

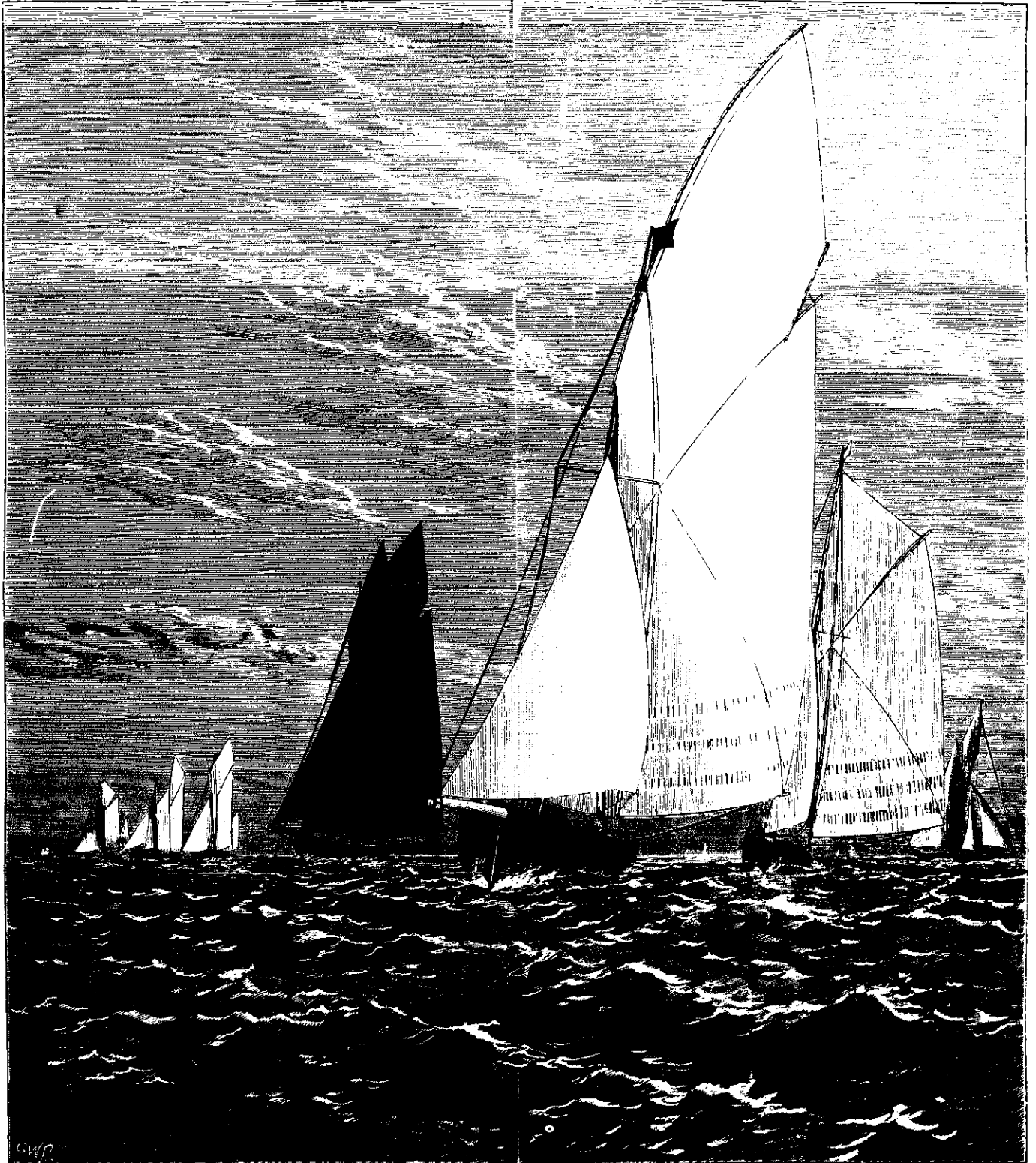
The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL. IX.—No. 19.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1892.

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NEW ZEALAND PASTIMES. — YACHTING.

THE RACE HOME—SUNDAY AFTERNOON.—SEE LETTERPRESS PAGE 472.

Topics of the Week.

SOCIETY'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A RATHER amusing wedding ceremony took place the other day at a Wesleyan Church not a hundred miles from New Plymouth. The officiating minister was a stranger to the district, having had to drive a matter of ten miles to unite the happy pair. The church was well filled with interested observers, but their patience was severely tried, for the wedding party was late in coming. At length (contrary to the usual custom) three pretty bridesmaids made their appearance *alone*. Then followed the brothers of the bride, and then the bridegroom and the parson. These all stood at the rails waiting for the appearance of the principal figure of the pageant, the bride. But as I said before, the parson was a stranger to the contracting parties, and to the horror of the spectators he opened his prayer-book and proceeded to marry the bridegroom to the *first bridesmaid*. Everybody was so bewildered and taken aback by the turn events had taken that ne'er a one had the presence of mind to set things straight, and the marriage service had proceeded quite a long way before the parson became aware, by the hardly suppressed giggles, that something was seriously wrong. Then the brother of the bride gallantly rushed to the rescue and informed the minister of his mistake, so he sat down and the bridegroom sat down and then the bridesmaids sat down, and all tried to look as if everything were *comme il faut* and according to rule. They had regained their usual equanimity when the bride and her father arrived, and the service proceeded with due decorum. The bride wore a pretty frock of shrimp pink figured pongee silk with wreath and veil, and the bridesmaids white muslin with heliotrope spray, and small lace bonnets. On leaving the church they were all greeted with rice and rose leaves galore.

THE Choral Hall, Auckland, was, as usual, filled to overflowing upon the occasion of the Society's second concert of their season. 'St. Paul' was the work performed, the solos being divided between Miss Harper (soprano), Mrs C. Burgess (alto), Mr Ferriday (tenor), and Mr Percy Dufaur (bass), the latter scoring the largest amount of success. The night was rather unpleasant, and therefore the majority of the audience appeared to have donned their dowdiest gowns, many even wearing heavy tweeds, and hats to correspond.

THE bad habit many of the honorary members of the Society are falling into of attending the concerts in gowns which they would even consider not sufficiently dressy for afternoon wear at home is to be deplored, for if performing members go to the trouble of dressing suitably I think honorary members might do likewise. Of course it is not necessary, nor may it be convenient for all ladies to wear light or evening dress, but with the addition of flowers, or a bit of lace or chiffon, a dark dress would look both smart and pretty; and certainly except in the case of elderly ladies, bonnets or hats should be removed. The men, too, might surely take the trouble to come in the 'war paint' of modern civilised life. But if anything, they are more lazy and slovenly than the weaker sex.

THE Wellington Harmonic Society are now busily engaged rehearsing 'The Crusaders' and portions of 'Loreley,' which are to form the programme for their next concert. Neither have been performed in Wellington before.

ON Wednesday afternoon Mrs Denniston invited a number of her friends to meet her at the Christchurch Art Gallery. Tea was served in the side room, and with some excellent music and the beautiful pictures to look at, every one wished the time had been twice as long. The Misses Wynn-Williams played a duet for piano and violin, which was much appreciated; Mrs Burns sang one of her lovely Italian songs; the Misses Helmore, Mrs L. Harper, and Mrs Haslam also sang in the soft Southern language; Mr W. Day giving an English song. Our dear old Bishop Harper was there, and Mr and Mrs John Olivier, who are not often seen now at functions of the kind. Among others were Mrs Turrell, Mrs Hoare, Mrs Macdonald, Mrs M. Campbell, Mrs Wilding, Mrs Pitman, Mrs Stack, Mrs

Wason, Mrs Blakiston, the Misses Batgate, Burns, Stack, Campbell, and Kimbell. Of the pictures it would take too long to go into details. 'Autumn,' by Spratt, is a beautiful scene, and those by Mr and Miss Hodgkins are good. Miss Stoddart and Miss Dora Meeson have also been very successful in their efforts.

TENNYSON has almost been interviewed by a London reporter on his new play. The Laureate is sojourning at Farringford, in the Isle of Wight, and an enterprising journalist who attempted to draw him, while he knew that he was hard to approach, was unaware that he had become a perfect monomaniac. The journalist waited recently for Tennyson outside the grounds, and when his Lordship started on his daily walk he approached him, hat in hand. 'I see your Lordship's play has been successfully produced at Daly's Theatre in New York.' The Laureate walked on without deigning to look. 'The cable despatches state that the play is the best thing your Lordship has ever written,' added the reporter, keeping pace with the poet. There was no response. 'Mr Irving says that there will be an assured run for a year if your Lordship will let him produce the play at the Lyceum. What are your Lordship's plans?' His Lordship continued to stare straight ahead of him and the reporter was finally stopped by the Hon. Hallam Tennyson, who apologized for his father's apparent rudeness, saying that the old man never spoke to strangers.

MR GRUBB began his mission in Blenheim last week in the Church of the Nativity, which was crowded night after night. One of my correspondents says that his style has aroused a



REV. G. C. GRUBB.

good deal of comment, and criticises personally in this strain:—'He is a fine preacher, but a very large number of his hearers wished that he would remember that a church is not the place in which to make jokes, and intentionally to make the whole congregation laugh, as he constantly did, but I suppose he is so used to holding his missions in theatres and other unconsecrated buildings, that when he does get into a church he forgets where he is. He is decidedly witty, but sacrifices reverence and dignity to his wit, which is a great pity, as by so doing he detracts greatly from the good he undoubtedly does. Although one may not approve of the way in which he conducts his services, which are more like Salvation Army meetings or old-fashioned Methodist revivals than a Church of England mission, yet one cannot help admiring the earnestness of the man, whose heart and soul are evidently in his life's work.'

ONE of the best concerts a Christchurch audience has had the pleasure of listening to was given by the Amateur Orchestral Society on Thursday evening in the Oddfellows' Hall, which was packed. I am glad to be able to say, by the way, that hats and bonnets were in a decided minority. Many were surprised that the singing created so little enthusiasm. Hitherto these concerts have been rather a weariness to many, and the vocal items the most enjoyable part, but on this occasion the orchestra took the palm, and when Mr F. M. Wallace gave Mendelssohn's concerto for violin with orchestral accompaniment, the audience were roused to a warmth of admiration only, as a rule, indulged in by foreigners. Mr Wallace played the solo without a note of music, giving evidence of his wonderful memory. Another excellent item was Taubert's 'Liebesliedchen.' This is taken from the music to Shakespeare's play, 'The Tempest.' The introduction is a pizzicato movement, leading into an oboe solo, which was well played by Mr G. H. Bonnington, and ends with the pizzicato movement again. The audience listened in almost breathless silence, and then insisted upon an encore. Mrs W. Wilson sang two songs, the first, 'Lovely Spring,' suiting her particularly well, her fine contralto voice ringing out full and clear. She looked very nice in black lace evening gown, with black chiffon frills on the satin bodice. Mr W. A. Day sang two songs, his second, 'I Would I Were a King,' being his best.

A CAPITAL concert has just taken place at the Tinakori Schoolroom, Wellington, in aid of St. Paul's choir funds, under the direction of Mr Robert Parker. There was a large and very appreciative audience, and quite a new feature was the singing of Mr W. P. Besley, who is visiting New Zealand for the benefit of his health, and who possesses a fine tenor voice. He sang 'Dear Heart' and 'The Evening Song' exceedingly well. He was also heard to advantage in the duet 'Maying' with Miss Gora. Mr Whittal sang 'The Yeoman's Wedding Morn,' and 'From Rock to Rock,' the latter being very good. Miss Campbell gave 'Robin Adair' very well, and Miss Gore sang Kjerulf's 'Last Night.'

THE pianoforte music was excellent, the Misses Hammetton playing two duets, and Miss M. Gore playing a solo. Two chorists—Masters Widdop and Burnett—sang, 'The Autumn Song' very sweetly, and the chorists of St. Paul's contributed two glees. Miss Campbell wore a black lace evening dress; Miss Gore wore black with white chiffon, and her sister sapphire velvet; the Misses Hammetton wore white veiling trimmed with lace. Mr Parker played the accompaniments. Amongst the audience were Mr and Mrs Parfitt, Mrs George Beetham, Mrs and the Misses Izard, Mrs C. Izard, Miss Hadfield, Mrs Parker, Mrs Gore, Miss Cooper, Miss Pysent, Mrs Whittal, Mrs and Miss Turnbull, the Misses Menzies, Miss Swainson, Miss Burnett, etc.

THE Christchurch Catholics have been tempting the unwary to part with their money all the week at the Tuam-street Hall, where they have been holding high carnival in the shape of an Oriental Bazaar. Some of the spectacular displays were very pretty, the 'Crowning of Queen Esther' and the 'Winter Garden' especially. During the evenings some good musical items have been given, Mrs J. P. Kelly singing several times, and other friends.

THE Art Gallery, Christchurch, has been well patronised this season, especially in the evenings, when music added to the attraction. The Misses Wynn-Williams, Miss Hut-ton, Miss Lily Wood, Mr and Miss Gardner, Mr W. Day, and others have assisted. Mrs Chynoweth gave two recitations, which were, as usual, excellent. The Sixpenny Clothing Club had an afternoon and evening for their own fund.

THE Hon. Mrs E. W. Parker gave a thoroughly enjoyable dance on Wednesday evening at Orwell (Christchurch). The house is most suitable for a dance. The drawing-room opens with folding doors out into a very large room built for a ballroom. Chaperones, when there are any, can therefore smile on the young men and maidens at intervals, and still enjoy themselves in their own way without fear of draughts and general weariness they are so often subject to. On this occasion I think Mrs Kimbell was the only one beside young people present. Miss Lily Kimbell made her *début* that evening. She wore a very pretty dress of white Russian net with large spots, and white corded silk bodice; Mrs Parker looked exceedingly well in a pale pink silk with lace and chiffon trimming, and lovely diamond star in her hair. The supper tables were most beautifully decorated with

geraniums, two rooms being devoted to this part—most important, by the way, to the non-dancers. The ball-room was also very pretty, the fireplace and mantel being massed with scarlet berries and flowers. The garden was lit with Chinese lanterns, which always have a pretty effect. A Leap Year dance caused great amusement, also one called 'Ninipina,' and to finish up a really good time (nearly 3 a.m.) a most vigorous 'John Peel.'

A VERY fair gathering mustered at the Y.M.C.A. Rooms Auckland, to celebrate the opening social of the season. Tea was presided over by Mesdames Wilson, Major, Gilbit, Kenderdine, and others, assisted by the Misses Werry, Sneeckenberg, Kenderdine, and Plumley. Afterwards a very enjoyable programme was gone through, including addresses by the Rev. Mr Outram, Messrs Hemery, Twentyman, Norrie, and Kekwick. Mr Norrie's remarks on Christian consistency were delivered with a verve and spirit worthy a much older man. Mr J. L. Wilson, President of the Association, occupied the chair. The musical portion of the entertainment was rendered by St. David's choir under the leadership of Mr J. H. Philpotts. A powerful display of club swinging was given by Mr F. McIndoe, pupil of Professor Carrollo.

WHAT I have hinted at anent the popularity of the Chrysanthemum Show I now repeat concerning these social evenings at the Y.M.C.A. Rooms. The whole building, warm and brightly lit, is thrown open to visitors on such occasions. Are you of an intellectual turn of mind, the reading-room with all the latest magazines is at your disposal; musical, the attractions of the concert hall are only waiting to lend themselves to your willing ear; sociably and conversationally inclined, cosy seats in cosier corners invite a chat on every hand. And all this variety of fresh, innocent amusement for the modest sum of one shilling. With such advantages to offer the committee have a right to anticipate, as they do, a large and increased patronage during the winter months.

THE Rowing Club social at Blenheim went off very well, and was a great success, a most enjoyable evening being spent. The hall was beautifully decorated with racing boats and oars. Miss Draper was by many considered the belle, and she looked wonderfully well in a pretty heliotrope broché gown, simply made with gored skirt, slightly trained, and well fitting bodice with white chiffon frills; Mrs de Castro looked very pretty in a stylish black gown with quantities of black jet; and Miss Willis (Wellington) seemed much admired in an uncommon shot silk gown with chiffon frills and pointed belt of passementerie, posy of lovely white chrysanthemums. The rest of the dresses (and there were several well worth describing) lack of time (says my correspondent) compels me to leave.

THE question of modern music in the churches is engrowing the attention of His Holiness the Pope. He thinks the present style of so-called sacred compositions are far too theatrical. To meet the difficulty he is inviting suggestions from all the famous musicians on the question of reform.

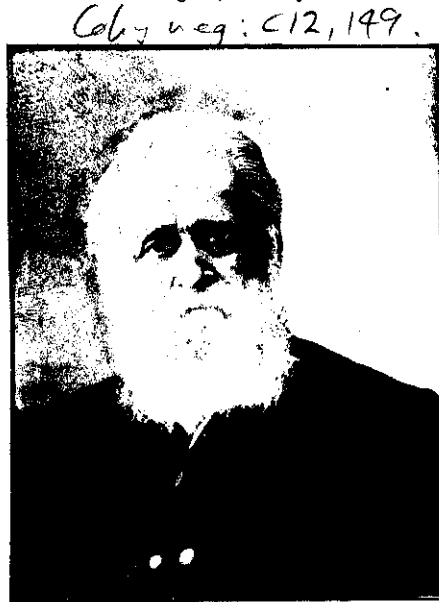
AS I predicted, leap year concerts are becoming the rage. The ladies of the Wellington Orchestral Society are to give one, of which more shall be heard next week. On dit Mr Alfred Hill is to conduct, and Madame Goldenstedt (contralto), Miss Gore (soprano), and Mr Besley (tenor) are going to sing. Mrs Holt and Miss Medley are to play the piano, and Mr C. Hill the flute. The orchestral items are to be given by the Society. The ladies have chosen the programme, and are managing everything in connection with the concert, which will be quite a novelty in Wellington.

THE second hunt of the Dunedin season eventuated last Saturday, when the weather proved all that could be desired. The meet took place at Mrs Ireland's (Sea View), where, after the run, that lady's hospitality was much enjoyed. A number drove out. Among these were the Reynolds party, the Misses Cargill, Jones, Mrs Jones, (Woodcote), and many others. Riding were the Misses Roberts, Miss McEwen, Miss Timbertop, and Miss Braithwaite. Mr Petre was the acting master, and rode Pahu; Mr J. Gourley, Rebel; Mr S. Gourley, Hawthorne; Mr Laughlin, Kelly; Mr Wright, Te Kooti; Mr Sise, Tallyho; Mr Manders, Lightning; Mr McEwen, Songster; Mr J. Poole, was on Pioneer; Messrs J. Allen and Campbell rode Bluelight and Waitangi; Mr Roberts rode a handsome bay, and Mr J. Smith, Woolack. Mr Petre's horse, in taking a seven foot high gorse fence, tripped against a binder and threw his rider, who was soon again on his feet, fortunately un-

hurt. Quite a large and merry party bowled back to Dunedin.

A VERY enjoyable concert and one which was well attended, was given at Port Chalmers in aid of the Garrison band recently. The band gave the opening selection from 'Crispino.' Mrs Downes sang 'Remember Me no More' very sweetly, and Miss Kelly 'The Bonnie Hills of Scotland.' Mr J. Jago sang 'The Silent March' in capital style; Mr and Miss Wignal played a duet, 'When the Wind Blows in From the Sea'; Mr W. Densem sang 'The Toilers'; the bandmaster, Mr T. McConnell, played a most enjoyable cornet solo; Mr Haley recited 'The Progress of Madness,' and Messrs Austin, Buckley, Honnybone, and Kelly sang the quartette, 'What Shall I Do?' Another of Mr Densem's items was 'The Montebank.' The Misses E. Wignal and Kelly also sang. Mr Jago's second contribution was 'The Bugler.' Mr Cashman recited 'The Convict's Christmas Eve.' An instrumental duet by Messrs McConnell and Buckley concluded a most enjoyable programme.

THE celebration of the golden wedding of Sir William and Lady Fox took the form of an 'At Home,' to which no written invitations were given, their very numerous friends



Hemus, SIR WILLIAM FOX. photo, Auckland.

calling in a pleasantly informal manner to congratulate the venerable couple on having passed fifty years of wedded happiness. Full particulars of the 'At Home' will appear next week, as we have to go to press too early to print details in this issue. It will be remembered that a biographical sketch of Sir William Fox appeared in the GRAPHIC at the time of the Nelson Jubilee. The photo (by Hemus) given herewith is one taken in honour of the golden wedding year.

ONE is glad to hear that the Prince and Princess of Wales had good weather at Cap Martin. Their life there was most private. Those who have seen them since their sorrow have been dreadfully impressed by the effect that grief has had upon their Royal Highnesses. Time, however, is a consoler as well as a healer, and so, perhaps, they will both look and feel better by the autumn, when they will be seen in London again. I see that some of the papers are animadverting strongly on the fact that the Prince will feel very strongly his enforced absence from all races and amusements, but the truth is that the Prince's own inclinations are absolutely opposed to any merry-makings or junketings whatever. He will doubtless be the first to consider the well-being of trade, but even commercial sympathy and instincts must give way sometimes to personal grief and inclination.

THERE is no doubt that a good band is always an attraction, and the kindness of the captain of the French warship Dubourdieu in allowing his excellent band to play in the Albert Park was immensely appreciated by the Aucklanders. Bandmaster Huberte had prepared excellent selections of music, which were beautifully rendered by these musicians on three afternoons.

TWO grand concerts are coming off in Dunedin this week, one by the Orchestral Society, the other by the Leiertafel. We have, says my Dunedin correspondent, been without any good concerts of late, and these will be very acceptable.

IT is greatly to be regretted that the Dunedin Ladies' Club (the Kahanga) formed last winter is in danger of falling through this year, as several who took active part in it will be away. Many will doubtless remember what an interesting affair it used to be.

A SAD death occurred last week when Mr A. Dale, the station-master of Port Chalmers was killed getting on the train from Dunedin. His funeral was largely attended, fully seven hundred persons being present. The local fire-brigade, of which Mr Dale had been first captain, formed a guard of honour, each of the men carrying either a floral wreath or cross. The hearse was followed by the two sons and intimate friends. Following them came a large detachment of railway employees under Mr Arthur, and after them the members of the Masonic body. Amongst the others present were the Mayors of Dunedin and Port Chalmers, Mr J. Mills (M.H.R. for the district), Mr Grant (Manager of the Dunedin railway) and members of the railway staff, Dr. Drysdale, Messrs J. R. Monson, J. Mill, W. Goldie, and J. Morgan (J.P.'s), Messrs C. Chilton, M.A., C. R. Bossence and A. McClymont, rectors and masters of the district High School, Captain W. Thomson, Messrs Williams and Ness and other members of the Union Steamship Company, Captain McFarlane (Harbour-master), Captains McCallum and Stephens, and many others, including members of the Alhambra and Port Chalmers football and cricket clubs.

THE French officers of the Dubourdieu were entertained by the French Consul's wife, Mrs D. Cruickshank, at a very pleasant afternoon 'At Home.' The hostess was becomingly dressed in heliotrope and black lace; Mrs Archie Clark looked pretty in a stylish costume of a brown shade of velvet with fawn silk; Mrs S. Morrin wore a handsome black silk; Mrs Pritt, black, with long fur boa. Miss Hurry sang most beautifully, so also did Mrs Moss-Davis, who looked very well in a grey costume.

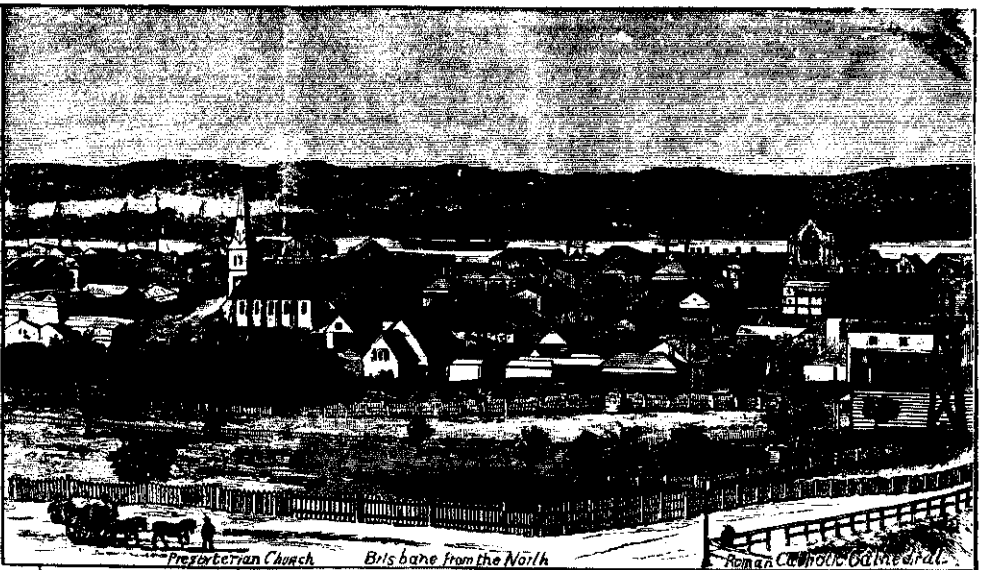
NEWS comes from Tairaroa Heads of a ball given in the Maori Kaik schoolhouse on Easter Monday night. There was a large attendance, a party of yachtsmen, anchored in the harbour all attending swelled the numbers. The hall, decorated with evergreens and flags, presented a tasteful appearance. The following are the names of some of those present: Miss Pratt, Miss M'Donald, Miss M. M'Donald, Miss Edmund, Miss M. Edmund, Miss Burns, Miss R. White, Miss Zaituba, Miss Lucy Ryan, Miss N. Milne, Miss Murray, Miss Rodgers, Miss Wilson, Miss White, Miss Hewitt, Miss Quinn, Miss N. Quinn, Miss Mack, Mrs M'Ivor, Mrs George Tairaroa.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICES in Dunedin were recently held in all the churches, which were very handsomely decorated for the occasion, quite putting the Easter decorations into the shade, the display of fruit and vegetables reminding one of a flower show. At St. Matthew's the Rev. E. Howell preached in the morning, and in the evening the Rev. Mr Fitchett. At the evening service the beautiful anthem was rendered, 'Sing, O Heavens.' At St. John's, Roslyn, Mr A. Martin sang 'Consider the Lilies.' The same solo was sung at the evening service by Mr J. Jago, who was in splendid voice, and sang with great expression. Miss Fitchett presided at the organ at All Saints', and Miss West at St. John's.

ABBOTT'S OPERA HOUSE.
 CONTINUED SUCCESS
 OF THE
 MONTAGUE-TURNER OPERA COMPANY.
 TO-NIGHT (Wednesday, May 6th).
 Donizetti's Tragic Opera in 3 Acts—**LUCREZIA BORGIA.**
 THURSDAY (May 6th) **MARTINA.**
 N.B. In order to give more time for Rehearsals of *Martina*, advertised for this Night, *Martina* will be substituted for the last time.
 FRIDAY (May 6th)—**LUCREZIA BORGIA.**
 SATURDAY (May 7th).
 Flotow's Charming Opera—**MARTHA.** one Night Only.
 POPULAR PRICES—4s, 2s 6d, and 1s.
 Box Plan at Wildman's. Day Sale at Partridge's.
 DUNCAN MACALELLUM, Business Manager.



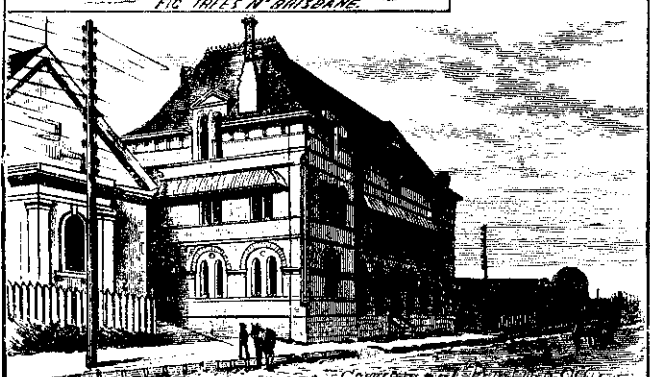
FIG TREES IN BRISBANE.



Presbyterian Church

Brisbane from the North

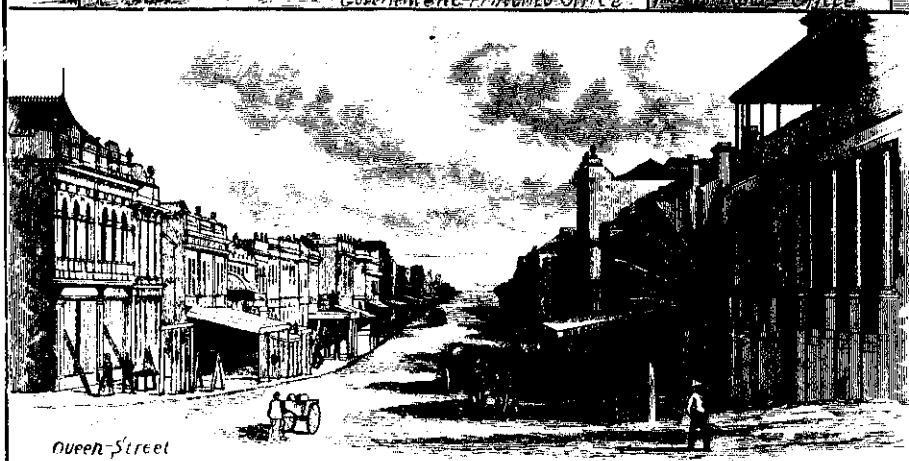
Roman Catholic Cathedral



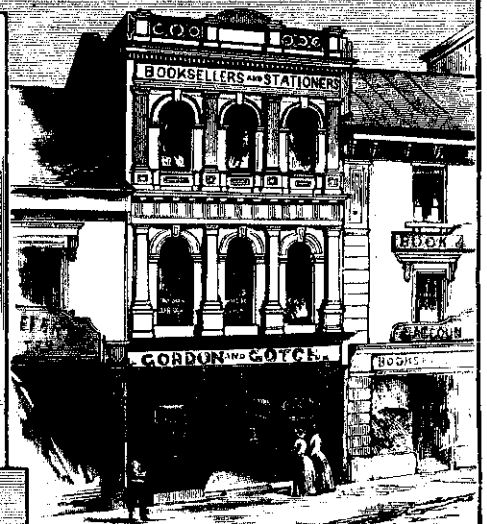
Government and Probate Office



Public Lands Office

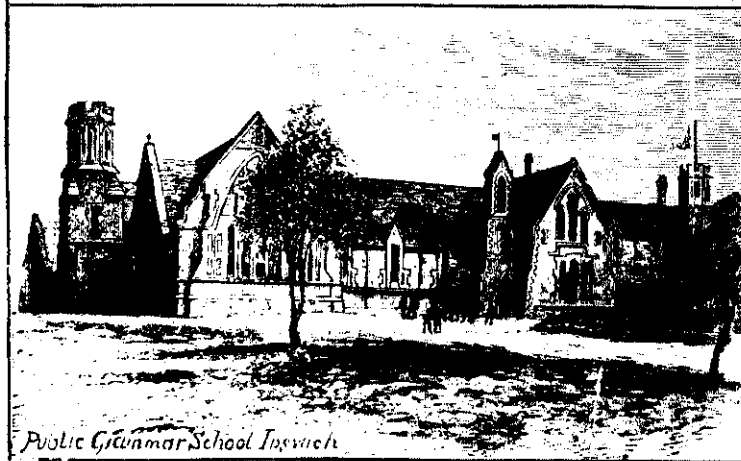


Queen Street

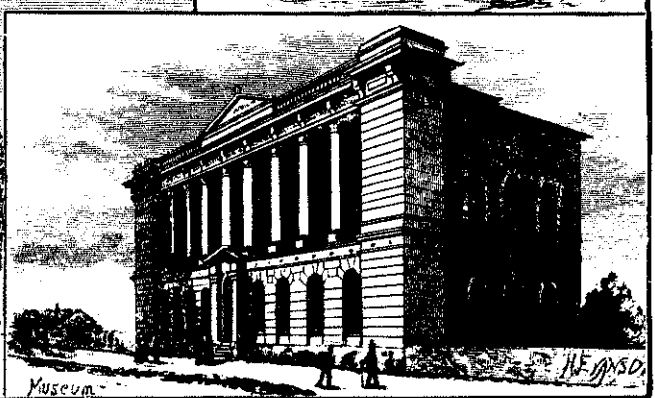


BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS

GORDON AND GOTCH



Public Grammar School Ipswich



Museum

H. F. J. S. D.

SKETCHES IN THE SISTER COLONIES.

BRISBANE OLD AND NEW.

BRISBANE.



SEVERAL daily papers in New Zealand, we are sorry to say, persist in making much of a cablegram which recently reported that some hundreds of Kanaka labourers in Queensland had gone out on strike, and that white settlers were arming in expectation of a conflict. On receipt of this startling message we made it our duty to interview several gentlemen who have lately returned to this colony after a lengthy stay in Queensland, with the result that the editorial opinions of the 'dailies' alluded to were severely criticised and ridiculed. The exact position of Kanaka affairs in Queensland, we learned, is simply this: The intense heat of the place prevents the working of sugar by white labour, so black *must* be employed. These Kanakas are engaged by the agents for two, three, or four years (or for whatever period of time the contracting parties agree upon), and receive not less than £6, but in many cases much as £10 per annum, in addition to their food, clothing, and shelter. Unlike the English farm labourer who works from dawn to dark, these Kanakas have each day a certain number of hours of labour, after which their time is their own. They receive wholesome food, are well clothed considering the tropical position of Queensland, and have Government inspectors to protect them from anything like cruelty. It is a common sight to see Kanakas in Brisbane purchasing trinkets, and looking so generally contented that the refutation is given at once to the charges of 'Southern States Slavery' so often levelled at the proprietors of Queensland sugar plantations. Speaking of Brisbane (of which place we give a full-page engraving), our informant told us that of all the towns in Australia none has grown so rapidly within the last five years. The growth of the times is perceived by the presence of an old, rough little store, dwarfed in height, alongside a stupendous establishment, or some magnificent banking premises, worth a hundred times the value. Several commodious and comfortable hotels are on either side, while drinking bars are numerous enough to satisfy the thirsty. Restaurants provide a capital dinner at a rate only to be done in a cheap living land. All varieties of trades may be found, and not a little style in shops frequented by ladies.

The post office, on the eastern side of Queen-street, is an imposing building, amply furnished for all requirement. The telegraphic department is in connection. The Town Hall on the opposite side is higher up. At the top of the street, having passed the offices of the *Courier*, *Queenslander*, *Telegraph*, etc., we reach the Registrar General's quarters. To the rear of that are the offices of Treasurer, Colonial Secretary, etc. These, again, are in connection with the Government printing establishment. The observatory looks down upon this from the terrace above.

The street is in good condition; the pathways are lined with people, and the roadway is crowded with drags and carts, coaches and omnibuses, cabs and saddle horses. Queen-street on a Saturday afternoon, or a holiday, is a lively scene.

THE BRIDGE AND SOUTH BRISBANE.

When at the top of Queen-street we come upon the Bridge, which leads into South Brisbane, an important and rapidly extending quarter, the outlet to the beautiful Logan country, region of farms and plantations.

The bridge, called after Her Majesty, is justly admired by the inhabitants of the city. It is constructed of iron, on the lattice-girder principle, having the usual opening to facilitate navigation on the river. The work was prepared by Mr. Brassey's firm at Birkenhead. The length from abutment to abutment is over a thousand feet, there being thirteen spans, the swing span taking 170 feet. The piers are double columned iron cylinders. The weight of iron used is over two thousand tons.

BOTANIC GARDENS AND GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

These two are associated in the illustration. As before mentioned, the Government domain, in which the vice-regal lodge is placed, adjoins the Botanic Gardens.

In the very olden times, when Brisbane was ruled by a commandant, that officer had his quarters at no great distance from the garden. At first only a kitchen garden for government officials, it became, upon the opening of the district to ordinary settlers, the humble copy of those glorious public grounds which so charm the stranger as well as resident in Sydney. Additional attractions in the shape of landscape gardening, the gathering of representative plants from all parts of the globe, and the fine array of fruits and other vegetable products suitable for the colonial farmer, might well turn this into so favourite a retreat.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

What more picturesque position could be occupied by a senatorial edifice than this? On a gentle acclivity, in the vicinity of the beautiful Government domain and the vice-regal residence, while looking down upon that fairy scene of floral magnificence, known as the Botanic Gardens, the spacious and imposing-looking building is reared.

The style as may be seen in the illustration, is after the modern type, conspicuous in so many European public institutions. Its lofty form and its broad façade show off to advantage from its eminence, and seem in character with the hills surrounding Brisbane. The interior displays that practical common sense, so marked in the colonial mind, that declines to be drawn from a consideration of the useful in its just admiration for the beautiful. All arrangements are subsidiary to intention of erection; they were to serve a purpose.

THE SUPREME COURT.

The handsome and lofty building seen to the left in one of our illustrations, and overlooking the river, is of an imposing character. The extensive covered balcony may strike one as showing a warm climate. Queensland not being like some places exposed to great extremes of temperature, can construct according to a more uniform climate. The Supreme Court is near the Lands' Office, and convenient to the Treasury and other Government offices.

The Local Board of Health meets at the Town Hall and performs excellent service. The City Volunteer Fire Brigade men are in five companies—three hose and reel companies, one engine company, and one apparatus company. The alarm bell tolls one, two, three, four, five, or six, according to the site of conflagration. But Brisbane is not, like New York, Chicago, or other American towns, given to fires. The wood is far less inflammable, the people are less reckless, the houses are not so crowded, and the climate nearly all the year round restricts the area of combustion to the kitchen; in the so-called winter evenings a fire in the parlour is cosy. To guard against the destroyer there is also a Fire Brigades' Board, at which the Mayor presides. The hall is, of course, used for concerts, lectures, and meetings.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.

Much talking has been said to require much printing. Certainly, since Australia has enjoyed responsible government and allowed the control of its own affairs, the official printing office in each capital has greatly extended the sphere of operations. The printing account is a growing one. Brisbane resolved upon a building more suitable for the advance of Queensland than the modest quarters formerly occupied by the dealers in the black art.

THE MUSKUM.

This interesting embodiment of national development and the evidences of colonial culture occupies a prominent position on the north bank of the Brisbane river, and is nearly opposite the offices of the Colonial Secretary and Colonial Treasurer.

It is one of the many surprises before a stranger from Europe, that a community of one quarter of a million should not only own ten million sheep, plantations, farms, mines, industries, railways, churches, and schools, but should have an eye for the progress of art and science. A very tangible proof of something more than a sentimental regard for the domain of nature is afforded by the museum.

Entering a spacious room the visitor is introduced to old and new friends. Young colonials must know of old-world animal forms, vegetable life, and mineral treasure, while newly-arrived emigrants seek information of such as relate to the new home.

GORDON AND GOTCH'S PREMISES.

This firm of newspaper agents has a widely spread reputation in the southern colonies. The two gentlemen began a new business under great difficulties, but achieved a distinguished success. Indomitable energy, prudent plans and honourable dealings marked their course.

IPSWICH GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

This, if at all inferior to the Brisbane Grammar School, fitly represents to the English inquirer, the condition of education in Queensland. The Brisbane Grammar School has been recently removed to a charming spot on the outskirts of the town. Ipswich School is worthy of mention, having been so successful in turning out accomplished prize-takers, who have proceeded, at Government expense, to home or other universities. The architecture is sufficiently ornamental, without needless expenditure.

Ipswich is so closely connected with Brisbane that a few words respecting it may be allowed. The second born town of Queensland, though long known as *Limestone*, from the quarries, is approached by rail in twenty-five miles, or by steamer on the River Brisbane. On the main road to Darling Downs, the earliest and richest pastoral district, it was hailed as the capital of Squatterdom, and sent forth its many bullock drays of supplies to stations, receiving thence the wools and hides in return. Ipswich is now the high seat of railway works, employing many engineers. It is surrounded by a country as fertile as it is attractive. Cotton is still largely grown in its vicinity, and gardens of fruit and vegetables abound. The manufacture of tweed cloth is an industry of this municipality of 9,000 people.

FIG TREE, BY BRISBANE.

This enormous specimen of Queensland vegetation is to be seen just outside of Brisbane. The fruit is not the fig of commerce. The representation of a man at the root may give some conception of the size to which those native trees run. A botanist has thus described a specimen:—"One of these trees which I measured was thirty-eight feet in circumference at two feet from the ground, the roots forming immense wall-like abutments, some of which expanded twenty feet from the base of the tree." After the fashion of

the banyan, it throws down roots from the branches, which produce trees that in time choke the parent. Unlike many Australian vegetable forms, the Moreton Bay fig tree has a grateful luxuriance of evergreen foliage.

THE SUBURBS.

The Brisbane suburbs are toward the bay, beside the flowing stream, or on the hundred pretty woody heights around. It is almost invidious to select where so many court admiration. There is Breakfast Creek, just beyond the Bowden Park, and but two miles from the city below, a charming spot for a family home. Some prefer Oxley, by rail eight miles off, where the river is spanned by the Albert iron bridge, 716 feet long. Lytton, by the mouth of the Brisbane, is not deemed too far for suburban. But Cleveland, on the bay, now that the line is open, has become something more than a watering place. In Bulimba, four miles from town, as in the other suburbs, a retreat may be had amidst banana groves and sugar plantations.

Toowong, two or three miles distant, can be reached by rail, by boat, or by omnibus. It is a melancholy drive to soiree, as the prettily laid out cemetery is just off the road. The village presents numerous knolls and dells for healthy and attractive sites for residences. Freeholds are the rule. Building societies enable any prudent worker to have his own castle in the suburbs, to the comfort of his little ones.

MAKING COMPLEXIONS.

PARBOILING THE FACE, THE LATEST FAD.

AMERICAN newspaper reporters get hold of some queer stories. A representative of one of the most important San Francisco papers gives the following account of a visit to a 'complexion factory.' 'Tis strange—in passing strange—but of course as it comes from a Yankee paper it must be true:—

'I have come to see how the beautiful are made more beautiful,' said the reporter to Miss Bleacher, quoting from the language of a circular that he had hastily picked up from the tables in the room.

'Well, be seated. You can see the process of bleaching, and then I will explain it to you. No, it is quite different from bleaching cloth,' said the lady, laughing as she left the reporter to welcome a bevy of ladies who wished to be made beautiful. There were now about twenty-five ladies in the curiously arranged parlours. The journalist was the only black sheep, or rather the only man in the crowd. The ladies seemed at home and not at all disconcerted by his presence, however, which made him feel as though he wanted to go home, yet wished to stay to see the fun.

The masculine idea that ladies do not know how to transact business certainly proved erroneous in this instance.

'I wish my freckles removed; can you do it?' And how long will it take? One month? Can't you do it sooner?' said a mezzo-soprano blonde.

'I can do anything for these horrid erow's feet,' asked a middle-aged lady.

Another, who was '50 if she was a day,' had a double chin that she wished removed. A young lady, apparently not more than 19 years of age, had wrinkles across her forehead like those on the head of a railroad director, and next came a lady about 70 years of age who, instead of thinking about preparing herself for the next world, wished her faded beauty restored for this.

The unanimity with which the ladies asked outright for what they wanted and acknowledged their facial defects and blemishes indicated that they meant business. The male intruder now felt somewhat reassured, and mentally asked himself if his own girl possessed any of these little defects.

The first one to take her hat off and seat herself in one of the richly upholstered easy chairs was the blonde with freckles. She looked around when the bleaching apparatus was placed before her, as if she wished to bid farewell to somebody. When she spied the curiosity seeker closely watching her she screamed, 'Oh, a man!'

'Only a reporter!' replied the assistant in an indifferent, reassuring manner. The freckled faced subject then resigned herself to the ordeal, and the assistant took a peculiar-looking silver-plated apparatus, 'which was loaded,' and placed it in front of the blonde. It—the machine—is constructed somewhat on the style of an ice-cream freezer, and is about one foot in height and some six or seven inches in diameter. From the top of this 'cooler' extends a crooked silver tube, with an end something like that of a watering pot sprinkler, and like it perforated with many small holes. A crystal fluid of an unknown character is put into this apparatus with some sweet herbs and perfumes. In an under compartment is a wick and enough alcohol to keep it burning for about five minutes. The assistant strikes a match on the sole of her little shoe—and sets fire to the alcohol. The blonde screamed—from the force of habit. The assistant understood this, but continued as if nothing was going to happen.

Immediately there issued from the focus of the apparatus a clear white thin smoke, which permeated the parlour with the sweetest of perfumes. The assistant placed the apparatus within a foot of the subject's face, then threw a Turkish towel over the two, leaving just a little breathing space. In about three minutes the subject screamed—more naturally this time—and came out from underneath the towel. It was getting too hot for her.

'This makes you feel it more acutely,' said the assistant putting the towel over the blonde's head again.

In about five minutes she reappeared. Her face was as red as a cooked tomato and dripping with perspiration. The powder that she had put on was cooked, and as she took a look in the mirror her face was a study, literally parboiled as it was.

With a towel the assistant washed the blonde's face, gave the massage treatment for a few moments, applied a cooling lotion, and then her complexion looked as smooth and as clear as porcelain, the freckles already being a shade lighter, or of a deadlier colour, showing the effect of the treatment. The lady suggested that a little powder as a finishing touch would be better, don't you think?—

'No,' plied the assistant; 'that is just what brought on these freckles. The powder has closed the pores and checked perspiration. Consequently, the blood coagulates in spots and causes freckles, blackheads and pimples. You should also quit using fancy soaps—they ruin the complexion. Next!'

ATHLETICS.

PROFESSIONAL Athletics do not seem to catch on in New Zealand. A determined effort to put things on a better basis was made some time ago by the Northern Athletic Club, an organisation of professionals, who were anxious for some share of the patronage lavished so liberally on the amateurs. Their first meeting was fixed for St. Patrick's Day, but Providence seemed against them, and the rain came down in sheets. A postponement, of course, took place, but when the function did come off there was no specially manifested desire on the part of the public to travel to Potter's Paddock to participate therein. Notwithstanding these things, and that amongst the runners themselves there were grown ament the percentage of prize money paid, the committee of the Northern Athletic Club attempted and carried out a good programme of sports on Saturday last, the venue being the Auckland Domain. That section of the public who through in their thousands to the amateur carnivals was, sad to relate, conspicuous by its absence, but there was a fair attendance of the sporting classes. Ladies were so much in the minority as to be practically invisible to the naked eye. On the principal of 'not good enough' several well-known men who ought to have been *en evidence* did not enter, and several important events had to be abandoned owing to insufficient entries.

THOSE events that did come off were, so far as could be judged, well contested. Some of the times were excellent—so excellent, in fact, that one feels inclined to take salt with one or two of them. In the heats for the hundred yards handicap Pearson is credited with negotiating the distance in 10sec., and in the final won by two yards in 10 1-5th secs.; and when it is remembered that he was put back a yard for this race, the performance was indeed excellent. Even more wonderful was his winning the 200 yards easily by considerably over a yard in 20 secs, a penalty yard also militating against him in this event. Donnelly won the mile without any trouble in 4min 41sec., a performance which speaks for itself when it is remembered that he romped in 8 yards ahead of the field, and was not pressed at any time.

SAYS my Dunedin correspondent:—'The match between the Masterton and Alhambra Clubs, a report of which I wired you, has been the chief topic of conversation in football circles this week, and the play of the latter club is everywhere the theme of admiration. The only departure in which the club did not appear to advantage was in regard to their wing three-quarter backs. Noel and Crawshaw both played streakily, and had the Alhambra been pressed at all the consequences might have been serious. What the club wants is the services of two good defensive wing three-quarters—not necessarily scoring men, but men who can be relied upon to defend when called upon. The forwards and half-backs can be trusted to do the scoring, seeing that the passing game is the chief plank of the club's play. I consider with the form I have indicated the Alhambra Club's fifteen would successfully represent the province in representative matches against the Rugby Union teams of other provinces.

'THE Masterton Club were on Thursday without the services of Hannister (one of their best forwards) and D'Arcy (one of their best backs), but had these men been playing, I am sure the result of the game would not have been different. Their play was disappointing, to say the least of it. Their forwards with their great weight should have carried the scrummages, but the local men quite held their own here. The visitors did not back smartly, and with not much system. It was not, as I had almost expected to see, a race as to who should be first man up to the scrum-mage. Their combination was also poor. Often throughout the game one of their men would get away with the ball, but he was invariably unsupported, and the advantage gained thus lost. In one respect the Masterton team excelled their opponents, and that was in collaring. In this branch of football North Island players are superior to their South Island brethren. I really think the Taranaki men beat all others in this respect. Their victory over the Englishmen in 1888 was almost entirely due to their skill in this direction.

'SPEAKING of this reminds me that the Taranaki Rugby Union are trying to arrange a match with our representatives. I hope this can be done, as it will be the first visit of the Taranakians to Dunedin, and I am sure they will be welcomed.

'THE matches played on Saturday were mostly uninteresting, and hardly worth recording. The inter-club matches start on Saturday 7th May, when the Pirates and Alhambra Clubs meet.'

THE St. George's Rowing Club was established in 1883, and the boat-house was then in St. George's Bay, the captain being F. J. Sanderson, and hon. sec. and treas. H. W. Hudson. In 1886 the boat-house was burnt, and the new site was fixed in Judge's Bay, where a small shed was built. In 1888 the present boat house was built, and is now the largest and most commodious in Auckland.

THE present membership of the club is about seventy, Mr F. Jervis being captain, Mr T. Kilfoyle, hon. sec., and Mr A. S. Bankart, hon. treas. Mr J. H. B. Coates holds the position of Commodore of the club.

THE club has come rather prominently before the public in racing during the last two years, and its success in this line is mainly due to the untiring efforts of Mr C. F. Thomas, an ex-Victorian intercolonial oarsman.

ST. GEORGE'S. ROWING CLUB—MAIDEN CREW.



F. Edwards, photo. Auckland.
A. E. WHITE (No. 2), E. A. REES (bow), H. A. MARRINER (No. 3), C. F. THOMAS, ESQ. (hon. coacher), A. MCHARDY (stroke), F. WYLD-BROWN (cox).

THE subject of our engraving is the club's maiden crew, which has been the most successful crew in Auckland this season. This crew's record is as follows:—At A.R.A. Regatta on December 12th, 1891, won maiden inrigged gigs, beating five crews; second, junior inrigged gigs won by Ponsonby Rowing Club by one and a-half lengths. At Judge's Bay Regatta on 23rd January, 1892, won maiden whaleboats, beating three crews; won maiden inrigged gigs, beating three crews. At Auckland Annual Regatta 29th January, 1892, won maiden inrigged gigs, beating two crews; second, maiden whaleboats, won by North Shore Rowing Club by two lengths. A.R.A. Regatta, 9th April, 1892, won maiden inrigged gigs, beating three crews; won junior inrigged gigs, beating three crews.

ONE of the great social events of each winter is the St. George's dance, and it is expected that the next one will be held during May. Judging from the success of past efforts, we hope to see it, as before, the ball of the season.

It may possibly be thought odd that the GRAPHIC should give the picture of a maiden crew before that of some of the seniors, or even juniors, who have distinguished themselves of late. The explanation is simple. The St. George's people took the trouble to let me know about the photo and sent me particulars thereon. Photographs of other teams from all over the colony will be inserted in this paper if their position justified their inclusion.

I AM glad to hear that there is a proposal on foot to secure a new football ground at Petone. Newtown Park has always been very unsatisfactory, as no legal charge can be made for entrance, and there are other disadvantages.

ON Saturday last the cricket match, Wellington Club v. Phoenix Club, was continued from the previous Saturday, and finished under rather peculiar circumstances. The Phoenix on the previous Saturday had eight wickets down for 63, and on returning last Saturday they finished their first innings for 73, this being 10 behind the Wellington's first innings. The Wellingtons then went in and scored 109, and were, by the way, only batting 10 men. This left the Phoenix 120 to get to win, but at 5 o'clock the Phoenix men called out 'time' on the ground that the light was getting bad. The umpires, however, ordered the game to proceed, but Harris, who was captaining the Phoenix, called his men from the wickets shortly after their second innings had started. The Wellington captain, E. Izard, thereupon claimed the game, and it was, of course, awarded them. In the Wellington's second innings there was some fine batting, Izard, with 56, heading the score. Crawshaw made 27, and Longden 17. Doughty was absent.

THE Midland v. Rivals also continued their match on the same day, the result being an easy win for the former by an innings and 27 runs. Several of the Rival men played well, but the others made a sorry show. Reid put up 18 in the second innings, Ramsay, 20 (not out), Lynch and Dryden 10. In the first innings Ramsay also scored 20, Lynch 16, and Read 11, the other men not doing anything worth mention.

SAYS my London correspondent:—'Aston Villa in the old country appears to be going in desperately for a record in the way of cup collecting, and the more sanguine of their supporters are already talking of five cups falling to the share of the Perry Bar Club. Already they have reached the final stage in three competitions, namely, the English Cup, the Staffordshire Cup, and the Foresters' Cup—the latter, I believe, a purely local trophy. They had to meet St. George's in the semi-final for the Staffordshire "piece of plate," and it is no exaggeration of the ease with which the Villa romped home to say that their opponents never had a single chance of winning from start to finish. The match was played in bitterly cold weather, but there was a remarkably good attendance for such a game, and just at the present time there can be little doubt that the Villa team, as a whole, are as popular as at any time in their career.'

OXFORD and Cambridge now meet at rowing, cricket, football, golf, chess, rackets, billiards, tennis, athletic sports, and a few other trifles. We hope confidently that Inter-Varsity contests will be added at whist, nap, loo, baccarat, coddam, shove-halfpenny, glove fighting (with an 'out'), snooker, bumble puppy, and other national forms of sport. We see no reason why they shouldn't, and a good Inter-Varsity glove-fight would be good business. Anyhow, the multiplication of these things must already have convinced everybody that, as centres of intellectual education, the two universities have long been given up as hopeless and useless (which they are), and that their only mission in life is to provide places where young men can learn the mysteries of sport, and get their first glimpses into the arcana of financial difficulties. Up to date we have heard of an Inter-Varsity contest in Latin verse, Greek particles, higher mathematics, or the ethical theories of ancient and modern philosophers.

IT seems a wonderful feat on the part of a man 56 years of age next June to cover twenty miles in 2hrs. 35min. 5sec. as C. M. Callow did recently at Stamford Bridge, London, and on a day cold enough to stop any ordinary mortal. It is quite possible that this feat may bring down the curtain on Mr Callow's athletic career, which commenced as long ago as 1854, and has consequently lasted over the lengthy period of thirty-eight years. Mr Callow is a speaking example of what an elderly man may do if he takes plenty of active exercise. We are all of us too fond of taking 'our ease at our inn,' a by no means unpleasant relaxation, and which may be indulged with impunity if one works off the

effects thereof afterwards. I honestly believe that there are plenty of colonials of Mr Callow's age who could accomplish a similar feat to his, provided always they were sound in wind and limb, if they would only keep their weight down by plenty of walking exercise. Most of us are too lazy, that's the truth on't.

INTEREST in the premier international seems to be on the increase at Home, if we may judge from the enormous crowd—a record one for a Rugby game—which visited the classic ground of the Academicals at Raeburn Place, Edinburgh, to witness the nineteenth meeting between England and Scotland. A good deal has been written and said about past players and past results, so there is no good going into this part of the question. Suffice it to say that the teams turned out with one exception on either side as selected by the respective unions. Robinson, of Blackheath, could not play for England, and Yiend took his place; while on the Scottish side, Leggatt of the Watsonians, to everybody's regret, owing to a bad knee, had to forego his chance of playing in the premier match of the season. W. A. McDonald, the old Edinburgh High School boy and Glasgow University, filled the vacancy. The weather was splendid, and the ground in capital condition. Punctual to time both teams appeared on the field, and were received with loud cheers. England defended the south goal, while Scotland played up the hill. Scotland had the best of the opening stages, and got early within the English twenty-five. England got over the centre line, but Stevenson, with a smart bit of play, dropped the ball back almost to the corner flag. England again relieved their lines, and played raged for a few minutes on neutral lines. Alderson next gained a lot of ground by a useful punt; Boswell, however, retaliated. Evershed and Woods rushed the ball to the Scottish twenty five, the ball eventually going into touch near goal. After the kick-out, the Scottish forwards came away in grand style, but Lockwood saved. Lockwood next tried to break away, but was finely tackled. A minute or so later he was more successful, and dropped almost to the home twenty-five, and then Yatley took England to the touch-line. The ball was eventually rushed over; but Scotland gained the touch. A free kick was next obtained by England, and Woods made a good shot at goal. Campbell was now prominent, and a free kick fell to Scotland. M'Ewan, who took the kick made a splendid attempt to place a goal, the ball just grazing the post.

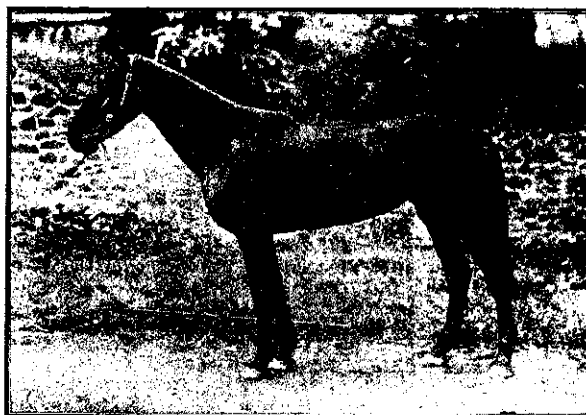
The Scottish forwards were now playing much better, and got within the English twenty-five. Lockwood, however, with the best run of the day so far, relieved, and had reached the Scottish twenty-five flag before he was brought down, Scotland having to touch down almost immediately after. Inter changes between the back divisions followed, and play still close to the Scottish line. Excitement was now at its height, and Briggs tried to get through the maul. Play raged in front of the Scottish goal, and Burnet, getting possession, got behind just outside the posts. Alderson took the kick, and was successful in scoring a goal. After the kick from the centre, England was quickly again busy in Scotland's territory. Half-time was almost immediately called, with the score: England, one goal; Scotland, nil.

AFTER the start of the ball in the second half, M'Ewan and Boswell, for Scotland, broke away in grand style, the ball being only saved on the touch-line. The ball was eventually passed out to Clause, who essayed a drop, and the ball was kicked dead. Dyson was next prominent in giving relief to his side, but Stevenson got in his drop, and Scotland was again looking dangerous; but Briggs, however, was again to the fore, and the English lines were once more out of danger. After a break away by the Scottish forwards, Lockwood ran right through them and dropped into touch at the Scottish twenty-five, and M'Millan and Neilson gained a lot of ground for Scotland. Alderson at this point got winded, but a drop of 'Scotch' soon brought him round, and Campbell brought play to the English twenty-five. Lockwood, and then J. Orr, made their marks, but nothing was gained by either of them. Neilson next broke away, but he was grandly tackled. England gained a lot of ground by the ball being passed back, but Stevenson was to the fore again, and pointed finely into touch. The best bit of passing of the day now took place, between J. Orr, Neilson, and Campbell, which brought the Scotchmen down the field. With a few minutes to play, and Scotland close on the English line, excitement was intense, but the Englishmen, playing well together, got the ball away, and, Varley again being prominent, play was transferred to Scottish ground. The whistle almost immediately sounded, and the nineteenth international between England and Scotland finished with the score—England, one goal (5 points); Scotland, nil.

The match fell below expectation and very seldom was the standard of play above the average. For the most part

it was contested by the forwards, the backs putting in very little meritorious work. The forward nature of the game gave the halves very few chances to pass out to the three quarters, who, being all on their own hook, had to make the most of any chances they might obtain for themselves. The Scotch forwards were the best, M'Millan, M'Ewan, and Millar, playing very well. D'Arcy Anderson at half got two black eyes by accident, and he played very hard. Both he and Orr were overshadowed by Briggs and Varley. The losing three quarters were poor, Campbell being the best. H. J. Stevenson, at back, was the most conspicuous player on the field, and he wrought brilliantly throughout. Coop, his vis à-vis, was fairly good. Alderson played a rare individual game, but passing was scarcely ever attempted by him. The halves, as stated, were excellent. At forward, Woods, Nichol, Bromet, and Bullough were the best.

LOVERS of horses must have often felt how great a pity it is that horse-racing, which might be as innocent a recreation and amusement as any other form of sport, has been degraded into a mere medium for gambling. Racing has been called the sport of kings, and if it were possible to get rid of the betting nuisance, would undoubtedly well deserve the title, but at present 'tis often, more's the pity, the sport of knaves. The polo sports, of which we gave an account last week, were an admirable instance of horse-racing freed from all its obnoxious and evil attendants. The excitement was keen, the sport good, and the afternoon in every way enjoyable, and yet the totalisator was *non cat*. The ponies enjoyed the fun as much as their riders, and the rascally element usual at any meeting in which horses take part, was conspicuous by its absence. We give this week a picture of Rangiora, winner of the Polo Cup and Ladies' Bracelet, and one of the



F. W. Edwards. POLO PONY 'RANGIORA.' photo, Auckland.

smartest ponies in the north. Rangiora is a bay mare, the property of Mr Ivon Wansbrough, bred by Messrs Spencer Bros., Tauranga, by Gillie Callum (imported) out of Mr Thorpe's steepchase mare Ruby.

A NEW ZEALAND athlete who recently went to Frisco, but who still finds time to think of New Zealand, home, beauty and the GRAPHIC, sends me the following account of the great 72 hours' race recently held in Frisco, when Ashinger beat Lamb, the English long distance rider, by only two feet in a distance of 1,022 miles 7 laps. The last day's racing was started at eleven o'clock in the morning, instead of one o'clock in the afternoon. Lumsden's fall while the men were racing on their last mile of Friday's work practically threw him out of the race for first prize. He went back to fifth place, where he stayed to the end.

LUMSDEN'S fall was a bad one. The management had offered a special prize to the man who finished first the greatest number of times in the last mile each night during the week. All the men were sporting, with Ashinger first, Lamb second, Reading third and Lumsden lapping him on the outside. Just as the riders passed the trainers' tables Lumsden without any warning swerved and struck Reading's wheel. Both men fell. Reading was up and off in a minute, but poor Lumsden, who was regarded by many as the winner of the race, struck one of the tables, cut his face, broke his nose and lay bleeding and senseless on the floor. This settled all chance of his winning, as four men were well ahead of him before he recovered.

THE final hours of the race were full of excitement, and the four thousand or more spectators were wrought up to a high pitch of enthusiasm when Lamb or Ashinger spurred for the lead, which they did every few moments. Lamb completed the 1,000th mile first in 70h. 15m. 30s. They had been exactly even for twelve hours and the gain of one lap would probably mean the race.

THE finish was quite exciting. When the pistol was fired for the last mile Ashinger was leading, but Lamb was close on his wheel. They began their final brush at a terrible pace and there was hardly two feet between them in all those ten desperate laps. When Ashinger finally won the race by two feet the crowd cheered itself hoarse. At twenty minutes past ten o'clock p.m. Ashinger was presented with an American flag, which he carried around the track two or three times, amid great enthusiasm. The men finished in the following order:—

| | Miles. | Laps. |
|------------------------------------------|--------|-------|
| Charles W. Ashinger, America, first..... | 1,022 | 7 |
| William Lamb, England, second..... | 1,022 | 7 |
| William Martin, Ireland, third..... | 1,022 | 6 |
| Edward Reading, America, fourth..... | 1,022 | 5 |
| J. D. Lumsden, Scotland, fifth..... | 934 | 2 |
| Albert Schock, America, sixth..... | 940 | 1 |
| William Stage, Scotland, seventh..... | 900 | 0 |

ASHINGER won by only two feet. The men were all behind Prince's record of 1,042 miles under the same conditions. The race has not been a success financially, and it is said that the management has lost \$8,000 on its venture. The following amounts will go to the first seven men:—Ashinger \$1,000; Lamb, \$500; Martin, \$350; Reading, \$250; Lumsden, \$150; Schock, \$125, and Stage, \$100. Willy Wood, the English short distance rider, was ejected from the building yesterday for using foul and abusive language to the referee.

FANCY DRESS BALL AT AUCKLAND.

THERE is a never ending charm about a fancy dress ball, and the one given in the Remuera Hall in aid of the Auckland Benevolent Society attracted an immense number of participants and spectators. The idea originated with Mrs Pritt, upon whom too much praise can hardly be bestowed for the energetic manner in which she carried it out. The dance was a huge success from first to last. The decorations were tasteful, the stage, capably undertaken by Miss Mona Thompson, presenting a fairy scene of chrysanthemums and ferns. This lady, by the way, wore one of the prettiest frocks in the room—that of a Normandy Peasant. Her sister, Miss Kathleen Thompson, looked lovely as a Court Lady. The good genius of the evening, Mrs Pritt appeared to great advantage in a very handsome black lace dress with a becoming white aigrette.

The pretty frocks were so numerous that selection is extremely difficult. The historical and character costumes were excellent in most cases. Miss Thomas, as Powder and Patches, was very successful. Miss E. Buckland's costume was much admired, as was the wearer, though some doubt was expressed as to what she represented. The two Messrs Brodie received many compliments on their get-up and general appearance; they each wore the uniform of the 71st Highlanders. As a Shepherdesse Miss Emily McFarlane looked bewitching. The costume of a Court Gentleman eminently suited Mr F. Atkins, as did that of a Courtier of Charles II.'s reign Mr E. Stevenson. The three Misses Von Sturmer were in evening garb, the eldest wearing a crimson frock, the second cream colour, while the third was attired in an Empire gown. Two little girls (Misses Draper and Ware) in Kate Greenaway style were much admired. Another charming juvenile was Master J. Pritt, whose page's suit of real ermine and satin, and white wig, was irresistible. Master Finlayson, as a Court Gentleman, was also excellent. Two Jack Tars were delightfully represented by the Misses Blanche Banks and Maude Buckland. There were also two Red Riding Hoods, the one being the younger Miss Hay, the other Miss Singleton. This is always a becoming make-up. Miss Zeenie Davis looked well in cream with a red sash. Miss Upton was never seen to better advantage than in her pretty cream gown. As a Chinaman, Mr F. Fleet Hesketh was unique, Mr J. Lennox making an immitable Clown. Mr Firth, as a Maori, was good, and young Mr Corrie presented a life-like picture of John Gillpin. Miss Elliott wore the Stars and Stripes with grace. Dresden China was taken by Miss Elsie Walker. Miss Daisy Worsp looked charming in a long-trained white satin gown.

Amongst the onlookers were Mrs G. Williams, in a handsome black costume; Mrs Haines, wearing a lovely dove-grey opera cloak brodered with silver and feather-trimmed, black dress; Mrs Moss Davis, striking red satin gown; Mrs McArthur, black; Mrs Thompson, pale green (very handsome and becoming); Mrs Winstone, lovely white satin, *en train*, with rich lace trimming; Mrs Buckland, black; Mrs Law, fascinating white and black gown; also Mesdames Pickmere, Hardie, Ching, Roach, Worsp, and Thomas. The efficient ladies' committee—Mesdames Pritt, McMillan, Nelson, Lennox, T. Morrin, Buckland, Winstone, Thompson, Bassett, and Hales—had provided a *richer* supper in so liberal a manner that the following day Mrs Pritt carried three baskets of fragments and a parcel to the Costley Home and the Kindergarten. Truly we may say, 'Go and do likewise.'

The Morisco Dance and Baby Polka were arranged by the clever and energetic Mrs Hay, who, by-the-by, wore a pretty white satin gown partially obscured by a crimson plump opera cloak. Twelve sweet little girls in long baby clothes, and twelve dear little boys in blue flowered print, with floppy hoods, performed this enchanting dance to perfection. The music, supplied by Mr J. Burke, was exceptionally good.

THE LADY GUIDE.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.



AYN'T I go to some of the exhibitions alone?' Gertrude asked.

'Girls can't go to public places without a chaperon.'

'Then to see some of our friends'

'We don't want any of them to know that we are in town, and then they won't be offended at our keeping away from them.'

'Am I to see nothing, then?'

'You shall see everything there is to see when we are done.'

'And when will that be?'

'Ah, if we did but know?' gasped Mrs Earle, just as if her daily stage of duty at the shops was not the very joy of her life.

Mrs Earle and her daughters were staying in London. Millicent had come to order her trousseau—Gertrude to enjoy herself; but she had discovered that this was out of the question, for her companions were dead to every pleasure but that of shopping. Gertrude had suggested theatres—they were too tired; pictures—they were too busy; visits—they had no time to waste on friends.

'You often say how delightful it would be to "do" London as one does a nice foreign town. Take a rest from your shops this morning and let us go to the Tower.'

'The Tower!' Millicent murmured sweetly: 'but I had made up my mind to begin to do the shoes to-day.'

'Oh, not the shoes, dear!' exclaimed Mrs Earle; 'do

the way to the Tower and over it, and back to the Alexandra, with me, and then to your home again without being tired.'

Miss Routh blushed again, and said that she was 'trying to learn not to be easily tired.'

Millicent was sorry when her insensitive sister observed: 'But you oughtn't to do your guide's work in a black dress; nothing gets shabby so quickly.'

Millicent touched Gertrude's arm, for she saw Miss Routh's mouth quiver.

'It's true, I assure you, Millicent! Black gets shabby directly, doesn't it, Miss Routh?'

'Yes, I think so; but I must wear it.'

'Ah! that comes of being in London, I suppose. We in the country are very lax about mourning,' said Gertrude, gaily. 'You see, we live far from all the other relations of anybody for whom we have to put it on, so we just go in and out exactly as we like. No one sees what we do, and no one's feelings are hurt.'

'It is my own feelings that make me wear it,' Miss Routh replied, and Millicent did not forget the expression of her face till she had got to Swan and Edgar's.

'You have enjoyed yourself, I hope,' said her mother when Gertrude came home.

'Oh, yes, not badly. She knew a lot about all we saw, but that kind of thing rather bores me. Some of the great officials were friends of hers, so I saw more of the Tower than is usually shown—I liked that!'

'Yes, the shut up places are always the most interesting.'

'That's not what I meant! I don't know that they were

and if he is, make him give us some tea.'

'But wouldn't you like me to leave you?'

'Oh, no, he might not be pleasant, and then I should go at once and want you.'

Clifford was surprised to receive a visit from his sister, and still more surprised to see such a pretty girl with her. He revised his first impression almost immediately, however, and thought: 'She is more than a pretty girl—she is beautiful, and there is a strange something about her that would make her charming even if her face were plain,' and then he unconsciously echoed Millicent's words and mentally added: 'And what a lady she looks!'

His sister did not treat her like one. He felt as if he had done an atrociously ill-bred thing himself when she said: 'This is Miss Routh, Clifford. She is a guide I have. I got her from the office for them. I have brought her in here with me because we shall most likely do more sight-seeing when we leave you.'

He purposely bowed with more respect than he would have accorded to any Duchesse. He had never seen any woman who looked more emphatically a lady than this dignified, yet timid and abringing girl.

'I am to dine with my mother this evening,' said Clifford.

'Then I may as well go home with you, and need not take Miss Routh.'

'But can't we take Miss Routh home first?'

'My home is quite out of your way, thank you,' said she.

'Besides, who wants to go three in a hansom? Miss Routh is all right. She knows how to get about London far better than you do, Clifford.'

'Yes, I am quite used now to finding my way alone,' she said, with a slight touch of bitterness in her accent.

'Of course you are,' remarked Gertrude, 'and other people's, too.'

'But do allow us to take you as far as our routes are identical,' he persisted.

'I will walk a little way and then go in the omnibus—I prefer it, thank you.'

'Of course she prefers it! Clifford, if you waste much more time, we shall be late. I will pay Miss Routh, and then we must go. Clifford, you are frowning at me! But I always do pay her at the time. Don't I, Miss Routh?'

Least Gertrude should proceed to explain that a guide



DYNES HALL, THE GARDEN.

leave them until we have gone steadily through the under-clothing.'

'That's always the way!' thought Gertrude. 'Even if I do make them realise how appallingly dull I am, they forget it again the next moment.'

Gertrude herself was not an accommodating person, even at the best of times, and now she had a grievance, for her mother would neither take her anywhere nor let her go alone.

'Haven't you settled that yet?' exclaimed Gertrude. 'There are hundreds of things to see all round about us, and I shall not see one.'

'I wish you had brought Jenkins, mother,' said Millicent.

'It is hard on Gertrude.'

'It is so expensive to bring a maid to a hotel,' pleaded Mrs Earle.

'I have an idea!' cried Millicent, joyfully.

'Is it trimmed with cambric or embroidery?' sneered Gertrude.

'How weak! Do you really want to explore London?'

'Well, not particularly, but it is better than doing nothing.'

'Suppose you engage a lady guide. I know where to get one—come and settle it at once.'

They went to the office, and Miss Routh, a pretty girl of two-and-twenty, was commissioned to take Gertrude to the Tower.

'But are you sure that you can imbue my daughter's mind with all that it is necessary for her to know in connection with that historic building?' asked Mrs Earle, mindful of a mother's duty. Miss Routh blushed and promised to do her best.

'And you will bring her back to the hotel?' Mrs Earle said, as they all left the office together.

'How strong you must be,' remarked Gertrude, 'to go all

more interesting really, but one can always say that they were, and it is so nice to have been over places that other people are dying to get a sight of and can't. If you happen to see her to-morrow she will tell you what these places were, for I forget.'

'I am so glad that you are going out again with her,' said Millicent. 'She is a sweet girl!'

'You are always taking a fancy to people who look at you appealingly and have badly hidden sorrows. When I engage a person like Miss Routh I don't want to be always wondering why she looks sad, and what has made her have to go out as a guide. I just want a guide, and a good one, and that's all.'

'Isn't she a good one?'

'She is to me, but she wouldn't be to you.'

'Why not?'

'Because it is pretty evident that she has had some great trouble lately, and can't forget it. If she were with you, you would be pitying her, and then you would be weeping in each other's arms in no time; but I remember that she is a paid guide, and take care to keep her up to the mark.'

'Poor girl!'

'Yes, poor girl, but poor to herself and not to me. It would be perfectly dreadful if I had to be worried about her troubles.'

'She looks such a lady!'

'I dare say she was one before she came to this. I can quite imagine that she may have been in society—she seems to know exactly how to speak to people. But why are we talking so much about her? I paid her, so I have done with her till to-morrow.'

Next day Gertrude and her guide went to one or two of the city churches and some of the Inns of Court.

'I have a barrister brother in Blackstone's buildings,' said Gertrude. 'Let us look in and see if he is at home,

being necessarily poor, it was probably a matter of importance to Miss Routh to be paid daily, he hurried on in front to get a hansom.'

'Your manner to Miss Routh is most offensive!' he said angrily, when they were alone. 'You speak of her as "she," and you shouldn't talk about paying her so openly and coarsely.'

'People oughtn't to do things for money if they can't bear to have it named. Not that she minds. She has a father or mother or something depending on her and the more money she gets the better she's pleased. She didn't get much from me to-day though, for she had no right to expect it. She had such an easy afternoon that I only gave her half what we agreed she should have.'

'Gertrude?'

'It was easy! We were an hour in your room doing nothing at all and she had tea and that ought to count for something.'

'And when we went out you were the guide, not she, so it would have been absurd to pay her for that part of the time!'

'I am ashamed of you, Gertrude. Miss Routh was engaged for the afternoon. You engaged her time and you had it and ought to have paid her for it. I insist on your giving her the rest of the money to-morrow.'

'I won't do anything of the kind! If I did it would be tantamount to owning that I had wished to cheat her, but that my courage had failed.'

'If you do not send Miss Routh that money, and send it with pleasure, I will never forgive you.' 'If you like to do so come to tea at my chambers to-morrow at 4.30, I will go out with you myself.'

'Then if I have you I needn't have Miss Routh.'

'Oh, yes, have her. You will probably want to do some

night-seeing before you come to me, and it's safer to have her, for work might come in any moment that would stop my going.

No work did stop him, either on that day or on many that followed. Gertrude was much too self satisfied, and firmly convinced of Miss Routh's absolute insignificance from every point of view, to recognize that her brother was taking more and more pleasure in her companionship. He saw more of the city in ten days than he had seen in ten years, and learned what a sweet and noble woman can train herself to endure with gentleness and dignity, when working for means to brighten the lot of those dear to her. Gertrude by this time so accustomed to have her brother in attendance on her (as she thought) that she had ceased to be on her good behaviour before him. She was herself, therefore—changeable, exacting, and inconsiderate. Miss Routh obeyed her mortifying orders and humoured her tyrannical caprices with patient exactitude, and, watch as he might, the only sign of impatience he ever saw was a slight hint of a line between her eye-brows or a faint flush in her cheeks.

"I can't go out with you to-day," he said when they were having tea with him for the eleventh time, "but come back if you can and I will take you home, and set Miss Routh free." The word "free" was forced upon him by indignation. Ever since Gertrude entered his room she had been speaking to Miss Routh in a way that enraged him, and if he checked her it seemed to make her worse.

"You are always taking Miss Routh's part. What with her vexing me and you standing up for her, it's dreadful. She is not ill treated by me. She never does anything that she dislikes. She refuses to go to Dynes Hall with me." "Oh, do you want to go there? How odd!" "Why odd?" "Because this very morning I made up my mind that I must see that place myself. You read about it in the Times, I suppose?" Dynes was a place near Maidenhead that was for sale. "Yes, and that sulky woman won't go! She will have it that we are both too young to go so far. Do you see any harm in it?" "No. You go about London, and that's worse." "So I said; but she told me that if I insisted on going I had better engage some older person. I know it is a false excuse, and I don't like old persons, do you?" "I prefer Miss Routh, but she will go. Ask her again, and ask her civilly." "I did ask her again, and civilly, and she flatly refused." "What did she say?" "That she would much rather not." "There is nothing very flat about that." "But when I said I did insist, and that she was engaged to do what I liked, she burst into tears and said she couldn't and wouldn't and would go to the office herself, if I liked, and find me an older guide: so I just told her plainly that if she did find one, I should keep her altogether, and she might consider herself dismissed."

"It is your pleasure to treat her as a servant! This is a very different account from that which you began by giving!" "Very likely! When one's vexed, accounts do get different. She vexed me frightfully, but I have made her understand that she will either have to obey me and go, or make up her mind to be dismissed. I shall keep to that, for what's the use of her if she objects to things?" "She never objects to taking you to any part of London. Keep her for London, and I will escort you to Dynes."

"You can't go by the 12 train, and you wouldn't come to the 'Alexandra' for me at 11.30? That's what she would have to do."

"Yes, I can and will!" "What is making you so wonderfully obliging all at once?" "Your example, I imagine. No; I intend to buy a place near London, and Dynes might suit me." During dinner a telegram, answer prepaid, came from Miss Routh. Gertrude read aloud, "Will go to Dynes tomorrow if you like. Will call at 11.30." "She has knocked under," said Gertrude. "My enemy has fallen! Doesn't that show what a fright she is in! Is it employ her no more?" "Poor girl! How hard it must be to have to do what she dislikes, because she has no money," said Mrs Earle.

"Beggars shouldn't be choosers! And why on earth should she dislike it? Well, as she is going, Clifford, I suppose you won't. Or will you, and shall I use up her prepaid telegram in telling her not to come as I have made other arrangements? How I shall enjoy that! It would make her so uncomfortable."

"Gertrude," said he, "I sometimes fear that you will make me unable to have any liking for you at all! Miss Routh has been uniformly obliging to you, and you shall at least behave with decency to her. Write "Please come, if fine."

"Why "please," I should like to know? The girl is very well paid for what she does."

"Oh, yes; I will if I can. It would be foolish to run any risk of losing Dynes, but as I might at the last moment be prevented, it is well that you have Miss Routh to fall back on. I gain an hour by only joining you at Paddington."

"I am glad you made up your mind to come," said Gertrude next morning, as if Miss Routh's decision implied a praiseworthy return to the path of duty.

"I am very sorry if I annoyed you by hesitating."

"Oh, you have come now," replied Gertrude with lofty graciousness, "so we will not say any more about it."

Clifford joined them at the station with an armful of newspapers, read an interesting debate, and Miss Routh scarcely opened her eyes from the *Saturday Review*.

"She is only pretending to read," thought Gertrude. "In reality she is in an awful temper because I forced her to come. What a temper she has!"

The drive from the station to Dynes was beautiful. Gertrude's enjoyment took the uncomfortable form of incessant exclamations which were so like questions that were difficult to deal with, for did they require an echo or answer? "Oh, isn't it lovely, Clifford?" "Isn't it quite too lovely, Miss Routh?" They said it was, or they echoed her words, and that generally appeased her for three minutes, when the ceremony had to be repeated. The house was a long, castellated building, with wide, low windows and a singularly picturesque tower. It was surrounded by gardens and shrubberies which were the pride of the country.

"It is lovely, Clifford!" said Gertrude. "Don't you call it lovely, Miss Routh?"

"I do indeed," she answered, and her eyes wandered on every side to take their fill of beauty.

"You think it lovely, don't you, Clifford?" Gertrude asked, as he had not spoken.

"Of course I do. But to my mind the special charm of the place consists in the strangely overmastering sense of long-established peace and rest, and security from outside intrusion and trouble that there is about it!"

"There can't be much of that security in reality, or the people who are selling it would be here still."

"I have never heard anything about them," he said.

"No more have I, but I will have one of their roses. They are not here to see me, so they can't object," and before he could stop her Gertrude had wrenched one from the trellis.

"I hope you will excuse me, but I am not the person who ought to show you the house," said the woman who came to the door. "She's away to-day burying her mother. My name is Wooler, and I am a stranger and know very little about the place, but somebody had to be here while she was gone, so I came."

They entered a hall with windows framed by roses.

"It's considered handsome," said Mrs Wooler, "but the pictures have been sold, and the floor has gone out of polish, and—"

"I'd put sheets of good plate glass instead of those ugly windows," said Gertrude.

"I wouldn't," said Clifford, "I delight in windows of that kind."

The late family used to have tea here in the afternoons with the door set wide open, and all the beautiful smell of the flowers blowing in.

"What was the name of the last owner?"

"Mr—Mr—oh! I'll tell you in a minute, sir—I have such a memory! They were kind folks, sir, but unfortunate. First they had one trouble and then another, and at last a bank broke and they had to go, but everybody pitied them."

They went about admiring all they saw. Miss Routh alone found no good word to say.

"She won't own she admires anything," whispered Gertrude. "Now you must see that all I have told you is true. She has a vile temper and won't seem pleased because she was brought here against her will."

It really did look as if there were some foundation for Gertrude's charge, and yet he would not believe it. "Isn't there a room upstairs where Charles II. slept?" he asked, to divert his sister's attention.

"Yes, sir, but the bed is gone—everything is gone!"

"A great deal more ought to go," exclaimed Gertrude. "Those high mantelpieces are hideous, and the doors should be at least three feet higher. The house wants a thorough doing up."

"You would ruin it," said Clifford. "I like it just as it is."

The bedrooms were as attractive as the sitting-rooms. They went to see Charles II.'s, and Mrs Wooler showed them the door of one that had, she said, always been kept locked when the late family was there.

"Oh, but we must go into it! Come into this room that was kept locked," cried Gertrude, seizing Miss Routh by the hand and dragging her in.

"Yes, but everything for the sake of which it was locked is gone, Miss. It is the room that Mr—oh, I wish I could remember his name's—wife died in, and he never would have anything in it altered," said Mrs Wooler.

"Oh! for mercy's sake don't waste any more time here, Clifford! There must be some things that are interesting. Where is Miss Routh?"

"She was here a minute ago, Miss," said Mrs Wooler; "I saw her."

They sought her upstairs and down, but she was nowhere to be found.

"Perhaps she has gone to the garden," suggested Gertrude.

"I hope not!" cried Mrs Wooler, "for Carlo is loose. He is a dog, Miss—a dog that belonged to the late family, and that savage, by all accounts, that no one can manage him but a gardener that's here who lived with them."

"I must find her at once," said Clifford, very anxiously.

"Oh! don't go now," urged Gertrude. "Nothing is likely to happen to her in the next few minutes. Mrs Wooler says that the kitchen is well worth seeing. The tiresome girl should have stayed here—don't go to her—come to the kitchen with us."

"The first thing I do must be to find Miss Routh," he said; and snatching up a stout stick which he found in the hall, he ran to the garden. She was not there, nor yet in the kitchen garden. He called her, but no voice answered him. He sought her on every side, and at last found her near the Dutch garden. She was sitting on the close-cut grass with her head bent down as if weeping, and the great dog, which, in spite of what he saw, he could not help thinking must be the dreaded Carlo, was with her, his head laid affectionately on her knees, and his eyes riveted to hers.

"Miss Routh! Miss Routh!" Clifford cried while yet at some distance, and with an amazed growl, for his attention had been so wholly given to her the huge beast rushed at him, barking furiously.

"Carlo! Carlo! come back!" she cried, authoritatively, and Carlo stopped short. Another call brought him back to her side, where he stood growling. "Lie down this moment!" she said, and then, as he was slow to obey, she put her arms round the dog's neck and drew him down, and he lay as before, only not so happily, for now his eyes were watching the intruder with an expression that seemed to say: "I hold myself in readiness to put an end to you, sir, at any instant."

"They told me that this dog was so savage that you were not safe. I was in misery till I found you. How have you learned the secret of taming him?"

"Can't you guess?" she replied, without taking her eyes from the ground. "Oh! can't you guess? and do you not understand now why I shriek from the torture of coming here?"

"This was your father's house and he had to leave it. It had flashed into his mind with suddenness and certainty."

"Yes. I until six months ago this was my home, and then I lost it forever, and he saw her eyes slowly fill with tears."

"Not forever. Let it be your home again," he exclaimed, flinging himself down at her feet, regardless of Carlo—regardless of everything but her.

Carlo growled savagely, but for the moment contented himself with showing that he was on the alert. Miss Routh

was in such terror that she scarcely knew what he was saying.

"I will buy Dynes. I should like to buy it and give it to you, for I love you."

"Oh, Mr Earle! Oh, Carlo, dear Carlo, do be quiet! Oh, what shall I do!" said the distressed girl, for she felt that she could not restrain the dog unless she gave her entire attention to him, and how was it possible to do that now?"

"I have loved you ever since I first saw you," he said, trying to take her hand; but instead of that, Carlo made a snatch at his.

"Carlo! Carlo!" she cried again, and dragged his head back. "Mr Earle, do be careful! Don't move. It is all I can do to hold him. He will let me talk to you if you will go a little further off, and put down that great stick, and not make any attempt to touch me. He thinks you are attacking me."

"I will sit here, then," said Clifford, unwillingly retiring to a spot about a yard away from her, and I will put my stick down and do anything you like if you will but say that you will come back to Dynes. Say you will try to love me."

"My father and I are alone in the world—I could not leave him."

"You need not think of leaving him. This shall be his home exactly as it was before, except that he shall give me his daughter. We would be with him continually. Now, will you be my wife?"

"I will," she said; but this promise could be ratified by no kiss or grasp of hands, for Carlo was there.

"Oh! do let us try to get that dog tied up," said Clifford, who found the situation unbearable.

"We will take him to his kennel. I know where it is and can chain him up myself."

They set out therefore to the stable yard.

"Do you know it strikes me that almost every time you went out with my poor sister Gertrude you must have endured something very like what I am enduring now from Carlo."

Her smile was sweet to see.

"Yes, but I was very grateful to her for providing me with an opportunity of earning some money. We were so poor just then that we scarcely knew how to pay our way."

"And she forced you to come here!"

"Yes; but even that, bad as I thought it, has ended in great happiness."

The woman he loved said this and he might not even take her hand.

"Shall we be worried with that brute much longer?" he asked impatiently.

"There is a proverb—but I forgive you! We shall reach his kennel almost directly, but he is quite good now."

So he was as long as Clifford kept his distance, but Carlo had his ideas on the subject and liked to have a full yarl between the two human beings who were accompanying him.

"Coming here must have been a martyrdom to you and how brave you were! Not once did you make a sign that you were suffering."

"I had to run away when she took us into my mother's room."

"Gertrude's remarks must have been so painful—"

"Oh, no! They were swallowed up in the great pain, and the great pain is now swallowed up in turn. Don't let your sister know what has happened until I have left you. I could not bear it."

"Then you may have to bear some of her speeches?"

"I shall think of you."

They chained up Carlo, and then they walked to the house under the overarching trees. They went thither as they intended to go through the journey of life, hand in hand and heart open to heart.

"I have loved you from the first day I saw you," he said.

"I am afraid I was beginning to love you," she answered, and he said: "Why afraid?"

And of such things, old as the world and young as the newborn day, the lovers' heaven consists. They were torn from it in less than ten minutes by Gertrude from the vantage point of a window.

"Miss Routh, how could you be so unkind as to waste our time and give us such a fright?"

Hastily they dropped each others hands—a bough had hidden from her that they were locked together—but both Clifford and Miss Routh were too much startled to make any answer.

"My poor brother came here to see this property with an idea of buying it, but this foolish affair of you and the dog has lost us so much time that I don't see how he is to know what he wants to do."

"Not a moment of my time has been lost, and I know what to do. I shall buy the place."

"And let me have my say about the alterations?"

When Gertrude and her brother reached home, Mrs Earle said gaily: "Rejoice with me; our shopping is done, the trousseau is off our minds, and, thank Heaven! there will be no more weddings in our family for some time."

"Don't count too much on that mother."

"Clifford, you engaged!" exclaimed his mother.

"Oh! bother!" muttered Gertrude.

MARGARET HUNT.

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LOCAL INDUSTRY v. IMPORTATIONS.—Competent Judges assert that the Lozenges, Jububs and Sweets manufactured by AULAKROOK & Co. are unequalled.—(Advvt.)

THE ROWING CHAMPIONSHIP.

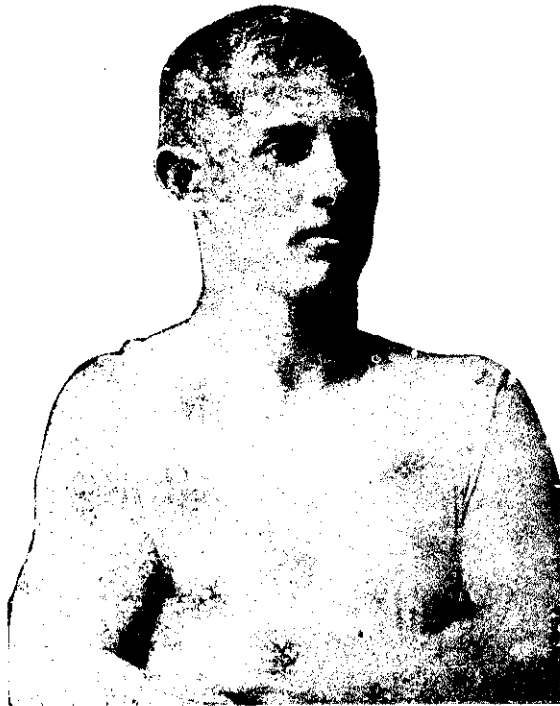
ROSSESSION,' 'tis said, 'is nine points of the law,' and the Australians evidently intend to keep Paramatta as the champion course. Though regretting as New Zealanders that Tom Sullivan failed to carry off the coveted title of 'Champion Sculler of the World,' we feel proud that our fellow colonists have so long retained the honour that England, Canada, and the States have so hungrily eyed. We have no doubt that the race on Monday last was a genuine trial of skill, as the following particulars of the struggle show, but whilst congratulating Stanbury upon his win, we must not forget Sullivan, and wish him better luck next time.

Stanbury's weight and clean, easy style were evidently too much for our young New Zealander, and unless mail news differs very widely from the cable information now before us, Sullivan was fairly and squarely beaten. Stanbury appears to have won a great race without any difficulty, and never to have been pushed by his plucky New Zealand rival, except in that point near Blaxam Point, where the champion evidently saw that he had not such a 'soft thing' on as the bookmakers would have him believe. Still, when he did work he soon seems to have forged ahead, and though he may have spurted occasionally, never seems to have had another real scare. Of course, one can only surmise these things from the cables. Mail news is, as we have already hinted, a very different thing to the scraggy information vouchsafed by that most erratic creature,

diamond into the polished stone of an oarsman, that the present champion is. Whether, as was the case with Sullivan and Stephenson, Stanbury would have in later years beaten his teacher, is a question which the untimely pulling of the champion Searle across the silent stream forbids us to ask, and admits of no reply. Certain it is, however, that in the two successful races with O'Connor in June, 1890, he showed the stuff of which he was made, and in the second and third meeting with J. McLean on April 28th and July 7th, 1891, proved his superiority over all oarsmen in the world by winning the Championship by eight lengths in 22min 15sec. His giant strength, well-knit frame, early fishing experience at Shoalhaven, and Searle's training has stood him in good stead, for in Monday's race he defended his claim to the title of champion against a man who is of no mean order.

Stanbury's record is:—

- Won Light Skiff Race, Nowra, November 9, 1885
- Won Skiff Race, Greenwall Point Regatta, Shoalhaven, 1885
- Won Outrigger Race, Greenwall Point Regatta, Shoalhaven, 1885
- Won Local Championship Outrigger Race, Nowra Regatta, 1886
- Won Handicap Outrigger Race, Nowra Regatta, 1886
- Won Skiff Race, Nowra Regatta, 1886
- Won (with G. McLean as partner) Double Sculls Race, Nowra Regatta, 1886
- Won Lake Bathurst Handicap, January 14, 1887
- Won Handicap Outrigger Race, Shoalhaven Regatta, January 26, 1887
- Lost Shoalhaven Champion Race, January 26, 1887
- Lost Light Skiff Race with Chris Neilson, Paramatta, June 15, 1887
- Won Handicap Outrigger Race, Shoalhaven Regatta, January 25, 1888
- Won Champion Outrigger Race, Shoalhaven Regatta, January 26, 1888
- Won Wager (£50) Race with R. Campbell, Hunter River, April 7, 1888
- Won Wager (£100) Race with Julius Wolf, Paramatta, June 2, 1888



TOM SULLIVAN.



JAMES STANBURY, Champion Sculler of the World.

except the cable fiend. Both men are well known, but with their portraits given herewith an account of their previous triumphs may not come amiss.

JAMES STANBURY.

Since the Prince of Wales' Birthday in the year 1885, James Stanbury's aquatic career has been one of signal success. Starting in twenty-three races, he has won seventeen, and rowed with credit in the remaining six. In fact, it was in one of these—the memorable race for the championship with the lamented Henry E. Searle on the Paramatta course on July 13th, 1888—that he gave the brightest assurance of his future greatness. This was the hardest race that Searle ever rowed, Stanbury chasing him home in 19min. 53sec. The 'brightest assurance' we say, but not the first promise, for undoubtedly that was made on the occasion of the Nowra Regatta in 1886, when he won, changing from boat to boat, three successive races—the local Outrigger Championship, the Outrigger Handicap, and the Skiff—and as if to add additional lustre to his day's success, the Double Sculls with G. McLean.

From his debut at the age of seventeen in 1885, until his tenth race (the Shoalhaven Champion Outrigger), Stanbury never suffered a defeat. In this one, however, Chris Neilson, one of the then inner ring of scullers, showed the nineteen-year-old boy the way home—a kind attention which six months later, on the Paramatta course, he repeated when the two were engaged in a £100 match. Then came for Stanbury four victories—two regatta races and two matches, one for £50 with R. Campbell, the other with Julius Wolf for £100. The already-mentioned race for the championship with Searle followed, and though Stanbury was beaten, 'his fame went out through all the land,' and people spoke of the young Australian who had pushed his phenomenal countryman as none other had.

After suffering further defeat in two regatta races, Stanbury was taken in charge by Searle, who turned the rough

- Lost Race for Championship of World and £200 with Searle, Paramatta, July 13, 1888
- Lost Light Skiff Handicap, Paramatta, October 6, 1888
- Lost Brisbane Carnival Championship, December, 1888
- Won Wager (£200) Race with O'Connor, Paramatta, June 30, 1890
- Lost Race Wager (£200) J. McLean, November 29, 1890
- Won Championship of World, Paramatta, April 28, 1891
- Won Race for Championship of World, July 7, 1891, from J. McLean
- Won Race for Championship May 2, 1892, with T. Sullivan.

And who was the man who dared to try conclusions with such a redoubtable champion. Assuredly no pigmy rush-in where 'angels fear to tread,' but a worthy rival indeed.

THOMAS SULLIVAN,

who has made so brave a bid for the championship, is no tyro. His record, if it does not equal that of Stanbury, at least comes within such distance as to have made the men who knew him best believe that if he did not beat the champion he would make him put back into his work with a vengeance. It is almost needless to tell Tom Sullivan's story. We all know him or knew of him down at Waiwera and Mahurangi Heads as the smartest lad with a pair of oars or sculls that one's eyes would be clapped on in a month o' Sundays. The way the lad handled the boats soon attracted notice, and when in 1864 he came to town and joined the North Shore Club, that veteran oarsman, Mr E. W. Burgess, then the club's captain, soon singled him out, and seeing there was 'stuff in the boy,' took him and made him a rower. He won several prizes in those days, and his name soon began to be synonymous with endurance and pluck. He beat Alf Bailey and Walter Hasley in skiff, the former on one and the latter on two occasions, and the crews he rowed with crews winning in junior and senior gigs and junior and senior whaleboats in '86, and did big things at Tauranga. Next year he scored more triumphs, and undertook the important duties of secretary. In 1888 he also did good work for himself and his club, winning 'midst other things the skiff race for men

under 20, and rowing stroke in the winning whaleboat crew at Ponsoby Regatta.

But for a time Auckland was to lose its champion. 'Tom' was out of his articles, and determined to go to Wellington. There he repeated Auckland triumphs. He did not join the 'Star' owing to an outrageous piece of snobbism on the part of certain 'outsiders' who were members at the time. The smartest club of the colony, therefore, lost having the name of the biggest star in New Zealand Rowing firmament on their list. The Wellington Club snapped at him, offered him a seat in their senior crew. He, of course, accepted, and justified the confidence in his reputation by helping to win the senior inrigged and outrigger fours and double sculls at Wanganui, champion fours, senior pairs, and senior inrigged fours at Wellington, champion pairs at Christchurch, and goodness knows how many other important events at Nelson, Picton, and Christchurch in that and the following year. Then came his great achievement—winning the New Zealand championship (amateur). Sullivan now determined to

'HAVE AT THE PROFESSIONALS.'

and after one or two lessons, which only made him work the harder, he was thought fit to try conclusions against no less a person than the great Bubeare. Everyone remembers that first race on the Nepean. How Tom fell sick and was easily beaten, and how after a spell of some little time he again met Bubeare, and after as fine a race as has ever been seen on the Nepean, beat his former rival in the fastest race ever rowed over the course. Sullivan had, by the way, beaten Stephenson, the professional champion of New Zealand, with ease. Tom was now in great feather. Beach complimented him, and after his historical race with Dutch, which he won (with his 500s) fairly easily, it was felt he might aspire to the honours of World's Champion. How he challenged Stanbury, and all the anky science and the rest of it, and how Tom came back and nearly got welcomed to death, and then went and got half drowned, are not these things in all our mouths? And now he has been beaten. Well, he made a good fight. He did his level best, and rowed hard like the plucky fellow he is. He has been beaten, but not in any way of which we may be ashamed, nor he either. There is no doubt many New

Zealanders have been greatly disappointed, but it must be remembered that Sullivan himself was not so confident as they themselves 'so it remains for them to join with us in repeating the wish: BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME.

NEW ZEALAND PASTIMES.—YACHTING.

(SEE FRONT PAGE.)

As insular people we love the sea, and our sports and pastimes are greatly those of the maritime order. What sleighing is to the Canadians, and trotting to the Yanks, yachting in its more genial clime is to us, and than this what more graceful, what more healthy exercise can be imagined? To the mind wearied with the week and draught with business cares, yachting possesses a peculiar charm, and the Saturday afternoon throughout the summer is looked forward to with an interest amounting almost to a yearning. With a wind on the quarter, nothing is left to be desired, for the well-fitted demijohn and concertina have been carefully placed on board. To anchor at night and sing until late, to rise for an early swim, and to cruise again after a hearty breakfast of baked fish and store provisions are among the pleasures of yachting which only the joy of returning to town in time for church coming out transcends.

Pat had been suffering with a severe and prolonged attack of the gripe. 'Well, Pat, said a friend, meeting him on the street, 'I hear you've been having a pretty hard time of it.' 'Faith an' I have,' said Pat. 'An' it's the right name they give it, too, for when it onsets takes hold of a man it's no mind to let go. It took me three wakes to fare better after I was intirely well.'

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE.

THIRD

CHRISTMAS STORY COMPETITION.



THE LYON MAIL, a very powerful drama, will be reviewed at the Lyceum after the doors are closed on 'Henry VIII,' which is still drawing crowds to the great tragedian's playhouse. Many people consider Irving is seen at his best in this play, which is, if anything, more ghastly and impressive than 'The Bells.' The picture of Irving in the character of Dubosc, which heads our column, is taken from a capital photo, and gives a good idea of the actor's 'make up' for the part.

THE Royal Comic Opera Company scored a striking success at the Princess Theatre at Melbourne when 'Carmen' was produced. The fine scenery and picturesque costumes, added to the tuneful music and the extremely clever acting of Mr William Walshe, as Don José, in his scenes with Miss Marie Halton, who took the engaging part of Carmen, produced a most favourable impression upon the audience. Mr Charles Ryley was in splendid voice, and received several well-merited rounds of applause during the evening. The castanet dance took well with those in front, and the general production of Bizet's masterpiece created a very favourable impression, which is likely to secure a good run for Mr J. C. Williamson's latest venture at the Princess Theatre. There is just a chance that Williamson will try New Zealand with the Comic Opera Company at Christmas if he hears good reports from the Montague-Turner people.

ALL our colonial comedians are leaving us. Billy Elton has gone by the Ormuz, Teddy Royce intends to follow, and now Mr John Sheridan—Bridget O'Brien, Esq., over whose inimitable Irish impersonations we laughed and laughed with heart some time ago—has decided to return to England. We are not again to enjoy the happy witticisms of the Irish and Yankee mother-in-law, the wooden-legged Crosstree in 'Black-eyed Susan,' the mining swindler, the French footman, the Sancy Nora and the masquerader, and the delightful duet, 'The Little Peach,' by Johnny Jones and his little sister Sue. The visit of Sheridan to New Zealand had been greatly looked forward to. It was to have eventuated in about three months' time. Now, alas! it may be for years, or it may be for ever.

THE wailing over Elton's departure has, by the way, been both prolonged and deep over in Australia. The following lament in verse, culled from a Sydney source, is excellent:

GOOD-BYE TO ELTON.

Goodbye! farewell! the anchor's weighed
Your bark is on the ocean blue,
And we, disheartened and dismayed,
Are left to hunker after you.
You've been the soul of many shows,
The sole support, so full of snap,
But you are gone, and goodness knows
Whom we can get to fill the gap.
Good-bye! old chap.

In 'Blow for Blow' you made your bow,
We blew your trumpet straight away;
Yet blow for blow you give us now
By going thus, slack-day!
You have enjoyed a thumping screw,
And worked to earn it with a will,
The while your name in favour grew
Your price went higher up the hill.
Good-bye! dear Bill.

Most funny stars are apt to wane
And quit the heavens all too soon,
But you, again and yet again,
Have risen like a funny moon,
And boomed upon the roaring crowd
Whose sides you never fail to shake;
With one accord they all lower
That 'Elton fairly took the cake,
And no mistake!

When other lips and other hearts
Their tale of admiration tell,
You'll not forget the good old parts
In which we learned to love you well;
Nor let the cruel hand of time
Proud memories of yore destroy,
In distant land, in colder clime,
We evermore will wish you joy,
Good-bye, good boy!

THE many friends of Mr J. C. R. Isherwood will learn with regret that he has been suddenly seized with muscular paralysis in the right arm, and this, of course, compels him to give up his violin playing. Mr Isherwood for many years took an active part in orchestral music in Wellington, where he was greatly missed on his departure, and the news of his unfortunate affliction was received with general regret in our musical circle.

MR AND MRS THOS. MORRIN with Miss McLean have gone to the Hot Lakes, also Mr and Mrs Lawrence Nathan and party.

SIR NORMAN AND LADY CAMPBELL chaperoned a number of young people who spent the holidays at the residence of Mr Henry Hadfield, at Otaki, the ladies occupying the house, and the gentlemen camping in tents. The party returned to town by train, having had a very enjoyable outing.

MRS BERNSTEIN, if her portrait does not belie her, is a very pretty young woman. The question is, did she love her lover better than her diamonds. It would seem not, as she has prosecuted him for stealing her gems, which she values at £300. So it was hardly with the fair lady 'All for love and the world well lost.' Whether she will lose her lover now she has got her jewels remains to be seen. Carl Auguste Sampson claims to be the strongest man living, but, like his Biblical namesake



MRS BERNSTEIN.

he proved weak when lovely woman exercised her charms upon him. He has been cast for trial, but bailed out for 1400. Mrs Bernstein seems to have repented of her action, and has tried to withdraw from the prosecution, but the case goes on. She has lately been playing a minor part in 'Blue Eyed Susan' at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, but her engagement has expired. 'Green-Eyed' would have been a more suitable title for the love-sick artiste.

LIEUT.-COLONEL FOX, who arrived from Sydney on Monday by the Hauroto, and who will take command of the New Zealand forces, is likely to make himself extremely popular. He was received by Colonel Hume.

VERY general, indeed, is the regret felt in Auckland at the untimely death of Mrs Fred Earle, wife of the well-known solicitor of that city. Hearty and genuine is the sympathy expressed on all sides for the bereaved husband and parents of the young lady. Herr Carl Schmitt has been conductor of the Auckland Choral Society for many years, and he and Madame Schmitt are deservedly popular, so that the loss of their daughter, just after the birth of a grandchild, has evoked many sincere expressions of condolence in their bereavement.

THE genial and ever popular Lohr, most successful of advance agents, is busy booming Musgrove's Variety Company, which, by the way, includes Carl Hertz, who is undoubtedly the most wonderful illusionist who has ever visited this part of the world. The tour will be one of the smartest on record. The company began their season in Dunedin last night (Tuesday), and Hertz left the Southerners spell-bound with wonder. All other conjurers are mere charlatans compared to this wonderful fellow, who is spoken of in London as one of the smartest men alive at his business.

THE COMPETITION for the short stories for the last Christmas Number of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC was so entirely successful, resulting in the introduction to the editor of writers hitherto unknown to him, that it has been deemed advisable to follow so excellent a precedent.

Therefore the editor, in offering prizes for a similar competition this year, trusts that many fresh writers will enter the field. (See rule 2.)

Owing to the immense labour involved in reading the competitions, designing the illustrations, and producing this

SPECIAL NUMBER

OF THE

New Zealand Graphic

it is imperative that the stories should be in the Editor's hands as per rule 5.

THREE PRIZES

will be given in the following order for the best selected tales:—

- FIRST PRIZE - - £5 0 0
- SECOND PRIZE - £3 0 0
- THIRD PRIZE - £2 0 0

The stories must not be less than 4000, or more than 6500 words in length, suitable for use in the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC. Each story must be accompanied by a short outline (about 500 words in length) of its plot.

RULES.

In writing, these conditions, must be observed:

1. The GRAPHIC is at liberty to publish any of the stories sent in other than the prize-takers.
2. Every reader of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC not being a member of the literary staff or the winner of a first prize in previous years, is eligible to enter the competition.
3. The Editor cannot undertake to answer inquiries having reference to the treatment of the stories in detail. The particulars given are sufficient for the purposes of the competition, and everything else is left to the judgment and discretion of the competitors. The award of the judges will be published as soon after the close of the Competition as possible, and no information respecting the award will be given to any competitor before this publication.
4. Each MSS. should be prepaid, and if left open at the ends will be carried at book post rates. It should be addressed to the Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Shortland Street, Auckland. A motto instead of the writer's name must be written under the title of the story. The author's real name must be enclosed in an envelope addressed to the editor, bearing the motto and the words, 'Story Competition' on the top left corner. This envelope must not be placed in the MSS. packet, but must be posted separately. It must also contain a declaration that the work is original and entirely the sender's own.
5. All contributions must reach the office before August 16th.
6. The incidents and general features of the story must refer to life or adventure in New Zealand as typified in the cities, the country, on the gold-fields or sheep-fields, on a sheep run, in a wealthy home, or in struggling fern. The stories must be bright, original, and suitable for family reading. Purely imaginative stories are not of course inadmissible if the scene is laid in New Zealand.
7. Writing on one side of the paper only.

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The most moderate first-class Hotel in Australasia.
Inclusive tariff per day 10s 6d.
Ditto per week £5 3s 0d.
THOMAS POPHAM,
(Late Commander U.S.S.Co.) Proprietor.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE politeness is perfect ease and freedom.

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.

Culture cannot destroy sin, all it can do is to hide or decorate it.

The mean annual temperature of the earth is fifty degrees Fahrenheit; the average rainfall is thirty six inches.

It is not until a man goes on a quest for a general servant that he fully appreciates the immense proportions of the woman question.

As opera nights at last are here
Mark what the girls are at—
From shop to shop the darlings go
To find the biggest hat.

The total population of the earth is estimated at 1,483,000,000, of which 35,639,835 die yearly, 97,700 daily and 67 every minute.

'Should parsons smoke?' is a question which is being widely discussed in England. It applies to the reverend gentlemen only while they are on the earth, of course.

'The last word' is the most dangerous of infernal machines, and husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell.

TRIFLES.

The smallest crust may save a human life;
The smallest act may lead to human strife;
The smallest touch may cause the body pain;
The smallest spark may fire a field of grain;
The simplest deed may tell the truly brave;
The smallest skill may serve a life to save;
The smallest draught the thirsty may relieve;
The slightest look may make a kind heart grieve;
Naught is so much but it may still contain
The rose of pleasure or the thorn of pain.

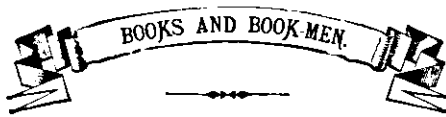
'Never fear, my dear,' remarked a wife to her impecunious husband; 'never fear; I still love you.' 'I know that,' he replied, 'but that doesn't help matters much.' 'I'll trust you always,' she exclaimed. 'Yes, my dear,' he replied, with a sigh that came from his heart, 'that is very fine, but unfortunately you are not the grocer.'

Occasionally instances of brutality at Annapolis find their way into print, but ours is a model school compared with the Copenhagen naval academy. There a young cadet shot himself dead at a class dinner. The principal of the academy, who presided, had the body carried out, then ordered more wine, and the eating and drinking went on as though nothing had happened.

MODERN MISSIONARIES.—Professor Drummond, of *Natural Law* fame, has been startling those who think of becoming missionaries. He gives it as his opinion that the missionary is no longer a man who can stand under an umbrella, with a Bible under his arm, and preach the Gospel all day long. Half his day must be given to the study of philology. He must be able to translate the Scripture; he must contribute to the science of ethnology; he must be a man of culture. The time is surely coming, says Professor Drummond, when the missionaries in some fields, for example in China and Japan, will have to be theologians. A native of Japan once said to him, 'Send us out one ten-thousand dollar man rather than ten thousand dollar men.' The demand for this work to day is for 'the prizemen, and the brilliant men of the Universities.' This is a new departure, and a healthy one, from the old lazy belief that 'any fool would do to be a missionary.'

TIMING A CABLEGRAM.—A wager between a couple of brokers the other day resulted in an interesting experiment as to the rapidity with which telegraphing can be done between New York and London. It was settled by actual tests that a cablegram can be sent to London from the New York Stock Exchange and an answer received in four minutes. Ordinarily the time is much longer, but on this occasion a special effort was made, with the above remarkable result. From this it may be inferred that the cable service is as nearly perfect as it is possible to make it. The cable business is constantly growing, and at present nearly nine hundred messages are sent daily from New York to London between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock. All the commercial business is done by cipher, and so condensed is the code that a considerable message can be sent at a comparatively small outlay. The messages are sent by overhead wire to Heart's Content, Newfoundland, where they are transmitted via the ocean cable to Valencia, Ireland, thence direct to London. The commercial business between the New York and London stock exchanges has become so extensive that three or four operators are now required constantly on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange to handle that business alone.

THE MEETING OF HAWTHORNE AND TENNYSON.—Referring in the course of some literary recollections to Nathaniel Hawthorne's visit to the Art Treasures Exhibition, held in Manchester in 1857, Dr. Alexander Ireland writes that a curious coincidence occurred:—While we were looking at the pictures of the old masters I saw Alfred Tennyson and Woolner, the sculptor, enter the room together. I pointed them out to Hawthorne, who looked long and steadily at Tennyson. I said to him, 'Will you not speak to him and shake hands with him?' to which he replied, 'Oh, I could not do that. I never saw him before; it would be obtrusive, etc.' 'Nonsense,' said I; 'let me go to him and tell him you are in the room. I am sure he will be delighted to meet you and exchange greetings.' 'No, no; I cannot allow you to do this.' I again remonstrated with him. I urged him to join hands with Tennyson, in spite of conventional introductions and staid earthly limitations and customs. I contended that the fact of their being in the same room and within a few insignificant feet of each other on this very day had been evidently ordained from the beginning of time, and that it would be a wilful thwarting of the designs of Providence if the meeting did not become an actual and accomplished fact—that such meeting was in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, etc. All to no purpose. He was inflexible. So these two men never spoke to each other in this world. Hawthorne afterwards recorded in his journals how Tennyson was pointed out to him on this occasion, and he devotes several pages to a minute and elaborate description of him, showing the quickness and keenness of his observation.



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S letters from South Africa to the *Daily Graphic* have proved a bad speculation. They were paid for at the rate of £200 per letter, and were certainly conspicuous by the absence of correctness in regard to statements, terseness in style, and general interest. Mr D. C. De Waal, a sturdy burgher and a member of the Cape Parliament, was the travelling companion of Mr Cecil Rhodes during the three months spent by the latter in a rapid journey from the Pungwe to Bechuanaland and back to Cape Town. He is at some pains to expose various errors into which Lord Randolph allowed himself to fall. 'Mashonaland,' says Mr De Waal, 'is the richest land in South Africa.' He also says it is a mistake to think that the Cape is English and the Transvaal Dutch; they are both English Dutch and Dutch-English.

FROM Fort Salisbury to Fort Victoria there is a broad expanse of magnificent pasture land. The crowning absurdity of Lord Randolph's letters is his report that this land is devoid of water, and that the grass is sour. The region which he praises is absolutely valueless on account of the presence of a poisonous tulip. Another fatal mistake of Lord Randolph's was his refusal to accompany Mr Rhodes to the lost city of Zimbabwe. This is situated fifteen miles from Fort Victoria, and is certainly one of the most wonderful relics of antiquity in the world. It is described by Mr De Waal as 'a great empty city, built round a rock or citadel in the centre of the ruins like the Acropolis at Athens. I should say the circuit of the city is five miles. It belongs to the Chartered Company, and should prove a goldmine to them.' There is not a trace of the old population of some 50,000 to 100,000 people. A building as large as the Coliseum at Rome—the Temple of the great Phallus—occupies the centre. The original inhabitants were evidently gold-smelters. There is no doubt that when Mr De Waal finds time to write his book on Mashonaland, from the material which he has already in hand, and from which these notes are taken, he will have a host of willing readers. Just now this part of the world is exceedingly interesting.

DR. CONAN DOYLE'S 'The White Company' is pronounced by competent authorities to be equal to some of Sir Walter Scott's historical novels. It is well and amusingly written, and though the fair sex do not play an important part in its pages, yet there is sufficient mention of them in various guises, from the stately dame to the dainty maiden, to attract every variety of reader. The brave and pugilistic little knight, Sir Nigel Loring, is a favourite from the beginning, and Dr. Conan Doyle has cleverly conserved his identity throughout the story. Another work by this author 'A Study in Scarlet,' is not nearly equal in style to 'The White Company,' but for all that it is very readable. The story is exciting, rather sensational, and introduces a murderer, who apparently vanishes from the earth. The description of the founding of Salt Lake City and the Mormon religion is an agreeable change from the account of the murders and the detective's chase after the perpetrator thereof.

THE wife of Count Tolstoy recently had a private interview with the Czar. She desired to call His Majesty's attention to the severity exercised by the Russian censors respecting her husband's works. The Czar promised to consider her prayer, and an after report has it that he has already issued an order that less criticism shall be put at work upon the writings of the celebrated novelist.

WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY.

THE reappearance of influenza in Roumania has led Dr. Rabener to use again and to make known the method of treatment which gave him such surprising results two years ago, and which consists in the administration of creoline.

It may be well to say that creoline is an antiseptic and deodorizer of the highest order, and that it has no harmful effects on man. It is a species of patent remedy, or at any rate a compound and not very well defined substance, coming from the distillation of a certain variety of coal and supplied to the trade in the form of a dark brown liquid of syrupy consistency, smelling like tar and giving a milky emulsion when mixed with water. Creoline is considered by Dr. Rabener as a panacea for influenza; he claims that it is not only a specific remedy, but also an efficacious way of preserving one's self from the disease, a fact which he proved on himself both two years ago and during the present epidemic. Whereas his colleagues and the entire *personnel* of the Roman hospital contracted influenza, he alone was preserved from it, thanks to the internal use of creoline.

Dr. Rabener prefers to give this preparation in the form of pills, each one containing a centigramme of active substance. The ordinary dose is three pills during the day; twelve to twenty-five of them can be taken by grown persons, according to the case. In the catarrhal form of the complaint, and in bronchitis, laryngitis and even pneumonia brought on by it, as well as in tuberculosis, he always recommends, besides the pills, inhalations of steam coming from an apparatus to which a few table-spoonsful of a ten per cent. solution of creoline have been added. These inhalations should be made twice a day.

DANGERS OF THE BARBER SHOP.

THE frequency with which the contagion of parasitic zycosis (minute eruptions) has been traced to its source in a barber's shop is almost characteristic of the disease. Our attention has been directed to this point in a note on four cases, all of which appear to have owed their origin to the attentions of one particular operator. The writer, probably with justice, attributes the transference of the infective germs in these cases to the use of unclean brushes and a common soap supply. He suggests that the former evil be obviated by immersing the brush after each time of use in boiling water. As regards the soap, a safeguard already exists in the practice, now common among hairdressers, of using for each client a separate portion of soap-cream, thus avoiding all danger of intermixture. The suggestion respecting the brush is well worthy the attention of barbers, and we might add a further injunction that the water be not only boiling, but fortified in its cleansing property by some simple antiseptic. It is taken for granted that the razor being both easily and regularly cleaned is rarely, if ever, a medium of infection. As a razor cut may occasion the transference of more serious diseases by the mixture of blood with soap suds, every cleanly precaution becomes the more imperative.

A NEW TREATMENT OF HICCOUGHES.

THIS disagreeable phenomenon is caused by a sudden spasmodic contraction of the diaphragm, producing a brisk jar of the abdominal and thoracic walls, and accompanied by a hoarse and inarticulate sound caused by the tightening and sonorous vibration of the vocal cords. Up to the present time the treatment of this difficulty has been very uncertain; at one time directed against disorders of the digestive, respiratory and other organs on which it seemed to depend, and at another, following merely the symptomatic indications, making an absurd use of tisanes, cupping, bleeding, and anti-spasmodic drugs—in a word, of the so-called resources of empiricism.

In one of the last meetings of the *Académie des Sciences de Paris* M. Leloir called attention to a method of treatment by compression of the phrenic nerve to which he had recourse five years ago in the following circumstances:—He was shown a little girl, twelve years of age, who had been hiccoughing incessantly twice a minute for a year. This infirmity interfered with her sleep and with her growth, and had reduced the child to a very poor condition of health. The little patient's father had consulted a large number of physicians, who had in vain prescribed a great variety of forms of treatment. The idea occurred to M. Leloir to use compression of the phrenic nerve at the neck, a little above the inner extremity of the collar bone. The action of the diaphragm depends on this nerve, the section of paralysis of which puts a stop to its contractions. This compression, made with the fingers, was quite painful and lasted three minutes, but at the end of that time the symptom had entirely disappeared and has not occurred again since.

M. Leloir has applied his process a number of times to put a stop to acute or chronic hiccoughs, and has always succeeded by pressing for a few minutes or even for a few seconds on the phrenic nerve at this point. This process is so simple and so practical that it will no doubt find a great many applications.

PERSPIRATION AND MICROBES.

THE question has been raised as to whether microbes can pass through the different organs, kidney, liver, intestine, etc., and particularly whether their elimination by perspiration is possible. To settle this question a German physician, Mr Brunner, has injected beneath the skin of animals the microbes of a disease that is entirely exceptional with them; after which, causing them to salivate and perspire by means of pilocarpine, he regularly found in these secretions the microbes he was looking for.

This fact, which has a marked theoretical and practical importance, gives to spontaneous or artificial crises of perspiration a curative value that can be logically defended, and explains the danger of a person in profuse perspiration absorbing this secretion again through not changing his garments, through not rubbing himself off, or at least through not wearing a woollen garment capable of absorbing the perspiration. In such cases the perspiration lays hold of all the microbes that are on the surface of the body and brings them back into the circulation with itself. In this way could be realised a complicated infection by the different pathogenic micro-organisms that are widely spread, such as those of pneumonia and erysipelas.

From this can be seen that discoveries which seem purely speculative at first can supply, when examined more closely, very clear and eminently practical deductions.

THE NEW WATERBURYS.

A WONDERFUL RECORD.

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

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

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

ONE MILLION WATERBURYS

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

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

84,790 WATCHES,

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

11,952 WATCHES.

WELLINGTON, 24th October, 1891.

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

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

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

(Signed) ORLANDO KEMPTHORNE,
Manager.

9,360 WATCHES.

AUCKLAND, 25th September, 1891.

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

E. PORTER & CO.

4,320 WATCHES.

CHRISTCHURCH, 29th September, 1891.

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

EDWARD REECE & SONS.

9,000 WATCHES.

DUNEDIN, 10th November, 1891.

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

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

NEW ZEALAND HARDWARE CO., LTD.

(Per T. Black, Manager.)

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

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

Little Albert had been allowed to amuse himself by turning over the leaves of the big illustrated dictionary. The picture of the skeleton impressed him particularly, and at the breakfast-table the next morning, he surprised his father by asking suddenly, 'Papa, can that bony fellow in the dictionary wiggle his fingers?'

THE HABIT OF HEALTH.



CIVILIZATION by Soap is only skin-deep directly; but indirectly there is no limit to it.

If we think of Soap as a means of cleanliness only, even then **PEARS' SOAP** is a matter of course. It is the only Soap that is all Soap and nothing but Soap—no free fat nor free alkali in it.

But what does cleanliness lead to? It leads to a wholesome body and mind; to clean thoughts; to the habit of health; to manly and womanly beauty.

PEARS' SOAP

Has to do with the wrinkles of age—we are forming them now. If life is a pleasure, the wrinkles will take a cheerful turn when they come; if a burden, a sad one. The Soap that frees us from humours and pimples brings a life of happiness. Wrinkles will come; let us give them the cheerful turn.

Virtue and wisdom and beauty are only the habit of happiness.

Civilization by Soap, pure Soap, **PEARS' SOAP**, that has no alkali in it—nothing but Soap—is more than skin-deep.



MRS H. H. JACKSON (Remuera), looks pretty in a neat light grey tweed gown and becoming hat to match.

MRS HENKETH (Remuera) always dresses with excellent taste. She looks handsome in a black gown, sweet little bonnet, and stylish fawn Tudor cape.

MISS MOSS DAVIS wears a well fitting navy blue tailor-made gown and coquettish blue hat brightened with a touch of cardinal.

MRS W. PHILSON looked very well in grey and white, white hat.

MRS ARCHIE CLARK is wearing a striking costume of fawn silk with three rows of brown velvet, sealskin jacket, and pretty toque of fawn and brown velvet.

MISS BANKS looks very smart at present in a stylish costume of navy blue serge with white vest, navy blue toque; her sister garbed in pale green trimmed with white silk, white straw hat, also looks exceeding pretty in town.

MISS GORDON (Onehunga) in a becoming costume of navy blue, gem hat, is most stylishly dressed for walking.

MISS DICKEY in gown of the latest style of brown, with brown hat, looks well, as does that very smart young lady, Miss C. Berry, in navy blue.

MRS BLOOMFIELD, in navy blue serge, navy blue sailor hat, is prettier than ever.

MR STEWART, of Auckland, has been out driving his coach and four, and with him were Mrs Laurie, in her pretty red coat, Dr. Laurie and Miss Battley, Misses Kulgour and Moss-Davis, and Mr Stubbins.

The Misses Shaen have returned from a pleasant visit to the Hot Lake district.

MRS F. BRITAN gave a small dance at Kelsie the other evening, a number of guests going out from town. Mrs Michael Campbell chaperoned a large party who drove out four-in-hand.

MRS SHEATH, of Hastings, is wearing a stylish grey Tudor cloak, very becoming brown Bond-street hat.

By the Kuaibine, which sailed at midnight on Thursday, a number of Christchurch friends took their departure—Mrs R. Wilson (of Compton) and her daughter, Miss Mien accompanying them, two of the Misses Courage (of Amberley), Mr and Miss Bowen, Captain Temple, and Mr G. Kettlewell. During the stay of the steamer in port she was visited and admired by many, Captain Greenstreet being heartily congratulated on his fine ship. A few of the captain's friends were entertained at luncheon one day.

MISS MILDRED NELSON, of Napier, looks well on horseback in a navy skirt, blue spotted blouse, navy jacket, and sailor hat.

MRS CHARLES HOWARD, of Hastings, has returned home from Timaru, and looks well in a pretty red Tudor cloak, brown gown braided with gold, brown Bond-street hat with red bird.

MRS D. B. CRUICKSHANK, Remuera, looks handsome in a navy serge gown and jacket, and dainty little black hat.

MISS BUSHY (Pouerua) is at present on a visit to Miss Nelson at Hastings. Miss Lisamen is also staying at Waikoko.

DR. P. C. MENZIES has settled in Napier, and promises to be popular.

IN Timaru some very pretty winter garments are worn. The cloaks are especially pretty. The Misses Mayne are wearing such pretty red ones edged with fur. I am so fond of red for winter; it looks so warm and cosy. Miss Craunmond wears a very stylish tailor-made tweed dress, which is

well adapted to her tall figure; Miss Ethel Lovegrove is looking very nice in a dark blue costume trimmed with astrachan; Miss M. Allen also looks very well in a dark blue serge.



ENGAGEMENTS
We hear that Mr J. Stewart, the well-known Auckland solicitor, is to be married shortly to Miss Murray, daughter of Mr T. S. Murray, of the Thames.

MISS M. GEDDIS, of Ponsonby, is engaged to Mr Weston, sub-editor of the *Evening Post*, Wellington. The many friends of the young couple are busy congratulating them.



A QUIET but fashionable wedding took place at Featherston (Wellington), a few days ago, when Miss Mabel Monckton, daughter of Mr F. Monckton, was married to Mr William Carlisle, of Pahiataua. The ceremony took place at 'Newstead', the residence of the bride's parents, the Rev. Mr Hewson officiating.

THE OPERA SEASON.

THE Montague-Turner opera artists have drawn large houses in Auckland, and if the patronage accorded them all through their tour equals that bestowed in the Northern capital, the management will doubtless be well satisfied. The 'Trovatore,' 'Bohemian Girl,' and 'Mignon' have been produced since our last issue, and in each case a very commendable representation has been given. The orchestra is excellent, and the chorus has been improved. The principals have gained unstinted praise, and on various occasions have aroused the greatest enthusiasm. Miss Montague's dramatic powers equal her vocal gifts, and Mr Turner is singing better than ever. Mr Farley's voice is in magnificent order, this trio being, in fact, a redoubtable one.

MISS MONTAGUE'S DRESSES.

Miss Annie Montague wears some very handsome gowns. One which has been particularly admired is worn in the opening scenes of 'Il Trovatore,' and a description will hardly convey an adequate idea of its elegance. The bodice and long Watteau train are of rich apple green silk, the petticoat of pink brocade finished at the foot with gold fringe and beautifully embroidered with gold. The bodice is, by the way, made with a V shaped vest of pink silk embroidered with gold, and finished with a gold jewelled corselet belt, from which falls a graduated fringe of pearls. Long angel sleeves of green silk lined with pink and edged with gold fringe, and a mantilla of beautiful cream Spanish lace complete a magnificent costume. Another lovely gown is worn in the last Act of 'Maritana.' The bodice and long train are of ruby plush, and the skirt of pale blue brocade finished at the foot with a fringe of silver. On each side of the skirt is a panel of plush trimmed with silver jewelled passementerie, the same handsome trimming on the bodice, which is finished with a heavy fringe of pearls. As Arline in the 'Bohemian Girl' Miss Montague in the last act wears another beautiful trained gown of pale pink silk embroidered with silver, pink feathers in the hair, and lovely pink feather fan.

HOW THE AUDIENCES WERE GOWNED.

Amongst the ladies in the dress circle at one or other of the performances were Mrs (Prof.) Thomas, wearing a beautiful pink satin gown; Mrs D. B. Cruickshank, in a very handsome black silk evening dress, the low bodice finished with jet, and beautiful cream cloak, the shoulders braided with gold and lined with gold satin; Miss Brett, handsome black evening dress with gold trimmings; Miss A. Brett looked pretty in pale blue silk; Mrs H. Johnson, black evening dress, and pretty crushed strawberry cloak; Miss Bleazard, handsome black evening dress with maize-coloured trimmings; Miss Bleazard wore cream silk trimmed with crushed strawberry; Mrs Barton (Whangarei) looked very pretty in pale blue finished with aigrettes of white feathers; Miss Rita Tole, pretty black evening dress and blue opera cloak; Miss Kinsling, very pretty grey satin evening dress; Miss Purchas, wine-coloured silk gown; Mrs Ehrenfried, rich ruby merveilleux gown; Mrs Clayton looked handsome in a black silk and lace evening dress; Miss Rice, pretty smoke-grey evening dress; Mrs Harding, black silk gown; Miss Frances Harding looked pretty in a trained cream silk gown.

Mrs McArthur's handsome terra-cotta plush opera cloak entirely concealed her gown; she wore a becoming plush cap of the same shade. Grey was the predominating tint in Mrs Johnson's costume; of the three Misses Robertson, two wore black, while the other was a contrast in white and shell pink, with an enticing white fan. Miss Sinclair is still in slight mourning. A young lady was with Miss Whewell—who, by-the-by, was dressed in white—wearing a pretty black evening frock, and fanning herself

with a nice red and grey cooler. Mrs T. W. Leys was in a very tasteful costume. The gown of a fawn-brown shade, had a jabot of chiffon and red-brown spots, against which nestled a little wreath of chrysanthemums, whose petals were of an orange hue lined with red-brown. Mrs W. Philson appeared in black silk and lace; red flowers clustered on the corsage and wandered over the skirt in an oblique line. A black opera cloak worn by Mrs J. M. Geddis faintly revealed her white gown; the fan was also white. Another white frock was worn by Mrs Tom Wood; Miss Dixon was in semi mourning; Mrs Jim Buckland looked very well in black and tomato-red; Miss Edith Owen wore a lovely crimson plush opera cloak; Miss Kitty Owen's frock was of shades of purple, the sleeves being lilac-hued silk, the bodice of pansy velvet; a charming costume of a reddish hue, hat and dress harmonizing, was worn by Miss A. Heather; Mrs John Dawson looked well in a black evening gown, black fan with floral designs; a delightful opera cloak of crimson plush, bright and warm, appeared over Mrs James Ansenne's black dress. Another pretty black dress, cut low and trimmed with lace and jet, was worn by Mrs John Hamlin, the white flowers on the corsage effectively relieving the sombre hue. The two Misses Murray were in white evening frocks. Another touch of white was given by Mrs James Taylor's white shawl over a black gown. Mrs Thomas was in a red soiree dress trimmed with white lace, Miss Russell wearing blue.

Mrs (Dr.) Haines wore a handsome black evening dress, the shoulders and sleeves of lace unlined, and her beautiful opera cloak, the high collar finished with feather trimming; Mrs It. Blair, black silk evening dress richly trimmed with jet; Mrs A. L. Edwards looked pretty in pale pink trimmed with ruby plush; Mrs J. B. Gilliland, black silk gown, the neck finished with white lace; Mrs Gamble (Remuera), handsome black silk gown; Miss Maude Gould, in white, looked pretty; her sister, Miss Amy Gould, also was in white; Mrs Gilliland wore lavender; Mrs Kenderdine appeared in her wedding gown of pink silk; Mrs Towsey, in striped grenadine; Miss Naselski, in black; the Misses Percival, in white with crimson flowers, were well suited.

Mrs Myers, handsome black silk gown combined with white; Mrs Naselski wore a rich black silk costume, the vest embroidered in gold; Miss Naselski, dainty cream evening gown, pink wrap; Mrs Hay, black evening gown, gold jewellery; Mrs P. A. Edmondson looked well in black, and a lovely eiffel plush mantle; Madame Tutschka, handsome cream satin evening gown; Mrs Walter Taylor, rich black silk evening gown, ruby plush mantle; Mrs H. Haines, stylish black costume; Miss Lewis, fawn costume, and stylish fur collarette; Miss Nathan, dainty white frock; Mrs Whitson, black silk, and cream cap; her daughters were pretty cream flowered delaine gowns; Mrs McArthur, black gown, ruby plush mantle; Mrs H. Brown, stylish costume of light brown tweed; Mrs Gallagher, black silk and lace gown.

♣ TENNIS ♣ TOPICS ♣

LOVERS of lawn tennis in Auckland were favoured with a beautiful day last Saturday for the winding up of the season. The ladies of the Eden and Epsom club were fortunate in having two prizes presented for the handicap singles, viz., a handsome gold brooch, won by Miss Claudia Hardie, and a racquet, which was carried off by Miss Bull. As the afternoon was drawing to a close the President (Mr Heather), in a neat little speech, presented to Mr Blyth, one of the most prominent and energetic players, who is on the eve of his departure for Christchurch with an excellently finished photograph of the Eden and Epsom Club members, taken in Mr Hanna's best style. There is a feeling of genuine regret amongst tennis players as well as friends and acquaintances at losing Mr Blyth, whose enthusiasm both as a player and supporter of the game is well known. It is chiefly owing to his efforts that the Eden and Epsom Club owes its existence, and he, no doubt, feels great satisfaction in the fact that this club for the second time holds the premier position in Auckland. The Eden Club will most probably give an entertainment this winter, partly as a means of keeping the members together during the close season, and also to augment the funds of the club to enable them to still further improve the surroundings, etc., of their already beautiful ground.

QUITE a crowd collected on the New Plymouth tennis ground on Saturday, firstly to witness the match between Hawera and New Plymouth, and secondly because of the closing of the courts for the season. Hawera was represented by Messrs Tonks, Mair, and Smith, and there being one man short, Mr Rolleston (of the Bank of New South Wales, New Plymouth) also played for the visitors. The local players were Messrs Lightfoot, Jack Wilson, Stanley Smith, and Little. Hawera had the best of the game throughout, and won both doubles and singles easily.

A CORRESPONDENT from Wellington says:—'With great reluctance we have had to give up playing on our grass lawn tennis grounds, and lawn tennis on the concrete and asphalt courts is now beginning in earnest. I hear that in several towns in New Zealand lawn tennis is dying down to a certain extent. In Wellington it is quite the reverse, for I have never before seen such active interest taken as in our recent tournaments, or indeed such keen competition. It is a capital winter game, but unfortunately we have so few winter courts that very few can keep in practice during the off season; but even then there is no lack of interest.'

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, MAY 3.

The weather is getting ever so cold, and everyone appears to be getting brisker and preparing with a will for the gaieties of the winter season, which promises to be a brilliant one. Music we are having galore. I noticed some pretty

FROCKS AT THE CHORAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT, which took place last Tuesday, and was, as you will see elsewhere, a great success. Mrs Burgess looked well in pale lemon-colored silk or satin; Miss Harper wore a black evening dress, also Miss Marsden, Miss — Revee, and Miss Harding, who are in the orchestra. The other performing members, of whom an unusually large number were present, appeared in light frocks with their distinguishing colours of pale blue and ruby.

Mrs Stevenson (Ponsobny) and her pretty daughters looked well in black; Misses Peacock, pretty brick-red dresses; Miss P. Dufaur, handsome black mervillieux gown; Miss Anderson, stylish black evening dress richly trimmed with jet; Mrs Taylor looked pretty in black evening dress; Mrs Tewsey wore a pretty pale heliotrope gown, and stylish crimson cloak which completely enveloped her figure; Mrs J. M. Dargaville, rich black mervillieux gown; Mrs Thompson, elegant black silk gown and collarlette of real lace; Mrs Kronfeld, pretty cream gown beautifully embroidered with silk; Mrs Atkinson, black silk gown; Miss Atkinson looked nice in pale petunia-colored veiling; Misses Von Sturmer, evening gowns of dark ruby velvet and black lace respectively; Miss Murray looked nice in cream; Mrs Vincent Rice, all black costume; Mrs Ireland and daughter wore dark gowns; Miss Cohen, black evening dress and handsome crimson cloak; Mrs Edward Morton (nee Miss Biss) looked nice in a simple dove grey gown, the bodice relieved with pale pink chiffon; Mrs Brigham, Miss Brigham, Mrs and Miss Upton, Mrs Cotter, Mrs Stevenson, Mrs Berry, were all in black gowns, the married ladies wearing the ever popular black silk; Miss Coste, fawn and wine striped silk gown; Miss Packey, with her affianced, looked pretty in a light dress; Miss Devore, black evening dress and cardinal Tudor cloak; her aunt, Mrs Jerram, who returns immediately to her home at Napier, wore black mervillieux and pretty fichu of lace; Miss Cameron looked pretty in pink; Miss Brown, rich wine-coloured mervillieux gown.

AFTERNOON TEAS.

Miss Devore (Ponsobny) gave a large girls' afternoon tea. She was prettily dressed in pale pinky grey merino edged with brown velvet; Mrs Devore wore a stylish gown of prune silk; and her sister was robed in black silk. It was such a cold afternoon that the tea, etc., were so refreshing. Miss McDoude in brown cashmere, played a piano solo; Miss Rita Tole looked charming in peacock blue with white vest; Miss Dunnett, in grey; Miss Dixon, black; Miss Phillips, navy blue; Miss Percival, dark red cashmere; Miss Upton, in navy blue and brown hat; Miss Niccol, in grey; Miss Beale, in black; and many others.

A PARNELL KETTLEDRUM.

Miss O'Brien, of 'Kusapehu', St. George's Bay Road, Parnell, gave a charming afternoon tea to her girl friends. She was dressed in a stylish green merino with trimmings of green silk, and received her visitors graciously in a large room. Amongst those present were Miss Kilgour, dressed in a pretty red dress with white embroidery, cream hat; Miss Bursill, in brown cloth trimmed with black astrachan, black sailor hat with brown silk; Miss McDonald, elegant navy serge, figured collarlette and vest; Misses Kerr-Taylor, grey; Miss Rids, handsome navy plaid, pretty black velvet hat; her sister, grey; and another sister, fawn; Miss Niccol, striking grey cashmere with hands of black; Miss Kissling, pretty dress of navy cloth, white vest; and a great many others present whom I cannot recall at this present moment.

A very successful entertainment was given at the Mount Albert Hall on Friday evening. It was the first of a fortnightly series which are to continue through the winter. The whole affair was charmingly informal, people moving about and chatting between the items, and enjoying tea, coffee, and cakes. Several good songs were sung, the artistes being Mrs A. Kerr-Taylor, Captain Robertson, and Mr C. Bassett, and readings were given by the Rev. F. Larkins and Mr Kensington. Interspersed with instrumental music by Miss Larkins and Mr Conder were two beautiful *tableaux* by the Misses Sellers and Mr Cecil Dawson, and a scene from the 'School for Scandal' rendered by Mr and Mrs W. Rattray in appropriate costumes.

MURIEL.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 29.

I went to see the Myra Kenble Company in 'Sunlight and Shadow,' and was very pleased indeed with it; indeed, I like Miss Kenble in an emotional impetuosity better than in anything else. I send some of the

THEATRE DRESSES.

The Hon. Dr. and Mrs Grace, the latter wearing a black evening dress; Miss Alice Grace, in pink veiling trimmed with biscuit-coloured chiffon, white flowers in her hair; Mrs W. Fitzgerald, the Hon. Chas. and Mrs Johnston, the latter in a cream silk gown; Mrs (Dr.) Newman, in cream satin; Miss Menzies, black velvet, and yellow velvet opera cloak bound with white fur; Miss Johnston, black lace, and black and white striped opera cloak; Mrs H. Lawson, in black; Miss Dransfield, in terra cotta; Mrs Werry, in a crushed straw-berry-coloured cloak bound with white fur; Miss McClean, in black velvet; Mrs W. Moorhouse in black, and golden-brown plush cloak; Mrs W. Ferguson, in pale tinted brocade, and green cloak lined with pink; her sister, Miss Moorhouse, in black, and red plush cloak, etc.

RUBY.

BLENHEIM.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 28.

We have been quite gay since Easter, and our dissatisfactions began with the Kenwick Races on Easter Monday. After the heavy rain of the preceding days we had lovely weather, though a trifle cool up there, and a most pleasant day was spent, as we always look forward to a picnic on those occasions.

DRESSES AT THE RACES.

There was a few pretty gowns worn, among the most noticeable being Mrs Charles Goulter, in cream flowered delaine, and lovely cream crêpe picture hat with ostrich tips and long cream scarf; Mrs Caldwell (Wellington) well-fitting fawn gown, and hat to match relieved with blue; Mrs Clouston wore a most becoming and well cut gown of checked pink and blue woollen, soft felt hat, and very handsome fawn cloak trimmed with bear fur; Miss Olive Redwood looked wonderfully well in a tight-fitting fawn tweed gown, fawn three quarter cloak with hood lined with prairie soft silk, black chiffon hat with yellow flowers; Mrs C. Watts looked well in navy blue, and black chip hat with feathers; Mrs Hiley, Mrs Kellie, in black, with becoming hat; Miss Blanche Pickering looked cosy in red frock, and three-quarter cloak to match, black sailor hat with turned-up brim trimmed with velvet and grey quills. The rain had made the course very heavy, but there was some good racing. The unsettled weather beforehand affected the attendance a good deal as far as the ladies were concerned.

I shall have a budget for you next week, for who can say we are not gay in Blenheim when we have had With's Circus this week. To-day I am going to the 'Mum' Show, to-morrow to the Choral Society's concert, and Saturday to a surprise dance up at 'St. Clair'; Mr and Mrs Hannah's place. Mrs Seymour's popular assemblies begin the second week in May, and Miss Violet Robertson's successful dancing classes started just before Easter.

SINCERITY.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 28.

Afternoon teas are again in full swing. Mrs Mathias gave a very enjoyable one with music. Among the singers were Mrs Westmacott, Mrs Harper, and Miss Hutton, while Miss Florrie Wynn-Williams charmed every one with her violin playing. 'Alas! Those Chimes,' being especially nice. Mrs Julius was there, Mrs Blakiston, Mrs Rhodes, Mrs Hutton, and the Misses Rhodes, Beswick, Robinson, and several more. People may laugh, and I know some do at afternoon teas, but these little social reunions are very pleasant.

The following day Mrs Stevens had an afternoon for Miss Neil (Dunedin), who is staying with her. There was tea and talk interspersed with music, Mrs Burns, Mrs Harper, Mrs Scott, and Mrs Westmacott all giving pleasing songs, and Miss Vernon playing charmingly. The rooms were very full. Some of those present were Mrs Pitman, Mrs E. W. Parker, Mrs and Miss Sanders, Miss Studholme, and Miss Watson.

DRESSES AT THE AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

The hall was well filled, and many exceedingly *chic* gowns were worn. Among the many present I noticed Mrs Julius, in black, with handsome crimson plush cloak; one of her daughters was with her, also Mrs Embling, wearing black; Mrs Kimbell wore black, and pretty lace cap; Miss Kimbell, a pale pink, and pretty electric cloak; Mrs (Dr.) Irving, smoke-coloured dress with silk cloak of Oriental pattern and black stripe; Miss Irving, black net dress, white cloak; Miss Wynn-Williams, white; Miss F. Wynn-Williams, pale green; both wore pretty three quarter cloaks of white, the yokes thickly braided with gold; Mrs Bowen with a large number of her school girls; Mrs Laurie, white silk with handsome train, electric blue cloak; Miss Wood, black net evening dress; Miss L. Wood, white Liberty silk; Miss Dora Meeson, in pale green, white cloak; Miss Alice Greenwood, white dress with gold brocade front; Miss T. Greenwood, white silk with gold grade, long red brocade cloak; Mrs E. Trent, black; Mrs Chynoweth, black silk richly trimmed with jet and eau-de-nil feather trimming, long fawn cloak with fur border; Miss Black, white silk, long circular electric cloak with grey fur collar; Miss E. Black, also in white; Mrs Levein, crimson silk covered with black lace; Mrs Beaumont, rich black silk; Miss A. Matson, wine coloured satin; the Misses Stoddart both had pretty white cloaks trimmed with awadonna; Mrs W. D. Meares, handsome dress of dull green, the front of rich brocade, long white cloak with white fur; three of her little daughters were with her; Mrs F. M. Wallace, in black, black three quarter cloak (being in mourning); she was accompanied by her two boys; Mrs Wilding, black dress, long crimson cloak; Mrs G. Roberts; Mrs Lightfoot (Nelson), who is at present visiting her sister; Mrs Macdonald, and many others.

BALL GOWNS AT OSWELL.

Evening dresses are always a pleasure to describe, and some of these were really lovely. Mrs Boyle was in pink; Mrs Pyne, a very pretty dress of white silk and crêpe; Mrs Wilder, a lovely gown of white satin covered with black lace; Miss Buckley, a very handsome dress of pale pink silk trimmed with embroidered chiffon; Mrs Lomax Smith, a rich yellow gown with bows of velvet and lace; Miss Rhodes, an exquisite dress of pale blue brocade, the floral design in pink, the corsage and sleeves a mixture of the silk and velvet; her sister wore white satin; Miss B. Campbell, white silk with cash from the shoulders; Miss Edith Lance, a lovely dress of pink net, the bodice and train of brocade; Miss B. Loughnan, pale blue silk and cream lace; Miss Campbell, black velvet with lace falling softly from neck and arms; Miss Tabart, white satin with handsome floral spray worked on the skirt; Mrs Alan Scott, a lovely dress of grey satin, the front of pink and pearl embroidery; Miss Neil (Dunedin), a pretty soft green crepe with velvet bows of a darker shade; Miss Hewick, white and silver; the Misses Wynn-Williams, Gwylshaw, Moorhouse, and Murray-Aynley all wore white; Miss Studholme and Miss Delanain were in black; Miss Cargill (Dunedin) also wore black.

DOLLY VALE.

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, APRIL 27.

The weather here also always clears up after the holidays, and we have had a most delightful week of sunny days.

A LEAP YEAR BALL.

at Pakerau was also a very pleasant affair, Miss Mapp acting as M.C. She wore gobelin blue relieved with white lace; Miss E. Mapp, black velvet trimmed with white lace; Miss Sinclair (Nilton), green; Miss Robertson, white; Miss M. Sporrin, pale pink; Miss Carruthers, white and blue; Miss Thomson, black velvet and gold braid; Miss Smith, heliotrope satin; Miss M. Kenzie, white; Miss M. M. Kenzie, pale blue. (Others present were Messdaames Young, Cunningham, Norton, Hanning, Robertson, Lawson, and Misses Cowan (Gore), Santagerson, Milne, J. Milne, Boyle, J. Smith, Carrington, and Voight.)

A concert given by the young ladies of Gore proved a great success, Mr John MacCibbion (the Mayor) presiding. Misses K. Henderson, Calder, Canning, Brass, and Pollock contributed to the evening's enjoyment. A number of pretty *tableaux* illustrated the songs—'Little, Jo Peep,' 'The Old Folks at Home,' 'Sleeping Beauty,' 'Won't You Buy My Pretty Flowers.' A number of other interesting items were upon the programme, and gone through with a great amount of credit, on the whole a most enjoyable evening being spent.

THE DUNEDIN SHAKESPEARE CLUB

have given another of their most enjoyable evenings, a great number of visitors being present. The selections were from the 'Tempest,' the President of the Club, A. Wilson, Esq., M.A., giving a most interesting address. All those who took part were good in their readings. I noticed a number of those who usually read were not upon the programme this time, making room, I presume, for younger members of the club. Mr F. Calvert took the part of Prospero (exiled Duke of Milan); Mr J. Gordon, Alonso (King of Naples); Mr M. Pascoe, Ferdinand (son of Alonso); Mr A. Borrows, Gonzalo (an honest old councillor); Mr J. C. Stephens, Stephano (a drunken butler); Mr A. H. Adams, Trinculo (a jester); Mr E. A. Joel, Caliban (a deformed savage); Miss B. M. Watt, Miranda (daughter of Prospero); Miss M. White, Ariel (an airy spirit); Miss L. Joel, Ceres (a spirit); Miss N. Whinam, Iris (a spirit). Some very good singing enlivened the proceedings. Miss Blanche Joel sang, 'One unto these Yellow Sands,' 'Fall Fathoms Five thy Later on this in the second part introducing Ariel's songs. 'Later on she contributed, 'Where the Sea Sucks.' Mr F. L. Jones gave a song that he is very fond of—'Across the Far Blue Hills.' The Choral Hall was crowded with visitors, although the night was not very fine.

MAUDE.

LONDON.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 15.

Of what shall I write to you? I can give you an accurate description of a thaw, or make you shiver responsively to the realistic sereed. I could pen you a snow-storm. I can tell you of tantalising gleams of sweet spring sunshine, or of great sweeping snow clouds that loom across the sky at a moment's notice, bringing overhead blackness and underfoot whiteness in their train.

LADY SALISBURY'S 'AT HOME.'

Lady Salisbury was 'at home' at her Arlington-street house, which however was not anything like comfortably full. The night was a bad one for horses, and those who did turn in there contented themselves by rushing through the rooms (which the electric light did not help so warmly) scattering a few nods among their friends and then sending for their carriages. The gowns were—well, dowdy and dull to a degree. Much black was worn, and some grey. Here and there I saw a heliotrope frock, and one in pale blue was quite startling in its singularity. Even the best fair diamonds did not come out on this occasion. Lady Cairns was the prettiest woman there. Most of the prominent Anglo-colonials were present. The men were in a minority, and if the entertainment was a forerunner of the joys of the coming season, I can only say that I shall envy the people who echew all vanities this year, and spend May, June and July in the country.

PETTICOATS A LA MODE.

Propos of the chiffons on which I discoursed to you last mail, you must inform your 'lady friends' in such a fashion as your delicacy and discretion dictate, that if any of them aspire to a successful wearing of the unlined sheath-like skirt of to-day they must be prepared to spend both time and money on their petticoats. These garments positively must be of silk, short or striped; they must also fit like a glove, and must, of course, reach the feet, and for those wear shall be a little bit on the floor at the back. Any amount of *fran fron* may edge their skirts, in contradistinction to the dress skirts, which for choice are when trimmed at all, garnished with bands of something quite flat. Now, if all the colonial ladies are not correctly and up-to-datedly petticoated, it will not be for the want of telling. Will it?

The following is a list of those who were present at the Earl of Glasgow's reception:—

Hon. Edward Boyle, Col. Pat. Boyle (Private Secy.), Capt. Walter Baird (A.I.C.), Sir Chas. Mills, Perry, Russell, Esq., Wm. Harris, Esq., J. S. Nathan, Esq., W. H. Lane, Sir Andrew Clarke, Chas. W. Rees, E. H. Fison, A. McLaughlin, A. Nathan, Thomas Pitt, Owen F. Jones, Arthur Clayton, Major-Genl. Steward, A. D. Fraser, W. B. Craig, Hon. H. Johnston, Hon. G. Curie, C. R. Carter, E. A. Smith, W. H. Leven, P. Campbell, W. Savill, Sir John Bray, Sir Edward Braddon, F. Nelson, R. R. Hunt, W. H. Tysor, T. B. Brett, S. Dearing, J. M. Saunders, Sydney Johnston, R. E. Sturtevant, Henry (Glasford), John Tibbitt, Lieut. Findlay, Dr. Gerald Harper, H. von Hnast, S. Herbert Cox, H. Kinmer, M.P., Sir James Garrick, W. Donald (Majesty and Col. J. Alexander (Bedford and Col. F. W. Ward, J. McCosh Curie, Hon. H. B. Sturtevant, Hon. F. Saunders, Sir James Anderson, F. E. Hesse, O. R. Strickland, Sir Saul Samuel, Dr. H. Widdihann Mansell, James Ewin, Wm. John Ross, R. H. Glyn, R. M. Paul, John Hinkett, G. M. Nathan, F. Faithful Bagg, Philip Macmillan, A. Murray, Hon. Henry Gilbert, F. John Vogel, Brotho Boars, Chas. H. Cooper (Union S.S. Company), Pridmore Selby (Bank Australasia), Newburn (Union Bank Australia), H. B. MacNab (Bank of New Zealand), W. H. Proove (General Post Office), L. Holleston, and J. Bruce.

LUCIE DE HAWKESHAU.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

BY AMATEUR CRITICS.

'THE GUV'NOR' AT NAPIER.

'THE GUV'NOR' was performed by Napier Amateurs at a crowded house, there not being standing room. People were, indeed, turned away from the doors. The piece went splendidly all through, and the 'mounting' was very good. The drawing-room scene was beyond all words delightful, such taste being displayed in the arranging of the room and the exquisite surroundings. A real fountain played upon the stage, and one could hear the water falling. It was lovely!

Miss Hitchings, as usual, carried off honours. She was Aurelia. When it is said she acted in her usual charming lady-like manner no more need be said. Miss Una Hitchings was capital as Kate. Mrs Sheath, as Mrs Macclesfield, the old boat-builder's wife, was more than good. Miss Lizzie Guy made such a sweet 'Arrie, and Miss Guy was good as Barbara.

Mr Sayers, as Macclesfield, how shall he be described? He took all hearts by storm. He is a splendid actor—simply perfect. Mr J. G. Swan, too, was really excellent as Fred Buttercotch. Mr Harry Swan was very good, as was also Mr Jack Hughes. Messrs Pollock, Finch, Roberts, and McIntosh all sustained their parts well. I don't know when I have laughed so much as I did at 'The Guv'nor.' 'Yer' and 'will long be remembered in Napier.

Amongst the fair sex at the Theatre, I noticed Mrs Balfour, with her fair young daughters and nieces, Mesdames Fenwicke, Gore, Logan, Cornford, McLean, Fraser, Richardson, Hamlin, Tabuteau, Wenley, Brandon, and the Misses Lascelles, Hamlin, Rhodes, Locke, Hitchings, Cotterill, Taylor, Williams, Russell, Tipping, and a whole crowd more. Most of the ladies wore evening dress and pretty wraps.

OUR COUNTRY COUSINS.

A WEDDING AT WOODVILLE.

A GREAT many of your readers will be rather surprised to see a letter dated from Woodville, because this place is popularly supposed to be only a small bush township, and that only a few pioneers are to be found dwelling therein. That this notion is quite an erroneous one I intend to show, as we Woodvillians are far enough advanced in civilisation to maintain five different places of worship for as many religious denominations. The public school roll has over 340 names of children on it, and concerts, dances, and other entertainments are not altogether unknown. With such a comparatively large number of children of school age, it may be imagined that the population is far from insignificant, and wherever a number of people are to be found, the thoughts of many of them will be sure to run upon marriage, and as such events are usually of general interest, I purpose giving a description of the last that took place here. The contracting parties were Mr George Innes, the popular manager of the Bank of New Zealand, and Miss Muriel Syms, only daughter of Wm. Syms, Esq., J.P., of Woodville. As both are well known throughout the district a good deal of interest was taken in the affair. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's parents by the Rev. K. Stewart, in the presence of a large number of friends. The bride's dress was a delicate cream cashmere beautifully trimmed with chiffon and orange blossom. She wore the usual bridal wreath and veil, and carried a bouquet of white roses and maiden hair fern, from which depended long loops of ribbon. Needless to say the bride looked charming. The bridesmaids were Misses Annie and Nellie Innes (sisters of the bridegroom), A. Galloway, E. G. Card, and E. Florance. The Misses Innes were dressed alike in cream nun's veiling trimmed with chiffon and buttercup ribbon. Misses Galloway and Card were also dressed alike in pink nun's veiling, and Miss E. Florance wore cream cashmere trimmed with pale blue ribbon. Each carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums, and all had brooches and bangles, the gift of the bridegroom. After the ceremony a move was made to inspect the presents, which numbered one hundred and twenty-four, and amongst which were a Brinemead Grand Piano and a bank draft for a substantial amount from far off Singapore. When the presents had been duly admired an adjournment was made for the wedding breakfast, to which thirty-two persons sat down. The repast was got up in first class style, but was not lingered over as the newly married couple had to leave by the express train for Napier, and the only toast proposed was that of 'The Bride and Bridegroom,' which was duly responded to by the newly-made Benedict. The bride's travelling dress was a navy blue cashmere trimmed with silk of a similar colour, and she wore a hat to match. The happy couple, followed by showers of rice and slippers, left for Napier, where they intend to spend a few days before finally settling down at Pahiatau, their future place of residence. In the evening a large party was given at the residence of the bride's parents, when those who had assisted at the ceremony and several other friends were present to celebrate the auspicious event.

THISTLEBOWN.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

(From the *Otago Witness*.)

'Frank Melton's Luck: or Off to New Zealand,' by THOS. COTTELL. Auckland: H. Brett.

WE read the first few chapters of this book from a sense of duty and a conscientious desire to do justice to a colonial author, whose preface intimated that his aim was to realistically and faithfully depict station life in New Zealand; we read the balance without rising, because we liked it. The writer has very sensibly woven his description of the phase of colonial life to which he refers into a narrative. Some good descriptive 'bits' there are, some fair power of narrative, as for instance the description of an up-country race meeting in the North Island, while the Wanganui Cup is won by an outsider euphoniously christened Dot-and-one, which is really an excellent one, and the dramatic incident in the church which precedes the fall of the curtain on virtue triumphant, and vice dragged off to merited punishment, which is the goal where all good stories—and plays, according to Miss Kemble—ought to end.

The story may be briefly described without destroying the interest for the reader. The hero finds himself in England, unable to follow an academical career, being more addicted to outdoor sports than to study; so it is decided to ship him off to the colonies. This was in the early days, when it was a popular superstition at Home that any person untried for the ordinary pursuits of life would do for the colonies provided he could ride a horse. The disagreeable voyage out is minutely described and the characters introduced. They duly land at Auckland—the year is 1866—and separate; our hero to go southward to Taranaki, his chum to hang about town, to fall to the position of horse-coper, to join the Forest Rangers, be wounded seriously, tended during his hospital sickness by his faithful ladylove, and be left a legacy and become happy and virtuous ever afterwards. The hero enters the service of his uncle, who has a cattle station in Taranaki, and has two charming half-caste daughters, and the impressionable young fellow incontinently falls in love with one of them. The path of love is crossed by the villain, who is ultimately stripped of his borrowed plumes just in time. The work at the station is minutely described. Horse-breaking, cattle-mustering, pig-sticking, camping-out, and all the other incidentals of colonial life are described in detail, as well as an episode in the Maori war, which Melton engages in that he may escape the torture of seeing his beloved cousin possessed by another. This is well done, because in it is observable some self-restraint where the temptation to write sensationally must have been strong. The author could easily have made himself the hero of any quantity of stirring encounters with the Hauhaus, but he does not—he simply describes a short raid, and does it so as to give an idea of Maori warfare. He also depicts a sharebroking fever, caused by the rich discoveries at the Thames goldfields.

The work, on the whole, is just such a one as we should expect to find written up by some person who had been entrusted with another's well-kept diary, and who had never strayed beyond the limits of his text.

'FRANK MELTON' can be obtained from all booksellers throughout the colony. Wholesale from J. LOTT, the GRAPHIC Office, 8 Manners-street, Wellington. H. Brett, Star Office, Auckland.

NEW SORTS OF NUTS.

A NEW and very extraordinary species of hazel nut has been discovered in the State of Washington. Instead of being the fruit of a dwarf tree not six feet high, it grows upon a giant tree sixty feet in height. However, because the tree stem is only six inches in diameter, it cannot stand upright. Instead, it bends over not far from the ground, touches the earth, rises again, comes down to the ground once more, and so on for several snaky curves. Its branches bear hazel nuts by twins. In every pod two nuts are found instead of the usual one. This is a variety well worth cultivating, and experiments are already being made with grafts from it.

Something may yet be attempted in the way of cultivating the pinon, which is gathered in such immense quantities in Arizona and Southern California. This nut is practically never seen in the East, because it is so much in demand on the Pacific coast. Indians and not a few poor whites out there make a business of collecting pinons, which are inclosed in the cones of a species of pine tree. They throw the cones upon the hot embers of a fire, thus causing them to open, when the nuts are shaken out. The biggest of them are about the size of small almonds, but their flavour is very delicious.

Effort is now being made to introduce in the United States a very remarkable nut from Japan called the 'ginko.' The tree that bears it is supposed to be the oldest in the world, inasmuch as it grew as far back as the coal forming epoch. Beautiful specimens of it extend in two rows on either side of the main avenue leading to the Department of Agriculture. Some of them are bearing fruit this year. In Florida experiments are being tried for the improvement of the small specie of chestnut called the 'chinquapin.' It is also being attempted to graft upon the chinquapin big chestnuts, in order that the latter may be produced on a dwarf growth.

The Department of Agriculture will soon issue a report on the wonderful progress of nut culture in the United States.

CUNNING WAYS. — We frequently find backgammon boards with backs lettered as if they were two folio volumes. The origin of it was thus: Eudes, Bishop of Sully, forbade his clergy to play at chess. As they were resolved not to obey the commandment, and yet dared not have a chess-board seen in their houses or cloisters they had them bound and lettered as books, and played at night before they went to bed, instead of reading the New Testament or the lives of the Saints; and the monks called the draft or chessboard their *wooden gospel*. They had also drinking vessels bound to resemble the breviary, and were found drinking when it was supposed they were at prayer.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

It is really wonderful what a number of people in this last decade of the nineteenth century are employed in keeping up appearances, and nothing else.

This is their sole occupation, their one all-absorbing thought.

For this they plan and scheme, and struggle and toil, through anxious days and wakeful nights, from week's end to week's end.

For this they go deeper and deeper into debt, incurring liabilities which in all human probability they can never meet, and laying up for themselves an ever-increasing load of trouble for the years to come which must ultimately crush them to the earth.

Strange, indeed, is the charm that many people—not, so far as we can judge from their conversation, lacking in the first principles of honesty and honour—seem to find in playing this dangerous game.

What satisfaction can they feel in it? It puzzles us to imagine.

For, after all, their efforts have no good or worthy object; there is nothing in the end to justify the means.

For keeping up appearances, look at it which way we will, is not, and never can be, a good and elevating occupation to engross all a reasonable human being's time and attention.

Life was surely given us for better things than that. To keep up the appearance of something that, if it ever existed, has long ceased to do so; to strive to reanimate a dead past, and throw dust in the eyes of the world by making their lives one continual lie—such is the lofty object that many very respectable people have at heart; such is the grand purpose that fills many a presumably intelligent soul.

'Oh, the pity of it! Ay, and the puerility, too! It is a difficult matter indeed to respect a human nature capable of such things as these.

THE WRONG ANIMAL.

ONE day a celebrated naturalist entered the shop of the late Charles Jamrach, the noted London collector of animals, and said: 'Now, Jamrach, about the muscular power of the box constrictor, I suspect it has been exaggerated.'

'Not a bit, sir,' said the collector, taking a very fine specimen out of a box.

'He seems very lazy and sleepy,' said the professor; 'I don't think he could exert himself in this cold climate if he tried.'

'You bet, sir,' Jamrach said, and wound him gently round the professor's body.

He laughed.

'I thought so, Jamrach,' he says: 'I feel nothing.' But presently he sings out: 'Take him off, Jamrach! take him off, man; he's strangling me!'

So Jamrach just caught hold of the boa's tail and unwound him off the professor, ring by ring.

When he had got his breath again the professor admitted that there was more 'latent muscularity' about the creature than he had suspected. 'Now, sir,' said Jamrach afterward, 'that boa was half asleep and stupid, for he had just swallowed two rabbits, six guinea pigs, and thirteen pounds of raw beef. If he'd been fasting it's my belief he'd have swallowed the professor himself bodily, for he was a small gentleman.'

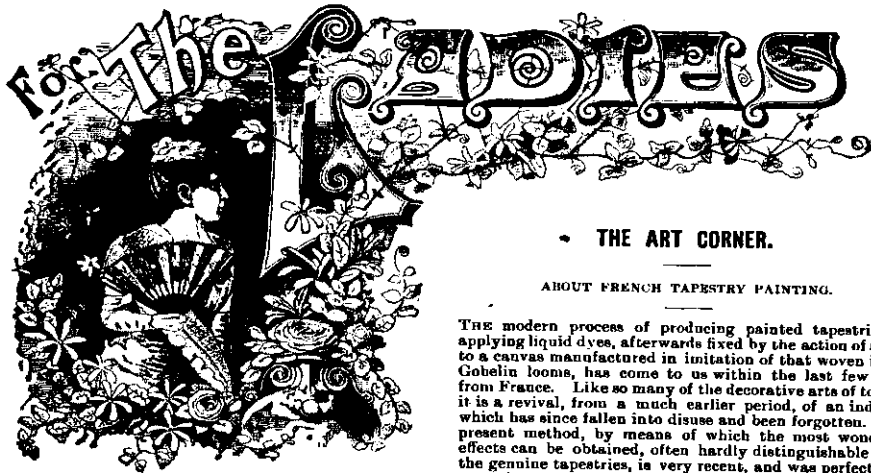
Upon another occasion a quiet family bought a wild beast warranted to be a quiet and manageable pet—perhaps a sloth or a tapir. Some days after Mr Jamrach, examining his books perceived that the item tapir or sloth, or whatever the animal may have been, was not entered with proper regularity in the ledger and day book—was, indeed, mixed up with some other entry.

suspecting something wrong, Mr Jamrach called a hansom and drove at once to the suburban residence of his customer. His ring was not answered; but at length the cook, pale and trembling, appeared behind the area railings. 'For God's sake, Mr Jamrach,' she cried, 'save us from that awful wild beast! Master and mistress couldn't stand it any longer and have gone to the seaside, and the housemaid and I aren't leave the kitchen for fear of being eaten.' At that moment a very fine and very hungry puma—the fiercest, perhaps, among all the carnivora—put its head out of the drawing-room window. The mistake was a clerk's—the wrong beast was sent home.

WHERE PEOPLE LIVE THE LONGEST.

AS a matter of fact, the average life of all the babies that come into the world is only about thirty-eight years; very few live to be over ninety, and not more than one out of 2,000 sees his hundredth birthday. In this due to original differences in the babies themselves or in the way they are brought up, in the places in which they live, in the air they breathe and in their mode of life after they become full grown? To answer these questions one of the first things we want to know is whether people die equally fast everywhere, and if not, where is it that they die soonest or live longest? The answer to this is that people die much more rapidly in some countries than in others. For instance, they die twice as fast in Hungary as they do in Sweden. In the year 1889 out of every 1,000 persons living in the following countries there died: In England, 18; in Norway, 17; in Sweden, 16; in Austria, 27; in Hungary, 32; in Germany, 23; in France, 21; in Italy, 25. How many died in the United States we do not know; because no account of them was kept in the greater part of the country; but it was probably 17 or 18 out of each 1,000 living. We do know, however, that they die faster in some cities than in others. For example, out of each 1,000 people living there died during the year ending May 31, 1890, in New York city, 27; in Brooklyn, 25; in Boston, 24; in Philadelphia, 22; in Chicago, 21; in Detroit, 20; in St. Louis, 19; and in Minneapolis, 15; while in the country districts the loss was only 11 or 12 out of each 1,000. Also, we know that they died faster in some parts of the same city than they did in others; thus, the death rate per 1,000 in Boston in the Eighth ward was 33, while in the Twenty-fourth ward it was 18. In Brooklyn, in the Fifth ward, it was 33, and in the Twenty-fourth ward, 18; and in Philadelphia it was 34 in the Fourth ward and 14 in the Thirty-third ward.





THE ART CORNER.

ABOUT FRENCH TAPESTRY PAINTING.

THE modern process of producing painted tapestries by applying liquid dyes, afterwards fixed by the action of steam to a canvas manufactured in imitation of that woven in the Gobelins looms, has come to us within the last few years from France. Like so many of the decorative arts of to-day, it is a revival, from a much earlier period, of an industry which has since fallen into disuse and been forgotten. The present method, by means of which the most wonderful effects can be obtained, often hardly distinguishable from the genuine tapestries, is very recent, and was perfected by a number of French artists who for some years worked and experimented together. One of this band, M. Grénié, after holding an exhibition of painted tapestries—the result of their labours—with great success in London, came over to this country, where some five or six years ago he first started to introduce his fascinating art, which will always continue to hold its own, in spite of the numerous worthless productions, claiming to be tapestry painting, which have frequently threatened to bring into disrepute work which rightly takes its place amongst the industrial arts. But true art can always stand on its own merits.

The genuine method in the hands of an artist has unlimited possibilities; the colours are unequalled for softness and brilliancy, besides being absolutely permanent. To architects and decorators, or to the artistic householder of not unlimited means, it has the further recommendation of its small cost in comparison to woven tapestries. Moreover, there is no attempt to create a monopoly, or to withhold the work from any who wish to undertake it for themselves. The proper dyes are now obtainable in the market, and for the encouragement of the amateur let it be well understood, that the method is simple, the colours few, and that, even to the inexperienced, good and effective results are much more easily and quickly obtained than with either oil or water-colour, and a much shorter time is required to master the principles of the art. Naturally, therefore, tapestry-painting has quickly become very popular amongst ladies of artistic taste or ability, and numbers of them, many with very little previous knowledge of art, have made most successful decorations for their homes. Even large portières and wall hangings have proved themselves to be not beyond the capabilities of the average amateur, especially when assisted at the outset by a few practical lessons.

The materials required are few, the most expensive being the canvas which must be all wool. The right make is imported from Paris, where it is manufactured by M. Binant. There is an inferior kind sold, sometimes for the same price and sometimes cheaper, coming from Belgium, in the preparation of which the best wool is not employed. This should never be used, as it does not take the dyes well, and is therefore very unpleasant to paint upon. As the tapestries practically last forever, it is folly to use any but the best canvas. The rib may be allowed to run up and down, or across, according to taste or convenience in cutting the material, since the woven originals were also made either way.

The dyes are sold in a concentrated form, requiring dilution with a special medium and water. They should all have Grénié's name clearly printed upon the label. There are twelve of them, and they are so strong that one set, with the renewal of one or two of the colours, such as yellow—of which a great deal is used generally—will paint several large pieces. The list of dyes is as follows: Indigo, ultramarine, ponceau (vermillion), rose, cochineal, sanguine (which answers to burnt sienna), Indian yellow, emerald-green, gray-green, gray, brown, and violet. The last named colour is not to be greatly recommended, the mixture of ultramarine and ponceau forming a preferable substitute. The medium must be used freely. In comparison to oil colours these dyes are very inexpensive. The brushes are of a special make, very stiff, in order to facilitate the scrubbing of the dyes into the canvas. For ordinary work, about ten of selected size are sufficient, with the addition of a good-sized varnish brush, of which the bristles have been cut down somewhat shorter with a pair of scissors, for laying in the skies. A palette formed of a piece of glass about 14 x 18 inches, painted on the back with white paint, and several small jars in which to mix the washes, will complete the outfit.

WITHOUT THE GATE.

THIS is the day of small things. While I wait
In the cold shades obscure without the Gate,
Keep my life lovable and white my name,
That if I come into the House of Fame,
The glare of envy nothing may extort
That is not lovely and of good report.
Teach me, Great Father, so to live my days
That, if the portals open with sudden blaze,
Each fresh glimpse of my life, that fronts the light,
May make me stand more human in men's sight.
Give me no lightning radiance, but to ray
In every home like hearth shine, when the day
Is toned to twilight, and the lamps, unlit,
Our fight with time a breathing's space remit.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

LADIES, for Afternoon Tea, use AULSBROOK'S
OSWEGO BISCUITS and CAKES, a perfect deli-ciousness.—
ADVT.]

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM FOREIGN COURTS.

Appropos of the children of the Czar, a well-informed St. Petersburg correspondent tells us that anyone coming in contact with them declares them to be *dobrie ljudi*, i.e., nice persons. The Czarewitsch is growing very manly, and the voyage he is now performing has done wonders in improving his physique—hitherto rather delicate—and his appearance. He is liked by everybody about him, and is kindness and frankness itself. Great expectations are reposed in the Imperial children. Our correspondent relates the following two anecdotes:—

The Czar, being a great lover of art, has caused his children to study painting assiduously. However, the artist chosen for their tuition was at first a little diffident as to how to treat his august pupils. He was quite at ease with the Czarewitsch and his two brothers, not so with the Grand Duchess Xenia, who assumed a condescending and reserved air. But the future ruler of All the Russias cut these proceedings very short by remarking, smilingly, 'Never mind, Monsieur, she means nothing; she is only playing the Princess!'

On another occasion a model from the Imperial Academy was on duty during the drawing lessons, when the Czar and his consort entered, and the former offered, during a conversation, the man his cigarette case. The latter returned suitable thanks for the great honour, but remarked, 'Barichnia' (the young lady) might get a headache if I smoke here, but if your Majesty would let me smoke it at home I should feel delighted.' The Czar laughed, and remarked that his daughter was accustomed to his smoking, but, nevertheless, complied with the man's tactful desire, and emptied the case in his hand. It may be pointed out that to offer a cigarette to a person of inferior status in Russia is synonymous with wishing to put him at his ease.

Recently Prince Oscar Bernadotte made the Duke of Edinburgh a present of some fine Swedish caviare, to which delicacy the latter took a great liking when paying 'Commandeur' Bernadotte a visit recently on board his corvette *Freja* at Plymouth; and it seems that this is not the first time the Swedish Prince has figured in a caviare transaction. Some ten years ago the then Royal Highness received at Christmas as a present from his august father a keg of caviare, attached to which were the following lines by His Majesty:—

To the Admiral in spe,
But not at all in spe;
A keg, fine and rare,
Of real Wolga caviare.

But the caviare was a 'take in.' The keg was one for caviare, and at the top there was a layer, too, of the delicacy. However, well concealed inside was a cheque for a large sum of money, intended to be placed by the Prince to the so-called 'silver fund'—a fund founded by King Oscar for his sons, and annually increased for the purchase of silver plate on their marriage.

The historical pocket-book which the Great Napoleon lost in 1812 when crossing the Beresina has passed into the possession of a Russian lady, who has inherited it from the original owner, Count Felice Ledochowsky. Several members of the Bonaparte family have tried to become possessors of this cherished relic, but in vain. The late Napoleon III. even offered a thousand pounds for it.

The coachman to the present German Emperor is a much-tried individual. When the two former Emperors drove out, the coachman or outrider knew beforehand the route to be taken, but William II. only decides upon it during the drive, giving his orders with a motion of his hand to the attendant Jager on the box, who in return instructs the coachman. His time is, therefore, very trying, and the work cut out for him is suddenly turning acute street corners and galloping through crowded thoroughfares, where his Imperial master is not expected.

Japanese ceremonial in honour of the Empress is, no doubt, very severe, as when Her Majesty recently visited Osaka the police authorities issued the following order:—

'When Her Majesty drives by, no one is permitted to look at her from the platform for drying clothes at the top of houses, nor through chinks in door, or from any upper part of the house. Anyone wishing to see Her Majesty must sit down at the side of the street through which Her Majesty passes. No one must look at the Empress without doffing hat, cap, or turban, nor anyone smoke, or race the Imperial carriage. Only women wearing European dress may retain their headgear. Nor is anyone permitted, even if it rain, to put up an umbrella when Her Majesty drives by. Neither must anybody speak when the Empress passes, nor follow the carriage. No noise of any kind is permitted. On arriving at the station of Umeda fifty pieces of fireworks are to be let off.—The Gentlewoman.

REMEMBER for what purpose you were born, and through the whole of life look at its end. Consider, when that comes, in what you will put your trust. Not in the bubble of worldly vanity—it will be broken; not in worldly pleasures—they will be gone; not in great connections—they cannot serve you; not in wealth—you cannot carry it with you; not in rank—in the grave there is no distinction; not in the recollection of a life spent in a giddy conformity to the silly fashions of a thoughtless and wicked world; but in that of a life spent soberly, righteously and godly in this present world.

TESTING ONE'S LOVE.

'I DID but try that gentle heart of yours to prove its constancy,' wrote a lover, after having caused the lady of his love no end of suffering by circulating a report of his death in a railroad accident. 'Those unknown dead' had been reported after one of those dreadful accidents which fill the entire country with horror and grief. The lover was on the train, and in his selfish jealous heart he matured the foolish and cruel plan of having some of his baggage found in the wreck, and laying no claim to it. And the wires carried the dreadful tidings to a trusting gentle heart, which was almost broken by the shock.

For months she wavered between life and death, and not even the return safe and well of the loved one could charm away the shadows from her clouded mind. The cruel selfish cause of her sorrow complained and moaned over her lack of interest and her coldness, instead of benevolently carrying the cheat to a positive and honest termination and making away with himself, as after his brutal selfishness he was bound to do.

A bit of a story is told of a Spanish nobleman who loved a fair and capricious lady, and after long and patient wooing won her attention and possibly her heart—at least, whatever heart she might be supposed to have. After a grand tournament, during which the noble had distinguished himself by various feats of skill and valour, he asked the lady of his heart what he could do to prove his love for her. She drew off her gloves, and tossed them into the enclosure where the lions were kept.

'Bring me my gloves,' was her command. At the risk of his life he brought them, knelt at her feet and gave them into her hands. Then rising he haughtily declined further acquaintance with such an inconscient and selfish being.

'True love,' he said, 'would neither inflict pain upon its object or permit it to run into unnecessary dangers, much less demand the risk of a life for the gratification of a whim.' He was right. Only selfishness and the most complete indifference to the feelings of others would permit such trifling with the tenderest sentiments of the heart.

To test the love of a friend in any way which will cause suffering or even unhappiness is the extreme of cruelty, but to practise upon the feelings of the loved one, as some engaged couples have been known to do, should be looked upon as an offence past forgiveness. No young woman should consent to give her heart and hand into the keeping of a man who will, to gratify a jealous or distrustful caprice, cause her even a moment of sorrow or suspense.

SOME HISTORICAL ANTIPTATHIES.

'I LIKE to see cats about; but if one rubs against my flesh it almost sends me into fits, and nothing could make me touch one voluntarily,' remarked a young lady recently. 'Stuff and nonsense!' said one of her listeners, 'I've no patience with such antiptathies.' Many people take the same view of these peculiar dislikes, but history records some strange instances of pet aversions which seem to have a foundation in more than 'stuff and nonsense.'

The celebrated Erasmus, although a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish that the smell of it threw him into a fever. Ambrose Paré had a patient who could never see an eel without fainting; and another who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp.

Joseph Scaliger and others could never drink milk. Gardan was disgusted at the sight of eggs. A king of Poland and a secretary of France bled at the nose when they looked at apples. Henry III of France and many others had a great aversion to cats, mice and spiders. A great huntsman in Hanover, who would valiantly attack a wild boar, always fainted away at the sight of a roasted pig.

Amatus Lusitanus knew a person who fainted whenever he saw a rose, and hence always kept his house when they were in bloom. Scaliger mentions a similar case in regard to lilies, and Bayle about honey. Bayle himself turned pale at seeing water-cresses.

Tycho-Brahé fainted at the sight of a fox, and Marshal d'Alivet at the sight of a pig. A lady, wonderful enough, could not endure the feel of silk or satin. A man, not so strangely, was known to faint whenever he heard a servant sweeping. Vicanor swooned whenever he heard a bagpipe, Bayle fainted at the sound of splashing water.

All children belonging to the Royal House of Prussia are by custom baptized in water from the Jordan, as was also the case at the christening of Prince Joachim, the Kaiser's youngest son. A good supply of this water is always kept in stock by the Imperial apothecary.

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. SHARDON
Proprietor.

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.

FLAT FISH.—I have tasted these cooked in some way with vinegar. If you know any recipe for this way of doing them I should be so much obliged.—A VISITOR.

CRUMPS.—I have often wondered how these were made, and decided to ask your help. Will you put a recipe in the next GRAPHIC, please?—ISOBEL.

BREAD.—Should be very pleased with a recipe for making this.—YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

BAKING POWDER.—Kindly give a good recipe for this and oblige.—VIOLET.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

'Mabel.'—I think you will find a good recipe in last year's GRAPHIC if you have the bound number. Here is another for Aspic jelly:—One pound of uncooked beef, a knuckle of veal, one fourth pound of bacon, one slice of turnip, one slice of parsnip, two cloves, one large tablespoonful of butter, one onion, one half a carrot, a stalk of celery, six pepper-corns, one blade of mace, a chip of lemon rind, two quarts of water, three whole allspice, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, salt to taste. Put the bacon in the bottom of a soup kettle, let it brown, then add the onion cut in slices; stir until a nice brown, then add the butter, and, when hot, the beef; cover the kettle and let it simmer until a thick brown glaze is formed in the bottom of the kettle; then add the veal and the water, and simmer gently for two hours. Now add the vegetables, Worcestershire sauce, spices, and lemon rind, and simmer two hours longer. When done, it should be reduced one-half. Strain and clarify the same as bouillon. Turn into a square mould or the small aspic jelly moulds. If you use a large mould cut the jelly into blocks.

'Eva L.'—The paste for a jam roly-poly pudding should be made with the following quantities of suet and flour:—One pound of flour and half a pound of finely chopped beef suet, and the suet should be weighed after it has been chopped. A little salt should be added, and enough cold water to make the flour into a stiff dough. It is not possible to say exactly what quantity of water should be added, as some flour absorbs more water than other kinds, the only thing is the dough should not be made very moist. It should be rolled out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch in a square. Any jam which is fairly solid will do to use for this pudding, and the cloth it is rolled in should be dipped into boiling water, and then must be wrung out and well floured, and the great secret to prevent the pudding from sticking to the cloth is to put it as soon as it is rolled in the cloth in a pan of boiling water. A pudding made with the quantities given above will take two hours and a half to cook, and after the water has come to boiling point when the pudding is in the pan it must only simmer gently the remainder of the time.

RECIPES.

IRISH STEW.—To make a really nice Irish stew, take about two and a half pounds of the rag-end of a neck of mutton, cut the meat into neat pieces and put it into a stewpan with a little dripping, season the meat with pepper and salt, and then add six or eight onions cut up in small pieces. This dish, as you know, is nothing if not well-flavoured with onions. Fry the meat and onions for a quarter of an hour, taking care they do not become discoloured; then add a very little flour, and cover with cold water or stock, and let the meat simmer gently for one and a half to two hours. After it has cooked, say, an hour, the potatoes should be added. Some persons like them sliced, and others like them added whole, but that is a matter of taste; to make the dish look really nice the potatoes should be trimmed and cut all the same size in olive shapes. The potatoes will take about half-an-hour to cook. If trimmed in olive shape, about three dozen would be the number to add to the above quantity of meat. All the grease should be skimmed off the top of the stew before it is served, and the meat should be arranged in a pile in the centre of the dish, with the potatoes and onions arranged round, and the gravy poured round as well. If a little very finely-chopped parsley is sprinkled over the potatoes it adds to the appearance of the dish; but a real Paddy's stew would hardly be ornamented I expect.

BOILED POTATOES.—Wash several smooth potatoes and drop in boiling water; boil till tender. Carefully pour off all the water, let it stand on the stove till perfectly dry, and serve hot. Each individual is to pare his own potatoes, mash on plate and season to taste with butter, pepper, and salt. Another: Boil and serve same as above, except that they are to be pared before boiling. A third way is to pare and boil as above. When tender drain off all the water, add salt, and mash fine. Then add butter the size of an egg, and two pints of cream or rich milk; or omit the butter and cream and add three pints of hot meat fryings.

CHEESE FONDUE.—1 pound cheese, 1/2 cup bread crumbs, 1 cup sweet milk, 2 eggs, beaten separately, 1 teaspoonful

butter, a little salt. Cut the cheese in small pieces, and add it to the milk and bread, and yolks of eggs. Stir together, adding whites of eggs last, and pour into a shallow tin. Bake for fifteen minutes in a very hot oven. This is a nice dish for tea or breakfast.

BANANA CAKE.—Use any nice recipe for layer cake, and make a filling as follows:—Boil five tablespoons sweet milk and one cup granulated sugar for exactly five minutes, without stirring, then beat it until cool and thick enough to spread. Put it on the cake, and lay on sliced bananas, then add another layer until all are used. Frost the top layer.

HELPS FOR SMALL FAMILIES.

BUYING MEAT AND FISH FOR TWO.

ALMOST all young housekeepers find it hard to make economical and satisfactory purchases of meat and fish. They should understand at the outset that it is impossible to save in the same proportion as one who buys for a large family. Another point: it is wiser to get only the parts and the amount actually wanted than to buy large pieces simply because they are cheaper by the pound.

Broiling meats is the most expensive of all methods of cooking, but, to my mind, the most healthful. When a housekeeper really can afford to follow it, she should do so.

When planning to roast or broil a piece of meat its adaptability to being made over into various little dishes should be considered. Pork is the least desirable of the fresh meats for these purposes. For warming over in various ways the following named meats are the most valuable:—Poultry, veal, lamb, mutton, and beef. The white meats are better than the red for this purpose. This is also true of fish, the white, dry varieties being much better for made-over dishes than the dark, oily kinds.

Here is something that one can buy in a small quantity and use to advantage: A short porter-house steak will answer for two dinners. Cut out the tenderloin, broil it and serve with a good sauce. If the weather be cold the remainder of the steak can be used two days later. In hot weather it must be cooked for dinner the following day.

OLD WAYS.

'WHAT in the world are you doing, my dear?' asked a matron of years and experience, as she dropped in informally upon a young married lady in her neighbourhood. 'Why, you will ruin your fruit! Putting it in water! Whoever heard of such a thing?'

'Well,' was the quiet reply, 'what should I do? Eat dirt and all? For that is what I must do if I can my fruit without rinsing it. Oh, yes, I know all you would say, and I have had it beaten into my ears for years; but all the same I wash my fruit, and, if it is carefully done, I don't think it does it the least bit of harm. Of course, I don't allow the berries to stay in the water, but I rinse them thoroughly, and relish them much better in consequence. Just look here. This water is actually black, and as I pour it out there is at least a teaspoonful of sand and dirt at the bottom of the pan. Certainly one could not find food as appetizing when it is full of sand and scraps. I know you will say that it destroys the flavour of the fruit, but I cannot see how it can do so. A slight shower of rain often freshens the berries while yet they are on the vines, and a little dash of cold water must have a like effect. The cells which hold the juices are not broken, and so no water enters into the fruit. Even though there were the most trifling loss of flavour, which I am not willing to admit, I think it would be more than made up for by the delicacy of perfectly clean fruit. Almost all our berries are picked by careless hands, many times by very untidy ones, and it is a mystery to me how any one can eat them at all without washing. I put every sort of fruit into water, and, after a moment's whirling about, remove it and let it drain. This has been the practice in our family for many years, and we have never been able to discover that the fruit lost any of its flavour.'

HIS MESSAGE.

EVERY one who has used a telephone knows that there are times when it gives sounds so confused that the hearer can make from them almost any message whatever. An experience of this sort fell, not long since, to the lot of a Boston man. He was just getting ready to go to Rye Beach to spend Sunday with a friend, when the bell of his telephone began to ring. What followed is told in his own words:

I went to the telephone and asked who was there and what was wanted. The answer was nothing but a confused buzzing and jumble of sounds, amid which I caught only the words, 'Portsmouth, New Hampshire.'

'Well, Portsmouth, what do you want?' I asked.

'Buzz-z-z-z, rattle-tle, buzz-z-z, I know a fool, I know a fool!' came from the wire.

'What's that?' I said, 'I don't understand you.'

'Rattle-le-le, buzz-z-z-z, creek, buzz, buzz, I know a fool, know a fool!' said the instrument.

'Now I am rather a patient man, but I must confess that I began to get "riled" at this stranger who took so much pains to tell me that he knew a fool. However, I told him again, as calmly as I could, that I didn't understand, and that I wished he would speak louder.

This time I could barely hear the buzzing and creaking of the first part of the message, but the last came out clear and loud: 'I know a fool! I know a fool!'

'Well, I fear I lost my temper then, for I know I told him that I knew a good many fools, but I was sure the biggest one of the lot lived in Portsmouth. Then I hung up the receiver and left the telephone.

When I reached the beach, my friend said, 'I suppose you brought the music I sent for?'

'Brought your music!' I cried. 'I never heard of it till now.'

It appeared that he had telephoned to Portsmouth, asking the central office there to telephone me to bring the song. 'I fear no foe in Shining Armour.'

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

(SEE FASHION PLATE PAGE 473.)

DESPITE the outcry against the use of birds in millinery decoration, there are still a great many employed for this purpose. In the large London warehouses it is a touching sight to walk between heaped-up rows of little dead birds which have been slain for the decoration of sensitive and gentle ladies' chapeaux. Some of the prettiest humming birds are caught just when they are building their nests and singing love songs to their mates. The plumage is brighter then than at other times, the little fellows having put on their best clothes to go a-courting. Alas! they are skinned alive to preserve the brilliancy of the hue. Think of this, fair dames, and wonder how you can have the heartlessness to buy more innocent birdies. If there were no demand for them there would be none killed.

The first sketch is an English style of hat in black felt trimmed with black and navy blue birds, a black and gold twisted cord forms a pretty edging (most of the hats are bound with something this season). A dainty little bow of black velvet at the back, and velvet strings tying under the chin complete this chapeau, which really partakes as much of the nature of a bonnet as of a hat.

The other vignette is a real bonnet, and a very pretty one too. It is composed of tomato-red shaded ribbon with jet beads on it, and edged with black velvet, which again forms the strings. The bonnet is cut slightly up the centre at the back, permitting the new style of waves of rolled hair to be well seen.

The central figure is a most useful tea-gown, one in which no lady can possibly experience any sense of *dishabille*. It is made of navy poplin, gathered at the neck with a band, and secured at the waist by a sash of the same colour, which falls in long ends to the feet in front, where it is finished off with fringe. The latter trimming is quietly creeping into fashion again. A touch of bright brocade on the bodice and round the cuffs affords the relief in colouring, deemed so necessary by artistic dressers. The gown is *a la princesse* behind, a style which threatens to sweep away the Newmarket make of bodice. A slight train adds grace to what is essentially a house dress. Chiffon lace at the wrists gives a soft and pretty look to the hand over which it falls.

The other costume and the large hat are entirely French. The wide brim standing off from the face is not yet introduced with the English fashion plates, but appears in many Parisian ones. Tastefully arranged ruby tips stand up at the back, and also add the height which has lately been so conspicuous by its absence in the fashionable hat. The dress itself is very handsome. Ruby velvet of a new shade, which is hardly *hordeaux*, and is certainly not tomato-red; is the principal ingredient in its composition. But rich brocade on the waist and tight cuffs play an important part in this combination of lovely things, and black feather trimmings arranged as indicated in the illustration affords another break in the monotony of colour. The skirt fits very closely in front and over the hips, falling into large folds at the back. There is a suspicion of an underskirt of a lighter colour in silk just visible at the foot, which hints that were this warm walking costume removed a pretty, tight-fitting robe of silk for house wear would be revealed.

The third dress is sleek like as regards the front and side breadths, but a crease nor a fold detracting from its trying accuracy of fit. There is here again a glimpse, though rather a longer one, of an underskirt of a contrasting colour, trimmed with the beautifully embroidered material which can now be obtained with so many dress goods. The bodice is intersected with velvet, which is cut away on the hips and forms the objectionable coat-tails behind. The sleeves are very new, and most difficult to arrange except a thoroughly competent dressmaker takes them in hand. But the melon effect is very good. The cuffs are also a distinct improvement on the usual plain band. This, like the other, is a French idea.

BUILDING A HOUSE.

IN some parts of New Guinea whole towns are built 'in the sea.' The inhabitants live in constant fear of the bush tribes, and as a protection against them, construct their houses just off the shore. Mr W. D. Pitcairn, in his 'Two Years Among the Savages of New Guinea,' describes a summer villa which he built after the native pattern at a cost of £5. Two chiefs undertook the work, and received a little more than half the money, so that the labourers got about £2.

I drew on the beach a rough ground plan of the house, showing the length and breadth, the division of rooms and the two verandahs. Peter, one of the chiefs, measured the plan with a piece of cane, marking the length and breadth, and then rolled up the cane and put it in his pocket, or rather in his dilly-bag, for of course natives are not provided with pockets.

He went home to his island, and in a few days came back with several large canoes with all the necessary logs, timber, and other materials lashed to them, including the sago palm leaves for the roofing, and the cane for splitting into laths, and when the house was finished there was very little material left. How he calculated so nicely I cannot say, but of course he had had considerable experience in building native houses.

Not a nail was used in the building. On the sea side the house stood about four feet of water at low tide, and on the shore side was connected with the beach by a gangway. The people have a curious way of driving piles. We gave them a rope, which they fixed round the head of the pile, leaving the two ends dangling. Several natives got hold of each end and pulled alternately, until the pile was worked down to the required length.

The piles are made of white mangrove, and in order to prevent the ravages of the *colera* insect, it is best to tar the piles well, or better still—though very expensive—to copper them all over.

The flooring is of cane, the walls are made of the bark or skin of the palm, and the roof of the leaves of the sago-palm, which have to be put on separately, the leaves overlapping a little, and on the outside are placed some branches of the cocconut plant.

A house of this kind is quite rain-proof, and if well constructed will keep in good condition for at least two years.



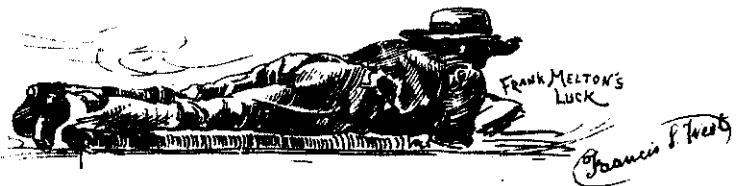
An Afternoon Nap.



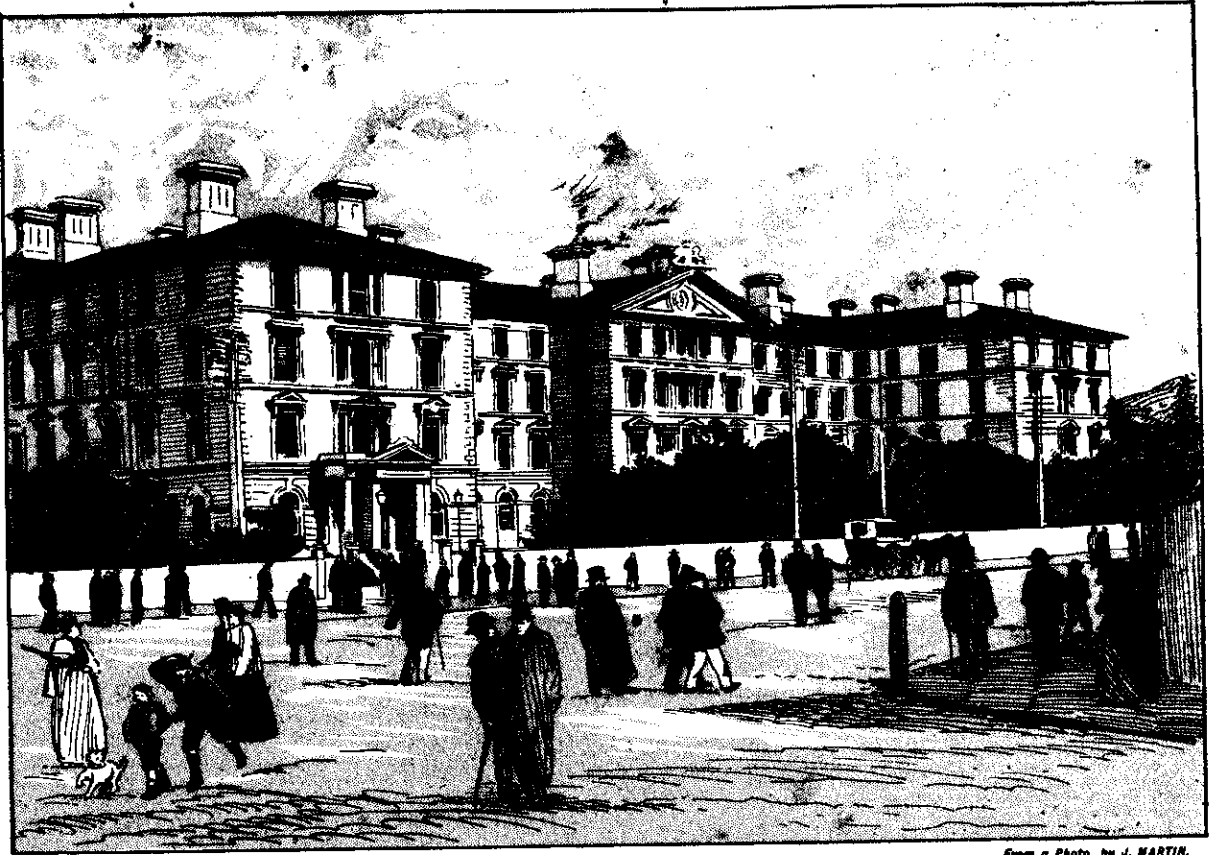
Various Styles.



A Favourite Game.

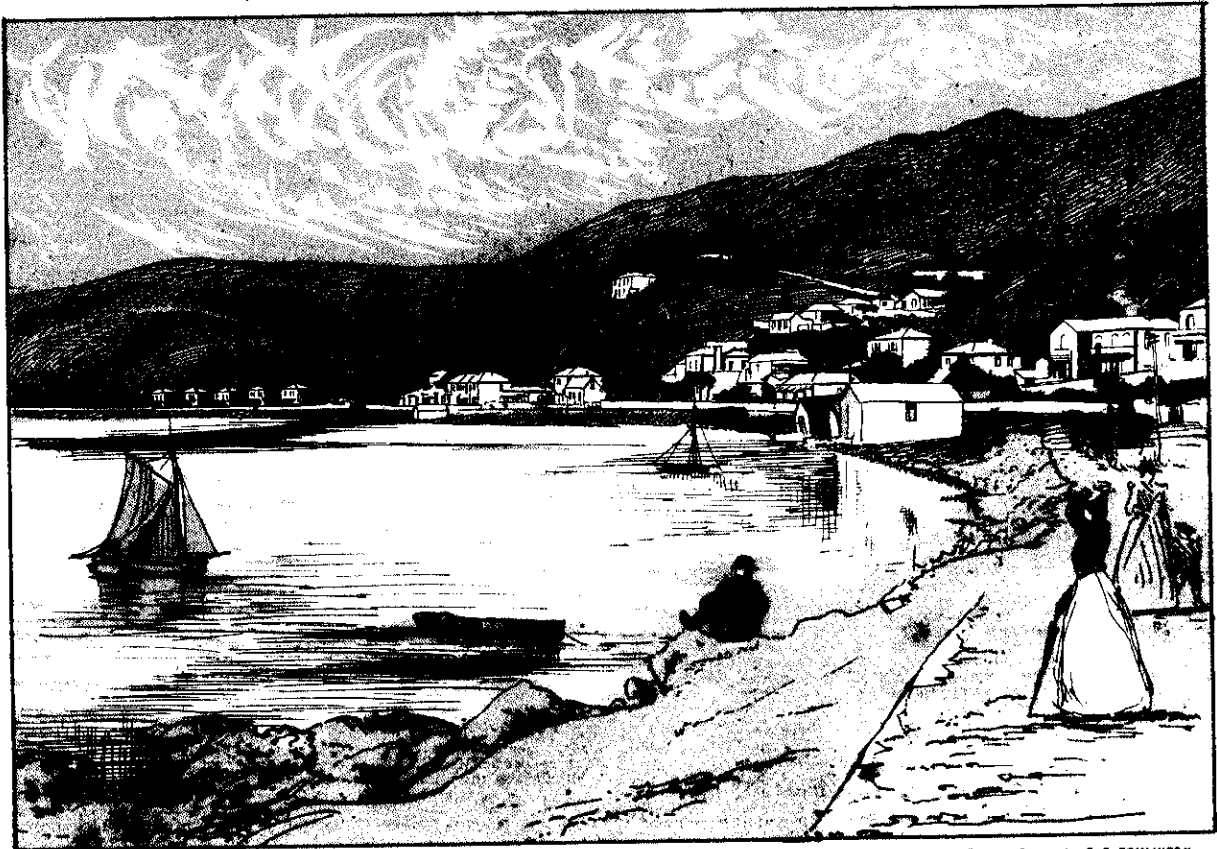


IN AND ABOUT WELLINGTON.



From a Photo. by J. MARTIN.

GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS,
(LUNCH TIME 2 P.M.)
(SEE LETTERPRESS.)



From a Photo. by F. C. TOMLINSON.

ORIENTAL BAY.

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.

MOLLIE B.—There is no 'society rule' about marrying a man younger than yourself. The difference of age you say, is eight years. It is undoubtedly on the wrong side, but there are many instances on record where a marriage of this kind has turned out extremely well. You do not mention whether you are young or middle-aged. In the latter case the difference in years is not nearly so perceptible as if you, say, are twenty-eight, and your fiance only twenty. In a case like that the weight of years on the wrong side seems very 'wrong' indeed. You say you have been 'chuffed,' and want to know what you should do. Of course some people will persist in viewing marriage altogether as a huge joke—for other people. But if you are quite satisfied that you are really in love with each other, and are, as far as you can judge beforehand, eminently suited to one another, then marry in peace, and smile quietly at the gossips and chattering, for it is you two who have to live together, and so long as you both are content and happy, what does the opinion of the world signify? I cordially wish you good luck.

DOLLY DEAR wants to know how to be a pleasant guest. She is going to stay, for the first time, away from home, and with people of whom she, personally, knows little. The great secret, 'Dolly Dear,' is to think a good deal of others and very little of yourself. Be willing to enter into the spirit and fun of whatever is proposed for your amusement. It may not be exactly what you would have chosen. Never mind, play your part cheerfully to day, and who knows but that you may be able to get your own way to-morrow without having made a disagreeable fuss about it? Remember a hostess has a great many different tastes to consult, and very peculiar characters sometimes to please. Try and make her duties easier for her. Be willing to give up your game of tennis to amuse that crochety Mrs. A., whom everyone else shuns as an unmitigated bore. You think these counsels old-fashioned. Some of the old-fashioned unselfish young girls are far pleasanter visitors than some of the modern young ladies, who upset everyone's plans because they have not been sufficiently consulted in the making of them, who keep meals waiting because they 'must just finish this game,' who are by no means disposed to be pleasant and chatty with the other lady visitors, but who save all their smiles, and as much amusing conversation as they can boast of, for the gentlemen. Probably they are right in thinking there would not be enough of it to go round. Well, 'Dolly Dear,' be yourself on your visit—unaffected, genuine, and I am sure what you can be, sweet. That you will enjoy yourself and be asked to come again I feel certain.

MADemoiselle.—You are quite behind the age. You say a woman can do nothing? Why, never before in the world's history, since Eve held the fate of the whole human race in her hand as she grasped the apple, has woman wielded such influence as to day. Nothing! why she can do anything! To begin with, the mother's influence is paramount with her little children. It rests with her to make them—humanly speaking—blessings or curses to society. A sister has wonderful power over her brother if she will but take the trouble to use it properly—to interest herself in his pursuits, to be a good and sympathetic sister to him in many ways. A wife is either a help or a hindrance to her husband. A good aunt has frequently been a real blessing in a family circle; and further afield, look what woman is now doing! As a medical missionary in India, she is accomplishing a unique work; as a lady doctor in other places she is helping her own sex; in the cause of temperance her influence is magical. Time will not allow me to point out more ways in which woman is doing a grand work. Now, what can you do? At present you have only complained that there is nothing a woman can do. Tell me more about yourself, and I will try and help you.

Mrs L. M. writes: 'Dear Lady Editor,—I like this column very much. Will you, or any of your correspondents, tell me whether you think it a good thing to allow a child money to spend? Or do you think it best just to give what you think the child should have at any time most convenient to yourself?'

I am a very strong advocate of allowing a child a definite sum a week as soon as ever he or she can understand the value of money. I know a little boy who as soon as he was six years old began to receive a penny a week. He has a little purse, which his mother keeps for him, and he is encouraged to save his money. He has, therefore, always his little ready when the usual collection for birthday presents is begun. I should much like to hear what other readers of this column think on this matter, and will gladly insert any letters on the subject.

THINTELDOWN.—I have complied with your request, and am much obliged to you. I shall always be very pleased to hear from you. It appears as a separate article this week.

THE REASON.

'Why do the bright leaves fade, mother,
Why do the bright leaves die?'
'That other leaves may grow, dear heart,
Beneath the sun and sky;
Grow and sing in the summer air,
When the days are dark, when the days are fair.
Sing and swing and touch and part,
Brighten and fade and die.
For the world rolls ever round and round,
And the little leaves know the season's bound,
And they leave the trees for the waiting ground
I cannot tell you why, dear heart,
I cannot tell you why.'

AURILLA TURNELL.

SHOPS AND SHOPPING.

(BY MADAME MILLICENT.)

MATTERS social were rather dull with Bertha and me, therefore we ecstatically hailed an invitation to attend a friend's wedding in the country. We had to go by train to Alexandria, thence a long drive took us—and shook us—to our destination. I was most unlucky. A box of mine, containing a 'mixed assortment,' as Bertha informed our kind old host, Mr Andrew, of ladies' apparel, was missing. (She told me afterwards that she knew there was underlinen and stockings in it, and she really could not mention them.) Mr Andrew telegraphed to different stations for the missing box, which we really thought might have managed to keep with the others, but we could learn nothing of it. Ella Andrew—the bride—at once suggested an excellent idea, which relieved us of all embarrassment.

Fortunately, my dress for the wedding was safely packed in Bertha's basket-box, which keeps gowns so delightfully free from creases or crumple, so that I had only to supply various oddsands necessary for our three weeks' visit, for I gave up all hope of my own tin box turning up. Ella's idea was to write to Messrs Smith and Caughey, Queen-street, Auckland, and ask them to send up immediately all that I ordered. Mrs Andrew produced their new price list, which they send anywhere free if asked. It is most complete, prices given in each case, and possesses first-class illustrations. It was quite fun picking out what I wanted, and Ella would keep turning to the gentlemen's department and advising one of their new collars and ties! But I am essentially a woman, and prefer a feminine style in my costumes. I was enchanted to receive the parcel quite as early as we had calculated it could possibly come, and was still more pleased to find that this firm charge Auckland prices to their country customers, and pay carriage anywhere. Mrs Andrew said she had friends in Palmerston North who got everything they wanted in this way, particularly enjoying the parcels advertised to contain such and such things, all of which were well worth the money. Ella always called them 'Bran Pies,' though she owned she had never heard of anyone who was disappointed in them.

The wedding went off splendidly. Ella had procured an old trunk and stuck on it all the usual labels she could find, hunting some very ancient ones off a grandmotherly sort of box in the attic. She declared no one should know she was a bride on her journey to Auckland, and entreated that there should be no rice and no slippers—the usual pagan symbols of a nineteenth century Christian wedding. But we just bided our time.

and a fawn bird daintily perched behind in a very unique fashion. (Of course I sketched it and got one myself in a similar make in blue felt. Bertha bought a black one.) A pink feather box finished Ella's costume.

Off went our bride in grand style. She was much pleased because, there was apparently, no rice, and a critical examination failed to reveal any slippers attached to the carriage. She was to go down to Auckland by the early train the next morning, and quite a little crowd saw her off at the station. We were standing waiting for the train when it began to rain. Ella promptly put up her new umbrella, when down from inside it came a perfect hail of rice. The train came up at the moment, and a roar of laughter showed how thoroughly the joke was appreciated by the on-lookers. If the umbrella had not been a particularly good one it would certainly have been broken by the vehemence with which she shut it, and banded a little inquisitive cur on the head because he was trying to sample the new sort of rain. But the umbrella was from the above-mentioned firm, who, by importing the cut material and other parts of the umbrella, can and do sell a really first-class article at wonderfully low prices, varying from 5s 11d to 21s. They are made on the premises, and are of thoroughly good workmanship.

To return for a moment to our poor bride. The rice was not the last of her troubles. On board the steamer for Wellington her husband untied the rug and shawl which Bertha had officiously strapped up for Ella. Out tumbled a white slipper which had evidently seen some service in a ball-room. What the bridegroom said shocked the bride.

When Bertha and I returned to Auckland we were looking at the gloves imported by the firm which supplied the umbrella, and were specially pleased with the good kid of *La Rosaria*, which has a tiny gauntlet, and is only 5s 11d and 6s 11d a pair. Here we heard a curious story. Mr Smith took a boy into the men's department on a month's trial. After a week had passed the foreman declared he was no good at all, so Mr Smith told him gently that he had mistaken his vocation in life. Next day the mother came and declared the boy was not in the wrong place; he was a born draper. 'Try him at millinery, sir,' she pleaded. Rather amused, Mr Smith allowed him to trim a hat, and was much surprised at the result. The boy is a man-milliner, and is now with the firm, and several customers insist that he and none other shall trim their chapeaux. How proud Auckland will be if it can produce a genius equal in his particular line to M. Worth of Paris!

RESULT OF A LADY'S FRIENDSHIP.

In the year 1810, when a squadron of light frigates and sloops was blockading Corfu, the Kingfisher sloop, Commander Ewel Tritton, was stationed off the island of Fano, at the entrance of the north channel of Corfu. At daybreak one morning (after a strong north-west wind had been blowing throughout the night) a fleet of *Trabaccolas*, which had left Brindisi the evening before, was descried making for the channel, and chase was immediately given. The jolly-boat, manned by a young midshipman, a corporal of marines, and four boys, with a musket and a few cartridges, were lowered in passing to take possession of the nearest vessel, which had taken down her mainmast, while the Kingfisher, under a crowd of sail, pursued the remainder inshore. The youngster, on nearing the stranger, saw only a woman on deck, and she was making signs with her finger up, as if to preserve silence. His suspicions were aroused, although he had not the least idea what the action of the woman (which he had, as he considered, been fortunate enough to notice) indicated. He immediately boarded, and found, on looking down the main hatchway, that the hold was full of troops. To secure the hatch was but the work of a moment, and lowering the foresail, he placed a hand at the helm to keep the vessel in the trough of the sea, increasing thereby the motion and the sea-sickness evidently prevailing among the troops below. In this situation he kept them till about three in the afternoon, when his ship returned, having been unsuccessful in capturing any of the others, when he was hailed by his captain and asked what the vessel was laden with. 'Troops, troops,' was the reply. 'Why, loy, what do you mean—soldiers?' 'Yes, sir.' 'How many?' 'I have not ventured to count them.'

The crew of the cutter were soon on board and search made, when upwards of a hundred officers and men belonging to the 14th Regiment of the line, intended as a reinforcement to the garrison of Corfu, with part of a surgeon's staff, were discovered to be the cargo. The prisoners, all sturdy young men, were soon removed to the Kingfisher, and after a fortnight's passage, during which the sloop's small crew of seventy-five officers and men were kept constantly under arms, they were landed safely at Malta.

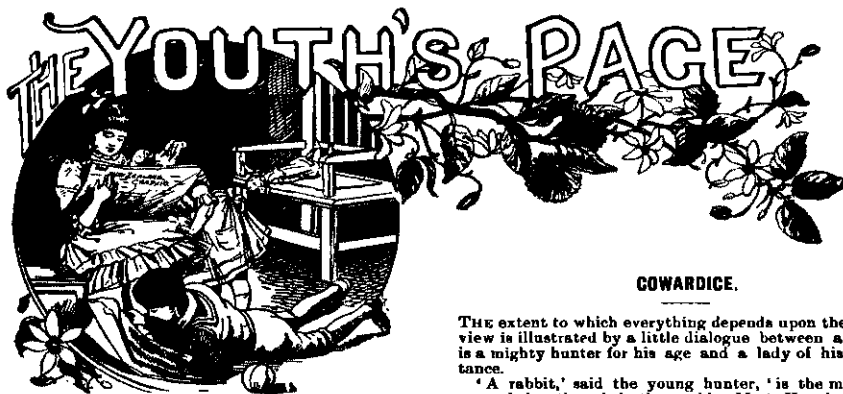
The most remarkable occurrence in the affair was that the lady on deck was the wife of the surgeon, and had accidentally met the midly some months before while he was at Trevesa in a prize, to which place she had accompanied her husband and some French officers from the garrison of St. Maura on a shooting expedition, when an acquaintance and exchange of civilities, not uncommon in those war days, had taken place, and she stated she knew him directly he came on board the boat.

NO BAD EGGS YET.

A YOUNG married lady who moved into the country from a city home considered keeping hens a pleasant and profitable duty. As she became more absorbed in the pursuit her enthusiasm increased, and 'hens' made a favourite subject of her thoughts and conversation. During one of her animated descriptions of her success a friend inquired, 'Are your hens good hens?' 'Oh, yes,' she replied, in a delightful tone, 'they haven't laid a bad egg yet.'



FOR Invalids and Delicate Children, AUSEBROOK'S ANKROWHOT and TEA BISCUITS are unsurpassed. (ADVERT.)



OUR NEW COOK.

I HAD a pain in my forehead,
I had an ache in my thumb,
And, 'Oh!' said I,
'I believe I shall cry
To think of the bread and pudding and pie
I must make if a cook doesn't come.'

Hark! a rat, tat, tat! On the threshold
A dear little maiden stood
In her grandmother's veil,
And offered for sale
Some fresh mud pies in a shabby tin pail
Which she said were exceedingly good.

I bought them and paid her in kisses,
And declared such a cook I'd employ;
Then she offered to bake
A delicious mud cake;
And my forehead and thumb forgot to ache,
As I thought of the feast we'd enjoy.

ANNA M. PRATT.

A HUNTER'S RUSE.

MONTAIGNE says that a man's wit is a man's danger unless he knows how to use it. But a witty Florida hunter, of whom an exchange chronicler an anecdote, showed himself master of his situation. He proved his property and covered his risks. Many years ago, near a place called Enterprise, on a point jutting into Lake Monroe, during all bright days a big alligator used to lie basking in the sun.

He was well known to the whole neighbourhood. The entire coterie of sportsmen at the only hotel used to call him 'Big Ben,' and proud hunters would talk and even dream of the time when a well-aimed rifle-shot would end his long career. But Big Ben was as cunning as a serpent, and whenever any one, afoot or afloat, came unpleasantly near, he would slide off into the water—which meant good-bye for the rest of the day.

One fine morning a sportsman paddling up the lake, luckily with his rifle in his canoe, came upon Big Ben so sound asleep that he stole up within range and put a bullet through the alligator's brain. What to do next was a problem. He could not tow the monster all the way to Enterprise with his tiny canoe.

A bright idea struck him. He put his visiting-card into the beast's mouth and paddled swiftly back. Several hunters were at the wharf, and the slayer of Big Ben hastened to inform them that while out paddling he had come within easy range of the 'gator, which was no doubt still lying motionless on the point. A flotilla of boats and canoes, manned by an army with rifles, instantly started for the point. To avoid confusion it was agreed that all should go down together, and that the entire party, if they were lucky enough to find Big Ben still there, should fire a volley at the word of command.

As they approached the point, the hearts of all beat quickly; and when, with straining eyes, they saw Big Ben apparently asleep and motionless upon the bank, even the coolest could hardly control his feelings. Bang! bang! went a score of rifles, and Ben, riddled with bullets, lay motionless upon the point. With a cheer of triumph the excited sportsmen leaped ashore, and fastening a rope round the dead alligator towed him to Enterprise.

There the original slayer awaited them on the wharf. When the creature was laid upon the shore he opened his mighty jaws and disclosed his visiting card, at the same time thanking them most politely for their kindness in bringing his alligator home.

HEROISM IN PLAIN DRESS.

AT one moment in the battle of Waterloo Wellington sent alone, his aides-de-camp having all been sent with messages to different parts of the field. He was sorely in need of a messenger, and looked round anxiously when a gentleman in plain clothes rode up to him, saying, 'Can I be of any use, sir?'

Wellington, looking him over, said, 'Yes. Take this note to the commanding officer over there, pointing to a part of the field where the battle was hot and fierce. The gentleman at once galloped off, rode through the thick of the fight, and delivered the note.

After the battle the Duke made long and anxious inquiry, but he never found out to whom he was indebted for that special service.

'I consider it,' said he, in telling the anecdote to Lord Shaftesbury, 'one of the most gallant deeds that ever came under my notice, for the gentleman who did it could have had no prospect of reward or honour.'

The deed recalls Shakespeare's eulogy on

The constant service of the antient world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed

HOW ROYALTY IMPRESSES A BABY.

BABIES are babies all the world over, and respect neither rank nor wealth, as we all know well; but just see how one royal baby behaved when brought before royalty. Perhaps other children would like to hear in his own mother's language. That mother was the Madame d'Arbly, who, under her maiden name of Miss Burney, wrote several of the most popular novels of her day—'Evelina,' 'Cecilia,' 'Camillo,' etc.—and in whose letters, published by her daughter after her death, this account is found,—a homely, loving, motherly sketch of her child, which brings him before one just as he was, and makes one fancy him absolutely present as one reads the record.

Madame d'Arbly had, in her girlhood, made one of the household of the Queen of George III., and after her marriage and a long residence in France, she returned to England with her little boy. The rest we give in her own words:

'On March 8th I received the following billet:—

March 7th, 1798.
'MY DEAR FRIEND, — The Queen has commanded me to acquaint you that she desires you to be at the Queen's house on Thursday morning, at ten o'clock, with your lovely boy. You are desired to come in the Princess Elizabeth's apartments, and Her Majesty will send for you as soon as she can see you. Adieu.
'Yours most affectionately,
M. PLANTU.'

'A little before ten, you will easily believe, we were at the Queen's house, and were immediately ushered into the apartment of the Princess Elizabeth, who, to show she expected my little man, had some playthings upon one of her many tables, of which she had at least twenty in her principal room. The child, in a new muslin frock, such, etc., did not look to much disadvantage, and she examined him with the utmost good humour and pleasure, and finding him too shy to be seized, had the graciousness as well as sense to play round and court him with sportive wiles, instead of being offended at his insensibility to the royal notice.

'She ran about the room, peeped at him through chairs, clapped her hands, half caught without touching him, and showed a skill and tenderness which made one almost sigh that she should have no call for her maternal propensities.'

Just then they are called into the presence of another princess, and, says Madame d'Arbly:

'She received me with her usual sweetness, and called the boy to her. He went, fearfully and cautiously, more powerfully drawn by the curiosity which the operations of her hair-dresser inspired (the princess was at her toilet) than by her commands. He would not be touched, however, lying to my side at the least attempt to take his hand. He now examined her fine carpet. I would have apologised, but she cried:

'" 'Tis so natural that he should be more amused with those bright colours than with my stupid questions."

'Princess Elizabeth then entered, attended by a page, who was loaded with playthings, which she had sent for. You may suppose him caught now; he seized upon dogs, horses, chaise, a cocker, a watchman, all that he could grasp, but he would not give his little person or cheeks for any of them, to my great confusion. I called him a little savage, a wild deer, a creature just caught in the woods, whatever could indicate his rustic life to prevent their being hurt; but their good-nature made my excuses useless, except to myself.

'Now came Princess Amelia, and strange to relate, the child was instantly delighted with her.

'He left his toys to nestle in her arms, and despite his mother's entreaties, would notice none of the others. When summoned to the queen's presence he desired to take all his toys with him, and was as obstinate as such young gentlemen usually are at home, utterly refusing to show any respect to the queen's dwelling.

'The queen,' says Madame d'Arbly, 'was all condescending indulgence, and had a Noah's ark ready for him.

'"And how does papa do," asked the queen.
'"He's at Telesca," said the boy [Chelsea].
'"And how does grandpapa do?"
'"He's in the coach."
'"And what a pretty frock; did mamma make it?"

'But the little boy would not answer, and pulled me about. I was a good deal embarrassed, but she had the goodness to open the Noah's ark for him herself. He was soon in raptures as the various animals were produced; he capered with joy and uttered their names as:

'"Oh, a tow, tow!" But at the dog he clapped his hands and cried, leaning on her majesty's lap, "'Oh, it's a bow wow."
'"And do you know this, little man?" asked the queen.

'"Yes," said he, jumping as he leant against her, "it's name is called pussy."
'"At the appearance of Noah, he cried: "'Oh, it's the shepherd boy."

After this, Madame d'Arbly's naturally democratic infant oversets the queen's work-box, insists upon having the implements therein, and finally makes his way 'into their majesty's bedroom, in which were all the jewels ready to take to St. James's for the court attire.'

'I was excessively ashamed,' says the mother, 'and obliged to fetch him back in my arms and hold him.

'"Get down, little man," said the queen; "you are too heavy for mamma."
'He took not the smallest notice of this admonition.

'The queen, accustomed to more implicit obedience, repeated it; but he only nestled his little head in my neck and worked about his whole person, so that I with difficulty held him. The queen now imagined he did not know what she meant, and said:

'"What does he call you? Has he any particular name for you?"

'"Before I could answer, he lifted up his head, and called out in a fondling manner:

'"Mamma! Mamma!"
'"Oh," said she, smiling, "he knows who I mean."

'"Perhaps he is hungry," she now said, and rung her bell and ordered a page to bring some cakes. He took one with great pleasure, and was content to stand down and eat it. I asked him if he had nothing to say for it. He nodded his head and composedly answered:

'"Sanky, Queen, sanky."
Meaning, of course, "thank you, Queen."

Could any young republican have invented a more free-and-easy form of address? Indeed, Madame d'Arbly ends the picture by saying that she departed, 'thankful that he had not come to disgrace, by actual mischief or rebellion, and that she left the royal family, all smiles and gracious news.'

COWARDICE.

THE extent to which everything depends upon the point of view is illustrated by a little dialogue between a boy who is a mighty hunter for his age and a lady of his acquaintance.

'A rabbit,' said the young hunter, 'is the most awful coward that there is in the world. My! How he dafes round from a hunter!'

'So you think the rabbit is a coward, eh?'

'Why, of course.'

'Well, let us "suppose" a little. Suppose you were about six or eight inches tall.'

'Well?'

'And had good, strong, swift legs.'

'Yes?'

'And didn't have any gun, and a great big fellow came after you who did have one. What would you do?'

'What should I do? I should streak it like a whitehead!'

'I think you would. And I think, also, that you would have your own ideas as to who was the coward.'

PET LIONS.

AN amusing sketch of two lion whelps which were adopted as pets during the writer's residence in South Africa, is given by a contributor to *Forest and Stream*. The lioness appeared to amuse herself by playing pranks on human strangers of her own sex, lying in ambush for them under the dining room table.

Fearing that something serious might occur if I allowed my pets their liberty any longer, I had a large cage constructed, and for the first week or two was obliged to spend much time in it with them. The lioness fretted a great deal, and the only way I had of quieting her was to go in and lie down, using the lion as a pillow, while she stretched herself beside me with her head on my chest.

One day the sheriff informed me that he had a summons in his office for me to serve as a jurymen. I begged off, but he was in exorable. A few days afterward he rode up to my gate, and I called my servant to open it for him while I hurried to the lion's cage.

Presently I heard him calling me, and on my answering he gradually found his way to the den, in which I was seated on the lion's recumbent body, while the lioness sat behind me with her chin resting on my shoulder. As soon as he saw me he sprang back, and cried:

'Come out of there!'

'Hand that summons in here, and I will do so.'

'Do you want my arm torn off?'

'No, but I want you to make a legal service of that paper by handing it to me.'

'I shall not take any such risk, but I will tear up the paper if you will only come out and save me from seeing you torn into pieces.'

'All right, do so, and I will try to get out alive.'

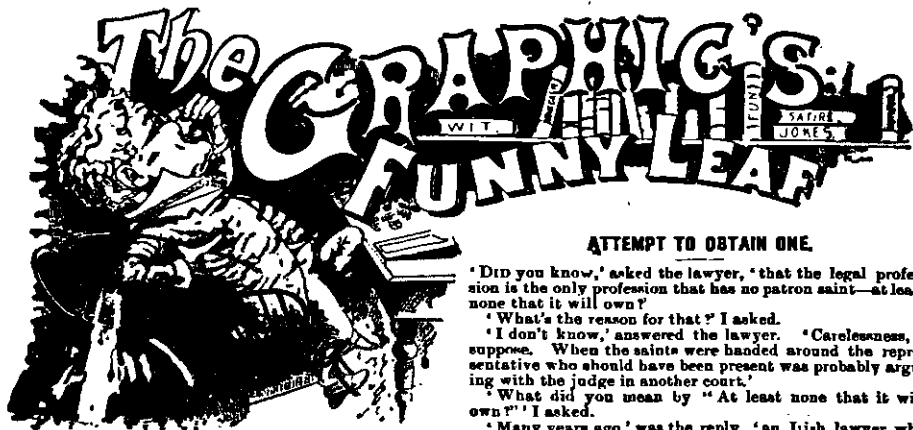
The paper was torn up, and I stepped out of the cage, much to my friend's relief. A short time after I met the judge in the street, who wished to know if my mode of dodging jury duty was the one commonly practised in my own country.

ABOUT SOME OLD RHYMES.

'SING a Song of Sixpence' is as old as the sixteenth century. 'Three Blind Mice' is to be found in a music book dated 1609. 'The Frog and the Mouse' was produced in 1580. 'Three Children Sliding on the Ice' dates from 1639. 'London Bridge is Broken Down' is of unfathomable antiquity. 'Boys and Girls Come Out to Play' is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II.; so is 'Lucy Locket lost her Pocket,' to the tune of which 'Yankee Doodle' was written. 'Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been' is of the age of Queen Elizabeth.

'The old woman tossed in a blanket' was written in the reign of James II., and is supposed to allude to him. Some of these skippy verses were incorporated with 'Mother Goose's Melodies,' and suggested some of them. Mother Goose was a real, and not a fictitious, person. Her maiden name was Goose; she came of an excellent family, and was born in Boston. Her daughter Elizabeth married Thomas Fleet, a printer. They were blessed with a son, to whom grandmother Goose became very much attached. It was for him that she composed and sang the ditties. Mr Fleet, her son-in-law, was a shrewd fellow. He saw that money could be made out of the nursery rhymes, and so he issued them in a book under the title of 'Mother Goose's Melodies,' and they became widely known and instantly popular.

'Little Jack Horner' is said to be founded on fact, and it is a very old jingle. There are several versions of the story, but the accepted one is that the Abbot of Glastonbury had offended Henry VII by building his kitchen so substantially that the destroyers of the monasteries were unable to throw it down. In a rage the king sent for the abbot, who, hoping to appease the monarch, sent to him his steward, John Horner, with a wonderful pie, the interior of which was composed of the title deeds to twelve manors. But as John Horner sat in the corner of the wagon that carried him to the king, he was induced by curiosity to lift up the crust and to abstract therefrom a title deed, which, on his safe and successful return home he showed to the abbot, and told him that the king had given him the deed for a reward. The deed was that of the Manor of Wells.



ATTEMPT TO OBTAIN ONE.

'Did you know,' asked the lawyer, 'that the legal profession is the only profession that has no patron saint—at least none that it will own?'

'What's the reason for that?' I asked.
'I don't know,' answered the lawyer. 'Carelessness, I suppose. When the saints were handed around the representative who should have been present was probably arguing with the judge in another court.'
'What did you mean by "At least none that it will own"?' I asked.

'Many years ago,' was the reply, 'an Irish lawyer who was a fervent Catholic sought to provide his profession with a patron saint. So genuine was his desire for one that he travelled to Rome to consult the Pope. The Pope graciously received him.

'"Pray, Your Holiness," said the Irishman, "grant the lawyers a patron saint."

'According to the story, which is a venerable one, the Pope looked over the list and found that there were no saints that had not been given to the other professions, at which the Irish lawyer was much cast down. Observing his depression, the Pope bade him cheer up and then directed him to go to a church near by, to blindfold himself and to pass around the interior saying Ave Maria all the time.

'"And," said the Pope, "the first saint you touch shall be the patron saint of your profession."

'Much gratified the devout lawyer went away to follow the instructions. He passed around the church praying. When he stopped he put out his hand. He was in front of the altar of St. Michael.

'"Be thou the lawyer's patron saint!" he cried, and pulled off the bandage. Alas, he wasn't touching St. Michael at all! His hand was resting on the devil under St. Michael's feet.'



THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING.

MR SEEDYMAN (to barmaid): 'Whisky, please.'
Barmaid: 'Sootch or Irish, sir?'
Mr Seedyman: 'Oh! I dunno, gimme the same as that fellow had what's lying under the billiard table.'

BROAD CRINS.

'WOMEN'S rights' exclaimed a man when the subject was broached. 'What more do they want? My wife bosses me; our daughters boss us both, and the servant girl bosses the whole family. It's time the men were allowed some right.'

Grandma (to little May, aged 5, the household terror): 'Don't you know that poor mamma is very delicate, and that when you are so very, very naughty it makes her very much worse? Mamma can't stand it any longer. You will kill her. Now what shall we do? May (sitting on small stool in front of grandma, while mamma is weeping on sofa): 'Well, I don't know; but if she'd get another doctor perhaps she could stand it better.'

Said Paddleford to his wife on the way back from the museum, 'I'm firmly convinced that woman have an innate, natural, constitutional love of the horrible.' 'Good thing for you!' she retorted, 'or you might have been a bachelor to your dying day.'

'Never would call a boy of mine "Alias,"' said Mrs Jones, Hunterville, Ala., 'if I had a hundred to name. Men by that name is alias cuttin' up capers. Here's Alias Thompson, Alias Williams, Alias the Night-hawk, all been took up for stealing.'

To admire a man because he's well-dressed is folly, if not something worse; It isn't the coat that makes the man, But the money he has in his purse.

SHE: You never hear of women cashiers embezzling or running off with their employers' money.

HE: Not often; but when it does happen they take the employer, too.

Gentleman (rushing into chemist's shop apparently in a great hurry): 'I want something to cure a bad headache.' (Chemist rushes round the counter and shoves a bottle under the gentleman's nose, the pungency of which nearly chokes his nose.) Gentleman: 'You drivelling idiot! You maniac! You jackass! It's my wife that's got the headache.'

It is only the female mosquito that bites people and animals, and draws blood. The male mosquito is a vegetarian, and is never blood-thirsty.

Do not call to mind the day which has passed from you; do not lament for the unborn to-morrow; do not build on the coming and the passed away; take the present hour, and do not cast your life to the wind.

Advice is like counterfeit money. Most people are ready enough to part with it, but none care to take it.

WHERE HE FAILED.

He had chased the merry football

Over many a gory field,
He could stand behind a batsman
'Gainst all bowlers wickets keep.
In a pugilistic contest
He was held among the best;
He could mingle in a riot
And enjoy it too with zest;
But his fine physique was ruined—
Crushed in a most brutal way,
When his wife took him out shopping
On a ladies' bargain day.

ANOTHER story about the late Mr Spurgeon. He was once, so it is said, addressing a Sunday school on the lesson of the day, which happened to be 'Jacob's Ladder.' He got along awfully until a little urchin in one of the back seats squeaked out: 'Why did the angels have to have a ladder when they had wings?'

After the inevitable laugh had subsided, Mr Spurgeon said: 'Well, that is a fair question, who can answer it?'

There was a pause, and then up went a pudgy fat, 'Well, my little man,' asked the great preacher, 'why was it?'

'I s'pose they was a-moultin,' was the astonishing reply, and the address was concluded.

A CHEERFUL VIEW.

'You dread the wedding day, eh?' said Boothby to his friend Youngboy. 'Oh! cheer up. Marriage isn't such a bad thing.'

'I must confess I feel a little nervous about it, Boothby,' said Youngboy.

'Tut, man,' replied Boothby, cheerily. 'I was reading only this morning that the human hair may be stretched one-third of its entire length and yet regain its former size and condition. Look on the bright side, boy!'

They were on their way to the theatre, and she was tremulously happy. She felt that the words she so longed to hear would be spoken that night, and the idea made her almost dizzy with delight. 'Mr Sampson,' she said, softly, 'why do you wear that bit of string about your finger?' 'Oh,' replied Mr Sampson, taking it off, 'that was to remind me of my engagement with you to-night.' It wasn't much, but it was enough to take away the delightful dizziness.

LIFE'S LIMITATIONS.

Do your best and let that end it,
All your worry is in vain;
You can carry an umbrella,
But you cannot make it rain.



A PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN.

HIS EMPLOYER: 'Patrick, I have employed you as porter for a year. During that time I have found you to be dishonest, neglectful, stupid, and cowardly; but I will not discharge you without one chance.'

The Porter: 'Fot'll I do, sir?'

His Employer: 'I've obtained a position for you on the police force.'



A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

HOUSEHOLDER (appearing suddenly): 'You're welcome to the silver if you'll take this portrait of my wife's mother, too. I've been trying to get rid of it for years!'

AFTER agonising for eight months on the border-land of uncertainty, young Perkins mustered up courage enough to declare his passion for the beautiful Miss Wiswall, and was sweetly and graciously accepted.

'My own darling!' he cried, joyfully holding her to his heaving breast, 'how very, very happy you make me! And you do love me?'

'Ye es, Harry, I—listen.'
'What is it, my angel?'
'Nothing, I was mistaken. Go on, dear.'
'My precious one! If you only knew—'
'I listen, dear.'

'What is it? No one is coming. Let us be happy—happy in—'

'Hush—listen! No; I am not mistaken this time. The newsboy is coming with the evening paper, and I am so anxious to know who's got in at Thacker. Won't you run and get the paper, darling?'

He went, and never, never came back.

Sambo joined the church, and his pastor thought it best to look after him. 'Have you stolen any chickens, Sambo, since you met with a change of heart?' said the minister one day. 'No, massa—no, no, I hasn't stole no chicken's 'tall!'

'Any turkeys?' persisted the pastor. 'Oh, no, massa—I hasn't took nary a turkey!'

'Well, Sambo, I'm glad to hear it—very glad. Watch and pray!—and the good man went on. 'Golly,' chuckled Sambo, peeping inside his coat, 'if he'd sed "ducks" he'd a had me!'



FRANKY (aged six): 'Aunty, dear, do look. I've had such a pretty head put on my doll, and it only cost a shilling.'

Aunty: 'Yes; it is a beauty.'

Franky: 'I wonder what they would charge to put a new head on you, aunty.'