

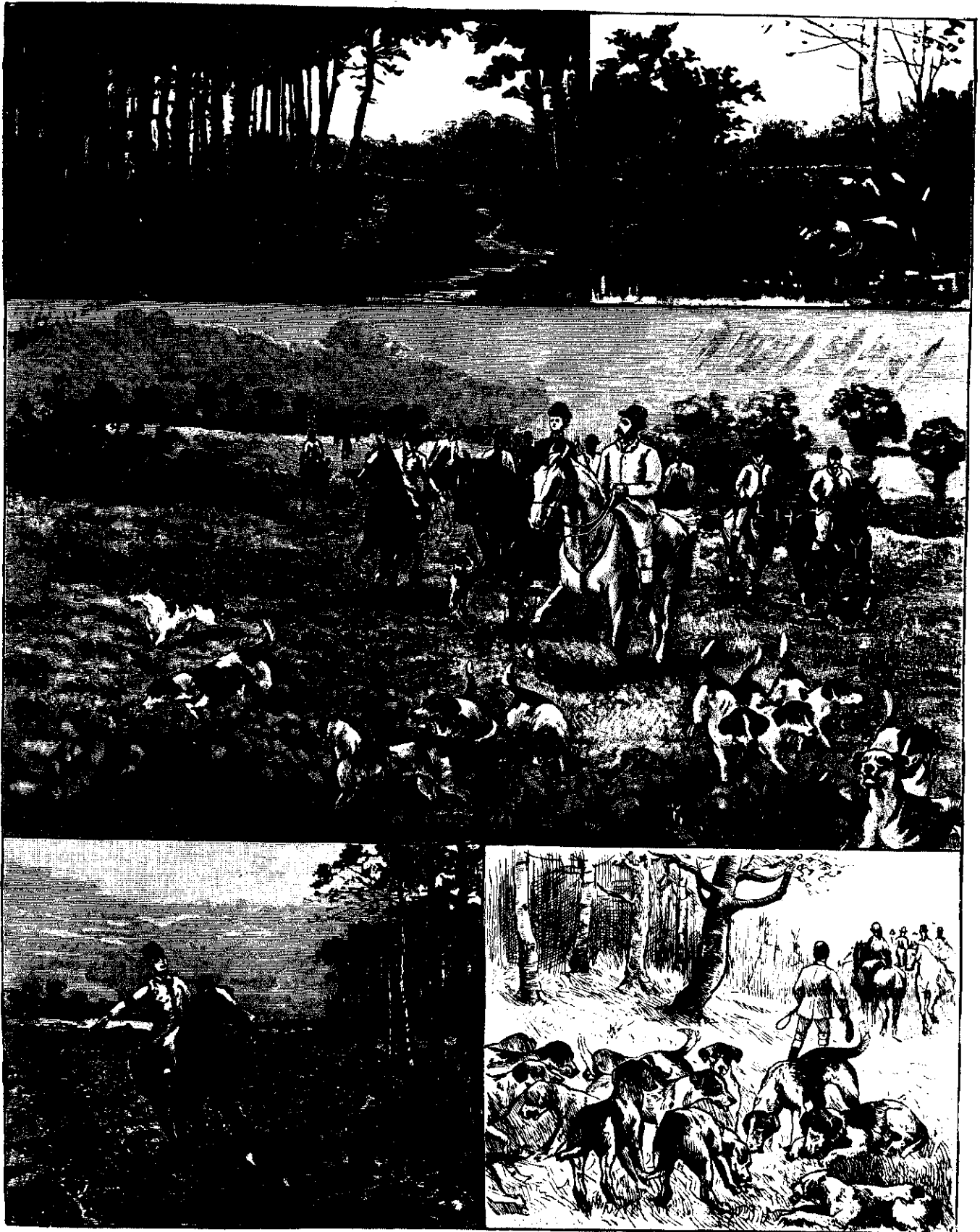
# The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON.

# Topics of the Week.

## SOCIETY'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HOWEVER 'Tory' Lord Glasgow may be, he must admit that the Democratic Government's Agent-General is a man who knows his business. The GRAPHIC London special says that the reception arranged by Mr Percival at the Agent-General's offices was a very decided success. Everything was well done, and while His Excellency the new Governor was visibly gratified at the prompt manifestations of goodwill on the part of Colonials and Anglo-Colonials present. The New Zealanders and others were on their side by no means badly impressed with his Lordship. 'He'll do' seemed to be the universal comment, not elegantly expressed perhaps, but eminently practical. The Hon. W. E. Percival introduced those present to the new Governor, who received them in a most cordial manner, entering freely into conversation upon general matters connected with the colony, and producing a favourable impression upon those who, for the first time, had the honour of meeting his Lordship, who, I understand, leaves England for New Zealand the first week in April. Great interest was shown in the late Dr. Dry's masterpiece, 'The Evergreen,' which was placed in one of the rooms, the work being explained by Mr C. W. Reece.

MR PERCIVAL has undoubtedly scored a point in thus getting together those who have an interest in the colony. He believes that an ambassador should not be an ornament only, but useful. An earnest of this is shown by the opening of an information bureau with a reference library, colonial newspapers, land guides, maps, trade circulars, etc., for the use of those having an interest in, and for those seeking a knowledge of the colony. Mr Percival and Mr Kennaway are always ready and cheerfully afford information to those who wish, and with such representatives New Zealand should be well pleased. A list of those present at Lord Glasgow's at home will be found in the Society Letter from London.



GRAND DUKE OF HESSE.

THE 'Frisco' mail brings pictures and particulars about the Grand Duke of Hesse, whose decease was cabled to the colonies a few weeks back. His death is severely felt by the Queen and other members of the Royal Family, with whom, except for the one brief and unfortunate episode in his career, the dead Prince was very popular. He was not, perhaps, a man of very strong character, but he was a gentle, kindly, liberal-minded, and affectionate man, a devoted father to his children, and a fond husband. The one unlucky incident in his career arose out of his passion for a beautiful and gifted woman, whom he ultimately married in a very secret and not especially dignified way in a private room in the palace at a moment when his august mother-in-law was actually staying with him. The Queen, of course, was greatly incensed and shocked by this affront, and the result was that the marriage was dissolved almost as soon as it had been concluded.

THE marriage with Madame Kolenine was dissolved, and there is an end of the matter. Since that period the Duke's amiability and gentleness of character secured a reconciliation with the English royal family. He was a brave soldier, though I do not think he had any special qualities of generalship. In the struggle between Austria and Prussia for the supremacy in the German Confederation the Grand Duke began by taking the weaker side. He fought for Austria in 1866, but very soon made his peace with Prussia, and in the war of 1870 the troops under his command made some of the most brilliant successes of the campaign. He was a liberal Prince, kindly and progressive, and he shared to the full the interests of his devoted wife, the late Princess Alice, in the intellectual movements of the time.

NELSONIANS were greatly aggrieved over the wet Easter. They did not suffer more than others, but the growls over the wet Sunday were loud and deep because the sun shines 300 days out of the 365—or 366 this year. Nelsonites expect every day to be sunshiny. Lately, however, the weather has been atrocious down that way. Three different steamers took away holiday-makers intent on camping out, picnicking, and other strange pleasures peculiar to holiday-makers. As the only object of a picnic is to take one's meals under the most uncomfortable circumstances, the fact that the sea has been rough, the wind high, and the rain heavy will doubtless have only increased the pleasure of those Nelsonians who ventured 'down to the sea in ships.' The photographing party who set forth with their cameras seeking what they might devour, or rather 'take,' must also have had a pleasant time of it. Altogether, in fact, Nelson is rather disgusted with its weather just at present.

LADY AMATEUR NIGGER MINSTRELS are the latest success in smart society. The idea was exploited the other day in Nelson by Mrs Levien, a very enterprising and most excellent hostess and entertainer. The affair was kept a profound secret, and the guests had no suspicion of what was going forward. They were received with rather more than usual gravity by Mrs Levien, and ushered into a room, half of which was curtained off as if for theatricals. When the curtain rose, however, a regulation minstrel show was seen, the only innovation being that a number of the darkies were of the gentler sex. A more comical sight could not be imagined. The girls looked killingly funny with their black faces and short-skirted frocks. It was utterly impossible to recognise the originals. As may be imagined, the effect on the spectators was electrical—in point of fact the audience laughed till tears ran down their cheeks and their sides ached again.

YET this was but the beginning. The performance itself was excellent, and the merriment continuous. The jokes were new, and the songs, etc., given with spirit. 'Ten Little Niggers,' 'In Old Madrid,' and 'Swanee River,' were the most popular items. Amongst those who took prominent parts were: Tambo, Mr T. Bennett; bones, Mr G. Levien; Messrs Johnson and P. Levien performed on combs, as did Miss Johnson, of Wellington, and Miss Worsp, of Auckland, and Miss Broad undertook the drum and Miss Cohen the piano.

THE interlocutrix or chaperon, a most important part, was taken by Miss Johnson. Her make-up as an old negress was excellent indeed. Solos on bottles were given by Master Levien, and were distinctly clever and greatly appreciated.

EVERYONE enjoyed the function immensely. Amongst the audience were Mrs J. Wood, in black merveilleux; Miss Pitt looked very well in a very pretty gown of cream nun's veiling relieved with green velvet; a Sydney girl. Miss Hosking, was very becomingly frocked in a soft black dress relieved with white; a symphony in heliotrope was worn by Miss Fell, Miss L. Fell being faultlessly dressed in pale blue, the effect being heightened by dark blue velvet

fixings' as a man irreverently called them; Miss Jones affected heliotrope, and the Wanganni Miss Morse black, both being admirably suited; Miss Gibbons' frock was pretty—fawn tweed with brown velvet vest; the hostess was handsomely dressed in black satin.

I HAVE devoted considerable space to this affair because it furnishes ideas for other people. There is always a difficulty to find something fresh in the entertainment line for winter evenings. This seems to me an excellent innovation, and Lady Nigger Minstrel will probably divide the honours with progressive enche parties during the winter.

OVER every town in New Zealand the spirit of dulness reigns supreme. Wellington strove to overthrow this guardian of mediocrity a short time ago by instituting a strike among the tramway men, and for a day or two people did rouse up sufficiently to discuss the grievances, real or imaginary, of the strikers. Their interest and animation soon faded, however, before the discovery that no grievances existed but what might easily have been remedied without resorting to so extreme a measure as a strike; and again the city relapsed into its semi-torpid state. When the strikers found that their attempt to amuse a slumbering public was a signal failure, one would imagine that they would have quietly slunk back to work again until they had hit upon some better plan of exciting interest.

NOT so, however. They have actually spent weeks in loafing round town, hoping all the time that charitably-disposed persons would undertake to procure succour for them and their families by means of concerts and the like. Nor have their hopes been vain. Some small amount of money has been raised in this way, which, added to the strike pay meted out by the Trades' Council, has provided them with pocket money. The various Unions, too, have made a levy on their members, and in addition have instituted a system of begging from their respective butchers, bakers, and grocers. These estimable tradesmen have given with more or less liberality, knowing full well that a refusal will carry in its wake loss of custom, so looked at in this light, the amount of their donations is not by any means commensurate with their sympathy. By the way, 'canvassing' is the term employed by the Unions instead of 'begging.' But it is just as well to call a spade a spade, and to bear in mind whilst ruminating on the lofty character of these ex-tram employes, that they are yet sufficiently humble to accept alms.

THREE weeks have elapsed since the men were called out, and though the strike still continues, five men, to the chagrin of the Council have gone back to work. Were the remaining men more affected by home influence, the strike would not continue for another day, for no one knows better than woman what sufferings are entailed by strikes. She is the victim, woman and her children. No wonder she fails to recognise in the members of the Trades Council the reformers of society, especially of the poor man's home, which they set themselves up to be. What she recognises too surely is, that the Council's reforms act inversely on her happiness, and that when her husband merges his identity in that of the Council she speedily loses the solid comforts to which she has been accustomed.

'VERY little enthusiasm is manifested over the little comet which is now visible,' says a Timarui correspondent. 'It can be seen about 4 a.m., but I must confess I have not seen it myself. It is cold in the mornings now, and quite hard enough to get up when one has to. It would need a very good comet to make most of us get up at four, and as this is only a small one, we need not excuse ourselves for not turning out in the cold.'

A PICNIC arranged by the Railway Department from Dunedin to Stewart Island appears to have been a great success. Over a hundred set off 'on pleasure bent' by train to Invercargill, and from thence to the Bluff, where they were taken by the tug to Stewart Island, arriving about eight o'clock. Oban House, kept by Mr Goodall, accommodated about fourteen, and other boarding houses put up the rest. After tea an impromptu concert and dance was held at the Goodall's, the music being supplied by Mr M'Fadyen upon bagpipes. Messrs Findlay and Mitchell (Invercargill) assisted at the concert, also Mr George Leighton (Dunedin). Captain Munro, whose vessel was at the Bluff, gave an excellent recitation.

AN account written of the trip says: 'We had the pleasure of being introduced to the local constable, (who carries an umbrella). Although not kept very busy by the

criminal element, he must find sufficient to do to occupy his time, seeing that he is the general civil factotum, being constable, bailiff, registrar of births, deaths, and marriages, and authorised to unite in the bonds of matrimony all who are so disposed.' A veritable Pooh Bah, this gentleman!

THE Napier Chrysanthemum Show was held last week, and was more successful than the previous year's exhibition. Mrs Close and Mr Tiffen were most successful with their exhibits of dahlias, having the most perfect blooms staged.

THE gallant Tamaritan Navals organised a very pleasant boating function the other day, taking a small party in their cutter to see the Elginahira. Everyone enjoyed the trip hugely. The afternoon was bright and warm, and the sea beautifully calm.

THE first dance of the season in connection with the Ponsoby 'At Home' is fixed for the 13th of next month. It is proposed to hold a leap year dance about the middle of the season.

THE Chrysanthemum Show in Auckland has been a great success. Indeed, floral exhibitions of this kind are becoming more popular every year. I don't know why, but anything in the form of a 'show' draws like a magnet. The public appreciation of Mrs Jarley's waxworks in Dickens expresses real public sentiment with regard to anything of the species, be it an exhibition of prize babies, flowers, or art treasures. A lecture, an ordinary concert, or even a play will hang fire, but a show never. I suppose it is the air of pleasant mystery and expectation which precedes the unveiling of the exhibits, and the chance to freely criticise the productions of local effort and skill that tickle the popular fancy. This is not, however, as far as I can judge, the primary cause that crowded the Choral Hall during the Chrysanthemum Show last week.

EVEN to praise the achievements of your friends and make mince-meat of your enemies, is not worth a shilling three nights in succession, as numbers of the young people pretended to believe. That can easily be done in one evening. There is some greater attraction, and I fancy it lies in the excellent promenade concerts with which the Chrysanthemum Show is invariably attended. Nothing could afford better opportunity for social intercourse and harmless flirtations. Ferns and flowers made a fitting scene for the sentimental young man to pour out his passion to the object of his adoration, and the talk and laughter of the crowd a happy cover for his agitation.

THE exhibits were set off to the best possible advantage by a tasteful dispersion of green foliage. Clusters of ferns, nikau, or pampas grass reared themselves proudly aloft over arches, doorways, and in every available corner, as though endeavouring to outvie in their native grace and beauty, the flowers that owed their existence to man's care and cultivation. In the centre of the hall a fountain splashed and sparkled merrily, producing a cooling effect that was appreciated when each successive night the hall got more crowded, and 'still they came.' Besides when one had said everything you could possibly say three or four times over in admiration of each several flower in some hundreds of cut blooms, it was a relief to turn to the fountain and admire the fish.

CONCERTS were held on each of the successive evenings. On Friday Mr T. M. Jackson, Auckland's popular tenor, contributed largely to the vocal items, that being his last occasion of appearing before an Auckland public for some time to come. These concerts added greatly, as I believe I have already hinted, to the general enjoyment.

To sum up, calling these gatherings a Chrysanthemum Show is partially if not altogether a misnomer. The committee have adroitly combined under that name a series of promenade concerts, afternoon tea, and sociable conversations, and these gatherings have taken a foremost place among the entertainments of the year.

THERE is no doubt that New Zealand women mean to be free and franchised. In Otago the crusade is going on merrily, and the women are working *con amore* for what the 'poor working man' would term his rights. In Dunedin, indeed, the ladies' battle is assuming a very important, and, I might add, exciting aspect. At the recent meeting of the Women's Franchise Association held in the City Hall in that town, every seat was taken long before the proceedings commenced, and even standing room was at a premium. To be sure, says my special in that part of the world, 'A number may possibly have gone for

"fun," but be that as it may, they certainly remained deeply interested, and came away convinced that the "franchisee" women have common sense and right upon their side. Moreover, the speeches were not the wild utterances of fanatics, but the moderate, quiet, well-thought-out and well-expressed sentiments of people whose convictions were deep and earnest.'

'It seems strange,' continues my informant, evidently in favour of female franchise, 'that men should be so opposed to the advancement and well being of what they are pleased to call the weaker sex. It speaks little for their clarity of vision that they should not see that anything which advances the position of one half of the community must make the world better for the whole. The truth is that the men have hitherto had one law for themselves and another for the women, socially and otherwise, and that the easiest law has been for the men, while they have been physically the stronger.'

YET most things that women undertake they do thoroughly. Their great patience and perseverance—born of the fact that they always have to fight against great odds—will in the end carry the day. Mr Fish is fighting hard against the women, and sent round a number of canvassers petitioning ladies to sign against the female franchise. The one who called on my correspondent seemed particularly bitter against women meddling with things outside their own home, apparently forgetful of the fact that thousands would have no home did they not work to make one.



Hanna, photo, Auckland  
MR. ALEXANDER.

THE sudden death of this well-known solicitor caused much surprise in Auckland. Mr Alexander had enjoyed perfect health until about three months ago. He lately visited Okoroire and Waitera by the advice of the medical men, and was slightly benefited by the change. He leaves a wife and seven children, who are quite prostrate with grief. The funeral, which took place at St. Luke's, Mount Albert, was a very large one, the little church being quite unable to contain those who followed the coffin, which was covered with handsome wreaths sent by numerous friends to express their heartfelt sympathy with the widow in her affliction. The lesson was read by the Rev. F. McNicol, the Rev. F. Larkins taking the rest of the service.

THE following Wellington ladies, together with Miss Jones, of New Plymouth, were in Napier with the bowlers:—Mrs Gale, Mrs Haybittle, Miss Wilson, Mrs Lindsay, Mrs Miller; Mr and Mrs Lambie were also up for the tournament. Says my correspondent: 'Mr Lambie was looking as jolly as ever. Everyone was so pleased to see him. He was very popular as agent for the Union Steamship Company here. He now holds the same position in Christchurch. Miss Wilson is a pretty girl, and looked sweet in navy blue and large grey felt hat.'

THE opening day for the meet of the Pakuranga hounds has not yet been definitely fixed, but rumour saith it will be soon. There have been two informal hunts to exercise the hounds. About two dozen people followed. The officers of H.M.S. Ringarooma took a keen interest in the proceedings. The first meet was at Otahuhu, finishing up at Mr McLaughlin's, Papatoitoi; the second day at the Three Kings. On both occasions there was an excellent run.

How are the mighty fallen! The Auckland Amateur Opera Club are driven to the selection of 'Pinafore' for their next production. What pluck, what enterprise, how fresh and original, how beautifully suited to the galaxy of beauty and talent for which year by year this club has become so famous! Alas, 'tis no time for pleasant rallery, however. For the last two seasons or so it was seen that the club was on the way down hill. The 'Sorcerer' was a forecast of impending desolation. 'Princess Ida' restored confidence till it had been heard, but now when 'Pinafore' is announced chaos is indeed come again. 'Pinafore' is an excellent opera, and Noah was a very praiseworthy old gentleman, but the 'done to death' music will not draw a crowd any more than would lectures on the awful weather enjoyed in his time, by the respected father of Shem, Ham, and the other one. The departure of Mr Tom Jackson has robbed the Opera Club of its only good singer, unless Mr Dufaur consents to come forward again, as is extremely unlikely considering the company. Mr Reid there is, 'tis true, and Mr A. Taylor, but these are but single stars in a black sky. The Club wants reconstructing. The wire pulling is too evident, and certain prominent members of committee ought to be stood out in the cold to cool their opinions of their own importance.

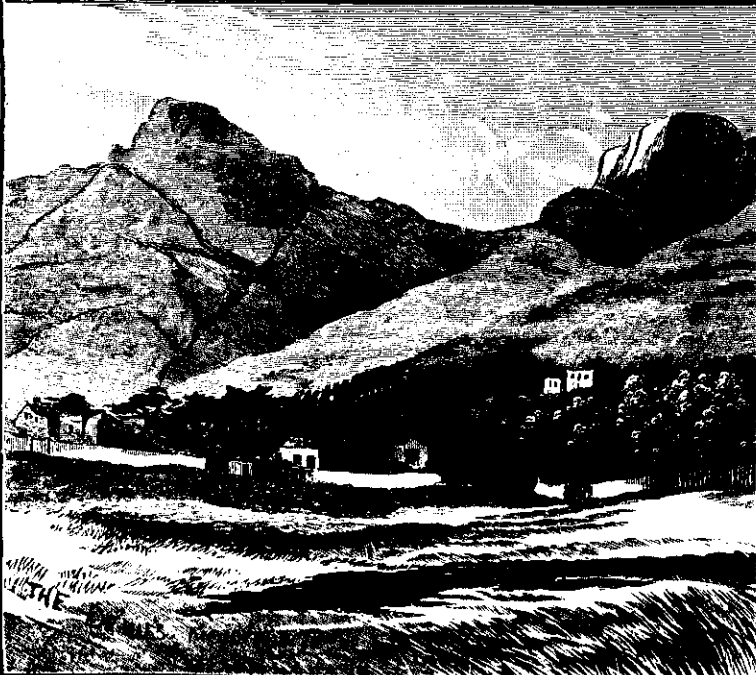
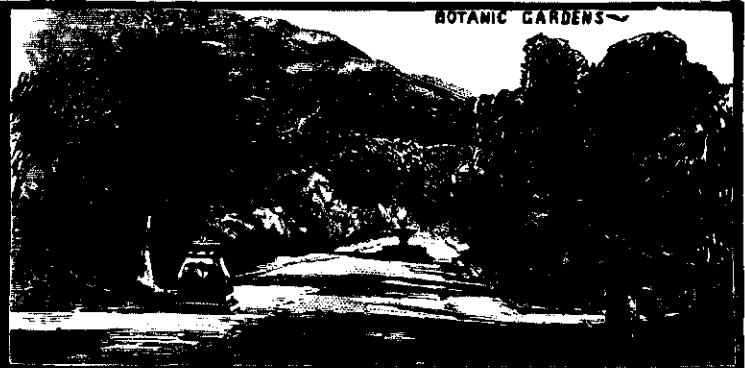
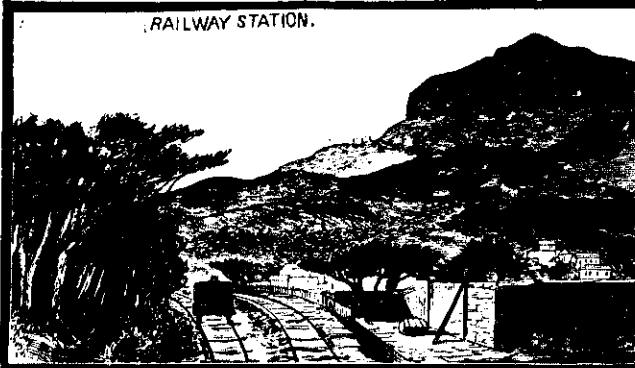
DREARY indeed must Easter have been in Dunedin. The weather was shocking—wet, cold, and miserable. On Easter Sunday, says my Otago correspondent, the gloom seemed to have intensified with the cold and pitiless rain that beat upon the window panes while the glad services were being held. Neither anthem nor triumphant hymn dispelled the sensation of sadness, and although collectively the worshippers appeared to demonstrate their rejoicings, individually they huddled beneath their warm cloaks, and sped away briskly home when the services were over. The decorations, too, looked washed out; the wreaths were fresh, but the flowers looked rain-sodden. Their pure white seemed to make things a little more chill.

THE changes in the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile *regime* will remove two very popular figures from Auckland society. Mr W. F. Lawry is to go to Sydney, having been promoted to the management there. He will be greatly missed, and so will Mrs Lawry, who is one of the shining lights of smart society in Auckland, and probably the best dressed woman in the North. Mr Johnson, who has for years been second in command, will take the managerial chair. His promotion to this important post will be highly popular in the Loan and Mercantile service, as Mr Johnson is as thoroughly liked as he is respected by all the senior and junior men in the service.

MY London correspondent says:—'Baroness de Roques, Mrs Maybrick's mother, arrived in London from Rouen the other day, and went to the House of Parliament for a conference with Sir Charles Russell, Mr Pollard, Q.C., and Mr Fletcher Moulton in reference to her daughter's case. The conference adjourned to next week. The Baroness visited Mrs Maybrick in gaol. The lawyers do not seem to have got any further than when they began their task of trying to secure her release.'

THE Montague-Turner Company opened what promises to be a very successful New Zealand opera season in Auckland on Monday. 'Maitana' was played, and the principals were heard to the greatest advantage. The house was packed from floor to ceiling, and the applause was as frequent as it was well-deserved. Miss Annis Montague is an ideal Maritana, and her voice is exceedingly pure and sweet with no lack of strength. 'Chas. Turner, who is some years older than when he last visited the colony, has improved. His voice is of the tenor robusto, of excellent quality, with the timbre, alas! too seldom found. He sings with great spirit, and acts with considerable ability. As heretofore, his Don Cesar is unapproachable. Mr Farley has a deep resonant voice of great quality and power. He made a very capable Don José on the opening night. The other members of the company are also distinctly good, and it needs no prophet to foretell a brilliant season for the Company.

THE remains of the late Mr W. E. Ivey, Director of the School of Agriculture, Lincoln, who died so suddenly, were conveyed to their last resting place in the Springston Cemetery the other afternoon. The funeral procession on leaving the College soon became a very long one. Immediately following the hearse and mourning coach were several members of the Board of Governors of the Canterbury College, then the masters, past masters, and students. The President (Mr H. Overton) of the Canterbury Agricultural and Pastoral Association, the Secretary (Mr M. Murphy), and a number of its prominent members were present, also a great many leading citizens of Christchurch, together with farmers from all parts of the neighbourhood, testifying to the respect and high esteem in which their late friend was held. The Rev. J. F. Teakle was the officiating minister, assisted by the Revs. W. F. Knowles, A. D. Towell, and W. Dunkley, who met the funeral procession at the entrance of the cemetery.



VIEWS IN AND AROUND CAPE TOWN.

SEE LETTERPRESS—'EN ROUTE TO NEW ZEALAND.'

EN ROUTE TO NEW ZEALAND.

A DAY AT THE CAPE.

(BY 'KIWI'.)



We were steaming through historic waters. The dark blue waves that our sharp iron bow clove in twain and passed on to be churned into milky foam by our giant propeller, had in ages past kissed the sides of Diaz and Vasco di Gama's gallant ships. The treasures of many a lumbering old Indianman, the guns of many a privateer, aye, and the grave of many a stout-hearted, pig-tailed mariner lay beneath us. The rugged bluff upon our port that divided two mighty oceans had once been regarded the corner of the earth. From the trough of the very sea upon our starboard the frightened seaman had in later years beheld the 'Klaving Dutchman' start. It was a beautiful morning, and the sun shone brightly upon the 'Cape of Storms.' Thus far had the good steamship Tongariro borne us in comparative comfort from the shores of Old England, whence our young New Zealand personalities had been to see the 'land of our fathers.'

On we raced in fine style, accompanied by a school of porpoises, until about two hours' time brought us to the entrance of Table Bay. Towering in its majesty behind the city of Capetown, the Table Mountain stood, presenting an appearance beautiful in the extreme, capped as it was by a thick white cloud which gave the suggestion of a spotless, new-laid cloth. The few minutes we had to wait for the pilot were pleasantly employed viewing the hills which bounded the city on three sides, and the fine sweep of beach which stretched at its foot. Naturally the bay was much exposed to the violence of the ocean, but a splendid piece of work in the shape of a breakwater has made the harbour as secure in stormy weather as one could wish. Sydneyites with their harbour, and Ancklanders with theirs, may perhaps realise the necessity that existed for Capetown to have such a protection when it is related that an old tar (who has been sailing on the South African coast for years) told me that he has seen six eight-hundred ton ships go ashore in one night—total wrecks—through the swell that rolled in straight from the ocean.

Under the pilot's directions we steamed past the breakwater and made fast to a coaling jetty inside what is known as the 'Outer Basin.' Here was waiting for us the most motley crowd mineyehaveever seen. Composed of negroes, Boers, Chinamen, Malays, Europeans, and nondescripts, all of whom were dressed or undressed after their particular religion, fashion, or whim, it looked at once interesting and confusing. No sooner had our vessel's hawsers been made fast to the jetty than the dread work of coaling commenced, and we left.

A fine tramcar conveyed us from the wharf to the city, which I had better 'fall to' and describe. The tourist, who remembering the age of the capital and principal seaport of Cape Colony, views it from the sea, cannot fail to be disappointed. This is, however, but a first impression—an impression that fades away on a closer acquaintance, as he discovers that the principal portion of the city is situated in a depression between Lion's Hill and Table Mountain. To the most casual and most superficial observer the changes which Cape Town has been subjected to at the hands of the Dutch and English are as distinctly related by the architectural oddities of the place as by the pages of the most carefully-written history. Thus the older part of the town, with its flat-roofed houses and narrow streets, looking so generally oriental in character, told us of the position it once held as the 'half-way house' between Western Europe and the Golden East. The queer gabled houses with their old-fashioned tiles, little windows and diamond-shaped panes, spoke to us of the Dutch influence, and carried us back in thought to the happy days we had so recently spent in the 'Faderland' among the canals and windmills. Whilst the broad streets of the newer portion, with the many fine English buildings, conspicuous among them being the Houses of Parliament, the General Post Office, the Standard Bank, and the Public Free Library and Museum—record the history of the past few years. Wherever he has been, where can you not find some noble trace, some loving remembrance of Sir George Grey? In giving such invaluable books and manuscripts to the Auckland Library he but followed a self-set precedent, for to the Capetown Library and Museum he has given munificently. To this building in duty bound we bled, and spent a couple of enjoyable hours in inspecting the treasures within.

When wearied of books, and tired of seeing curios, we turned into the Botanic Gardens, and under the delicious shade of giant trees 'thought it good to be there.' The strains of inspiring military music floated down for some distance from where the band of an Imperial regiment was playing to our ears, and so livened us up again, that when the melody had ceased we set forth once more to look about us. As the Tongariro was not to proceed on her voyage again until midnight, and as it was then but little before mid-day, we elected, on the advice of an obliging gentleman whom we met, to take train for Wynberg, a village that lay about eight miles inland. The railway station from which we started was a veritable miniature Cannon-street, and reflected great credit upon the place. The book-stall, without which an English railway station would be incomplete, was there, and displayed upon its shelves literature sufficient to last a man on a voyage to the moon. But as such a journey was not to be ours, we deemed the Cape Times sufficient to satisfy our thirst for news and entertainment on the journey when, the bell having rung, we took our seats, and were soon proceeding—certainly not at a break-neck speed—to our chosen place of visitation. The route brought us in sight of some pretty stretches of country, but nothing of the order to rush into raptures about. Undoubtedly the best sight was that of the Lion Mount, the sides other than that which was seen from the sea being brought into view as the train travelled westward. Away back in the old days of the Cape the Dutch used Lion's Mount for signalling purposes, having a gun stationed at its

summit to apprise the inhabitants of the approach of the friendly Indianmen, or warn them of the appearance of suspicious-looking rakish crafts. Now a signal house with all the modern appliances is situated at the top, and it commands one of the most splendid views to be seen anywhere. Near Wynberg, however, the scenery more than made up for what was lacking in the first part of the journey, and as the train dived into an avenue of tall trees and pulled up at the platform of a country station, the sight was beautiful indeed. Wynberg resembles our Whangarei, or rather Whangarei resembles Wynberg, with respect to its salubrity of climate and fruit-producing qualities. Acres and acres of ground are covered with vines, and the grapes are of the most delicious order. The beautiful shady lanes with which Wynberg is blessed, the fragrance of the air and the spirit of calm with which she is enveloped wove that charm over our ocean-tossed souls that forbade us to think (for some time) that we were hungry. It was past meridian, and the rays of the sun were falling aslant when we reached the Standard Hotel. To our delight our host proved to be an old Wellington man, and with his company and some of the best wine in the Cape a pleasant dinner-hour was spent. Nothing would please him but that he must return with us to the city and show us the place thoroughly, so four o'clock found us once more in Cape Town. Much that we had before missed the genial host of the Standard showed us, taking us over the Jewish synagogue and the Mahomedan mosque. He regretted that the shortness of our stay prohibited an ascent of Table Mountain, which is over 3,500 feet above the level of the sea. Except under the charge of a practical guide strangers should not attempt to ascend the mountain, as in several instances pedestrians have in the fog lost their way, and perished from hunger and cold. By the courtesy of the commanding officer we were shown over several batteries which were situated in Table Bay, and paid a visit to the Old Castle, a place rich in historic memories. This fortress, the walls of which are of great thickness, was built by the Dutch in 1674, and is said even now to be bomb-proof.

A chat about the country and its people after tea, and a three-quarter mile stroll through Oak Avenue in the moonlight filled the remainder of our time on shore, and with the sights of the earlier part of the day formed the subject of much beguiling conversation during the remainder of our voyage to New Zealand.

TE AROHA.

ONE of the most interesting places in the Auckland Province is Te Aroha. It lies 115 miles distant from the City of Auckland, in a southerly direction, at the foot of Mount Aroha—i.e., the Mountain of Love. It has for several years been justly celebrated for the efficiency of its Hot Springs, especially in cases of rheumatism and dyspepsia.

The Domain Board have laid out the lower slopes of the mountain, and erected substantial bath houses, which contains both public and private baths. A capital drinking-fountain has been constructed for the use of visitors strolling through the upper portion of the domain. There is also a tennis ground.

The Clab and Hot Springs Hotels are within a few yards of the baths; the Palace is some little distance. The township consists of one principal street, with several shops. The scenery resembles that usually met with in the vicinity of other Hot Springs, but the river is picturesque and sinuous, and excellent boats and canoes can be hired at a very moderate price. The mining township of Waiorongomai is three miles distant, and there is a capital view to be obtained from the summit of the mountain.

TWO MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

EACH WAS FOLLOWED BY A LAUGH AND AN APOLOGY.

A LAKE steamer was on its way from Marquette to Saginaw. Among the passengers was an inquiring English tourist, who came on board at Marquette at dark, and immediately turned in. After breakfast he came on deck with a very ill-defined notion where he was, and at the first opportunity he accosted the captain, who was anything but the affable personage of whom we hear so frequently. 'Beg pardon, sir,' said he, 'but can you tell me the name of the lake I'm on?'

'The Lake Huron,' replied the captain, shortly, and passed on about his duties.

The passenger looked puzzled for a moment, and then, supposing he had been misunderstood, followed the official. 'I beg your pardon. Did you say—'

'It's the Lake Huron,' said the captain, brusquely, wondering if the passenger was hard of hearing.

'Yes, I know,' persisted the anxious inquirer; 'but what's the name of the lake I'm on?'

'The lake you're on is the Lake Huron,' roared the captain, thoroughly exasperated at such stupidity, and not at all conscious of the double meaning conveyed in his speech.

The passenger looked after the retreating official in angry astonishment.

'The lake I'm on is the lake I'm on,' he soliloquized. 'What beastly impertinence! Of course it is! The lake I'm—'

Then he paused; the solution of the mystery flashed across his mind, and he laughed so heartily that it put him in a good humour, and presently he hunted up the irate captain and straightened out matters to their mutual satisfaction.

A parallel incident refers to the adventures of a man who went to a certain railway-station in New Jersey to buy a ticket for a small village named Morrow, where a station had been opened only a few days previously.

'Does this train go to Morrow?' asked the man, coming up to the office in a great hurry, and pointing to a train on the track with steam up and every indication of departure.

'No; it goes to-day,' replied the ticket agent, curtly. He thought the man was 'trying to be funny,' as the saying goes.

'But,' rejoined the man, who was in a great hurry, 'does it go to Morrow to-day?'

'No, it goes yesterday, the week after next,' said the agent, sarcastically, now sure that the inquirer was trying to make game of him.

'You don't understand me,' cried the man, getting very much excited, as the engine gave a warning toot. 'I want to go to Morrow.'

'Well, then,' said the agent, sternly, 'why don't you go to-morrow and not come around here to-day? Step aside, please, and let that lady approach the window.'

'But, my dear sir!' exclaimed the bewildered inquirer, 'it is important that I should be in Morrow to-day, and if the train stops there, or if there is no train to Morrow to-day—'

At this critical juncture when there was some danger that the mutual misunderstanding would drive both men frantic, an old official happened along and straightened out matters in less than a minute.

The agent apologized, the man got out his ticket, and the train started for Morrow to-day.

'Mary,' he said sweetly to his young wife, 'will you make me just one of your biscuits?' 'Oh, Harry,' she murmured, throwing her arms about his neck, 'I'm so glad! I thought from what you said when I made the last ones you didn't like them.' 'Um—er—um!' He hesitated. 'You had those for breakfast. I want this one for a paper night?'

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

LOCAL INDUSTRY v. IMPORTATIONS.—Competent judges assert that the Lozenges, Jububes and Sweets manufactured by AULSEBROOK & Co. are unequalled.—(ADVT.)



TE AROHA.

# ATHLETICS.

GR<sup>EAT</sup> is the tug-of-war. The stupendous success of the International contests of this ilk in Australia has led to their adoption in New Zealand. The first great contest was held the other evening in Christchurch in a huge tent erected opposite the Theatre Royal. About two thousand spectators were present. The floor was, by the way, barred across, so that splendid foothold was obtained by the contestants. Two New Zealand teams were the first to take the floor, captained by Messrs F. Foster and P. Cairns. This contest was soon over, the former's team winning in 35sec. Then came Australia v. Scotland, captained, respectively, by Mr Eden George and Mr J. R. Ross, wearing the garb of his country. The band played 'Kangaroo Dance' and 'Auld Lang Syne'; then they settled down to work, and in 17min. 17sec. the colonials won amid great applause. The next pull was Germany against China, with Mr F. Wallace and Mr Sam Young at the head. The Germans, after 2min. 3sec. of a stiff pull, got their opponents over the line amid great cheering and the strains of 'Die Wacht am Rhein.' The excitement reached its climax when the New Zealanders and English took up their position. The band played 'Rule Britannia,' and the large crowd became wildly enthusiastic. The struggle was a grand one. The pull lasted 46min. 26sec. It is impossible to adequately describe the fight. First one side and then the other would seem to have the advantage. Maorilanders were, however, too good, and after a finely-fought tussle pulled the Englishmen fairly across the mark. The large crowd roared their applause with all the strength of lung of which they were capable, and the successful New Zealanders were carried to their quarters shoulder high.

It was, however, on the following evening that the grand pull of the competition took place. There were two exciting but soon decided contests. First Australia beat China in 48sec., and Scots beat English in 15min. 40sec. Then the two cracks took the floor—New Zealand v. German. It was seen at once that the fight would be long and bitter. The teams were evenly balanced as regards physique, and the men on both sides full of pluck and in magnificent fettle. The struggle was as fine a display of pluck, endurance, physical strength and staying power as has ever been seen in the colony. For nearly an hour did the rival teams tug and strain, while the crowd, which must have numbered over three thousand people, were downright crazy with excitement. Never was such a fight, and when after 1 hour 53 seconds the Germans at last pulled the New Zealanders across the line and secured the victory, the cheers were deafening. The Maorilanders also got an ovation for their stubborn defence. The band, which had been under the leadership of Mr C. F. Binz both evenings, played a German national air, and the proceedings terminated.

The event of the week in the South Island has, of course, been the football match between the Masterton and the Alhambra Clubs, Dunedin. The weather was perfect, and a very large number of people gathered to see the match.

SAYS my telegraphic correspondent—'Masterton won the toss, and played with the wind behind them. McCleary kicked off. Play was immediately taken to Masterton's 25, but H. Perry relieved with a splendid screw punt, and a fine rush with Day in the van took the ball to the Alhambra end of the field. The Alhambra Reds soon brought it back, however, but Crawshaw nulled badly, and H. Perry getting possession soon after, potted a goal for the visitors.

AFTER the kick-out Baker, Robertson, and Johnson made a fine passing rush, but J. Perry intercepted them and returned to touch. Watson followed up with a dashing run, and was not stopped till he got to Ross, the Reds full-back, who collared him finely. Noel, from a pass by Baker, had a fine opportunity to score, but fumbled badly. Alhambra still continued to force matters, and nearly scored from a passing rush of their forwards, and Masterton forced down twice running. The Reds returned immediately to the attack and McLaren nearly got in. Noel missed another fine opportunity to score, and Watson rushed the ball back, but McCleary replied with a fine run right through the visitors' backs; Holmwood collared him in the nick of time, and Masterton were forced. Crawshaw nulled the kick-out badly, and Alhambra still held the upper hand, their forwards passing beautifully until half time was called.

ON resuming, the local men attacked Masterton's lines, but a free kick gave the visitors some respite, and Watson, by following hard, prevented Crawshaw from returning the kick. C. Perry failing to stop a Reds' rush, Esquilant

scored between posts, and Restieux enhanced by adding another 3 points. Malcolm kicked off, but McCleary broke away from the line out and passed to Baker, and the latter to Noel, who again nulled the opportunity. The visitors were forced down immediately afterwards, and following the kick-out Alhambra attacked again—8. Baker got over, and secured the second try, but it was not improved upon. G. Briggs then scored close to the corner flag immediately after, but no goal resulted. Malcolm marked for the visitors in a good position, but nothing came of the kick, and a Red onslaught ended in McLaren dashing over and scoring. Restieux kicked at goal, but again failed. Masterton kicked out, and were soon on the defensive, and from a loose rush McLaren again scored, but no goal resulted. The visitors carried play into the local men's twenty-five and Watson looked like scoring, but spoilt the attempt by bad passing. C. Perry broke away immediately afterwards, and passed to McCarthy, who punted down the field, but the ball came back at once, and Baker scored very easily close to the corner flag, Restieux this time kicking a beautiful goal. H. Perry relieved several times after the kick-out by smart punting, and just on time, Downes marked, but the kick at goal went wide. The match thus resulted in a win for Alhambra by 18 points to 4.

THE game was a fairly good one, but Masterton were beaten all round, except perhaps in collaring. Their forwards did not play up to their reputation, and showed little of that dash which usually characterises their play. Their combination was far inferior to that of their opponents, and they appeared to have several shirkers amongst their number. Watson was about the best, Day and Grey following closely. Whitman was never prominent. The Masterton backs are a very smart lot, kicking and collaring very well. H. Perry and Thompson are the best of them.

THE Alhambra men have never played better, and I think after this game will be acknowledged to be the best club team in the colony. Their passing and general combination were excellent. Time after time they carried the ball to the Masterton line by splendid passing rushes, and most of their tries were the outcome of these. Among the forwards McCleary, Baker, Johnston, and McLaren were about the best. The brunt of back work was borne by Downes, Restieux, and Crawford, who played finely. Noel was a failure.

THE following were the teams:—Masterton: Backs, E. Holmwood, Thompson, McCarthy, C. J. and H. Perry; forwards, Whitman (captain), Day, Malcolm, McKeachie, Watson, Grey, Welch, Cameron, and Holmwood. Alhambra: Backs, Ross, Noel, Crawshaw, Downes, Restieux, Crawford; forwards, McCleary (captain), Briggs (2), Baker, Johnston, Wells, Robertson, McLaren, and Esquilant.

THE weather at Dunedin on Saturday was very bad, but nevertheless a large number of people wended their way to the Caledonian Ground to see the matches between the Kaikorai Football Club and the Invercargill Pirates Club, and also between the Dunedin and Invercargill Clubs. The weather during the Easter holidays was quite on its worst behaviour, and prevented holiday-makers from going on excursions, and I suppose the large attendance at the football matches was due to the fact that there was nothing else to do. The match between Kaikorai and the Invercargill Pirates started first (at 2 p.m.), and resulted in a very easy victory for the former by 10 tries (20 points) to nil. The place-kicking was execrable, not one goal being kicked, and most of the tries obtained were in easy positions. As the score indicates, the game was very one-sided, and consequently not very interesting.

THE visitors did not play the wet-day game—kick hard and follow up—but tried to go in for too much picking up, and of course the state of the ball and the ground rendered this almost impossible. They also failed to take advantage of their opportunities, seldom backing a man up when dribbling, and not following up a kick smartly. The combination of the Kaikorai team I thought good for so early in the season, and some of their men played very well, Torrance, Wilkinson, and McLaren being most prominent among the forwards, and Duncan and Laurensen of the backs. Duncan this season is playing half back, and so far is shaping very well. Offside play and shirking the scrimmage marred his play in the forward division considerably last season. The scorers for Kaikorai were: Duncan, 3 tries; Wilkinson, 2; McLaren, 2; Richardson, Laurensen, and Torrance 1 each. Among the visitors Tapper and Rodgers played fairly well behind the scrum, and among the forwards, most of whose names I did not know, McRobie (captain) was about the best. Ekensteen, the well-known

Southland representative forward was a complete failure at three quarter back.

THE match between the Dunedin and Invercargill Football Clubs, which began immediately on the termination of the one just described, was a much more interesting contest, and resulted in a win for the visitors by a goal and a try to nil. Play was fairly even, but the Invercargill were undoubtedly the better team. Unlike their townmen, the Pirates, they played the wet day game, and both their tries were the outcome of it. Considering the unfavourable circumstances under which the game was played their backs played a very safe game, taking the ball very cleanly—a very marked contrast to their opponents, who were quite at sea in this respect. The visitors' forwards were also superior to the Dunedin men; they used their feet well, and supported one another well. The best of them were Todd, Martin and Macpherson, and of their backs Grenfell (a brother of Otago's last year full back), Neave, and Henderson. Of the Dunedin team, which contained several second fifteen men, Turton and Isaacs were the best of the forwards, and Stephenson and Lynch of the backs.

FOOTBALL has commenced in earnest in Timaru. The match between Kaiapoi and the Timaru Union Club was witnessed by a large number of spectators and was interesting and closely contested throughout, though the visitors did all the scoring, eventually winning a well fought game. On the players taking the field it could be at once seen the visitors had advantage in weight, especially among the forwards, the local team shining more particularly in defence. After the kick-off play was kept for some time in the centre, but Kaiapoi then worked the ball down to the Union line, and a force resulted. The local men then played up better and rushed the ball inside Kaiapoi's 25 when half-time was called. The second spell was more exciting, and began with some splendid play on the part of the visitors, and they soon had the Union boys on the defensive again very near the centre.

THE local men worked hard, but Phantom crossed their line, and a maul between him and Barry resulted. This was decided in Kaiapoi's favour, and amidst great excitement Uru converted the try by a good kick. Soon after resuming Uru added another goal to the score, this time from near the centre. No side was then called, and loud cheers were given for both teams. Among the winners Widdowson, Lord, Phantom, Uru (two), Bates, and McGregor were most conspicuous, while for the local men Macintosh, Shrimpton, Allen, and Gardner played best. At the close of the game the visitors were driven into town, and left again by the North express, after tea.

ANOTHER very good match was played on the Caledonian grounds, Timaru, the same day between the Temuka F.C. and the Colonial F.C. The game was much spoiled by the bad state of the ground, which was very sloppy indeed, in some places quite under water. Through the first half the Colonials had decidedly the best of it, and several times Temuka were forced down. More than once their goal was in danger. There was no play worthy of mention until the second spell. Even then for some time the play was all among the forwards; but shortly before time Bronsaban (Temuka) made a splendid rush with the ball and kicked a goal, the first score for Temuka. Time was called almost immediately, and the game stood Temuka, five points Colonials, two points.

MARRIED v. SINGLE made a very interesting match on the Hastings racecourse the other day. The weather was perfect, and the ground well patronised. Gore, as usual distinguished himself, and Bob Braithwaite, Williams and Tanner played good cricket. The Benedicts were beaten, but took the beating well. Mrs J. N. Williams provided afternoon tea. This lady has been a very good friend to cricket, providing the cakes, fruit, and other refreshments at all the matches throughout the season. Would there were more like her in other places. A number of ladies came to see the match, including Mesdames J. N. Williams, T. Williams (Wellington), Beetham (Wellington), Fitzroy, Russell, Fenwick, Gore, E. Tanner, Loughnan, and the Misses Russell, Grace, St. Hill (Riding), Williams, Lowry, and Hewson (Riding), Nelson, and several others. Mrs Rees, of Auckland, a great patron of cricket, was also present, looking remarkably well, and not a day older than when she was here before.

THE Wairarapa is already one of the strongest football districts in the colony, and will be still further strengthened this season by the presence of E. W. Broad, late of Nelson. He has just been appointed to a position in the Bank of Australasia at Masterton. Broad will also be an acquisition in the Southern cricket field, as he is a clever bat and smart field.

THE annual meeting of the Otago Rugby Football Union was held on Wednesday, and was largely attended. I mentioned some time ago that an attempt was going to be made to establish Cup matches. Mr Shand, delegate of the Taieri Club, duly moved a resolution to give effect to such an arrangement, but with the exception of the seceder, Mr Murdoch, his fellow delegate, no one else voted for it.

The Chairman of the meeting, Dr. Coughtrey, a vice-president of the Union, and J. H. Chapman, hon. treasurer of the same body, said that if the motion was carried they would resign, and that had probably a deterrent effect, as the card was pricked before the meeting, and at least ten delegates were found to be in favour of the establishment of Cup matches. The officers of the Union for this season are:—Mr James Allen, president; Messrs R. Chisholm, J. H. Morrison, D. A. Jolly, and Dr. Coughtrey, vice-presidents; Mr F. Horne, hon. secretary; Mr J. Chapman, hon. treasurer; and Messrs F. Stilling, J. R. Montgomery, R. Martin, J. B. Waters, W. D. Milne, and W. Wyinka, committee.

THE match between Gordon II. and Auckland II. last Saturday to decide who should hold the Junior Cup for the season attracted a good deal of interest, and quite a 'big crowd' were present. Auckland had not quite their strongest team, several prominent men, notably Harkness, Gaudin, and Taylor being absent, whilst on the other hand they played Howard, who is one of the best first eleven men, and played with success to the end of their season.

AUCKLAND started batting first, but could only manage to put up the small total of 32, for which Coff was principally responsible, and practically saving this side. His placing was, as the saying goes, to a 'hair.' Kelly and Kenderline shared the bowling honours for the opposing side. Gordon only having 32 to get, everybody thought it would prove a very tame affair, and nobody was prepared for the surprise that followed. Kelly and Graham started to the bowling of Seccombe and Howard. Kelly was dismissed at 3, and then a general rot appeared to set in, nobody appeared able to make a stand at all, and the last wicket fell for the paltry total of 28, 4 runs behind. The match is now in a very interesting state, each side having another innings. It will be concluded next Saturday week, owing to the Northern Amateur Athletic Club having engaged the ground for next Saturday.

THE less that is said about individual play on both sides the better. Howard's bowling was execrable, but the Gordon batting was worse. Bell played with considerable 'side,' but very little else, and spooned in a way which no excuse could justify. Kissing missed slow full pitchers to leg with a consistency which might have been amusing had it not been exasperating, and the running was lazy in the extreme. Altogether it is a long time since so sorry a display has been seen in the Domain.

THERE was no regular encampment this year at Christchurch, but several volunteer companies were under canvas in different parts. Men do not seem as if they like to give up their camp out. At Sumner the City Guards and Richmond Rifles pitched their tents, and in spite of the rain and getting one of their tents blown down enjoyed the life. The Flying Column of Mounted Rifles left town in charge of Lieutenant Palaret. They camped at Birdling's Flat, and had a sham fight in Buchanan's Valley against Captain Martin's squad, finally reaching Akaroa, having had a wet march a great part of the time. Some members of the Christchurch and College Rifle Corps, camped at Port Levy on Messrs Fleming's property, had some practice and an encounter with the Mounted Rifles, who had marched round from Akaroa to take them unawares, but who were surrounded instead and had to surrender.

THE fishing season seems to have been a splendid one. The Orari, Tengawai, and Waiti are all well-stocked with trout, etc. The sportsmen of the surrounding districts have thoroughly enjoyed the season, which is now over. I have heard of some very good hauls, and Mr Mendelson, of Timaru, is especially to be congratulated on his good fortune. His record is somewhere over four hundred fish, some of them very large ones, weighing over 9lbs.

SPORTS and races in connection with the Auckland Polo Club were carried out at Potter's Grounds, Epsom, on Saturday afternoon. There were also representatives from the Takapuna Polo Club. There was a fair attendance, especially of ladies, who were afforded some little amusement by various members of the clubs. Mr R. Garrett acted as judge and clerk of the scales, and Mr Geo. Cutts was tarter. The bending competition was the first on the programme. It was won by Mr A. McKellar's Mona. The second event was the polo ball race. The ball was hit from the post to a flagpole 150 yards distant and back to the winning post. Mr Wansborough's Snuff won rather easily. Seven others competed. The cup race, distance four furlongs, was won by Mr Wansborough's b m Rangiora, 12st. 2lb., ridden by the owner, who won very easily, with Mr Colgrove's Duchess second, and Mr Stewart's Coquette third, the owners riding.

IN the cigar and umbrella race each competitor had to light a cigar, open his umbrella before starting, and carry them throughout the race. This caused considerable amusement, and resulted in Mr Stewart's Pepita winning. The hurdle race of six furlongs was won by Mr Stewart's Coquette rather easily. Mr Gilmore, who was riding his horse Kiwi, had a nasty spill before coming to the first hurdle. Coquette also won the steeplechase after a very exciting race with Maria, who when ridden at top came down at the double jump in the strait. Mr Wansborough's mare Rangiora won the ladies' bracelet, nominated by Miss B. Goodson. The compulsory race for all ponies that had run during the day, except the winners of the hurdles and cup races, was easily won by Mr Colgrove's Duchess.

THE sports should certainly have been far better attended than they were. For fun pure and simple the affair was far and away the greatest success that has been achieved in the north for a very long while. The number of spills was phenomenal. The fun commenced in the hurdle race, when Mr H. Brett came a cropper in the preliminary canter. He was not hurt, however, and was soon in the pigskin again. After going about 150 yards in the same race Mr Gilmore appeared to have had enough, and rolled off his pony, to the detriment of his superlative 'get up.' His face was bruised rather badly, and the rider retired. Not so his horse, however. That plucky little animal continued the race with great spirit, taking the hurdles in fine style till the last, when it came a regular crumpler, standing straight on its head for quite an appreciable time. The roars of laughter which followed the catastrophe were very nearly having a melancholy termination, for Stewart and Daveny were riding so close behind the acrobatic equine that a nasty spill for both was only just averted.

THE ladies' bracelet was 'immense.' Wansboro's horse reemed bent on dancing a hornpipe on his hind legs to the discomfiture of the doughty rider, who turned perceptibly pale. Smiles of encouragement from the grand-stand, however, restored the blood to his cheek, and he rode cleverly and won easily. In this event the conditions were:—Competitors to start with ribbons, gallop to one furlong post and back, dismount at hurdles, lead ponies up to the nominators, and let them thread needles, re-mount, and again gallop round one furlong post. Competitors to gallop round post from right to left, and must finish with needle threaded. As may be imagined, it was tremendously exciting, and vastly entertaining.



HIS LATEST PHOTO.

SIR GEORGE GREY ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

AMONGST the numerous other things which Sir George Grey undertook on his eightieth birthday was to be photographed. The picture obtained by Mr Hanna in the garden is an excellent one, as may be seen above. Mr Hanna has suffered so much at the hands of pirates that this picture has been copyrighted.

IN the steeple Stewart, Gay, and Francis led, Wansboro' and 'Jimmy' Daveny bringing up the rear very finely. Stewart took the first stone wall beautifully, but Daveny got a cropper. Perhaps his horse mistook the wall for a shadow for it failed to rise. At the first double jump Stewart and Francis rose together, the latter was pulling hard, and his horse didn't rise, so he also came a neat cropper. Stewart's riding in both hurdles and steeplechase was much admired by the ladies. He certainly went straight, and made no mistake except rather rushing his horse at the last hurdle, and nearly coming down. Rangiora was undoubtedly the best horse on the flat, and his rider, Wansboro', gained repeated applause. He divided the honours of the day with Stewart, both winning three races.

THE great bowling tournament is over. Never before were there so many visitors in Napier. The hotels have been full to overflowing, and must have been doing a roaring trade this last week. Visitors from all parts put in an appearance on the green, and very pretty the scene was, enhanced by the gay gowns of the gentler sex. The weather was certainly not as good as it might have been, and again it might have been worse, but it was a pity the rain didn't hold off for another week, as it made things slightly damp. Notwithstanding this everyone had a right good time, and all who were present, will long remember the bowling tournament of 1892. The familiar faces and forms of Messrs Lyndon and Balfour were much missed, and many were the inquiries made about them. The former gentleman was too unwell to be present. The latter had gone to Taupo to try and get rid of unpleasant rheumatic pains and aches. Mrs Balfour and the Misses Balfour graced the ground with their presence, and helped with the tea, together with a number of other ladies. Tea was provided in a pavilion, and most acceptable it was. It would be quite impossible to give the names of all who were on the ground, but apparently the whole of Napier turned out.

WITH regard to the play it was excellent all round, especially in the 'Champion Fours' matches, when Chris church came out best. The most keenly-contested matches were those between Wellington and Auckland, and Napier and Wanganui. Napier pulled off, owing to a lucky drive of Ashton's, who was carried shoulder high round the green by his delighted colleagues. Napier was beaten by Auckland in the 'Champion Fours.' Play was continued on Tuesday and Wednesday, a large number of people attending each day. At the close of the proceedings Mrs McVay presented the prizes to the lucky winners. In the champion rink tournament the first prize was won by the New Plymouth team. The local men did very well indeed, and would no doubt have done better had the weather been warmer. As it was the cold numbed their hands.

AMONGST those of the fair sex who looked remarkably well were Mesdames Balfour, Tabuteau, Hoadley, McLean, Logan, Hamlin, Herman and the Misses Hitchings, Balfour, Hamlin, Rhodes, Locke, Williams, Hobbs, Bryson, and several others.

A SMOKE concert and supper was held in the evening in the Theatre Royal, a number of ladies being in the dress circle. Mr J. McVay was vice-chairman, Mr C. D. Barrard occupied the chair. A number of toasts were proposed, amongst them being 'The Winning Teams,' 'Success to Bowling,' 'The Visitors,' 'The Northern Bowling Association of New Zealand,' and 'The Ladies,' which was responded to by Mr Morley in a very humorous speech. Songs were sung at intervals and a very enjoyable evening was spent. A number of the local men, and some of the fair sex also, proceeded to the station to see the last of the visitors, and many were the wishes expressed that a large number would meet in Auckland, next Easter, where the next tournament is to be held.

CRICKET down South is a thing of the past. The first football match was played on Saturday between the Melrose and Napier clubs, and ended in a win for Napier by 3 points to nil. The ground was very sloppy, owing to the recent rains. Mr A. Iles (of Auckland), played up very well, as did also Messrs Percy, Bowes, and Elliot.

IN the High School tennis tournaments decided at Napier some little while back, Bamford, in the first round, beat Thompson, Wood beat Pritchard, Parsons beat Balharry, and Severn beat Ashcroft. In the second round Bamford beat Parsons, and Wood beat Severn. In the third round Wood beat Bamford. The match was most interesting, Wood and Bamford having a great tussle for the championship.

# The Story of La Cuenca.

## I.



HE evening train was on the point of leaving Madrid for Seville, and I was congratulating myself on having secured an entire compartment for the night, when the door swung open once more, and a woman bounded in—I can find no other word to describe the almost panther-like agility of her movements—and seated herself opposite to me.

In another instant we were steaming out of the station. The quiet nonchalance with which the new arrival leaned back against the cushions, the repose of her whole attitude, contrasting as it did with her somewhat energetic mode of entrance a moment since, roused in me a faint sense of curiosity. She was gowned in some clinging soft material, and a large mantilla, draped low over her forehead, veiled her head, throat and shoulders. As my eyes became more accustomed to the dim light afforded by the solitary oil-lamp, I could trace the outline of a slender but exquisitely moulded figure, and catch swift glimpses of a cameo-like profile, of a full and somewhat sensuous scarlet mouth, and handsome, sombre, deep-lashed eyes, arched over by strongly marked brows, that gave a look of energy which was yet inexplicably piquant to the face.

The train sped along swiftly and noisily. My companion was gazing steadfastly out into the night. I was gazing furtively at my companion. Suddenly she turned and looked full at me. Such a glance! In the densely dark pupils of her eyes there was a flash as of yellow flame. For a moment they looked almost phosphorescent. Involuntarily I closed my own eyes for an instant. When I re-

opened them, her face was transformed, her long lashes were half-drooped, her lips curved in a faint smile. The almost diabolical expression of a moment since was changed into one of half-conscious feminine coquetry. The swift metamorphosis startled me. It also aroused in me a decided feeling of interest. Who and what was she? The answer was not easy to find. For in no country in the world is it more difficult to gauge a woman's social status by her outward appearance than in Spain, where the liberty of manners and customs on the one hand, and the national dignity and pride of bearing on the other, constantly lead a stranger into most awkward mistakes. It was still early in the evening, and sleep was far from me. I resolved to start a conversation.

'Our soft "a" often betrays us, Senor. But I am surprised that you, as an *Americano*, would recognise it.' I looked at her in amazement. I had spoken Spanish from my childhood, and flattered myself that I had little or no accent.

'Why American? I asked. 'Why not French, English, or German?'

She shrugged her shoulders and said, with conviction: 'No, you are *Americano*. You are an orphan. You are unmarried. You were poor, but now you are rich. You have travelled much, very much. You speak many languages. You have crossed great waters, and I could tell you much more.'

'But,' I exclaimed dumfounded, 'are you a witch? 'Perhaps?' And again that odd gleam in her half-closed eyes.

'Argues!' shouted the guard. 'Five minutes' stop!' We both alighted. I was longing for a breath of the cool night air. As I sauntered back towards my compartment, I saw my incognita in a low, but eager conversation with a dark, picturesque-looking fellow. From the frequency with which they glanced toward me, it was easy to guess that I was the subject of their conversation. And from the malignant look in the man's eyes, I inferred that he was probably a jealous lover. As he assisted my companion into the carriage, two sentences caught my ear distinctly: '*Sos les bengoros le liguereu*,' he growled with a side-glance in my direction, and then added in softer tone: '*Ostebé te gararbe*.'

It was by the merest chance that I understood him. Some years before I had come across a little book on the dialect of the Spanish gipsies, and as I had become quite interested in it, I still remembered enough to catch the significance of his words. 'May the devil take him!' was

'Ah, yes! Those are my people.' 'And you are—?' 'We are travelling artists returning to Seville. *Fiamencos*, who—(with an enigmatical smile—) earn their living by dancing.'

'You seem, also, to tell fortunes, as I perceived yesterday.'

She grew very grave. 'It's quite true,' she said, slowly, 'I can read men's past in their eyes, and their future in the lines of the hand.'

'Will you not read my fortune?' I asked, laying my left hand, palm upward, on hers which was cold as ice.

There was a moment of perfect silence. Then her sombre eyes looked straight into mine.

'You will meet, unexpectedly, a friend in Cordova. If you love him you will do well to warn him not to attend our dances in Seville.'

She ceased abruptly.

How had she guessed that it was my intention to stay over in Cordova?

'What of myself?' I asked. 'Will you not tell me something of my own future?'

The locomotive gave a shrill whistle. We were gliding into the station.

'Later, senor,' she said 'in Seville.'

'But how?' When? I persisted, my curiosity being aroused. 'I do not even know your name.'

'Ask for La Cuenca, Senor. All Spain,' drawing herself up regally, 'knows me by that name.'

There was a little crowd of her people at the door of the *coche*, as the train stopped. Her truculent-looking admirer seemed to lead the band. A smile brightened his handsome evil face as he helped her to alight. As they moved off, she paused, and glancing back over her shoulder with an infinitely graceful movement of her beautiful head, she called to me:

'Do not forget, Senor; we will meet again in Seville.'

## II.

It was fair-time in Cordova. The boulevards were lined with long rows of booths, laden with articles of every description. There were circuses, shooting-galleries, strolling players, merry-go-rounds and even an improvised ball-room. A little knot of people were gathered on one of the open



THE TRAIN TORE THROUGH THE NIGHT.

opened them, her face was transformed, her long lashes were half-drooped, her lips curved in a faint smile. The almost diabolical expression of a moment since was changed into one of half-conscious feminine coquetry. The swift metamorphosis startled me. It also aroused in me a decided feeling of interest. Who and what was she? The answer was not easy to find. For in no country in the world is it more difficult to gauge a woman's social status by her outward appearance than in Spain, where the liberty of manners and customs on the one hand, and the national dignity and pride of bearing on the other, constantly lead a stranger into most awkward mistakes. It was still early in the evening, and sleep was far from me. I resolved to start a conversation.

'Will you permit me to smoke, Senorita?'

'*Si Senor, con mucho gusto*.' [Yes Senor, with great pleasure] came the answer, accompanied by a charming smile.

As I was lighting my cigar, she drew from her pocket a dainty silver case, took out a cigarette, and asked me for a light, as simply and naively as though it were the most natural thing in the world that she should join me. Leaning forward to hold a match for her, I was astonished at the marvellous perfection of her features. But again I met that strange glance—a tawny gleam like that in the eyes of a beast of the forest as it watches its prey. 'What a devilish handsome woman,' I thought, recalling with a shudder the old Southern belief in the evil eye. She smoked with half-closed eyes, and a dainty appearance of relief.

'We soon will be in Araguea,' she said, presently, 'and then we go to Alcazar de San Juan, where we stop for supper. Do you know this route, Senor? No? I have been over it any number of times.'

'You are from Andalusia?' I ventured. 'You sound your "a" so much more softly than the northern Spaniards.'

the amiable wish intended doubtless for myself; and the second, 'God guard thee,' was his adieu to my companion. The mystery was partially solved. She evidently belonged to one of the numerous bands of Spanish gipsies; and judging from the deference with which the fellow had spoken to her, and the attention and homage shown to her by a little group of swarthy nomads by whom I saw her surrounded in the station at Alcazar, where we stopped at midnight, I judged her to be a person of some rank and importance among them.

There was no use endeavouring to see the scenery. After leaving Alcazar the night was pitchy dark, and the rain beat wildly against the carriage windows as the train tore through the night crashing every mile or so through some tiny country station. Being fond of my creature comforts, I soon fell asleep, and when I woke the sun was shining brightly in at the carriage windows.

'Have you slept well, Senor?' asked my charming *vis-à-vis*, amusedly.

'Delightfully, I must confess, although I should blush for having done so in such charming company.'

'Leave flattery for Frenchmen and Spaniards,' she answered with a touch of pretty disdain. Seen in the clear light of day her beauty was simply dazzling. I was lost in admiration of her exquisite features. But there was a sort of uncanny fascination about her face, and her trick of smiling brilliantly with her lips while the eyes remained sombre and threatening gave one cause for reflection.

A beautiful woman and a dangerous one, who would be capable of any cruelty, any treachery, but alluring, subtle. Involuntarily the thought came to my mind: 'God help any man who falls in love with her!'

'You seem to be travelling with quite a suite, Senorita,' I said presently. 'I saw you surrounded by friends at Alcazar.'

plazas. Drawing nearer to see what was the attraction, I recognised, to my surprise, the central figure, a tall, handsome, blonde young man, with a laughing, boyish face, who was amusing himself by scattering handfuls of small coppers among a crowd of swarthy, half-naked children, scrambling, laughing, shouting, tumbling over one another in their eagerness to capture the coins. I was no less delighted than surprised to see him. He was a young Russian, Ivan Kasanjew by name, who had lived in the same hotel with me for two winters in Paris. He was a bright, genial fellow, something of a dare-devil, a trifle eccentric, like all true Russians, and sufficiently well off to indulge his passion for the collection of works of art of every description.

'Ivan!' I called to him, when I had been watching the fun for a few moments. 'Ivan Kasanjew!'

His amazement and delight were equal to my own. Questions were asked; explanations of how, whence and where soon made. He had been making a short trip through Spain; had stopped in Cordova for a day or two and was going on the morrow to Seville. On learning that that was also my destination, it was at once decided to travel together, and on the following morning we were *en route* for the Andalusian capital.

In my pleasure at meeting Ivan, La Cuenca and her prophecy had completely faded from my mind.

One evening, as we sat sipping our after-dinner coffee, about a week after our arrival in Seville. Ivan, who usually planned our evening's amusement, said to me:

'I've got something new for to-night, Harris—what you Americans call awfully jolly. There is going to be a gipsy entertainment at Calle de Carbon—singing and dancing, I believe. They say the show is immense, and that some of the girls are bewilderingly handsome.'



As he spoke there came to me, like a flash, the memory of my adventure in the train; of the dark, sombre face of the gipsy woman, and her prophecy of our meeting in Seville. I am not superstitious naturally, yet an odd feeling of dread came over me.

'Well!' said Ivan, impatiently. I glanced at his handsome, insouciant face. Should I tell him? The fear of being laughed at kept me silent.

'Do you want very much to go to this show?' I stammered, lamely.

'Why, are you ill? You look infernally queer.'

'No, not ill, but—'

'But me no—buts,' Harris. Come along, man. What is the matter with you?'

An hour later we were seated in a huge hall, amongst an immense audience, chiefly of the lower classes, with a sprinkling of young swells, drawn there, doubtless, by the shapely contours of the women.

insisted upon filling his glass, he struck it as though accidentally with his arm, sending it crashing to the floor. The broken glass seemed ominous.

All the way back to our hotel, Ivan simply rhapsodized on the charms of his new acquaintance. She had told him that her name was Gabriella, and boasted that she had royal Moorish blood in her veins. He insisted on hearing the story of our meeting in all its details. Unconsciously I grew very earnest as I spoke of the warning which I had received.

'What nonsense, my dear fellow!' he exclaimed, laughing. 'The only thing worth consideration in the matter is Pepé. He seems to be an ugly customer. But,' he added, drawing a silver mounted revolver from the inner pocket of his coat, 'if he proves troublesome, I have a plaything here, which will perhaps influence him.'

In vain I protested, entreated, warned. I doubt if he even heard half of what I said, so wrapt was he in his rapturous dream.

'If Gabriella is the woman I take her to be, I will marry her,' he concluded in his reckless, impetuous fashion, as he bade me good night. I knew how utterly useless it was to battle against any determination, however eccentric and capricious, in one of his nationality. One might as well try to break a block of granite as a Russian's will. I could only hope that his caprice would wear out with time.

From now on Ivan spent almost all his time among the gipsies. La Cuenca seemed to have bewitched him. When away from her he was restless, irritable and abstracted, taking no apparent interest in anything. He also spent a great deal of his money for very handsome presents. I pitied the fellow sincerely. He had fallen a victim to the diabolical fascinations of a woman without heart or conscience. One evening, wishing to see how far matters had gone between them, I proposed that I should accompany him.

The performance was the same as before. Afterward we all assembled again in a restaurant. I was puzzled at the change in Pepé. He greeted us, if not graciously, at least with an outward show of civility. I soon understood. After supper he suggested a little game. My friend acquiesced at once. Ivan lost continuously. Watching the gipsy keenly, I discovered that he was playing with false cards.

When I was alone with Ivan, I had a long, earnest talk with him on the subject, and told him what I had seen. 'I knew it,' he replied, wearily. 'But I am willing to lose a little money to keep him in good humour, and prevent him continually spying on Gabriella and myself.'

'Did it never occur to you,' I responded, 'that she might be his accomplice?'

He sprang to his feet, livid with rage.

'How dare you!' he cried, hoarsely. For a moment I thought that he was going to strike me. I met his angry glances sadly but unflinchingly. His clenched hand dropped slowly to his side.

'Harris,' he said, in a voice quivering with emotion, 'you misjudge her on account of her surroundings. If you could only know her as I do! She is the bravest, noblest, truest woman I have ever met.'

'Ivan! I cried, desperately, 'you are mad! Throw off this spell. Be a man. Come away with me at once to Russia—Paris—anywhere; but come before it is too late. When once you have left this place, time and change will cure you of this folly.'

For a moment a look of despair crossed his face. 'It is too late now,' he replied, in a tone that permitted of no argument. 'I love Gabriella more than my life.'

'Harris, I fully believe that she returns my love. In a short time she hopes to be able to escape from her tribe and follow me to my own country. If I do not marry her,' he added, after a moment's pause, 'I shall die.'

The next day I went with the lovers on a boating party. We were drifting down the Guadalquivir at sundown. Gabriella was at the rudder; Ivan and I worked the oars. As La Cuenca was free this evening, we did not think of returning until the silver light of the moon was streaming over the water. I persuaded my friend to let me manage the boat myself, and he, only too glad to be relieved, threw himself at his charmer's feet. They made a handsome picture. He, strong and fair and radiant as a young sun god, she, dark, dreamy, mystical as fate.

'How beautiful is love!' he murmured. She stooped and pressed her lips passionately to his forehead. 'My beloved!'

We were slowly gliding past the golden tower which once held the treasures of the New World. At that moment a voice broke forth on the stillness of the night—low, thrilling, despairing, like a warning of death. It was the lament of the fall of Granada.

'I am cold,' murmured the gipsy, wrapping her shawl closer round her, as the last despairing notes died away on the evening air.

We, too, had been chilled by the song. We had all recognized the voice of Pepé, although no one spoke of it. Little more was said till we reached the landing. A false note had sounded in our gamut of pleasure. The harmony of our enjoyment had been disturbed.

A few days afterwards an important telegram called me to Paris. I parted from Ivan with a heavy heart. I could not conquer the feeling that our hands clasped for the last time. I think that he felt it also, for his blue eyes were clouded with a mist that looked like tears when the last moment came.

Six weeks later I read among the foreign news in a Paris paper the following:

SEVILLE, Sept. 15th.—For some time past a troupe of gipsy dancers have been drawing large audiences to their entertainments in the Calle do Carbon of this city. The prima donna of the troupe is the famous Cuenca, a woman of extraordinary beauty, but possessed of all the inscrupulousness of her tribe, and whose charms have ruined numbers of our young noblemen, who, blinded by her fascinations, have squandered large sums of money on her, while her companions plundered their ruthlessly at cards.

The latest victim was a wealthy Russian, Ivan Kasanjew, whose reckless passion for her has been a matter of much con-

ment. Yesterday morning his dead body, stabbed in five places, was found lying in the Alameda de Capuchinos.

A short, pointed dagger, such as is customarily carried by the gipsies, was found near the corpse, covered with blood. The murderer is supposed to be one Pepe Aranjó, a member of the same troupe, and the lover of the prima ballerina. The motive of the crime is presumed to have been jealousy.

Pepe Aranjó and La Cuenca have disappeared together. It is said that they embarked on a French steamer for Lisbon. The authorities are on their track, but it is possible that they have made good their escape from the country before they can be overtaken.

This was the tragic ending of Ivan Kasanjew's mad infatuation. E. DE B. GUIX.

THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER'S STORY.

When I took the school that winter I did not know that she

Was such a fair and winsome girl, though she was famed to be

The belle of all the neighbourhood, so pretty and so bright That everybody, young and old, fell dead in love at sight.

And so, you see, I was surprised to find a blooming

Among the common flowers that the schoolroom often shows

And my heart was trembling in my mouth and my cheeks were all aflame

When I asked, although I knew it, for her to give her name.

She was the gayest creature the sun ere shone upon, And days when she was absent it seemed his light was gone;

But yet, for all her gayety, she read and figured well, And was always last to take her seat when they stood up to spell.

That winter was the shortest one of all I ever taught; It seemed to pass away so quick and go before it ought.

And when the last day came around I really couldn't see,

Looking back through the winter, where the long, cold months could be.

Ah! Well, the very best of friends will sometimes have to part,

But on that day I had with me a sad and heavy heart;

A mist hung thick before my eyes that blurred those faces dear,

And on the Bible that they gave is the blot of many a tear;

Then each sweet, loving, little one bade me a fond good-by,

And asked me to come back again with eyes that were not dry;

But when the dearest one of all came up and took my hand,

And whispered, 'Teacher, won't you stay?' I came to understand.

Though many a term I've taught since then, that one I'll not forget;

Though I am getting old and gray, its memory's with me yet;

That little whitewashed schoolhouse, I shall love it all through life,

For she who made it dear to me is my true and loving wife.

A PARISIAN TRAGEDY.

A DISTINGUISHED pulmonary specialist of London was lately consulted by a skeleton in appearance. After a careful examination the doctor said, 'I can do nothing for you; in a month you will be dead.'

With the calmness of despair the young man, aided by a servant, prepared to depart. As he was about to cross the threshold Dr. B. asked, 'Are you rich?'

'A millionaire,' replied the wretched man.

Then order your coachman to drive you to the Victoria Station, start for Dover by the 11 o'clock train, take passage on a steamer for Marseilles, and thence by rail to Nice. For six months—should (God spare your life—eat neither bread, nor fruit, nor meat, neither drink wine, but eat cress, and only cress. The cure is doubtful, but I offer it to a dying man.'

Six months later, a robust young man crossed the ante-room, where a number of patients were waiting, and entered the office of Dr. B. At the sight of the famous physician, he rushed up and embraced him.

'Are you crazy?' asked the doctor.

'No, no; I am sane, but I realise that you have saved my life. Don't you know me? I am I, the millionaire, whom you saved from an inevitable death by your wonderful treatment. My improvement was miraculous. I am now in excellent health,' and, to verify his remarks, he beat his chest with his fist.

'What!' exclaimed the astonished physician, 'you are the man upon whom I experimented with cress?'

'Yes; I am he,' responded the young man.

The doctor signed to his assistant to retire, and then quickly drawing a small revolver, he levelled it, and in an instant his patient fell dead at his feet.

Without a moment's delay he commenced to make a post mortem examination. When the police arrived he was carefully examining the lungs of his victim with a microscope, and studying the effects of the cress upon the diseased parts. To the officers of the law he said: 'I killed this man for an immediate autopsy, to discover a mystery which may be a boon to all mankind.'

This is how they write romance in France, and lay the scene in England.

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THE MOONLIT WATERS OF THE GUADALQUIVIR.

Before us was a roughly constructed stage, on which the gipsy troupe, attired in gorgeous and fantastic costumes, were seated in a large semicircle. The form of the entertainment was unique. One of the men would start a weird twanging on his guitar, and commence a sort of low, nasal chant, which was taken up, one by one, by the troupe, and then by the whole audience, while they all kept time with their feet and by a quick tapping of their hands. This noise, now rising, now falling, was intended to arouse the highest point of nervous tension and excitement both in the audience and the performers. One after another the gipsies would rise and come forward, and go through some symbolic pantomime of love or hate, joy or sorrow, by dancing and gesture, to the accompaniment of the guitar, in whose principal player I recognised the man who had consigned me to the evil one in the station of Aragues. The lithe, almost snake-like movements of the dancers, the wild music, added to, ever and anon, by the banging of a tambourine or the rattle of castanets, made a scene which was suggestive to my prosaic mind of an orgie in a mad-house.

Suddenly there was a lull followed by wild cries of 'La Cuenca! La Cuenca!'

She glided from behind a heavy curtain and stood smiling before the audience, acknowledging their rapturous acclamations with regal grace.

A fantastic coat of orange and gold set off her form to perfection. Her bare throat and arms were glittering with golden bangles. She poised one arm above her head, rested her right hand lightly on her hip and commenced to dance. Such dancing! Now soft, sensuous, undulating; now swaying languorously with half-closed eyes; now whirling and bounding lightly and swiftly; now half-crouching with flashing eyes, and then springing forward again, laughing radiantly. It was diabolical. A sudden grasp at my arm recalled me to myself. Ivan was breathless with excitement. His fair face was flushed crimson.

'She is wonderful!' he gasped. 'She is divine!'

'Say devilish, rather,' I muttered.

He did not even hear me. He was watching again, with his whole soul in his eager blue eyes. When the performance was over I could hardly drag him away.

'I must see her again,' he kept repeating. 'If I could only meet her, only speak to her.'

His wish was soon granted. As we passed out we saw her about to enter a neighbouring restaurant. She recognized me at once and came toward us.

'Welcome to Seville!' she exclaimed, holding out her brown, slender hand, and then added, a little maliciously; 'I see that you brought your friend.'

Kasanjew looked bewildered.

'Why, Harris,' he broke forth at last, 'why didn't you tell me you knew the Senorita?'

There was a world of reproach in his voice.

I did not know whether to laugh or be angry. The darkness relieved me from my embarrassment.

'Will not the gentleman join us?' she said, invitingly.

Ivan accepted eagerly. I could only follow his example. We found the rest of the company already seated.

'If the *caballeros* will deign to take supper with us,' she said, with a charming smile. 'This is Pepé,' introducing with a graceful gesture the dark-browed guitar-player, who seated at us fiercely. 'And that is Juan and there is Palma and that *ning* (girl) is our Pepita.'

The supper was a joyous one. All, with the exception of Pepé, relaxed under the quantities of wine which Ivan insisted on ordering. My friend was radiantly happy. But it was the smile of La Cuenca, not the wine, that haunted by his head. Whether her capricious fancy had been caught by his blonde beauty, or whether she was enticing him for some purpose of her own, I could not decide. If I was doubtful of her feelings, Pepé was more easily read. He frowned darkly, ate little, drank nothing, and when Ivan



## The New Zealand Graphic

AND LADIES' JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1892.

THE student of light literature must often be struck by the vagaries of fashion in novels. If the changes are not quite so frequent in books as in dress, they are none the less decided, not one iota more reasonable, and often every whit as objectionable and devoid of taste or beauty as the most outrageous 'mode' in Paris feminine frippery. The secret as to what person regulates the manner of garment with which society shall adorn itself is a dark and dreadful one. It is said that dressmakers do it, but we are loathe to believe a respectable section of society capable of such awful crimes as those perpetrated by the inventors of dress fashions. With books, however, it is different. Do novelists form public taste, or do the public form the novelists? In the first instance the novel-writer, no doubt, leads, but it is a question whether he is not afterward lifted off his feet by the crowd at his heels, and carried by them where they will. An unknown genius writes a historical novel. There have been no books of that description for some time perhaps, and the story is well told. Fame and fortune are the result for the genius. His or her book is proclaimed the success of the season, and within a month or so historical novels by all sorts and conditions of men are as plentiful as blackberries. Not only will every aspirant to three volume novel fame attempt the new style, but old and staid novelists will deliberately leave their own especial paths and follow the new lead with all the pertinacious stupidity characteristic of the traditional sheep.

Elna Lyall's success gave a spurt to what may be termed the superficial agnostic series, and Robert Elsmere and John Ward, Preacher, went a shade deeper into semi-theological questions, and were followed by a deluge of works on the same lines. It was impossible to pick up a number of a magazine, a yellow back, nay scarce even a shilling shocker—without finding the hero an agnostic, whose conversion to Christianity was effected by pages of vapid chatter and feeble platitudes on questions of miracles and other threshed-out and weary theological topics. The hypnotic heroine has just run herself to a standstill, having seduced and ruined some of the best novel-writers of the day, and now the realistic or deodorized Zolaesque style appears to be claiming the most honoured writers of English fiction for its own.

The nude is not yet the fashion in literature as it is in art. It would perhaps be healthier for us all if it were. Zola is tabooed of the average reader. The French writer strips vice naked, and shame forbids us to look. English realism is far more dangerous, because infinitely more insidious. The man on whose table Zola is found is shunned, but the sweetest innocent of seventeen may study the fashionable novel of the day which invariably hinges on seduction and skilful declination of the animal passions in modern society. Zola's nude figure is passed by with averted head, or at worst sidelong looks, but the prolonged study of the suggestive, half-draped model is altogether praiseworthy. Mrs Humphrey Ward is just now the lioness of society and the literary world. Her book is given columns of praise, yet what is the story but that of two young people who fail to resist their animal passions. Both stray from the paths of virtue, and the man, as usual, gets off easiest. The struggles against temptation, and all study of the rising of the passion in both, of its repression and the final collapse, are full of detail, and this same detail is put in with a hardihood that is the reverse of edifying. 'Still,' say the lovers of the modern style, '*honi soit qui mal y pense*.' (Only an unwholesome mind would see anything wrong, 'and besides, it's so true.' But this would apply equally well to Zola. He claims only to draw from Nature of a low type, but still Nature, and he writes, too, so he says, with the cleanest of intentions.

There will probably be a reaction before long, but at present the novel that can be left about on a colonial drawing room table must be searched for with a lantern. Our girls are not trained to the English standpoint yet, and are apt to ask awkward questions. Your society miss in the Old Country has a full knowledge of good and evil—she can't very well help it—and though she is perhaps every bit as pure-minded as her colonial cousin, she will yet read and discuss subjects all unspeakable in this part of the world.



DAILED UP AND PUMPED BY THE 'GRAPHIC' EDITOR.

THERE is no doubt the predicament was an awkward one. The Frisco mail boat Monowai already berthed at the wharf, Max O'Rell on board, and the GRAPHIC interview fiend *non est*. To miss the opportunity, to have nothing in the GRAPHIC of so eminent a man, so capital a raconteur, so genial a humorist, it was not to be borne. The paste pot and scissors were impatiently put aside, and jamming his hat on his furrowed forehead, the editor slid out to do the job himself. Half-way up the wharf he met a well-built, rather portly, and decidedly nautical-looking gentleman, evidently a stranger from the curious way he looked about him. He was for all the world like some genial amateur sailor, some opulent steam yacht proprietor, and yet, as the man in the play says, those eyes, that mouth, those *pinces nez*, that nose, and above all that smile—yes, it must be the great man himself. Yet impossible; this bluff sailor in officer's peaked cap, pea-jacket and pants of aquatic serge, the great Max, the inimitable Blonet! It seemed absurd, and yet the likeness to the photographs was unmistakable. 'Assume a virtue if you have it not,' quoth the editor, and squaring up to the nautical gentleman, asked with reportorial cheek, 'Are you Mr Max O'Rell—I mean M. Paul Blonet?' Next minute it was all over. A couple of flourishes of the hat, a semi-naval salute from 'Captain' O'Rell to follow, and the introduction was complete.

Then the talking began. He is the most unfrenchiefied Frenchman you could possibly imagine. He speaks English with a very pronounced Yankee intonation, and with the veriest *soupeon* of French accent. Yet he is a true Frenchman in genial courtesy, intense in the celerity of his observations and judgments, and his keen sense of humour. He smiles with his eyes more than with his mouth, though that is continually twitching, and he seems to have a difficulty in restraining himself from saying a whole host of good things. They are, however, his capital, and must be carefully treasured. His thirst for knowledge is intense, and his questions always pertinent.

'Yes,' he rattled away, 'we have had a charming trip, perfect weather, a captain who is courtesy and amiability itself—delightful—charming. A regular yachting tour it has been. I have, too, my ladies with me—my wife and my daughter, and of course they have made it more pleasant, and he fairly beamed through his eye-glasses. 'What splendid fish were those Isaw as I came up the wharf! Schnapper? A conical name, but doubtless good to eat. Perhaps they will give us some for dinner. What did you say was the name of this street? Queen street? Oh, yes, New Zealand is loyal then! Now why can't the Yankees take an example from your roads?'

'Yankees take example from our roads?'

'Yes, this street is well paved, well kept. The streets in America, especially in Chicago, are fearful. Quagmires, bogs, ploughed fields—awful! I was once invited to dine with some citizens in Chicago. The roads were impassable; the boats were in despair. We could not get to the dinner, for we were all to go together. "What shall we do with our roads?" asked one. "O'Rell here says they are worse than English ploughed fields." Nobody had an answer, so at last I said, "Well, gentlemen, everything in America 'licks creation.' The best thing, the only thing you can do with your wretched roads is to boast of them. They are certainly the worst in creation." I escaped with my life.'

The story loses much in the retelling. Recounted by the effervescent gentleman himself it was irresistible.

'Ab, here,' he continued, 'is the type of British old maid. They are ubiquitous. One sees them everywhere. We have her on board. She writes letters—reams and reams of letters—about her impressions, and keeps a diary the size of a ledger. By the way, I want some cash—some English cash. Where can I get it?'

'Have you letters to any of our bankers?'

'No, but I have what is better—money itself. I want to change some mighty dollars into the coin of this country—English money. Ah, there is my company's office' (the man has the eye of a hawk), and he had slipped into the Union Company's office before we could say Jack Robinson.

'We,' that is to say the GRAPHIC, mounted guard. Presently rushed round the corner the interview fiend from the evening paper.

'Have you seen Max O'Rell?' he asked, excitedly. 'I have to interview him, and he has left the boat.'

'Young man,' observed the editor, 'Max O'Rell is mine. I have him here safely caught.'

The reporter's eyes glittered angrily through his spectacles. The editor took pity. 'I will share him with you; you shall have a bit.'

Max came out, the reporter was produced, and the astute Frenchman immediately began to blarney. He praised the architecture of our streets. 'Everything in Yankee land is square,' he said. 'It's all on one pattern. The States, or counties as you would call them, are square, the towns are divided into squares, the houses are square—'

'And the men?' chipped in a wee small voice, and O'Rell gave one of his chuckles.

They are the quaintest chuckles. He begins to laugh with his eyes, and gradually it descends. His nose smiles distinctly—it does indeed—and then his mouth stops its perpetual twitching, and the mirthfullest, merriest, most mischievous and fun-loving smile takes its place, and you roar with laughter for sympathy. A most infectious smile!

It was strange how people recognised him. The chief of the police knew him at once. He walked right up to him and shook hands. At first the courteous Frenchman thought he recollected the jovial Inspector's face, but was not the least abashed when told he had never seen him before. 'I have enjoyed many a laugh at your books,' said the officer. O'Rell bowed. By the way, he never gesticulates; never attitudes; he does not talk with hands, shoulders, arms, as do many Gauls. He is the most self-contained Bohemian imaginable. Heaps of people introduced themselves. He took it all calmly, was courteous to all.

A visit to the Post Office afforded the distinguished visitor the opportunity of trying one of our colonial products. He bought several stamps for letters to be posted and vainly endeavoured to stick them on.

'What stamps?' he said. 'They won't stick. New Zealand must then be famous for stamps that won't stick.'

Then the questions the man asks—'What has happened since I left? The Anarchists busy? Oh, that's nothing—at least in Paris it is not. Gladstone still alive and kicking? Well, well (this with a resigned air). Earthquakes—Unemployed—same old things.'

'And how do you amuse yourselves here? A people fond of religious diversion, you say. Oh, yes, and what else? Yachting? Well, that's nice; and dancing? Delightful! Dancing, yachting, and—religious dissipation—charming—excellent,' and again he smiled.

It was distinctly unfair. Instead of letting himself be pumped O'Rell persisted in pumping. A leading question, however, brought him round.

'My tour? Well, I know nothing about it. I am a talking machine. I am going like any other machine to be delivered into the hands of Smythe (the much-travelled). He does what he likes with me. He will take me up and place me down from one platform to another. I am wound up for say an hour or an hour and a-half. I open my mouth and talk for that time, then I close it, and until next time my duty is done.'

'Do I expect to come to New Zealand? Most assuredly. I expect Smythe will bring me when the weather grows too hot in Australia. I shall be glad to come. It seems pleasant here.' Then he launched out into praise of things in general—climate, the harbour, everything. He knows how to flatter. He intersperses his praise with kindly criticism. The taste of the butter is cleverly disguised.

Another leading question put in with difficulty elicited another fact.

'I expect to be away about nine months from Paris. It may be longer. The contract is for nine months. If the business is exceptionally good there is a clause in the agreement by which the contract may be renewed. Shall I write a book? I think not, but then who knows. I shall scarcely be long enough, I fear. What do you say, that's nothing; men write books who come here, even for a fortnight! Ah, well, very good. I may. Why not? A man may write about an hour's impressions. I may find time, but as I have said, there is no saying.'

A pleasing incident took place on the way back to the boat. A young and bewilderingly pretty young Yankee lady with two escorts stopped Mr Blonet. 'Well, I want to shake your hands good-bye ever so, though it's real sad and verry unpleasant,' said the girl.

'We,' the editor, withdrew from earshot, but presently, to the infinite delight of passers-by and in the very busiest part of Queen-street, the versatile Frenchman kissed and kissed most warmly and paternally the young lady, who blushed and looked ever so confused, but not ill-pleased all the same.

'The captain's privilege,' said O'Rell, as the walk was resumed.

Asking hosts more questions, glancing at photos, at Maoris, and at everything and anything, the steamer was again reached, and the editor took his leave as an interchange of hand-kissing intimated the presence of the wife and daughter of the most interesting person who has called at Maoriland for some time.

## MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE.



MISS HANSEN.

OUR portrait this week is of Miss Hansen, who recently played Shakespearian heroines with Mr Bentley's Company in New Zealand. Miss Hansen left New Zealand yesterday for Australia and England.

The vacant place in the Union Bank at Hastings was filled by Mr Walter Brook Taylor, recently of Wellington.

MR TAYLOR has experienced great difficulty in getting a house in Hastings. That little township is becoming overpopulated.

MISS ALLIE SHORT, accompanied by her sister, Miss L. Short, left Auckland yesterday's steamer for Sydney. She will be married almost immediately on her arrival in Australia to Mr E. (Ned) McCausland, late of this city. Both young people are well-known in social circles in Auckland and numerous friends will send all good wishes for their future happiness. Mr McCausland's name is famous in the annals of Maoriland footballers. He went Home, it will be remembered, with the native team some years ago, and it was owing to his tact and level-headedness that several awkward *contretemps* were quashed or averted.

IT is always pleasant to have to record good fortune. Mrs Margolionth, of Napier, has recently inherited £15,000 under the will of the late Mr Algernon Tollmache. Mrs Hausard, a daughter of Mrs Margolionth, also resides in Napier, and participates in the congratulations which pour in from every side.

THE Hon. Mr Cadman is visiting relatives at Whangarei. Mrs Cadman, whose recent demise is sincerely regretted by a very large circle of friends, was the daughter of Mr Bell, J. P., Whangarei, in whose care Mr Cadman leaves his two young children—a girl and a boy—while attending to his Parliamentary duties.

MR A. J. FRASER, well-known in Hawke's Bay district, is getting about again after the injury to his knee. It will, however, be some time before he will be able to play cricket, tennis, etc., or to dance. To an active man like Mr Fraser this will prove a great nuisance, but it is one of those things which cannot be helped in this life, so he must just grin and bear it.

Two Hastings bachelors have lately joined the worthy order of Benedicts, namely, Messrs Galway and Ewart. Mr Galway, of the Bank of New South Wales, was married in Wellington, at St. Mark's Church, his wife being a Miss Rutherford.

WHAT numbers of people are returning to the colony from the old country! Miss Browning has been welcomed home by her Nelson friends. She was away nearly two years, and looks vastly improved for the long change.

MR AND MRS FAIRFAX-FENWICK are giving up their country residence and going to Napier for the winter.

SIR WALTER BULLER and Miss Buller leave Wellington for England in about a month's time, but intend travelling on the Continent for about twelve months before settling down in the Mother Country. Mr Leo Buller has taken up land in Wellington, and intends settling on it almost immediately, and his brother, I believe, intends staying in Wellington and taking up the law as a profession.

MR ARTHUR RHODES and his young bride, who have just returned from Sydney from their honeymoon, have taken Sir Walter Buller's large residence in Wellington for the season, which opens about the middle of June.

THE Hon. Richard and Mrs Oliver, of Dunedin, who have lately returned from their trip to England, have taken the Hon. Charles Pharazyn's house in Tinakori Road, Wellington, for the session, Mr Pharazyn having left for England on a visit.

A NEW arrival in Christchurch is Mr Bernard who has been transferred from the Union Bank Branch at Hastings.

MR R. T. BOOTH, the temperance lecturer, is drawing large and enthusiastic audiences in Dunedin. He is in very poor health, and has taken the trip on that account.

FRIENDS all over the colony must have been shocked to hear of the death of Miss Hewitt, of the Napier High School. She had not been at all well for some time, but struggled bravely with her infirmities, and kept on her work really wonderfully. A sharp attack of the heart, however, carried her off. Miss Hewitt had a peculiar horror of being buried in the ground, and left instructions that her body should be committed to the deep. This was done. The funeral party proceeded by boat for some six miles from land, and the service for the burial of those at sea was conducted by Dean Hovell. The evening had been chosen, and as the sea was flooded with moonlight, the scene was very impressive. Amongst those present were Mrs Ormond, Mr and Mrs Wood, Mr and Mrs Heath, and others. Great pity is expressed in Napier for Miss Hewitt's sister, who left England two days before the death to join her deceased sister. She will hear of the death of her sister when the vessel reaches the Cape.

AMONGST the passengers by the Arawa on the 30th instant will be Mr and Mrs J. H. Coleman, of Napier. They have just left their home in that town, and expect to be away a long time. Their friends say 'Bon voyage.'

ONE of the Easter visitors to Hastings is Miss Page, who is stopping with Mrs Joe Williams.

AMONGST visitors to the Hot Lakes is Mr Balfour, of Napier. He is trying the baths for his health.

HERE are some personalities sent me from Napier. Miss Ethel Brookfield, of Onehunga, is on a visit to Mrs Provis here; Mrs Dewes has gone to Auckland; Miss Evelyn Peacocke has gone on a visit to the West Coast; Mrs Fulton, of Dunedin, is on a visit to her mother; Mrs Douglas McLean is in town.

MR AND MRS C. C. McMILLAN and daughters, Mr and Mrs Matthew Clark and others passed through Ngauruhia on their way to the Hot Springs, some twelve miles distant, where they purpose making a short stay.

MISS CAREY, daughter of Captain Carey, the popular commander of the Monowal, returned from Frisco on her father's fine ship last week. Her health has been greatly improved by the trip to Yankee-land. Miss Carey expects to pay a visit to Auckland in about three months time.

MR EDWARD LLOYD, England's greatest tenor, left London on the 30th March by the Teutonic and arrived in New York early this month (April), under engagement. He will sing at several concerts, probably go on to San Francisco, and if satisfactory arrangements can be made, will come to New Zealand and Australia.

FROM the empire city comes the news that Mr Lowe, Resident Engineer Railways, will be leaving in about a fortnight for England. Mrs Lowe will accompany him. They expect to be absent from the colony from six to nine months. Mr C. Coom, a brother of Dr. Coom, for many years Resident Engineer in Auckland, who has been in Invercargill during the past six months, will take the place of Mr Lowe in Wellington.

MR H. D. CARTER, of Kaye and Carter, grain merchants, Christchurch, who left for England on business about six months ago, has just returned by the Aorangi, looking all the better for his trip.

MR R. LOCKHART, Bank of New Zealand has six months leave of absence, and Mr C. Daveny has three months.

MR C. B. IZARD, of Wellington, has been confined to the house for some time, having had a painful operation performed on his eyes.

## DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.



MISS NELLIE STEWART.

AFTER one or two serious false starts and silly blunders our own Nellie Stewart has taken a part at a London theatre, and as might have been expected, has achieved a veritable triumph. The public are raving over the Australian actress. Her singing and acting, her dancing and her prettiness are lauded to the skies, and it is declared that without her 'Blue Eyed Susan' would be as 'Hamlet' with the Prince of Denmark's part omitted. Our picture is taken from a sketch of Miss Stewart as Blue-Eyed Susan, and certainly the little lady looks fetching and piquant enough for anything.

It must, however, be rather galling for Miss Stewart to remember that this same triumph might have been hers rather over a year ago but for a silly attempt to put on 'side.' It will be remembered she threw up her contract to play the 'Nauteh Girl' simply because Jessie Bond, an old Savoy favourite, had almost as good a part as herself. The young American who took her place at the last moment did quite as well as Miss Stewart would have done, and gained both fame and fortune. Still, all that is over now. Success is at least better late than never. The fashion in which the London papers talk of Miss Stewart as a *debutante* and praise her easy stage manner must tickle those who have seen her act for years on Australian boards very considerably.

MEANWHILE 'Wilful Murder' continues (says a Sydney paper) to hold the mirror up to Williams at the Melbourne Alexandra. Robert Vernon attended the inquest last week and has since added a life-like presentment of the other murderer's sneer to his already splendid conception of the Crime on the Hearstone. Dampier, in the goodness of his heart, exhorts ladies not to bring in their young children until after the first act, because it might frighten them for life, or give them an early taste for *belud*. Therefore, little innocents are now left outside on the mat whilst their mothers assure themselves that it is almost as nice and horrible as they expected. As a matter of fact, it ought to be made a lot more horrible. Melbourne would like the Alexandra monster to knock down two women on the hearstone, lay them side by side, and cut both their throats at one fell swoop.

A FUNNY story is told of Carl Hertz, the illusionist, who is shortly coming to New Zealand. When he was in Paris some years ago, he made a great success with a trick called the 'Vanishing Lady.' He used to perform it at private parties without any assistants or stage accessories whatever; standing on the floor of the drawing-room, with no doors or windows handy, he would select a certain lady from among the guests, perform sundry cabalistic signs and hocus-pocus, and straightway she would vanish from the scene. Then a search-party would find her in the attic, or out in the garden, or somewhere. A certain nobleman was so much pleased with this trick that he paid Hertz to teach it to him, and when he became proficient, he gave an exhibition in his own house before a roomful of guests, using his young wife as the subject. The performance was successful, and the lady vanished with great promptitude. That was several years ago, and she is in a vanished state to this day. When the search party went out to look for her she wasn't there, and all they found was a note on the table, which stated briefly that she was tired of the old mad, and wasn't coming back.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

SOME second thoughts are generally preceded by headaches. Two things a woman always jumps at—a conclusion and a mouse.

Every year 36,792,000 births occur; 100,800 each day and 70 each minute.

A cynic is one who speaks right out what everybody knows, but is too charitable to say.

On an average there are 106 boys born to every 100 girls; but more boys die in infancy than girls.

What sweetness and brilliancy are to the flower, what freshness and clearness are to water, what melody and harmony are to sound, such is purity to the heart.

THE LATIN NAME FOR IT.—Mrs Dimling: 'The doctor says Mr Totling is suffering from *prolapsus banani*. I never heard of that disease before. Did you?' Dimling: 'Yes, one gets it by stepping on a banana peel.'

If a division of the real estate of the globe was made, each one would only have a small lot. Some one has figured it out that taking the whole land surface of the globe into consideration, there is, on the average, twenty-two and one-half acres to each person.

## THERE WAS NO WEDDING.

He loved the widow and he loved cigars; she hated them, tho' they were never so fine. When asked to marry, 'If you give up your weeds,' she answered, 'I will gladly give up mine.'

A HINT FOR WET WEATHER.—In order to prevent the leather of leggings and boots from cracking and hardening, never place them close to a fire to dry. To render the leather soft and impervious to water, and to renew elasticity, rub it well with castor or linseed oil about once a month. This will not prevent the leather from taking the blacking afterwards; although it is as well to clean and polish the boots before applying the oil.

A lawyer tells the following story concerning a client, something of a wag in his way, with whom he had kept a long account. When the latter was finally made up, the bill, mostly for trifling services, covered several yards of foolscap, the items giving the most minute details. When the client came round to settle, he refused to enter the office but stood in the door, and holding one end of the bill, unrolled the voluminous document in the direction of his legal adviser, with the request that he would receipt it. 'Come in,' said the lawyer, in his most cordial tone. 'Not much,' replied the client, 'you'd charge me for rent if I did.'

PLAIN FEATURES.—Plainness of feature is not at all incompatible with beauty. There is a great deal of difference between a person's being plain and being ugly. A person may be very plain, and yet attractive and interesting in both countenance and manner, and surely no one could call such a person ugly. An ugly face is repulsive. There are no rules that can be depended on for the settlement of beauty; and still less can ugliness be defined, otherwise than by itself. If we were asked to say what constitutes an ugly woman, we could not reply. We know there are such, for we have seen them.

THE NEWEST FASHION IN GIRLS.—Mr C. Dudley Warner, the well-known American essayist, has made the discovery that it has become the fashion for girls to be tall. This, as he observes, is much more than saying that tall girls are the fashion. It means not only that the tall girl has come in, but that girls are becoming tall because it is the fashion, and because there is a demand for that sort of girl. No very decided explanation of this phenomenon is suggested through a choice of theories is offered. Somebody has said that long dresses add to the height, but this is putting the effect for the cause. Obviously she who wears long dresses must herself be long. It may be the result of a constant effort to live up to Mr Du Maurier's society sketches. The hint is thrown out merely for what it is worth. All that Mr Warner can say is that a while ago it was the fashion to be *petite* and arch; now it is the fashion to be tall and gracious, and nothing more can be said about it.

EMPERESS EUGENIE.—Ex-Empress Eugenie is going to have a home in France, notwithstanding the refusal of the French Government to allow her to own property within its boundaries. Her friend the Duchess d'Aosta has bought land at Cape Martin, in the south of France, and is there building a villa which Eugenie will 'visit' about nine months of every year. It's the only wish she has now, this desire to live in France, and it is unlikely that the Government will interfere further with her plans. There is no trace, it is said, of her old beauty or of the old girl. One must travel a long distance to find a more changed woman than Eugenie de Guzman, Countess of Teba, Banos and Mora, Marquise de Moya, Andalis and Osera, ex-Empress of the French.

THE CZAR AND THE JEWISH SINGER.—At the present time, when one hears of nothing but cruelty to the Jews in Russia, it is pleasing to recollect one kind act of the present Emperor to a Jewish lad, the Rev. David Meyerson, cantor of the Mason-street Synagogue, San Francisco. He was born in St. Petersburg, and when a youth was known as the 'Lucca tenor,' owing to the fact that when that famous songstress was one evening leaving the theatre during a snowstorm, Mr Meyerson spread his fur cloak upon the snow, so that her dainty foot should not be chilled by contact with the flakes. When Prince Alexander, now the present Emperor of Russia, heard of this romantic incident, he sent for the chivalrous youth, who was then removed from the dingy Jewish quarters of the city and installed as a favourite in the Royal palace. After the Prince had heard the lad sing, being convinced that he had a great future, he sent Mr Meyerson to Paris, where, under the favour of the Rothschilds, he studied for eight years at the 'conservatoire.' He sang in nearly all the European capitals for some years, and about seven years ago went to California, where he has since been very successful. Although he has never studied for the Rabbinical career, his knowledge of Hebrew is excellent; he is proficient in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew, Russian and Polish, and he is always styled by his colleagues the Sulzer of America.

## BOOKS AND BOOK-MEN.



LORD ROSEBERY.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most important book that has reached the colony lately is Lord Rosebery's 'Life of Pitt.' It may be thought that enough had been written about that great defunct statesman, but this first book by Rosebery is of interest in showing the living rather than telling about the dead. Its interest lies not so much in the life of the subject as in the glimpses we get of the author's mind and character. To every subject of the British Empire Lord Rosebery is perhaps the most interesting man—young man—that is of the present day. He is almost certainly destined one day to become Prime Minister, and the broad liberality of his views, together with great administrative power, coolness, and level-headedness, fit him as no other man in the Liberal party is fitted to step into Mr Gladstone's shoes.

ALL through the new life of Pitt, which is, by the way, written in very excellent literary style, the workings of the author's own mind are clearly seen. Self-revelatory passages abound, and in several instances the young author betrays himself most thoroughly. His contempt for his own order is strongly emphasised, for instance in the following passage, in which he speaks of the possible consequences of the removal of Pitt to the House of Lords:—'While London was illuminating for the King's recovery Lord Chatham lay mortally ill. So grave was his malady that the hunters after Providence had fixed on Grenville as the new Minister. For Lord Chatham's death, by the grim humour of our Constitution, would have removed Pitt from the Commons to the Peers. In the prime of life and intellect he would have been plucked from the governing body of the country, in which he was incomparably the most important personage, and set down as a pauper Peer in the House of Lords. It would have been as if the Duke of Wellington, in the middle of the Peninsular War, had been transferred by the operation of constitutional law to the government of Greenwich Hospital. The system in which Burke could find no flaw had ruled that default in the possession of an elder brother should be thus punished, and that the accident of an accident should have power to blight this great career.'

As a boy, Lord Rosebery was quiet and thoughtful. He was rather fond of listening whilst others were talking, and then astonishing his hearers by some smart and *apropos* remark. So great was his reserve, that his tutor, it is said, had on one occasion to tear up his verses in order to ensure his coming forward for a necessary interview in the class room. When his political career began he was warned, and obeyed the warning, not to accept any of the subordinate appointments which Ministers are fond of offering to promising young men. When his party, through the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon, was in some discredit, Lord Rosebery wrote to Mr Gladstone, offering the services, which in prosperity he had not been willing to give.

OUT of the new novels worth reading this season, undoubtedly that remarkable work of Mr Thomas Hardy, 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles: A Pure Woman,' occupies an important position. The heroine, Tess, is a lovable character, with plenty of faults, but sufficient virtue to counteract them. The hero, Angel Clare, is curiously inconsistent, but this idea is well carried out by Mr Hardy. The sketches of rustic life are cleverly executed, and form a pleasant relief to the profound seriousness and ethical questions which underlie the story and crop up continually. As a study the book deserves attentive perusal. Possibly some people might term it too realistic, but it is an exceedingly interesting novel, and already much in demand.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

## NEW BREED OF CHICKENS.

ONE would think there is enough breeds of chickens in the world, but a New England man has a brand new strain as a result of a blend of Indian games, Plymouth Rocks and Shanghai. The originator says he has caught and combined the merits of these three in his new breed, which he calls 'The Argonauts.'

## FOR SMOKERS.

A gentleman whose lungs are not strong enough for him to enjoy the fumes of tobacco at a dinner party, took with him to a friend's house a little lamp which he sat on a table when the cigars were lighted. The American *Machinist* says that over the flames of this little lamp was a ring of platinum which became red hot in a very few seconds, and which consumed the smoke of a dozen cigars as fast as it was made, so that the atmosphere of the room was as clear as it would have been had there been no smoking going on at all.

## A SIMPLE BAROMETER.

A simple barometer that can be made for one's self, and which, though old, may be new to some, is made as follows:—'Two drachms of camphor, half drachm of pure saltpetre, half drachm of muriate of ammonia, and two ounces of proof spirits, in a glass tube or narrow phial, will make a very good weather guide. In dry weather the solution will remain clear. On the approach of change, minute stars will rise up in the liquid, whilst stormy weather will be indicated by the very disturbed condition of the chemical combination.'

## AN ELEPHANT RANCH.

Another novel enterprise in stock raising is to be added to the ostrich farm, the black cat ranch and the chicken ranches of the Pacific coast. A Mr Newbury of California is enthusiastic over a project he is about to carry out of starting an elephant ranch in that State. He proposes to cultivate the elephant for its meat and its capacity for hard and diversified work. He says that 'as an article of food the elephant is superior to the horse,' and most people will be willing to accept his statement, though not fully appreciating its force. He says that behind a tough exterior it hides a tender steak, and that African explorers are profuse in their praise of elephant cutlets. A full grown elephant weighs about 7000 pounds, and Mr Newbury counts 6000 of this as good meat. He is going to train the elephants to pick oranges and hire them out to orange-growers.

## THE DEADLY COLD BED.

If trustworthy statistics could be had of the number of persons who die every year or become permanently diseased from sleeping in damp or cold beds, they would probably be astonishing and appalling. It is a peril that constantly besets travelling men, and if they are wise they will invariably insist on having their beds aired and dried, even at the risk of causing much trouble to their landlords. But, according to *Good Housekeeping*, it is a peril that resides also in the home, and the cold 'spare room' has slain its thousands of hapless guests, and will go on with its slaughter till people learn wisdom. Not only the guest, but the family, often suffer the penalty of sleeping in cold rooms and chilling their bodies, at a time when they need all their bodily heat, by getting between cold sheets. Even in warm summer weather a cold, damp bed will get in its deadly work. It is a needless peril, and the neglect to provide dry rooms and beds has in it the elements of murder and suicide.

## SMELL AND MEMORY.

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

## ANIMALS LIKE PERFUMES.

Wishing to test for himself the reputed fondness of many animals for perfumes a well-known writer paid a series of visits to a menagerie provided with bottles of scent and a packet of cotton wool, and there tried some harmless experiments, which apparently gave great satisfaction to the inhabitants of various cages. Lavender water was received with particular favour, and most of the lions and leopards show unqualified pleasure when the scent was poured on the wool and put through the bars. The first leopard to which it was offered stood over the ball of cotton, shut its eyes, opened its mouth and screwed up its nose. It then lay down and held it between its paws, rubbed its face over it, and finished by lying upon it. Another leopard smelt it and sneezed, then caught the wool in its claws, played with it and lay back and rubbed its head and neck over the scent. It then fetched another leopard which was asleep in the cage and the two sniffed it for some time together, and the last corner ended by taking the ball in its teeth, curling its lips well back and inhaling the delightful perfume with half-shut eyes. The lion and lioness, when their turn came, tried to roll upon it at the same time. The lion then gave the lioness a cuff with his paw which sent her off to the back of the cage, and having secured it for himself, laid his broad back on the morsel of cotton and purred with satisfaction.

## HOW PEOPLE LAUGH.

WHAT would our homes be, asks a writer, but for the hearty and ringing laughter of our little ones? These as much as anything enable us to forget the cares and the burdens of business, and make us feel young again. Now, what is so natural to children and to young ladies is equally natural to us all, and let us, if we would consider our health and happiness, secure as opportunity occurs a deep, vigorous, and merry laugh. But though laughter is so beautiful and useful, though it is at once a good minister, and a ministry for good, a minister to whom we should give a call, and attend his ministry regularly, and love to seek much of his society, yet we have forms of laughter which are at once hateful and unnatural.

There is no amusement, no glee, no mirth, no joy in the laugh of the hysterical. It is a body without a soul, a casket without the jewel, the guinea stamp without the gold; it is the carcase without the life, hence it pains, wounds, grieves, and distresses the onlookers. It springs not from health, as it ought, but from weakness; not from gladness, but from a wounded spirit; and a laugh which otherwise would have been meaningful and beautiful is meaningless and unsightly.

Some men have a Mephistophelian laugh—a devil's laugh—the laugh of the fiend. Their grin—cold, chilly, awful—is offensive; their smile is insulting, sickening and blighting, and their laugh is altogether from the pit. Their utterances are all misanthropic, irritating, and wounding.

The cynic is cynical in all his puns, repartees, jokes, and anecdotes. He is ever spiteful, vindictive, and cruel, and let him disguise it as he may by assuming a humane veneer, it all comes off in time, and the real man himself is seen and he is seen to be a hateful creature. A young cynical husband was out with his wife one day, and pointing to a monkey cutting capers on the top of a barrel organ, he brutally said, 'That's a relation of yours, Mary.' 'I know it is,' replied the wife, promptly, 'but it is by marriage.' He richly deserved that answer.

Some laughter is not unlike the chirping of a bird. With this difference: the chirping of the bird is natural and becoming, whereas the chirpy laughter is not either natural or comely. It is thin, soulless, and foolish. It has neither soul nor substance, sincerity nor significance, beauty nor blessing. We often wonder whether the poor creatures have any idea of the sounds they emit. They cannot have, or no such words as 'he-he-he,' 'a-ha-ha,' and 'o-ho-ho,' would ever escape their lips. Sir Morell Mackenzie declared that no man hears accurately the sound of his own voice, and hence he does not know it when he hears it from

the phonograph. Laughter, though wonderfully varied, like music, like the human face, like the voice itself, has a substantial unity which is sadly outraged by those who chirrup. We must be natural in our laughter, and if we are to be so we must not be artificial, but really natural in ourselves. Our laughter will never be better than we are. It will be a reflection of our own souls, and it reveals whether there be depth in us or whether the sounds we make are but the outcome of habit. If your laughter is not natural and becoming, make it so. A bridegroom solemnly told the bride's youngest brother, 'I take Mary away to-day, and will have her all to myself.' 'All right,' said the youngest, 'if you can stand it I can.' But neither speaker nor hearer ought to be able to stand chirpy laughter.

## THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

He loved me so—he loved me so! Could I  
Do aught but love him when he loved me so?  
And thus it never struck me to deny  
Love's fire on my heart's altar, all aglow,  
Burned brightly, too, and would for evermo'.

I loved him so—I loved him so! Could I,  
Lacking experience's wisdom, know  
A love like that could ever fade and die?  
Love I deemed firm, and pure as unscanned snow  
In some deep mountain cleft, for evermo'.

He loved me so—I loved him so—could we,  
Ay, either dream of such love ending so?  
But yet—or mine for him, or his for me—  
The fire upon love's altar ceased to glow,  
And we walk different ways for evermo'.

I loved him so—he loved me so—yet fear,  
Ah me! not merely fear, I surely know,  
Tho' two be sweetest sweet and dearest dear,  
Not ours alone, but much love even so  
Has ended, and will end for evermo'.

## HOW 'WEE STILL' WHISKY IS MADE.

THE process of making whisky by the 'wee still' is a very simple one, and requires no great chemical knowledge. An old hand at the business, with whom we once foregathered, described to us the primitive method with as much fervour as a scientist could describe an important experiment in his laboratory. 'You see,' he said, as he tapped his snuff mull, 'the way to make the good speerit is not an easy way at all, but I will make it plain to you, so you can practise it without deeficulty. First the barley is put into bags and in a running water to soak it. Then it is put in a room underground covered over with wood and divots. You could walk over the place without knowing what was there, it was just like what the Word says of treasure hid in a field. Ay, many a time I thought on that, people moving all about it and over it and never knowing it was there! Then it was taken to the kiln. This was a business of great deeficulty, for the smoke would let people know what was going on, you see. But, howsoever, it had to be done. The malt was placed on cross sticks covered with straw, and it was dried by a fire of peats in a hole below.

'It's the peat that gave it the fine taste. Ach! not like what they call a "blend." Them and their blends! But, as the minister says—to proceed. When the malt was dry it was bruised or ground in a mill, and after that it was carried on the back of a horse or man to the botly, and he would be a clever fellow that would find it there. Then they put the ground malt in casks with water to what you call ferment, and a boy or lassie was left to stir it with a stick of willow or the birch. Then they placed the stuff which was in the casks in the still. The still was made of copper, just so large as could be carried on the back of one man. If there was no money to buy a copper, we used to get one of tin, though it is not so good. The crooked pipe or worm that was screwed into the still must have water always running over it to keep it cool, and so the botly was always beside a stream. The whisky came pouring out of the worm into a tub below. Ay, it was a grand spout! The same thing was done a second time, with not so much heat, and a small piece of soap was put in to make the whisky clear. Then the work was done, and what we had then to do was to drink it and to sell it. Where will you get the like of it to-day? Truth to tell, however, 'Wee still' whisky can only be drunk by the makers. The taste is poisonous and the strength outrageous. A small 'tot' will give anyone but a Highland 'crofter' a swelled head for a month.

# PEARS' SOAP

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EVIDENCE OF SUPERIORITY

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"I have never come across another TOILET SOAP which so closely realises my ideal of perfection;

"its purity is such that it may be used with perfect confidence upon the tenderest and most sensitive skin—EVEN THAT OF A NEW BORN BABE."

*I have found it matchless for the hands and complexion*

*William Potts*



Since using Pears' Soap I have discarded all others.

*Willie Pastry*

# SOCIETY GOSSIP.

## AUCKLAND.

**DEAR BEE.** APRIL 26.  
*Le roi est mort, vive le roi.* Bentley has gone, but other attractions take his place in the Opera House. There were some rather pretty gowns in the dress-circle during his last performances. I noticed Miss H. C. Tewles wearing a striking and very becoming crimson plush evening dress, the low neck finished with chiffon to match, tan gloves; Mrs Archie Clark looked pretty in cream silk, and her niece, Miss Jessie Stevenson, wore heliotrope; Mrs J. M. Dargaville was in a handsome black silk evening dress relieved with jet, long light kid gloves; Miss Laura Baker wore a cream silk gown trimmed with cardinal chiffon, and Miss Ella Baker, pretty heliotrope silk evening dress; Mrs P. A. Edmiston looked pretty in a gown of gold and green silk; Miss Annis Montague wore a handsome dark grey silk dress, pink roses at the throat, lovely opera cloak and grey feather fan; Mrs Eason was in white with a pretty opera mantle; Mrs Oldham and her daughter, Mrs Dignan, were in dark costumes.

### PEOPLE AT THE POLO.

Very pretty were the costumes worn by some of the ladies attending the Polo Sports, either *a pied or en voiture*. Amongst the latter Dr Hope Lewis and his stylish wife appeared in their dog cart; Dr Lawry drove his *fiancée*, Miss Battley, who looked remarkably well in a pretty grey dress and black velvet jacket; Mrs Lawry and Miss Binney, the latter in navy blue; Mrs A. Kerr-Taylor, dressed in an exceedingly becoming grey costume, brought her family; Mr Chatfield with his wife and young people; Mr Tonks and Miss Buckland; Mrs Walker; Mrs and Miss Forbes; Mrs McLaughlin with her daughter; Mr Jackson, who drove Mrs Thos. Morrin and her pretty Dunedin visitor, Miss McLean; Mrs Hanna and Miss Jackson; Mr and Mrs A. Taylor (Farnell) were also driving, as were Mrs Burroughs, Mrs Biddle, and Dr. Collins (R. M. S. Ringbourne). On horseback were two of the Misses Pirih, Wilkins, and Ireland, and Miss Bailey. A number of gentlemen rode—Messrs Lockhart, Goodhue, Hanna, Wilkie, etc. Watching the proceedings from the safe shelter of the grand-stand were Mrs Thorne George, in a pretty grey costume; Mrs Dargaville looked well in a navy get-up; Mrs Dawson was in brown; Mrs Broham, in grey. Several of the 'unappropriated blessings' wore pretty frocks, notably, the Misses Scherff, Thorne-George, Kilgour, Churton, Devore, Beale, Elliott and Evans.

### DRESSES AT THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW.

Unfortunately, Mr Jackson's farewell concert clashed with the opening evening of the Chrysanthemum Society in the Choral Hall, and the attendance of the latter was materially affected, but those who went to the show had plenty of room to wander about in, and rejoiced that they were spared the uncomforable crushing of previous first nights. I did not at all admire the table decorations. It is surprising that more taste and originality is not displayed in this direction in a province so rich in floral treasures as Auckland. The show was open both afternoon and evening for three days, and plenty of pretty dresses were exhibited on these occasions. At the promenade concert Mrs J. M. Brigham looked very stylish in a brown costume, *bonnet en suite*; Miss Brigham was with her; the Misses Wilkins wore electric blue and white lacey embroidery; as usual, Miss Hesketh looked charming frocked in grey; Mrs Ireland appeared to advantage in a fawn costume, her daughters wearing grey; Miss G. Biddle was a dream of black and gold; Mrs F. Kenderline wore navy blue, white vest, and hat to correspond; Mrs Jackson (*née* Worsely) was a harmony in grey; Mrs C. H. Burgess had a lovely crushed strawberry opera cloak over a black dress and white fichu; Mrs Laisley looked smart in a flowered black gown, and hat with floral trimmings; Miss Laisley wore all white; Miss Reeves' dress was of sombre black, relieved with gold lace, small speckled hat; Mrs Archdale Taylor, a handsome black velvet gown; Mrs Munro was all in brown; Miss Kilgour, black dress, cream feathered hat; Mrs T. Hope-Lewis looked stylish in grey, with a fawn boa and hat; the Misses Goldie were prettily frocked in flowered delaine, hats to harmonise; Miss George was in black, a white vest relieving the monotony of her costume; Mrs A. Kerr-Taylor looked pretty in a very dark costume; Mrs A. Sinclair wore black pongee silk, with a becoming black feathered hat; Mrs Porter wore a handsome black silk, *hat en suite*; Miss Colgrave, check silk dress; Mrs Blair was gowned in a black skirt, white bodice, and tennis cloth jacket; Miss Lawford, was a charming study in black and gold; a striking tailor made costume of fawn was donned by Miss Abbott; Miss I. McPherson had on a cardinal frock with silk trimming, toned down by a pretty black hat; Mrs W. Lawry was another bright spot of colour in a stylish long red cloak with three-quarter cape, small red and black hat; still another gay costume worn by Miss Ella Baker (Symonds-street) of vivid red; Miss Atkinson looked well in pink; Miss Gorrie and Miss Pirih wore grey; Mrs T. F. Cheeseman was dressed in a handsome wine-coloured merveilleux gown softened with black lace; her sister, Miss Keesing, wore similar material of a dark green hue. Space will only allow of a few more names of those present at various times in the Misses Dixon, Brett, Phillips, Blandford, Westwood, Scherff, Moss, Howard, Kempthorne, Jervis, Rookes, Binks, Lush, Power, Binney, Anderson, etc.

### THE AFTERNOON TEA.

On Friday afternoon those who went to admire the chrysanthemums were regaled with delicious tea and cakes, a thoughtful attention which was much appreciated. Mrs Cruickshank looked well in a grey gown, black hat with white feathers; Mrs S. George, fawn dress trimmed with white braid; Miss M. Moss, navy blue French muslin flowered with violets; Miss Devereux, grey dress, and stylish fur boa; Mrs Dargaville, handsome navy blue, and fur boa; Mrs Pollen, pretty costume of white and green; Miss Gascoigne, navy blue boldly trimmed with red; Miss Von Sturmer, stylish grey get-up; Mrs B. Walker, grey dress and a brown hat; Mrs Haines looked very stylish in a handsome black costume; Mrs L. Nathan wore a network of lace over

green figured silk (a very effective style); Mrs C. Biddle, blue serge, with small red bodice; Miss Dunnett, cream silk spotted with white; Mrs Upton, black gown and white silk vest; Mrs Nelson, black costume; Mrs Ward, pretty heliotrope gown; Miss White, blue dress, with a yoke of white silk; Mrs Anderson, all white costume.

### T. M. JACKSON'S FAREWELL CONCERT.

A large number of stylishly-dressed ladies were present at the farewell benefit concert given to Mr T. M. Jackson, Auckland's favourite tenor, in the City Hall. Amongst them were Mrs S. Morrin, in a handsome black costume; Mrs T. Morrin, black and light figured silk; Mrs McLaughlin, (Pakuranga), grey silk and black lace; Mrs Whitson, old rose gown, and fawn mantle; Miss Whitson looked pretty in cream silk; Mrs J. Hanna, black beaded silk; Mrs Cotter, handsome black silk with beaded passementerie; Mrs Cruickshank (Remuera), black and gold costume; Mrs G. Aicken wore a pretty striped shawl over a dark costume, and carried a large bouquet; Mrs A. L. Edwards looked as pretty as usual in a black dress, with old gold; her sister, Miss Johnston, wore a cream costume, plush opera cloak; Mrs S. George, who also carried a bouquet, wore black silk and crimson opera cloak; Miss M. Anderson, grey costume, stylish black hat; Mrs Jackson, handsome brown silk; Mrs Jackson (Gum), black, trimmed with white chiffon; Miss Proud (Bombay), pale blue silk; the Misses Jackson looked stylish in pink silk; Misses McFarlane, pale blue; Miss Biddle, pretty figured delaine; Miss W. Biddle, cream costume; Mrs Kingle, black silk; Mrs L. Nathan, handsome cream costume; Mrs Haines black and fawn costume bordered with fur; the Misses Nathan, white and fawn costumes, respectively; Miss Lusk, looked pretty in a dress of crimson material, and fawn opera cloak; Mrs J. Reid, electric blue costume with iridescent beads; Mrs Hales, Mrs McFarlane, etc., etc.

### MURIEL.

## WELLINGTON.

**DEAR BEE,** APRIL 21.  
 The Myra Kemble Company have been drawing good houses. Amongst the audiences during the week have been the Hon. Robert and Mrs Phaaarzyn, the Hon. Charles and Mrs Johnston, Mr G. Johnston, Miss A. Grace, Miss Johnston, Mr and Mrs W. Moorhouse, Mr and Mrs W. Ferguson, Miss Richmond, Mr R. Richmond, Mr and Mrs Werry, Mr and Mrs Ogle, Mr and Mrs Wardrop, Mr H. D. Bell, Mr and Mrs Whitall, Mrs and the Misses Gore, Mr and Mrs A. Smith, Mr and Mrs Barron, Miss Campbell, the Misses Allan, and all the young ladies from Mrs Swainson's school. The vice-regal party are to be present one night before the conclusion of 'Dr. Bill.'

### EASTER DECORATIONS.

The decorations in the various churches on Easter Sunday were beautiful in spite of the wet day before, when the flowers had to be picked. Nearly all the decorations were of chrysanthemums and ferns and white Christmas lilies, and in several toi-toi grass was used very effectively. At St. Mark's they were more varied, the whole being a beautiful combination of scarlet and white flowers and greenery. At St. Joseph's, during the offertory, the Truda Brother's played Gounod's 'Ave Maria' beautifully. At St. Mark's the beautiful anthem, 'Christ, our Passover,' was sung, the solos taken by Mrs Webb, Mrs Greenwood, and Messrs Hueston and Campbell. The choral services at both Roman Catholic churches were very fine. At the Cathedral they had as soloists Messrs Longman and Mason, and Messames McDuff, Boyd and Laisley, the organist being Miss Kelly. At St. Mary of the Angels, the soloists at the two services were Mrs Swift, Mrs Camino, Miss Ross, Miss C. Ross, and Messrs E. Dunne, P. Dunne, Gamble and Gardner, and Master Camino officiated at the organ.

There was a painful accident in connection with the Melbourne Napier football match. Mr Charles Church broke two of his fingers, but went on playing until the end of the game, when they were attended to, but will cause him a fortnight's leave.

A very enjoyable dance was given to the Jewish congregation by Mr H. Phillips, of Masterton, in the schoolroom adjoining the Synagogue. There were between fifty and sixty couples, and dancing was kept up until about three a.m. Mr F. Cohen made a capital M.C. Mr Phillips is the same generous gentleman who a short time ago presented a set of silver bells to the Synagogue.

The Chrysanthemum Show opens to-day, but I have not yet had a glimpse, although I hear it is an excellent show. We have had no athletics this week. Our football teams have visited Masterton, and our bowling teams have visited Napier during Easter.

### RUBY.

## ABBOTT'S OPERA HOUSE.

### ENORMOUS SUCCESS

OF THE MONTAGUE-TURNER OPERA COMPANY.

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TONIGHT (Wednesday, April 27)—TROVATORE.

THURSDAY & SATURDAY—BOHEMIAN GIRL.

FRIDAY—TROVATORE.

POPULAR PRICES—4s, 2s 6d, and 1s.

Box Plan at Wildman's. Day Sale at Partridge's.

DUNCAN MCCALLUM, Business Manager.

**X** LADIES, for Afternoon Tea, use AULSEBROOK'S Owingo BISCUITS and CAKES, a perfect delicacy.—(ADVT.)

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

## CHRISTCHURCH.

**DEAR BEE,** APRIL 19.  
 The Easter holidays usually so pleasant to us generally get such perfect weather, were rather spoiled this year. Rain commenced on Thursday night, and lasted off and on all Friday, trying to clear a little in the morning, which tempted a few people out. The Wesleyan choir held their annual picnic across the harbour from Lyttelton, but it was anything but picnic weather.

The Rev. W. Morley preached his farewell sermon on Sunday evening in the Durham-street Wesleyan Church to a large congregation. Mr Morley has spent about a dozen years at different periods ministering to the wants of the Canterbury people, and has made many fast friends. The usages of their church makes the break less severely felt, as they look for a move every few years, and as he goes to take up a very important position—that of Principal of the Wesleyan College, Auckland—his congregation, though regretting his departure, can only wish him success in his new sphere of life. A very interesting gathering took place in the schoolroom attached to the church on the previous afternoon. A number of their friends met by invitation to celebrate Mr and Mrs Morley's silver wedding, when a host of congratulatory letters and telegrams were received besides, from former members of Mr Morley's congregations throughout the colony. A short service was held, conducted by the Rev. G. Bond, President of the New Zealand Conference, the Rev. W. J. Parsonson and Mr J. Broughton taking part. Afternoon tea was then served, and some musical selections given by friends. A very pleasing part of the ceremony were two presentations, one from his brother ministers—a handsome cedar writing table and desk bearing a silver plate inscribed, 'Presented to the Rev. W. Morley on the celebration of his silver wedding, by his brother ministers in Canterbury, April, 1892.' The Rev. W. Baumber, in a few well-chosen words, begged his acceptance of this, and Mr E. C. Brown, on behalf of those present and a few absent friends, handed Mr Morley a silver salver full of silver coins. This was a joint gift to Mr and Mrs Morley, and bore an inscription to that effect.

### THE CHURCHES.

The churches this Easter-tide have been unusually pretty in their decorations, the season falling late enough to benefit by having a good supply of the queen of autumn flowers, the chrysanthemum, which with the scarlet geranium, single and cactus dahlias, the latter being very brilliant and lasting, made a most effective display. All the city churches had elaborate choral services, that at the Cathedral being beautifully sung. On Good Friday evening Stainer's 'Crucifixion' was given in the Cathedral by the choir, when standing room could not be found by all who wished to hear it. The solos were taken by Messrs Weir and Millar, both singing their best, the chorus being most effectively rendered by the choir. The collections in all the churches on Good Friday, at the request of Bishop Julius, were for St. Mary's Home, of which institution he is a very warm supporter, ably seconded by Mrs Julius.

The Canterbury Jockey Club were favoured with Queen's weather for their autumn meeting, bright and crisp, making everyone say 'just the thing.' Trains were well filled, and the road a busy scene for an hour or two before the hour for the first race. Everything was so fresh after the recent rain, and no dust to mar one's pleasure driving along the pretty road to the race course, now made beautiful by the autumnal tints of the plantations. The flags on the stand were all at half mast in memory of the late Mr T. Acland, who took a prominent part in so many meetings there. There was an unusually large attendance for this time of year, especially of ladies who, tempted by the lovely weather, had a good opportunity of displaying their winter costumes. Rich dark materials and fur trimmings used with taste made many well-dressed women. The Hon. Mrs Parker wore a stylish gown of rough dark brown tweed faced and piped with yellow, hat of brown and yellow; Mrs Stead, a pretty dress of black and yellow in diagonal tweed; Mrs Barry, dark green cloth trimmed with beaver, black and green bonnet; Mrs Ronald Macdonald, red dress with black spots, black and red bonnet; Mrs Pym, pretty grey tweed, vest of white broadcated silk, black hat with white trimming; Miss Greenwood, dark brown cloth with rows of velvet on the skirt, brown hat; Miss F. Greenwood, a tan-coloured dress; Miss Neil (Dunedin), a striking dress of dark red and olive green silk braided with red, green hat with green and crimson feathers; Mrs W. B. Common, bluish grey dress trimmed with fur, handsome vest of corduroy or thick embroidery of fawn colour, bonnet to match; Mrs P. Cunningham wore dark red; her daughter, red dress with jet trimming, handsome feather boa; Mrs Boyle, stylish gown of green cloth with sable trimming; the Misses Wynn-Williams, grey with black hats; the Misses Maude looked very nice in well-fitting gowns of dark grey tweed; Mrs Rhodes, as usual was handsomely gowned in black; Miss E. Rhodes, a very pretty dress of brown cloth, fur-trimmed, brown felt hat with white ostrich tips; Mrs Stevens, a handsome dress of silk and velvet of deep heliotrope, bonnet to match; Mrs Otterson, a dove coloured corduroy, bonnet *en suite*, handsome boa; Miss Gould, light fawn dress, feather boa of the same shade; Mrs Mason, electric blue with gold embroidery, hat with long ostrich feather and black feather boa; Miss N. Rowland, navy blue serge, navy hat with bows; Miss Hutton, a pretty frock of brown and cream; Mrs Alan Scott, dark blue serge with silk trimming striped with grey, black hat with grey and jet; Mrs Lance, brown tweed, cloak to match trimmed with pretty silvery fur; Mrs Cowlishaw, handsome costume of black cashmere and velvet; Miss Cowlishaw, navy blue cloth with shot silk vest; Mrs Cook, brown tweed dress with white silk vest, brown and white bonnet; Miss E. Tabart, black serge with white spotted vest, feather toque; Miss Campbell, light grey cloth trimmed with astrachan, large felt hat; Miss Murray-Aynsley, dark red with astrachan border; Miss Lance, a dark tweed with red vest and cuffs, jacket edged with fur, black hat with white tips; Miss Studholme in blue serge; Mrs Brittan, rough dark tweed with red vest, black bonnet with scarlet velvet trimming; Miss Ronalds, in grey, three-quarter cloak the same lined with red; Mrs Willock, dark brown tweed; Mrs Walter, a grey dress with lace vest; Miss Evelyn Harman, a navy blue serge costume; Mrs K. Wilson, a dark grey dress embroidered with black, black bonnet; Mrs Fitman, a beautifully-made gown of dark smoke-colour and black plaid trimmed with a little black embroidery; Miss Palmer, a pale fawn dress, vest of a lighter shade; Mrs Maxwell, a dark purple and

brown-striped dress, vest embroidered with silver; Mrs G. Roberts, smoke-coloured cashmere with rich brocade front, and long sealskin jacket; Miss Kimbell, dark blue serge, straw hat to match with deep crimson wing. This is not by any means all the handsome dresses that were worn, but there was a richness about the costumes this autumn I have not noticed before. The materials are so handsome, and the embroideries in gold, silver or even in rich silk add so much to the style of the present day gown.

GIRLS' BOATING CLUB.

It is always gratifying to find kindness appreciated, and I am pleased to say the Girls' Boating Club were not un-mindful of the many little attentions of Mr and Mrs Worthy in their behalf, by inviting them to afternoon tea up the river on Wednesday, also Mr and Mrs Harrison, when a very pleasant time was spent.

DOLLY VALE

MARLBOROUGH.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 22. The Kenepuru Regatta on Easter Monday, though not the success it has hitherto been, was well-attended from the Picton side of the range, nearly all the inhabitants of the town being ferried across the Sound in Captain Fisk's steam launches and landed in Torea Bay, where only a low saddle divides Queen Charlotte Sound from the Pelorus Sound, and here in what is called The Portage, the Pelorus Sound people hold their annual regatta. The fearful weather we have had during the last fortnight accounts for the unusually small number of people from Blenheim, Havelock, and the Sounds generally. Amongst the happy picnic parties were Mr and Mrs Masfeld (of Manaroa), Mr and Mrs C. H. Mills (of Havelock), Mr and Mrs George Robinson (of Blenheim), Mr and Mrs H. C. Seymour, Mr and Mrs Rutherford, Mrs McNab, Mrs Beauchamp (of Aitakiwa), and the Misses Speed, Masfeld, Beauchamp, Scott, Seymour, Welford, Hassell, Mellish, and many others. Everybody was well wrapped up, and prepared for rain, which has been coming down in a perfectly matter-of-course manner for the last fortnight.

Alas! for the camping-out expeditions, of which there were several parties down the Sound for the Easter holidays, with ammunition enough to clear the whole place of wild pigs for ever, and fishing tackle enough to catch all the fish in the Sounds. One party went without a tent, and the friends they left behind lamenting could not sleep at night for thinking of them, but the party knew the Sound people too well to have any fears in regard to rheumatism or influenza. Most of them returned to Picton on Monday night, having enjoyed themselves in spite of thunder, lightning, rain, and rude Boreas, laden with spoils from the deep, which they carried in triumph to Blenheim and presented to their less fortunate friends.

JEAN.

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 18. Rain, wind, and pitiless cold made Passion week even more sombre than usual. There would have been few frivolities in any case, but the weather damped even such as there were. A very cheery affair, notwithstanding, was

MRS REYNOLDS' MUSICAL PARTY,

at which a number of smart people were seen. It was a well-arranged, well-done affair, and everyone enjoyed themselves immensely. Velvet was much worn, and there were some very beautiful dresses. Mrs Reynolds herself was handsomely arrayed in black noiré trimmed with jet. Miss Reynolds, who was a most able assistant hostess, looked well in pale terra-cotta broché, and Miss Rachel Reynolds, in striped silk trimmed with white gauze, was admirably suited. Black velvet is always the handsomest wear for a woman who can carry it, and Miss Ritchie so gowned could not have been more handsomely dressed. Mrs Oliver, in rich grey silk with trimmings of steel fringe and embroidery, was smartly befrocked. Mrs Boyd affected pale blue silk trimmed with white chiffon, and Mrs Mackenzie, electric blue silk trimmed with pink chiffon; Mrs Handyside was in black with gold butterflies.

Miss Neil's lovely dress of pale sage green bengaline trimmed with twine-coloured fringe and jewelled embroidery, was universally admired. Miss Macneil, in a dull electric blue velvet gown, was seen to advantage; the bodice, of white striped gauze, was trimmed with bands of velvet *en saie*. Another *chic* costume was that of Miss Gillies—deep cream satin trimmed with pink and blue velvet and embroidered velvet. Pleasantly conspicuous was Mrs J. S. Thompson, in scarlet Liberty silk trimmed with black velvet. Mrs Leslie Reynolds, dull green silk, and Mrs Rose, brown velvet with brown and blue feather tips, were both becomingly gowned; Mrs Michie, wore white silk trimmed with green, and Mrs Batchelor a handsome dress of terra-cotta silk. Last, but by no means least Mrs E. C. Reynolds, wore a very handsome dress of buttercup striped broché. The musical items were excellent and were contributed by Mesdames Reynolds, Burns (Christchurch), Handyside, Rose, Gillies, E. C. Reynolds, Busck, Messrs H. Martin and E. C. Reynolds; Mr Stott contributing a bagpipe selection.

LUNCHEON PARTIES.

Mrs Spence gave a luncheon party on Friday. Among those present were Mesdames John Roberts, Oliver, E. C. Reynolds, C. Kettle, Burns, Grierson, Michie, and Handyside.

Mrs Siewright gave a delightful dance, at which all the well-known faces were present.

I have no parties to tell you of this week, but next week hope to have some.

MAUDE.

FOR Invalids and Delicate Children, AULSEBROOK'S ARROWROOT and TEA BISCUITS are unsurpassed.—(ADVT.)

FLAG BRAND PICKLES and SAUCE cannot be equalled HAWTHARD BROS., Manufacturers, Christchurch.—(ADVT.)



Albert. Congratulations have already been pouring in on the young couple.

ANOTHER engagement is that of Miss E. Stewart, of Argyle-street, Ponsonby, daughter of the late Mr Andrew Stewart, to Mr T. Brown.



MISS JOHNSTONE, of Ponsonby, was the other day united in the holy bonds of matrimony to her cousin, Mr Eric Holman, who came over from Melbourne for his bride. The ceremony took place in All Saints' Church, the Rev. W. Calder officiating. The bride looked exceedingly well in a fawnish grey travelling dress and pretty little bonnet to match, and carried a very beautiful bridal bouquet. She was attended by five bridesmaids—Misses Mand Davies and Whitelaw (Whangarei), and three little girls. The first couple wore tasteful wine-coloured gowns and fawn hats trimmed with wine colour, and carried pretty bouquets. The three children were very pretty frocks alike of pale blue veiling and each carried a lovely basket of flowers. Mr Lang, a gentleman who is touring the colonies, acted as best man. A reception was afterwards held at the residence of the bride's mother, Ring Terrace, where the many pretty presents were displayed and duly admired. The honeymoon will be spent at Orewa, near Waivera, after which the newly-wedded couple leave for their future home in Melbourne.

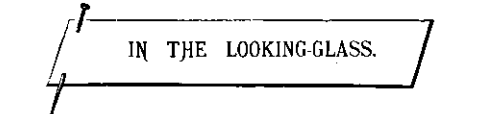
VERY considerable interest was manifested at the Thames in the nuptials of Mr Ernest F. Adams, M.E., eldest son of Mr Jas. Adams, B.A., Principal of the Thames High School, to Miss H. M. Hall, second daughter of Mr J. W. Hall. Long before the time fixed for the ceremony St George's Church was crowded with the many interested friends of the young couple, who were both well known and highly esteemed. The Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan was the officiating clergyman. The bride was given away by her father, and looked exceedingly pretty in a handsome bridal gown of white chashmere made with long train, and trimmed with lace, ribbon, and orange blossoms, wreath of orange blossoms and tulle veil. She also carried a lovely bouquet, the gift of Miss Gillespie, Parawai, who also made and presented the bridesmaid's bouquets. The attendant bridesmaids were the Misses Hall and Adams, wearing tasteful costumes alike of sea-green nun's veiling, finished with pale pink ribbons and gloves, dainty hats of pale green chiffon trimmed with pink heath. Mr J. Christie (jun.) and Mr W. B. Hall attended the bridegroom in the capacity of groomsmen. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party were entertained at a sumptuous wedding breakfast by Mr and Mrs Hall, and in the evening a large and very enjoyable party was given in St. George's Schoolroom, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The newly-wedded couple, after receiving the congratulations of their friends, left by the Rotomahana for Auckland.

THE St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cathedral in Hill-street, Wellington, was thronged with people on Easter Monday afternoon, when Miss Brunetta Lucie Cemino, third daughter of Mr Salvatore Cemino (so well known in musical circles), was married to Mr Edmund P. Bunny, brother of Mr Arthur Bunny, of Masterton, Wairarapa, and fifth son of the late Mr Henry Bunny, of Featherston. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful bridal gown of thick soft white corded silk, trained, and trimmed with chiffon, and carried a lovely bouquet, and wore her gift from the bridegroom—a tui-quoise and pearl bracelet set in gold. She was attended by two bridesmaids—Miss Marguerite Cemino, sister of the bride, and Miss Maude Bunny, of Featherston, sister of the bridegroom, who were both dressed alike in pretty pale green soft silk gowns, simply made, and wore large hats to match, and each wore a diamond and pearl brooch, gifts from the bridegroom. Out of compliment to the bride (whose father has been a benefactor to the Institution) eight of the orphans of St. Joseph's Orphanage attended and strewed the aisle with flowers as the wedding party left the

cathedral, and another compliment was played by Mr Robert Parker, organist of St. Paul's who played the 'Wedding March' at the conclusion of the ceremony. The large party adjourned to the house of the bride's father, where the beautiful presents were seen and the wedding breakfast served, and after the young couple had received the congratulations of their friends they left for the honeymoon, the bride wearing a pretty dark tweed travelling dress bound with fur, and small hat to match. Among the guests were Miss Cemino, sister of the bride, Mr E. J. Riddiford, brother-in-law of the bridegroom, and Mr Broad, of Nelson, nephew of the bridegroom. Mr Arthur Bunny officiated as best man, and the service was conducted by His Grace Archbishop Rodwood, assisted by the Rev. Fathers McKenna, Power, and McNamara. Upon their return Mr and Mrs Bunny intend residing at the Hutt, Wellington.

I HEAR Miss Maude Kimbell will not return to New Zealand. Her engagement is announced to Mr Fortune, of Liverpool, a partner in the firm of Balfour, Williams and Co., of that city. Rumour has it that Mr, Mrs and Miss Kimbell are likely soon to visit England and be present at the marriage.

THERE was a large gathering at St. Sepulchre's to witness the wedding of Miss Julia Garland, daughter of Mr H. N. Garland, to Mr Burgoyne Heather. The families have been in Auckland so long, and there were so many relations to be invited, that the wedding guests were strictly confined to the family circle and its outlying branches. The bride looked exceedingly well in a pretty grey travelling dress.



THE most striking dress on the lawn at the Auckland Easter Races was worn by a Dunedin girl, Miss McClean. It was of bright red silk, and the wearer completed her stylish costume by a white felt hat, in which red ribbon played a prominent part, slightly subdued by a white feather.

MISS WILSON (Whangarei), who is the guest of Mrs Upton, Shelly Beach, during her stay in Auckland, looks exceedingly nice in a well fitting dark green cloth gown, and large black hat.

MISS BRADLEY, daughter of Mr F. Bradley, Northern Wairoa, is spending a short holiday with Miss Harding, Mangawhare.

MR AND MRS HART and their daughter have returned to Timaru. *On dit* that Miss Hart is not to be with Timaruvians for long.

MRS BARTON is down from Whangarei on a visit to her mother, Mrs Stevens, Remuera. She is looking as pretty as ever, and was frocked in a stylish fawn gown with large spots, and light fawn hat trimmed with flowers and foliage.

AMONGST the young-looking matrons at the Auckland Easter Race Meeting none looked fairer than Mrs A. Kerr-Taylor. Her dress was of navy blue, the jacket of plush, and a most fascinating little black hat with red tips crowned her bonny face.

MRS BAUME, who has been visiting friends in Dunedin, returns to Auckland this week.

MR AND MRS ROBERT RHODES have returned to Timaru from their trip to England, both looking very well. Since their return they have been spending some time in the North Island.

MR AND MRS W. BLOOMFIELD 'The Pines,' Auckland, are away at Gisborne.

THREE ladies who were present at Mrs Walter Tabuteau's large afternoon tea in Napier were much admired. Miss Handlin looked very pretty in her new autumn costume; Mrs Eustace Fulton and Mrs Vickerman (from Hastings) were the other two whose stylish costumes attracted attention.



Beware of Imitations. THE GENUINE IS SIGNED. *Piesse & Lubin* PARIS

## AMATEUR THEATRICALS

'H.M.S. PINAFORE' PRODUCED AT WESTPORT.

**A** CONSIDERABLE amount of interest, says a correspondent, naturally attached to the first appearance of Westport amateurs in opera. The Princess Theatre presented an unusually brilliant appearance when, for two consecutive nights, 'H.M.S. Pinafore' was produced by the Westport Harmonic Society, numbering about fifty, including vocalists and instrumentalists.

As Josephine, Miss Morris achieved a distinct success. Her acting was sympathetic, and the music of her part was sung with the artistic vocalisation with which her performances have familiarised her audiences. Miss Morris will doubtless be heard in grand opera at no distant date. In the first scene the clever young vocalist wore a short skirted sailor costume, composed of a tasteful combination of blue and cream. With this was worn, first, a smart little peaked sailor's cap, replaced later on by a picturesque flower-trimmed hat. In the second act Josephine was superbly gowned in rich cream *merveilleux*, made with evening bodice and very long train. The only adornment was a trail of exquisite *Gloire de Dijon* roses with their lovely dark brown leaves crossing the corsage, and a golden girdle about the waist. A band of gold binding her dark hair gave an effective finishing touch to a simple but beautiful toilette.

Mr F. H. Titchener, who ably sustained the rôle of Ralph Backstraw, sang with considerable brilliance and spirit. His acting throughout was even, and remarkably free from exaggeration of any kind. Pretty Miss Roche was hardly recognizable beneath her clever and most appropriate make-up as Mrs Cripps (Little Buttercup). The young lady has a sweet and powerful soprano voice, and she sang and acted with all the *verve* and *abandon* the part requires to make it a thorough success. Mrs Labatt's contralto voice was heard to effect in the part of Hebe, and her conception of the character was certainly above the average. She looked charming, and acted well, evidently without effort or the slightest symptom of nervousness.

The uniform and general get-up of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B. (Mr E. P. Campbell), was accurate in every detail. He sang and acted well up to expectation, and never missed a point in the dialogue. Mr G. A. Turner was cast for Captain Corcoran, and won well-deserved applause for his exceedingly capable rendering of that important part.

The important character of Dick Deadeye—always a difficult one to play—was undertaken by Mr W. M. Wright, who gave a wonderfully clear interpretation of the evilminded creature sneaking about the stage with a perpetual sneer. His bye-play was capital, and his acting altogether, amply justified the cast. Mr J. Bradley, who has a fine voice, made a splendid Bill Bobstay, acting and singing with a jollity and spirit that kept the tars alive and pleased the audience mightily.

The ladies of the chorus, who sang effectively, wore smart, bright-coloured sailor costumes, and with sailors, marines, middies, etc., formed some very picturesque grouping aboard the ship. The view of the quarter-deck of H.M.S. Pinafore was highly realistic, as was also the scene depicting Spithead in the far distance. The opera was, in point of fact, admirably staged, and the costumes of all who took part in its performance were careful copies of those worn by the original characters in 'Pinafore.' Mr E. B. Campbell was stage-manager, and Mr E. B. Boswell scenic-artist in conjunction with Mr Langevad.

The conductor, Mr Clayton, controlled his choral and instrumental forces with skill, and the success of the opera was largely due to his judicious restraint. The vocal efforts of the society were ably supported by the orchestra, who were quite equal to the instrumentation of the opera. Altogether, the Westport Harmonic Society must be cordially congratulated upon the achievement of a great success, which proves it to be in a most commendable state of vigorous activity. It is an excellent institution calculated to supply agreeable recreation to the performing members, and to afford enjoyable public entertainments. The crowded theatre was ample evidence of the appreciation of the efforts of the society by the music-lovers of the district. Moreover, the society is fortunate in possessing an indefatigable Secretary in Mr G. Weston, who has done much to foster its interests in every possible direction.

NOTE.—Accounts of amateur performances sent by the *bona fide* correspondents will be inserted in the GRAPHIC during winter months under the heading 'Amateur Theatricals.' Notices should be written critically, and not consist of unadulterated praise.—Ed. GRAPHIC.

### 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.

### ADMIRABLY DONE.

BETTINA WALKER tells in her 'Musical Experiences' the story of a poor and talented pupil of the great Sgambati, who broke down in playing a piece at an afternoon concert. The poor girl rose from the piano in a nervous panic, wrung her hands, and looked appealingly at the audience. One of the professors led her back to her seat, and gently, but with authority, bade her resume her playing. She succeeded in finishing, by a great effort of will.

I said the next morning that I wondered at her self-control in recovering from her previous fright, and a fellow-pupil replied:

'O signorina, had you but seen her in class this morning, how she wept as she begged Sgambati's pardon, and deplored having given way to such an unreasonable panic! And the professor was so kind to her! He told her she must not cry any more, but think of retrieving herself. He would give her the chance of doing so by having her play at the next pupils' concert, four weeks later.'

My sister and I felt very anxious for Signorina G. as that time approached; we feared she would brood over what had happened, and so mar her future prospects. We finally decided that the best way of helping her a little would be to give her some agreeable surprise during the hours of suspense, and thus divert her thoughts into another channel.

Finally we wrote a letter to the young lady, praising her talent, and begged her not to let her thoughts revert to what was no real discredit to her, the piece that she attempted having been one of enormous difficulty. We did not sign our names to the letter, but concluded by telling her we should be at the concert, and that we fully expected she would play admirably.

I took the letter to her house, and wore a thick veil to avoid recognition.

At the concert Signorina G. looked very happy, and played with energy and fire. Signor Sgambati seemed all pleasure and satisfaction as he shook hands with his pupil at the conclusion of the piece.

Then I descended from the platform and hurried down the room, glancing to the right and left as he moved along. He came nearer, and I perceived that his eyes were beaming with irrepressible amusement, and even before he addressed me, I feared that all was discovered, and knew I was reddening in a very tell tale manner.

'The family want, of course, to know you,' he said to me, with a meaning smile.

'What family?' was my rejoinder.

'Ah, signorina, it is of no use! If I did not know as much as I do, your colour would be quite enough to excite suspicion. Come, come, there is no use in fencing! The letter! I have not only heard of it, but I have seen it. Don't blame me if I convey to you the thanks of the whole family, and their wish to be at once presented to you.'

As I afterward learned, a fellow-pupil to whom the letter was shown had recognized my handwriting, and made his discovery public.

This incident began for me a most interesting acquaintance, and the following year, to my delight as well as to her own, she passed an excellent examination, and received her diploma.

## THE NEW WATERBURYS.

### A WONDERFUL RECORD.

The average newspaper reader who has noticed our advertisements from time to time often remarks, 'What a pile of money those Waterbury fellows waste in advertising, and no doubt this is the view held by ninety-nine people out of every hundred. The initiated, however, know what a wonderful result these advertisements have brought about. When the writer came to New Zealand with the Waterbury Watch in 1887, and made the usual trade calls, the wholesale dealers would have none of them; one Dunedin firm having about a hundred stowed away in a Dowling-street cellar, quite, as they stated, unsealable, because every one considered it *infra dig.* to carry a nickel watch. Retail jewellers were appealed to, but with no better result. The public will never take to a nickel watch said they, and if they did we could not sell them without lowering the status of our craft. This position was illogical. They handled nickel clocks, but could not be persuaded to handle nickel watches. This result was general in New Zealand, and not until the advertisements began to appear, and the public started their eagerness to obtain these watches, could any dealer be induced to purchase them. When a show was made the sale grew by leaps and bounds. Thousands were sold in each city in the colony, and the country, stimulated by the weeklies, began to pour in their orders. Shipment after shipment arrived, and were at once absorbed, orders originally modest were doubled and trebled by cable, and yet for more than half the year we were without stock. Gradually our circle of distributors extended, and many firms finding that a regular 'nickel age' had set in, hunted the market of Europe and America for substitutes. Each mail brought small parcels of metal watches equally handsome in appearance, which were offered to the trade as fully equal to the Waterbury, and on which double the profit could be made. They equalled the Waterbury in outward finish only, not as timekeepers; they, like the man who fell out of the balloon, were 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 were not worth powder and shot, did they imitate the Waterbury never so closely. In this manner, and aided by our shortness of supply, many spurious imitations were foisted upon the public, and gained a temporary footing. Our boxes were at first imitated, and Continental watches were case'd, so that the outward resemblance was great. Many purchasers were so deceived, and have urged us several times to take proceedings against the parties to the fraud. Sufficient legal evidence of sale and identity has never been forthcoming, and all we could do was to watch our

aspects, and wait our opportunity. We place our monogram W.W.C. on the face of every watch, and buyers should see that it is there, otherwise they are being 'rooked.' Gradually the public became more wide awake. Our advertisements were too far-reaching, and having initially created the demand, we were also able to minimise the chance of deception. Store-keepers in the first place not in the trade, gradually began to consider the Waterbury a first staple. Jewellers saw that their original idea of the views of the public had been refuted by results, and the larger and more respectable who were most in touch with the people overcame that early prejudice and resolved to supply what their customers required. Judges, Bankers, Merchants, Clergy, and the other components of our population called for the Waterbury with no uncertain sound. History repeats itself. In America, where the Waterbury sales were originally confined to Clothiers and Booksellers, nearly 40,000 Jewellers are now purchasing direct from the Company, and are selling no other 'cheap watches.' Their Swiss and Home counterfeits have been sent to Coventry. This is the Waterbury age.

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

### ONE MILLION WATERBURYS

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

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

84,790 WATCHES,

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

11,952 WATCHES.

WELLINGTON, 24th October, 1891.

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

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

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

(Signed) ORLANDO KEMPTHORNE,

Manager.

9,360 WATCHES.

AUCKLAND, 25th September, 1891.

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

E. PORTER & Co.

4,320 WATCHES.

CHRISTCHURCH, 29th September, 1891.

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

EDWARD REECE & SONS.

9,000 WATCHES.

DUNEDIN, 10th November, 1891.

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

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

NEW ZEALAND HARDWARE Co., LTD.

(Per T. Black, Manager.)

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

The new short-wind, solid silver, and gold-filled Waterburys have arrived, and any person requiring the correct time in an intrinsic setting can obtain the keyless Waterbury, jewelled movements in either ladies' or gentlemen's size, for from 22s 6d to 55s. 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.

### A COMING MILLIONAIRE.

TOMMY (who wants to sharpen his knife): 'Let's play organ grinder. I'll have a hundred turns at the grindstone, and then you can.'

Willie: 'I want to turn first.'

Tommy: 'All right; go ahead. (After sharpening his knife.) This isn't much fun, is it?'

Willie (out of breath): 'No.'

Tommy: 'I'll make a boat, and you fill up the tub, and we'll sail it.'

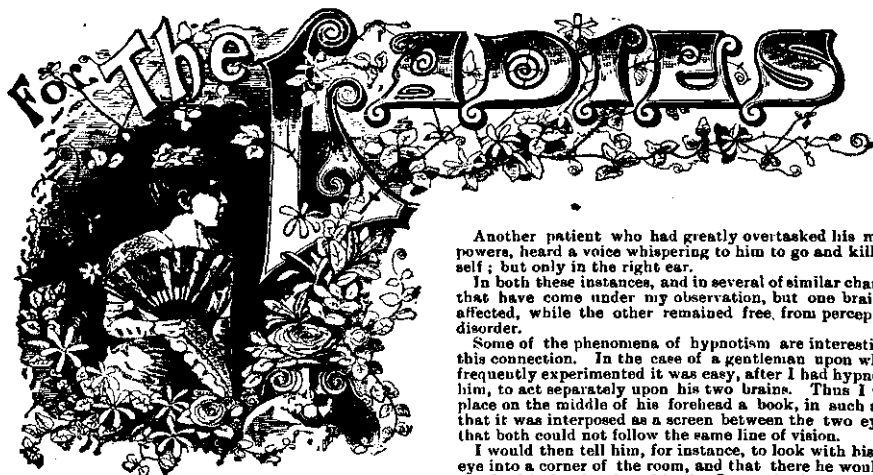




*Wedding Dress.*

*Page's Costume.*

*Travelling Gown.*



**HAVE WE TWO BRAINS?**

BY WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, M.D.

**T**HE human brain consists of two hemispheres, very much alike in their general appearance, and closely united at certain points, but nevertheless so distinct one from the other that it appears strange that they should so long have been regarded as constituting a single organ. When we look into their physiology we find so many arguments for considering them as different in their functions that our astonishment is increased when we think that they are still spoken of as 'the brain.'

I shall endeavour to show that these two hemispheres are in reality two brains, as much so as our hands are two hands, and our eyes two eyes. As a matter of fact the eyes are just as much united one to the other as one hemisphere of the brain is united to the other hemisphere; and yet we can see with one eye without seeing with the other; we can even see differently with our two eyes.

So we can also think with one brain hemisphere without thinking with the other. We can think of one subject with one hemisphere, and of another subject with the other hemisphere. We can be sane with one, and insane with the other; the one may have hallucinations which the other corrects; the one may be stricken with terror while the other is moved with the keenest delight; the one may be disgracefully feeble in will-power while the other carries everything before it; the one, when the seat of injury or disease, causes one side of the body to be paralysed, while at the same time the other, the seat of some different disease, throws that side of the body with which it is in relation into violent convulsions.

In the very beginning of the existence of the individual the body consists of two distinct halves, which, afterwards becoming fused together, retain, nevertheless, in a great degree their original characteristics.

Thus the two sides of the face are never exactly alike; the two lungs are not of the same size; the liver is placed on one side of the abdomen, the spleen is placed on the other, and the two brains, though looking much alike, are seen upon close examination to be different and to be possessed of different functions.

The organ of speech is located entirely, in the great majority of cases, in the left brain—occasionally in the right brain—but never, so far as our knowledge extends, in both brains in the same person. Thus if a man be injured in his left brain at a point a little above and in front of the ear, he is deprived of the faculty of speech, losing even all idea of language. If the injury admits of relief, the capacity for speech is at once restored. If, however, the injury takes place on the right side, there is no interference with the faculty of speech—unless, as occasionally happens, the speech organ is situated on that side.

Again, if a person is, for instance, shot or otherwise injured in his right brain, he is paralyzed on the left side of his body; while if correspondingly injured in the left brain he is paralyzed on the right side of his body. Thus the right brain presides over the left side of the body and the left brain over the right side of the body, the nerve fibres crossing to the opposite sides before reaching the cranium.

When a physician is called to a case of apoplexy, for instance, and finds his patient without the power of motion and of feeling in his right arm or right leg, he knows that he is suffering from some disease, probably the rupture of a blood-vessel, in his left brain; and with this paralysis there will frequently be a loss of the power of speech. If, on the other hand, the patient is paralyzed in his left arm and left leg, there is no loss of speech and the physician knows that the disease is seated in the right brain.

Such facts go to show that there are two brains presiding over opposite sides of the body.

By hallucinations we understand a false sensorial impression, which has no real physical basis of truth. Hallucinations may exist with all the senses.

Now it occasionally happens that these hallucinations are present with only one eye or one ear or one nostril, or one side of the tongue or the fingers of one hand. A patient of my own, while preparing for bed one night, saw before her the figure of her mother, who had died several months previously. The image did not for an instant impose upon her intellect; but thinking that something must be the matter with her eyes, she closed them alternately and rubbed them with her fingers as we often do when we wish to make our vision clearer. As she closed the left eye the image was no longer perceived; and then she became convinced that she saw it with the right eye only.

Another patient who had greatly overtasked his mental powers, heard a voice whispering to him to go and kill himself; but only in the right ear.

In both these instances, and in several of similar character that have come under my observation, but one brain was affected, while the other remained free, from perceptual disorder.

Some of the phenomena of hypnotism are interesting in this connection. In the case of a gentleman upon whom I frequently experimented it was easy, after I had hypnotised him, to act separately upon his two brains. Thus I would place on the middle of his forehead a book, in such a way that it was interposed as a screen between the two eyes so that both could not follow the same line of vision.

I would then tell him, for instance, to look with his right eye into a corner of the room, and that there he would see the dead body of a dear friend. Instantly the corresponding side of his face experienced the greatest horror, while the other remained a perfect blank.

I would then tell him to look into the opposite corner with his left eye, where there was a clown performing various ludicrous antics. Immediately that side of his face expressed intense pleasure and expanded into a broad smile.

Thus there existed in him at the same time two opposite emotions, the one of horror, the other of mirth.

Such experiments appear to me to show undubitably the existence of two separate and independent brains, capable of being influenced in diametrically opposite directions. Nothing, I think, in the whole range of physiological experimentation can give us more conclusive results, unless perhaps it may be the phenomena of double consciousness, to which in the next place I desire to call attention.

In this very remarkable condition, a person under the influence either of disease or of injury of one or the other brain lives two separate and distinct lives, as different from each other as though he were in reality two individuals. Several such instances have occurred in my own practice; but before citing them I will quote the wonderful instance of a French sergeant, who was wounded by a rifle-ball on the left side of his head, and who in consequence became paralyzed on the opposite side of his body. He was apparently cured of the wound and of the paralysis; but shortly afterward a new condition of the most striking character developed.

In his ordinary state the patient was quite an intelligent man; and having been retired from the army he was able to gain his own living by singing in one of the cafés of the Champs Elysees. He was docile and well disposed, and his conduct generally was such as to be beyond reproach. His health was in all respects excellent.

Suddenly, however, an entire change took place in his mental characteristics. He forgot absolutely every event of his past life, and yet he acted in all respects as if he was in the full exercise of his senses and of his intelligence, so that a person coming into association with him would never have suspected that he was otherwise than in his normal condition. But his character had undergone a complete change; and above all, he had developed a disposition to steal whatever he could lay his hands upon.

After this state had lasted a variable period, sometimes two or three months, he suddenly resumed his natural life, and became in every respect as he was before; but entirely oblivious of events that had occurred during his abnormal condition.

These two phases of his life continued to alternate, each condition being in close relation with each other condition of the same character. Thus if we designate his normal state by A and his abnormal by B, during every A state he recollects all the events of every previous A state, but had no knowledge of any circumstance occurring during any B state. While in every B state his memory of events which had occurred during every previous B state was full and complete, but he had no recollection whatever of the incidents of any A state.

He lived, therefore, two different existences, and undoubtedly the condition was due to the fact that during one period the left brain predominated over the right brain, while during the other the right brain was in the ascendency.

In a case which occurred within my own experience, the patient, who had been struck on the head several years previously by a stick of wood so that his skull was fractured, became affected with epileptic convulsions; but he also became a subject of double consciousness.

Upon one occasion the attack came upon him just as he was entering a railway train. He proceeded on his journey, and arrived in the city, where he took lodgings at a hotel. A few days afterwards he bought out a small book shop and started into business as a bookseller and stationer. He conducted himself with perfect propriety and apparently was in full possession of his intellectual faculties. He passed, however, under a name different from his real one.

During all this period his friends had no knowledge of his whereabouts until one day when several weeks had elapsed he suddenly resumed his natural condition, and to his intense astonishment recognized his changed circumstances. He at once telegraphed to his friends and returned home, having no knowledge of anything that occurred after getting into the railway train until the recovery of his natural mental condition.

He has had repeated attacks of a similar character since, and in all of them has a more or less distinct recollection of the events of all like previous seizures, and passes under the same name that he took at first.

Ordinarily the two brains act synchronously, that is to say, at the same time; but when they do not, and there is a difference in their action of the fraction of a second, we have the curious experience that what we are doing at the same time amid the circumstances that surround us we have done at some previous time under identical conditions.

All of us have had such experiences. They afford additional evidence of the fact that we have in reality two brains, which in these cases do not act at precisely the same time.

**AN ANCIENT 'SELL.'**

NOT many travellers visit Carrara, where the finest of marble is constantly being quarried, as it has been for so many centuries, but, once there, much may be found in the way of legend and scenery to occupy the curious mind. Innumerable stories float about the place, says a writer in *Cornhill*, concerning the existence of hidden treasures.

Gold has often been found in the neighbourhood of the town, and not very long ago a crock of gold coins were unearthed beneath one of the streets.

A most curious experience, however, was that of a quarryman who, in one of his rambles, stumbled upon an old, deserted quarry, within which, half-buried in grass and brambles, lay an enormous block of heavy marble. On examining it, he found a number of letters rudely cut, and half-hidden under a crust of dirt. With some difficulty he managed to spell out the words, 'Blessed is he who shall turn me over.'

The man at once jumped at the conclusion that he had stumbled upon hidden treasure, and that his fortune was made. He rushed home and collected some of his friends to aid him in the recovery of the concealed gold. After some very hard labour they succeeded in turning the hoary giant over. Another rude inscription met their eager eyes: 'Thanks, my friends. I was weary of reposing so long in one position!'

**MUSCULAR BABIES.**

AN English physician, Dr. Louis Robinson, has devoted a vast amount of time and thought to proving his theory that babies of the human species, like all monkeys, have a wonderful power in the flexor muscles of the forearm, so that during the first few hours after birth they are able to hang by the hands, entirely supporting the weight of the body for a period varying from ten seconds to two minutes and a half.

He has experimented upon one hundred and fifty children some of them a few days old, and others less than an hour, and in two cases only have they failed to hang from a stick by their tiny hands.

One curious fact is that when a child lets go, and falls from its support, it seems to be rather from a desire of changing its position than because it is tired. When, even after hanging for more than a minute, a finger is given it to clutch, one will find by the energetic grip of its tiny hand that the little animal is by no means exhausted.

It is unnecessary to say that in each case there is no possible risk for the child.

**IS CANNED FRUIT INJURIOUS?**

'DID it ever occur to you that maybe you are eating too much canned fruit?' asked a lady of her friend, who was complaining of indigestion, weakness and a generally good-for-nothing feeling. 'There seems to be a growing idea among physicians and observing persons that a great amount of canned fruit—that is the constant use of it—does harm. Just why or how I have not heard discussed.'

'Well, I have given some attention to the subject,' was the reply, 'and I think I have solved a certain phase of the mysterious reason. I think whatever injury may result from its use is traceable directly to the cans. I know numbers of persons who merely wash out new jars, then put their fruit in, and close them up.'

**GLASS BOTTLES DANGEROUS.**

'I recall being at the house of a friend who was very fond of fruit, and always bottled a great quantity. One evening at her house, I tasted a little of the berries she had just poured into the dish, and as I closed my teeth I crushed together a bit of the thinnest, most delicate shell glass. It was only a small piece, but quite enough, had I swallowed it, to produce serious, if not fatal results. My friend was amazed when I told her of the consequences of such a fragment entering the stomach. Then she began to think intently. Some years before, she had lost a child. It had always been rather delicate, but never seriously ill, but had no appetite, and seemed to lack vitality. It lived almost entirely on canned fruit—berries, cherries and the like—but complained of almost continuous sharp pains in the stomach and bowels. After a time, she grew worse, and finally died, the doctor said of consumption of the bowels. The mother was very unhappy when she came to consider the possibilities of the case, and at once consulted several eminent physicians on the symptoms of the little one. They all agreed in the belief that bits of thin glass had been the direct cause of the child's death.'

**HOW TO USE GLASS CANS.**

'The mother's first impulse was to give up glass cans altogether; but after some experiments she became satisfied that a little care and attention in the preparing of the cans made them perfectly safe. Before the cans are used, a handful of shot should be put in and thoroughly shaken about. Of course, it must be carefully done and the shot must be small, or the can will be broken. A chain dish-cloth, such as is found or should be found in every well-regulated kitchen in the land, is one of the very best articles for clearing the cans of the thin shell-glass which comes from bubbles of air forming when the glass is blown. Examine every glass can and you will see these bubbles all through it. If they are very thin on the inside the heat of the boiling fruit may and very likely will crack off some pieces of the glass, which will become mixed with the fruit and is often eaten or swallowed under the impression that it is a bit of sand or grit. Cans, after one year's use, are not likely to be dangerous to health from this cause, but even then many housekeepers of the extra particular sort go over them with shot or chain-cloth whenever they are to be refilled.

'Canned fruits should not be too sweet. A pleasant, slightly tart flavour is best. And if proper care is taken that in cooking no metal comes in contact with the fruit, and if the cans are thoroughly freed from shell-glass, I believe after a free indulgence in such fruits for many years that it is not only not injurious but is eminently wholesome and beneficial, as it certainly is delicious and convenient.'

**QUERIES.**

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

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

**RULES.**

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

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

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

**QUERIES.**

ASPIC JELLY.—Will you kindly give a recipe for this?—**MAHELE.**

JAM ROLY-POLY.—I should be very glad of directions for making this.—**EVA L.**

**ANSWERS TO QUERIES.**

**TO MAKE PARSNIP WINE.**—I send 'Rita' a recipe for making parsnip wine, taken from Dr. Walsh's Domestic Economy:—'Let the parsnips be well-cleaned, slice them, and to every gallon of water add 3lbs of parsnips and 3lbs of good moist sugar. Boil them to a pulp, strain off the water, and well-wash the pulp with part of it; skim it well when boiling. When boiled put it in a tub, and when sufficiently cold put it in a cask with a tablespoonful of yeast. After it has fermented properly, add what quantity of spirit you please, and stop it up.'—**ELLA F.**

[Many thanks.—**LADY ED.**]

**RECIPES.**

**NASTURTIUM PICKLES.**—Have ready a stone or glass jar of the best cold vinegar. Take the seeds after the flowers have gone off, and they are full grown, but not old. Pick off the stems or not, as you fancy, and put the seeds into the vinegar. No other preparation is necessary, and they will keep one year with nothing more than sufficient cold vinegar to cover them. With boiled mutton they are an excellent substitute for capers.

**VIRGINIA MIXED PICKLES.**—Take seventy-five large cucumbers, half a peck of green tomatoes, fifteen large onions, four heads of cabbage, one pint of horse-radish, half a pound of mustard seed, half a teaspoonful of ground pepper, half a pint of salad oil, one ounce of celery seed, cinnamon and turmeric each. Slice the tomatoes and large onions, chop the cabbage and quarter the cucumbers. Mix with salt, let them stand twenty-four hours, drain and pour on vinegar. Let them stand three days; strain, and mix the spices well, then boil one and a half gallons of fresh vinegar, pour it boiling hot over the pickles; repeat for three mornings. The third time, add a pound of sugar and the oil to the vinegar.

**ONION PICKLES.**—Take large, white onions, remove the skin, pour over boiling salt water; let them stand three days, pour off and add fresh brine; let them stand over night. Then take one gallon of vinegar, adding two ounces of turmeric, scald and pour over the onions, cover the jar and let them stand ten days; then pour off and put on them strong vinegar, seasoned with red pepper, horseradish, celery seed, mustard and small spices.

**A NICE BREAKFAST.**

**MENU.**

- Fruit,
- Dressed Eels,
- Potato Cakes,
- Minc'd Duck,
- Curried Eggs,
- Bread,
- Strawberry Jam,
- Crumpets,
- Tea and Coffee.

**DRESSED EELS.**—Take one pound cold cooked eels, two ounces butter, one ounce flour, half a pint of milk, a little grated nutmeg, pepper and salt. Melt the butter in a small saucepan, add the flour, and mix the milk in very slowly; stir until it boils; remove from the fire and add the pepper, salt, and nutmeg. Remove the skin and bones from the fish, cut it in neat pieces, put it on flat dish, pour the sauce over it, and brown quickly in an oven.

**MINCED DUCK.**—Put the bones and skin of cold roast duck into a stewpan with an onion, a little mace, and a bunch of sweet herbs tied up. Add nearly a pint of water. Let it stew for an hour; then strain and add to the gravy a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Take two hard boiled eggs and chop them fine, cut all the meat of the duck into fine pieces, mix with the eggs, and add salt, pepper, and mace to taste. Put this into the gravy. Add a teaspoonful of very finely minced lemon peel, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, and two tablespoonfuls of flour made into a paste with a little cold water. Let it boil up at once, and serve with sippets of nicely-toasted bread.

**POTATO CAKES.**—Mix cold mashed potatoes with an egg or two, turn into cakes, flour on each side and fry delicately in boiling lard.

**CURRIED EGGS.**—Chop an onion, half a carrot, half an apple, and a little celery into slices; place them in a stewpan with a tablespoonful of butter. Fry them over a slow fire until the onions are cooked, add a dessertspoonful of curry-paste and one of curry-powder, salt and pepper, and

a little allspice, mace and roux. Mix well together, add half a pint of boiling stock; stir the mixture over the fire till it boils. Have about two ounces of rice boiled and strained dry; keep it warm until wanted. Boil six eggs for seven minutes, take off the shells and place the eggs in the sauce for a few minutes and let it stand at the side of the fire. Dip a jelly mould, with a large hole in the centre, into cold water, press in the warm rice, then turn it out on a warm dish, put the eggs in the centre, pour the sauce over it, and garnish with diamonds of beet-root and sprays of parsley.

**SHOPS AND SHOPPING.**

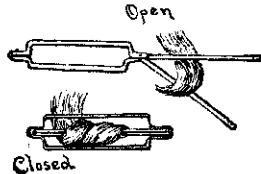
(BY MADAME MILLENT.)



HAVE just had a present of the 'latest idea' in veils. I have not yet dared to appear in the streets shut in by this hideous 'idea.' I put it on for Bertha's benefit, and she promptly declared I was a fit candidate for one of the colonial asylums. Alas! one's bosom friend is sometimes refreshingly candid. But I must describe this wonderful veil. It is made of black net, and the part of it which covers the upper portion of one's visage, that is to say, to the tip of one's nose, is exactly three times as thick as the lower part, which extends to one's chin. I couldn't see very well how it looked in the glass, because it was so thick. I do fervently trust it won't become fashionable out here. It would be two dreadful to have to wear it in the streets.

From veils to coiffure is not a long step. The newest style is neater and simpler than that of last season, but alas! those who adopt it must perforce wear false hair, unless, indeed, nature has been liberal to a degree in her hatching. A strand of very long hair is needed to make the elegant little coil at the back. A bow at each side is necessary. This can be made of the wearer's own hair. The front requires, says Madame à la-Mode, to be slightly waved, and a glimmer of a parting is really visible. The pompadour style is pretty, being composed of waves, like the sea slightly agitated, all over the head, and with very little on the forehead.

Men laugh at the trouble we women bestow on our hair, and at the ribbons, aigrettes, jewels and flowers which we may now use to enhance our capital beauty. Red hair, my London donor of the veil assures me, is quite *chic*. A bright-red model appeared in one of the hairdresser's windows one morning, and three ladies promptly went in to have their hair dyed that shade! There's enterprise for you! Bertha takes great pains to have neat little waves over her white temples, and she showed me her curling pins to-day. I sketched them, and mean to send for some at once.



She says they work so well and so quickly. Certainly her hair always looks nice.

I made a further sketch of Bertha's hair when dressed by the aid of these useful wavers. She could hardly arrange it, as she was telling me of a manager, who, on taking authority over some works where girls were employed in the



machinery, made them all cut their hair off close so as to avoid any chance of its becoming entangled and causing an accident.

Chrysanthemums are being greatly used for decorative purposes. Bertha has had one of her rooms panelled in white. The centre of each panel she has painted with variously-coloured chrysanthemums. One is of pure white, artistically shaded underneath so as to throw them up. Another is of pinkish-amber, etc., etc. Really, it is quite surprising the number of different kinds she has. There are two panels to be finished, and she is waiting for a rare specimen someone has promised her to transfer to her wall. The effect is excellent.

**A STYLISH WEDDING.**

SEE PAGE 455.

I SUPPOSE there is hardly a single human being in the world who has not at some time or another in his or her life had something to do with a wedding, or who will not, in due course, have some connection with this sacred function. Therefore, to all a description of a wedding is more or less interesting. For the ladies there is always the very important question of toilettes. To such the illustration in the GRAPHIC this week forcibly answers.

The bride's dress is, of course, the first consideration. Our bride in the sketch looked lovely in a bodice and Court train of ivory broché satin over a petticoat of the same, trimmed with chiffon. The corage was trimmed with ostrich feather and a long pearl girdle, and tulle veil, fastened with diamond crescent, the gift of the bridegroom. She carried a lovely bouquet of choice flowers, also presented by the bridegroom; and wore a diamond bracelet. Her long Court train was carried by two little pages, dressed in green velvet, with yellow silk vests (the regimental colour of the bridegroom), ruffles and frills of yellow, green stockings, and shoes with big buckles. They wore pearl horseshoe pins, the gift of the bridegroom.

There were no available near relations of a suitable age for grown-up bridesmaids, so the services of little nieces and small cousins were called into requisition for this important position, and I really think that this was one of the prettiest weddings of the winter. These dainty little demoiselles wore white lambswool coats trimmed with white Angola, white felt hats trimmed with same fur, and white satin bows; bows and muffs to match, and white shoes and stockings. Their brooches, presents from the generous bridegroom, were lit up with bars of gold set with pearls.

The bride's travelling costume was greatly admired as she and her husband left for the South of France. It was an exquisitely fitting dress of navy blue camel's hair spotted vigogne, plain skirt with a Louis XV. bodice, velvet gilet and steel buttons; navy felt hat trimmed with astrachan pompons and wings, astrachan muff, long travelling cloak trimmed with beaver. Her trousseau was most lovely. Such dreams of silk petticoats as contrast or harmonies to her handsome, slightly trained gowns! and such lovely underlinen! a good deal of it was trimmed with the new crochet embroidery, which is worked by hand in No. 30 or 40 cotton in very lace like patterns. It wears and washes so well, especially for night dresses.

A good idea struck me in looking over this trousseau. There were several pretty silk covers a size larger than an ordinary drawer. These were for covering up evening gowns, soft white, delicate laces, chiffon fichus, etc., which spoil so quickly.

The covers are easily made, and last a considerable time. Get a thin sheet of wadding, split it open with a knife, sprinkle the inside with powdered Florentine orris root, pot-pourri, or lavender, press the wadding together, and cover with the silk. Catch it together in places with tiny buttons if preferred. Odd pieces of silk arranged like a patchwork design do admirably for the purpose if desired, but be sure the wadding is very thin and scanty.

Have you seen the new rug-cloaks? The following description conveys a capital idea of this travellers' comfort. The rug-cloak, as its name implies, is a combination of the two articles. On the way to the station it can be worn as any other fashionable cloak, being of very nice appearance, made of a thoroughly substantial Harris tweed, finished with a hood at the back, and double-breasted. When ensconcing ourselves in the railway carriage, however, the fact is disclosed that the cloak is something more than it seems. We remove it from our shoulders or unstrap it, as the case may be, and then it is seen that the lower edge is trimmed up, secured with straps and buttons. These undone, the feet are slipped in and the upper or neck part fastened round the waist, thus making a most comfortable and cosy rug, the hood serving for a muff or pocket in which to slip any trifle. It should be mentioned—that as a cloak—there are two good-sized pockets in the front, and one for tickets. The rug-cloaks are made for gentlemen as well as gentlemen, and as we all travel more or less nowadays (weather or no) all ought to be provided with this latest comfort.

I must not forget to tell you of one or two other lovely wedding garments. One bride's gown was of white satin, with front of brocade, and Empire sash of beautiful lace, the neck of the dress, cut a little away, also finished with corresponding lace. Her tulle veil was arranged with a diamond tiara, the gift of her father, and she carried an exquisite bouquet. Two youthful cousins of the bride were her pages and train-bearers, and looked very picturesque in white cloth coats, with collars and cuffs of moss-green velvet, waistcoats and breeches of moire, striped in pale green, blue and pink, lace cravats and ruffles, green hats, stockings, and steel buckled shoes. The bridegroom presented to each a gold pin and a silver-mounted cane.

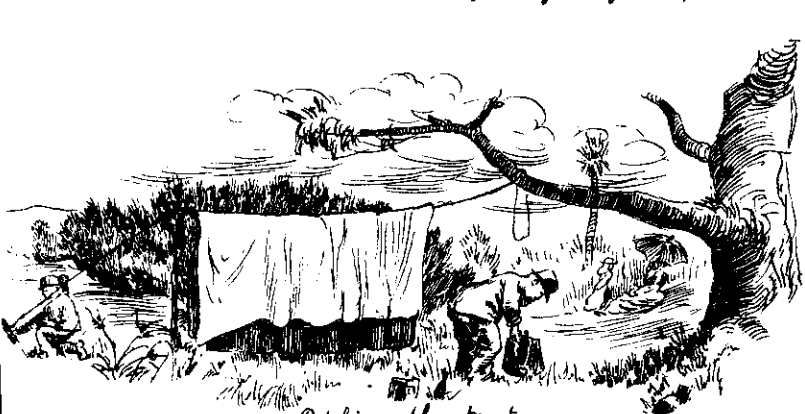
The bridesmaids wore slightly trained skirts of moire, striped in pale green, pink and blue, white cloth bodices, and Empire sashes of moss-green silk, and sleeves of the moire. White fichus finished the bodices with clusters of pink carnations and lilies of the valley to fasten them. Their hats were dark green, large and becoming shapes, trimmed with feathers to match, and pink velvet. The bride's mother had a beautiful dress of mauve brocade, with coat of velvet of a deeper shade, trimmed with gold galon, and bonnet to match.

There is still one wedding gown in my notes so beautiful that at the risk of wearying you I must quote it. This dress was composed of a bodice and Court train of rich silver brocade, over a jupe of white satin. The latter was festooned with silver beaded lace, caught up with clusters of silver drops at intervals. The bodice had a Medici collar of the lace and a fringed basque of silver beads. The sleeves of satin had ruffles of the lace and epaulettes of brocade, edged with silver drops. Her wreath was of orange blossoms, her veil tulle, and she wore diamond ornaments, and carried a lovely chateleine bouquet of orange blossoms and white orchids. She had two pages, one wearing a coat of crimson plush, the other of blue. Their knee-breeches and waistcoats were pearl-white brocade, flowered in colour to match their respective coats, and they wore lace cravats and ruffles, and three-cornered white fur hats lined up with plush to match the coats, and edged with silver cord. Each wore a pearl scarf pin, the gift of the bridegroom. Pages, you will see, are quite *a la mode*. **HELENE.**

# Awful fate of Good Friday Previcers



The Jones family camp out



Pitching the tent



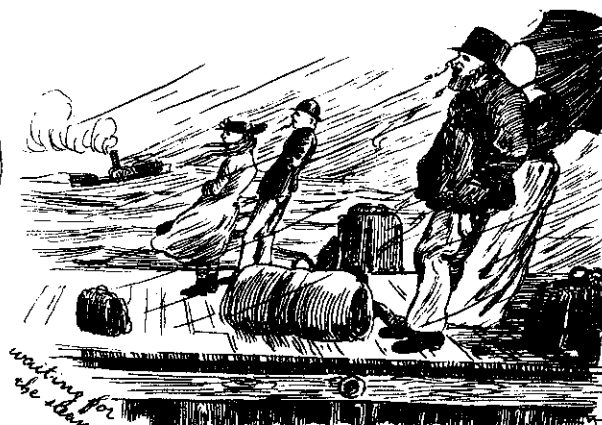
The wind caught them occasionally.



Success — Rain

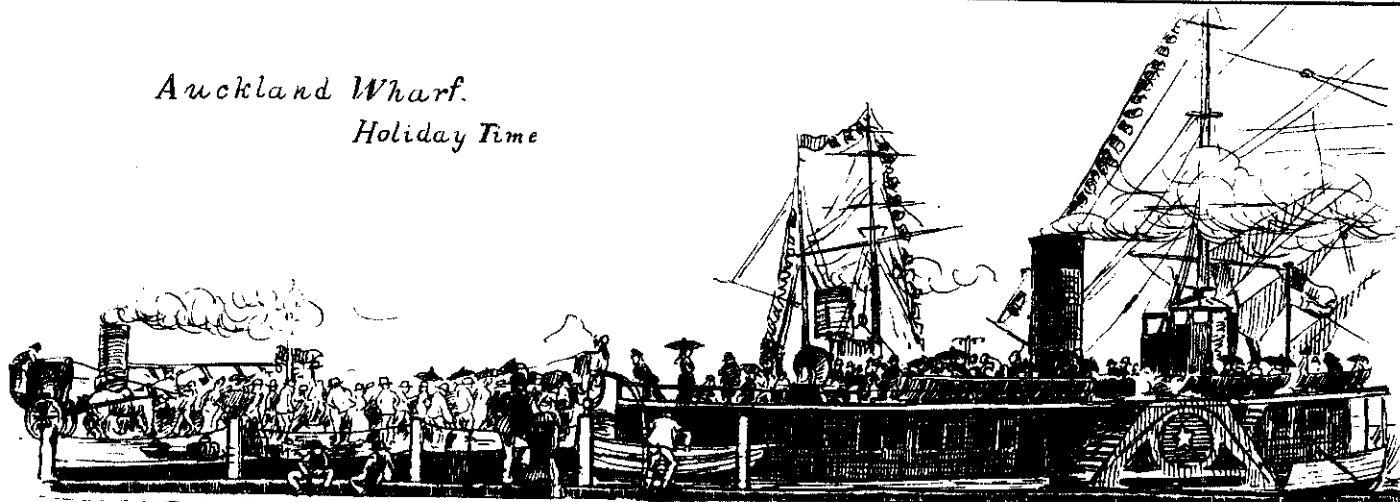


Still raining



Waiting for the steamer

## Auckland Wharf. Holiday Time



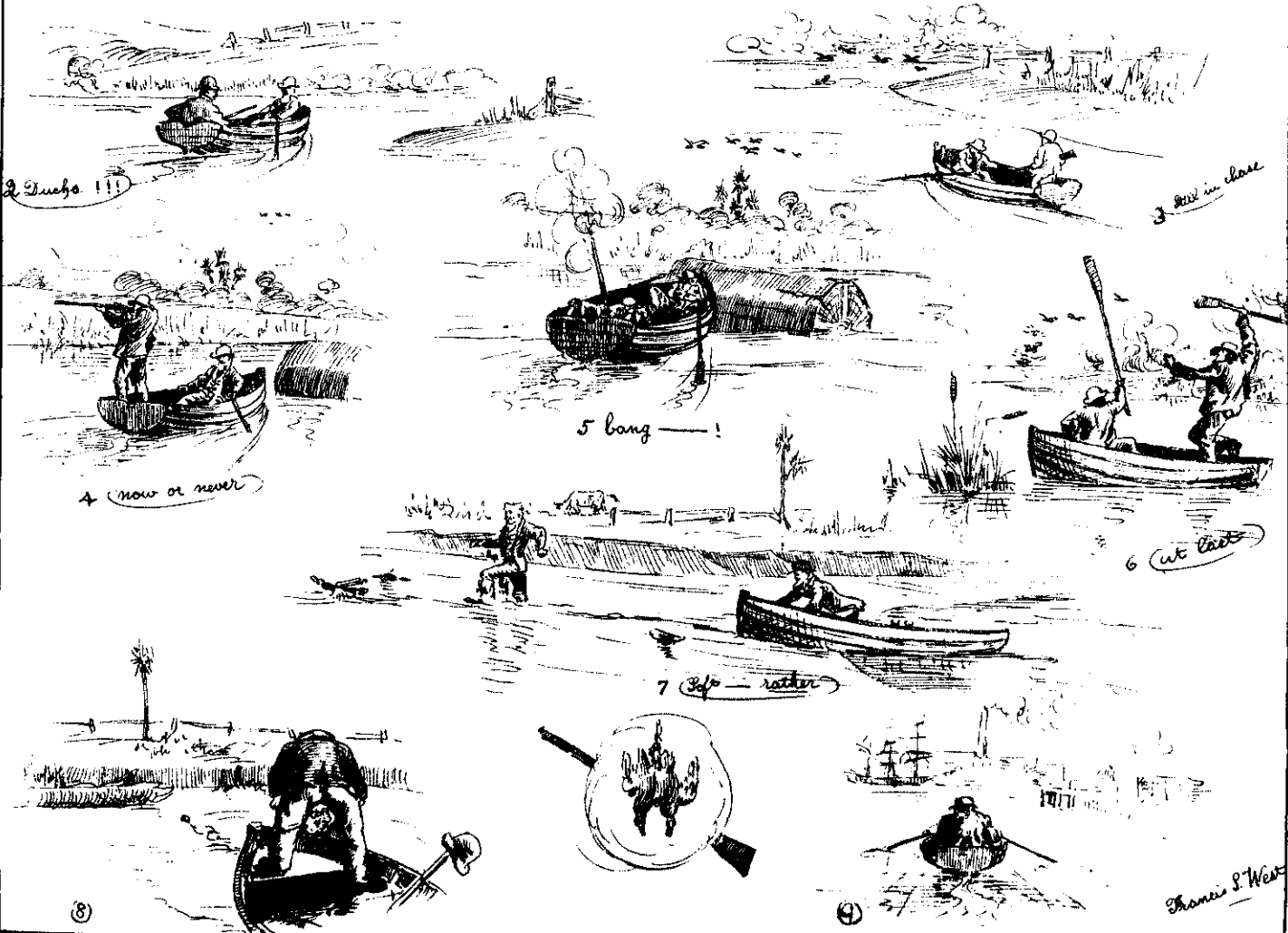
Francis West

# Shooting Season.



# Duck Shooting

# on the Kaipara



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.

MAUDE L.—Certainly you may write to me. This column is open to anyone who has anything to ask in which she or he—if necessary—thinks I can be of any assistance. I can assure you that I quite enjoy reading some of the pleasant letters which reach me through this channel. But to reply to your question. I think I have several times remarked that the etiquette of mourning is immensely relaxed now. Why, I do not pretend to say, except that in some things we are more sensible than our progenitors. A flippant youth of my acquaintance says it is because life is too short to mourn long for one's hugely-increased circle of relations and friends. There is no need at all for a widow to wear her silk gauze veil or any crape on her dress when the second year is past. Yes, she may now wear a black lace bonnet, net, or straw trimmed with jet, and relieved with a tiny touch of white or pale mauve. In a month or two she may wear black velvet, either for coat or gown, but she must wear white and black or mauve, instead of colours a little longer yet.

BO-BEEP.—Yes, cards are 'a horrid bother.' At the same time, you know, they save a lot of 'bother' to the called-upon, for servants do not always remember names, and have an awkward habit of forgetting that anyone at all has called, whereas a card on the salver is indisputable proof of your visit. What did you say? Someone else might have left it! I must at once pass on to your query. Before leaving town leave p.p.c. cards on all your friends. Write p.p.c. in the lower corner. You should leave them yourself if possible; if not, send them by a servant. No, you must not send cards of inquiry by post. You can send them by a servant, but it looks more attentive to leave them yourself. The 'Thanks for kind inquiries' can certainly be posted. Send them when you have quite recovered. You may write the words at the top of your own visiting card, or get them printed.

MARTHA.—Recipes are printed in another column under that heading. Please address to that department. Thanks for your good wishes.

READER.—I think we shall have a review column shortly, and you will there find suitable books for reading. Yes, I do read a great deal, and have read 'Love or Money.' I thought it exceedingly interesting. Like you, I am glad the heroine reformed.

INVITED GUEST.—I fear if you have been formally invited to the wedding and have accepted, you will be supposed to send a present—that is, unless you can plead that you are going in an official capacity. I think our whole system of present-giving wants revising. Why should we, in this enlightened age, be compelled to give to all sorts of collections, subscriptions, testimonials, presents, etc., in which we have not the slightest personal interest? Some of the English papers made very severe remarks on the fearful tax under which society groans in the matter of giving presents to rich people who really do not want them. These very true remarks were evoked by the collections and subscriptions flooding the British Isles towards wedding presentations for the late suddenly stopped Royal marriage. I am decidedly an advocate for giving. I think each person ought to set apart a fifth, or at least a tenth of his or her income for church collections and charitable calls. Were this done, there would be only 'cheerful giving.' But I do strongly disapprove of our present pernicious plan of blackmailing, for it is that, for all sorts of subscriptions and presentations to people about whom we do not care a straw, and who do not care a straw whether we give them anything or not. I think when we women get into Parliament we must try and free society from this ridiculous incubus. Then we shall be able to afford to give presents to our real friends, not of necessity, and by compulsion for fear of being thought stingy, but from a genuine desire to give them pleasure, and to testify our regard for them. Quite a little sermon, is it not?

MRS M.—I think candidates for confirmation always look best in white. Let your two daughters' dresses be as simple as possible. It is warm, clean white cotton frocks could be used, or plain white muslin. But if it is cooler, white cashmere or nun's veiling would be appropriate. They must not wear hats or bonnets, but should have a pretty little tulle cap, with a little tulle ruche round it. Yes, they may have very simple, short tulle veils if you like, not quite over the face, or very little over it, and hanging nearly to the waist behind. No flowers at all. White gloves. Above all, let them have nothing about their dress in any way to distract their attention, or the attention of their fellow candidates from the solemnity of the promises they are making.

AUNTIE.—If you are taking care of your motherless little nephew there can surely be no harm in winning from him the frank confidence a boy often gives his mother. You are in her place, and should have her love. Only don't let him forget her.

NOT SO STRANGE.

An astute American woman is said to have remarked upon the astonishing precocity of the children in Paris. 'Why,' she said, 'the little things speak French as easily as an American child speaks English.'

The same woman, or another like her, lately remarked, as reported by an exchange: 'I often wonder how people manage to understand each other in France.'

'How absurd!' said another woman, rather impolitely. 'I don't think it absurd at all. Both my daughters speak French, and they can't understand each other.'

HOW THE REDOUBT WAS TAKEN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

[Prosper Mérimée was born in 1803 and died in 1870. His father was painter—but Prosper started life upon a law's side. Before thirty he was made Inspector General of Historic Monuments, and in the pleasant occupation of this office he travelled over most of Europe, and afterwards described his travels in a book. Then he began to write short stories—among them 'Carmen,' which the opera founded on its plot has made a household word. These little masterpieces—he never tried his hand at a long tale—exquisite in style and full of life and action, gained his election to the French Academy. And he deserved his fame. He has the magic art which makes the things of fancy real as life itself, we know not how. 'How the Redoubt was Taken' is in length a very little story—but to read it is to be present with the storming party, in their mad rush to victory and death.]



FRIEND of mine, a soldier, who died in Greece of fever some years since, described to me one day his first engagement. His story so impressed me that I wrote it down from memory. It was as follows:—

I joined my regiment on September 4th. It was evening. I found the colonel in the camp. He received me rather brusquely, but having read the general's introductory letter he changed his manner, and addressed me courteously.

By him I was presented to my captain, who had just come in from reconnoitring. This captain, whose acquaintance I had scarcely time to make, was a tall, dark man, of harsh, repelling aspect. He had been a private soldier, and had won his cross and epaulettes upon the field of battle. His voice, which was hoarse and feeble, contrasted strangely with his gigantic stature. This voice of his he owed, as I was told, to a bullet which had passed completely through his body at the battle of Jena. On learning that I had just come from college at Fontainebleau, he remarked, with a wry face, 'My lieutenant died last night.'

I understood what he implied.—'It is for you to take his place, and you are good for nothing.'

A sharp retort was on my tongue, but I restrained it. The moon was rising behind the redoubt of Cheverino, which stood two cannon-shots from our encampment. The moon was large and red, as is common at her rising; but that night she seemed to me of extraordinary size. For an instant the redoubt stood out coal-black against the glittering disk. It resembled the cone of a volcano at the moment of eruption.

An old soldier, at whose side I found myself, observed the colour of the moon.

'She is very red,' he said. 'It is a sign that it will cost us dear to win this wonderful redoubt.'

I was always superstitious, and this piece of augury, coming at that moment, troubled me. I sought my couch, but could not sleep. I rose, and walked about a while, watching the long line of fires upon the heights beyond the village of Cheverino.

When the sharp night air had thoroughly refreshed my blood I went back to the fire. I rolled my mantle round me, and I shut my eyes, trusting not to open them till daylight. But I sleep refused to visit me. Inensibly my thoughts grew doleful. I told myself that I had not a friend among the hundred thousand men who filled that plain. If I were wounded, I should be placed in hospital, in the hands of ignorant and careless surgeons. I called to mind what I had heard of operations. My heart beat violently, and I mechanically arranged, as a kind of rude cuirass, my handkerchief and pocket-book upon my breast. Then, overpowered with weariness, my eyes closed drowsily, only to open the next instant with a start at some new thought of horror.

Fatigue however, at last gained the day. When the drums beat at daybreak I was fast asleep. We were drawn up in rank. The roll was called, then we stacked our arms, and everything announced that we should pass another uneventful day.

But about three o'clock an aide-de-camp arrived with orders. We were commanded to take arms.

Our sharpshooters marched into the plain. We followed slowly, and in twenty minutes we saw the outposts of the Russians falling back and entering the redoubt. We had a battery of artillery on our right, another on our left, but both some distance in advance of us. They opened a sharp fire upon the enemy, who returned it briskly, and the redoubt of Cheverino was soon concealed by volumes of thick smoke. Our regiment was almost covered from the Russians' fire by a piece of rising ground. Their bullets (which were rarely aimed at us, for they preferred to fire upon our cannonners) whistled over us, or at worst knocked up a shower of earth and stones.

Just as the order to advance was given, the captain looked at me intently. I stroked my sprouting moustache with an air of unconcern; in truth, I was not frightened, and only dreaded lest I might be thought so. These passing bullets aided my heroic coolness, while my self-respect assured me that the danger was a real one, since I was veritably under fire. I was delighted at my self-possession, and already looked forward to the pleasure of describing in Parisian drawing-rooms the capture of the redoubt of Cheverino.

The colonel passed before our company. 'Well,' he said to me, 'you are going to see warm work in your first action.'

I gave a martial smile, and brushed my cuff, on which a bullet, which had struck the earth at thirty paces distant, had cast a little dust.

It appeared that the Russians had discovered that their bullets did no harm, for they replaced them by a fire of shells, which began to reach us in the hollows where we lay. One of these, in its explosion, knocked off my shako and killed a man beside me.

'I congratulate you,' said the captain, as I picked up my shako. 'You are safe now for the day.'

I knew the military superstition which believes that the axiom *non bis in idem* is as applicable to the battle-field as to the courts of justice. I replaced my shako with a swager.

'That's a rude way to make one raise one's hat,' I said, as lightly as I could. And this wretched piece of wit was, in the circumstances, received as excellent.

'I compliment you,' said the captain. 'You will command a company to-night; for I shall not survive the day.'

Every time I have been wounded the officer below me has been touched by some spent ball; and, he added, in a lower tone, 'all their names began with P.'

I laughed sceptically; most people would have done the same; but most would also have been struck, as I was, by these prophetic words. But, conscript though I was, I felt that I could trust my thoughts to no one, and that it was my duty to seem always calm and bold.

At the end of half-an-hour the Russian fire had sensibly diminished. We left our cover to advance on the redoubt.

Our regiment was composed of three battalions. The second had to take the enemy in flank; the two others formed the storming party. I was in the third.

On issuing from behind the cover, we were received by several volleys, which did but little harm. The whistling of the balls amazed me. 'But, after all,' I thought, 'a battle is less terrible than I expected.'

We advanced at a smart run, our musketeers in front. All at once the Russians uttered three hurrahs—three distinct hurrahs—and then stood silent, without firing.

'I don't like that silence,' said the captain. 'It bodes no good.'

I began to think our people were too eager. I could not help comparing mentally their shouts and clamour with the striking silence of the enemy.

We quickly reached the foot of the redoubt. The palisades were broken and the earthworks shattered by our balls. With a roar of 'Vive l'Empereur!' our soldiers rushed across the ruins.

I raised my eyes. Never shall I forget the sight which met my view. The smoke had mostly lifted, and remained suspended, like a canopy, at twenty feet above the redoubt. Through a bluish mist could be perceived, behind their shattered parapet, the Russian Grenadiers, with rifles lifted, as motionless as statues. I can see them still—the left eye of every soldier glaring at us, the right hidden by his lifted gun. In an embrasure at a few feet distant, a man with a fuse stood by a cannon.

I shuddered. I believed that my last hour had come. 'Now for the dance to open!' cried the captain. These were the last words I heard him speak.

There came from the redoubt a roll of drums. I saw the muzzles lowered. I shut my eyes; I heard a most appalling crash of sound, to which succeeded groans and cries. Then I looked up, amazed to find myself still living. The redoubt was once more wrapped in smoke. I was surrounded by the dead and wounded. The captain was extended at my feet; a ball had carried off his head, and I was covered with his blood. Of all the company, only six men, except myself, remained erect.

This carnage was succeeded by a kind of stupor. The next instant the colonel, with his hat on his sword's point, had scaled the parapet with a cry of 'Vive l'Empereur!' The survivors followed him. All that succeeded is to me a kind of dream. We rushed into the redoubt, I know not how; we fought hand to hand in the midst of smoke so thick that no man could perceive his enemy. I found my sabre dripping blood; I heard a shout of 'Victory'; and, in the clearing smoke, I saw the earthworks piled with dead and dying. The cannons were covered with a heap of corpses. About two hundred men in the French uniform were standing, without order, loading their muskets or wiping their bayonets. Eleven Russian prisoners were with them.

The colonel was lying, bathed in blood, upon a broken cannon. A group of soldiers crowded round him. I approached them.

'Who is the oldest captain?' he was asking of a sergeant.

The sergeant shrugged his shoulders most expressively.

'Who is the oldest lieutenant?'

'This gentleman, who came last night,' replied the sergeant, calmly.

The colonel smiled bitterly.

'Come, sir,' he said to me, 'you are now in chief command. Fortify the gorge of the redoubt at once with waggons, for the enemy is out in force. But General C— is coming to support you.'

'Colonel,' I asked him, 'are you badly wounded?'

'Pish, my dear fellow! The redoubt is taken!'—Strand.

CONTAGIOUSNESS OF DISEASES.

AMONG the practical questions connected with the subject of contagious diseases is one which relates to the length of the period of special exposure. The Medical and Surgical Journal says that the contagiousness of measles, mumps, and whooping-cough disappears with the patient's recovery; that there is probably no danger of his conveying the disease to others for about a week after he himself was exposed to it—that is to say, during the so-called period of incubation; and that the contagiousness of measles does not extend beyond a fortnight.

Some authorities affirm that the contagiousness of whooping-cough ceases after six weeks, however long the coughing may continue; others think it prudent to isolate the patient until the paroxysms are over.

In scarlet fever and diphtheria the period of incubation is brief, a few days only; and during this period there is no contagion. It is very important to know that in scarlet fever the period of greatest danger is after the disappearance of the fever, the period of desquamation or peeling. From ignorance of this fact many lives have been lost. Persons have gone into society before the peeling was completed, and almost of course have communicated the disease. The fact is that every particle of the scales contains thousands of microbes.

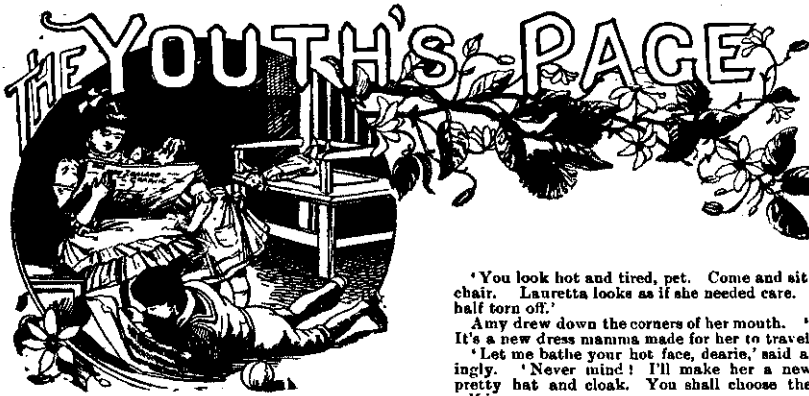
A lady who was recovering from scarlet fever wrote a letter to a distant friend. As she wrote she blew from the paper the 'dust' which peeled from her hand. The letter conveyed the disease to the friend and her little daughter, and the daughter died.

A servant nursed a scarlet fever patient, and on leaving the place put her clothing into a trunk. A year afterwards she unpacked the trunk, and a little girl who stood by took the disease.

In diphtheria the virus resides in the false membrane, and for that reason is less likely to be carried to a distance; but the particles long retain their power of infection. The contagiousness of consumption lies in the patient's expectorations and discharges. If these are carefully received in a disinfecting fluid, there is almost no danger to attendants and friends.

FOR Invalids and Delicate Children, AULSEBROOK'S ARROWROOT and TEA BISCUITS are unsurpassed.—(ADVT.)

FLAG BRAND PICKLES and SAUCE cannot be equalled HAWYARD BROS., Manufacturers. Christchurch.—(ADVT.)



## FAIRY TALES.

THE time I like for fairy tales  
Is when the day begins to die,  
Just as the brilliant sunset pales,  
And twilight shadows gather nigh.

When I can lie before the fire  
That blazes with a ruddy light,  
And hear the tales that never tire,  
Of imp and fairy, gnome and sprite.

And sometimes as the shadows fall  
Across the floor from every side,  
A goblin dances on the wall,  
And gnomes within the corners hide.

Then as the firelight blazes high  
We see the shadows run away,  
And silently again draw nigh,  
Like spirits of the wood at play.

And when the embers faintly glow,  
Upon the smoke I see ascend  
The little folks I love to know,  
Who vanish at the story's end.  
FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

## THE LITTLE LOVERS.

I THINK she has fallen asleep in the shade.  
(Sing low, sing low—you'll awake her.)  
Oh! she's the loveliest little maid,  
And her father's our family baker.

Such beautiful buns and chocolate cake!  
(Sing low, very low—you'll alarm her.)  
And oh! such elegant tarts he makes,  
And his name is Joshua Farmer.

And her sweet name is Elinor Jane,  
And her step is as light as a feather;  
And we meet every day in the lilac lane,  
And we go to our school together.

And now and then she brings me a bun,  
(Sing low or she'll hear what we're saying.)  
And after school when our tasks are done,  
In the meadows were fond of straying.

And I make her a wreath of cowslips there,  
And we sit in the blossoming clover,  
And then she binds it round her hair,  
And twines it over and over.

She's ten; I'm six; but I am as tall  
As she is, I guess, or nearly,  
And I cannot say that I care for her doll;  
But, oh, I do love her dearly.

We were tired of playing at king and queen  
(Sing low, for we must not wake her.)  
And she fell asleep in the grass so green;  
And I thought that I wouldn't forsake her.

And when I am grown to a big tall man,  
I mean to be smart and clever;  
And then I will marry her if I can,  
And we'll live upon tarts forever.

C. P. CRANCH.

## LAURETTA LILAC.

THE first time Leo saw Lauretta Lilac he hated her. He had always been Aunt Barbara's baby himself, and he did not like to see some one else take his place. That is what he thought Lauretta was doing.

Amy came to stay a week with Aunt Barbara, and, of course, she brought Lauretta Lilac with her. When she got out of the carriage at auntie's door, she cried:

'Oh, auntie, I'm afraid I'll drop Lauretta!'  
'I'll take her, dearie. Now give me your hand.'  
When Leo saw Aunt Barbara hold Lauretta close, and take Amy into her arms, and kiss and hug her too, he growled. But auntie did not notice Leo. She was so glad to see her dear little niece again.

Amy had not been at Maplewood for a year. There were so many new things to see. Uncle Will had a new black horse; and he had put up a larger awing, and a hammock on purpose for Amy's visit.

The third day Amy grew tired of running about, and walked into the shaded room where Aunt Barbara sat sewing.

'I think I'll rock Lauretta a little,' she said.

'You look hot and tired, pet. Come and sit in this little chair. Lauretta looks as if she needed care. Her frock is half torn off.'

Amy drew down the corners of her mouth. 'Who did it? It's a new dress mamma made for her to travel in.'

'Let me bathe your hot face, dearie,' said auntie, soothingly. 'Never mind! I'll make her a new frock and a pretty hat and cloak. You shall choose the stuff yourself.'

Comforted and refreshed, Amy watched the suit grow under auntie's skilful fingers. Never was Lauretta so fine! Some one else watched. Leo, beneath the window, felt a lump of wickedness getting bigger in his doggish heart, while he looked at Aunt Barbara, who cut and fitted and sewed, until Lauretta was dressed in such lovely fashion as Amy laughed to see.

She bubbled over with gratitude, clasping auntie and Lauretta both.

'Oh, you dear, good auntie!'  
It was too much. Leo made one dash at where Lauretta lay in all the glory of her new clothes, caught her in his mouth, and jumped out of the window.

There were hasty cries and shouts. Amy sprang to the window; wiser Aunt Barbara to the door to overtake Leo.

'Come back, Leo! Come back, sir! Bring her back!'  
Leo rushed on. Through the meadow, across the road, and up the hill into the thicket. Aunt Barbara and Keziah snatched hats and ran after. Amy, sobbing, trotted far behind, but did her best to keep up with the excited procession.

But they did not catch Leo. They searched every field and bit of wood without finding Leo or Lauretta Lilac.

Toward night Leo crept home without her, and got his supper in the kitchen. Keziah was too soft-hearted to refuse him; but she could not make him bring back Lauretta. Neither coaxing nor punishment made him show where she was. He understood well enough. Whenever her name was mentioned, he seemed to know it, and dropped his head and walked out of the room.

Uncle bought a new doll, and auntie invented all sorts of extra treats to make up for Leo's naughtiness. So her visit was not as unhappy as Amy thought at that dreadful time she saw Lauretta disappear out of the window.

The day that papa came to take Amy home Leo saw her bag packed, and her jacket and hat laid out. He heard Mike told to get the carriage ready, while they all ate a merry luncheon together. Then he disappeared.

'Come again soon dear! Come again!' said auntie.  
'Tell mamma to bring you when the peaches are ripe,' cried Uncle Will.

'Come, Amy,' called papa. 'We must catch this train!'  
'Good-bye! Good-bye!' cried Keziah from the kitchen window.

With loves and kisses and packages Amy was put into the carriage. Papa got in.

Sleepy old Nell, who was switching off flies moved her legs slowly, when round the corner of the house dashed Leo. And in his mouth—

'Lauretta Lilac!' they screamed. 'Oh! Oh! It's Lauretta Lilac!'

Yea, it was. Covered with earth, her pretty clothes spoiled, her hair full of twigs, and with only one shoe, Leo climbed up and dropped her into the carriage window, wagging his tail, as if he had done a generous thing.

Now whether he was glad to see the last of Amy, and wanted her to take Lauretta along with her, or whether he repented of his badness in burying the poor doll, he never told. But that is what he did.

## ROBIN'S CURLS.

ROBIN had long, beautiful curls; but he was three years old,—almost too big to wear curls, papa thought.

One day mamma and papa were talking the matter over, and wondering how he would look with short hair.

'Robin,' said mamma, 'do you want your hair cut?'  
'Yes,' said Robin, 'you may cut off my hair; but don't cut off my curls!'

## FOND OF MINGE PIES.

IT was her first summer in the country, and her enjoyment of the fruits in their season had been very keen.

One day dessert was being served; when little 'Happy's' turn came he was asked what she would like, apple or plum pie. 'She turned to her mamma and earnestly inquired, 'Mamma, when will the minge be ripe?'

## TWIN SISTERS.

THERE are two little sisters, and isn't it odd?  
They look more alike than two peas in a pod.  
When they laugh or they dance or they pout or they play,  
I've noticed they do it the very same way.

One chatters all day, and can sing like a bird.  
Can you guess why the other says never a word?  
I'll whisper the reason—the dear little lass  
Stays always behind the big looking-glass.

A. M. P.

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

## TWO PICNIC PARTIES.

'How many kinds of cake, mamma?'

'Two, dear.'

'And cocoanut pie, mamma?'

'No, dear; lemon-pie.'

'Oh, now I cried May Blossom; and there began to be signs of a storm. I wanted three kinds of cake and cocoanut-pie. It won't be a nice picnic-party at all. Oh dear, me!'

Pink Rose slipped in just at that minute, and she looked a little frightened at May's stormy face, just as she always did. But when she heard what the trouble was, she laughed.

'Why, my mamma's making me a cocoanut one,' said she, 'and I wanted lemon; so it'll be just lovely.'

'But I want three kinds of cake,' said May, pouting still.

'I've only got sponge and marble, and I wanted one black and citrony.'

'Children' called grandmamma from the verandah; and out to her they scampered, these two merry little girls.

'I s'pose maybe it's a story,' said May on the way.

'It was a story. Grandmamma's hands were folded over her knitting-work, and she welcomed May and Pink with a smile which said a great deal; and they sat down on the step at her feet; and grandmamma began:

'Once there were four little girls who made up their minds to have a picnic-party in the woods.'

'That's we,' said Pink; 'I and May and Georgie Andrews and Helen Wells.'

'No,' said grandmamma, with one hand on the small golden head; 'it was Popsy Follett and Polly Coolbroth and Thankful Doolittle and I, and we expected to have a very nice time indeed.'

'The woods were not a great way from our house, and they were deep and dark and cool.'

'I remember we didn't dare go out of sight of father's clearing for fear we might get lost; but we found a delightful spot just in the edge of the forest, where we took off our long aprons and spread them down for a tablecloth, and we gathered some of the great karaka leaves for plates.'

'What did you have to eat?' asked May.

'We had,' said grandmamma, slowly, 'we had, if I remember rightly, four twisted "ladies' fingers," a small tart in a saucer, four twisted doughnuts, four ginger-snaps, and four biscuits spread thick with butter. And for dessert we had a few blackberries and an apple.'

'Oh! grandmamma!'

'And a tin dish full of sorrel leaves sweetened with sugar, which was the nicest of anything. And we had water from a clear spring which boiled out from under a rock.'

'Hot water!' asked Pink, greatly surprised.

'Oh no, dearie.'

'You said—it boiled,' said Pink, 'and hot water boils and my Aunt Louise has went to the Hot Springs, and I thought—'

'Little goosey!' laughed May.

'This wasn't a hot spring, dearie,' said grandmamma. 'I meant that the water bubbled out of the ground; the water was clear and cold.'

'And I hope, grandmamma went on, fondly, 'that my two little girls will have as pleasant a time to-morrow at their picnic-party as their grandmothers did at this one so many many years ago.'

'Yes, I do,' answered May, but I don't see how you could, with such plain things. Anyhow, when I want to fuss 'bout cocoanut-pie next time, I'll think of your picnic-party, and I don't believe I'll fret and complain a bit.'

'Nor I won't, either,' said Pink, earnestly.

'Bless you, dears!' said grandmamma, and she picked up her knitting-work again with a far-away smile.

## WHAT IS WEIGHT.

A SCHOOLBOY is often puzzled to account for the fact that people on the other side of the earth, with their feet pointing towards ours, do not fall off, and he never fully understands how this cannot happen until he realises that the earth pulls everything toward it whatever it may be.

In virtue of the earth's pull a weight falls downward from a height with an ever-increasing speed, and a pendulum swings to and fro until its excursions have become so shortened by friction and the resistance of the atmosphere that it stops.

We usually speak of the force with which the earth pulls a thing toward it as the weight of that thing, and when, in the common operation of weighing goods, we place them in one pan of a pair of scales and in the other place certain standards (which we speak of as hundredweights or pounds) until the earth's pull on the goods is just balanced by the earth's pull on the standard weights, then we may say that they have both the same weight, and we measure the weight of the goods by the standards we have employed.

Supposing now we were to employ for weighing instead of the usual pair of scales a spring balance in which we measure the weight of a thing by the extent it will stretch out a spring, and not by counterposing it with known standards, we should find a substance with such an instrument to be inconsistent with its weight; it would weigh less at the top of a mountain than it would down at the bottom of a valley.

It is very evident that the quantity of matter in the substance would remain unaltered during its transit from the top to the bottom of the mountain, although its weight increased.

The quantity of matter in a body is spoken of as its mass, a very short and convenient word.

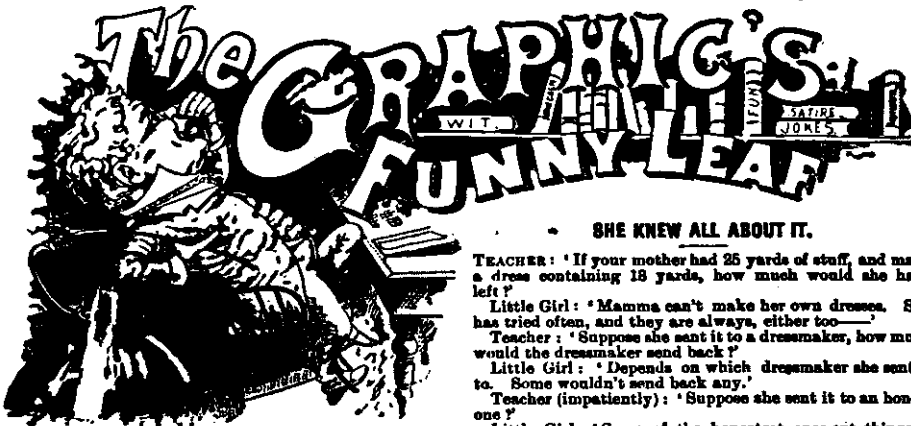
It will now be perceived that change of position alone will not alter the mass of an article, although it may very materially alter its weight or the force with which it is pulled toward a planet.

Here is a fanciful example to the point:

There goes a jolly fellow who weighs sixteen stone if he weighs a pound; in other words, the earth pulls at him with a force which would raise a sixteen stone if he were put into the pan of a very large spring balance.

Suppose him now, if it were possible, instantly transported to the surface, let us say of Jupiter.

His mass would be unaltered, but upon sitting once more in the pan of the spring balance he would weigh only nine and three-tenths pounds.



**MANNERS.**

Mrs HIGGINS: 'Every, it's awful bad manners ter stick yer elbows out like dat; yer might make yer fader cut 'is month.'

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

He stood under the window and sang, 'How Can I Leave Thee?' But he did leave, and so suddenly that the dog went back to the house and wept.

Sappy: 'I think I shall—aw—never have to struggle for greatness. Aw, I was born great, doncher know.'

Crusty: 'Great Scott! how you must have shrunk.'  
Sourfaced Woman: 'You get right out of here or I'll call my husband.'  
Tramp: 'O! my husband ain't at home.'  
Sourfaced Woman: 'How do you know he ain't?'  
Tramp: 'I've allers noticed, mum, that when a man is married to a woman wot looks like you, he never is at home except at meal times.'

Voice (at the telephone): 'Major, will you please bring your family and take supper with us next Sunday?'  
Servant Girl (replies back through the telephone): 'Master and mistress are not in at present, but they can't come to supper, as it's my Sunday out.'  
A sad-looking man went into a chemist's. 'Can you give me,' he asked, 'something that will drive from my mind the thought of sorrow and bitter recollection?' and the druggist nodded and put him up a dose of quinine and wormwood, and rhubarb, and Epsom salts, and a dash of castor oil, and gave it to him; and for six months the man could not think of anything in the world except new schemes for getting the taste out of his mouth.

Mary had a parrot tame,  
(She killed it in her rage)  
Because when Mary's fellow came  
The parrot told her age.

'Yes, sir,' 'every heart knoweth its own bitterness.' There is G. who has just passed us, did you notice his melancholy look?' 'I did. Has he some great grief?' 'He has. He bought on the instalment plan a handsome present for the lady to whom he was engaged. She jilted him a week ago, and he has still two instalments to pay on the present. If that ain't a great grief, I don't know what is.'

Dean Jackson, passing one morning through Christ Church quadrangle, met some undergraduates, who walked along without capping. The Dean called one of them, and asked, 'Do you know who I am?' 'No, sir.' 'How long have you been in college?' 'Eight days, sir.' 'Oh, very well,' said the Dean, walking away, 'puppies don't open their eyes till the sixth day.'

On one occasion when John Kemble played 'Hamlet' in the country, the gentleman who acted Guildenstern was or imagined himself to be a capital musician. Hamlet asked him, 'Will you play upon this pipe?' 'My lord, I cannot.' 'I do beseech you.' 'Well, if your lordship insists upon it I will do as well as I can.' And to the confusion of Hamlet, and the great amusement of the audience, he played, 'God Save the King.'



**KEEP OFF THE GRASS.**

SENTRY (who has had strict orders to prevent anyone walking over the grass): 'No one to pass here, madam.'  
The General's Wife (who wishes to take a short cut): 'Do you know who I am?'  
Sentry: 'No, madam. I do not know who you are; but I know you are not the General's cow, and nobody else is permitted to walk on this grass.'

**TO OUR WOULD-BE PIANISTS.**

PITY the sorrows of a poor young man,  
Who seeks to live in quietness up a stair;  
Look at his quivering nerves and visage wan,  
The image and the picture of despair.

'Why is this thus?' you ask; 'what dreadful curse  
Has fallen with withering blight on this young man, O!  
Does sickness waste his health, or want?' Ah! worse—  
Unhappy victim of the fiend Piano!

From early morn till night, from night till morn,  
The rattling pandemonium rages ever,  
Till life of every happiness is shorn,  
And woe suggests the bottom of a river.

On one side thunder Henry's Exercises,  
Kerr's Scottish Gems are murdered on the other;  
Above, below, behind, are fresh surprises,  
'Tis needless to attempt the sound to smother.

In helpless agony, our young man throws  
His wearied head upon a fevered pillow;  
But all can not avail to ease his woes,  
Again he thinks upon the heaving billow.

Oh, when will all this fearful uproar cease?  
Confound, say I, this style of music culture,  
That will not let a fellow live in peace,  
But preys upon his vitals like a vulture!

**A SENSITIVE PRISONER.**

AN oldish man with a worried look on his face entered the Frumbull Avenue Station the other day and asked if a certain named woman was a prisoner there. When assured she was he continued:—

'Well, she's my wife, and I called to tell you that she's very sensitive, and to ask you not to injure her feelings.'  
'Oh, we shan't hurt her feelings,' replied the sergeant.  
'I'm glad of it. You never saw anyone so sensitive. If one of you should go to her cell door and call out, "Well, old slouch, how do you feel?" it would take her a week to get over it.'

'Nothing of the sort will be said.'  
'Thanks. Don't let anyone make faces at her, or ask her how she likes it so far as she has gone.'

'No.'  
'And I hope no one will yell out at her. "Ah, there, Nancy, but it's sixty days this time." She's awfully sensitive.'

'No one shall yell at her.'  
'Thanks. Please don't swear in her presence.'

'No.'  
'And don't call "Whoa, Emma," at her.'

'No.'  
'Just touch your hat to her, same as to any lady, and let her suppose you think she had snubstruks.' She's very, very sensitive, and I want to spare her feelings.'



MOTHER (Irritable and economical): 'William, my son, for mercy sake don't keep walking up and down the room like that; you'll wear out your new boots.' (William sits down.) 'There you go; now you'll wear out your new trousers. I never knew such a boy.'

**SHE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.**

TEACHER: 'If your mother had 25 yards of stuff, and made a dress containing 13 yards, how much would she have left?'

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

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

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

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

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

**OF TWO EVILS.**

SHE (thirty-five in the shade): 'You must either marry me or buy me a silk dress; this is leap year, you know.'

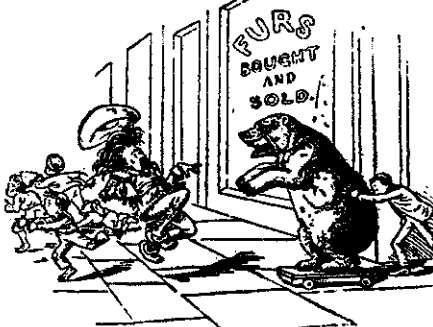
He: 'Must I choose?'

She (archly): 'You must.'

He (resignedly): 'Well, what kind of a silk would you prefer?'



**THE STARTLER.**



**STARTLED.**

**A TRIFLING DETAIL.**

OFFICE BOY TO EMPLOYER: 'I've got a complaint to make, sir.'

Employer: 'Well, what is it?'

Office Boy: 'The cashier kicked me, sir. I don't want no cashier to kick me.'

Employer: 'Of course he kicked you. You don't expect me to attend to everything, do you? I can't look after all the little details of the business myself.'

**A NATURAL CONCLUSION.**

CUSTOMER: 'I bought some medicine here yesterday for my dog, and after I gave it to him he died. What do you mean, anyway? I didn't tell you I wanted to kill him.'

Druggist: 'You said he belonged to your wife.'

**ANOTHER SORT OF TERROR.**

'THERE comes Filkins. Let's go round the block.'

'What's the matter? Had a quarrel with him?'

'Oh, no; we're the best of friends.'

'Owe him money?'

'Not a cent.'

'Think he wants to borrow?'

'No; he always has money.'

'Always has a hard luck story to tell, perhaps?'

'Never knew him to tell one in all the years I've known him.'

'Well, why in the world don't you want to meet him?'

'He has a baby that is always saying bright things.'