christchurch defeated New Plymouth by 26 to 15; Wanganni defeated Napier by 32 to 19; Wellington defeated Wanganni by 20 to 18; Wellington defeated Palmerston by 40 to 7.

THE third round is not yet completed. There was a most exciting match between Christchurch and New Plymouth

that they defeated Wolverhampton Wanderers places them on a higher footing than ever. The match was played at Wolverhampton, in the presence of nearly 30,000 spectators. Villa won the toss, and elected to play up hill, Topham starting for the Wanderers. Play at once commenced fast and furious, the Wolves' right wing racing down, only to be pulled up by Baird. Villa then got away, Campbell's parting shot being a few inches wide. Play continued of a give-and-take character till a mistake between the Villa backs let in Topham, who scored the first goal for Wanderers at the end of eight minutes' play. Villa then played determinedly, but, although they rained shots in upon Rose, they could not score. Athersmith got in a fine shot from a centre, but Rose saved brilliantly, directly after stopping two grand shots from Campbell and Devey. Villa still continued on the aggressive, and finally, two minutes before interval, Campbell scored a good goal from a pass from Devey. The whistle blew at half time with the score standing one each. On the restart the Wolves commenced pressing, but failed to break through a stubborn defence. Villa then took up pressing,



Edwards. photo. Auckland. TOP ROW.—J. ARNITT, R. NEILL, W. GARDINER, W. STENSON, T. H. WILSON. MIDDLE ROW.—C. E. MACCORMICK, J. T. HOWLETT, J. N. FOWKE, R. J. YATES, C. S. H. MACINNISSEY. BOTTOM ROW.—L. MILLS, H. W. LAWSON, W. HAWKINS.

Great interest attached to the match, owing to the fact that Paul and Thompson, two of the most noted bowlers in the colony, met as skips of the New Plymouth and Christchurch teams respectively, scoring equal all through. At the last head just before Paul took his final shot, the score stood 19 each, when Paul, by a well-directed effort, placed one to the credit of New Plymouth, which thus won. Paul was carried shoulder high.

NEVER has association football been in higher favour at Home than at present. The excitement over the cup championship matches is intense. The Aston Villa Club seems to be a favourite for this season, and the latest news

their forwards playing a magnificent game, and finally, from a pass by Hodgetts, Devey scored their second goal. Wolves then got down, Topham shooting over the bar. Soon after some brilliant passing by the Villa forwards, who throughout played a grand game, enabled Athersmith to score a third goal, and, nothing further resulting, Aston Villa won by three goals to one.

JOSEPH DARBY, champion English jumper, is reported by the daily press to have accomplished very big things indeed at Wolverhampton the other day. He is credited by a local reporter with equalling G. W. Rowdon's ascribed record of clearing 6ft. 5 1/2 in., going at the tape or bar after two standing jumps. Further, he set to work to do the Howard-of-Bradford feat by jumping longwise over a billiard-table. Darby had room only for two stand spring jumps prior to taking off for the long leap. Without disputing the accuracy of measurements here quoted, one would be very delighted indeed to see the work oneself. When you read of his doing 6ft. with the greatest of ease, you begin to open your eyes. After that 6ft. 5 1/2 in. 'all out' doesn't seem so hard to swallow. Darby is really just the man to do it.

As to the billiard table trick, which, in the way it was exhibited, was a trifle out of order as a rival to poor old Howard's, Darby in two springing stand jumps would cover pretty nearly as much space as the Bradford wonder was allowed for his run at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool. All the room he had to get up steam to fly the table longways was from the wall of the landing through the billiard saloon door. In his case, too, cushions and all were on. I believe I can be certain that at the Adelphi the table was as it would be for play, and all—practically all—the preparation made was by moving the gas-fittings from over it.

For his similar jump in the open, I think, but am not confident on the point, Howard went at either a regulation table properly fixed up, or, what would be much more awkward, with the led omitted. Anyway, I well recollect hearing in one try he went sideways, and came down not quite clear of the brasswork of the corner pocket, and so hurt himself. Yet he stuck to his undertaking, and at the next go did what he wanted.



W. Crawford.

HOWLS.—AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

photo.

ALL the Timaru Clubs have started football, but there are at present no interesting matches to record.

ANOTHER football club has been started in Hastings, and a great number of the coming men have already joined. The weather is getting a touch of winter already, so I expect the boys will be beginning to practise shortly.

It is currently reported in more than one paper that a scratch team of Australian cricketers will tour England this year for the English cricket season. I am not in a position to positively deny the rumour, but I may say that from information received I think it is to the last degree unlikely that such a team will do any such thing. The great clubs in the Old Country have spoken with considerable frankness on the subject of Australian eleven, saying that unless the teams rest are thoroughly representative it is madness to despatch them, and that it would be well to give Anglo-Colonial cricket a rest. The result of the matches last tour justified this expression of opinion. There is no doubt that the tameness—to use no stronger word—of the display made by Australians on that occasion dampened the enthusiasm of the public, and the games were decidedly poor towards the end of the season. Unless the colonials make a far greater splash on their next visit and stick closer to business and less to the world, the flesh, and refreshment, there is little doubt that they will kill public interest in Australian cricket for many years to come. For a scratch eleven to go for the purpose of playing what are termed minor matches would be not merely mischievous, but positively suicidal.

THE Girls Rowing Club, Christchurch, finished up their season on Wednesday with some rowing matches on the river just above the hospital. The banks were lined with spectators, and as the river is very narrow at that part, only one boat could pull at a time with safety, so all the interest could be given to each crew as they pulled off against time. The prizes were silver medals in the shape of Maltese cross given by Mr. Worthy. The first was won by Miss Alice Moorhouse and Miss Worthy, with Miss Nedwill as coxswain. Mr. Worthy presented the prizes with one of his own happy little speeches. After this interesting performance Mrs. Worthy dispensed afternoon tea in their pretty garden. I saw there Mrs. Cowlishaw, Mrs. Rhodes, Mrs. and Miss Campbell, Mrs. Moorhouse, the Misses H. Moore, Henoah, Beswick, and others, in addition to the members of the club, who number over twenty.

I HEAR a ladies' Golf Club is being started in Christchurch. Golf is very fashionable at home, so in the usual course, we follow. The Misses Way, Kinsey, and Harman are very energetic in arranging the preliminary details, and I hear there are fourteen or fifteen others equally anxious to join.

ACKLAND CRICKET REPRESENTATIVES.

THERE is always some hickering and discontent over the selection of "reps," but it cannot be denied that the gentlemen on whom devolved the duty of picking the Auckland "reps" for this season did that duty wisely and well. Only one match was played—that against Canterbury—which, as everyone knows, resulted in a win for Auckland. The team was ably captained by the veteran, J. Fowke. The following sketches are given of the form of the different men:—

J. ARNELL (Auckland C.C.).—An old representative of Auckland, who has done good service for the province. Has been out of practice for some seasons, but is now in fair form again. A sound bat, scoring well all round, and useful slow bowler. A little slow in the field.

J. N. FOWKE (Gordon C.C.).—The wicket-keeper of the team, and the best in the colony. Represented Canterbury for a number of years. Played for Auckland in 1890 against Otago, Canterbury, Wellington, and Sydney. A steady batsman, with plenty of nerve. Probably he or Arnell will captain the team.

W. GARDNER (Parnell C.C.).—Dashing bat, with fine hitting powers, and has scored very consistently for the past 3 or 4 seasons. A fine out field, and can take the gloves at a pinch. Represented Auckland against Otago, Wellington and Sydney in 1888.

W. HAWKINS (United C.C.).—A good man all round, and the only left hander in the team. Bows medium pace, with fair break, and a good bat, though inclined to be nervous. A fine field anywhere. Represented Auckland against Canterbury, Wellington and Sydney in 1889.

J. T. HOWLETT (Auckland C.C.).—One of the best all round men in the team. A fast-scoring batsman, with good defence, and excellent bowler with plenty of pace and good leg hold. An excellent all round field. Lost his cricket in Melbourne, and has not played for Auckland before.

H. W. LAWSON (Parnell C.C.).—An old Wellington representative, and good all-round man. Good bat and field, and successful bowler, varying his pace well. His first match for Auckland.

L. MILLS (Parnell C.C.).—One of the best bats in the team. Though not so consistent as usual this season, is responsible for the largest individual score (100). Has great patience, with fair punishing powers. A safe field and change bowler, with good off break. Played against Sydney in 1889.

R. NEILL (Auckland C.C.).—The best bowler in the team. Has obtained a great number of wickets the last two seasons, and has been a most uniformly successful. A slow bowler with good break both ways, but especially from leg, and keeping an excellent length. A good steady batsman and safe field close in. Played against Sydney in 1889.

W. STREMS (United C.C.).—The fast bowler of the team. Has triumphed with great success for several seasons, and has done some brilliant performances this year. Sure field anywhere, and may hit up a score, but has no in-jinch defence. Played against Otago, Canterbury, Wellington, and Sydney in 1891.

T. H. WILSON (Auckland C.C.).—Stylish bat, with good hitting powers. Has scored largely this season. A good out field. His first rep match.

H. J. YATES (United C.C.).—The veteran of the team. Has represented Auckland since 1875, and has scored more runs for the province than any other player. Is getting past his best, but can still be depended on for runs. Somewhat stiff in the hand now, but still safe.

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

THE great struggle for victory in the inter University boat race is not witnessed by the thousands of people who congregate upon the day to view the contest, but by those enthusiasts who consistently follow the rival crews in their training. The fight is for 'form,' for skill, and that fight takes place under the coaches' eye and direction. The result of the race itself, follows as a natural consequence. On our front page are some sketches of the training of the Oxford and Cambridge crews, that should prove interesting to many. In making his choice of sketches this month, our English artist has been especially happy, for of all events aquatic that of the University Boat Race is most popular.

This year all previous records have been broken, for Oxford pulled home in 19min 22-sec, which is just thirteen seconds shorter time than that in which Cambridge did the distance in 1875. Between these two great educational institutions 47 eight-oared races have taken place, the first one being rowed in 1839. Of these Oxford has won 25 and Cambridge 21, a dead heat being the result of the race in 1877.

TENNIS TOPICS

MRS C. B. SHANKS, of Christchurch, had a number of friends for tennis on Saturday. Among the players were Mr and Mrs Ansley, Miss Campbell, Miss Webb, Miss Shurey (Asbbarton), Messrs Styche, Chapman, Bell, Mitchell, and several others. The lawn was in good order after the rain, but the grass very soft. After Easter tennis, on the grass courts will have to be abandoned.

THE Canterbury Lawn Tennis Club opened for the winter season at the Cranmer Square Courts last Saturday afternoon. The day was a real autumn one, bright and sunny. The ladies came out once more in their pretty summer costumes, and the men for the most part being clad in tennis flannels. It was difficult to think people were there to open for the winter. There were fully two hundred members and their friends present. The President, Dr. Nedwill, was warmly welcomed. The many visitors greatly appreciated the tea and cake so kindly provided by Mrs. Nedwill and her daughters. The courts have been much improved in the holiday season, all the fittings having been done up and repaired, newly-laid tan displacing the turf borders of some of the courts. This will be a decided advantage during the wet weather. Some very good play was shown in a single between Mr R. D. Harman and Mr E. J. Ross, the former winning two sets, 6, 1 x 6, 2. In a double Messrs R. D. Harman and Bidings won three sets against Messrs Ross and T. D. Harman, 6-3, 7-5, 6-4. Numerous other combined games were played.

It is hoped this year some of the ladies will enter for the Status Tournament, a form of competition comparatively new to tennis, and only introduced in Christchurch last season. It proved very popular, however, and, it is thought, much improved the standard of play in the Club.

MR J. M. MARSHALL'S friends greatly regretted his absence on the opening afternoon, as it is always a pleasure to see him with a well-matched opponent. Among the many present were Mr and Mrs Bruges, Mr and Mrs Harrison, the Misses Moorhouse, Rhodes, Delamain, Kinsey, Poits, Harman, Gordon, Helmore, and others. Some good photos were taken by Messrs Standish and Preece, one of the gentlemen players, and another mixed group where one's friends are distinctly recognisable.

THE tennis tournaments at New Plymouth have now come to an end, and the last year's champions—Miss Emily Hamerton and Mr Morton Lightfoot—are still unbeaten. Truth to tell this redoubtable twin carried all before them, and did what they liked with each and every antagonist. Strangely enough, and rather unfortunately, they were drawn to play together in the doubles. Both, of course, won trophies, Miss Hamerton's being a pretty little gold bangle with gold chain, and Mr Lightfoot's an electro plated guitar with clock in the middle and a barometer up the handle.

TENNIS on asphalt courts is to begin shortly in Christchurch.

In some parts of New Zealand the Female Franchise questions is being again brought to the fore. An English writer says: 'The much-dreaded dominance of the fair sex, which haunts the minds of some old women in breeches, seems a long way off yet.' This may be so in Conservative England, but the colonies are nothing if not radical, and, in all probability, we shall have women on the electoral roll here long before they obtain a like privilege in the old country.

Customer: 'Mr Baggs, there seems to be a good deal of sand in the sugar this week.' Grocer: 'I'm very sorry, I'm sure.' Customer: 'And the butter is three quarters oleo.' Grocer: 'Well, I must look into that.' Customer: 'But what surprises me the most is that the tea is pure, and weighs sixteen ounces to the pound.' Grocer: 'By gracious, Mr Snooks, I'll be more careful in future!'

THE MONTAGUE-TURNER OPERA COMPANY.

THE Montague-Turner Opera Company arrived in New Zealand yesterday by the S. A. Marston from Sydney, and now hold themselves in readiness to open their season of English Opera on Monday next at the Auckland Opera House. The arrival of this Company may be fairly considered an event in musical and theatrical circles, in New Zealand, and that such is the case is evidenced by the interest created from the first announcement of the management. It is now over three years since we had a first class Company in our midst as far as legitimate ballad opera is concerned, and there is no doubt we are longing to see it again. Comic opera we have had, and that of the best, with all its attendant spectacular display in the shape of elaborate scenery, brilliant costumes, and living pictures.

The Montague-Turner Opera Company is headed by three of the best artists who have appeared on the Australian stage during the last decade, and this is evidenced by the fact that it has outlasted other companies which have appeared from time to time, and have since disappeared from public notice. Miss Annis Montague is the prima donna assoluta—the bright particular star of the Company, and whose name is a household word amongst musical people in the colonies. It may be safely said that no opera company can last without an eminent prima donna, a great musical and dramatic artiste at its head, and that such is Miss Annis Montague admits of no dispute. A lady by birth, the daughter of a Boston clergyman, and a highly educated woman, she is gifted with a voice of exceptional purity, which has been brought to perfection by four years' tuition in Paris under the famous Wartel, one of the greatest European masters. It is an acknowledged fact amongst Australian musicians that no one knows more about the production of the voice than Annis Montague. Her voice is level from the highest to the lowest note in an extraordinary register. The Australian press has time after time been enthusiastic in its praise, and even the Sydney Bulletin, admittedly the severest of critics, says: 'English opera with Annis Montague for an exponent carries all before it. This is as it should be.'

Mr Charles Turner stands second to the prima donna in the Company's roll call. His voice is a pure tenor 'robusto.' Every note comes from his chest with a power and quality that are alike surprising. In a critique of 'Maritana' the Sydney Morning Herald says: 'Mr Turner dressed very richly, acted with all that dash and finish which the part of Don Cesar demands, and sang splendidly. Let Me Like a Soldier Fall, is Mr Turner's triumph. That he has a full round tenor voice most people know, and he imparts to this song an amount of martial expression which exactly corresponds to the chivalrous expression of the word.'

Mr Edward Farley completes the famous trio who have stood the test of time in the Montague-Turner Company. This gentleman has always been exceedingly popular on the Australian stage. Gifted with a clear, sonorous, ringing baritone voice, he combines a dramatic power with a highly artistic stage presence, which never fail to make their effect upon his audience. The Sydney Morning Herald says of his appearance in 'Maritana': 'His Don J. se excelled his Devil-hood, and that is saying a great deal, whilst his song, 'In Happy Moments,' is given with purity of tone and telling emphasis which well earn him the applause he receives.'

Of the artists who support the three 'stars' in the Montague-Turner Company we have no time at present to speak, but we can say that Miss E. A. Lambert (contralto) has for years been the typical 'Lazarillo' of Australia. Miss Maud Lita secunda donna is a young 'society' lady of Sydney who has made her debut under the tuition of Miss Montague, and has a very fine soprano voice. Mr Alec Marshall is second tenor, and Mr Fred England is basso. The conductor of the orchestra is Mr Harold Lee, whose name is well known in opera both as conductor and chor-master.

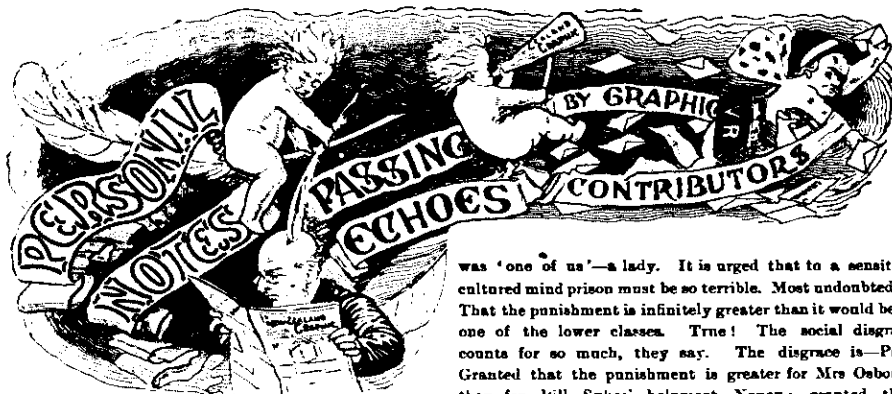
ABBOTT'S OPERA HOUSE.

The MONTAGUE-TURNER OPERA SEASON, Commencing MONDAY NEXT, 28th APRIL. A NEW DEPARTURE. In the annals of the operatic stage, FIRST-CLASS OPERA AT POPULAR PRICES. Dress Circle and Orchestral Stalls 4s Family Seats 2s 6d Pit One Shilling

MANAGERIAL NOTE. In calling attention to the above announcement about prices the management beg to say that they are animated with the desire to meet a very wide expressed wish on the part of the musical world of Auckland. It is so long since legitimate English Opera has been here, interpreted by G. E. F. Artists like Miss Annis Montague, Mr Charles Turner, and Mr Edward Farley, supported by an efficient and homogeneous company of known performers and sustained by a complete Chorus and Orchestra, that most people desire to attend every Opera to be produced during the season. With this end in view the prices have been arranged at a lower figure than has ever been charged before in any part of the world by the MONTAGUE-TURNER OPERA COMPANY.

The initial performance of the season will be Wallace's ever-popular, romantic, and charming opera, MARIANA!

MONDAY NEXT, 28th APRIL. 'Scenes that are Brightest' MISS ANNIS MONTAGUE. 'Let Me Like a Soldier Fall' MR CHARLES TURNER. 'In Happy Moments' MR EDWARD FARLEY. Box plan at Wildman's. Prices: 4s 2d to 1s. DUNCAN McCALLUM, Business Manager.



The New Zealand Graphic

AND LADIES' JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1892.

NOW that the great magazines at Home are leaving us a little to ourselves again, we colonialists may turn round and glance askance at our critics. They are certainly a peculiar people, and had we the inclination, what columns of comment might be written anent their strange manners and quaint customs! For the past eight months or so the good people at Home have been butting their eyes and opening their mouths after the old nursery custom to see what Murray, Adams and Co. would give them. All they got they swallowed with avidity, and like Oliver, asked for more. Certainly they obtained their desire. Not only did gentlemen of Murray type record their impressions on Australasia, but every young jackanape who had spent half a dozen days in the colony felt constrained to write a book on where he'd been and what he'd seen. On the whole it has been amusing. The praise, to be sure, has been offensive in its patronage, but the humour of the whole thing compensates. It may be our lot to send a correspondent Home one day that he may record his impressions of the English; but even seen through our cable columns they are as we have said a strange, a very amusing people, and a deeply interesting study.

LOOK, for instance, at this matter of Mrs Osborne. People appear to have lost their senses most completely over the case. The judge, in the first instance, makes himself ridiculous by declaring that the conduct of the counsel in the case has been 'most noble.' Merciful powers, in what respect? The cross-examination was brutal, and the details were merely magnified into magnificence by the position occupied by the principal actors. The same story may be heard heaven knows how many times a year at any Police Court. The one noble thing was the conduct of the husband, and that was vulgarised so far as chivalry can be vulgarised by the public and the press. The fulsome-ness of the praise lavished on the unhappy Captain must have been amongst the bitterest of his trials, for after all he only acted as an officer and a gentleman should act. Then came the *denouement*, the flight, and the savage cry for the apprehension of the guilty woman. The extraordinary scenes which followed are, we fancy, scarcely made clear by Home papers and correspondents. The bungling seems to have been great, but Mrs Osborne did not suffer more than anyone else in this respect. The laws' delays—even the criminal laws—are amongst the greatest punishments of those who fall and are called upon to answer for their crimes at the dock of an English Court. Time after time remands are granted that the police may work up the case. Time after time prisoners, who may be perfectly innocent, are removed from court to court, and it is the commonest experience for re-arrest to follow acquittal, or the dismissing of a case.

MRS OSBORNE thieved without any driving temptation. She did her best to socially ruin the woman she had robbed, and because she looked interesting, was socially well-known, and because her husband acted as a gentleman the flood gates of sentiment were opened over as worthless a woman as any whose name is inscribed on the Newgate calendar. It was the same with Mrs Maybrick. The petitions for the reprieve of that infamous murderess were signed by hundreds of thousands, and for precisely the same reason that Mrs Osborne has been so pitied—simply because she

was 'one of us'—a lady. It is urged that to a sensitive cultured mind prison must be so terrible. Most undoubtedly. That the punishment is infinitely greater than it would be to one of the lower classes. True! The social disgrace counts for so much, they say. The disgrace is—Pah. Granted that the punishment is greater for Mrs Osborne than for Bill Sykes' helpmeet, Nancy; granted that Nancy feels no social disgrace in 'doing time,' where is the reason that Mrs Osborne should not be more severely punished? She deserves severer punishment in that she had the less temptation.

It is now proposed that this fair prisoner and perjurer should be liberated a fortnight before her child is born. It is urged that it will be so dreadful for her to have a child born in the walls of a prison. The wish to prevent the shame is kindly, but surely the good people who agitate for Mrs Osborne's release on this plea will not stop there. If Mrs Osborne is set at liberty before her *accouchement*, every woman in gaol in a similar condition may cry out—and cry out justly—for open prison doors. Their babes will suffer every whit as intensely as Mrs Osborne's from the curses of being born 'prison brats.' Nay more, the son or daughter of Captain Osborne will be guarded all its child life from the knowledge of its mother's guilt, but with the other, will it not always stand in their way, however hard they might try to be honest, and in all probability ultimately bring them back to their birth place?

ENGLISH people laugh at the French for their bursts of sentiment over their criminals, but they would do well to look at home. The law courts have become places of amusement, and so that the social position of the actors is a good one, the trial is bound to 'draw.' The English lady goes to law over her dressmaker's bills, and her lady friends gather round to lend their aid for or against her. The judge gives his friends places on the bench; and jokes with them anent the trial, and these are the people for whose benefit we are examined and criticised. The GRAPHIC special will soon sail and send his impressions on England, and the English will then change the subject.

In the spring-time saith a poet 'the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.' In the autumn such of us as have attained years are prone to ponder on the sadder and more melancholy side of life. Each and every season must exert its own influence on mankind. The spring, its vigour and freshness, its clear air and returning flowers, must rejoice the saddest and the weariest traveller. The exultation in the note of nesting birds and the thousand charms of spring brighten the darkest suffering, and on the young and lusty produce a perfect abandon of wild exhilaration that is very infecting. *Eheu, fugaces labuntur anni.* How quickly, alas! our years fly by. It is autumn after all that is under consideration, and we may spare our praises of spring.

The season of falling leaves, of dying summer beauty, and decay cannot fail to exert some influence, great or small, over minds that are not wholly corrupted by that crass-imaginativeness and intellectual stupor which are the characteristics of those quaint mortals whose fetish and whose creed they themselves blasphemously call common-sense. This dread quality is the armoured hide of the Philistine. The blatant bullying councillor, so well known in all corporations and boroughs, the man whose obtuseness maddens his fellows, the man whose adverseness to all progress makes him a terror to the community, is invariably in his own and his supporters' opinion a common sense man. The proposition that each separate season, but especially spring and autumn, have their own special influences on the human mind would appear as preposterous to him as that there is aught elevating in art or beauty. He would state his opinion with that frankness and brutality which are the attributes of common sense as he understands it, and would laugh as loudly and scornfully over this theory as he does when it is proposed to spend money on any building that is not ugly as well as useful. Such a man is but a lower grade animal, and can feel so little that his case is scarcely worth considering. And, as has been said, with his exception every human creature is influenced by the spell of the seasons.

Spring is the season of youth—poets have always made it so—autumn of old age. Spring means hope, autumn inclines to melancholy. Who has not felt the chastening air of the month when their feet rustle through the dead and fallen leaves on the roadside—the very leaves that seemed so brave and strong in their fresh, verdant youthfulness so few days—or was it months—ago. The awful brevity of it all, the drawing to a close of another year (for even in New Zealand the autumn seems the beginning of the end) is brought so vividly before us and points such a moral that it is impossible not to feel to a greater or less extent saddened. It all seems so typical, so satirically typical of life. The simile of a platitudinarian perhaps but so human as to preclude its omission. The pitiful result of all the display and green bravery is so obvious, the fatality of struggling against invincible antagonists—time and death—so clearly brought home. The result seems ridiculously mean and paltry compared to the promise. Youth was no glad—experience is so grievous. How well—how far too well—most of us remember when our lives put forth the gentle buds of hope. How rudely the frost's early disappointment nipt them o'night, but it was spring then, and the life and strength were in us to forget the troubles of the darkness in the glorious sunlight of renewed morning. And so we rejoiced and put out such a profusion of the now broadening leaves of hope and ambition that the most cynical could not have found it in his heart to tell us 'twas but temporary. But there was no need to tell. The brave days drew quickly to a close; there were longer and longer spells of cloud between the sunshine. At last hope's leaves began to fall, and even now they lie dead and decaying at our feet, and rustle with mournful cadence as our feet drag wearily through them to the end.

So now in the autumn, weary with the garish glare of summer, saddened by failure, broken with work and conscious of the coming winter, in it strange that our minds turn towards shadowland, and with lingering but not altogether unwilling steps, our minds wander off into the gloaming of melancholy? The mists of doubt steal over and encompass us, and the sun seems gone forever. Happily it is seldom we get thus morbidly regretful, but blues will come and the autumn is their harvest time. How many have spent their youth in endeavouring to prove true the great Cardinal's dictum that there's no such word as fail! How many have spent their lives finding out that life is to most a perpetual failure or a succession of victories costlier than defeat! But Riche-lieu was right. There is no such word as fail—but there is despair. To try and to fail, to deny the unsuccess and to plod on and on, battling not against heroic odds, that would be inspiring, but against the miserable pitiful enemies of poverty and ill-health, always hoping, always believing that to-morrow must be fairer, that joy will come with the dawning, eternally to choke down the disappointment and force ourselves to begin to hope again, such is the life of thousands. With infinite pains to struggle up a couple of rungs of the ladder of success, only to be pushed down again, and yet to scramble to our feet and make another effort, regardless of the cuts and bruises—such is life to most of us. Assuredly men know not the word fail, else who would continue in the struggle!

To the best and bravest there come times when it is, indeed, hard not to cry that the struggle naught availeth. Home, love, and beauty, were we not willing to work for them to the last gasp? It seemed so easy in the brave young days. We were to work and succeed, and surround those we loved with all things that were fitting to the measure of our affection. We were to see the glow of triumph over our success reflected in the faces of our wives and our children. *Versus inopes rerum,* as Horace says. Vain imaginings! We have worked as well as we know, but the success is long delayed. The glad look of triumph we cannot see, only those of that trustfulness, that faithfulness which raise the wives of struggling men to a position something higher than the angels, and a deal more solidly comforting. Yet after all

'Comfort, comfort scorned of devils, this in truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow-crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.'

God help the thousands who see the beings they best love on earth remembering the happier days of hope! Heaven pity the long nights of work and worry! Autumn a-vaunt! The thoughts called up of life's autumn are too hard, too bitter, and cannot long be endured.

SUSPICIOUS PRAISE.—'Mary,' said Mrs Brown, 'has Mrs Jones been over to borrow anything this afternoon?' 'No, ma'am.' 'I was afraid she had been. I met her this morning and she said that my Jimmy was the nicest little boy in the block, and wanted to know if he couldn't come over to-morrow and play with her little girl.'

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SOME MASTERTON NOTABILITIES.

THE MEMBER FOR MASTERTON.



R ALEXANDER W. HOGG, M.H.R. for Masterton, is a native of Glasgow, where he was born in 1845. He received a moderate education, leaving school and beginning his career as a worker at the age of twelve. A year later he started with his family for Victoria where for ten years he pursued alternately the occupation of digger, storekeeper, cultivator, and journalist. About fourteen years ago he joined the staff of the *Otago Guardian*, and besides Mr G. M. Reed, Mr Hogg has been associated with such well-known pressmen as Mr S. Spragg and Mr J. M. Geddes. He has conducted at various periods journals in Danedin,



1, MR HOGG, M.H.R.; 2, MR. C. A. POWNALL (Mayor); 3, REV. FATHER JOHN MCKENNA; 4, MR R. BROWN (Town Clerk); 5, REV. W. E. PAIGE, M.A.

Ashburton, and Timaru, and for the last eleven years has been editor and part proprietor of the *Wairarapa Star*, *Weekly Star*, and *Eketahuna and Pahiatua Mail*. At the last general election Mr Hogg succeeded in capturing the Masterton seat in the Liberal interest.

THE MAYOR OF MASTERTON.

Mr Charles Aylmer Pownall, the present Mayor of Masterton, was born in Auckland in July, 1865, and was educated at the state school and Wellington College. Mr Pownall was admitted as a barrister and solicitor in 1886, and started practice in Masterton in September, 1887. He is Captain of the Masterton Rifles, and is a prominent cricketer. As a proof of Mr Pownall's popularity, he was elected Mayor of Masterton in November of 1890, being then twenty-five years of age, defeating Councillor J. Hessey; and again at the Mayoral election last year he defeated Councillor E. Feist, showing the appreciation of his ability and good qualities by his fellow townsmen.

FATHER MCKENNA, PARISH PRIEST.

In all Masterton no more popular man would be found than the redoubtable Wairarapa 'rep,' the Rev. Father McKenna. A fine-looking specimen of muscular Christianity, the Rev. Father reminds one somewhat of the famous Father O'Flynn, with whom the popular song has made us so well acquainted.

MR R. BROWN, TOWN CLERK, MASTERTON.

Mr Richard Brown, Town Clerk of Masterton, was born at Woodhall, Hertfordshire, England, in 1848, and came to New Zealand about seventeen years ago, being appointed to the position he now holds when the borough was formed in September, 1877.

THE REV. W. E. PAIGE.

The Rev. W. E. Paige, Church of England Rector of Masterton, is a graduate of Oxford University, taking his M. A. degree whilst at Merton College, Oxon. He was for several years in the West Indies, and was also vicar of St. Mark's, Portsmouth, England. Afterwards the Rev. Mr Paige was for five years at Ashburton, and the like number at Pridleton, in the Christchurch diocese. He was appointed Rector of Masterton in August, 1880.

For our portraits of Messrs Hogg, Pownall, and McKenna we are indebted to Messrs Wrigglesworth and Binns, of Wellington; for that of the Rev. W. E. Paige, to Mr R. Herrmann, of Wellington; and for the portrait of Mr Brown to Mr E. Price, of Masterton.

ROYAL PALACE AT HONOLULU.

THE saying that the expected never happens seems especially true with regard to revolutions in Honolulu. Deep growls of threatened disturbance are ever and anon being heard across the blue waters of the Pacific from this miniature kingdom, but the din of arms has not yet 'resounded fearfully' through the isle. Only last week the rumour ran that a revolt had taken place in Honolulu, and that the Royal Palace (of which we give in this issue a splendid photo) was threatened with destruction. As is well known, our New Zealand mail boats call at Honolulu on their way to 'Frisco, and no better wish can be offered to a friend departing by the mail steamer than a fine day there. So great, indeed, is the natural beauty of the place that many New Zealanders cannot resist the temptation of stopping there—a course of action which the absence of an extradition treaty permits them to pursue.

Honolulu is the capital of the Sandwich Islands, and is situated on the south shore of the island of Oahu. It has a fine deep harbour, formed by a breach in the coral reef that girds the islands, and lined with spacious wharves. The city is embowered in tropical foliage, and has a healthy equable climate, with a temperature ranging from 60 deg. to 87 deg. F. Its chief buildings are the Royal Palace, the Parliament House, a Roman Catholic cathedral, an Anglican church, a Chinese place of worship, a post office, and a fine theatre. Besides the Australian and New Zealand steamers, vessels from China, Japan, and the United States make regular calls. An extensive trade is carried on with America, and the population numbers something like 15,000 persons.

TOM: THE DOWNING-STREET CAT.

AMONGST the personages who have passed away of late none apparently, within a certain circle, seem to have been more lamented than 'Tom,' the well-known Downing-street cat. A determined *vatter*, he was the friend alike in turn of Con. servative or Liberal Ministers, and was as pleased to be noticed by Lord Prime Salisbury as by Mr Gladstone, whilst Ambassadors of whatever nationality were always welcomed by him alike with the same urbanity. 'Tom' was devoted to the military, and generally took up his abode in the sentry box outside the Foreign Office, but fell, alas! at last a prey to two ruffianly bull-terriers, after a gallant resistance, and if ever there seems to have been a case for a sentry to have used his bayonet and told these assailants to have moved on, the present was one. As it is, 'Tom' has departed full in years, and to the regret of all those who have had the honour of his acquaintance during the past ten years.

THE FRONTIERSMAN.

'The rugged state of the country' (at the foot of Mount Egmont, near Pukerangiora) was such that at times the enemy crawled within a few yards of the working parties, calling out to the soldiers for tobacco, which request was often more than acceded to, a small parcel being thrown over the brow of the hill intervening between; when instantly a return was made by a basket of peaches, with a request that they would send the basket back.—Grayling's 'War in Tararaki, 1861.'

This scene of 'frontier life' will recall to many of the early warriors of the colony some image that time cannot well efface—'lingering memories of the past,' of which the following description is laid not long before the advance upon Paribaka in 1881:—

Give us, kind boss, a tale to-night,
Our camp is snug and safe,
The tents are pegged, our canvas tight,
While wind and rain keep pace;
The forest bends before the gale,
Which trembles o'er our head,
Except the distant shrieking wail
All's quiet as in dread.

The fire crackles—burning brightly
The logs are upward piled,
Each sits around, some smoking lightly,
Frontiersmen they are styled.
Features bronzed with a hardy life,
Midst axe and rifle spent,
They've faced each danger in the strife
And glory is their bent.

My boys, this is the very day
Now twenty years ago,
I volunteered and joined the fray
That laid so many low:
And here around our little camp
Where deeds of honour shine,
'Twas on this field that I alone
May bless one heart divine.

We bravely tried to storm the pass,
And rushed through musket smoke
Up hill without a stop to bar
While a shot my rifle broke;
Then sword aloft I waved with pride,
And sealed the breastwork high,
But the battle's ever changing tide
Left me alone to die.

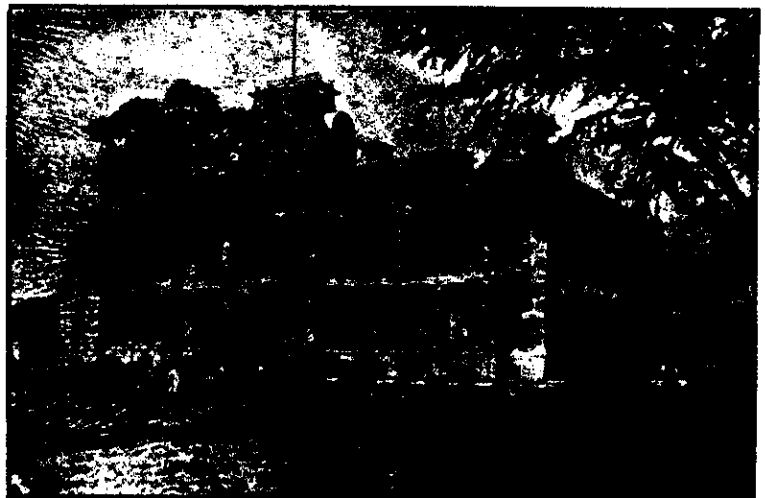
Ah! now, my mates, this heart stood still,
As wounded there I lay;
The bayonet gleamed with all the ill
(Of full intent to slay,
Only arrested by the cries
Of one angelic form,
Who, looking down with lustrous eyes,
As the sun upon the morn.

She waved her hand, the savage fled,
We two were left alone,
My wounds she bathed, as well as dressed,
So there I made my home,
She reared a rook above my head,
And brought me food to eat;
I languished as a prisoner bird
To fly with one so sweet.

And now, my boys, think not me weak,
The tears will flow unbidden:
A message came my love to seek,
My darling's now in heaven.
Last night I dreamt I saw my own,
She beckoned with her hand;
Boys! the pledge is here, the o'd greenstone
We'll meet in spirit land.

*A refrain to 'Tenting on the Old Camp' Ground.'

E.S.B.



ROYAL PALACE, HONOLULU.

CAN A MOTHER FORGET?



None of the poorest and most overcrowded parts of poor and overcrowded London stands a little whitewashed house, differing from the squalid houses round it only in its perfect cleanliness—for on entering, nothing but the plainest and most necessary furnishings were to be found.

One bitter night early in February there sat, in the hardly furnished sitting room, a young priest. He was evidently expecting some one, and some one he loved; for, from time to time, he stirred the fire and looked with something like a sigh at the meagre meal which was prepared on the table. 'I must not put on coal,' he said to himself; 'for if the fire is really bright when he comes in, he will grudge himself the warmth. I dare not make ready a comfortable meal, for he will grudge himself the food. It is always so, for he thinks that he alone can do without rest, warmth, and comfort; for oh! how tender and thoughtful he is about every one else!' As he sat down again the door opened to admit a tall, powerful man, looking weary beyond words, and wet to the skin. It needed not his clerical dress to assure any who saw him what his calling was; for interesting as his face must have been under any circumstances, it was rendered beautiful by the beauty of holiness, and the strength and sweetness mingled in it made it like the face of an angel.

'Dear brother,' he said, as he came in, 'I can go out no more this night, for my body is so weary and my heart so sore, that I feel helpless and dispirited, as I have rarely felt before. The sin and the suffering, the wretchedness and poverty, and, above all, the cry of the children, are breaking my heart. And if mine—O Thou loving Shepherd! what must the suffering be to Thee, in Thy perfect purity and unequalled tenderness? How long, O Lord, how long!'

He sank down on a chair and buried his face in his hands for a few moments, while the younger priest looked at him sadly and anxiously. It was so unusual for Father Warren's face to be clouded, and so rare for his spirit to be despondent, that he felt sure something was wrong, and that overwork and constant exposure were at last beginning to tell even on his magnificent health and frame. 'Now, dear Father,' he said beseechingly, 'do put on dry clothes, and rest this evening, and take a long quiet sleep; for if you persist in this constant self forgetfulness, you will have to give up work altogether, and I think no greater trouble could befall you and us than that.'

'Well, truly,' replied Father Warren, 'I am resolved to go out no more this night, for, though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak.' He had hardly finished speaking when a ring was heard at the door, and the servant entering said, 'Father, a lady desires to see you, and begs you will not refuse her.'

'Let me go,' said the young priest, jumping up. 'It is too hard this perpetual importunity. I will speak to her, and tell her how unfit you are to do anything more or see any one this evening.'

'Do so, my son,' said Father Warren, 'but let it be courteously and gently said, as befits those who speak in the name of a gentle and never weary Master.'

The young man crossed himself, and left the room; he returned, however, after a few minutes, with a disappointed and somewhat mortified air.

'She will have none of me, dear Father, but desires to see you and you only; and in very truth I feel myself asking for her; her pleading is so touching and her longing so earnest, that I have gone over to her side, and can resist her wish no longer.'

Father Warren rose briskly and said, 'Do not let her wait a moment longer. I feel in blame, that she has waited so long already. Bring her in at once, I pray you; and while the priest hastened to obey, he placed a chair near the fire, and muttering to himself, 'Neither turneth a deaf ear to any poor man,' he put the teapot on the table, and prepared to receive cordially the unexpected visitor.

The door was gently opened by a tall lady, dressed in black. She was exceedingly fair to see, beautiful in feature and carriage beyond most women; but there was an inexpressible charm far beyond even that—a dignity and perfection of manner and appearance such as Father Warren had never seen before.

Advancing towards him, she said in a low, clear, and most melodious voice, 'Forgive me, dear Father, for disturbing you so late, and on such a night; but no other could fulfil so well the mission which I ask you to undertake. Will you come with me to bring comfort and happiness to a departing and erring soul? and will you bring the Holy Sacrament with you, that, having confessed and been absolved, he may go hence in peace?'

'Dear lady,' answered Father Warren, 'I have not eaten since the morning. My clothes are wet through, and I am very weary. Another priest of God more worthy than I shall go with you.'

'Nay,' she said, looking wistfully at him, 'I pray you, go with me yourself, for to you I was sent, and the time is very short. I beseech you to come with me and make no delay. By the love of the blessed Mother of her Son, by the love of that Son for all His erring children, I implore you to come with me, and come quickly.'

She pleaded so earnestly and tenderly, and yet with something of authority in her tone, that the Father yielded; and forgetting all but her anxiety and that someone had need of him, he hastily put on a cloak and left the house with her.

A strong, biting wind and sharp, sleety rain made walking difficult and conversation almost impossible, so he followed the lady silently as they sped quickly along the narrow streets. Father Warren could not but marvel exceedingly that the lady did not seem to be aware of wind nor rain nor anything round her, but with firm tread and head erect she walked calmly and quietly though very rapidly on.

She moved as one with a set purpose, while a smile of hope brightened her grave face. At last, after walking thus for a considerable distance, they came to one of those quiet old fashioned squares, once the chosen residence of the wealthiest Londoners, but now deserted for places further from the crowded centre of the huge city.

She stopped at one of the houses, and knocking firmly and decidedly at the door, she turned round to the priest, and said, 'I have shown you the place and told you of the sore need of one who lives there. I can do no more, and must go now. May the blessing of God the Father, the love of God the Son, and the help of God the Spirit go with you now.'

She turned rapidly away and was quickly out of sight, leaving the priest a little bewildered at receiving so solemn a blessing from a lady and a stranger, and yet with the feeling that there was nothing unsuitable nor unbecoming in her giving it.

Before, however, he had time to collect his thoughts or explain to himself what he really felt about it all, the door was opened by a stout, comfortable, respectable servant, who seemed rather astonished at his appearance. 'I have been summoned to a dying bed,' he said, 'pray take me at once to the room.'

The woman looked perplexed, and answered—'There ain't no dying beds here, nor hasn't been this long time. Thanks be to heaven, we're all well in this house, sir!'

'There must be some mistake,' replied Father Warren, 'for I was conducted here by a lady who fetched me herself to the very door, and was in much anxiety and haste.'

'There's no lady got no right to fetch anyone here, and mistake there surely is,' said the woman, rather testily; but looking at the priest, and recognising his holy character, she went on—'But you had better come in and explain it to the young master—for sure ain't he wouldn't like a beggar turned from the door on a cruel night like this, let alone a holy man like you, as is well-known to the poor and needy.' So saying, she led the priest into a most comfortable room, where was seated alone a young man evidently waiting for his dinner, preparations for which were on the table before him.

'This reverend gentleman has been led astray, sir, by some visiting lady, and brought out of his home, which better he would have been on a night like this, as rampaging the streets to come to a house where dying beds there is none, and nothing but health and comfort the Lord be praised. But I knew as you would not wish him sent away, sir, for the sake of her as is gone, and perhaps you can put him in the way to find the right 'ouse.'

The young man smiled, evidently well accustomed to the ways of his faithful old servant, and rising courteously, led Father Warren to a seat by the blazing fire. 'Why, you are wet through and through!' he said. 'At least let me take off your cloak, and rest a little, while you tell me how I come to the honour of this visit.'

The father could not withstand the genial greeting, and, sitting down, told the young man how he came there. As he tried to do this, however, he found himself quite at a loss to explain the impression the lady had made on him, and how powerless he felt to resist her importunity, or even to question her as to where she was leading him.

His host was grieved and concerned at the useless fatigue and exposure he had gone through, and said, 'I fear you have, in your ready self-sacrifice, given way too easily to some charitable lady, more zealous than judicious, who, in her desire to do much, has, to night at least, done too much, and made a mistake in an address which we can neither of us now rectify.'

Father Warren shook his head sadly, for he felt how completely he had failed to represent truly his calm and dignified visitor, and he sighed as he thought how, after all, her mission had failed.

'I shall not let you go out again till you are thoroughly warm and fed,' said the young man; 'and you must just console yourself by the thought of the kindness you are doing in sharing my lonely dinner, and in giving me the pleasure of your company on such a dismal night as this.'

The worn-out, hungry man yielded to the cordiality and heartiness of the bright youth's manner, and soon they were talking together as though they were old friends. They seemed drawn toward each other in some mysterious way, and their hearts were opened, and they spoke as neither had done for years.

'I once belonged to your Church,' said the lad in rather sad, regretful tones; 'but I belong to no Church now. Since my dear mother died, nothing seems of real interest, and I feel that if she were indeed living in any state, she would find some way to communicate with me, for heaven itself could bring no joy to her if I were shut outside. And indeed it is much the same with me, for I have tried every kind of life to forget my loneliness, but everything becomes dreariness without her, and I have found no one to fill her place.'

'Nay, not so, dear boy,' said Father Warren, very gently, 'you have not tried everything—not faith and patience and perfect submission, with forgetfulness of self, the only things that can bring you peace and content.'

'I do not want peace,' replied the boy—for he was little more in his impetuous, loving heart—'I want happiness, I want my mother, I want my old full life back again. It cannot be true that she is living anywhere, in any condition, and has forgotten her only child, her boy, her companion, and her friend. My father died suddenly of heart disease before I was born, and my mother and I were all in all to each other; we had not a thought apart. No! she is dead indeed! gone for ever! Dust and ashes! and the sooner I am the same, the sooner will the aching of my heart be stopped, and a useless life be over!'

Father Warren was deeply moved by the passionate outcry and evident sincerity of the lad's grief. His mother had been dead for three years, and he had not allowed anything to be touched or altered in the old house. He could not bear any change in her arrangements, and her books and work lay about as if she were still a living presence there.

As they talked together it became evident that the young man had drifted into disbeliever of all kinds, and was tossed about on that dreary sea, forlorn and hopeless.

It would not become me to try and repeat the powerful arguments and loving pleadings used by the faithful servant of his Master to win back this lost soul.

The life of the priest was well known to the lad, and he remembered in what terms his mother had always spoken of him; how she had told of rank and wealth put aside by him, that he might the better bring comfort and hope to the poor neglected people among whom he lived; and his heart burned within him as the holy man pleaded with him more and more strongly to return to the fold he had left, but where his place was always kept ready for him.

'Come back, come back,' he said, 'to the faith and to the Church which made your mother what she was—what she is. It is you who, by unbelief and waywardness, have

raised the barrier between you. It is you who have closed the door so that her holy angel cannot come to you. Return to the Church of God. Confess your sins and receive absolution, remembering that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just men that need no repentance. Open your ears and your heart now, so that, through my poor lips, you may hear your angel mother pleading with you for your soul's salvation—for another triumph for the blessed Saviour's cross.'

I know not what further words he used, no dare I venture to describe the feelings of the youth as he listened; but, after a while, his better nature conquered entirely, and kneeling before the priest, he cried, 'Receive me back again, I pray you, and bless me, even me also, O my Father!'

Father Warren, however, replied thoughtfully, 'I think it wiser and better, my son, that you should take this solemn step when you are calmer and have fully considered it with prayer, for surely a second backsliding would be far more grievous than a first. I will leave you now and return again to-morrow.'

'Now, I beseech you, dear Father, do not leave me so, unabsolved; but if in your wisdom you think it well that I should reflect further alone, then go into my library and take there the rest you so much need for a few hours, while I remain here and think of all you have said.'

To this Father Warren assented, and passed into the adjoining room, leaving the young man alone.

He looked round him before sitting down, and found in the books, magazines, little works of art, and pictures, further evidence of the refinement and intelligence which had been so marked in everything he had seen in the house. But what arrested his attention most, and fascinated while it startled him, was the picture of a beautiful lady in full evening dress which hung over an old bureau, and beneath which was a vase of white flowers, evidently placed there by some loving hand.

'Where have I seen that face before?' he thought. 'It seems fresh in my memory, and yet I have seen none such for many years.' He took up a book and sat down before the fire, trying to rest. Tired as he was, he could not sleep, for the picture seemed to haunt and disturb him. Again and again he rose to look at it, till suddenly it flashed across him, 'The lady that brought me here to-night! How like, and yet how different!'

While he was still standing looking, his new friend entered, and said quickly, 'You are looking at the portrait of my mother! It is very like her. Is she not beautiful? Can you not feel how how I must miss her sweet company every hour of the day? Is it not strange that I feel nearer her to night than I have ever done since she died and left me alone? Indeed I feel now as if she were not really dead—as if we must meet again. Will you receive my confession now, Father, and give me absolution before I sleep, and then I think I shall feel as if the black wall between us had been broken down for ever.'

'Willingly, my son,' answered the good priest.

Into that solemn interview and subsequent conversation it is not for us to intrude, but it was very late before they parted for the night, and it was arranged that they should meet again at the seven o'clock service in the Mission-room chapel the following morning.

Imagine then the disappointment of Father Warren when the service began and ended, and his young friend did not appear.

He was very sad. Accustomed as he was to disappointment of this kind, he had never felt one so keenly as this before. He had been so confident of the lad's earnestness, of the strength of his resolve, that he would not give up hope. 'I will go and see him,' he thought, 'before I return home or break my fast. Holy Mother, go with me, I beseech thee!'

He hastened away, and not without some difficulty found the house again. He was not surprised to find the blinds down and no sign of life, for it was not yet eight o'clock. 'Ah! here is the explanation,' he exclaimed cheerfully. 'Unaccustomed to such early hours, both servants and master are still probably asleep,' and he knocked loudly at the door.

It was quickly opened by the same servant as the evening before. But oh! how changed in her appearance. Her eyes were streaming with tears, and she looked ten years older. In a voice broken by sobs she said, 'He is dead. He is gone. Passed away in the night in his sleep; no sound; no cry. The best master that ever lived. He told my husband to call him very early, and when he went to do so, he found him lying quiet and calm, like a marble image.' Father Warren passed by her silently into the room; and there indeed, he found him lying calm and quiet, and very peaceful, but with such a look of bright happiness on his beautiful young face, as showed plainly that he had felt neither solitude nor fear when the Angel of Death came to fetch him away.

'Who can doubt that it was his mother who came for me last night?' said the priest to himself. 'For can a mother ever forget, even in heaven, the child of her love on earth?'

GARTH GIBSON.

OPERAHOUSE.
COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT.
Tendered to
WALTER BENTLEY
SATURDAY 3RD APRIL
By special request,
HAMLET.

Hamlet..... Walter Bentley.
Box plan now open at Wildman and Lyell's.

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.

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE.



MARQUIS LORNE.

EVERYONE will be pleased to hear that the Marquis of Lorne triumphed over Prince Henry of Battenberg with regard to the governorship of Windsor Castle. The Marquis has had a far from pleasant life of it since he married into the Royal Family, and this reward for his patience will be as welcome as it is well-deserved.

THE Misses Beswick entertained their girl friends at an afternoon tea on Monday to meet Miss Le Cren, of Timaru, who is on a visit to them.

MRS COWLISHAW of Christchurch was 'at home' on Tuesday, and those who visited were charmed by the singing of a lady from England, who is at present her guest. She accompanied herself on the guitar.

MRS ISEMONGER (née Miss Wright), Parnell, who was married about Christmas, is up in Auckland from the Thames on a visit to her parents. She looks both stylish and pretty in a light grey tweed gown with broken check, and large black hat which suited her admirably.

MISS COURTAINE, of Auckland, was in town the other day looking exceedingly handsome in a stylish and well-fitting light brown tweed costume, and most becoming hat.

MRS JERRAMS, from Napier, who is visiting her sister, Mrs Devore, wears a black merveilleux gown, and small bonnet trimmed with jet.

MRS R. WILSON, of Compton, has been the honoured guest at many luncheons and small entertainments, as she leaves for England in the *Rushine*, the fine new steamer, in charge of the popular Captain Greenstreet, next week, taking her daughter Gladys and Miss Meir.

MR W. S. GILBERT has gone to Cairo (writes a well-informed correspondent), but, contrary to report, he is not at work there upon an Egyptian or any other opera. Mr Gilbert, of course, has several libretti already sketched, though not written, and it is expected that his next comic opera will be in collaboration with Sir Arthur Sullivan. Meanwhile, 'The Mountebanks' has proved a thorough success, and a certificate from an eminent firm of accountants shows that the receipts for the first month amounted to £7,797, or an average of £311 per day. The public mourning does not appear to have affected one, at least, of the leading theatres.

THE terribly sudden death of Mr W. E. Ivey, the Director of the School of Agriculture at Lincoln, gave all his friends almost a thrill of horror. It has been known for a considerable time that he has been suffering from some internal malady, and lately he has had a rather bad attack of influenza, from which he did not seem able to recover, until at length he decided to apply for leave of absence for a holiday, intending to take a trip to England to recruit his health. It was feared among other things his heart was affected, and his awfully sudden death proved part of the trouble lay there, as he was in the act of running from the college to the gate to catch the coach, when he was seen to stagger and fall, and before any one could get to him he had ceased to breathe. He has had a long and useful career both in Australia and New Zealand. He leaves a wife and two children—a son and daughter.

MR CHRISTOPHER, of the Railway Department, has just concluded a three months' holiday, spent in Wanganui and on the Coast, and, with Mrs Christopher and family, has returned to Picton.

MR AND MRS Wm. CRUICKSHANK, of Auckland, have taken the house in Prince-street next to the Synagogue, and will remove there shortly.

NEW ZEALAND is singularly fortunate in amateur actors and singers. Mr Ainslie, who with a friend, Mr Garry, gave a face night entertainment at New Plymouth recently, is spoken of as 'a born actor' by the local critics. He is undoubtedly clever, and has the bump of humour largely developed.

MRS SCOTT, of Onehunga, looks remarkably well in town, wearing a suit of brown cloth, the shoulders and cuffs supported with brown velvet. A dainty toque composed of brown materials, feather, velvet, etc., completes this costume.

WELLINGTONIANS have a distinguished visitor in the person of Lord Masserene, who arrived by the *Arawa*, and intends touring New Zealand.

ONE of several charming costumes worn by Miss Myra Kemble in 'Dr. Bill' is a very handsome tea gown of primrose ottoman silk and cream chiffon. The front is full and hanging loosely, held in place by a black steel beaded girdle. The back of the bodice is tight-fitting, and the train long, the sleeves full from the shoulder to the elbow of chiffon, the cuffs of the yellow silk tightly buttoned to the elbow. The neck is cut a little low with soft falling chiffon edging it. Another gown is of grey poplin, very stylishly made, with large hat and ostrich plumes.

DR MACGREGOR, Inspector of Hospitals, inspected the Picton Hospital last week, and was greatly pleased with the management and cleanliness of that institution. The Doctor was accompanied by Mrs Macgregor.

MR JAMES COATES, manager of the National Bank at Auckland, still looks very 'peaky' after his long and serious illness. He left Auckland on Thursday last for a holiday trip to the South.

AN account of the selection by Mr Spurgeon of his final resting-place is given which differs somewhat from the generally received versions. Mr Spurgeon visited Norwood Cemetery on one occasion with Mr McMaster, who went to choose a spot for a family vault. Mr Spurgeon suggested a site, but Mr McMaster objected that it was too prominent. 'No,' Mr Spurgeon said, 'it will just do for you.' The spot was agreed upon, and then Mr Spurgeon, turning to the superintendent of the cemetery, said, 'Now, have you a decent corner where you could put Spurgeon some day?' A corner was pointed out, and Mr Spurgeon said, 'That will do.'

MISS OLLIVIER, of Christchurch, gave an afternoon tea on Saturday, when Miss Gladys Wilson bade 'good-bye' to many of her young friends.

MR HASLETT, solicitor, of Picton, is spending the Easter holidays with his mother in Auckland.

SIR DILLON and LADY BELL left by the *Tongariro* on Saturday. They intended paying New Zealand a longer visit, but Lady Bell's health requires her to return to England. Mr and Mrs A. R. Fitzherbert, of Wanganui, also departed by the same vessel on a visit to England, and also Mr Paul Coffey, of Wellington.

THE new Deputy Adjutant-General at headquarters in England, Major-General C. Mansfield Clarke, C.B., has a distinguished New Zealand record. He served in New Zealand continuously from 1861 to 1866, having proceeded thither with H.M. 57th Regiment. He was deputy-assistant quartermaster-general there from 1863 to 1866, and was in many actions with the Maoris. He was four times mentioned in despatches, and, of course, received the New Zealand war medal.

MR KEMPTHORNE, senior partner in the well-known firm of Kempthorne and Prosser, was in Auckland last week with his wife and two daughters. They intend visiting the lake district, and will then return to Auckland, remaining probably for two or three months.

MR BARUGH, of Wattle, Cambridge, is expecting his brother Mr Barugh, with his wife and family, from Yorkshire. It is to be hoped that the new-comer will take up his abode in New Zealand, and prove as good and useful a settler as his Waikato brother.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.



MISS SNAZELLE, whose portrait appears above, is the fortunate daughter of Mr Snazelle, or perhaps we should reverse the order and say that the talented vocalist is the fortunate father of so gifted a daughter. This young lady aids and abets her father in the high class but eminently amusing entertainment of music, song, and story which is now travelling through New Zealand, leaving regrets and pleasant memories in its train. Miss Snazelle is in reality quite a *débutante*. She was a pupil of Santley. That great vocalist took such a fancy to her voice that he had to give her three lessons a week till he left Home. The young lady does not intend to court fame as a professional singer. She was anxious to partake of the pleasure of her father's trip, and he, feeling that her singing would add to the attractiveness of his entertainment, finally, after consideration, decided to let her sing before the public. Mr Snazelle, though, has been on the operatic stage himself, and as one of fortune's greatest favourites would not allow his daughter to appear on the operatic stage.

BESIDES being a pupil of Santley, Miss Snazelle has been studying for the last few years under Mr Julius Herz, the celebrated vocal trainer of Melbourne, who has turned out some of the best singers the colonies now possess, amongst others Lalla Miranda and Miss Rossow.

SNAZELLE himself is, by the way, a Kentish man, and not as his name suggests, a foreigner. It will be remembered that though many of us have not yet seen him, we have heard his voice through the phonograph. One of Professor Archibald's best impression rolls was the *Snazelle*, where the vocalist interspersed snatches of song with reminiscences at being obliged to sing with a cold. He was for ten years the principal baritone at Her Majesty's and with the Carl Rosa Company, and during that time sustained, if I remember rightly, over fifty different parts. He began life as one of the aristocracy—a bank clerk.

'THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL' is reported to be the production to follow 'Henry VIII.' at the Lyceum. Mr Irving may play Sir Peter Teazle, but I should think he would prefer Joseph Surface. Miss Ellen Terry should make an ideal Lady Teazle.

THE 'drama' (?) on the William murders appears to be drawing crowded houses in Melbourne. As an additional attraction one advertisement says that 'ladies have fainted and strong men have been carried away.'

ELTON, who was in New Zealand with 'Dorothy,' 'Yeoman of the Guard,' etc., has just concluded a series of farewell performances in Melbourne, and by the time this is printed will be well (or unwell) on the liner that takes him Home. 'Dorothy,' 'The Gondoliers,' and 'The Old Guard,' were all played during the last nights. The Australian public mourn his departure, and even the *Bulletin* deplors the flight of the 'well beloved little comedian.' Nobody knows, it says, why Elton should leave like this on the eve of a general election. He might take his choice of boroughs and waltz to the top of the poll if the spirit so moved him. And once in Parliament the only William would be expected to run the entire Cabinet in his own person, and permitted to increase the salaries all round up to any reasonable total.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

MAN regards woman as an end, but is regarded by her as a means to an end.

It is much easier to die for the cause of virtue than to live according to the tenets of virtue.

'Did I tell you what my boy said to Hicks?' asked Marberry. 'Yes. Four times last night and three this morning,' said Barton, wearily.

Nothing exasperates a woman who has been shading her eyes from the daylight with her hand all the evening so much as to find that after all she had left her best diamond ring on the washstand.

The success of a plant depends not upon its size, as compared with the other plants of the garden, but upon its steady and healthy growth. So the success of a human life does not depend so much upon the rank it takes among others as upon its own continual progress.

WEIGHED.

AT CHURCH.

All richly clad within her cushioned pew
She sat, and heard a tale of sorrow told
Of want and hunger 'mong the suffering poor,
And down her cheek the tears of pity rolled.

AT HOME.

Within her boudoir rich she sat and thought,
'With pleasure would I meet this piteous call,
But every cent I've got to spare must go
For a new dress to wear at Hutton's ball.'

No tie can be so close, no love so strong as to form an excuse for telling a secret which belongs to a third party; and it is a false sentiment and a mean jealousy that would require it at the hands of a friend or lover, husband or wife. Every one is at liberty to decline to receive such confidence if he please; but, having received it, he has no right to impart it.

He was on the road, and billed to appear in a small town. When he came upon the stage he was so tipsy that the audience hissed him. Steadying himself against the scenery, the actor said: 'Ladish and shentlemens, when an artist of my standing consents to appear at all in such a little one-horse town ash thish, he must either be drunkish or crazshy. I prefer to be considered an inebriate.' The audience roared and forgave him.

The people of Paris have consumed within the year 21,291 horses, 229 donkeys, and 40 mules, the meat weighing, according to the returns, 4,615 tons. At the 180 shops and stalls where this kind of food is sold, the price has varied from 2d a pound to 10d, the latter being the price of superior horse steaks. But only about one-third of the meat is sold fresh and undisguised; the rest is used in making sausages, and it should be added that 402 horses were seized and condemned as unfit for food before entering the sausage state.

The salary of the British Ambassador at Paris (Lord Dufferin) is £10,000; at Constantinople £8,000; at St. Petersburg, £7,800; at Rome, £7,000. Sir A. R. Paget at Vienna has £8,000; Sir E. B. Malet at Berlin, £7,500; Sir F. C. Ford at Madrid, £5,500; Sir Horace Rumbold at The Hague, £4,000; Sir George Petre at Lisbon, £3,750; Sir Henry Drummond Wolff at Bucharest, £3,550; Sir E. Monson at Athens, £3,500; Sir F. R. Pinckney at Stockholm, £3,400; Lord Vivian at Brussels, £3,230; Mr St. John at Belgrade, £2,050; Mr Scott at Berne, £1,450; while at Munich Mr Drummond has £1,700; and Mr Strachey at Dresden, £950.

In case any of my readers may have heard of the salicin treatment of influenza, I may tell them that salicin is a substance obtained from the bark of the willow tree, and has been much prescribed by physicians in the treatment of rheumatism. Dr. T. J. MacLagan has advocated giving 'ten grains (of salicin) three times a day, for many weeks, in cases of influenza, the idea on which this treatment is founded being that influenza, being a germ-producing disease, the salicin acts as a germ-killer when it gets into the blood. Of course it may not be at all necessary to give salicin in the above doses for more than a few days. It is said to cure influenza more rapidly than any other form of treatment.

'Last Friday,' says an up country journal, 'we were nominated for mayor by acclamation: this is equivalent to election. We don't deny that we sought the nomination. We have had our eye on it for a year past. We shall also do our level best to snout our opponent under. We have been moved to this course by a desire to see the town well-governed, and because we believe the mayor should be the representative man of the town. We are that man. There's no use in filling and backing and talking about modesty and self-conceit and all that. We lead this town. We know more than any ten men in it rolled together. We shall make the best mayor the town has ever had, and we shall see that all the city printing is given to ourselves at legal rates.'

What is the one thing in America that strikes an Englishman as most unlike what he finds at home? According to the Duke of Marlborough it is the American woman. She has a natural quickness for appreciating the characters of the men around her, and she takes infinitely more trouble, and in some respects greater interest all round than the English woman displays. Maternity does not seem to crush everything else out of them as it does with all classes in England. The bright cheery girl remains the gay carefully-dressed married woman who is always trying to show herself off quietly to the best advantage; and she understands the art perfectly among all classes of the people. In middle age and even later in life she seems to preserve a perennial interest in everything around her; she does not grow old mentally as so many English women do. The tendency to nagging and gossip-mongering of an ill-natured character, moreover, seems rarer in that country. The Duke of Marlborough, in drawing his portrait of the American woman, suggests that the climate has something to do with these differences of disposition; but then the American man is under the same 'skye influences.' Yet he, we are told, so far as club life is an indication, is pretty much like the same sort of person we should expect to find in England.

BOOKS AND BOOK-MEN.

MOST certainly humorists are rare. During the last decade no writer has ever for even a moment ousted the bookman whose portrait I now give this week from the position of the freshest, most invigorating, humorist known to readers of latter day English literature. Mr Clemens—Mark Twain as he calls himself—has made us all laugh, and there is nothing we have laughed at which is not absolutely cleanly and free from all double meaning. 'The Adventures of Tom Sawyer,' 'Huckleberry Finn,' 'The Tramp Abroad' are perhaps his best works, though the 'Innocents Abroad,' 'Life on the Mississippi,' and his shorter stories run them very close. Yet he is not only a humorist. As a light and chatty descriptive writer



MARK TWAIN.

Mark Twain is unexcelled. 'The Tramp Abroad' is a most excellent descriptive guide to certain parts of Europe, and 'Up the Mississippi' gives perhaps the finest idea of that mighty river that has ever been printed. There are one or two accounts of his reason for the selection of Mark Twain as a *nom de plume*. As most people know he began life as apprentice to a printer, but ran away to become a pilot boy on a Mississippi steamer. Here, so says one authority, he constantly had to cry out 'Mark Twain' when as leadman he signified that there were two fathoms of water, and that he adopted these familiar words as cognomen when he came to write. His own story, however, if my memory does not play me false, is that Mark Twain was the name of an old pilot whom Clemens grievously offended, but for whom he had a great respect. When the old fellow died Clemens took his name 'for luck.' As he himself explains in his various works he has been every thing. He was, by the way, born at Florida in 1835. Mark Twain is now touring in Europe, and his letters on his travelling experiences are appearing week by week in some of the New Zealand papers.

'WOTTON REINFRED,' the so-called original novel by Carlyle now appearing in the *New Review*, is a dull, heavy piece of work which should never have seen the light. Whole passages are almost verbally identical with passages of 'Sartor Resartus,' and the *Speaker* last month suggested it might be an attempt to reduce that immortal work to a more popular form. Now, however, the *Speaker* has come to the conclusion 'Reinfred' preceded 'Sartor.'

LORD TENNYSON'S action in accepting £100 for seventeen feeble lines on the death of the Duke of Clarence, which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, has been very unfavourably criticised. People are asking what the Laureate receives £200 a year for if this sort of thing is to be permitted. Alfred Austin, whose verses were infinitely finer than Tennyson's, wrote them within a few hours of the Prince's death, and gave them to the people through next morning's *Times*. The poem was not merely obviously spontaneous, but properly timed and placed. Tennyson's laboured lines, hammered out a month late are so bad they have not even been widely quoted.

MR MORLEY ROBERTS, whose volume of short stories called, 'King Billy of Ballarat,' has just been published, will be heard of again. His work is unequal, but the tales which are good are very good indeed. Like Kipling, Mr Roberts can draw a vivid picture in a single sentence. Volumes of tenacious misery are condensed into 'A Domestic Tragedy,' and the even grimmer 'Father and Son.' 'A Quiet Man' and 'The Sheriff of Red Butte' remind one of Bret Harte.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

SAWDUST.

It is stated that a German firm has perfected a means of making a profitable disposition of sawdust by which it is applied to a mechanical use, and has thus far been attended with success. An acid is mixed with the sawdust, and the whole mass moulded into blocks or any other form, resulting in a fine material for building purposes. The blocks assume extreme hardness of surface, and are practically non-combustible. The material in the moulded forms is said to be much stronger than timber in these forms, and much lighter than either iron or steel, and can be prepared cheaply.

ELECTRIC SEARCH LIGHTS.

The subject of the use of electric search lights in military operations at night continues to engage the attention of different Governments, and experiments have recently been conducted both in Spain and in Turkey. In the former country a Mangin projector was employed. It was mounted upon a special waggon, together with a length of cable and accessories, whilst on a second waggon the boiler and a turbo-electric generator giving 110 amperes at 70 volts were placed. In Turkey two projectors were tested, one being of the same type as that used in Spain, and the other a German apparatus with a parabolic reflector. The results of the experiments were entirely satisfactory, and it was found possible to distinguish objects at distances ranging from three to nearly six miles.

AMMONIA FOR SNAKE-BITE.

Dr. Gunther, F.R.S., the celebrated herpetologist, recommends the following treatment for snake-bite: A ligature or two should be made, as tight as possible, at a short distance from the wound, and between it and the heart. The ligature should be left on until the proper means are provided to destroy the virus in the wound, and until medicine is taken internally; or until great pain or swelling necessitates its removal. The punctures are to be enlarged by incisions at least as deep as the wounds, to cause free efflux of the poisoned blood, and to facilitate its removal by sucking. The wounds should be sucked by the patient himself, or by another person whose mouth is free from wounds.

THE SPREAD OF DISEASE BY BOOKS.

Seldom do we stop to think, on taking a book from a public library, who might have handled the volume last. Books are lent out and go from family to family, no attention being paid to the fact that they may have been handled by a patient having a contagious disease. The *British Medical Journal* mentions a case where a physician recognised in the house of a patient suffering from scarlet fever a book which he had noticed a few days before in the room of a former patient suffering with the same disease. On inquiring he learned that a few days after borrowing the book the symptoms of the second case appeared. The paper used for covering library books soon becomes roughened and undoubtedly furnishes the means of transmitting infectious diseases. Libraries should be notified either by the Board of Health or by the attending physician of any cases of infectious diseases.

DISCOVERED.

Diamonds in their rough state are not much more attractive than pieces of quartz or glass, and one picked up in the diamond fields of South Africa would probably be thrown away as a worthless specimen of stone by a boy or girl. In fact, something like this first led to the discovery of the rich diamond mines near Cape Town, South Africa. A Dutch settler's child was found playing with pretty pebbles one day near her father's lonely home in South Africa, when a stranger happened to pass. Noticing the glassy pebbles carefully, he induced the child to give the playthings to him, and, after an examination, he was satisfied they were real gems. History does not tell whether he made the child a present for the valuable discovery, but the incident led to an exploration of the country, and to the establishment of the largest diamond mining industry in the world.

MECHANICAL FLIGHT.

Mechanical flight is a subject often discussed by schemers, but now for the first time approached in a truly scientific manner. Lord Raleigh and Professor Langley, both physicists of considerable standing, have investigated the conditions necessary for successful mechanical flight, and in their experiments they have employed a kite 110 feet in length and 40 in breadth, which has been propelled by means of a light petroleum engine, working a large screw. The result of this experiment must not be put down as more than affording a promising field for future study. In these trials it has been found quite possible to drive the large kite carrying an engine worked mechanically, and to cause it to lift itself by compression of the air beneath it.

CURVATURE OF THE EARTH.

Any figures relating to the earth's curvature must of course be understood to apply to large surfaces of water, the inequalities of the land preventing exact measurements. A straight line a mile long, touching the earth at its middle point, would be 2 1/4 inches from the surface at each end. The visible horizon of a man 5 ft. 6 in. high, standing on the shore, would be two miles 167 yards distant. Such a person could see a rock rising 12 feet out of water 5 miles 1,320 yards away. If he stood 20 feet above sea level, the same rock would be visible at a distance of 9 miles 120 yards. To find the distance of the horizon: 1/2 times the square root of the height of the eye in feet equals the distance of the horizon in miles nearly. Given the distance of an object, the height the eye required to see it may be found by squaring the distance in miles and multiplying by 2 for height in feet.

MEN'S POCKETS.

HOW A HUSBAND ESCAPED FROM A GRAVE PREDICAMENT.

Men's pockets exert a strange fascination upon women. Many and many a quarrel has been precipitated upon a quiet and trustful household by the wife in an inquisitive mood thrusting her fingers into the pockets of the coats or waistcoats dangling from the nails of a wardrobe. She finds a card, a letter, a bit of golden hair, or some little gewgaw of feminine apparel, and green-eyed jealousy immediately takes possession of her soul. Sometimes she rushes with demonic fury upon her unsuspecting lord and master, waving aloft the tell-tale card or letter; but more frequently she hires her to her mamma, and the twain betake them to a sharp detective, who is instructed to work up the case. Maude is engaged to Joe Burleigh, called 'Barly Joe' at the athletic clubs, where he is what is known as a good all round man—which is Greek to me. While Maude and Joe were pursuing the phantom of love's young dream in the back parlour, Maude, woman like, began rummaging in Joe's coat pockets. She criticised his handkerchief and the perfume he used; she commented upon his cigarette case and match box, and asked the one to which each key in the bunch was put. At last it occurred to her that she hadn't had her little fingers in Joe's right hand vest pocket, and so down into its depths they were thrust incontinently. There was a sudden start, a deeper grab, a drawing forth and a holding aloft—'what think you? Why, half a dozen as dainty little silver hair pins as were ever thrust into a Grecian coil. Now, as Maude's hair was as black as night and she naturally affected gilt pins, it was impossible for Joe to claim that he had bought them for her, so turning all colours, he stammered out the real truth of the matter, that he didn't know and couldn't tell how the silver pins came in his vest pocket. Maude refused to believe him—they had been bought for some other girl, some horrid thing with taffy-coloured tresses. She appealed to him to make a clean breast of it, promising to forgive him if he told her the whole truth. Suddenly, Joe caught his weeping sweetheart up in his stout arms and tossed her up into the air as if she were a fifty-pound dumb-bell.

'Harrah, Maude! I have it,' he cried. 'You know that Archie Lewis is in love with that strawberry blonde, Kitty Williams. Well, Archie and I have adjoining lockers at the gymnasium. Our clothes often get mixed, as we use the same line of hooks. This afternoon I reached the club before Archie, and he no doubt hung his vest up alongside of mine. Then as he continued to undress he found these silver hairpins in his trousers' pocket, and wishing to transfer them to this pocket he reached up and slipped them, not into his, but into my pocket. That's the way the thing happened. I can see it all now as plain as a pikestaff.'

'Yes,' said the delighted Maude, 'and they are just the shaped pins that Kitty wears. Oh, Joe, I didn't doubt you for a minute, but please don't frighten me like that again.'

MARRIAGE AMONG CRIMINALS.

THE MOST HARDENED CRIMINALS PERMITTED TO WED.

It is well known that the larger part of the criminal classes are unmarried people. Some philanthropists, particularly in Europe, have time and again reiterated their belief that matrimony, with the loving responsibilities that parents assume, would redeem from lives of crime many an outcast who is now regarded as wholly irreclaimable. There is reason to believe there is more sentiment than truth in this pleasant theory. In at least one country marriage is authorized by law between the most hardened criminals during the period of their punishment for hideous crimes. This country is the island of New Caledonia, in the Pacific Ocean, to which many hundreds of the worst offenders against society in France, including a great many women, are transported for life. It cannot be said that this matrimonial experiment is a great success.

F. Ordinaire has recently visited the convent of Bourail in New Caledonia. It is vulgarly called the 'Paddock' by the male convicts, because it is to this convent that they are permitted to go for the purpose of selecting wives from among the hundreds of Frenchwomen who are confined there. This privilege is given them only after some years of residence on the island, when the men who have obeyed the rules of prison life are permitted to build huts outside the prison walls, to choose wives from the convent, and to devote their future life to the care of their families.

Mr Ordinaire interviewed the Mother Superior on this matrimonial scheme, and learned that she regarded it as an utter failure so far as reformatory influences are concerned. 'Our duties here are very simple,' she said. 'We have the care of the unfortunate women who are sent to us from France until they are married. When a male convict desires to take a wife he comes here, informs me of the fact, and I call all the female convicts down into the court, where he surveys the crowd and chooses one who pleases him. Then they go with me into the parlour, where they talk over the conditions of their union, and if the woman desires to wed the man the bans are proclaimed and the marriage takes place in church after the delay required by law. I have assisted at forty of these marriages in a single day.'

'Do these marriages turn out well?'

'Alas, they do not,' said the Mother Superior. 'The women leave the church on the arms of their husbands and go to their new homes, but it is rare that they make these homes happy or in any way attractive. They are far more likely to descend to lower depths of depravity than to become self-respecting women. The children of these unions are, if possible, more degraded than their parents. In my opinion the regeneration of criminals through the family life is a prodigious failure, and I believe that such marriages should not be countenanced, but should be prohibited by law.'

FULLY EQUAL TO FICTION.

HOW A LAWYER UPSET A CASE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

There is no signet of the imagination—if it is at all within the limit of possibilities—more curious or strange than some things that actually happen. The following is an instance in proof of this:

A few years ago Frank Millet, the well-known artist, war correspondent and story writer, published a short story in a leading magazine which had as its principal feature the mysterious killing of a Parisian artist in his own studio. A web of circumstantial evidence led to the arrest of a model who had been in the habit of posing for him. But through some chain of circumstances which the writer of this has now forgotten, the murder—if murder it can be called—was found to have been caused by the discharge of a firearm through the force of capillary attraction. The firearm was used by the artist as a studio accessory, and was hung in such a manner that he was directly in line with it. Its discharge occurred when he was alone in his studio.

The story was a vivid and ingenious flight of the imagination. Now for its parallel in fact:

A recent number of the Albany *Law Journal* tells of the arrest of a man upon the charge of killing his cousin. The dead man was found lying upon a lounge, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, with a .32 calibre ball in his brain. The cousin who had an interest of \$100,000 in his death, was alone with him in the house at the time. The discovery of the real cause of death was due to the lawyer of the accused, who took the rifle from which the ball had been fired, loaded and hung it upon the wall, and then marked the form of a man upon a white sheet and placed it upon the lounge where the man had been found. Then a heavy cut-glass pitcher of water was placed upon a shelf above. The temperature was 90 deg. in the shade. The pitcher of water acted as a sun glass, and the hot rays of the sun shining through the water were refracted directly upon the cartridge chamber of the rifle. Eight witnesses were in the room, and a few minutes after 3 o'clock there was a puff and a report, and the ball struck the outlined form back of the ear, and the theory of circumstantial evidence was explored.

This is interesting not only because the real occurrence is quite as strange as the imagined one, but because the fact came after the fiction and paralleled it so closely.

ONE may ruin a score of his fellows and be easily forgiven; but let him ruin himself and there's nothing too harsh that may be said of him.

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SOCIETY GOSSIP.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 19.

A Kaipara correspondent sends me an account of a leap year ball which has just taken place in the Arapohu Hall, and which proved a brilliant success. The ball was promoted and carried to a successful termination by a committee of young ladies, assisted by several matrons who acted as chaperones, and the response to the invitations was most general. The night was beautifully fine and bright moonlight, and the roads were in good condition. Quite one hundred couples were present, many of whom came from distant as well as surrounding districts. No trouble had been spared by the committee in preparing for their guests, and the interior of the spacious hall was transformed for the nonce into an ideal ball-room, with immense quantities of tree ferns, nikau palms, pampa grasses, and a profusion of flowers. The supper-room was also tastefully decorated, and the table, which was beautifully laid, was covered with the daintiest of supper dishes, delicious cakes, fruit, etc., and the choicest of flowers. The ball room floor was in capital order, and the music supplied by Messrs French, Jamieson, and Lindsay, of Araratopu, left nothing to be desired.

At functions of the kind it is, you know, the ladies' privilege to nominate and decorate the bean of the ball. On this occasion, however, the custom was not observed, the ladies, no doubt, wishing to prevent jealousy amongst their masculine friends. Many pretty gowns were worn. Amongst the most attractive were Mrs R. Young, handsome gown of white brocade silk and satin; Mrs H. Hammond, black grenadine relieved with terra cotta; Mrs A. Atkinson, grey poplin gown trimmed with white lace; Mrs F. Bradley, pretty crimson gown relieved with cream lace; Mrs S. Bradley looked well in black; Mrs R. Masfield, black grenadine gown trimmed with jet; Miss Beattie Bradley looked pretty in black grenadine evening dress with cardinal trimmings; Miss Masfield (Ponsonby), becoming crushed strawberry gown; Miss Mabel Williamson, pretty blue and white striped gown; Miss Nellie Bradley, pale blue net dress; Miss Emily Masfield made her debut, and wore white net finished with white ribbons; Miss H. Spick, white muslin with blue ribbons; Miss Melville, heliotrope gown finished with white lace; Mrs W. Webb, handsome black silk gown trimmed with jet; Mrs Kidd also wore black with jet trimmings; Mrs J. Black, pretty black lace gown; Mrs T. Bassett, cream nun's veiling and lace; Mrs Beasley wore a pretty grey gown; and the Misses Beasley, white muslin; Miss Dargaville, white net skirt and white satin bodice; Miss Stalworthy, white muslin gown; Miss Morgan, cream nun's veiling; Miss Harding, white and pale blue; Miss Cook, white net and satin; Misses Corkhill, black grenadine with scarlet trimmings. A great many other pretty costumes were worn, but the names of the wearers were either unknown or forgotten.

Owing to Passion week the dress circle at the Opera House has not been particularly well patronised. Amongst those ladies present Mrs Ireland (Holme Court) wore a very handsome black silk gown, the neck cut V., and elbow sleeves handsomely trimmed with jet, long tan suede gloves. She was accompanied by her two daughters, the elder wearing a pretty cream evening dress, and her sister pale blue, plush opera cloaks.

Mrs Cooper (Parnell) looked well in pale pink satin; Mrs MacDonald (Albert Park), black costume; Miss MacDonald, grey; and her sister, black evening dress, and opera mantle; the Misses Devore, handsome cream silk gowns trimmed with gold guimp; Miss Devore also wore a pretty crimson outdoor cape; Mrs Hope-Lewis looked nice in white flowered muslin; Mrs D. B. Craichankhan, handsome dark flowered costume; Mrs (Dr.) McArthur, black merveilleux gown; Mrs W. Lawry, beautiful black silk evening dress, the low neck and short sleeves finished with jet; Mrs Armstrong, pretty white dress; Mrs Moss Davis looked handsome in a dark fawn silk gown; Miss Davis, pretty cream dress trimmed with cream silk; Miss Scherff wore, I think, black; the Misses Percival, pretty light frocks; Mrs T. W. Lera, black silk costume; and the Misses Whitlaw, light dresses; Mrs J. McK. Geddes, handsome light silk costume; Mrs Myers, black silk costume; Miss Walker, pretty pink evening dress.

MURIEL.

BLENHEIM.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 12.

The last of the popular weekly afternoon teas at the Marlborough Lawn Tennis Club took place last Saturday, and was largely patronised. Tea was provided by the lady members under the superintendence of Mrs Griffiths and Mrs Thompson. The afternoon was lovely, and there were in consequence some smart gowns worn. Mrs C. Watts was looking wonderfully nice in a handsome gown of fawn cashmere, trimmed with brown corded silk and gold passementerie, and most chic little black and gold bonnet; Mrs G. Watts wore a most stylish tailor-made gown of brown striped tweed, very well cut, but most plainly made with corded skirt and tight fitting bodice with long tails at the back, a black saucer Tom-tug trimmed with black velvet and wings; Mrs Richardson, as usual, looked well in grey, and large black hat with apricot feathers; Mrs Kellas wore a well fitting black gown, with becoming dark fur boa, and very pretty toque with crown of folded cream velvet and brim of black ostrich feathers.

Mrs Clouston was in a very pretty fawn gown, with bear fur boa, and small black bonnet with yellow flowers and osprey; Mrs Hodson looked very nice in black, with becoming lace cloak and black and gold bonnet; Miss Beatrice Horton was wearing a nicely-made plain grey tweed gown, and black saucer sailor hat with yellow velvet; Mrs McNab and Mrs C. Earp were also wearing these shaped hats with red and yellow quilla, respectively, stuck through black velvet bows; Mrs T. Redwood was in black

with pretty black and yellow bonnet; and the Misses Redwood wore pink skirts, white blouses, and hats with cream tips, chiffon, and black velvet; Miss Florence Smith looked very pretty in a plain grey green tweed frock and white Tom-tug hat. Mesdames McIntire, Fitzgerald, Carey, Griffiths, Vivian, McLintosh (two), Thompson, Smith, Hiley, G. Robinson, Lucas, and Misses Ivey, Rees, Smith, Pasley, Vivian, V. Robertson, O'Callaghan, E. Linton, and Messrs Griffiths, C. Watts, G. Robinson, Howard, Sharp, Rows, Browning, Maclean, and P. Clark were among those present that I noticed.

We are now most of us looking forward to the Henwick races on Easter Monday, when we are hoping for fine weather. At present our long spell of lovely autumn weather (a regular 'Indian summer') shows signs of breaking up, but I do hope the Easter holidays will not be wet.

The Chrysanthemum Show is now fixed for the 28th instant, the day after the Rowing Club's social, so I shall have plenty of news for you later on.

SINCERITY.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 14.

We had a beautifully fine day for the Athletic Sports on Saturday. They were held as usual at the Basin Reserve, and were attended by fully two thousand people, all of whom seemed to take the greatest interest in the events. We ladies were greatly excited over the Ladies' Bracelet Race, which was capitally run and won by Mr Norman Gunn, but the name of the happy recipient of the bracelet has not yet transpired. The Hurdle Race (220 yds.) was very good, and was won by Mr C. Gore. Mr Guy Johnstone being second. The 440 yds. Hurdle Race was won by Mr Pownall; putting the weight, won by Mr G. St. Hill; three mile bicycle race, Mr Heywood, 1st; Mr W. Pearce, 2nd; 100 yds. running won by Mr Harley; long jump, Mr R. Gore; walking race, Mr Adams; high jump, Mr C. Gore, 1st; Mr R. Gore 2nd. These were the most interesting events.

Afternoon tea was dispensed in the grandstand by the Misses Gore and Menzies, and proved most acceptable, the day being very hot. It is almost impossible to mention all, so I will just think of a few that I happened to see. Mrs (Judge) Richmond, wearing a handsome black gown; Mrs Grace, in blue figured foulard and cornflower bonnet; the Misses Grace, in grey gowns and black hats; Miss Johnstone, in black; Mrs Charles Johnstone, dark blue serge skirt and open jacket over a pale blue silk blouse; Mrs G. Beetham, fawn and bonnet with berries; Miss Holmes, black silk and mauve bonnet; Miss Duthie, who has just returned from London, wore a very stylish English gown of goblin blue figured with large hairy spots of a darker shade, and made with a very long bodice, brown hat with feathers; Miss Pysant, in wine coloured delaine figured with white; the Misses Cooper, in black with shirt blouses; the Misses Menzies, in fawn tweed; Miss Gore, terra-cotta cloth, hat to match; and her sister grey; Mrs Ogle, peacock blue cloth with basque and flounces of black lace, lace and jet bonnet; Miss Izard, black, and black hat with white flowers; Miss Dransfield, fawn tweed figured with white, the bodice cut in tabs, and small hat with quills; Mrs Nathan, fawn spotted with brown, and brown and pink bonnet; Mrs Molyneux, black; Miss Rose, Miss Trimmell, Mrs McClean, Mrs and Miss Stowe, the Misses Henry, Miss Knight, Mr and Mrs Firth, Mr H. D. Bell, Dr. Grace, Dr. Newman, Captain Stuart, Dr. and Mrs Purdy, Mr G. Beetham, the Hon. C. Johnston, and Messrs Tripp, Cooper, St. Hill, Anson, Turnbull, Kemp, Gardiner, Woolridge, Izard, etc., and the Misses George, Blair, Kennedy, Burnett, Morrish, Elliott, Friend, Jolly, Graham, Lead, Heywood Fairchild, Widdop, Reid, and many others.

I especially noticed three stylish costumes on the Basin Reserve, the wearers of which were unknown to me. One was of fawn flecked tweed, made quite plainly except for a longish round train, which was allowed to trail behind on the grass with graceful effect to the eye, but I should think disastrous result to the gown. Another was of pale fawn cashmere or beige, slightly trained, and made with a long basque, and wide cuffs and waistcoat of white, white hat. The last was a costume, including a long three-quarter cloak of handsome blue and brown figured tweed, the hood being lined with pale lemon silk, tiny brown felt hat turned up at one side with wings. It is dreadful to think of the trains coming in again for walking dresses, for if they are the fashion one must wear them, or else look quite 'out of it,' and that is just what a woman cannot bear, especially in regard to dress.

RUBY.

HASTINGS.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 1.

A concert was recently held at St. Patrick's Hall, and attracted a large audience. Some of the items were most enjoyable, and when I tell you that the Misses Lee and Mr Loughnan took part you will know what a treat we had. Mrs Sheath, from Napier, sang 'Kathleen Mavourneen' in a most charming manner, Miss O'Driscoll (Napier) played most exquisitely. I haven't heard this young lady before, but I am sure we shall not be satisfied until we hear her again. Miss Mabel Collinge sang 'Italia' in her usual charming manner. This young lady is a great favorite of mine, and I predict great things for her. She has plenty of time in front of her. I believe Miss Collinge is a pupil of Mrs Sheath's. I understand the proceeds from this concert are to be devoted to providing the schoolroom with gas stoves against the coming winter weather.

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MARLBOROUGH.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 6.

At the cricket match Mrs Rutherford wore a very elegant flowered dark-green cambrie dress, with white lace basque and skirt frills, and a fancy straw white hat with handsome ostrich plumes. Mrs Allen wore black cashmere, merveilleux and Maltese lace cape, bonnet trimmed with black velvet and scarlet flowers; Mrs Fell wore a far-lined Russian cloak, black hat with a very pretty bunch of pinks; Mrs Younger also wore a large cloak. The day being rather chilly, I saw several people in warm wraps. Miss Marion Speed had on a pretty pale blue flowered cambrie frock with white lace frills; Miss Mellish, dark blue tweed; Miss (A. P.) Seymour, fawn costume; Miss Waddy, cream frock, embroidered trimming, and green velvet yoke, white hat; Miss Flora Speed, grey dress, and warm blue cloth jacket; Miss Duncan, pretty striped fawn costume, and elegant brown and gold hat; Miss M. Seymour, cream skirts and blouse, Tom-tug hat and eravat; Miss I. Seymour, white muslin skirt and blouse; Miss K. Seymour, red cambrie frock; Miss White, flowered delaine; Miss A. Scott, cream frock and Tom-tug; Miss Allen, black frock, sunflower hat with yellow band; Miss Turner (Nelson), pale brown costume, sunflower hat; Miss Speed, cardinal cashmere; and Miss Nora Allen, in pale blue print, white hat trimmed with white lace and pink roses. Nearly all Picton were there except a few indefatigable tennis players. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs J. W. Baillie, A. P. Seymour (the Mayor), C. H. Seymour, Haslett, Gudgeon, Howard, R. Scott, Younger, and the Rev. Mr Aitkens besides all the players.

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 11.

It has been anything but a dull week socially, because of the farewell parties that have been given to Dr. and Mrs Lindo Ferguson, and Dr. and Mrs Batchelor, who go Home by the Ruanhine this week with their families. They will be greatly missed, for they have always been favourites here, and have entertained a good deal. It is said that Dr. and Mrs Maunsell, who left for England some time ago, now intend to remain there on account of the doctor's health. It is to be hoped that Dr. Batchelor and Ferguson will not also extend their visit indefinitely, for Dr. Lindo Ferguson, as of course, you are aware, is the great eye specialist here, and Dr. Batchelor the ladies' doctor. Dr. Brown has been back again from his Home trip for some time, as many of his patients are glad to know.

In the same boat there are also going Mrs Robert Gillies and family, Miss Nina Mackenzie, and Miss Bartleman, all well known to Dunedin society, so there will be quite a large party of friends on board.

All the week parties have been given and interchanged, and the weather being fine, a very pleasant time has been spent.

Mrs Lindo Ferguson gave an 'At Home' on Saturday for the purpose of saying good-bye to all her friends before her departure for Home. A delightful programme, including both vocal and instrumental music and several recitations, arranged by the hostess, gave great pleasure to all present, among whom were Mrs Henry Mackenzie, Mrs Colquhoun, Mrs and Miss Sievwright, the Misses Sievwright, Mrs and the Misses Spence, Mrs Woodhouse, Mrs and Miss Webster, Mrs and the Misses Reynolds, Mrs and Miss Hazlett, Mrs and Miss Rayse, Mrs Pim, Mrs and the Misses Rattray, Miss Dick, Mrs E. C. Reynolds, Mrs and the Misses Dymock, Mrs Ritchie, Mrs and the Misses Stephenson, Mrs Burns (Christchurch), Mrs and Miss Neill, Mrs and Miss Grierson, Mrs Oliver, Mrs and the Misses Williams, Miss Gillies, Mrs Ogston, Mrs and Miss Rich, Mrs C. Kettle, Mrs and the Misses Driver, Mrs and Miss Hodgkins, Miss Macell, Mrs and Miss Macasey, Mrs Joachim, Mrs and the Misses McLaren, Mrs and the Misses Sise, Mrs and Miss Gualter, Mrs Sale, Mrs Boyd, Miss Henna, Mrs Denniston, and many others. The hostess looked remarkably well in a handsome dress of grey merveilleux relieved with salmon pink.

Mrs Sise also gave an 'At Home' on Tuesday afternoon. Amongst those present were Mrs and Miss Sievwright, Mrs and the Misses Williams, Mrs Boyd, Mrs and the Misses McLean, Miss Dick, Mrs Harvey, Mrs and Miss Reynolds, Mrs and Miss Tu Stephenson, Mrs and Miss Grierson, Mrs Allan Holmes, Mrs Lindo Ferguson, Mrs Batchelor, Mrs Ritchie, Mrs and Miss Webster, Mrs and Miss Neill, Mrs Woodhouse, Miss Gillies, Mrs Henry Mackenzie, Mrs Kettle, Mrs and Miss Gualter, Mrs and the Misses Spence, Mrs Fenwick, and Mrs Burns.

Mrs John Roberts gave a large 'At Home' and musicale. Among the guests were the Hon. Richard and Mrs Oliver, Professor and Mrs Ulrich, Mr and Mrs G. L. Denniston, Mrs Jas. Allan, Dr. and Mrs Colquhoun, Mr and Mrs Bartleman, Dr. and Mrs Shand, Mr and Mrs Nat. Kettle (Napier), Mr and Mrs Dymock, Mrs J. Handyside (Hawke's Bay), Mrs Driver, Mrs and the Misses Sise, Mrs and the Misses McLaren, Mrs and Miss Webster, Mrs and the Misses Mackerras, Mrs and the Misses Spence, Mrs Woodhouse, Mrs and Mrs Stilling, Mrs Bell (Shag Valley), Mrs Henry Rose, Mrs Batchelor, Mrs and the Misses Sievwright, Miss Woodward, Mrs Bransome, Mr and Mrs Cantrell, Mr and Mrs John Fraser, Mrs Allan Holmes, Mrs E. C. Reynolds, Mrs and Miss Carey, Mr and Mrs Feriker, Mr and Miss Hodgkins, Mr and Mrs Ridings, Mr and Miss Garratt, Mrs and Miss Hertales, Mrs A. Fenwick, Mr and Mrs Spencer Brent, Mrs Brent, Mr and Mrs Moore, Mr and Miss Lubbecki, Mrs and Miss Neill, Mr and Mrs W. G. Neill, Mr and Miss Cutten, Mr and Mrs Nichie, Dr. and Mrs Ogston, Mrs Melland, Mr and the Misses Cargill, Mrs Maxwell (England), Mr and Mrs Adams, Mr and Miss Stanford, Miss Dick, Mrs J. R. Jones, Mrs and the Misses Williams, Miss McLean, Mrs and Miss Scott, Mrs Boyd.

Mrs Roberts wore a dress of black fisherman's net over blue; Miss Lulu Roberts, blue and white spotted print, bodice with white embroidery; Miss A. Roberts, grey skirt and blouse bodice; Mrs N. Kettle, navy blue dress, black hat with feathers; Mrs Handyside, crushed straw-berly; Mrs James Allou, dress and bonnet of grey; Mrs

Bell, brown dress, and large brown felt hat with feathers, bow of red chiffon at neck; Mrs Michie, black dress and bonnet; Mrs Munro, handsome dress of green corded silk, vest of white silk, and dark hat; Mrs Roberts, brown striped serge, brown felt hat with long feathers; Mrs Allan Holmes, black silk, black bonnet with a touch of eern chiffon, and same at neck; Mrs Neill, navy blue dress, bonnet to match; Miss Neill, white dress and hat; Miss Carr, pretty grey dress, and hat with feathers; Miss Woodward, black dress, and hat with feathers; Miss Edith Shand, peacock blue dress, vest braided with white, white hat; Miss Johnston, light tweed, white hat with feathers; Miss Ethel Carr, white dress and hat; Miss Spence, brown dress and hat; Miss L. Spence, navy blue dress and hat; Miss Ethel McLaren, pale crushed strawberry trimmed with dark shade of silk, hat to match; Miss Ada Sievwright light green dress, vest and cuffs of white silk braided with gold, black hat with pale pink roses; Mrs E. C. Reynolds, fawn tweed trimmed with terra-cotta velvet, bonnet of terra-cotta velvet; Mrs Rose, black dress and hat; Miss Stanford, grey dress with white vest, and white hat; Miss Webster, dark brown serge, fawn hat with brown velvet; Mrs Butterworth, grey dress, green hat with pink flowers; Mrs Pim, handsome brown striped tweed, hat to match; Mrs Ritchie, fawn tweed, red velvet bonnet; Miss Sise, fawn and brown checked tweed, brown hat; Miss Gualter, light grey dress and hat; Miss Martin, grey tweed, fawn hat with brown feathers; Miss Macandrew, dark brown serge, fawn hat trimmed with brown velvet; Mrs Batchelor, fawn tweed, black bonnet; Miss Mackerras, navy blue figured silk, black hat; Miss A. Mackerras, green dress, vest and panels of white silk braided with gold, black hat; Miss Morris, navy blue dress and hat; Miss Cimmie, dress of light brown corduroy cloth, black hat; Miss Kenyon, pretty green dress, black hat trimmed with green velvet and wings; Mrs Stilling, black dress and hat; Lady Stout, dark brown dress and bonnet; Miss A. Dymock, grey dress, bodice of white embroidery, white hat.

A delightful time was spent by the numerous guests who availed themselves of Mrs Roberts' kind invitation. One of the most attractive features of the afternoon was the graceful and pretty dancing of little Miss Kettle (Napier), a child of about eight years, who danced several Scotch dances in costume in a wonderfully clever manner. Music during the afternoon was much enjoyed, Mrs Handyside, Mrs Rose, Miss Sievwright, and Mr Kettle being the vocalists. Mrs Kettle played a pianoforte solo.

Mrs Gualter gave an afternoon tea. Among those present were Mrs Henry Mackenzie, Mrs Burns (Christchurch), Mrs Batchelor, Mrs J. M. Ritchie, and Mrs Watson.

Mrs Henry Mackenzie gave a large musicale. Among those present were Mr, Mrs, and Miss Roberts, Mr and Mrs E. C. Reynolds, Mrs and the Misses Spence, Judge and Mrs Williams, the Misses Williams, Mr and Mrs Oliver, Mr and Mrs J. M. Ritchie, Dr. and Mrs Ferguson, Dr. and Mrs Davies, Mr and Mrs Woodhouse, Dr. and Mrs Colquhoun, Mrs and Miss Grierson, Miss Gillies, Mrs Burns (Christchurch), Mrs C. Kettle, Mr and Mrs Henry Rose, Captain and Mrs Boyd, Mr and Mrs Jas. Cargill, Mr and Miss Gualter, Mrs and the Misses Sise, Mrs and the Misses Driver, Mrs Handyside, Misses Reynolds, Johnstone and Roberts.

Mrs Mackenzie wore black brocade, bodice turned back with yellow; Mrs Ferguson, grey silk with silver fringe and cream chiffon; Mrs Davidson, dove grey silk with white brocade front; Mrs Gilerson, yellow silk with chiffon; Miss Gillies, handsome dress of cream satin silk; Mrs E. C. Reynolds, butterfly brocade trimmed with embroidered chiffon; Mrs Burns, black brocade silk; Mrs Leslie Reynolds, handsome dress of black and gold; Mrs Kettle, yellow mervilleux and net; Miss Gualter, bright red nun's veiling; Miss A. Dymock, grey satin with pale pink velveteen; Mrs Spence, black lace over heliotrope; Mrs Woodhouse, black fisherman's net; Miss Reynolds, pale terra-cotta silk; Miss Neill, pink and white striped brocade.

Among those who took part in the music of the evening were Mrs Burns, who sang a duet by Mrs Williams, and Mrs Kettle; Mrs Rose and Mrs Handyside sang solos; Mrs E. C. Reynolds, Miss Roberts, and Miss Gillies played pianoforte solos, Mrs Ferguson and Mrs Kettle playing a duet.

Another very pleasant evening was a dance given to juveniles by Mrs W. H. Reynolds at Montecello. It is scarcely necessary to add it was very greatly enjoyed by those who were fortunate enough to be classed under that heading.

MAUDE.

FIJI.

DEAR BEB, FEBRUARY 23.

I thought you would be pleased to hear from your friend, who is now in the sunny isles of the South Seas. Of course you know this is our summer time, and it is rather warm compared with the summer in New Zealand. You would imagine dancing was quite put aside with us just now, but it is not so, as we have been very gay in Levuka. Three dances took place within three weeks.

The first was a complimentary dance given to welcome the officers from the Nanoroi Rewa River, at which town is situated the second largest sugar mill in the world. The second dance was also complimentary, given to the officers of the Ba River. These dances were pronounced to be the jolliest they have had for some time. Dancing commenced at 9 o'clock, and was kept up with much spirit till 3 a.m. I will try and mention some of the ladies who were present, as it would be quite inquisitive to name them all.

Mrs Drury wore steel grey, and crimson floral fan; Mrs Hennings, black silk; Mrs Johnston, black velvet and bead trimmings; Mrs J. W. Watkins (New Zealand) looked charming in pale blue silk and cream lace, with wreath of spider lilies; Mrs Horne, black silk and lace; Mrs Robertson, black lace and heliotrope flowers; Miss P. Morris, Liberty silk with lace, and cream aigrettes; Mrs Wilson, satin dress; Mrs Robie, black satin relieved with boney-suckle; Mrs Forbes, bottle green silk; Miss Robie wore a very pretty dress of white spangled net, pink roses; Miss Wolf, black lace and ribbons; Miss Johnston looked very nice in cream lace with pink ribbons and flowers; Miss Drury, pale pink muslin and white flowers; Miss Cutlip, pretty salmon pink net; Miss Edwards, flowered delaine and ribbons; Miss Palmer, pale blue and cream roses. The Levuka Band

played most of the dance music, and were kindly relieved by Miss Robie, and Mr Lyons, whose music waltzed the dancers into dreamland.

Now, Be, I shall not trouble you with a long letter this time, as the steamer is sailing sooner than I expected, and I will only have time to post this.

OLIVE.

LATE SOCIETY TOPICS.

SOME EASTER DRESSES AT ELLERSLIE.

EASTER MONDAY broke somewhat inauspiciously in Auckland. Till about eleven o'clock a chilly wind blew and the sky was overcast. Between that hour and noon, however, the sun decided to come out and to stop out, so that the rest of the day was delightful. The unpromising look of the early morning doubtless accounted for the fact that dark and warm colours prevailed at Ellerslie. The lawns and paddocks looked very gay and animated, however, and some of the autumn frocks were distinctly pretty, and without any exceptions most becoming to the wearers. Navy blue and dark green were the dominating colours, and the number of ladies arrayed in black silks was phenomenal. Amongst those who looked specially well were Mrs Dr. Hope Lewis, in a very pretty grey costume and sailor hat. Mrs Biddle, in a perfectly-fitting navy blue gown, wore the smallest imaginable crimson bonnet, and looked remarkably well, as did Mrs 'Tom' Morris (always one of the best dressed women on the course) in a handsome crushed strawberry mervilleux. Mrs H. Thomson wore one of those rich black corded silks which suit her better than anything else. It was perfectly made, and fitted her admirably. Very smart, indeed, was Mrs Blair in a suitable fawn checked frock, and Mrs Osborne was admirably gowned in dark green tweed with hat, etc., en suite. The new bride, Mrs A. L. Edwards, was one of the most admired ladies on the lawn, and certainly was worth looking at clad in a perfectly-fitting costume of fawn tweed. Mrs H. Jackson was seen to advantage in brown tweed. The very handsome black mervilleux worn by Mrs Brindicombe caused much envy, hatred, and malice amongst those less becomingly befrocked. The dainty little cream bonnet she wore completed a perfect costume. Mrs Lennard, who also wore black silk, relieved her costume with most effective lace trimming; Mrs A. E. Devore wore black silk, with a very becoming lace mantle; Mrs Aitken Carrick, in black silk with jet trimmings, looked as contented as a well dressed woman should; Mrs Woodroffe's, neatly made tweed costume likewise became her; Mrs Windsor, wore a well-made navy blue costume, fawn hat; Mrs Raynes, in black silk, and Miss Harrison, in a very handsome dark brown costume, gold braid trimmings, were both generally admired; Miss Devore's costume of grey tweed was much admired; another grey frock was worn by Miss Masfield, with pretty silver trimming; Miss Johnstone had a gown which was very becoming, pale blue in colour, relieved with silver. A remarkably stylish costume was worn by Miss Hesketh; it was composed of myrtle green tweed, elegantly trimmed with astrachan, and suited the wearer wonderfully well. Navy blue and black gowns were worn, respectively, by the two Misses Firth. Miss Evans' fawn plaid costume and black hat suited her admirably; Miss Wilkins, in navy blue costume and neat sailor hat, appeared to enjoy herself immensely; the Misses Percival were becomingly gowned in maroon and gold, and dark green and crimson, respectively; Miss Jervis was ever so bright and looked very chic in a navy blue dress and sailor hat; Miss Kilgour was, as usual, perfectly dressed in navy blue and cream hat.

VERY DESIRABLE.

CARLYLE refers, with just severity, to the fact that a man once characterized another as 'a gentleman,' on the ground that he 'kept a gig.' A similar guarantee of respectability was that quoted in *Murray's Magazine*, in regard to a Russian servant Koris, whom the maid of the family intended to marry. Says the mistress of the household:

Koris, both as a soldier and a servant, is the soul of fidelity and trustworthiness, but he has his failings, and they are such as to make me doubt his merits as a husband.

Koris, like too many of his countrymen, loves vodka to excess, and in his cups Koris is Koris no longer. A raving, howling madman takes his place; a madman who roars, sings and yells until he falls, a shameful inert mass, on the ground, there to lie until he can rise and shake himself free from the murderous liquor.

With shaking limbs, he staggers off to the bath, and first boils and then freezes himself, in orthodox Russian fashion. However, this refreshing process restores his senses, and ere long, arrayed with military neatness and precision, he presents himself composed and taciturn, before his master. Vain are reproaches or advice.

'A man must enjoy himself sometimes, excellency,' is invariably his calm reply.

But such being the habits of the suitor, I thought it my duty to speak to the girl.

'Anticks,' said I, 'are you going to marry Koris?'

'Indeed, yes, little mother.'

'Do you love Koris?'

'How should I know, little mother?' was the bashful reply.

'But surely,' continued I, 'if you do not know whether you love him or not, why not wait till you find a better man?'

'A better man than Koris, little mother? No, that would not be possible. Koris has a horse, little mother, and a cart. Oh, there is no one like him!'

A MODEST REQUEST.

HE was standing on a barrel with a rope around his neck and over the limb of a tree.

A wild crowd had hold of the loose end and the leader was about to kick the barrel.

The victim held up his hand for attention and they extended the courtesy.

'May I prefer a last request?' he said with singular audacity, considering the circumstances.

'What is it?' inquired the floor manager, gruffly. 'Let's have it.'

'I want to say to you, gentlemen,' he continued, with a nod of thanks, 'that I do not enter a protest against your actions at this time. (Applause.) Having lived in your midst, as it were, and associated with you for some six months past, I am ready and willing—nay, anxious to die. (Chorus of disapproving yells and a voice, 'Kick the barrel from under him!') That's right gentlemen, you always were a lot of kickers, but wait till I get through speaking,' he said, when quiet was restored.

'Let him finish his speech and we'll finish him,' said the leader, soothing the crowd.

'Thanks,' continued the speaker. 'As I was saying, I am willing to die, but I don't want to do it in this infernal old-fogy way. A quarter of a century ago they used just such appliances as these are, and are you willing, gentlemen of this grand old commonwealth, to remain unprogressive?'

'Do you want a wire rope and a painted barrel?' howled the crowd.

'No, gentlemen,' he went on, 'I do not. If you are really bent on putting me out of the world all I ask is that you ship me to New York, where the chariot of progress is not dragged along on sled runners, and let me be electrocuted in the most approved and mod—'

At this point somebody kicked the barrel and the old-fogy appliances did the rest.

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LISTEN TO THE TALE OF WOE.

H.M.S. TAURANGA AT NEW PLYMOUTH.

[The following letter has found its way into our letter box. It is manifestly written by some guileless young girl at New Plymouth, and intended for some Auckland friend, but so far our researches have not resulted in her identification. We now venture to publish the document, hoping it may meet the eye of the lady for whom it was intended.—ED. GRAPHIC.]

MY DEAR EUPHEMIA,

APRIL 11.

Last time I wrote to you I promised you should hear again from me soon, so I hasten to do so as I said I would. The man-of-war Tauranga came to visit us on Saturday, thereby causing great excitement among our young folk. Now they are all of them quite *au fait* on the subject of torpedoes, cannon, etc., and their admiration for jolly Jack Tar is very intense and real. In a weak moment I too was prevailed upon to go out and inspect a 'real live' man-of-war. Now I am a wiser and, alas! sadder woman. There was a nasty little breeze blowing all the time, and the waves were in wild spirits on account of the honour conferred upon Taranaki by a visit from such illustrious strangers—in fact, they could not be kept within bounds at all, but literally 'stood on an heap.' They seemed greatly amused at the audacity of the little Mohaka and the swift boat in putting out to sea when there was such a stiff breeze blowing, and tossed us from one crest to another in a most unfeeling and spiteful way. It was too bad of the waves, for on our way down we had been paying them all sorts of delicate little compliments. From a distance they really did look lovely—deep transparent green with flecks and fringes of snowy white. Upon further acquaintance they were really most disappointing, and did not look half so well. Of this I am certain, for I myself looked over the side of the Mohaka to investigate the matter thoroughly, and a great many others of the passengers looked over too, and I know they will all agree in telling you the same as I have done. In fact, I don't believe I shall ever really admire waves again, and I have abandoned the idea of having a new dress for the volunteer ball composed of sea green silk with quantities of foamy lace.

Well, to proceed with my story, we started from the breakwater in excellent spirits. So many of our friends were with us that we felt quite at home, and there was no end of pleasant chat and laughter, and I and several of the others made some really good jokes soon after we started. But one cannot go on making jokes for ever, you know. I went on longer than most, but after a time somehow or other they fell flat—in fact, the last two or three were not taken notice of at all, so of course I did not make any more after that. Besides, I was feeling very sleepy (I had got up very early that morning). After a time nobody made any jokes except the second mate of the Mohaka. I felt an ungenerous joy in seeing that his too fell very flat, for they really were very poor ones, all about 'casting up accounts' and pale green complexions. I'm sure I for one could not understand one of them, and I don't believe any of the others did either, for not a soul laughed. Well, after a while the Mohaka reached the Tauranga's side, and we thought our troubles were over, comparatively speaking. But, alas! they were not. The unannounced tug appeared to be making giant efforts to go on board the man-of-war herself. The mountains she climbed in her eagerness would have astonished you. As for me, I felt quite indifferent to our fate. Some of the passengers felt anxious and frightened, but you know, my dear, I always was a bit of a philosopher; and then getting up so early on Saturday morning had given me a bit of a headache, besides making me feel so sleepy. So I awaited my turn to climb the side with patience and fortitude—indeed, I don't think I should have minded much if I had sunk beneath the wave never to rise again. This is how we boarded the Tauranga. We waited till the Mohaka had crested a mighty wave, and then we gave a mighty spring from her deck to that of the man-of-war, and were received in the outstretched arms of a Jack Tar.

I don't consider a man-of-war a very interesting object. I felt disappointed in this one, but then to be sure, I was lying down most of the time, so I still felt tired and sleepy. I did manage to see a few torpedoes and cannons, however. What vexed me greatly was that the officers and other people kept coming and asking me if they could do anything for me, and offering me biscuits and lemonade. They evidently had got the mistaken notion into their heads that I did not feel well. How they got it I cannot imagine, but such was their impression. It really was a relief for me when I reached *terra firma* again. Most of the officers were in town up at the cricket ground playing a match with our men, who, I regret to say, were badly beaten by over thirty points. In fact, I did so wish that I had stayed on shore and witnessed the match. I much prefer cricket to trips in the Mohaka.

By-the-by, *en passant*, I may as well tell you I have abandoned my promised visit to Auckland for the present. I think I shall wait till the railway from that town to New Plymouth is completed.

JANE.

ABOUT HATS.

The tall hat, variously called 'chimney pot,' 'stove pipe,' 'cylinder,' and what not, became fashionable in Paris in 1790, soon after the death of Franklin, in whose honour it was known as 'chapeau Franklin.' In spite of numberless changes of style, it has maintained its ground ever since, unexpected as such a result would have seemed at its first introduction. For a time this style of hat was considered revolutionary in Germany and Russia; any one wearing a 'cylinder' was liable to punishment; but the evil reputation soon passed away, and the tall, stiff hat, the neglect head-covering that was ever worn and the most ridiculed, outlives all other styles.

In a celebrated beer-garden in Munich, the Hofbrauhaus, any man daring to appear in a cylinder is likely to have it crushed flat over his head, time-honoured tradition declaring that here, if anywhere, a tall hat is out of place.

On the contrary, no honourable member sits in the English House of Commons without his pot hat on his head. If he rises to address the House, greet a friend, or cross the room, he must hold his shiny tile in his hand. Should his

name be mentioned in the speech of another member, he lifts his hat respectfully. If it is in his hand when his name is uttered, etiquette requires him to clap it hastily on his head in order that he may lift it with proper deference.

In one of the European Parliaments, when the president finds it necessary to end an argument, he gravely pats on his cylinder. Though it happened near thirty years ago, people still laugh at the recollection of a certain president who, to close a celebrated debate, took up his neighbour's hat by mistake; it was far too big for him, and falling down about his ears, snuffed him out completely from the gaze of the crowded house.

In Germany, when the Herr Ober-Inspector A— meets his friend, the Herr Chor-Verein-Director B—, in the street, the prudent passer-by allows them a wide berth; otherwise the majestic sweep of the uplifted cylinders is likely to bowl him over into the gutter.

SHOP-LIFTERS AND THEIR TRICKS.

LADIES who 'go shopping' in the West End of London, or in the great colonial emporiums, never imagine that they are narrowly scrutinised by detectives, not, however, by those belonging to the police. The 'shop-walkers,' too, keep a watchful eye upon the customer at the counter, and in some firms, it is said, women are employed as spies on their own sex. It is done constantly in America; but these female detectives are not always in that country hired by the tradesmen, for sometimes they are on the staff of private inquiry agents, and their instructions may be to watch secretly certain ladies, and to ascertain whether shopping alone occupies so much time.

As a general rule, shop-lifting is practised by women thieves. The 'operator' has a bag fastened with straps around the waist, into which she can easily drop anything she may steal. 'Some women arrange their skirts,' a detective says, 'so that the whole front, from waist to feet, forms a bag which can be stuffed full of feathers, laces, etc., without any outward sign.' A very handy receptacle for the storing away of fine goods is a muff—quite a natural and innocent-looking thing in itself, but very dangerous when utilised by a shop-lifter. The woman puts her muff on a pile of handkerchiefs, and while she examines something with one hand, quietly pulls handkerchiefs, or anything else within reach, into the muff with the other.

A very dangerous class of shop-lifters is composed of men who have been formerly in the employ of a firm and have been discharged for dishonesty. They know the ways of the warehouse so thoroughly that an ordinary policeman would fail to detect them in wrong-doing, as there is nothing suspicious in the passing in and out of a shop with a bale of goods. Theft is therefore easy. A little while ago a French customer entered a city warehouse and ordered several pieces of silk. The goods were selected from a considerable stock, and the floor soon became piled with them. A shop-lifter saw his opportunity, coolly stepped to the pile, and shouldered five or six of the pieces, deliberately marching off with them to the door. A detective had, however, recognised him, and on the threshold he was accosted, and finally arrested, fortunately for him, as he received in the end a much lighter sentence than he would have had if he had been apprehended in the street.

There are 'single-handed' thieves who have no confederates, and who make a speciality of victimising particular classes of tradesmen. A rather clumsy method was recently adopted by a man who had a partiality for gold watch chains. He used to go into jewellers' shops, get the attendants to show him samples, and then when several chains were on the counter, he would adroitly substitute a brass chain of the same pattern for a real gold one, which he would pocket, and leave the shop upon some plausible excuse. This mode of robbery was only a variation of the plan which expert diamond thieves have occasionally practised, their method having been to prepare, at considerable expense, a model in paste of the brilliants which they intended to secure.

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 these Waterbury fellows waste in advertising, and no doubt this is the view held by ninety-nine people out of every hundred. The initiated, however, know what a wonderful result these advertisements have brought about. When the writer came to New Zealand with the Waterbury Watch in 1887, and made the usual trade calls, the wholesale dealers would have none of them; one Dunedin firm having about a hundred stowed away in a Dowling street cellar; quite, as they stated, unsaleable, because every one considered it infra dig. to carry a nickel watch. Retail jewellers were appealed to, but with no better result. The public will never take to a nickel watch said they, and if they did we could not sell them without lowering the status of our craft. This position was illogical. They handled nickel clocks, but could not be persuaded to handle nickel watches. This result was general in New Zealand, and not until the advertisements began to appear, and the public started their eagerness to obtain these watches, could any dealer be induced to purchase them. When a show was made the sale grew by leaps and bounds. Thousands were sold in each city in the colony, and the country, stimulated by the 'weeklies,' began to pour in their orders. Shipment after shipment arrived, and were at once absorbed, orders originally modest were doubled and trebled by cable, and yet for more than half the year we were without stock. Gradually our circle of distributors extended, and many firms finding that a regular 'nickel age' had set in, hunted the market of Europe and America for substitutes. Each mail brought small parcels of metal watches equally handsome in appearance, which were offered to the trade as fully equal to the Waterbury, and on which double the profit could be made. The equalled the Waterbury in outward finish only, not as timekeepers; they, like the man who fell out of the balloon, were no 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 was 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 copied, so that the outward resemblance was great. Many purchasers were deceived, and have urged us several times to take proceedings against the parties to the fraud. Sufficient legal evidence of sale and identity has never been forthcoming, and all we could do was to watch our suspects, and wait our opportunity. We place our monogram W.W.C. on the face of every watch, and buyers should see that it is there, otherwise they are being 'rooked.' Gradually the public became more wide awake. Our advertisements were too far-reaching, and having initially created the demand, we were also able to minimise the chance of deception. Store-keepers in the first place not in the trade, gradually began to consider the Waterbury a first staple. Jewellers saw that their original idea of the views of the public had been refuted by results, and the larger and more respectable who were most in touch with the people overcame that early prejudice and resolved to supply what their customers required. Judges, Bankers, Merchants, Clergy, and the other components of our population called for the Waterbury with no uncertain sound. History repeats itself. In America, where the Waterbury sales were originally confined to Clothiers and Booksellers, nearly 40,000 Jewellers are now purchasing direct from the Company, and are selling no other 'cheap watches.' Their Swiss and Home counterfeits have been sent to Coventry. This is the Waterbury age.

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

ONE MILLION WATERBURYS

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

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

84,790 WATCHES,

and the population of the colony at the last census was 626,369. 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 Keniphorne, Prosser and Co.'s Wellington warehouse.

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

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

(Signed) ORLANDO KEMPTHORNE,

Manager.

9,360 WATCHES.

AUCKLAND, 25th September, 1891.

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

E. PORTER & Co.

4,320 WATCHES.

CHRISTCHURCH, 29th September, 1891.

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

EDWARD REECE & SONS.

9,000 WATCHES.

DUNEDIN, 10th November, 1891.

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

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

NEW ZEALAND HARDWARE CO., LTD.

(Per T. Black, Manager.)

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

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



LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.—SMART AUTUMN NOVELTIES.—SEE PAGE 434.

MRS ROSSITER LAMAR.

By Caroline Atwater Mason, Author of 'A Daughter of Dune' etc. etc.



ONORA WHITNEY lived with her brother-in-law, and it was to her who had bestowed her name to 'Honor.' To even her closest friends she was known only by her contraction which, however, fitted her character most admirably. We all know that a brother-in-law is an excellent thing, and James Carnochan had excellent points. He was generous of money, honest, sensible; fond of his wife, Honor's younger sister, especially so of himself, and moderately fond of his wife's sister. He had not reached the age of thirty-five without firm and well defined opinions. His respect for these opinions was even firmer than the opinions themselves. He lacked perception in perception and delicacy of expression, but never in emphasis or directness. To call a spade a spade was to him the highest intellectual achievement, and he prided himself on achieving much in this line.

Mrs Carnochan's ideas of women were, it must be confessed, Oriental in Mr Ibsen's sense. He petted his wife, and poked fun, after his own fashion, at his wife's sister. Honor lived with the Carnochans. A cardinal point, in his opinion regarding women, was that marriage was the end and aim of their existence. Honor was nearly twenty-six years old and unmarried. She was, in the eyes of her brother-in-law, an 'old maid.' Her chances were growing less from year to year, according to his ideas, and it was altogether likely that she would be left for life on his hands. She was not to teach—that he would not allow; he had money enough to support her, and never objected to handing her out five or ten pounds when she needed it. She did not expect him to keep her in seal-skin and sable as he did his wife. No; Honor must not teach, neither must she go elsewhere to live—that would make Delia, his wife, miserable, and Delia must not be made miserable under any consideration.

Accordingly, Honor had her home in the big brick house on the main street of Milldale. She had her own room, her place at the handsome table, her seat in the carriage behind the stylish horses, and her own particular and private tribulations. Of these she did not speak. For when James Carnochan felt moved, as so infrequently happened, to call an old maid, an old maid, and to express his sympathy for the unhappy beings who had not succeeded in securing what Delia had—a husband to adore and be adored by—that time Honor would show signs of distress. Her cheeks would flush, and a certain hardness would come into her eyes to be softened only by hot tears when alone in her own room.

'James, dear, Delia would say on these occasions, when Honor had left them: 'I almost think sister doesn't quite like those things you say about old maids and all that.' 'Maybe she doesn't, maybe she doesn't.' But I must say what I think: and it's a good thing for Honor to know how men feel about these matters. It may have its effect.' And it did.

For it was hard upon one of these conversations Honor made a memorable call upon Mrs Frank Arnold.

She tied on her little grey bonnet, and buttoned her gloves, with her eyes smarting with unshed tears, and an unspeakable soreness of spirit, and betook herself to the charmingly pretty yellow, brick cottage on Laurel Terrace. Not that Mrs Arnold was Honor's most intimate or cherished friend; it was had none in Milldale, though many elsewhere.

She was a sudden impulse which led her there that afternoon: a vague feeling that Mrs Arnold's perfect manner and quiet voice would be a rest after James Carnochan's rude insistence.

When Honor entered the drawing room she found Mrs Arnold engaged in bidding a complex and protracted farewell to an earlier caller, one of Milldale's literary ladies, Miss Osborne. Honor understood perfectly that it was Miss Osborne who prolonged the leave-taking; not Mrs Arnold, and yet the hostess wore a winning smile and an air of marked attentiveness.

Miss Osborne laughed a great deal and fluttered even more than she laughed. She underscored every fifth word when she wrote, and every third one when she spoke.

'Oh, did you see that wonderful brother of yours while you were away, Mrs Arnold?' she was saying now, as she rose to leave, and Honor sat turning over the leaves of 'Thackeray's Letters' on a table beside her.

'Yes; I spent two days in Dunbridge.' 'And is he just as wonderful as ever?' Oh, Mrs Arnold, I really have the greatest admiration for him—fairly hero-worship, don't you know? He is to me the typical scholar. Is it so, that he dreams in Sanskrit, and thinks in—oh! what is it?—Syro Phœnician, or some other archaic tongue?' Mrs Arnold quietly disclaimed such practices on her brother's part.

'Poor man' (this was very nearly foul). 'I suppose he is perfectly inconsolable. I always heard he was so devoted to Mrs Lamar. Such natures feel so deeply.'

Mrs Arnold, soon after this, re-entered the room, lifted Honor's chin between her slender, white hands and kissed her forehead.

'Child, she said, gently, 'it rests me to look at you.' They talked for a little of various things, and then Mrs Arnold said—

'Oh, Honor, I do want to talk with you about my mind; if you know how constantly you have been in my mind of late you would understand how glad I am to see you.'

A faint colour rose in Honor's cheeks. 'It is so pitiful there at Dunbridge, dear, you cannot think. Rossiter is lonely, and the house is desolate; and the children—it would break your heart to see them so pallid and comfortless, some way. You cannot tell exactly what is the trouble. They are looked after, of course, but you know children do not thrive with only a man and servants to care for them.'

Honor murmured assent.

'I do not think that Rossiter is grieving bitterly. Truly, my dear, Flora was a sweet little woman and he was devoted to her, but she was in no sense a companion to him,

and he misses the care of her more than anything else. I fancy. She was always an invalid after Gwendolen was born. That was almost three years ago. She lived, you know, a year and a half after that.'

'Yes, I know.' 'Honor, Mr Arnold spoke very low and with evident agitation. 'I wish I dared to tell you the desire of my heart. Guess it, Honor; it is easier than for me to say it.'

Honor's face had become strangely white. The room grew dim for a minute to her, but she still heard Mrs Arnold's low voice. Now it was saying—

'For he thinks of you, my child; he remembers you and speaks of you as he does of no other woman. Oh, Honor, my poor brother could not make you a "braw wower"—it would not be his way. You know his extreme reserve. But if you would let him he would give you the highest place a woman can have—the queen of a good man's heart and home.'

It was a strange wooing. Mrs Arnold did most of it, ably seconded by James Carnochan. Professor Lamar, indeed, visited Milldale once and wrote punctual and pleasant letters during the six weeks' engagement which followed, but the element of tenderness and sentiment on his side was supplied by his sister. The demands of the situation brought Mrs Arnold's matchless *finesse* into full play. So well did she succeed that Honor lived and moved during those weeks in an atmosphere of homage and devotion, and of delicate and flattering attentions to which she herself failed to realize how little Professor Lamar himself contributed.

Honor had a measureless capacity for love and self-devotion which since her young lover died, when she was a girl in her teens, had been held back and repressed. Other men had sought her but had not touched her heart. Professor Lamar, whom she had met a few times at his sister's and whose scholarly fame was well known to her, had impressed her as the most distinguished and the most interesting man she had ever met, high bred, high-minded, grave and gentle of manner and speech. She had looked up to him with the delicate admiration and reverence which a pure minded, imaginative girl often feels for a mature and intellectual man. When Mrs Arnold said: 'He thinks of you; he remembers you, and speaks of you as of no other woman,' Honor was overwhelmed. It was as if Olympian Jove had descended to her side in flame and clouds. Did she love this man? She could not have told. She could love him—ah, yes, that she knew!

Honor was a graceful woman with sweet grey eyes, a quiet face and way, but with a capacity of spiritual and emotional illumination which at moments made her rarely beautiful. She knew her own power to charm those who loved her, and she did not fear when she promised to be Rossiter Lamar's wife.

They were married at nine o'clock in the morning in church, and were driven at once to the train. Only the Arnolds and Carnochans witnessed the marriage. James Carnochan was oppressively proud and pleased. Delia remained behind a very damp and very expensive handkerchief as she drove home.

'I should think he would have kissed her when it was over. You kissed me, James, and we were married in church, and it was packed too, and everybody said how lovely and chivalrous it was. Don't you remember?'

Honor found herself established in a private compartment of the Pullman car for the long day's journey to Dunbridge.

'Now,' she thought, 'at last, and almost for the first, we are alone together. Now my husband will tell me of when he saw me first, and how and why he remembered me so well; now we shall have a glimpse each into the other's heart.'

But Rossiter Lamar simply sat with a face which showed a strange pallor and weariness, silent and abstracted, looking out at the monotonous, flying landscape. He had made sure that she was comfortable, and after that Honor became sure that he had forgotten her very presence.

Suddenly her husband turned towards her, and as if rallying his forces from a sense of necessity, said with formal politeness.

'Let me see, Miss—' here he stopped himself, struck by a sudden recollection—'I mean Mrs—yes, certainly—what I started to say—I met you, did I not, several years ago at my sister's?'

Painfully the Professor did not know how to address her. It struck keenly on Honor's sense of humour that he should call his wife 'Miss. But she replied quietly:

'Yes; it was at a reception, the first time, I remember.' 'Was it, indeed? I cannot recall it, but Mrs Arnold told me that we did meet on such an occasion. And I think I have a vague recollection of seeing you on another visit.'

Honor made no reply. Something great and high was crashing down about her. She seemed to herself just then as likely to be buried beneath the ruins. Had not her engagement, her marriage, been built upon Mrs Arnold's representation that Rossiter Lamar had remembered and cared for her? And now—here was his side of the story! What did it all mean? She was silent; she must take time to find the truth.

'How did you happen to think of me, Professor Lamar?' she asked, directly.

He looked fully into her face, surprised at the question and at the change to something like sternness in her eyes, usually so gentle, as she added,

'Your sister gave me the impression that you had had an especial interest in me, dating from years past.'

'Oh no, not at all, not at all!' he replied hastily, and with agitation, and then seeing in Honor's face that this was not the happiest possible response, he continued—

'That is—no, I can hardly claim that, though it might easily have been. No, it was simply my sister's description of your character and qualifications and my very great need, or rather that of my little children—you understand? To tell the truth, something of this kind seemed forced upon me. I hope you will not find your new cares too arduous.'

Painfully, Rossiter Lamar had none of his sister's strategy. Honor looked straight with her true grey eyes into his.

'I understand,' she said, simply. Her lips trembled as she spoke; an awful indignation was rising within her. Soon after this the Professor left the car, and returning handed her a magazine. Then, taking a volume from his satchel he settled himself in the farthest corner of the compartment and apparently forgot everything around him until poor Honor, who was so commonplace as to become

desperately hungry, in spite of her anguish, was fain to remind him that she would like her dinner.

Such was Honor's wedding journey.

At six o'clock they had to wait for an hour in a pleasant town, and at Honor's suggestion they went out for a walk.

When they found themselves in a quiet, rural street where it was easily possible to talk without interruption, the results of Honor's all-day thinking were produced.

'May I ask you one or two very direct questions?' she asked.

'You may.'

'Is it the case that you have not succeeded in obtaining satisfactory service in the care of your house and of your children?'

'That is perfectly true.'

'Is it also true that your sister convinced you that the only way out of your difficulties was marriage, and that she suggested me as a suitable person?'

'You are quite correct in these deductions.'

Honor smiled a little bitterly. 'Then it is certainly true that our marriage is merely a business contract, entered into from purely practical considerations, on your side, and hence in the sight of God no marriage at all.'

'The Professor bowed his head in silence. 'I cannot deny it,' he said at length. 'I have aroused to the perception of what I fear is almost a crime. Forgive me, if you can. I have suffered inexpressibly all day from the perception of the indignity I have brought upon you. How can I atone for it?'

'It would be impossible for you to atone,' returned Honor, sadly, 'and yet you are not alone to blame. The solution of our trouble is perfectly clear to me. Let our relations continue to rest upon the same business basis that they have hitherto. Sentiment is out of the question. You need a housekeeper and a governess for your children. I am competent to serve in these capacities. I can remain in your family on the understanding that I shall receive a fair compensation for my service, and shall do my best, but that I act as completely independent and mistress of myself as before what is called my marriage.'

Professor Lamar looked relieved. Here was a woman with a clear head and a firm hand.

'I will conform to any plan you wish to suggest,' he said.

'Very well. I will make this proposition: I retain your name—I suppose that is unavoidable—I will sit at the head of your table, receive your guests, go with you into society when it is absolutely necessary. I will take the domestic management and care of the children into my own hands, subject, of course, to your direction. As this will consume all of my time and attention, it will perhaps not be exorbitant to place my salary at £130 a year. Beyond this, I can accept nothing from you.'

Honor's voice was so cold that the Professor fairly shivered.

'Oh, I beg of you,' he exclaimed, 'do not talk of a salary. Everything I have is yours. I want you to feel that you have only to name your wishes and they will be satisfied.'

'I beg your pardon. Let us confine ourselves to business, Professor Lamar. If agreeable to you, I would like my salary paid monthly, in advance.'

The Professor nearly had a congestive chill. Decidedly, Honor was a new type! But her very remorselessness only made him admire her. He felt that he deserved it all.

'It shall be done,' he almost gasped.

'Perhaps I can have a week's vacation in the winter and two in the summer, if suitable arrangements can be made for the children.'

'Anything, anything,' murmured the Professor. They were on their way back to the railway station now.

'Just one thing more,' said Honor in her cold, clear tone, her face as white as marble. She had removed her left glove. 'I have no further use for this,' and she banded him the wedding ring which he had put upon her finger a few hours before.

He stood still in the street, aghast.

'But we were married this morning!' he exclaimed.

'Were we?' Honor asked the question a little wearily.

'I think not, Professor Lamar.'

The home coming was not precisely festive, but it was the one bright spot of the day to Honor. They went up the steps of the large, square house. The lights were turned low in the hall and drawing room. The Professor opened the door with his latch key. No one was to be seen, but in a moment the sound of small, bare feet scampering overhead was heard, and three little figures in white night-gowns met them on the stairs. All three were in their father's arms at the same time.

Presently Baby Gwen pointed to Honor and said:

'What dat?'

'That is mamma,' replied the father softly, with a wistful glance at Honor as if imploring her not to reject this name. She smiled assent with her eyes, and took Gwen into her arms. The baby looked at her for a moment and then cuddled down on her shoulder.

'Gwen's been a awful bad, papa!' Louise, two years older, was saying. 'She got the moullage from your desk, and she painted the carpet wiv it, she did.'

'Dear me!' exclaimed the Professor.

'Yes,' shouted Arnold, the only son, 'and then she sat down in it, and after that she sat down on all the parlour chairs.'

'And she stuck just like a postage stamp,' put in Louise, 'without being licked, either. It was lots of fun pulling her off.'

'Yes, but she did get licked though!' cried Arnold.

'Ellen gave it to her, didn't she, Baby?'

'Gwen nodded with a pensive sigh.'

'Mamma whip Gwen now, wou't her?' she asked, looking up to Honor's face.

Two heavy tears in Honor's eyes, and the Professor's eye-glasses grew very dim.

'Darling child,' whispered Honor, kissing the baby tenderly, 'mamma has come to help her baby to be good so that nobody shall whip her any more.'

And with Gwen clinging round her neck, she went on upstairs to the great, cheerless guest-chamber to which Professor Lamar directed her. But Gwen's little arms were around her neck all night, and though her hurt was great and sore, she did not refuse to be comforted.

'God knows about it,' she said again and again, too tired to think or to pray, but with clasped hands outstretched on the pillow beyond Gwen's tumbled curls. God knew the prayer which those hands outstretched to him

meant. For Honor had needed love before, and strength and guidance as we all must; but that night, for the first time, she had the consciousness of the Divine pity.

'Mrs Lamar, there's a gentleman downstairs with Professor Lamar, and I heard him ask him to stay to dinner. Could I help you with your dress?'

It was the housemaid Maggie, who spoke, standing at Honor's door one late afternoon in January. Honor was putting a few finishing touches on a new dress of creamy cashmere.

'Yes, thank you, Maggie; you may put the ruffles in for me. It is dinner time I see. Who did you say the gentleman was?'

'It said "Mr Turner" on his card, but Professor Lamar calls him Doctor, I think, ma'am.'

'Oh yes, Dr. Turner,' and Honor looked interested. 'I am glad my gown is ready.'

'It be's that becoming to you, Mrs Lamar, with the bits of pink about, I wish you'd always go dressed in that way! Gwen, deary, don't hug your mamma so tight. Don't you see you crush her pretty dress?'

'We don't mind that Maggie, when Gwen wants mamma,' said Honor, taking the child up in her arms.

'Mamma's so pitty dis day,' said Gwen, patting Honor's soft hair.

A moment later Honor ran down the stairs and was about to enter the drawing room. A half smile of something very like happiness was on her lips, springing from the thought so common to happier women, but a new and daring one to Honor, that she might be fair to look upon in her husband's sight. She paused for an instant, hearing Dr. Turner say—

'And so you have been married within the year, Lamar?'

'Yes,' her husband's voice replied, with a sudden change from free-hearted cordiality to the reserve with which she was familiar. 'The step was simply forced upon me by the necessities of the case. The arrangement has proved entirely satisfactory.'

Poor Honor! 'The heart within her was ashes and dust.' Her face grew fairly grey for a moment, all the sweet, bright gladness forsaking lips and eyes. 'Entirely satisfactory.' Rossiter Lamar had no need of anything more at her hands than the year had brought him. It was not *her*, the woman with heart and soul and brain all his, that he cared for—it was only the domestic machine. A great hope had been stirring to life in Honor's heart. In that hour it died.

She received the gentleman at dinner a few moments later—a pale, proud woman, with a brilliant light in her eyes, and a bearing of sly, sweet dignity.

Dr. Turner, an accomplished scholar and man of the world, addressed himself to the wife of his friend—whom he inwardly characterized as an 'exquisite woman'—with the attentive and admiring deference which the relation of guest and hostess permitted.

Before the soup was removed, Honor found herself deep in a discussion with him of Browning's Paracelsus, enjoying—with a subtle sense of healing to her woman's pride so long and sorely wounded—the perception that she could still please and charm.

Professor Lamar was silent for the most part, looking on. Honor was a revelation to him that night. She had been to him hitherto, a pale, quiet, modest girl, who held herself under an intense reserve and avoided him persistently. Now he saw her with luminous eyes, cheeks delicately flushed, her whole face radiant with beauty of a rare order. He watched the swift play of thought and emotion and perception as she spoke and listened; he saw for the first time the beautiful soul of the woman through the transparent face. He marvelled at the intellectual power, the wit, the fine discrimination shown in all that she said. 'My wife is a brilliant and beautiful woman,' he thought, but quickly followed the admonition: 'In reality she is not your wife at all. You have injured her beyond recovery. She will never be stirred to this high, magnetic world by you.'

It was as they rose from the table that Rossiter Lamar said this to himself, and before he had followed his wife and Dr. Turner into the library, he had felt for the first time in his life a pang of jealousy, fierce and strong, and even more amazing to himself than it would have been to them could they have guessed it.

Dr. Turner left soon after dinner. Honor bade the Professor a cold good-night, and withdrew to her own room. He sat alone for hours before the library fire.

The next morning, entering her room, after breakfast, Honor found a quantity of exquisite pink roses on her dressing-table. They were replaced in a day or two by carnations, and these again by violets. A week demonstrated the intention that 'my lady's bower' was to be kept supplied with fresh flowers. Nor was this all. A set of Browning's Poems, with sumptuous binding, and enticing, recent pages, was brought to her that same week, with a hastily pencilled note:

I did not know that you read Browning. Will you not read to me some evening?
ROSSITER LAMAR.

Honor met the Professor at the foot of the stairs when he came home. He scanned her face eagerly, but it was cold and grave.

'Do not send me any more flowers and books, please,' she said quietly.

'Ah, you reject my poor little peace offering? That is not kind.'

'So it is in that sense you have sent them? It is useless. Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering.' Besides, to what purpose? I heard you say to Dr. Turner that the "arrangement"—referring to our marriage—was "entirely satisfactory" to you. Roses and poetry were not "ominated in the board." Like Shylock, "I stay here on my bond."

'You would do better as Portia, Mrs Lamar, than as Shylock.' The Professor spoke sternly, and with a certain vibration of aroused will in his voice, which gave Honor an inner trembling.

'You can hardly blame me for acting upon the line which you yourself laid out for me,' he continued. 'The arrangement is entirely satisfactory to me, as I told Dr. Turner. My housekeeper is a paragon, and my government is perfection. Still I am not satisfied.'

I'm which Honor with an intuition of danger ahead, moved on to the dining-room.

'Dinner is served, I believe, Professor Lamar,' she said quietly.

The season passed with no tangible change in the relation of these two. Honor held herself quietly, but resolutely aloof, while Rossiter Lamar waited, biding his time with a patience which was born of penitence.

April came.

Honor, standing by the library table Easter Eve, looking at a new review, did not hear the Professor enter the room behind her, until he closed the door. She looked up quickly then, laid down the magazine and started to leave the room, saying—

'I was just going upstairs.'

'Undoubtedly,' replied Professor Lamar, laughing merrily, 'You always are when I appear.'

Honor had never seen him in this mood. There was a thrill of power and purpose in his voice, a firm decision in

Some one was standing at the foot of the stairs in the shadow, waiting for her. It was the master of the house. He guessed where she was going. Touching the lilies, he said gently, 'Thou wert up at break of day and broughtest thy sweets along with thee. May I go with you, Honor?'

She did not speak but put her hand for a moment in his.

'Together now, together always,' he said as they walked through the silent streets. After that they hardly spoke.

The church seemed strange in the dim, early light, with one or two long gold-coloured beams shining through the painted windows, and the few worshippers here and there in the hush and silence.

'Christ the Lord is risen to-day.
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your songs and voices high,
Sing ye heaven; thou earth reply.'

The Easter hymn was sung, and Rossiter Lamar and Honor with faces awed but glad, walked together down the aisle and knelt side by side at the chancel rail to receive the communion. Only their own hearts knew what that moment meant, the hand that administered the elements did not guess that these two received a double sacrament. Who but they could know that this was their marriage moment?

As they left the altar, Rossiter Lamar slipped upon Honor's finger the ring which she had given him back on that June evening, which now seemed so long ago; and so filled with all spiritual benediction and grace they left the church together, husband and wife.

And no happier woman is there to day in this big and beautiful country of ours than Mrs Rossiter Lamar.

JAPANESE GIRLS.

In a book entitled 'Japanese Girls and Women' an interesting account of the duties of a daughter in the family is given.

'If she is the eldest daughter, to the servants she is "O Jo Sana," literally, young lady; to her own brothers and sisters, "Ane San," elder sister. Should she be one of the younger ones, her given name, preceded by the honorific O, and followed by San, meaning Miss, is the name by which she will be called.

As she passes from babyhood to girlhood, and from girlhood to womanhood, she is the object of much love and care and solicitude; but she does not grow up irresponsible, or untrained to meet the duties which womanhood will surely bring to her. She must take a certain responsibility in the household, must see that tea is made for the guests, and in all but families of the highest rank, must serve it. She must know the proper etiquette of the table, how to serve carefully and neatly.

She also feels a certain care about the behaviour of the younger members of the family, especially in the absence of the parents. In all but the very wealthiest and most aristocratic families, the daughters of the house do a large part of the simple housework.

In a house with no furniture, no carpets, no mirrors, picture frames, or glasses to be cared for, no stoves or furnaces, no windows to wash, no latest styles in clothing to be imitated, the amount of work to be done by women is considerably diminished, but still there remains enough to take a good deal of time.

Every morning there are the beds to be rolled up and stored away in the closet. Breakfast is to be cooked and served, and marketing done. Of sewing there is always a good deal to be done, for many Japanese dresses must be taken to pieces whenever they are washed, and are turned, dyed, and made over again, and again so long as there is a shred of the original material left to work upon. Then there are the every-day dishes which our Japanese maiden must learn to prepare.

The proper boiling of rice is in itself a study. The construction of various soups, which form the staple in the Japanese bill of fare, the preparation of *mochi*, a kind of rice dough which is prepared at the New Year, or to send to friends on various festival occasions,—these and many other branches of the culinary art must be mastered before the young girl is prepared to assume the duties of married life.

AN OLD MAID'S QUERY.

LONG years ago there lived a man,
A learned man, they say—
So learned that his memory
Has lived until to day.

He'd studied all the sciences
And mastered every art,
Except the art of capturing
A lovely woman's heart.

And so a lonely bachelor
He lived, and so he died;
And Charon ferried him across
The Styx's inky tide.

And now the question must arise,
From countless lips let fall;
Although he knew so much, was he
A wise man, after all?

'Did you get your bric a brac home from the cottage all right?' 'Yes—with a marked increase, too. My wife packed six pieces in a barrel, and when they got to the house there were thirty pieces.'

LOCAL INDUSTRY V. IMPORTATIONS.—Competent judges assert that the Lozenges, Juubes and Sweets manufactured by ALLANBROOK & Co. are unequalled.—(ADVT.)



'NOW WE SHALL HAVE A GLIMPSE EACH INTO THE OTHER'S HEART.'

his very step, a new light in his eyes as he confronted her now, saying—

'But this time I have captured you—you inexorable, you relentless creature—and I shall hold you fast until I choose to let you go.'

He had put an arm around her and drawn her gently to his side. Honor's breath came quickly. A tumult of feeling seemed almost blinding her. She tried to release herself but he held her firmly, saying—

'Do not try to get away. I have something to tell you which you must hear. You notice I say *must*. I have been studying St. Paul and the prayer-book, and they both assure me that I have a certain authority over you. For I am here to remind you—as the public speakers say—that I am your husband. Did that ever occur to you?'

'Not that I remember.'

'So I have inferred. Well, it has to me. My girl, I love you with a love great enough to overflow and blot out all the wrong of the past if you will only let it. Honor—how well the name fits you—do you positively hate me?'

'Not positively.'

'Do you like me a little?'

'No.'

'Do you love me?'

'You know I do, with all my heart,' but with that she escaped from him and fled away to her own room.

Easter morning!

Honor awoke early with the words,

'Rise, heart! Thy Lord hath risen.'

on her lips, and in her heart a great and solemn joyfulness. The Easter chimes seemed to ring out at two-fold gladness—the great Resurrection, glory unto all people, and for her—morning after the long night; light after darkness; life full and glorious after the long death of hope and love.

She had thought before of going to the sunrise communion service. Now, nothing could have kept her away. There, in the holy place she would present herself with her new life, a sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto Him who had died for her and risen again. So she came down in the morning twilight, white lilies in her hand to be carried to the church, a radiance on her face as of a soul which had been very near to God.

QUERIES.

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

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

RULES.

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

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

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

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

VINEGAR ('Sour apple').—What a dreadful *nom-de-plume* you have adopted! It sets my teeth on edge! I feel inclined to tell you to use your own name for vinegar. Do change it. But now for your recipe. Take apples, pears, or any juicy fruit, crush them well; to two bushels of fruit take four gallons of boiling water and pour over the fruit, and put in a warm place for a week. Strain off impurities as they arise. At the end of that time strain it through a strong thick towel, pressing the pulp. Put the juice in a cask or jar; put in a pint of yeast and a bit of bread. Let the jar be quite full. Put the bung in loosely and throw over it a piece of flannel. Set it in a warm place for a month or six weeks, and bottle. A vinegar plant is the cheapest way to get vinegar.

PARSLEY JELLY (Dorothy L.).—Take as much fresh young parsley as your jelly-pan will conveniently hold, and wash it well; then pick it—that is, remove the stalks and any withered leaves. When perfectly clean, put it in the jelly pan and flatten it a little, and then put it in water about one inch less than will cover the parsley, and half a teaspoonful of alum. Put it on the fire and boil for half an hour. Put it through a pointed jelly bag without pressure. Now measure the juice, and to each large breakfast cupful add one pound of sugar. Boil a quarter of an hour, and put in jars for use. Always count the time preserves boil from the time when they are boiling all over.

'Birdie'.—For creamed potatoes, pare and chop the potatoes and put them in a hot spider in which a little butter has been melted. Cover closely, after seasoning with salt and pepper, and cook slowly until they are browned thoroughly, stirring occasionally. Fifteen minutes before serving add half a cupful of milk or cream to each quart of potatoes, stirring frequently until taken up.

'Emilie'.—There are various recipes for potato cakes. Some grate the potato, some boil it, using it either cold or hot. One of the best recipes for a cake is to peel and grate sufficient potatoes to make one cupful; mix it well with two cups of plain flour, one of sugar, and a little flavouring and cut lemon peel, one-and-a-half spoonful of baking-powder, and sufficient milk to make it tolerably moist. Another recipe is made of cold potatoes, very well mashed up so as to be absolutely free from lumps. Add to one cupful of the potatoes half a cup of butter. Break over it one egg and beat well, then add another, beat well, then a third (I always beat them with my hand), then a cup of soft sugar, and a little fruit. Mix—but this should be done before you get your hand in the eggs—half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and a whole spoonful of cream of tartar well together, rub thoroughly into one cup of flour, add the flour to the mixed eggs, etc., and bake in a well buttered tin in a moderate oven. If the eggs are not very large a little milk may be necessary.

RECIPES FOR SCONES, ETC.

POTATO SCONES.—Mix one or two eggs with cold mashed potato, a little salt, pepper, butter and flour. Mix into small rolls and bake three-quarters of an hour on a buttered pan.

OLD VIRGINIA LOAF BREAD.—Boil one large Irish potato until done, peel and wash fine, add a little cold water to soften it, mix into it a teaspoonful of brown sugar, a tablespoonful of lard and three tablespoonfuls of hop yeast. Mix all the ingredients thoroughly, and put the sponge in a close jar, cover and let stand several hours to rise. Sift into the tray three parts of flour, to which add a spoonful of salt, then pour the sponge in, with enough cold water to work into a stiff dough; knead until smooth, and let stand over night to rise. In the morning work in flour to keep from sticking to the hands. Allow it to rise one hour, and bake.

SALLY LUNN.—Mix a quart of flour with a teaspoonful of salt and tablespoonful of sugar, in which rub a tablespoonful of butter and an 11-3 potato, mashed fine; add half a teaspoon of yeast and three well beaten eggs; with warm water to make a soft dough. Knead half an hour. Let rise, handle lightly, put in a cake-mould and bake in a hot oven.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.—I have much pleasure in giving a recipe for these dainties. Mix two ounces of Bermuda arrowroot slowly with 1½ gills of cold water. Add twelve ounces of pulverised sugar; boil rapidly from eight to ten minutes, stirring continually. Remove from the fire and stir till cool, flavour with vanilla, continue stirring until it creams, then roll into little balls. Melt the chocolate over steam (add no water), and when the cream balls are cold roll them in one by one and lay on a buttered slab to cool. I believe a recipe for chocolate creams has already appeared in the GRAPHIC.

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

PICKLES.

As many who like to keep their storeroom well plenished, so as to present an attractive appearance to a good house-keeper, are now thinking of pickles, I am giving a few good recipes, and will add more next week.

TOMATO AND ONION PICKLES.—One peck of tomatoes, twenty four onions, quarter of a pound of white mustard seed, four tablespoonfuls of ground ginger, three of mustard, one ounce of whole allspice, half an ounce of cloves, two tablespoonfuls of black pepper and two of sugar. Pare and slice the tomatoes thin, and chop the onions fine. After the tomatoes are sliced, pack them in a jar, putting a thick layer of salt between each layer of tomatoes, cover and let them stand for twenty-four hours; then pour off the liquor, and put the tomatoes, onions and spice into a large kettle in alternate layers. Cover the pickles well with vinegar, put cover on the kettle, and cook gently, for three-quarters of an hour after it has come to a boil; if the pickle seems too thick, add a little more vinegar.

WALNUT PICKLES.—Put tender, young, green walnuts into a jar, pour over them boiling salt water. Let them soak nine days, changing the water every third day. Pour off the brine and pour on vinegar, seasoned with garlic, ginger, mace, horseradish, red pepper and nutmeg.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—Cut in thin slices, then place in a jar in layers, with salt sprinkled between each. Let them stand over night, then pour off all the water which the salt draws out of them. Then place in jars in layers, with a layer of horseradish, mustard seed, cloves, and small red peppers between each. Cover with strong vinegar and keep tightly covered.

SWEET TOMATO PICKLES.—One peck of green tomatoes, sliced, soak in salted water twenty-four hours. Drain off; add two quarts of vinegar, one and a half pounds of sugar, spices of all kinds, and boil the whole one half hour.

ALL ROUND THE HOUSE.

USEFUL HINTS.

NEVER, on any consideration, use brass, copper, or bell-metal kettles for pickling; the verdigris produced in them by the vinegar being of a most poisonous nature. Kettles lined with porcelain are the best. When it is necessary to boil vinegar, do so in a stone jar on the fire. Use also wooden spoons and forks. A small lump of alum added to the vinegar in which pickles are sealed renders them crisp and tender, and if covered with cabbage or grape leaves a fresh green colour will be imparted. In making pickles, cider vinegar is best, but very nice, strong vinegar may be made of sorghum, as follows: One pint of sorghum to each gallon of soft water (hard water will do, but soft is best), add a cake of yeast and some good 'mother,' if you have it. Tie a cloth tightly over the jar or keg and place it in the sun. It will be good in three or four weeks. Stir it well every few days. See that pickles are always completely covered with vinegar. It is a good rule to have one third of the jar filled with vinegar and two thirds filled with pickles. Vinegar should only boil five or six minutes. Too much boiling takes away the strength. Pickles will keep best by being bottled, sealed white hot, and set in a cool place. Bits of horse-radish and spices, with a handful of sugar to each gallon of pickles, assist in preserving its strength as well as greatly improving its flavour. Ginger is the most wholesome spice for pickles; cloves are the strongest, then allspice, cinnamon and mace. Mustard seed is also very nice. If pickles are raised and prepared at home in brine, an oak cask should be used, and they should be kept well covered, with plenty of salt at the bottom of the cask. In making brine for pickles, it should be sufficiently strong to bear an egg. A pint of salt to every gallon of water is the usual proportion.

CHEAP TABLETS.

THOSE housekeepers who deal with grocers who do not send out 'peg boards,' will find it convenient to keep a cheap tablet, or pad, hung in a convenient place upon which to make a note of groceries, or other articles needed, when the need is first discovered; else in making out the list at the last moment, or in giving orders to the grocery-man, small, but essential articles are apt to be forgotten.

A handy article for this, or any temporary memoranda, may be quickly made from unsized envelopes, such as have contained circulars, etc. Place the envelope in the tablet with the addressed side down, cut the ends and open the envelope. You now have a blank, oblong sheet pointed at the upper end, on which is the mutilage. Lay the next one, cut in the same way, upon this; moisten the mutilage on the flap of the first and press the back of the flap of the second upon it. Add as few or as many as you choose, always keeping the blank side uppermost; and in tearing off the leaves after they are filled, tear below the gummed flap, leaving that, so that more may be added at any time.

Many housekeepers find it a help to write out at night a list of the next day's duties. This is a help to memory, and one finds considerable satisfaction in crossing out the items, one after another, as the work is done.

A USEFUL PRESENT.

AN extremely useful present, to give someone who is very fond of reading, is a book cover. It may be made of a bit of old brocade, lined with silk and its edges outlined with gold braid. It is wisest to choose a piece of brocade that looks as if it might have belonged to one's great grandmamma's brocade petticoat. There are sold book covers, ready made, of undressed kid, lined with silk, having a strap for the paper-knife to go under, and a long ribbon for the book-mark. The woman who is able to use the brush and paint even a little, can put a monogram in one corner of the cover on the outside, and paint a motto or a name on the ribbon book-mark.

LADIES, for Afternoon Tea, use AULSEBROOKE'S Oreo Biscuits and Cakes, a perfect delicacy.—ADVT.)

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

SMART AUTUMN NOVELTIES.

(SEE FASHION PLATE PAGE 431.)

THE great difficulty dressmakers of any standing in New Zealand experience with their lady customers is in the fact that out here we receive the winter fashions in the beginning of summer, and so on, in a perplexing and irritating round of mixed-up seasons. To be consistent, a law should be passed forbidding the introduction of any fashion plates into New Zealand but those actually appropriate to the season! Thus should we be spared the present painful exhibition of a summer gown of the last English season's material made up in the style of the following winter.

Cottons do not lend themselves to Newmarket bodices. There are plenty of appropriate designs for them in more substantial materials. The very thick, heavy, fur-trimmed costume is now recognised at Home as being better adapted to a sort of Princess style, or to a bodice adhering to its skirt by means of a flat velvet or silk band.

But having had my growl, let me tell you how to make your autumn gowns. The illustration gives a very good idea of the correct styles. For these useful betwixt-and-between frocks, fur, in the North Island at all events, there are many winter (?) days when a heavy dress is quite out of the question, and ladies gladly take from their hanging presses the sensible half-and-half autumn costume, which a cold day has caused them to lay aside for a time. And as jackets are much worn at this season of the year, I will begin with them.

A smart jacket of grey cloth—very becoming to a pretty figure, and there are many in the colony—is the first illustration. It is lined with striped shot silk. The pockets, the front, and the cuffs of the jacket are all braided with grey tubular braid, and outlined with cut steel gimp.

The second design for a jacket is in rather a different style. It is a loose coat of fawn cloth, lined with shrimp-pink sarah. The fronts are cut long, while the back is cut up in the centre. The coat is edged with braid, which forms Austrian knots, at the top of each opening. Similar knots are placed on the cuffs, and both inside and outside the fronts, where they are finished with loops and olivettes to fasten. When the collar is turned down, the front rolls back, and shows the braiding on the inside.

Turning to the important question of gowns, I am glad to give you a delightful idea in the third illustration, the central figure. This is a graceful gown of grey cloth cut, *en princess*, and made to button down the back. The band at the foot of the skirt, as well as the lower part of the bodice, the plastron, and the sleeves are in bronze cloth, braided at the edges on to the grey cloth, with twisted metal braid.

The fourth figure wears a lovely gown in cedar-colour vicuna, braided with a combination of cedar braid and mixed braid. The skirt is slightly draped on the left side, while the square apron is braided up the front, and brought from the right side, just over the centre line of the skirt, so that it hangs quite straight. The bodice is braided on the side, neck, and cuffs, as well as on the sides of the sleeves.

And, lastly, we come to a really useful and charming costume of checked tweed made on the cross, and arranged with a plain gored skirt, made with a pleated back, and a deep hem round the foot, headed by several rows of stitching. The bodice is tight fitting, with a roll collar, and revers, and a double-breasted waistcoat is of reindeer skin, fastened with buttons of smoked mother-of-pearl. The reindeer skin is made up to show the soft side, and will be found exceedingly effective.

These sketches are all taken from first-rate English models, and are therefore a safe guide for stylish ladies out here.

My London correspondent, 'Heloise,' to whom I am indebted for this description, further adds: 'I saw such a ravishing cloak worn by one of *les belles dames*, of purple-faced cloth, with a Watteau pleat of stout purple and velvet down the back, outlined with a dainty design in black braid and gold cord. The sleeves had tufted cuffs trimmed with braid and cord, into which full padded velvet sleeves were gathered. This is quite the latest.'

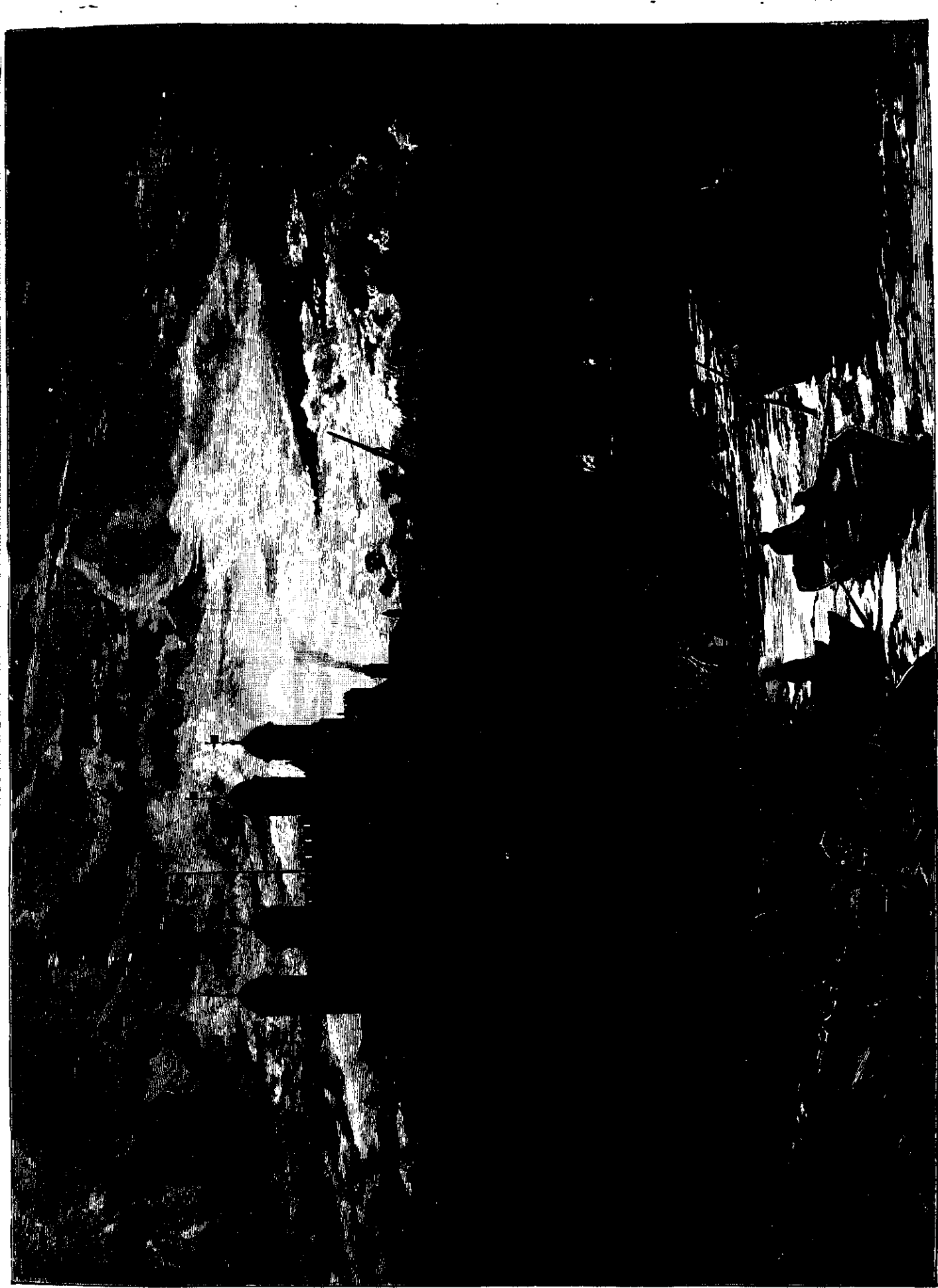
Another fashionable craze is the loose backed coat. It is hideously ugly, but this month (February) I have seen lots of them. I suppose you will have them by-and-by. They are made in maitelassé, or in plain or brocade velvet, and hang straight and loose from the shoulders back and front, to about six inches below the hips.

Stripes for spring gowns are worn in Paris, but just at present, strange to say, we Parisians are dressing very differently to the English. I wore my last French gown yesterday and new hat, and was stared at. The hat looks old-fashioned, I admit in London. It goes right off the head like an aureole, and has a little bow of velvet resting on the hair in front of the turned up high brim. At the back there are tips and ribbon bows. This is the very latest style, and forms a marked contrast to the universal English plateau hat—in varying shapes, I'll admit—but still very much *en evidence* everywhere, though relieved from utter monotony by a few toques. I feel sure that next winter they will adopt these aureole hats in England, and they will drift out to you in the sweet by-and-by.

Contrasts in colours are worn, or two shades of the one colour. In nearly every case this has a happy effect, and is far safer, taken as a general rule for the majority, for *mes amies*, colour blindness is by no means rare, and it is a dreadful affliction—for the sufferer's friends. Such sinners, knowing that two colours, roughly speaking, harmonise, will use them without the slightest regard as to the special tints, which, of course, makes all the difference. Grey is a colour tolerably easy of treatment, though the blue greys are a snare to some. A pretty dress of this style was composed of cloth of silver grey and silk poplin of a darker shade, the vest, under sleeves, and the border of the skirt being of the poplin.

A lovely evening gown was made of black silk with the pannelled skirt bordered with an appliqué of velvet, most beautifully embroidered in gold, and revealing at one side a petticoat of gold coloured satin, draped with fine black lace. The bodice of this was particularly pretty, being edged round the top with shaped bands of the gold embroidered velvet, and having a few folds of yellow chiffon to form an inner sash.

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



FAMOUS PLACES OF THE WORLD.—No. 1.
THE TOWER OF LONDON BY MOONLIGHT.

AT HOME WITH THE LADY EDITOR.

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

WHAT A man wants to say :

DEAR LADY EDITOR,—May I crave your indulgence for a few words on an important point. I gather from various hints in this column that you are a sensible individual. Now I appeal to you as such. I am a business man, knocking about the city all day in and out of my office. All this time I am compelled to wear a well fitting, warm coat, boots which suit the fashion rather than my feet, and, for a good part of the time, a most uncomfortable hard hat. I cannot indulge in an easy chair or a prolonged pipe. I must talk, whether I will or not—on business, of course—I must put up with people who will talk extraneous rubbish when I am trying to write an important letter for the last departing mail, or who buttonhole me when I am hurrying off to catch the whistling train, or the bus which has just started, and whose driver, not having eyes in the back of his head, professes to be unable to see my pursuing figure. Hot and tired I reach home. "Be quick, dear," says my wife. "I have put out your dress clothes and a clean shirt, ready for the opera. Dinner will be served in five minutes." I long in vain for my loose coat, easy chair, soft slippers, pipe, and paper. I dress, dine, and rush off to catch another bus back to town, and sit, warm and weary, through a performance which I should thoroughly enjoy if I might only go to it in my loose coat and slippers. Can you not use your influence to allow us poor men to escort our ladies in unconventional and comfortable attire?—I am, dear madam, yours faithfully,

A SOCIETY MARTYR.

I am really sorry for you, but surely in this free country, men may dress as they please. Why should you not wear a loose coat in business hours, a soft felt hat, and easy boots? Dame Fashion may growl, but she cannot enforce compliance with her senseless mandates. I must own that the dress-circle does look better filled with what is considered appropriate evening costume for ladies and gentlemen. Still, those who live at some distance from the Opera House have certainly a very good excuse to offer for appearing in morning dress. *Chacun a son gout*, say I. Let not him that is bound by society's trammels condemn him that putteth comfort before fashion.

MAGGIE E.—I do not approve of cosmetics at all. Washing the face in warm water morning and evening, abstaining from pastry and sweets, eating plenty of ripe, good fruit, and taking sufficient exercise in the open air are all excellent for the complexion. But as there are many who cannot follow this prescription and perhaps you are one of these—I will give you the recipe for a pure cosmetic, which is called 'Milk of Roses':—Valencia almonds, one pound, two ounces; bitter almonds, two ounces. Blanch and beat well with white castile soap, finely scraped. Then make a cream of roses of oil of almonds two ounces; white wax, two drams, and spermaceti, one-half ounce. Dissolve and add rose-water in sufficient quantity. Pour off the water and add to the mixture of almonds and soap. Beat all together and add gradually rose water, five quarts, strain through cloth and add rectified spirit, one quart; and otto of roses, one dram. Mix all thoroughly together.

BERTHA.—I am glad you read this column with interest. Do not worry about your dimples. Some people think them fascinating; they certainly give a delightful roguishness to the face. You cannot fill them in. Why, indeed, should you?

MRS B.—I am afraid there is no redress for you unless you can prove that your husband has been guilty of actual personal violence. Many a wife has to submit to sneers and insolent remarks, and keep her grievances to herself. Can you not try to seem not to care for his rudeness, and by gentle answers or by silence, blunt the edge of his wrath? On the other hand, a meek wife is sometimes bullied, when if she once made a bold stand and refused to submit to rude orders, and would not listen to any remarks unless politely addressed, she would astonish her husband, and compel politeness from him. But without knowing more of the circumstances I cannot suggest anything, except that you possess your soul in patience.

RED GOLD.—Pray accept my sincere congratulations. You say your betrothal ring is a ruby, and want to know if it is a good one. First I must tell you that it rests very much with you whether it is so or not. Be true, loving, and faithful, and the stone in your ring will matter little. But the ruby has always been a favourite love-token, and is found in many old betrothal-rings. It is supposed to have the power of driving away bad dreams, to make the wearer forget all evil, expel sadness and evil spirits, and keep you in good health. Then, it is said to bring a blessing from heaven to the young wife and never make her forgetful of her husband's devotion. When he is in trouble the ruby will grow dark, its brilliancy returning after the danger has passed. The virtue of charity is attributed to the ruby: it belongs to the month of December; and an old, old tradition tells us that a very large ruby hung in the ark, and gave light to Noah and his family while they remained there.

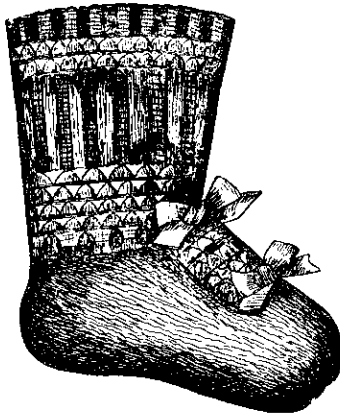
A correspondent writes asking me how to pronounce the name of Lord Onslow's youngest son, Huia. I will make an attempt to spell it for you phonetically. I think if you follow this exactly, laying the emphasis on the first syllable, you will attain a correct native pronunciation. Who-e-er. I am always very pleased to be of service to my correspondents.

How calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contented the whole life is of him that neither deviseth evil mischief against others nor suspects any to be contrived against himself! And, contrariwise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, dissension, having the thoughts distracted with solicitous care, anxious suspicion, and envious regret!

THE WORK CORNER.

BABY'S KNITTED BOOT.

MATERIALS: A 1/4 ounce skein of white Shetland wool, 2 steel needles No. 14, and 1 1/2 yards of narrow ribbon. Cast on 50 stitches and knit a plain row. 2nd row—Knit 3 plain stitches and *1 rib, 2 plain and 2 purl to end, 3 last stitches being plain. 3rd row and 4th row—The same as 2nd row. 5th row—Plain. 6th row—Purl. 7th row—Slip 1, then knit 2 stitches together* to the end, the last stitch plain. 8th row—Slip 1, * make 1, knit 1* to the end, then there will again be 50 stitches on the needle. 9th row—Plain. 10th row—Purl. 11th row—Same as 7th row. 12th row—Same as 8th row. 13th row—Plain. 14th row—Purl. 15th row—Plain. 16th to 24th rows—3 plain* rib, 2 plain and 2 purl,* and end with 3 plain as at commencement of sock. 25th row—Plain. 26th row—Purl. Now for the four pattern rows of holes—Repeat 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th rows, then do two rows of decreasing separated by a plain row as follows—(Slip 1, knit 2 together, 10 plain, 2 together, 20 plain, 2 together, 10 plain, 2 together, 1 plain; plain row; slip 1, 2 together, knit plain to the 16th centre stitches, which *knit 2 together*; complete the row plain, and finish with 2 together, 1 plain. Next row: Purl back, and work the lacey instep backwards and forwards in pattern rows of holes like 7, 8, 9, and 10, each row being only 16 stitches, which cast off. With the right-hand needle pick up 8



stitches, along the lacey instep, and cast on 11 extra ones and *knit 14 rows plain*. Then begin to decrease for shaping the boot thus: Slip 1, knit 2 together to the end, *knit 1. Next row: plain; slip 1, knit 2 together twice, plain to the three last, which knit 2 together and 1 plain. Next row: plain; slip 1, knit 2 together twice, remainder plain till the last 5 stitches, which knit 2 together twice, last plain. Plain row; slip 1, 2 together twice, plain to end, 2 together, 1 plain. Plain row; slip 1, 2 together; remainder all plain; cast off loosely. Pick up the 11 extra stitches you cast on for the toe, and knit them plain, adding an extra stitch at the toe end till you have 18 stitches on your needle. Three plain rows, then decrease every other row till you have 11 again. Raise all the remaining stitches and knit backwards and forwards *14 rows plain, and repeat all the following rows till the second side of the boot corresponds with the first. Sew it up neatly on the wrong side, and finish off with the ribbon runner and bows. This makes a good size for a first sock. Use No. 12 needles and coarser wool for a larger size sock.

SHOPS AND SHOPPING.

(BY MADAME MILLENT.)



HAVE been wandering about seeking for novelties for an after-Easter dinner-party. It is so dreadfully difficult to find anything new now a days. Sometimes one has a brilliant idea, and one hugs it with enthusiasm, dreams of it, then carries it out. Hurrah! It is successful. How charmed one is! Then enter one's special friend. "What do you think of that, my dear?" "That? Why, I saw something just like it at the Citron's last week!" Utter collapse of one's happiness.

But really here is a new style of menu card. They must be of paper, and must resemble exactly a leaf. An ivy leaf is pretty; a laurel leaf affords a nice space for the menu. The paper is, of course, a delicate green. It is so much handier, even for a small dinner-party, to have the names of the guests written on cards in their plates, that almost every one adopts this plan now. To match the leaf menus, the cards should also be leaves—much smaller ones, of course, or simply slips of pale green paper. Tie these to a little bouquet of appropriate flowers, with pale pink ribbon or pale yellow. Some other rather pretty styles of menus were just painted flowers—a lily is a good one—with the menu written in the centre. An aquatic luncheon should have a couple of oars crossed, or even a single oar, with the menu written on it. Horse shoe-shaped cards are appropriate to a hunt supper, or a dinner to frequenters of the turf. A pretty notion for this sort of thing is a white horseshoe with scarlet ruffled paper around it. The names could be written on pretty little cards cut in the shape of a jockey's cap.

The worst of shopping is that it makes one so fearfully thirsty, and I welcomed the sight of Bertha slowly sauntering up the street, knowing full well that the hospitable little soul would speedily discover my lamentable condition, and somehow or other provide me with some alleviation of my sufferings. And I was quite right. She insisted on

dragging me off—a most willing captive—to her hotel, fo they are not yet in their new house. Here in a private sitting-room she produced the most charming little tea-kettle, spirit-lamp, caddy, and cups and saucers. "I always make my own tea," she explained. We rang for milk, and presently were enjoying a most delightful and refreshing cup of tea. "How delicious this is!" I exclaimed. "Where did you get the tea, and what is the name of the blend?"

Bertha laughed. "I got it from Messrs John Earle and Co., Queen street, Auckland. He won five prizes at the Dueden Exhibition, you know. It is only 2s a pound, and is called Indian Pekoe. It is so strong and nicely flavoured, that one teaspoonful will make four of these small cups of afternoon tea. He has a splendid choice of teas to suit all palates. The Golden Pekoe at 2s 6d is excellent. He blends them himself, and they are genuine and delicious. Drop in as you go home and get a list from him." This I was anxious to do, and the talk drifted away to Bertha's husband. It appeared that the next day was his *jour de fete*, and Bertha had invested in a new scarf-pin for him, so that it holds the tie well in place, and can be put on without so much crushing and crumpling as frequently takes place. Bertha was also in hopes that it might save some of the strong adjectives frequently lavished on the un-offending pin or scarf. I did not like to damp her enthusiasm over her purchase, but long experience has taught me that men are awfully funny in their likes and dislikes, and what a woman thinks a very bright idea, and a most useful article, they will frequently turn up their moustaches at.

Appropos of men's attire, there is a rumour of a novelty for next spring. This colony—as Bertha and I frequently lament—is terribly slow in adopting new ideas, though I must say we are not half as behind the times as some London journals would have their readers believe. This time it is not a neck scarf, but something very dainty in shirts. The fashion comes from London, of course, and will be very popular here for a time. Blue, lavender, and pink of the most delicate tints have been made into shirts, and when the early spring days come every swell about town will have to wear one or confess he is not in the fashion. The price of these adjuncts of a man's wardrobe puts them out of the reach of many. Until the price is greatly reduced only the wealthy can enjoy such luxuries. I think I shall save up and buy Tom some for his birthday in October. That's the sort of wife a man likes!

NOT BUTTER.

A BRIGHT woman, who makes it a point to find out in what subject the person to whom she is introduced is interested, and to lead the conversation speedily to it, had an amusing experience, which she relates with great glee. A dinner was given by an intimate friend, and she whispered hurriedly to her hostess, who had introduced to her a pre-ternaturally grave man who was to take her in to dinner, "What does he like to talk about best?"

"Butter!" said the hostess's lips, with a meaning smile. It seemed a strange subject, but the tactful guest brooded the conversation around to it, and as she afterward said, "talked as if to know good butter when one saw and tasted it was one of the most important things in the world!" Her conversation did not seem interested, and the conversation first dragged and then came to a stop. Another effort, and then the lady gave up the task, and devoted herself to her neighbour on the other side.

The "butter" man was obliged to leave, pleading another engagement, the moment dinner was over, much to the evident regret of his hostess. "It's too bad he could not stay longer, and talk to us," lamented the hostess to her friend. "He's such a charming man. I knew you'd be just the one to get him in a good mood for talking, and then I thought we could all reap the benefit."

"Charming! That man!" repeated the guest. "Why he scarcely opened his mouth, though I racked my brains to make the "butter" question attractive."

"Butter!" ejaculated her hostess, in dismay. "I said 'Buddha!' I supposed of course you knew he was a high authority on the subject! What must he have thought?"

"I fancy," replied her friend, drily, "that he thought he had hold of an advance agent for some agricultural show."

THE HONEYMOONERS.

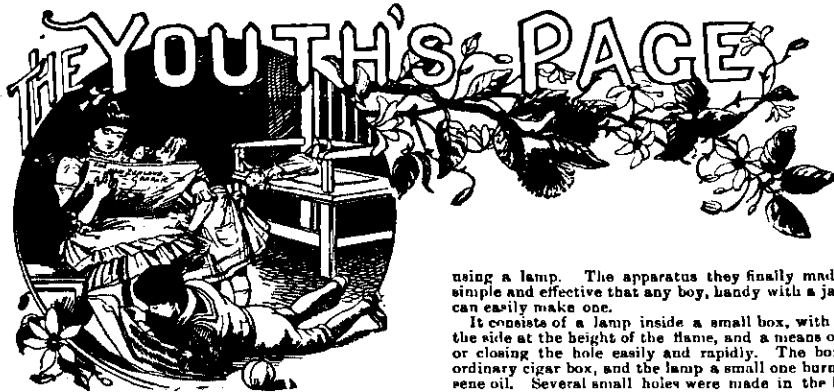
They heeded not the wintry skies,
For, sunned in one another's eyes,
They deemed it summer weather.
No storm obscured their radiant glee;
Nor would they, if they could, be free;
They felt that all felicity
Dwelt in one word—"Together."
That witching word—"Together."

And so, the lovers, newly wed,
Through groves Arcadian swiftly sped
With spirits like a feather:
So danced on down the hours away—
The rosy hours of Love's sweet day,
And all of joyous bright and gay,
Was in that word—"Together."
That witching word—"Together."

Ah, me! What change fruition brings!
Time flew on disenchanting wings,
And wrought an awful wonder!
The Honeymooners now agree
Alone in longing to be free;
They deem that all felicity
Dwells in one word—"Asunder."
That witching word—"Asunder."

When bright the summer sunbeams dart,
They still have winter in the heart,
Or only summer's thunder.
What words can picture their distress?
What metaphor their grief express?
They feel there is no happiness
But in one word—"Asunder."
That witching word—"Asunder."

C. J. DUNPHIE.



LITTLE PEOPLE'S LETTERS

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Our brother and us have a dear little pony called Ballantine. It bucks awfully when we get on it. He is very fond of sugar. We have got six white rats called Trix, Nell, Pinch, Joe, Nan, and Jim. They are very playful, but sometimes bite. I got bitten by a dog the other day. My word, I did squeal. We think you ought to get lots of letters. Your paper is so nice. My brother and I always read it. Don't you think it's getting cold? Our father teaches us school. He grows awful if we don't know our lessons.—Yours truly, BILLY AND TOMMY SNOOKS, aged 8. Blenheim, April 1st.

P.S.—We are twins.

[When I read your letter first I said: 'This is an April joke,' and was going to put it in the waste paper basket behind my chair. Then I thought it had made me laugh, perhaps it would amuse someone else, and laughing is very good for all people, you know. So here it is.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—We have got three dear little dogs named Liny, Nip, and Top. They are very good rabbit dogs. They have been up country for about six weeks now. I have got another little pet lamb now, as our other one died. We call it Amy. It is such a dear little one; it follows me all over the place. Last week I thought it was lost. It went up the hills with all the other sheep, but it soon got tired. It found it did not get enough to eat, so it came home yesterday half starved. We live up country, and we do not go to school. Mother teaches us at home, but we often go out for a ride to town and stay two or three nights. We might go down on Tuesday and stay till Friday. I hope we do for I like having a change sometimes, but I love the dear old place where we live. It is a very pretty place. Everybody admires it that passes.—I am, etc., JIM NORWAY, aged 10. Blenheim, April.

[How do your dogs like the lamb? I hope you had a pleasant trip. A change is always pleasant—for a time. I hope you and your brother will write again.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—As my brother has written to you I thought I would write. I have four dogs. Their names are Snuff, Pinch, Toby, and Hector. My cousin Winny is very hard at work painting. My cousin Alfred has a little pony; its name is Tiny Pig. We are going away soon, I think. Will you put my letter in the GRAPHIC? We have got such a nice orchard. We have apples, plums, peaches, and other lots of fruit. We have three horses. One is so nice and quiet; it does not buck or run away ever. We also have a very pretty parrot. It says, 'Pretty Polly! Feed the baby! Come quick.' My Uncle Dick gave it to us last month. I suppose my brother is going to tell you about the lamb we have got. I was five years old last month, and I had a birthday party.—TIM NORWAY. April.

[Thank you for your nice little letter. It is very good for your age.—COUSIN KATE.]

BOY'S TELEGRAPH.

THE present generation is so accustomed to the electro magnetic telegraph that it is hardly remembered that there were various forms of telegraphing, that is, of communicating messages instantly to a distance, before the Morse telegraph was invented. Perhaps it will interest the readers of THE GRAPHIC to be told how two boys reinvented one of these forms of telegraphing when they could not put up a wire to be worked by a battery.

These boys, Tom and Eugene, were sons of a physician, and lived in the backwoods of North Carolina, far from railroads and towns. Eugene attended a school in the neighbourhood, while Tom was older, and a clerk in a country store near by. There was often a need of a means of communication between the store and the doctor's residence, especially after dark, and as the distance was nearly a mile, these boys conceived the idea of constructing a telegraph line between the two places.

As a preliminary to this work, they learned to write in the telegraphic alphabet, which, as every boy knows, is composed of dots and dashes, thus:

This is called the Morse code, because it was invented by Prof. S. F. B. Morse, and they soon became quite expert in writing it and in spelling sentences to each other by the sound of tapping on a table with a key or pocket-knife. They were now ready for the wires and instruments, but they were astonished to find that the necessary outfit, at that time, would cost them upwards of £5, a sum far beyond their means.

Since their leisure time was mainly after dark, they concluded to try some means of signalling to each other by

using a lamp. The apparatus they finally made was so simple and effective that any boy, handy with a jack-knife, can easily make one.

It consists of a lamp inside a small box, with a hole on the side at the height of the flame, and a means of opening or closing the hole easily and rapidly. The box was an ordinary cigar box, and the lamp a small one burning kerosene oil. Several small holes were made in the bottom of the box to admit air, and a large one in the top just over the lamp-chimney.

When closed the light was entirely concealed, except when the cover to the opening on the side was pushed back. This cover was shaped and made of thin cigar-box wood also. It had a single screw at the bottom, and a small knob to push by. The movement of the cover or shutter was from side to side, like an inverted pendulum. There was a track on each side, one to keep the shutter from going too far one way, and the other to stop it exactly over the hole, when closed. A small spring of whalebone or a rubber band served to hold the shutter in its closed position.

When this box and lamp were used at night, the opening and closing of the shutter served to show the light as a succession of quick or long flashes, which look at a distance exactly like a firefly. To open and close the shutter very quickly makes a spark to represent a dot, and to make a dash the shutter is held open about half a second. For a long dash, representing an I, the shutter is simply kept open a trifle longer than for the regular dash.

A little practice will soon enable one to make the short and long flashes corresponding to the characters of the Morse code, and the signals are easily read, even at a distance of several miles. Of course the operations must take place between stations visible from each other, and the box must be turned in the direction of the distant observer. For very long distances a larger lamp and reflector will be better.

With such a box under his arm, while out of doors, or at a table near a window looking in the proper direction, Tom would telegraph long conversations to Eugene, and read his replies in the distant sparks. On cold, dark or rainy nights these boys were able to talk with each other, and were sometimes able to send messages of importance, which saved them many steps.

The main drawback to the system was the want of a means of attracting the other's attention, or to 'call,' as the telegraph men say. This was done by setting the box open, and showing the light till noticed at the other station. The 'call' would soon be seen by the other boy, because he would occasionally glance in that direction.

They also agreed upon a system of signals meaning 'Repeat,' 'Do not understand your last word,' 'All right,' 'Go ahead,' etc.

Many a boy or girl may thus find a means of amusement in communicating with friends, even across wide rivers, or at long distances in a hilly or mountainous country, with such a home made telegraph. There are situations where a couple of enterprising boys might make considerable money out of it.

T. C. HARRIS.

DON ALPHONSO.

THE little King of Spain is very frank and unrestrained in his expression of opinions, and sometimes makes personal remarks about his subjects of a sort seldom indulged in by older and more diplomatic kings. He is very mischievous, but his attendants, in keeping him out of scrapes, have to take great care not to 'impair the dignity of his Most Catholic Majesty.' The paper, from which this sketch is taken, says that a footman who put out his arms and caught the King one day when the little fellow tripped and was about to fall headlong downstairs, was dismissed from his post for having dared to touch, with his plebeian hands, the royal person. True, the Queen rewarded the man with a large sum of money, and gave him another situation, but even she could not retain him in the household.

On Good Friday, according to a custom which has prevailed in Spain since the sixteenth century, seven criminals received pardon. As soon as vespers were over in the chapel of the royal palace, the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo stepped down from the high altar, and approached a table on which were laid seven rolls of parchment.

Each roll contained the full pardon of a prisoner lying under sentence of death, and had, a few hours previously, received the regent's signature. Placing his hand on these rolls, according to custom, the chaplain asked the Queen:

'Senora, does your Majesty grant pardon to these criminals?'

With a tender glance at the little boy, whose hand she held, she replied:

'In the name of the King, my son, I pardon these persons, as I look to God to grant His pardon and mercy to us. Amen.'

The rolls were then placed on the high altar, and after a prayer and benediction, delivered to the Minister of Justice.

Elma was looking at the sunset one evening. It was very beautiful; above the golden glow hung a heavy, purplish cloud. The little girl's brown eyes shone with wondrous delight. 'O auntie,' she whispered, 'hasn't God got pretty curtains!'

Mrs Mumble: 'I wonder how people got the idea that porous plasters would be beneficial.'

Mr Mumble: 'From the fact that they are hole-some.'

MRS CHING-LING'S MAID.

(A SEQUEL TO AN AFTERNOON CALL.)

We had arranged that Mrs Ching-Ling's maid should bring the children to see me some day.

The maid had hesitated at first, saying as she was the cook it was not her place to take the children out. At last, however, she consented to bring three of them.

The hour for the visit came. I had lemonade and cake on my tea table, and was all ready when the knock sounded at the door.

There stood the maid and the three children—the oldest Miss Ching-Ling, a little boy called Jimmy and the baby. I was rather sorry the baby had been brought because, being very young and small, it kept getting lost.

However, I welcomed them all heartily and asked them in.

The maid looked very nice in her cap and apron, but the children—well—the less said about the children the better.

I gave Jimmy a little cotton shawl to cover his bare shoulders. I tried not to see Miss Ching-Ling's knees sticking through the holes in her poor old skirt.

'How is your mamma, my dear?' I asked this young lady after she was seated.

'She's no better,' answered the maid, in her usual way, laying the baby on the tea-table.

'That is hardly the place for a child,' I said, as I took it up and held the poor thing while I passed the cake and lemonade.

Miss Ching-Ling and Jimmy refused to taste anything. I never saw such bashful children. All my urging had no effect.

'They always act like that,' said the maid, with her mouth full of cake. She had two large slices in her lap and was drinking her third glass of lemonade.

'Poor little souls,' I said. 'Perhaps if you would induce their mother to make some clothes for them they would not be so shy and silent. I don't wonder they look ashamed.'

'Oh, what's the use?' said the maid, indifferently. Now that the cake was all eaten the maid seemed rather restless and tired. I thought.

Just then I lost the baby. I was much alarmed because I was afraid I should tread on it, so I began to hunt anxiously under the tables and chairs, calling on the children to help; but they never stirred from their seats, and the maid was looking at something she had taken from her pocket and did not seem to hear.

I found the baby at last (it was under the sofa), and had turned back to my guests when I saw a strange sight. The maid was spinning a top.

So delighted was she with this toy she did not appear to care for anything else, and was dancing up and down, her cap awry and her apron flying in the air.

'Don't stop it; don't stop it!' she cried out, wildly, as I approached. 'It's going to hum!'

'It seems to me,' I said, as soon as I had caught my breath, 'that this is very strange conduct for a nursemaid. The maid did really blush a little.

'I only bought it this morning, mamma,' she explained. 'I couldn't help spinning it. Oh, it's humming! Do hear it!'

I drew myself up stiffly. 'I think you had better go now,' I said.

The maid looked very confused.

'Perhaps I had,' she said, meekly, picking up the top and putting it in her pocket.

'And the children? Do you mean to leave them behind?' I asked, as she went slowly out of the room.

'Oh, I forgot,' faltered she, coming back.

'Yes, I said, looking down into that maid's blue eyes and quoting his own words. "I did my part all right, but you forgot, you know you—"

But the maid was holding me tight round the neck and kissing all my words away.

NORMAN HUMOUR.

SUPERSTITIONS about rocks, which were once popular among the peasant classes of Europe, are dying out. The familiar legend is of a rock which, moved at a certain time by some strange hidden craft, revolves or rolls aside, and discloses treasure hidden beneath, the time usually being specially inconvenient for witnesses, as for instance, 'on the stroke of twelve on Christmas Eve.' A peculiar story of this kind is still told in Normandy. M. Julien Tiersot writes of it in the *Revue des Traditions Populaires*.

In the neighbourhood of Caudebec-en-Caux there is a stone which, the country people say, revolves while the bells ring the Angelus at noon on Good Friday. A walk in the country in the spring at the hour of noon is an agreeable diversion, and the sceptical stranger readily consents to go and see the alleged magical stone.

The stranger and his escort reach the stone and wait. Time passes. It is afternoon.

'But the stone has not moved!' he says.

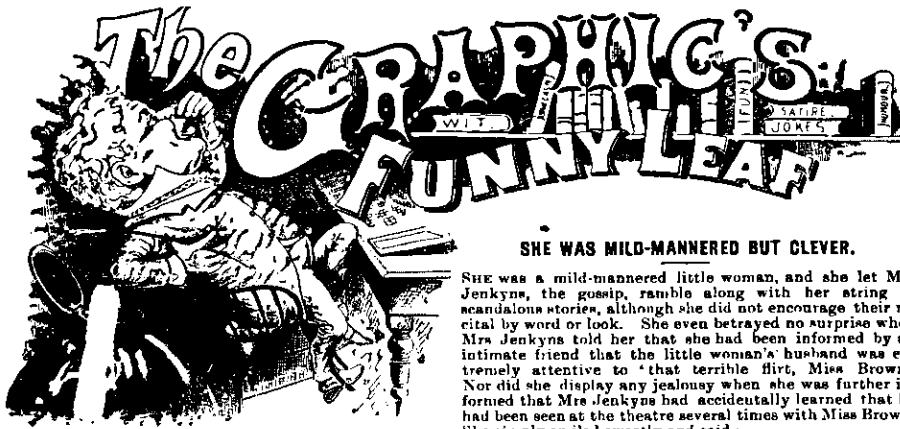
'Wait, you have not heard the Angelus rung yet,' is the smiling reply, and one might wait for ever, for on Good Friday the Angelus is never rung.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

A TEACHER was giving a lesson on the human body to a bright class of six-year-olds. She began by asking about the school-house, then let them tell something about the houses they lived in. Then she told them that God had made a little house for each of us alone. They quickly understood, and eyes were shining and hands raised. 'Oh, Miss M., that house wears clothes,' cried one. 'And it's shingled with hair,' said another. 'The windows are the eyes,' said dear little Lsnore. 'Mamma says she can look right into my heart through my eyes.' 'The door is the mouth,' cried a round little fellow, putting his fingers between his rosy lips. Little Willie jumped quite out of the seat with the suddenness of his idea: 'And the nose is the porch over the door, and the buttons on my coat are the steps up to my front door!'

'I know,' said a tiny maiden, 'I know how to be polite. You must say "yes, ma'am" to a lady, and "no, ma'am" to a gentleman.'

On hearing the humming of a bee, Florence asked, 'Mamma, is it grinding its honey?'



THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

ANGEL in a robe of white,
 Standing there,
 With a kiss of yellow light
 On your hair,
 By the vermeil of your cheek,
 By your eyes that more than speak,
 By all graces shy and meek,
 You are fair.

You have learned to 'parlez vous,'
 I suppose,
 And have learned some Latin, too,
 Verse and prose;
 You have wept Francesca's woe,
 Read your Emerson, I know,
 And can tell us where the Po
 Flowed and flows.

You mayhap have deeper gone
 E'en than this,
 Though I would not wager on
 What you wis.
 Yet, perhaps, your books among,
 You have learned, although so young,
 How to write the English tongue—
 Learned miss!

Read us now the essay, dear,
 Endeavor,
 We will listen, never fear,
 With delight.
 For we know 'twill be a treat,
 Wisdom's choicest, richest meat—
 And you look so very sweet
 All in white!

Take your parchment with the rest,
 School is out;
 Let no fear disturb your breast,
 And no doubt,
 Whether you are dull or wise
 There is something in those eyes
 Sure all critics to surprise
 And to rout.

Beauty no diploma needs,
 Earned or bought,
 Beauty of itself succeeds,
 As it ought.
 'Tis the thing we all adore,
 That we strive for more and more—
 You are music, art, and lore,
 Heaven wrought.



WHAT HE THOUGHT.

Mrs Blossom (wrathfully to 'his conductor): 'Why didn't you stop the bus when I waved my hand at you the first time?'
 Conductor: 'I didn't know you wanted to ride, ma'am.'
 Mrs Blossom: 'What did you suppose I was waving my hand for?'
 Conductor: 'I thought you were trying to mash me'

SHE WAS MILD-MANNERED BUT CLEVER.

SHE was a mild-mannered little woman, and she let Mrs Jenkyns, the gossip, ramble along with her string of scandalous stories, although she did not encourage their recital by word or look. She even betrayed no surprise when Mrs Jenkyns told her that she had been informed by an intimate friend that the little woman's husband was extremely attentive to 'that terrible flirt, Miss Brown.' Nor did she display any jealousy when she was further informed that Mrs Jenkyns had accidentally learned that he had been seen at the theatre several times with Miss Brown. She simply smiled sweetly and said:

'A woman doesn't like to hear such stories about her husband, does she?'
 'No, indeed,' responded Mrs Jenkyns, with emphasis.
 'Especially,' continued the little woman, 'when she has confidence in her husband.'
 'That makes it so much harder to bear,' said Mrs Jenkyns. 'I should take pains to have it stopped.'
 'Of course, of course,' said the little woman, pleasantly, and a moment later she changed the subject by asking in her quiet way—'Do you keep a calling list?'

'Oh, yes; I have to,' said the gossip, 'and it's so hard to keep up.'
 The little woman got a book out of her dainty little writing desk.
 'I have quite a system for mine,' she said. 'Perhaps you'd like to study it. See, there are the A's and there the B's.' She turned rapidly over to the J's. 'When anyone calls on me I put a little dash after the name, and when I return the call I put a cross after that. I can open it at any name and know whether I owe a call or whether a call is owed me. Now there is your name. I haven't had time to make a proper entry on it yet.'
 She took up a little gold pencil that was attached to the book and drew a line clear through the name.
 'I'm so sorry you can't stay any longer,' she said, with a slight bow.



WILLING TO DO HIS BEST.

TEACHER: 'What is a kiss?'
 Johnny: 'I can't exactly tell yer, teacher; but I can show yer, if yer really wan' ter know.'

SHE MADE HIM REMEMBER.

ON several occasions her husband had carried about him in his pockets for some days important letters which she had asked him to mail for her. Recently she gave him a letter addressed to himself, with the request not to read it until it reached his office. Although this struck him as a very strange proceeding he nevertheless concluded to comply with her wish. Arriving at his place of business he opened the letter and read as follows:—

'MY DEAR HUSBAND.—I must herewith inform you of a circumstance which will prove to be very disagreeable to you, but it is my bounden duty to tell you of it. I have, once for all, determined to bring this matter to your notice, let the consequences be what they may. For a week past I have foreseen that this must be done, but I have thus far refrained. The supreme moment has at last arrived, and the crisis is at hand. I am compelled to speak out. Do not judge me too severely, and bear up like a man!'

By the time he had read thus far, his hair stood on end with horror, and with a trembling hand he turned the leaf and went on further:—

'We are completely out of soap. Please go at once to my grocer and order a box of —'s soap, and have it sent home in the course of the afternoon. I also want a dozen of —'s 5 cent package starch. I have adopted this mode of asking you to do me this favour so that you may not forget it.'

Nor did he forget it.

UP TO DATE.

MRS SLIMDIET: 'The boarders are coming in. Cut the bread, Matilda.'
 Miss Slimdiet: 'Ma, I saw in a society paper to day that bread should be broken, not cut.'
 'That's the style now, eh? Very well. Where's the axe!'

HE WOULD CALL.

'WILL you keep anything to drink when you have a home of your own?' asked her father.
 'Well, well,' stammered the young man, 'in case of sickness I think it well to have some.'
 'All right,' the old man replied, 'you can marry my daughter, but don't be surprised if I call upon you twice a week and get ill.'



FREDDY: 'How you do hurt me combing my hair, nurse; I wish I could do it like ma does.'
 Nurse: 'Why?'
 Freddy: 'Cause ma hangs it on a nail and then combs it, and it don't hurt her a bit.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAUD: 'Oh, I'm invited to Fizzleby's ball, but I don't know what in the world to wear. What would you wear if you had my complexion?' Millicent: 'A thick veil.'
 Old Lady: 'I'm sorry to hear a little boy use such shocking language. Do you know what becomes of little boys who swear?' Urchin: 'Yes'm; they gets ter be 'bus drivers.'

Lives of rich men oft remind us
 We can make our lives like theirs,
 And dis-parting leave behind us
 Law suits to engage our heirs.

'Your daughter is engaged, I believe,' said a gentleman to a coloured lady in a neighbouring town a few days ago. 'She am, I's sorry to say,' was the reply. 'Don't you approve of her choice?' 'No; he don't amount to nuffin. He puts me in mind of the food that John the Baptist ate in the wilderness.' 'How's that?' 'Low cuss an' wild, honey.'

Mrs Prentice: 'How do you always manage to have such delicious beef?' Mrs Bywell: 'I select a good honest butcher, and then stand by him.' Mrs Prentice: 'You mean that you give him all your trade?' Mrs Bywell: 'No; I mean I stand by him while he is cutting off the meat.'

The American had just told the Englishman a joke. The latter did not laugh. 'I suppose,' said the American, sarcastically, 'that you will see the point of that joke about the day after to-morrow, and laugh then.' 'My dear boy,' drawled the Englishman. 'I saw the point of that joke and laughed at it four years ago when I was in India.'

'You didn't bring your wife with you, Mr Jones,' said the small boy of the house, addressing the visitor. 'No, my boy; would you like to see her?' 'Yes. Leastways, I would like to see her thumb.' 'See her thumb? What do you want to see her thumb for?' 'Well, ma says your wife keeps you under her thumb, and I'd like to see it, for it must be a pretty big one.'

'Are your eggs fresh?' asked the lady, and the conscientious market-man told her: 'They're a little off for billin', mum, but they makes as fine an omelette as ever you sunk a tooth in.'

A Scotch gentleman of fortune on his deathbed asked the minister whether, if he left a large sum to the kirk, his salvation would be secured. The cautious minister responded: 'I would not like to be positive, but it's weel worth trying.'



BUSINESS INSTINCT.

NEWSBOY: 'Paper, sir. Penny, sir.'
 Uncle Obadiah (from the country): 'No; I don't want any paper—can't read.'
 Newsboy: 'Here; I'll let ye have one for a ha'penny, an' ye can amoss yerself countin' de letters.'

THE FIRST TIFF.



