

# The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL. IX.—No. 23.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1892.

[Subscription—25s per annum; if paid in advance, 20s. Single Copy—Sixpence.



THE REHEARSAL.

# Topics of the Week.

## SOCIETY'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

**S**Ocial to right of us, social to left of us, subscription in front of us, is the cry of the dancing man just at present. The dancing season has opened with a vengeance, and if the subscription dance boom continues the season bids fair to be the gayest and most lively that New Zealand has experienced since the good old times when it was so delightfully easy to get a thumping overdraft. From all parts of the colony I hear of socials and subscription dances which have either eventuated with unheard of success, or which are going to be quite the most successful function of the season.

The Auckland Polo Club dance, which eventuates immoderately promises to be a very smart and cheery little function.

The first open afternoon or 'At Home' of the Christchurch Liederchranzchen was given on Wednesday from 3 to 5 at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, when about a hundred ladies, all more or less interested, were present by invitation. The class numbers about twenty, mostly young girls, who all acquitted themselves most creditably, especially considering the very short time of the Liederchranzchen's existence. The object and aim of the society was clearly stated in the interval by Mrs W. Wilson, their vice-president and hon. conductor, self-improvement being the most important. It is hoped to get up a scene from Shakespeare for one afternoon as well as some music. The duties of receiving were jointly undertaken by Miss Fairhurst (President), Mrs Wilson, and members of committee. Amongst those taking part were the Misses Matson, Miss L. Wood, the Misses M. Webb, M. Graham, Hawkins, Hargreaves, Robinson, M. Allan, the Misses Greenwood, F. Hale, E. Turner, Mrs J. Matson, and Mrs Chynoweth, the latter giving two recitations in a most telling manner.

The Bishop and Mrs Nevill gave a delightful dance at Bishop's Grove, when many fashionable Dunedin Society folk were present. The house is roomy, picturesque, (principally designed by the Bishop himself), and very prettily situated. The floor on this occasion was in good order, and the supper all that was necessary to recuperate the guests after their long drive and exertions in the ballroom. Altogether the affair was a pronounced success. Mrs Nevill has the happy knack of letting her guests enjoy themselves entirely in their own way. The visitors' names are given elsewhere.

The Picton Excelsior Society gave another of their enjoyable socials on Friday evening, and though the weather prevented many from attending, those who were fortunate enough to go enjoyed themselves amazingly. Singing, dancing, and games—not to mention a delicious supper—repaid all those who braved the elements and put in an appearance at the Borough School, where these fêtes are always held. Amongst the young ladies present were the Misses Gilbert, Hay, Greensill, Allen, Fuller, Price, Lloyd, Jeffries, Falconer, Young, Philpotts, Fisk, Williams, White, and Howard, as well as a corresponding number of the opposite sex.

An enjoyable little dance has just been given in Wellington, as a farewell to Mrs Godfrey Knight by some of the bachelors who have been frequently entertained by her, Mr and Mrs Knight leave shortly for Australia, and during their long residence in Wellington have made many friends, most of whom assembled at the Masonic Hall, where the dance took place, and wished the family 'Good-bye.' The dance was managed and chiefly got up, I believe, by Mr (George St. Hill) and Mr Ernest Izard, their lady friends managing the supper arrangements for them. The hall and supper-table was prettily decorated, and the floor was almost dangerously slippery. Herr Norberg and Mr King supplied the music, Miss I. Cooper and Miss M. Gore playing a couple of extras at supper-time. Mrs Izard chaperoned the dance, and received for the

bachelors, wearing a handsome black silk and lace gown, trained, and lace cap. Both Mr and Mrs Knight were present, the latter wearing a handsome black moiré and lace gown, trained, with scarlet feathers and panel; Miss Knight wore a pretty white silk gown trimmed with buttercups, and Miss Daisy Knight wore tomato red veiling with embroidered red chiffon frills. Punctually at midnight (as it was Saturday night) 'Auld Lang Syne' was played, and then 'God Save the Queen,' after which all shook hands with the guests of the evening and dispersed.

The Ponsonby Social Union held their opening dance the other evening, and the gathering proved in every respect a great success. Mr W. J. Rees, as usual, fulfilled his duties as Master of Ceremonies with the utmost satisfaction to all, while the supper, music, and floors left nothing to be desired. Extra waltzes were kindly played by Mr Bartley, and Misses Upton and Owen. Many new and tasteful dresses were worn, details of which will be found in the ladies' letter.

The Mottet Society (Christchurch) gave a performance on Tuesday evening in the Oddfellows' Hall, and the previous evening at Sydenham. It was a new departure for them, the principal piece being 'Lalla Rookh,' illustrated by a series of *tableaux vivants*. The grouping of the figures was most artistically done, and when shown off by lime light, a really pretty entertainment. Mr Guise Brittan gave the connecting readings. The music of the evening was given in some very good songs by Mrs Jennings, Mrs C. M. Gray, and Miss Bonnington, Messrs H. Weir and Maitland Gardner, Mr Spensley's band contributing some pleasing items, and Miss Packer delighted the audience with her violin solos. Miss Wood and Miss Graham each contributed a piano solo with great taste (the former acts as pianiste to the Society), Miss Webb and Miss Alice Greenwood giving vocal solos, the latter's rendering of 'Che farò' being particularly acceptable. Mrs Wilson sang very pleasingly, 'The Land of Long Ago,' and Miss Fairhurst gave 'The Song and the Singer.' A sumptuous afternoon tea was dispensed in the interval, with delicious sweets to follow, which was truly adding sweets to the sweet, for the boy of pretty chorus girls not only charmed with music, but were most assiduous in looking after their numerous guests.

MR ERNEST YATES, of 'Eglinton,' Domain-street, has issued invitations for a dance to be held in the Victoria Hall, Eden Terrace, on Friday evening, June 3rd. Mrs Gorrie, Mrs Upton, and Mrs Hardie have consented to act as chaperones.

'We have,' writes a Marlborough correspondent, 'had plenty and to spare of wet weather, but the reports of accidents and wrecks have come to our sheltered nook with a shock of surprise. Two schooners belonging to Marlborough people have come to grief. Mr Duncan's Clematis had her decks swept in the Straits and two poor men washed overboard. She was in dire straits, indeed, when she struggled into Port Underwood. The other became a total wreck on the Wellington side, but fortunately no lives were lost. Whilst on the weather tack I may say that the poor miners at Cullensville and Duncan's Valley have been at a complete standstill for some months past. No sooner do they get the water out of their claims than down comes the rain, and there they are *in statu quo*. For all that our diggers never lose heart, and we hear of concerts and other amusements got up to pass away the time.'

VENUS, the editor of a society paper is supposed to have an unlimited fund of general knowledge always at his disposal upon which he can freely draw for all sorts of information. Some interesting queries relating to marriage customs were addressed to the editor, and though properly speaking, they belong to the ladies' department, I could not forego the pleasure of replying to them myself. I may men-

tion that my answers are thoroughly reliable. The questions evidently betray a certain amount of disagreement between a pair of happy lovers. He says: 'This thing is fixed up thusly.' She says: 'No, dear, it is *always* arranged in the manner I have described.' In order to settle the dispute, the parties have appealed to me as to a man having a large experience in matters matrimonial.

QUERY No. 1 reads: 'At a marriage which is supposed to find the bridal cake, the bride or bridegroom?' It is sad to see the apple of discord in the shape of an unwholesome fruity confection thrown down before the contracting couples are united firmly enough to make it safe to risk a quarrel. In good society the bride's parents or her guardians, or the lady from whose house she is married provides the cake. (This concise answer 'takes the cake' over all replies to similar questions.) Query No. 2: 'Is the bridegroom supposed to give the bridesmaids a present, and does the groom find the bouquets and gloves?' Unluckily for the bridegroom, he has always to give the bridesmaids some little gift; luckily, he can please himself as to its value. The bouquets and gloves are sometimes provided by the bride, or the bridesmaids find their own paraphernalia of all kinds. Occasionally the bridegroom, if very well off, sends lovely bouquets for the bride and the attendant maids. Query No. 3: 'How do the bride and bridegroom leave the church? Is anybody else to go in the same carriage?' This question is quite the most delightfully innocent and ingenious of the lot. Just fancy having a third person in the carriage! No, fair maid (the band writing is a lady's); take a carriage all to yourself and your 'guid mon.' You'll find you will want it. Those few minutes in the carriage are, in our experience, quite the nicest part of the wedding ceremony, and the few minutes' quiet much prized before the fuss of congratulation sets in.

QUERY No. 4: 'Is the bridal carriage to be the same to take the happy couple to the station on their honeymoon trip as it was to go to the church?' Yes, the same carriage is usually considered quite good enough. It is pleasant to note in this last query that the lovers are reconciled and have quite decided to become a 'happy couple.' I must give them one word of warning. Search carefully the outside of your carriage for the lurking white shoe, which will betray your blissful state, and beware how you shake out your wraps in the railway train for fear of the treacherous rice which doth lie concealed in fold of shawl or rug.

MR AND MRS KETTLE gave a jolly little dance at Napier. It was quite an impromptu affair, but these dances, as we all know, are often the most enjoyable. The night was atrocious, but nobody seemed to mind that, judging by the goodly company assembled. The rain poured in torrents, which made the closed-in verandah rather damp. This, however, did not interfere with the fun. The 'Kitchen Lancers' were indulged in. Amongst those present were Mrs Logan, Mrs Tabuteau, and the Misses Fulton, Miller, Cotterill, Rhodes, Taylor, McGowan, and a number of others. Mrs Kettle, the pleasant hostess, looked well gowned in black.

A PRIVATE subscription Cinderella dance was held in the Ponsonby Hall on Friday evening, the gathering being promoted and carried out by a committee consisting of Mr and Mrs J. R. Hanna, Mr and Mrs E. Buchanan, Miss Devore, Miss Langsford, Messrs Cummings and Jackson Palmer. There was a large attendance, but unfortunately the ladies were largely in the majority. The supper provided by the ladies was excellent, the decorations pretty, and the floor and music capital.

A MELBOURNE correspondent sends me the following interesting information, showing that the commercial morality of the sister colony is considerably lower than that of this colony:—'Things seem to be on the mend here, and we think we have reached bed rock. On one matter we do not seem to have come to an end, that is, our frauds and embezzlements. We have quite got over the surprise state, and I believe that if some one in the highest position were to be mentioned in the *Argus* as having been arrested for falsifying the Financial Statement, people would only say, "Another case of living beyond his means." It is said that Pentridge is getting so full of high-toned swells that the common criminal is refused admittance, with a curt "house full, sir."

THERE was quite a new departure for Picton—which is Conservative in politics—at a meeting of subscribers to the Literary Institute, which has been closed for more than a

year, owing to lack of interest on the part of the public. A few energetic people having been promised the necessary support to warrant the institute being opened again, a meeting was called. Quite half the number present were ladies, and an active part they took in the election of the new committee, making smart little speeches—which I need not say were listened to with evident satisfaction by the lords of creation—proposing, seconding, and voting, all as a matter of course, and in a perfectly orthodox manner. Two ladies were also elected on the committee, so that altogether Pictonites feel quite proud of the steps they have taken in the march of intellect.

THE Napier Amateur Operatic Society are very busy rehearsing 'Patience,' which is to be the piece next played.

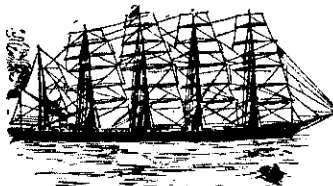
THE opening of a new ballroom is a social function which usually causes thrills of anticipatory as well as a present pleasure in the minds of the dancing friends and acquaintances of the happy possessor of the recently-acquired treasure. About one hundred and thirty guests assembled at the residence of Mrs Arthur Bull, Mount Eden, in order to celebrate with due *éclat* the opening of the spacious and comfortable addition to the house, which is to take its place as one of Auckland's most charming ballrooms. The night was very cold and clear—just the weather to make a good dance acceptable. The affair was a complete success in every way.

A PRIVATE skating rink has been started in Napier, and proves a great attraction to the young and middle-aged people. The skating takes place in the Gaiety Theatre, and during the evening refreshments of the most *récherché* description are handed round. Saturday evening is the time chosen for this delightful recreation and Wednesday afternoon. The opening day was bitterly cold, and the rain fell in torrents. Notwithstanding this a large number of ladies and gentlemen literally waded their way down to the 'Gaiety,' and a gay scene it proved to be. Mrs Fenwicke skates very prettily, as does Mrs Kettle, and little Miss Floss Hamlin. Miss Hamlin looks very handsome skating, gowned in a stylish navy blue costume, made with the fashionable coat-tails white shirt front and tie, pretty little hat; Mrs Kettle wears a dark tweed gown, seal jacket and small hat; Mrs Fenwick, dark brown and green costume, small green bonnet; Mrs Hamlin, very stylish navy checked tweed gown, small bonnet with yellow flowers.

THE Choral Society's second orchestral concert of the season takes place to-morrow evening in the Choral Hall.

PEOPLE seem to be going dancing mad again in Napier this winter. Last season dancing rather flagged, but we are (writes a correspondent) making up for it now. I forgot to tell you when I was giving you an account of the skating, that as the evening wears on, skates are taken off and dancing is begun, which makes a pleasant diversion, and enables those who do not skate to get warm and have a little fun too, before it is time to go home.

'THE Scotch have aye a key gude conceit o' themselves,' and this flattering unctious will not be decreased by the fact that they have launched what claims to be the largest sailing ship in the world, the Maria Rickmers. This gigantic float is 375 feet long, with a beam of 48 feet, and a draught of 25 feet, and she has tonnage 3,822. Fore and aft her



THE MARIA RICKMERS.

bottom is double, and midships carries a deep tank of water ballast. She carries altogether a sail area equal to about 57,000 square feet. An unusual feature in her build is her triple expansion machinery, which has power to drive her through light winds and calms at the rate of seven knots an hour. The Maria Rickmers is on her maiden voyage to Singapore. Her cargoes will be rice. She will carry that commodity to the Messrs Rickmers' mills at Bremen from Burnham.

## MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE.

THERE has been a good deal of laughing and chaffing over the birthday honour bestowed on the Hon. P. Buckley that was—now 'Sir Pat'—but in reality there is no man in the Ministry who better deserved K.C.M.G. honours. As a politician the new knight has done good work for the colony, and as a man his popularity is proverbial. We most heartily congratulate 'Sir Patrick.' We append a brief biographical paragraph compiled when the late 'hon. gentleman' joined the Ballance Ministry:—

SIR P. BUCKLEY was born near the picturesque village of Castle Townsend in County Cork in 1840. He is the second son of the late C. F. Buckley of that locality. Sir P. Buckley received his primary education in the well-known Mansion House in the city of Cork, and was afterwards at college in Paris till he entered the University of Louvain in Belgium. While in Louvain, Count Carlo Macdonnell, private chamber



SIR PATRICK BUCKLEY, K.C.M.G.]

lain to the Pope, in passing through selected young Buckley to conduct the recruits for the Irish Brigade, organised to defend the Papal States, from Ostend to Vienna. There he gave them over in charge to the Papal authorities, who were awaiting to receive them. After the Piedmontese had taken possession of the Papal States, Sir P. Buckley returned to his college, and after completing his studies, returned home to Ireland. From thence he emigrated to Queensland, where, shortly after his arrival, he completed his legal studies under the supervision of the present Chief Justice, Sir Chas. Tilley. Sir P. Buckley is also a member of the Victorian Bar. After a short residence in Queensland he sailed for New Zealand and commenced practice in Wellington in partnership with Mr W. S. Reid, the present Solicitor-General. The partnership was not of long duration, and Sir P. Buckley joined the Hon. Robt. Hart and continued in partnership with him until the retirement of the latter gentleman from active business. Sir P. Buckley is now the head of the well-known legal firm of Buckley, Stafford and Treadnell. Shortly after his arrival in Wellington he entered the Provincial Council. He was Provincial Solicitor for the last Administration under that régime until the abolition of the provinces. He was called to the Legislative Council in '78, and in '84 became Colonial Secretary in the Stout-Vogel Government and leader of the Upper House. He always took a deep interest in volunteering, in fact is a veteran in it, having raised the present 'D' Battery (then known as No. 1) being captain of it for six years, and having with him serving in the ranks such men as the present Chief Justice, Sir James Prendergast. Sir P. Buckley is a son-in-law of the late Sir William Fitzherbert. He is a shrewd, practical man, a keen politician, and a valuable acquisition to the Ministry. He is also an ardent Home Ruler, and is, we believe, one of the few colonial men to whom a seat in the House of Commons can be given when desired on behalf of that cause.

My Mangawai correspondent, though not a frequent writer, sends an account of a centenary's celebration of her 100th birthday. The lady, Mrs Rebecca Spurling, now lives near Melbourne, her nephew, Mr Boldero, residing at Mangawai. Mrs Spurling was born at Norfolk in England in 1792. A numerous gathering of relations—children and grandchildren—asssembled to offer their congratulations.

THE youngest son of Captain Dawson met with an accident on Saturday which might have proved rather serious. He was getting on to the front seat of a Mount Albert omnibus, but slipped and fell, the wheels passing over his feet. One ankle is injured, but it is hoped not seriously. The other foot escaped damage.

CAPTAIN HORDAY, who has been removed from Wellington to Christchurch, has, in consequence, had to resign his command of the Wellington Rifles.

A FEW days ago the Rev. J. Hoatson, of Christchurch, was married at Lyttelton to Miss Maude Budden, second daughter of the late Mr Budden, of Salisbury-street, Lyttelton. The marriage was a quiet one, and was celebrated at the bride's residence, the Rev. C. H. Bradbury, of Linwood, and the Rev. Sydney Baker officiating. Mr Hoatson, who has only lately returned from a visit to Australia, is well-known to athletes throughout New Zealand as one of the most efficient and ardent football umpires, and one who has done a great deal for the game in Canterbury. Prior to his departure, the footballers of Canterbury testified their appreciation of the reverend gentleman's services on the field by presenting him with a handsome inkstand and a purse of sovereigns.

THE Marlborough Press is likely to become a popular paper now under the guardianship of Mr Haslett, who is a great favourite in Picton society.

THE Marlborough detective has taken his departure to 'fresh woods and pastures new' in search of the attainable, and left the Picton fire and poison mysteries to be elucidated by the 'tooth of time.'

On dit that Mr Fox, the popular Relieving Officer of the Railway Department, is to be permanently stationed in Picton.

MR AND MRS PALMER have been staying for a little time at their country residence, Burnham (Christchurch), and while there entertained the members of the Hunt Club, who had a good day's sport in the neighbourhood.

MR W. H. JUDE, the well-known organist and performer, has opened his Dunedin season in the City Hall. He is not travelling to make money; indeed, he has given up splendid appointments to travel on this musical mission of his, with the earnest desire to inspire the people with the idea that good music and morality should go together. He lectures, and illustrates his lectures with his own performances, which are entrancing.

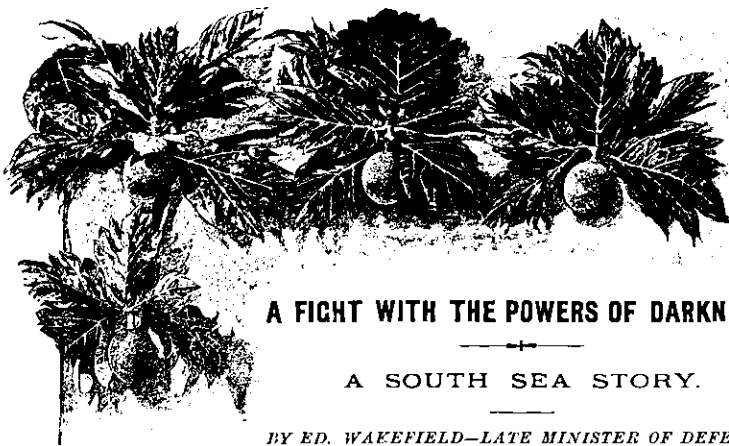
GRANT sympathy is felt in Dunedin for the sad bereavement of Mr Scobie Mackenzie, M.H.R., and Mrs Mackenzie in the shocking death of their little seven-year-old son. He was playing by himself in an outhouse, and had slipped a rope, which was suspended from the roof, over his shoulders, evidently with the intention of having a swing, but the rope slipped and the child was hanged. Mrs Mackenzie was lying in bed seriously ill at the time, and the dreadful fate of her little one has afflicted her greatly. The boy was such a bright little fellow, and it was supposed that he was away playing with some neighbours, until evening came and he did not return. Fears were entertained that he had fallen off the Waverly pier into the bay, and a search party went out. Then Mr Mackenzie recollected that when he left for the city in the morning he had seen the little fellow swinging with the rope in the shed, and upon looking there discovered the boy hanging dead and cold. It is an awful blow to the family, and the very greatest compassion is expressed for the distressed father and mother.

A CLEVER and interesting lecture was given in Dunedin by Professor Sale on some of the masterpieces of ancient statuary. There was a crowded hall, and the lecture, which took over two hours, was listened to with marked attention. Mr Coxhead exhibited a number of limelight views, which were very beautiful. The proceeds are devoted to the Dunedin Art Gallery, and as the lecture was repeated a few nights after to another good house, it is expected a substantial sum will result.

PALMERSTON NORTH people are about to lose Mr and Mrs Clapperton, of the Union Bank. Mr Clapperton has been obliged to resign his position as manager on account of ill-health.

MR LIONEL ABRAHAM is laid up at present with injuries received to his back from a fall when out hunting last week. I am sure his many Palmerston and other friends wish him a speedy recovery.

A VERY pleasant afternoon *musical* was given by Miss Reynolds, of Dunedin. Among the guests were Mesdames Ross, Finch, Cameron, L. Reynolds, E. C. Reynolds, Brent, and the Misses Alexander, Macandrew, Reynolds, Roberts, Mackerras, Brent, Johnstone, Fitchett, Callendar, Carew, Dunlop, Reid, Marshall, and Martin.



## A FIGHT WITH THE POWERS OF DARKNESS.

### A SOUTH SEA STORY.

BY ED. WAKEFIELD—LATE MINISTER OF DEFENCE.

Do you believe in witchcraft?

'Not a bit. Why do you ask?'

'Because we are coming to a place where everybody does; and according to the old saying, what everybody believes must be true.'

'Well, I don't care. Nothing will ever make me believe in such rubbish. Produce your witches and I shall be most happy to try conclusions with them.'

'Don't be too confident. You haven't got through all your experiences yet. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'

It was a careless, chaffing sort of conversation between a friend and myself, as we lay under the awning on the deck of one of Her Majesty's cruisers, in full view of a lovely, palm covered island, almost on the Equator, toward which we were running before a gentle breeze.

My friend was an officer in the navy, who had spent years among the islands of the Pacific and knew almost all that could be known about them and their inhabitants.

I was very much surprised, therefore, to hear him speaking in this serious way about practices which I supposed were the commonest kind of imposture. I had often heard of the so-called witches and sorcerers of the Solomon Islands and other equatorial groups, and I knew that they had unbounded influence over the minds of the natives. But this was the first time I had ever realized that that influence could extend to Europeans, especially to a strong-minded, hard-headed man of the world, thoroughly familiar with savages and all their tricks.

However, I soon learned from his remarks that he was quite in earnest, and this made me all the more curious to witness the so-called manifestations of witchcraft.

Toward evening, after the infinitesimal tropical twilight, we steamed up to the island with grand precipitous cliffs standing out black and bold in the full moonlight. Finally we came to anchor in a beautiful bay, entirely sheltered by a coral reef, and landed upon a silvery beach close to a village of huts nesting among feathery cocoanut palms and tropical growth of brilliant colouring. The place was a paradise of beauty, and we had nothing to complain of in the people. They were almost entirely naked and very graceful in figure, while among the younger ones were many comely faces. They welcomed us with quiet cordiality, and vied with one another in their offers of hospitality. After a supper of fish and fruits I suggested to my friend, who spoke the language fairly well, that he should inquire whether there were any witches in the neighbourhood.

The first words he spoke on the subject had an extraordinary effect on the natives. Instantly they showed a deep interest in us, but at the same time I could see that they themselves were becoming strangely excited. They told us that there dwelt upon their island the most powerful of all witches, one who practised magic of every kind, and who could inflict death by her mere will and also bring back the dead to life.

When I proposed that we should then and there pay a visit to this terrible sorceress and see for ourselves what she could really do in the way of witchcraft, such horror fell upon them that I was sorry I had not been more cautious. Most of them left the hut trembling and groaning and fled into the woods. Those who remained hid their faces in their hands and went through bodily contortions as if they were writhing in fear and pain.

At length after much persuasion, accompanied by various presents, they consented to guide us to the witch's abode, though it was expressly stipulated that not one of them should be required to approach it.

We started from the village by a steep path through the thicket, and were soon on an elevated plateau several hundreds of feet above the sea. The party consisted, besides the natives, of my friend the lieutenant, a boatswain's mate, accounted the strongest and sturdiest man in the ship, and myself. I also had with me my dog Tim, a faithful but exceedingly fierce and wiry bull terrier, which had never shrunk from mortal foe.

The night was oppressively hot, and the heavy scent of the spice trees and tropical flowers was overwhelming. It was a relief when we arrived at an open space, where the forest had been cleared and where the sea breeze was able to penetrate. At the further end of this space, partially hidden in creepers and palms, stood a large building, with a conical roof not unlike a gigantic beehive. Our guides hastily told us that that was the temple, the witch's haunt, and before we could make any further inquiries they had vanished. Without further ado we crossed the open space and knocked loudly at the entrance of the temple, which I now saw was built of the largest sized bamboos and thatched with palm leaves.

All had been in darkness before, but the moment our sticks rattled on the bamboos the whole building seemed to burst into light—the ruddy glow of a fire or a pine torch, such as is commonly seen in native huts, but a cold, white light, with a peculiar quivering appearance, as if it were radiating from the earth. At the same time we heard a strange sound from the interior of the temple, like a chorus of voices, singing several words in a low key, followed by a prolonged cadence or strain of music. The Lieutenant evidently was very uneasy, and I was alarmed to see how pallid and anxious he looked in the lurid light that seemed to come from the bamboo walls of the temple and enabled us to see one another just as plainly as in daylight.

He strongly urged that we should push our adventure no further, but I laughed at his fears and again knocked with a loud rat-tat-tat with the knob of my walking stick. Again there was a swelling chorus of song, as if fifty powerful voices were singing in unison; what the words were I could form no idea, but they gave something of the sound of a Latin chant in some great church, while the strain of music that followed was like a dozen harps being played together.

The white light changed at the same time to a faint blue, and I suddenly became aware of a perfume, exquisitely delicious at first, but soon becoming so concentrated that it made me reel as if half drunk, with a most painful feeling of sickness or faintness. Recovering myself with a great effort, I pushed aside the heavy mat that hung over the entrance and walked into the building, followed by my companions.

I could hardly believe my senses when I found we were in total darkness. The light which had shone so brightly outside of the building gave not the slightest glimmer inside. Neither was there any of that perfume there which had been almost insupportable in the open air. I had brought with me two large ship's candles and a box of wax matches, and I was about to strike a light when I became aware of a weird kind of a luminous glow on the ground, as it seemed at some distance in advance of where we stood. I stepped toward it and I saw that it was rapidly increasing. I can compare it to nothing better than luminous vapour, rising from the earth in spiral columns, which formed a semi-circle at the extreme end of the building.

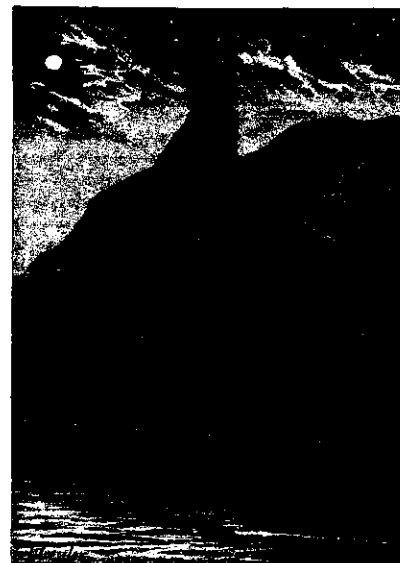
I now saw we were in a vast structure of bamboo, the walls covered with plaited leaves and the cavity of the roof forming a lofty dome. At the first glance the place appeared to be

absolutely empty, not a single object of any kind appearing on the whole expanse of earthen floor, which extended for at least a hundred feet each way.

Walking towards the light, however, I saw in the midst of the semi-circle formed by the spiral columns of vapour or luminous smoke a figure which filled me with the strangest sensations I had ever known. It was that of a woman with all the roundness of youth and with singularly regular and well shaped features. The bust and limbs were as finely formed as those of a Greek statue. But she was of gigantic stature, and of a dusky brown colour, and was crouched upon the floor with her legs crossed and her arms folded in a particularly ungraceful attitude. She wore not a particle of clothing of any kind, except a necklace of glass or crystal balls, as large as oranges, and with a wreath or diadem of the same in lieu of the simple chaplet of cocoa leaf with which the native girls usually confine their magnificent hair.

This woman's hair was drawn closely round her head by her glittering coronet, and thence fell in wavy masses upon her shoulders and down her back until it lay in heaps upon the ground. What startled me most in her appearance was that the crystal balls around her head and neck were filled at rapid intervals with pink and green lights, making them look like electric lamps or gigantic opals and casting a radiance about her which was dazzling to gaze upon. She seemed to be asleep when we approached, but as soon as I set foot inside the luminous space she raised herself to the full height of a kneeling posture, and opening a pair of large, dark eyes, bent on me a glance of anger and hatred such as cannot be described.

I met it nevertheless as boldly as I could, for, after all, I said to myself, it was only a woman I had to deal with. In



GRAND PRECIPITOUS CLIFFS.

a few moments her eyelids drooped, her head languished on her bosom and she sank once more into the crouching attitude in which we had found her.

She gave me the impression of being intoxicated with some drug: yet her teeth were beautifully white, not blackened with chewing *bharg* nor red with the juice of betel, and when she did open her eyes they were full of life and fire.

I ventured to reach out my hand toward hers with some idea of waking her up and making a friendly approach; but in an instant her eyes were glaring at me like hot coals, and though I had not touched her I felt a thrill and a stiffness in my hand and arm exactly like a sharp shock from an electric battery.

It was now nearly midnight, and from the tumult of the elements we knew that one of those terrific storms which are common on the Equator had come on since we ascended the mountain. The huge temple shook and creaked, and the crash of the thunder vied with the roar of the wind and the rattle of the rain.

I turned round and asked the lieutenant whether it would not be as well to inquire about accommodation for the night. Witch or no witch, she might at least let us know where we could sleep. I could see that he was terribly frightened, and what surprised me more I noticed that the boatswain's mate was affected in the same way. My bull dog, too, was trembling and whining, with his hair standing on ends and his mouth foaming, as if he were going mad.

Certainly much that had occurred was marvellous and totally inexplicable, but I did not see anything to be frightened at. For my part, I merely felt very much excited and wild with curiosity to see more of these wonders and find out what they all meant. I begged my friend to speak to the woman in the dialect of the island, and to ask whether we might stay there until morning.

He approached with hesitating steps, and giving her the customary salutation, told her who we were and asked whether we might have shelter from the storm and a place to sleep in. A change at once came over the expression of her face. The great eyes opened with a look of unutterable tenderness which made her something more than beautiful, and slowly raising herself, she stood up before us at her full height. We were all tall men, but she towered a head and shoulders over the tallest of us. Gazing at the lieutenant with a wonderful sweetness in her face and manner—with all the subtle fascination of the island women, in fact—she bowed her head three times, and slowly waved her shapely arms in the air.

Again we heard the chorus of voices singing some clear words that had no meaning to us, and again the place seemed filled with the strains of harps. At the same



FEATHERY PALMS AND GRACEFUL NATIVES.

moment the light faded entirely away, but to our right there appeared, as it were, a narrow path of light along the floor, and in that direction we saw the mats on the wall drawn aside from a sort of doorway or opening into another chamber. The lieutenant led the way along the path and through the doorway.

I turned to see what had become of our hostess. She was standing there in an atmosphere of opalescent light, coming only from her diadem and necklace, and she shot a glance of fury at me that assuredly meant death if eyes had power to kill.

On leaving the temple we found ourselves in a long, low room, skilfully built of cane and plaited palm leaves, and lit in some mysterious way with a soft, white light. On the rush covered floor were sleeping places ready laid with sweet-scented grass mats and cushions of beaten bark. A screen, reaching nearly to the roof, divided each bed from the other and gave each of us a separate apartment. The lieutenant went to one end of the room, while I took the middle place, the sailor sleeping at the doorway as a sort of sentinel or guard against any surprise. The lieutenant fell into a deep sleep as soon as he lay down, and I soon knew from his heavy breathing that the sailor had done the same. As for me, I never felt less inclined to sleep.

A few minutes after we had composed ourselves the light faded slowly away, but I lit my two ship's candles, which I knew would burn all night, and with Tim close to my side, prepared myself for anything that might happen. I had an overpowering presentiment of some ordeal to be undergone, and I also had a feeling that some unknown peril threatened me unless I should remain awake and keep up my courage.

The first thing I knew was that my candles were going out, and out they went, leaving me in total darkness. Tim gave a howl and trembled violently. I struck a match and lit the candles again, but they went out again immediately, and when I tried to strike another match it would not light. I tried another and another. I tried the whole boxful, but all in vain. They would not light any more than if they had been soaked in water. I lay down and resigned myself to watching in the dark.

The next thing I became aware of was a sensation of sudden cold, as if an icy draught were passing over me. Tim evidently felt it, too, for he howled dismally and kept snapping with his teeth, as if he were confronted with some enemy. Shortly afterward the sailor gave a loud cry and then called out, 'Who goes there?'

'What's the matter, Collins?' I said.

'Beg pardon, sir; I suppose it was a dream. I thought some'n came in and put a foot on me. We've got into rum sort of quarters, I'm thinkin'.'

'Oh, go to sleep, man, and don't be a fool.'

'Aye, aye, sir,' and the worthy fellow turned over and soon was snoring again.

An hour must have passed without any further event, except that at intervals the cold became so intense it seemed to freeze my very bones, when I distinctly heard a rustling sound and saw a faint light toward the doorway. At the same instant the sailor uttered a shriek of terror, and springing to his feet threw down the screen dividing his sleeping place from mine and threw himself by my side.

'My God, sir, did you see that?'

'See what?' I said. 'It was only another dream. Go to sleep.'

'No, sir, it warn't no dream,' he replied. 'It was a ghost, that's what it was. Or else a corpse. It came and stood over me, like, without touching the floor. O Lord, O Lord, I wish I was safe aboard again.'

The man was evidently beside himself with fear, and all my persuasions were not enough to induce him to go back to sleep by the door. I at last prevailed on him to lie down by my side, and he presently fell into a troubled sleep.

What happened next cannot easily be described. Again I felt that chilly blast sweep over me, as if paralyzing me with cold, and then I, in my turn, saw what the sailor had called a ghost or a corpse, 'standing over me, like, without touching the floor.'

With a desperate effort I choked down my fear and summoned all the courage I possessed to make out what it really was. It was undoubtedly a human form, and as the strange light that seemed to come from it grew stronger I saw it was a female form—the form of the witch—and gazing at me with that look of deadly hate she had fixed on me when I tried to touch her. But how was she changed! The substance of her body and her massy hair and dark brown skin were gone, and instead she was a ghastly shade of bluish white, with the light that surrounded her seeming to pass through her, too. I knew it must be all imagination, or else some cleverly-arranged optical illusion, and I sat up and reached out toward the apparition.

Ha! What was that?

My hands came in contact with something cold and wet, and again I had a shock as from a powerful battery, and found myself flung on my back with a force that nearly knocked me senseless.

Before I could recover my presence of mind the thing, whatever it was, had lowered itself upon me, and I felt it pressing me as if to crush me to death. Tim gave a gurgling bark when I called on him for help, and then a loud, low moan, but never moved. The sailor sprang up with an agonised yell and rushed from the room. I shouted to the lieutenant, but got no response. I felt it was a struggle for life. Mustering all my bodily strength, and all my power of will as well, I grasped the object that was weighing on me, and lifting it from me by sheer force I staggered to my feet and flung it from me.

There seemed to be a ringing in my ears as of harsh, discordant voices and a jangling of bells and instruments all out of tune, and a horrible sensation of sickness and of fainting at the heart came over me. But I felt above it all that I had triumphed and was safe.

I tried to strike a light and my matches did their duty. I lit my candles and then I saw a grievous sight. Poor Tim, my faithful dog, was dead and stiff, with his glazed eyes staring from his head.

I rushed to the lieutenant and shook him by the shoulder, but he could hardly be awakened till the daylight came.

We made our escape from the hateful place in silence, and in a state of bewilderment bordering on insanity, and were not surprised to hear, on reaching the ship, that the boatswain's mate had gone out of his mind. It was many months before the poor fellow recovered, and for all my boasting I did not soon regain my nerve after my rash contest with the powers of darkness.

EDWARD WAKEFIELD.

## BOOKS AND BOOK-MEN.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA—Gaa, as his familiar call him—was a distinct disappointment to most New Zealanders when he visited the colony. Truth to tell Mr Sala can scarce be termed a bookman, though he has undoubtedly written books. He is a journalist—a brilliant journalist—but his work is not of the sort that will live. Indeed, the signature, G.A.S., at the foot of his articles is very often the ablest description of



G. A. SALA.

their contents. Frothy, egotistical, and vain-glorious in adjective, Mr Sala's leaders are excellent reading, but they leave nothing behind. Literary castles in sand washed away daily by time's tide. As a descriptive writer of social affairs, as an observer of men and things, as a raconteur with an inexhaustible fund of *apropos* anecdotes, Mr Sala is probably without an equal. Nothing ever happens to anyone in any part of the world—nothing that gets into the London dailies that is—but Sala has been to the place, and will tell a better story of how a similar thing happened either to him or his particular friend. For many years his column of personal recollections—they were little else—called up by passing events by the week were one of the most interesting features of the *London News*. For some reason Sala left the staff, and Mr Jas. Payn, who is distinctly prosy, took his place.

As a lecturer Mr Sala is not, as all New Zealanders are aware, a supreme success, but as a talker he is unsurpassed. There is no more popular journalist in the world, and in the Old Country no Bohemian banquet is complete without George Augustus, who has, by the way, a fine appreciation of the good things of this life. He dictates all his leaders, notes, etc., to shorthand writers while walking up and down in his study, and smokes eternally. The secret of his store of stories is the shelf of commonplace books which he has kept for years. Whenever Mr Sala sees a thing that strikes him as odd in a newspaper, he cuts it out, and when the opportunity occurs—it may be years after—turns up the paragraph, re-dresses it, and serves it up hot to his delighted patrons. His own experiences abound with adventure. His stories generally concern himself. A good instance is afforded in the notes which he is at the present time writing for a Sydney paper. He has been telling of the outrage offered to two Anglo-colonials at the Auteuil (Paris) races recently. They were arrested on a false charge, and most inconceivably brutally treated by the French police—

'I CAN sympathise to the very fullest with the Messrs Purdie, because the unmerited sufferings which they underwent were almost identical with those which fell to my lot at the hands of the Paris police more than twenty years ago. In September, 1870, I was staying at the Grand Hotel. It was after Sedan, and the Second Empire was crumbling to its fall. The people were well demoralized with rage and terror, and the people had "espionage" on the brain. Late on the night of the 3rd, at the Café du Helder, I was arrested as a Prussian spy, dragged from police station to police station, flung into a den full of malefactors of the vilest description, who jumped upon me and battered me with wooden *sabots*, and at about six in the morning I was incarcerated in a solitary cell at the Dépôt de la Préfecture, formally charged as "an espion Prussien." I was in evening dress, and "scrutlered in blood."

'In one respect I was luckier than the Messrs Purdie. My captors had been so intent on trying to murder me that they had forgotten to rob me; and I had some pieces of gold

and my card-case with me, safe. The British Ambassador at Paris was then that excellent, high-minded and kindly nobleman, the late Lord Lyons, whom I had known for some years. 'Twas to Lord Palmerston that I first owed the honour of acquaintanceship with him. I wrote on a visiting card the Ambassador's name with these words:—"In prison as a Prussian spy. For God's sake, get me out." This card I gave to the warden with a couple of Napoleons, and entreated him to forward the missive to its destination. He took the card, promising to forward it; but he refused to take the money, stating that he was an old soldier, who had fought at Inkermann, and could sympathise with *des braves gens* who were passing *un mauvais quart d'heure*.

'LORD LYONS was at church when my card was brought to him. He at once despatched one of the gentlemen of the Embassy, Mr De Saumarez, to the Dépôt to assure the Prefect of Police, M. Pictri, that I was no more a Prussian spy than I was the column in the Place Vendôme. So with many expressions of regret I was released. Now mark. This was at noon on Sunday, September 4th. At two p.m. the Revolution broke out. At four p.m. the Dépôt was stormed by "the gentlemen of the pavement," and my liberator, M. Pictri, was flying for his life; and, depend upon it, if the mob had found me in my cell, duly inscribed on the griffe as a Prussian spy, they would most assuredly have murdered me out and out.

'I HAD been hammered and trampled upon almost "to a mummy," as the saying goes; but I remember, as I slowly got well, one little circumstance, the impression of which in my mind is as vivid now as at first, and will never probably be effaced till I grow "dotty." My bedroom window looked upon the sumptuous facade of the then new Grand Opera, the edifice of which bore the imposing inscription, "Académie Impériale de Musique." On Monday, September 5th, a scaffold was hastily erected, ascending which a workman proceeded to hack out the word "Impériale," and substitute for it the word "Nationale."

MAX O'RELL, the brilliant author of 'John Bull and his Island,' 'Friend Macdonald,' 'Drat the Boys,' and half a dozen other books of wit and fancy, says some good things about Englishmen in his lectures. After a disquisition on the extent of John Bull's possessions he says:—"And let me tell you that a man who owns all this is no ordinary man. Let us see if he does not deserve what he has got? He has acquired it all with not a little trouble and fighting. The French fight for glory, the Germans for liberty, the Russians to divert the attention of the people from home affairs. John Bull fights to promote trade, to ease commerce, to promote other nations' welfare in this world and insure it in the next. He takes a Bible with him to a country. By-and-bye the natives have the Bible—and he has the land.

'JOHN BULL has not the slightest doubt but that the world was made for him, and not only this world —' and Mr Blouet significantly pointed heavenward. 'He has no doubt but that the kingdom of heaven is as much of a British possession as —' The end of the sentence was drowned in laughter. 'But he is not in any hurry to get. He wants to be allowed to do a little more good. He realises that the French still dig his canals, Italy supplies him with opera and opera singers, the Germans sweep out his London offices for £50 per year, and America supplies the aristocracy with legacies to enable them to get their coats-of-arms out of pawn.'

SPEAKING of Scotchmen, O'Rell says: 'In the eyes of my compatriots, including the English and Scotch, Sandy is an Englishman.' And he then defined with a distinction that was amusing the difference between an Englishman and a Britisher. 'Forty or fifty years ago Sidney Smith, an English wit, made a joke. He said that it required a surgical operation to compel a Scotchman to see a joke. Perhaps an English joke.' He then commented on the thriftiness of the Scotchman. During his journey across the country he had been entertained successively by an oil king, a railroad king, and an iron king. They were all Scotchmen. 'The Jews,' he said, 'have never got a footing in Scotland. They would have starved. They went there. They came, they saw, and—they went away.' A shameful libel this!

### DEAD LEAVES.

O YE, that turn the pages of the past,  
And leaf by leaf recall the vanished days—  
Here tear-bedimmed, here, lit by sunny rays—  
Say shall ye find throughout that volume vast  
One line ye understand? One thought not cast  
All sore and shrivelled in the burning blaze  
Of these your ever deviating ways,  
Into that grave where ye shall lie at last?

Just as one man that lives and dies may be  
The sire of countless millions yet unborn,  
So are all flashing thoughts eternally

But children of that past ye treat with scorn.  
Ye know not all of that your backward lot  
For so remembered, things are still forgot.

W. SATCHELL.

## AT HOTTIES.

IT is not always that that erratic personage—the clerk of the weather—is in a good humour, and not infrequently he dispenses very mixed kind of weather on the occasion of our weekly half-holiday. For some weeks past, however, he appears to have been exceedingly well disposed, and on Saturday last again favoured our local kickists with a beautiful day, which, combined with the promise of good matches, was sufficient to attract a large number of people of both sexes to Potter's Paddock.

THE two senior matches played at Epsom were both well contested, interesting games, that between Parnell and City especially so; but upon mentally reviewing the play, I must confess to a feeling of disappointment with the general quality of the form shown. The individual play was often good, and at times even brilliant, and there were occasional instances of good concerted action; but upon the whole there was a lamentable absence of that combination and inter-dependence amongst members of a team, which is absolutely essential to first-class football.

THIS lack of combination may, to some extent perhaps, be accounted for by the changes made in the *personnel* of some of the teams, but I venture to think it likely that a desire of the individual player to shine and thus earn the applause of the 'gallery' has got a little to do with it. In any case it would be well for the various clubs to pay more attention to this important particular.

THE start of the Parnell-City match was delayed somewhat waiting for the Parnell team, who finally took the field with only fourteen men, and were further unfortunate in losing the services of Jarvis (who twisted his ankle and had to retire) before the game had fairly commenced. With an advantage of two men, it now appeared as though the match was a moral for City, who, playing with great dash, secured two tries (one of which was converted by Stone) in the first fifteen minutes. It is, however, the unexpected that happens, and Parnell, fighting an uphill battle with great gameness, and strengthened just before half-time by the accession of H. Kissling, managed to turn what looked like certain defeat into a well-merited victory, the game ending Parnell 9; City 7.

THE Suburbs team were, through a variety of causes, short of a number of their best players, Herrold, Peace, and Murphy being amongst the absentees, and suffered defeat at the hands of Newton to the tune of 19 points to 2. The game was almost entirely a forward one, and it is to the marked superiority of the Newton vanguard that their victory was mainly due.

THE Ponsoby first fifteen met the best team North Shore has yet put in the field upon the Devonport Recreation ground, and a pleasant, well-contested game resulted in the home team being defeated by 15 points to 2. Marshall, Grattan, Harvey, and King all showed excellent form for the Shore, whilst for the winners Masfield, Brand, and Hales of the backs, and Stewart and Airey amongst the forwards, were most prominent.

HAROLD KISSLING, who went out without the slightest intention of playing, borrowed a pair of boots and joined in when he saw his district so hardly pressed on Saturday, and by his sure tackling and clever kicking contributed in no small degree to Parnell's victory.

O'CONNOR put in a lot of splendid work for City, his line play and dribbling being quite up to his old form; but you still shirk the scrums, Tim!

THAT usually reliable place-kick, Flynn, must surely be out of practice. Out of six attempts at the Shore on Saturday, he only succeeded in kicking one goal.

LAST week, in speaking of the City team, I remarked that 'combination they badly need,' and they still need it. In the second spell on Saturday their forwards 'fell all to pieces.' The scrums were badly packed, and the brilliant dribbling rushes which were so numerous in the early part of the game were conspicuous only by their absence.

EDMUNDS, Parnell's new centre half, showed first-rate defence, and made a number of clever dodgy runs. Golding, who filled a similar position for City, also showed very fair form. His pot at goal was a very close shave indeed.

SWEIGHT, Wright, Twinnam, and Green were the most prominent of the Parnell forwards, and I prefer them in the order named.

IF I were asked to choose the most consistent hard-working forward in Auckland, my choice would in all probability be Maynard. 'Jeff' is one of those fellows whom you rarely see much of from start to finish of a game, simply because he is working all the time and not shirking the scrums.

PILKINGTON should learn to catch a ball, his 'taking' on Saturday was often very poor.

ELLIOT, is rapidly getting into form, and played a slashing game, his fast following up being directly responsible for Parnell's first try.

THE Newton forwards, from their popular skipper down to his young brother (who is treading worthily in the 'Doctor's' footsteps), all played well, and it would be unfair to single anyone out for special praise.

SIDDELL and Walton for Newton, and Rhodes and Otway for Suburbs, were the pick of the backs in the Newton-Suburb match.

THE Ponsoby old (?) club who visited Thames on Queen's Birthday were beaten by the Wanderers by 8 points to 2, a result chiefly attributable to the splendid play of a Maori named Paul, who was personally responsible for 6 of the 8 points scored.

AS is invariably the case when an Auckland team visits Quanzhou, the Thames players were profuse in the matter of attention and hospitality, and the Ponsoby boys are never tired of recounting what a good time they had.

THE Wellington College is to be a gainer in the way of football, for Mr E. S. Cocks, of Christchurch, who has just joined their staff of teachers as junior master, is a good man in the football field. Last season he played for the Canterbury College as a forward, and from all accounts will prove an acquisition to the College forward division.

MR W. H. SYMONS, the well known half-back of the Athletic Club (Wellington), is shortly to be removed to Wanganui to the Telegraph Department there. His football club will miss in him a steady man, who has nearly always been picked for the first fifteen.

THE Dunedin football match—Kaikorai *versus* Alhambra—was played in perfect weather, and in the presence of a large number of spectators. Immediately after the kick-off Caradus got possession of the ball after a short run, and passed to Duncan, who reached Alhambra's 25 flag. A fine passing run by Crawford, Restieaux, and Baker then took the play to the Kaikorai territory, where it continued till Duncan, by a long kick, forced the Reds (Alhambra) down. After the kick-out Crawford, Downes, and Noel, by some nice passing, carried the ball beyond the half-way flag, but Ross making a high kick, Duncan charged down and kicked the leather over the line, and a race between Downes and himself resulted in the former forcing down. The splendid passing of the Alhambra backs raised siege, but Kaikorai still held the upper hand, Davis being very quick at smothering the opposing backs. Ross was collared before he could get his kick, and from a scramble on Reds' line McLaren got over amid applause. Torrance took the place from a most difficult angle, but kicked a splendid goal. Kaikorai, 5; Alhambra, 0. Some fine passing by Baker, Downes, and Restieaux followed from the kick-off, and Kaikorai's goal was menaced, Downes being collared just in time. Caradus getting away, however, from the succeeding scrum, took play to other end of field. A free kick gave Alhambra a short respite, till the clever passing of Duncan and Laurence brought the ball back to the Reds' quarters. Restieaux now made a splendid run almost to Kaikorai's line, and passed to Downes, who was immediately smothered, and half-time was called with play in Kaikorai territory.

ON resuming Alhambra made fierce onslaught, and a passing rush between Crawford, Restieaux, and Downes ended in the latter running in. Restieaux took the kick and made scores even—Kaikorai, 5; Alhambra, 5. From the ball again going into play Alhambra still kept up their passing tactics, and Downes kicked into touch close to the Kaikorai corner flag, and from the line out Crawford scored. The kick at goal failed, however. Alhambra, 7. Kaikorai, 5. The Reds still held the upper hand, and a passing run by Crawford, Restieaux, Downes, and Cunningham nearly ended in another try. The Blues relieved, and a free kick was granted them for Noel illegally tackling Duncan. From this Laurence kicked a beautiful goal. Kaikorai, 8; Alhambra, 7. Another Red attack was repelled by

Laurence, but another followed, and Robertson scrambled over and Restieaux kicked a goal. Alhambra, 12; Kaikorai, 8. Play was now very fast, the ball travelling up and down the field like a clock pendulum, and Duncan on one occasion looked desperately like scoring. D. Torrance came finely away from the scrum, and got on to Noel before he could get his kick, but his side lost the advantage thus gained by King misjudging a kick, and Kaikorai were consequently forced down. The kick-out brought a little respite for Alhambra, who passing beautifully, at once attacked, and play was in their opponents' territory when time was called, Alhambra winning by 12 points to 8.

THE game was a very evenly contested one, but was spoiled to a great extent by the great number of infringements of the rules which took place. The 'blocking' tactics of some of the players was also an objectionable feature, and stringent measures should be taken to put down such practices. Perhaps the feature of the match was the splendid passing of Downes, Crawford, and Restieaux; indeed, the latter player quite excelled himself in this and the running department. Amongst the Red forwards Johnston, McLaren, and Baker were conspicuous. On the opposing side Caradus and Laurence were very prominent among the backs, but the former's display was to some extent marred by his liking to the Alhambra side of the scrum. Davis did a lot of useful work. Torrance (2) and Bain I thought were the pick of the forwards. The victory of the Reds is all the more meritorious when it is remembered that almost throughout the whole game they played a man short—McCleary, their captain, and perhaps best all-round forward, having to leave the field on account of an injury.

THE second of the championship matches was played on Saturday afternoon at Petone—Wellington v. Petone—resulting in a good win for the Wellingtons by 9 points to 2. The toss was won by Pownall, the Wellington Captain, and began by defending the Northern goal during the first spell. His men played an excellent game, especially Gillon, Ross, and Johnston (played a very smart game) D. Barnett, and Johnston. For the Petones Pringle had a grand chance of scoring, but instead of dribbling over the Wellington line he tried to pick up, and lost his opportunity. The play was not half so good during the second spell. For Petone, Parrant and Pelling were smart backs, but Dalgleish was not doing his best, or was out of form. Wynward, their skipper, played a good, steady game throughout, and the pick of the forwards were Haggard, Woods, Pringle, Speedy, and Milne.

GILLON, for the Wellingtons, surprised everyone, and played a grand game, but made one unfortunate mistake—that of trying to run in instead of passing during a short run. He proved very valuable to his captain. Guy Johnston, for the Wellington backs, played an excellent game, and D. Barnett was in good fettle. Stuart and Ross were disappointing, but Cockroft and McLean (forwards) did most effective work, as did also Pownall, Murray, Smither, Thompson, and Galbraith. Mr J. P. Firth acted as referee, and Mr G. Fache and Mr Carey as line umpires. The weather was perfect, and a better game we seldom witnessed.

SOME hundreds of people witnessed the Wellington II, v. Poneke II at the Newtown Park, but it was a wretchedly poor display, especially on the side of Wellington, who lost. The other heat of the Junior Cup was Athletic II, v. St. Patrick's College, resulting in a win for the former after a very good game—7 points to 5. During the first spell the College secured the advantage, Dyson scoring a try, from which Fay placed a pretty goal. In the second spell, however, the Athletics played up splendidly, and showed their superior holding-out power over their opponents. Riddler and Parsons crossed the College line, Porter placing a goal from the former's try. The Rev. W. C. Wood acted as referee, and Messrs Hodgins and Goldin as line umpires.

THE Selwyn II. were defeated by the Melrose III. on the latter's own ground (Wellington) the same day by 20 points to 4. A pleasant game was played, but nothing worthy of special mention took place.

THE public lawn tennis court in Picton is being well patronised just now. Being of asphalt, the weather has no deterrent influence upon it, and every day lately I have (writes a Picton correspondent) noticed a party of gay young people battling with the balls. It seems a pity that no regular matches are ever played here.

THOUGH not a Cup match, there was a good deal of interest taken in the Awarua (Spring Creek) Picton contest. The Awarua were by far the stronger, some of the Waitohis (Picton) being very little chaps indeed. Very few ladies were on the ground, most of them preferring the sunny spot where the lawn tennis court is located to the lower ground and the south east wind down Eason's Valley. R. Pugh, the hero of the rescue competition, is quite a smart little full-back, and likely to render an account of himself in seasons yet to come.



AN arranged football match between the Picton Borough school boys and the Koromiko lads fell through owing to the appearance in the latter place of a new threshing machine, which proved a greater attraction than the 'waiting field.' We are afraid that juniors are not the only players who are subject to attractions of this sort, but the threshing machines of the 'future generations' must take the blame of these absenting seniors.

A WIRE from Dunedin just catches us before we go to press. My correspondent says:—'The match between the Pirates and Kaitiaki Clubs was the principal attraction in football in Dunedin circles on Saturday, the 28th May. The game, which resulted in a win for the latter club, was much more eventful than was expected. There was no score during the first spell, but soon after resuming Priest scored a try, which Drabble converted into a goal. The Kaitiaki then made a great effort to score, and Lawson running right up to the Blacks line, banded to Richardson, who got over, but no goal was kicked. With three points to bad Blues pluckily kept up their attacks, and Caradus, who was playing splendidly, dashed in, Lanrenson just succeeding in kicking a goal. Just on time Rae made a fine run into the Kaitiaki quarters, and the whistle sounded with the play in the Blues 25.

'THE winner's forwards played a hard game throughout, Torrance, Bain, and Duncan being the best. King, Lanrenson, and Caradus were best of the backs on the Pirate side. Priest was certainly the best forward. He is playing very well this season, and will go very near winning his Interprovincial Cap. Hume, Williams, and Roscoe played very well at three-quarter back. Cran's absence was rather unfortunate for the Blacks. He would have been very useful in the second spell when the Pirates were defending.'

THOUGH nobody 'bit us' for our two guineas by guessing the result of the match between Newton and Suburbs, several came very near doing so. The interest taken in the competition was extraordinary, and the numbers of coupons received ran nearly on to four figures. Curiously enough there was a consensus of opinion in favour of Suburbs which very nearly amounted to unanimity. Had Suburbs won, in fact we should have had most assuredly to cash up, for the points guessed were in every possible combination of figures. There is, of course, a deal of guess work about it, and one who does not know anything will probably, with the luck that favours the beginner, win the prize. The coupons came from all parts of the country. The Southerners' interest was particularly strong, and Wellingtonians went nup pretty well on Suburbs, only one coupon bearing Newton as the winners. Owing to Southern fixtures not being announced, we are unable to give a Southern match this week. We shall next without fail.

'THERE has been,' writes a Christchurch correspondent, 'no lack of amusement and ways of spending one's time for this, our last holiday of the season; but the weather has been very keen—"blow, blow, thou winter wind," all the time, with much rain and hail on Monday. The sun shone out on Tuesday, but an icy wind blew all day. The Volunteers had a great battle over the hills between Sumner and Lyttelton, and no doubt managed to keep themselves warm. I heard a walking party suggested by some friends to go over the road to Port and see the sham fight on the way, but the rain stopped that. The tramcars to New Brighton and Sumner were well patronized, as usual, but the water excursions by the three steamers plying in the harbour were not as attractive as on a summer's day. The early excursion train to Timaru took about two hundred holiday-makers to see our pretty little seaside town, where the Timaru Caledonian Society held its usual sports.'

The intercolonial football match, Pirates (Dunedin) v. Christchurch, was played on Lancaster Park on the afternoon of Queen's Birthday. The ground was decidedly soft for play, and not too inviting to stand about on. During the afternoon quite fifteen hundred spectators assembled on the ground and did a 'freeze' for a short time. The visitors were much too strong for the Home team, Christchurch being beaten by fourteen points to two. However, the friendliest feeling prevailed, and the Pirates were entertained at a Smoke Concert in Christ's College orderly room in the evening, by the Christchurch Football Club.

THE bowling season was to have closed ere this in Napier, but it was found quite impossible to conclude the match for Mr South's gold medal, as the days are so very short now. Consequently the green is to be kept open for a day or two longer to enable players to finish the local tournament and to play off the matches for Dr. Hitchings' trophy.

ON Tuesday afternoon some very interesting matches were played off, the principal event of the day being the pairs competition for Mr South's prizes. A consolation match was played during the afternoon, but it could not be finished either, owing to the fading daylight. Mr South succeeded in carrying off Dr. de Lisle's gold medal, after a

well fought fight. He won only by one point. This was a most interesting match. Ravans and W. Smith, who were to have played with Beatson and Guy, were not on the ground, so their places were taken by Turnbull and Platford. In the third draw the game stood as follows:—Miller and Edwards, 20; Large and Ashton, 9; Morley and Fielder, 14; Platford and Beatson, 9. The final match between Miller and Edwards and Fielder and Morley was not finished, as the light got very bad. It was to be concluded on the following Thursday.

A FOOTBALL match was played between Hastings Athletics and Caledonians, and resulted in a win for the Caledonians by 13 points to nil. Those who played up well were Messrs Johnstone, Munroe, Kelsall, and Bennett. The game was a capital one, and the weather was all that could be desired—very cold, but no rain. Mr Whittington was the referee, and Messrs Symonds and Renouf the touch line judges.

## TO FOOTBALLERS.

TO still further increase the growing popularity of the GRAPHIC in athletic and football circles, the proprietors have decided on offering week by week a

PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS (£2 2s)

or any clear-sighted person who can

FORETELL THE RESULT

of

A GIVEN FOOTBALL MATCH,

giving the exact number of points scored on each side. These competitions are common to athletic papers in England, but have not, so far as we can learn, been attempted in New Zealand. The offer is perfectly genuine, emanating from the office itself as a generous bid for public favour amongst the very large class who take an interest in football. There are no harassing conditions. All that has to be done is to write on the coupon below in the division so marked the name of the winning club, and the exact number of points scored. Below this in the proper allotted space the name of the defeated club with number of points scored by them. The scores of victors and defeated must both be correctly guessed. The name and address having been clearly written in their allotted place, the coupon must then be cut out and put in an envelope posted so as to reach here on the Friday morning before the match is played. Competitions from the South must arrive by mail, reaching Auckland on Monday, and must bear the post mark of the town from which they come prior to the date on which the match was played. Competitions must be addressed 'Editor, GRAPHIC, Shortland-street, Auckland,' with the words 'football competition' in the left-hand corner.

### C O U P O N.

TO BE DETACHED.

NAME OF WINNING CLUB.	No. Points Scored.
NAME OF DEFEATED CLUB.	No. Points Scored.

Name

Address

The first match for which the prize will be presented is

PONSONBY V. PARNELL

(Auckland),

fixed to be played June 11th, 1892.

In the event of two or more guessing aright, the amount will be divided.

## THE WORKER.

FROM Queensland comes a small but pungent sheet—*The Worker*. Written with snap and the healthy courage of conviction, *The Worker* asks your opinion on itself, calmly letting you see it doesn't care a dump whether your criticism be favourable or otherwise. But here you have the keynote of the paper. It is absolutely fearless so far as we can judge, and like the miller on the Dee, it cares for nobody, yet trusts by its very outspokenness to make somebody care for it. There is less of the cant of rights and the 'pure workin' man' than we recollect in any paper of its sort. A self-respecting paper it is, and with a spice of healthy colonial blow about it. The cartoons are smart, and it does not contain an ounce of padding. As a sample of co-operative journalism it warms the heart, but how is it managed? The following par is worth quoting, and shows the style of *The Worker*:—

'THE sheer stupid conservatism of the average man is only paralleled by the way in which a thousand sheep will jump over nothing if one of them happens to take a skip there. Everyone knows that burial is an offensive and repulsive method of disposing of the dead, the source of much disease and the subject of universal condemnation, yet burial keeps merrily on. Not even the ever-increasing knowledge, now we begin to know a little of the nature of previously obscure diseases, that a very considerable number of people, whom any one of us may join, are buried alive owing to their being mistaken for dead, seems to shake the stolid conservatism engrafted round this custom. At Lyons, France, one man will probably oppose burial from this time forth and forever; but then he was recently lifted out of the coffin about to be nailed down over him, and when one has had such a narrow squeak for life and has run such close risk of the most horrible of second deaths, one can hardly feel stolid any more. This terrible fate is practically in front of everybody so long as burial continues under its present form, and nowhere more so than in Queensland, where interment follows so rapidly upon the pronouncement of death. It is necessary either to postpone the burial ceremonies until absolute decomposition commences, a difficult thing, or to follow some other mode of returning the life left body to the dust it sprang from and goes back to. Of the alternatives the latter is the most convenient, and of available methods cremation is the simplest, cleanest and most attractive. Strange words to use on such a subject, but true nevertheless.

'As a matter of fact, cremation is by far the most natural of such chlorinisation processes. It has been used all over the world and in various stages of social development, particularly among peoples who believed in the survival of the spirit of man, and could see no further use for the body except to be got out of the way as innocently as possible. It is only peoples who expect to be raised again in the same flesh and bones and blood, and who in some mysterious way therefore prefer slow putrid corruption to a swift heat-cleaned disintegration who have ever attached any special importance to burial. Some of the leading scientists contend that the funeral rites of bygone races do actually convey to us, in the symbolising of burning or burial, whether spiritualism or materialism was the basis of their future worlds. And it isn't very edifying to find that our own objectionable burial custom springs from an almost forgotten and certainly exploded idea that our actual nails and teeth and meat would appear at the Judgment Day, and thenceforth enjoy or suffer through the endless ages of eternity. Even the most conservative churches have modified this into a more spiritual teaching, but still we put our corpses underground and suffer in every way from this defiance of intelligent reason and observation. Why should we not carry our dead to a public crematorium, where they could remain under hygienic conditions, constantly and scientifically watched until decomposition—the only reliable proof of death—actually set in; then to be cremated either publicly or privately as their friends desired, and their ashes deposited, in the old-time funeral urns, as most desired? This would be the inevitable reduction of man to dust carried on in a manner most effective and least repellant and perfectly securely. Surely it is better than the barbarous and dangerous mode now in vogue, only we're too conservative to start on it.'

### THIRD

## CHRISTMAS STORY

### COMPETITION.

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.

See conditions published in previous numbers.

# A Courageous Cockney.

By 'TAUTIONI.'



'It's a horrid, vulgar, little cad,' cried Kitty, disgustedly. 'And I think it's a shame of Wilfred to bring him here. I shall talk to him about it.'

'You needn't,' said Harriet, placidly, as she sat by the window sewing. 'We'll have to make the best of him now that he's here. We can't ignore the owner of 40,000 acres, and as he is our very nearest neighbour, we must be civil to him for our own sakes.'

'I won't,' said Kitty, stoutly. 'Why, he's a common little beast of a gutter-snipe, and drops his h's and transposes his v's and w's, and to think that you and Wilfred expect us to receive him as an equal, merely because he owns Lingabodalla and happens to live next to us. I really could thump Bill for his ineptitude in bringing him here. I don't believe he can either read or write, and I'm sure he couldn't ride a three-legged mule.'

'Neither could you,' returned Harriet, threading her needle, 'and you shouldn't let his vulgarity hide his good points.'

'I can't,' snapped Kitty. 'He hasn't got any. It was a shame of old Haydon to leave the run to him, or if he meant to do it he should have put that little rat to school before it was too late. He might have had some thought for us when he purposed planting a London weed next door to us.'

Harriet burst out laughing. 'What strong language you use, Kathleen, my dear. I thought I would have choked with suppressed laughter at your face when he said, talking of some story he'd heard in Sydney, "I bust into a 'sarty larf..."

Kitty broke into a peal of laughter at the recollection. 'And when his hat blew off when he got off his horse, even Wilfred grinned to hear him say, "Me 'at's too big for me 'ead vichever way I puts hit on." Oh, dear! The little animal, hasn't he beh. I think—'

'Oh, don't abuse the unfortunate little creature any more. There!' as a heavy step was heard on the verandah, 'I can hear Luke coming to say good-bye. Run out and let him kiss that frown off your brow!'

'You needn't be nasty, now. He's only my cousin.'

'Only,' said Harriet. 'You remind me of the boy who said he was only twenty-four with twelve off.'

Kitty laughed and flitted out through the open French window on to the verandah, where a powerful arm was thrown round her, and a heavy moustache brushed her cheek.

The two girls—Harriet and Kitty Comyns—were sisters, who with their three brothers—Wilfred, Dick, and Bertie—lived on Bringalbi, a station in New South Wales. They had been orphans for six years, and since his father's death Wilfred, the eldest boy, had managed the run, and managed it well too. It was a lonely place, their nearest neighbour—with the exception of the Bringalbi shepherds and other hands—being the obstinate little Cockney of whom Kitty had spoken in such decided terms. Lonely as it was, however, the girls were very well satisfied with their life, the monotony of which was occasionally broken by a visit to Sydney, or a ball or other social gathering at the nearest township.

The owner of the Lingabodalla was Robin Castle, a uneducated, vulgar, little undersized Cockney, who had been in possession only two weeks at the time of the commencement of this story. How such a person came to be situated on a run in New South Wales is easily explained. The former owner, Mr Alfred Haydon, had died a bachelor, leaving all his property to his nearest of kin, the said Robin Castle, who had forthwith said 'farewell to old England forever,' and sailed for the colonies with the intention of becoming a model station manager. So much for Mr Castle's purse. As for his person, he was five feet six inches in height, and proportionately slender. His hair was fair, his eyes blue, his complexion pale, and his features decidedly good. He was quick in his movements and his speech, and—at least Kitty thought so—intolerably impudent. He had come to see Wilfred on business, and Wilfred asked him in, hence Kitty's anger.

Miss Kathleen Comyns, however, soon forgot her disgust of her brother's behaviour in the fascinating presence of her cousin and lover, Luke Talbert. That gentleman was a typical Colonial—long-limbed, thin, brown, twangy in speech, with a modest belief in himself, and a savage's instinct of suppressing his emotions. Lonely as it was, however, 'jackarooning' on a Queensland station, and had returned to the adjoining colony a fortnight previously to spend a few days beneath the paternal roof-tree; but it must be confessed, he was far oftener at Bringalbi than at home. He used his holiday to some purpose in getting engaged to his pretty cousin upon the very first day of his return, and in spending most of the remaining ones in riding or strolling about with her.

'Oh dear!' sighed Kitty, as they sauntered down a shady walk bordered on either side with wattle, now thickly covered with fragrant bloom. 'Must you go back to-morrow, Luke? Couldn't you stay a few days longer?'

'I only wish I could,' said Luke, with an answering sigh, 'but it isn't possible. I've overstayed my time by two days already, and am in for a rowing from the boss.'

'Do you think,' said Kitty, after a long pause, 'do you think, Luke, that if I gave you a note for him with a good excuse in it that he'd overlook those two days this time?'

Luke stared at her, then his mouth twitched, and he burst into a roar of laughter. 'Oh, Lor, Kitty,' he cried in an ecstasy of delight, 'I wish you would. How he would yell! It reminds me of the time when father used to give me notes for the schoolmaster to excuse an absence from school. Oh, by gum!' and he fairly screamed with laughter.

Kitty did not exactly know whether to be offended or to join in his mirth, but finally decided upon the latter course.

'I wish you could get work about here, Luke,' she said, after a while.

Luke shook his head. 'If I dropped my billet now it would be throwing away the substance for the shadow. I don't know whenever we'll be able to marry, I'm sure, at the rate I'm going now. Looks like a ten years' engagement. Could you stand that, Kathleen mavourneen?' he put his hand under her chin and turned the wistful grey eyes up to his.

She smiled faintly. 'You know I could, Luke—but I don't want to,' she answered frankly.

He sighed and they walked on again. 'Shall I cut the old station and join the next big gold rush, Kitty?' he asked.

'If I were a young, unmarried man with my living to make I'd be a digger or starve,' said Kitty, with sparkling eyes. 'I'd love to live on a goldfield.'

'It's because you never have been on one that you talk like that,' said Luke with a laugh. 'You're read of the romance of a digger's life, but you never take into consideration—'

'Oh, be quiet! You're going to talk about the toiling and the moiling, and the disappointments, and the roughnesses that fall to a digger's lot and all that sort of stuff, but you won't alter my convictions on the subject one scrap.'

'Let's drop it then. Sit here beside me,' and he threw himself down on a green bank under a spreading iron bark, and drew Kitty down beside him.

'I don't suppose I'll see you again till Christmas,' said Kitty, after a short silence.

'No; couldn't possibly get down again before that. I wish I were manager.'

'How long will you have then?'

'Three or four weeks, I expect, but of course I'll stay several days overtime. Beautiful short holiday, isn't it? Never mind, Kit, when I'm manager, you'll be manageress, and it'll be all right.'

'Do you think you'll ever get a manager's billet?' asked Kitty, dubiously.

'Not a bit of doubt about it,' returned Luke, with cheerful confidence.

'Now,' said Kitty, 'if only you'd been left Lingabodalla instead of that horrid little Castle, how splendid it would be!'

'Yes, indeed. Rum start a little creature like that getting hold of that fine station! I was watching him riding after some cattle the other day, and, oh, Lor! he did make me laugh the way he was going on. It will take him a hundred years to get colonial experience the way he's setting about it. He's a pitiable little beggar!'

'He doesn't think so,' said Kitty, with a laugh. 'I never saw such a conceited little animal.'

'Have you met him, then?' asked Luke, in some surprise.

'Didn't Wilfred go and bring him here early this afternoon and leave him in the drawing room, and then go away himself? We—Harry and I—spent a horrible quarter of an hour with him, and yet I couldn't help laughing at him sometimes. He thought I was enjoying his jokes when it



was at him I was laughing, not with him. Oh, he looked a fearful little cad as he sat there laughing and talking, and to think we must be civil to him. But, she added after a moment, 'I won't.'

Luke laughed. 'Oh, won't you? The next thing I expect is that you will be comparing a penniless jackaroo to the wealthy owner of Lingabodalla, much to the disadvantage of the—'

Latter, said Kitty, pinching his ear sharply. 'I have already. I'm glad you're tall, Luke darling. I never could bear a little man!' and she heaved a sigh of relief.

Luke took the trouble to sit up on purpose to kiss her, and then fell back again with a grunt of satisfaction that made Kitty laugh.

It was nearly an hour later when Luke parted from Kitty at the garden gate. Poor Kitty couldn't help crying a little when he kissed her with a regular bear's hug and said,

'Never mind, little woman. There'll be an end of these partings some day, and let us hope it will be soon.'

'I know it won't,' she said, dolefully. 'I don't believe it ever will be. You promise to write every week, Luke.'

'I promise—if you'll answer as often.'

'Of course I will. May Blackie and Jim Anderson used to write to each other every day, but I'd never know what to put in a letter if I wrote so often,' and Kitty gave a little laugh and wiped the tears out of her eyes with the back of her hand. 'And, clinging to him, 'you'll come back as soon as ever you can, Luke.'

'Depend on me for that, and stay as long as ever I can! Cheer up! we'll have the jolliest Christmas imaginable—far nicer than last year. Good-bye, sweetheart.' He kissed her again, and slowly mounted his horse, while she watched him with the tears again welling into her eyes. Another 'good-bye' and he was really off, and it seemed to have grown suddenly blind, for, as she walked back to the house, she stumbled once or twice, and actually ran into a clump of wattle before she noticed where her feet were leading her.

Kitty really did carry out her threat; she was not civil to Robin Castle. She snubbed him dreadfully, she ignored him, she was ice to him, she was fiery scorn, she was even abusive, and she was sarcastic—all without making the slightest alteration in his manner towards her. He was invariably good-tempered, invariably cheerful; he laughed and joked through it all, and felt an ever-increasing admiration for her, which was so very palpable that it exasperated Kitty to the last degree, and made Harriet fall into frequent fits of laughter. One day, Kitty, in desperation for some fresh weapon to launch at him, resorted to the cruel and rude method of mimicking his speech to his face. She half-fared, half-hoped he would not notice it. But he did. He flushed up all over his pale, little face, and gave her such a reproachful look that she instantly regretted her rudeness. He said nothing, however, but turned to Harriet with a quiet dignity that made Kitty like him better than she ever thought it possible she could do. For the first time since their acquaintance Kitty felt distinctly uneasy and subdued in his presence. A sense of guilt and actual inferiority possessed her, and she would have given worlds to have been able to recall her mischievous words. This unprecedented sensation rendered her so mild in her manner towards him for that day at least, that the little Cockney inwardly felt he had scored one, and forgave her her cruelty in consideration of the unusual graciousness that was the outcome of it.

Mr Castle was totally unaware of Kitty's engagement to her cousin, for no one had considered it their business to enlighten him upon the subject. Perhaps it might have made no difference in his conduct towards her if he had known of it. It never entered the girl's head to speak about it to him—a little cad from the East End—nor did she dream for one moment that he would ever have the audacity to aspire to her hand. But it was true that in his wildest moments of longing and hoping Robin did think that some day Kathleen Comyns might become his wife. The idea dazzled and fascinated him, and made his head swim and his poor foolish little heart beat to suffocation. When he thought it over calmly he knew how utterly preposterous such an idea was, and then, being alone, he used to stamp about and groan, and curse the hour he was born, the day he first saw Kitty, and above all the cruelty of the kinsman who had neglected him in life, and in dying pushed him into a position he was utterly unfit for. Oh, if only he were a gentleman! No one ever knew of the intense bitterness that filled his heart when he reflected that if only a little of the wealth that was now his had been spent on a good education for him he might have become that magic thing—a gentleman. He thought that if only he were a gentleman everything would be right, yet he never attempted to try and improve himself now. He knew it would be a hopeless task, so he let it alone.

But he was not strong-minded enough to avoid the object of his worship. He visited Bringalbi on every possible occasion, inventing excuses for doing so with an ingenuity that might have been used in a better cause. He sought Kitty's company so persistently that her brothers began to tease her about 'the little Cockney,' as they always called him, much to her disgust. They, for their part, rather liked him. He might be vulgar, he might be impudent and terribly uncoloured, but they swore he was 'a plucky little beggar, and real good-hearted at bottom.'

One day not long before Christmas—the Christmas of 1889—when Kitty was in the kitchen, with a big apron on and her sleeves turned up over her plump white arms, making Christmas cakes, her brother Wilfred came in and seated himself upon a corner of the table.

'Making Christmas cakes, Kit?' he queried, his eyes following the quick motions of her deft fingers.

'Yes. Look out, or you'll get covered with flour.'

Wilfred watched her for a few moments in silence, and then making a sudden pounce, captured a tempting-looking piece of lemon-peel, and tossed it into his mouth with a laugh of triumph.

'You greedy wretch!' cried Kitty. 'You shan't have an much afterwards for that, and she gave him an unexpected box on the ear that left his face all fiery.'

He cowered and laughed again as he said, 'You needn't be so stingy. What does one piece signify? I don't expect to get much, anyhow, for the little Cockney's awful fond of good cake.'

'What's he got to do with it?' asked Kitty, filling a tin with the mixture.

'A great deal,' replied her brother, hooking a raisin unimproved. 'I guess he'll eat most of those cakes you're so carefully making.'

'I'd put strychnine in them if I thought that,' said Kitty, calmly.

'You may put it in then. I'm not joking,' said Wilfred, stealing some currants.

'What do you mean, Bill? Have you promised that little creature you'll give him some of my cakes?'

'No, but I've asked him to spend Christmas Day with us,' replied Wilfred, calmly chewing the currants and stealing more lemon peel from under Kitty's very nose. He might have eaten every particle of fruit upon the table for all she would have done to prevent him.

'Wilfred!' she shrieked, agitated, 'what did you say?'

'I said I asked him to spend Christmas Day with us; that's all.'

'All! Isn't it enough to go and spoil the very best day in the year? How dare you do any such thing? We see



enough of the little cad other times without you bringing him here that day of all the days in the year, and she stamped her foot angrily.

'Now, now, Kitty, keep your hair on,' remonstrated her brother, soothingly. 'Think of what a miserable Christmas he would pass over there all alone by himself. It can't hurt you either. You'll have Luke, and of course you'll disappear somewhere by yourselves for the best part of the day. Do be sensible now, and have some pity on Castle.'

But Kitty was not melted by this piteous appeal. 'You're a wicked boy, that's what you are,' she said almost with tears in her eyes. 'It was you who first brought him here, and I've not forgiven you for that yet, and now you add injury to insult by asking him to come over and ruin our Christmas for us.'

'Don't be foolish, Kitty,' said Wilfred, sternly, while he 'nabbed' more raisins under cover of the storm. 'I tell you when Luke's around it's much you'll see of your aversion. He'll—'

'And I'd like to know what Harry will say,' interrupted Kitty.

'Harry's all right. She consented to my asking him. She's not such a little miff as you are, Kit. These raisins are rather nice,' and he reached out his hand for more, but this time Kitty gave him a sharp rap over the knuckles with a long-handled spoon that made him draw back in a hurry and shake his fingers with a rueful laugh.

'You thief!' she exclaimed. 'I wouldn't have let you have had one if I'd known you'd asked that cad of a—'

'Hush! hush!' whispered Wilfred. 'There he is.' And here he was, sure enough, following Dick into the room through the back door. How small, and white, and frail he looked beside the two swarthy, broad-shouldered young Colonials, Kitty thought, and despised him for his puny inches more than for his vulgarity.

'Good-day, Miss Kitty,' he observed, with a smile, 'making Christmas cakes?'

Now although this was the exact remark offered by Wilfred when he entered, Kitty chose to take it as exceedingly impudent of Robin to advance it. So she only said snappishly, 'P'raps I am.'

'Have some lemon peel, Castle?' and Wilfred hospitably offered him the paper bag containing the dainties mentioned more to tease Kitty than to please Robin. The little fellow helped himself liberally, thereby infuriating Kitty, who exclaimed, 'You've no business, Wilfred, to be disposing of the peel like that. I don't believe there's enough for the little cakes now.'

'Let them do without, then,' returned her brother, coolly. 'I like it best this way. Take some, Dick.'

'Let's 'elp you, Miss Kitty,' said Robin, advancing to the girl's side. 'Can't Hi do nothink? Let's put 'em in the hoven. Vot does yer call that there stuff?' and he indicated a packet of spice.

'I don't want any help,' said Kitty, grimly. 'You'd better go in and see my sister. She'll appreciate your society more than I will.'

'Will she? Vell, Hi prefers yonrs. You didn't ought to put hany of that there sweet stuff inter them cakes, cos added ter yer smiles it'll make 'em too sweet haltogether, heh?'

'If I couldn't pay a less hackneyed compliment than that I'd not pay one at all,' said Kitty, scornfully.

'Sharp, haint she?' said Robin to the amused Wilfred, pointing over his shoulder at Kitty with his thumb, and nodding his head in the same direction, while he grinned broadly.

'Very,' said Wilfred, with a laugh. 'I opes ter 'ave the pleasure of heating some of them wery cakes made by your fair 'ands, Miss Kitty, has your brother as give me a hinwite ter spend Christmas Day with yer.'

Kitty took refuge in silence. 'I opes the plum poodin' will be has good has the cakes looks,' resumed the imperturbable Robin, 'cos hif Hi 'ave a jiking for hanythink to heat hit's poodin' with plums hin it. Iland ven you're a-making hof it, Miss Kitty, let the plums get a wiew hof heating hother. I 'ates a poodin' with only 'alf a dozen plums hin it.'

Kitty kept an ominous silence, and her brothers were almost suffocating with suppressed laughter.

'Ven Hi was hin London,' cheerfully went on Robin, 'Hi didn't get no poodin' 'rdly hever, 'and you've no bidear, Miss Kitty, vot a lot Hi hate the wery best meal Hi 'ad hafter 'earing that ha fortune 'ad bin left me. Hi assures yer yer 'd 'ave staved could yer 'ave seen me. I weighed two or three pound more hafter the meal than Hi did afore it.'

Kitty looked furious and disgusted, and Dick exploded into laughter. Wilfred, thinking Kitty had been tormented long enough, got down from his perch and said, 'Well, Castle, I'd be obliged if you will come into the front room with me. I wish to settle that business we were talking over yesterday.'

'Hi'll come with pleasure. Good-bye, Miss Kitty.' Kitty deigned no reply and he marched off after the two boys leaving her in peace.

'Kitty,' said Harriet, a few days after this, 'I think you might take one of those cakes you made the other day and this bottle of jam down to Mrs Cross this afternoon. They'll help for Christmas, and I'm sure the poor woman hasn't too much time or means to be concocting dainties. Will you take them?'

'Course I will,' cried Kitty, flying for her hat. 'It's a lovely day for a walk. Couldn't you come too, Harry?'

'No,' said Harriet, with a smile. 'It's too far for me, and besides I've other fish to fry. Here you are, and don't break the bottle. It's real good damson jam.'

'All right, I won't break it, though I won't promise not to "polish" off both cake and jam long before I get there. Good-bye,' and Kitty swung out of the door with a laugh, and took the verandah in a hop, skip, and jump.

It was a lovely day for a walk—a beautiful Australian summer day. Not the kind of day when the air quivers with heat and a brazen sun pours its molten rays down upon the heads of those unfortunate enough to be out of doors, but a day when the air is clear and the sky at its very bluest, and when a gentle breeze rustles softly through the scarcely moving foliage, some times dying away completely for several minutes at a time. Kitty had a walk of two miles before her if she took the Government road that ran through the station, but her journey could be shortened by nearly a mile if she went as the crow flies through the paddocks. However, she chose the longer route going, with the intention of following it on her return if time allowed her.

Mrs Cross was delighted to see her, and being a terrible talker, it was a long time before Kitty could get away, but she managed to do so at last, and only a few seconds' reflection decided her upon pursuing the shorter course to the homestead. She went through one large paddock of several hundred acres, and then she crossed the dry bed of a creek that was now only a chain of water-holes, and climbing through a barb-wire fence, she mounted a high hill by a long and tedious slope. From the summit she had a view of the Lingabodalla homestead and the glistening thread of a creek that ran its pleasant course close by. She stood for a while watching it, and the thoughts of its owner the sight called up brought a scornful curl to her lip. At last she turned, and unwisely commenced to run down the opposite slope of the hill. Of course she very soon found that she must continue to the base at an ever-increasing pace whether she would or no. The impetus of the rapid descent carried her some way out on the level beyond. She walked on feeling very much flushed and panting a little. She had gone some distance, and was beginning to recover her wonted calmness, when she heard a sound that made her heart stand still for a moment and then beat more rapidly than ever. It was the roar—the savage roar—of a bull. Kitty looked round, and presently espied the beast from which it proceeded eyeing her from a not very far distant clump of wattles. Dick had put the animal in this paddock that morning, intending to warn his sisters of the change upon his return that evening from a ride to the other end of the run.

Kitty, like most of her sex, had a great terror of any horned beast, and especially of bulls. The roar of this one sent a shock of acute fear through all her being, and for a moment her head went round, and then, with an exclamation of fright and a broken prayer, she threw down the light basket she had been carrying and began to run towards a fence on her right. The bull was on her left, and as she threw one quick glance towards him she saw that he had left the wattles at a slow trot, which quickly increased to a very sharp one. Every now and then he gave vent to a terrible bellow that acted as a spur on Kitty's flight.

It was natural that after her long walk and smart run down the hill the girl very soon began to be distressed by the pace she was going at, and she felt that she could not keep it up till the fence was reached. Once she glanced behind her. The bull's trot had increased to a lumbering canter, and the thud of his heavy hoofs on the hard ground

Kitty never knew exactly how she got over those last few yards, scrambled through the fence, and fell on the grass in an almost fainting condition. She remembered seeing dimly a figure carrying a long pole dash past her and vault the fence with the terrifying exclamation, 'My God! he's killed!' And then she began to cry and laugh together, and rose to her trembling feet as someone else ran past her, and then there came the sound of a bull's roar—a frightened roar now—and of men's voices and the tread of feet, and then her brain cleared suddenly, and she saw her two brothers, Wilfred and Bertie, standing beside her, while a poor little shapeless heap lay at her feet.

Robin was not dead—he was not even unconscious, but the bull had tossed him twice and his back was broken. He said very faintly, but trying to smile even in his horrible pain, 'Please go away. Hi only wants Miss Kitty. Just a few words afore Hi dies, please!'

Wilfred saw that his hurt was a mortal one. He stooped with his eyes full of tears and put his coat under the little fellow's head. 'You're the noblest fellow alive,' he whispered, and withdrew hastily.

Kitty knelt down beside him and took his hand in hers. 'Miss Kitty,' he whispered, hoarsely, 'Miss Kitty—just afore Hi dies—Hi couldn't 'elp it—beastly cheek—but Hi couldn't 'elp it. Hi loves you—Hi couldn't 'elp it. You don't mind?' His mouth was quivering with pain, but he choked back a groan.

Kitty bent still lower. 'Robin,' she said, with intense earnestness, 'you can hear me? You understand?'

'Yes,' came very faintly. 'Always you, Miss Kitty.' 'I want to tell you how terribly sorry I am that I ever said a cross word to you. I want to thank you for your nobleness and courage, and—and—I don't know how.' Her lips trembled, and she choked suddenly, and then burst out crying. 'I will never forget you,' she sobbed, 'never, never! You saved my life. I despised you, and you are infinitely superior to me. I am a wicked girl and I have killed you. Can you possibly forgive me? Oh, Robin!'

For a moment an unnatural strength came back to Robin. He opened his eyes wide and smiled, and pressed Kitty's hand warmly, 'Hi haven't nothin' to forgive,' he said, clearly. 'Don't cry for me. Hi hain't worth it. Good-bye, good-bye, who could 'elp loathing yer.' His hand laxed its hold of hers, the dew of death appeared upon his forehead, he closed his eyes for a second, and when he opened them again they were dimming fast. His lips formed themselves into the semblance of a smile. 'Good-bye,' he said, very, very, weakly. He drew a long, laboured breath, and then he gave a smile and almost laughed. 'Saved!' he exclaimed in a ringing tone, and died. And thus it was that the little Cockney showed what a courageous, honest heart beat beneath the vulgar exterior.

'By—' said Wilfred, 'the pluckiest little fellow that ever lived!'

When his will was read it was found that he had left Lingabodalla to Kitty.

There is a grass-covered mound on the banks of the pretty stream that winds its murmuring way through Lingabodalla. It is only a little enclosure of a few yards square, situated in the prettiest and most secluded dell on the run. Buttercups and daisies, together with wild violets and everlasting, cover the mound and dot the space surrounding it with specks of sweet colour. Little Robin lies there with the pretty stream running close by—the stream he had loved and tried hard to fancy bore some faint resemblance to his dear old native Thames in far away England. At the head of the grave is a gleaming white stone supporting the clinging tender shoots of a young ivy plant. The sprays wandering tenderly over its face almost hide from view the inscription it bears. Bend low and read it:

To the Memory of  
ROBIN HAYDON CASTLE, aged 22,  
Who gave his life for another  
On the 2nd December,  
1890.

One of Nature's noblemen.



KITTY.

THE CAT'S WHISKERS AND THEIR USE.

THE sense which of all others is most deficient in the cat is that of smell. In this she differs most markedly from the dog. It is said that a piece of meat may be placed in close proximity to a cat, but that, if it is kept covered up, she will fail to distinguish it. This want is, however, partly compensated for by an extremely delicate sense of touch, which is possessed, to a remarkable extent, by the whiskers, or vibrissæ, as well as by the general surface of the skin. These bristles are possessed to a greater or less extent by all cats, and are simply greatly developed hairs, having enormously swollen roots, covered with a layer of muscular fibres, with which delicate nerves are connected. By means of these latter, the slightest touch on the extremity of the whiskers is instantly transmitted to the brain. These organs are of the greatest possible value to the cat in its nocturnal campaigns. When it is deprived of the guidance afforded by light it makes its way by the sense of touch, the fine whiskers touching against every object the cat passes, and thus acting in precisely the same manner as a blind man's stick, though with infinitely greater sensibility. Imagine a blind man with not one stick, but a couple of dozen of exquisite fineness, and these not held in his hand, but embedded in his skin, so that his nerves come into direct contact with them instead of having a layer of skin between, and some notion may be formed of the way in which a cat uses its whiskers. But the cat in its night walks has a further advantage over the blind man, namely, that, except on the very darkest nights, it is not entirely deprived of the power of sight, for the pupil is so constructed that in the dark it can be dilated so as to catch every available ray of light, and moreover, the tapetum or brilliant lining of the eyeball, reflects and magnifies the straggling beams, and so enables the cat if not actually to 'see in the dark,' as is sometimes stated, at least to distinguish objects in an amount of light so small as to be inappreciable to our duller vision.

THE Price of the Season: 'FRANK MELTON'S LUCK,' 1/6, One Shilling. All Bookellers.



MISS MYRA KEMBLE was one of the most stylish and attractive ladies in Queen-street (Auckland) the other day. She wore a tasteful and well fitting fawn tweed gown with brown spots and trimmed with brown velvet, and pretty fawn and brown hat, and crossbar veil.

MRS J. M. BRIGHAM wears an elegant costume of seal brown trimmed with embossed plush, sealskin jacket, and dainty little brown and gold bonnet. Miss Brigham looks very pretty in a light fawn dress and jacket to match, the latter trimmed with sable, large and jaunty fawn hat.

A PALMERSTON correspondent writes:—“Mrs H. S. Fitzherbert, who has not long returned from Wellington, is gowned in a handsome tweed dress, a lovely pelerine, and a large black hat trimmed with black feathers and knots of cream velvet.”

MR WADDY, of the Bank of New Zealand, and Mrs Waddy, have returned to Picton, after a lengthy tour to the Lakes, and other places of interest in the North Island.

MRS IRELAND wears a beautifully fitting grey tweed gown bonnet to match, and handsome sable pelerine. Miss Ireland is both neat and dainty in a dove grey gown, cloth jacket, and becoming little hat.

MISS MULLER, who resides with Mrs Joseph Rhodes at Springhill, is creating quite a *ferore* in Napier. She is an exceedingly pretty girl, and at ball, opera, or in the street, carries off the palm for beauty. She looks very well walking in a dark gown, scarlet Tudor cloak, and stylish hat. This young lady is at present staying with Mrs Balfour (Bank of New Zealand.)

MRS A. RUSSELL (Palmerston), is wearing a close-fitting coat with deep cape, and a small bonnet composed of black and white.

MRS HILL'S residence, Upper Queen-street, was the scene of a pleasant little impromptu dance on Friday evening. Fun, waltzing, and supper made the sands of time sink very quickly, so that the evening was over ere the happy party realised it had fairly begun.

WRITING from Napier, an excellent correspondent remarks:—“We have an heiress on our midst. Miss Hitchings quite by chance discovered her name amongst a list of missing heiresses. She set her lawyers to work to write Home for particulars. Meanwhile she is anxiously waiting for the result. We are all hoping this young lady will come in to a good fortune, for she is such a clever girl, such a devoted daughter, and such a favourite with us all that I am convinced everyone would be delighted to hear that the wealth she would so well spend has come to her.”

THE ladies at Palmerston North are all out in their winter costumes now, so perhaps you would like to hear of some of them. Mrs Halliday is wearing a brown plaid dress with a double-breasted three-quarter jacket, and a black hat with feathers; Mrs Abraham, in navy blue with white collar and vest, blue hat with red wing; Mrs Munro, brown dress, and hat with feathers; Miss Slack plaid cape, Bond-street hat; Miss Waldegrave, tweed dress, red cape, hat with feathers; Miss Armstrong, dark dress, jacket with fur, Bond-street hat; Miss Randolph, grey dress, three-quarter jacket with beaver, stylish hat; Mrs Cohen, red corduroy dress, brown hat with red trimmings; Mrs Trips, brown dress, long plaid cape, Bond-street hat; Mrs Arthur Skerman, stylish red cloak edged with fur.

MRS JOHN CONOLLY, writes a Picton correspondent, of Blenheim, is spending a few days with her parents, Mr and Mrs Gard, of Rongomont. Picton people are always glad to see old familiar faces in their midst. Our little town is full of visitors, come down to go a-fishing, play football, see the shipping, and otherwise enjoy themselves in the fresh sea air.

MISS LANCKLES has returned to Napier from Mrs Peacock's, and is looking remarkably well. She was in town the other day in a navy blue gown, stylish sealette jacket, and exquisite brown velvet hat with feathers and the dearest little birds imaginable.

MRS PRATT was in Palmerston the other day stylishly dressed in black, with small black hat trimmed with white.

MRS A. E. HYDE, of the Grove (Picton) was a passenger to New Zealand by the Rimutaka. Mr Hyde, who preceded his wife to New Zealand by a few months, met Mrs Hyde in Wellington. They arrived in Picton on Friday the 20th, and were warmly congratulated by many of Mr Hyde's old friends. They proceeded to their residence at the Grove on Saturday morning.

A BECOMING costume consisting of a fawn tweed gown, hat to match, and a scarlet three-quarter cape, is stylishly worn by a Palmerston lady—Miss Waldegrave.

MR W. H. HOLMES, one of the new Government Audit Inspectors for the Auckland district, has taken Mr Percy Smith's late residence in Parnell, and goes to reside there immediately. Miss Holmes is staying with her brother.

MISS ELLA BAKER was in town the other day wearing a very stylish navy blue gown, and becoming navy blue Scarborough hat.

MISS HARVEY (North Shore) looks well in a pretty navy blue dress, and stylish navy blue hat trimmed with old gold.

MISS FAULDER looks handsome in a light brown tweed gown and Bond-street hat.

MRS ISIDORE ALEXANDER wears a beautiful gown of black merveilleux with bands of ribbon velvet, and little bonnet.

MRS J. M. BUTT looks well in a neat black cashmere gown braided with fine black braid, and small black bonnet trimmed with flowers.

MRS V. E. RICE looks nice in a tweed dress, black Tudor cape with yoke of astrachan, and small black bonnet.

MRS G. SCOTT'S dress of red tweed trimmed with astrachan is very stylish, brightening the streets of Palmerston North.

MRS CALWEY, Hastings, is wearing a stylish navy blue gown made with three-quarter jacket, stylish black hat with white birds.

THE many Picton friends of Mrs H. C. Seymour will be glad to see her out again after a severe attack of influenza, which has kept her indoors for the past few weeks.

MRS CAVE BROWN is again visiting Hastings, and is staying at Flaxmere. She looks very stylish in a fawn gown, Tudor cloak to match, large hat with feathers.

MISS E. WILSON, of Palmerston North, looks well in a navy dress, navy sailor hat with red wing, and a very stylish Dorothy cape of pale grey invisible plaid.

MRS ERNEST TANNER has gone for the hunting season to Rangitiki. Mr Ernest Tanner accompanied her.

MR AND MRS FITZROY have gone to Christchurch for a short time as a change from Hastings.

## PALMERSTON NORTH.

OUR correspondent, “Theo,” writing under date May 27, contributes the following:—

At present the ladies of Palmerston are very busy, and are really working very hard at the Dorcas and Children's Ministering League Meetings for the benefit of the poor; but quite the most important object of their labours just now is the Hospital. That long-hoped-for building ought certainly to be in the course of erection before the end of the year. It will be a great boon to the district, and will save the dreadful amount of suffering that patients have hitherto endured on their miserable journeys to the nearest hospitals in Wanganui and Wellington. There are several entertainments in prospect for the purpose of augmenting the Hospital Fund.

### BALL IN THE THEATRE.

Already there has been a ball given, which proved a great success in every way financially and otherwise. It took place in the Theatre Royal, and was very well attended. The supper and all the appointments were excellent, so that it is no wonder the numerous visitors enjoyed themselves greatly. Among the ladies I noticed Madame Pascal, in a handsome cream satin with a very long train; Mrs Slack, black silk with long train; Mrs Suelson, black velvet; Mrs Cook, brown silk (very becomingly made); Mrs Bell, black lace over lemon silk; Mrs Cohen, black satin effectively trimmed with cream feathers; Miss Burnett, pretty black lace dress with yellow ribbons and tan shoes; Miss Wilson, striped grey silk with white chiffon frills; Miss Randolph, pretty pale green dress with silver; Miss Clara Randolph, bright pink draped with pink lace (looked stylish); Miss Lloyd, white lace; Miss Waldegrave, pink cashmere (prettily made); Miss Slack, black lace and gold trimming; Miss Evans, in red; Miss Giesse, in red; Miss Linton, in black; the Misses Jackson (Wairarapa), in pink; Miss Keeling, in black; the Misses Haete, Rankin, and Clapperton.

### THE COWBOY SHOW.

Last Wednesday a great crowd collected in the Agricultural Show Grounds to see the clever horsemanship of two Mexican cowboys. Unfortunately, the animals to be experimented upon were not wild enough to allow these daring riders to fully display their powers. On the grand-stand I saw Mrs Arthur Russell, in a tan cloak with cape and hood, black hat with white bird; Mrs Lionel Abraham, check cape, Bond-street hat; Mrs Fitzherbert, brown dress, plaid cape, and bonnet with touch of red; Mrs Warburton looked stylish in a brown dress with three-quarter jacket; Mrs Dempsey, grey tweed costume with white vest, feather hat; Mrs Barraud, navy dress with red vest, hat *en suite*; Miss Willis, red cloak, small hat; Miss Lloyd, grey costume; Miss Clara Randolph, navy blue dress, with navy blue and tan cape; Misses Bunnell, Clapperton, Waldegrave, Blaremburg, and others.

### MR GOSCHEN.

MR GOSCHEN'S Budget has a certain interest even for colonials. Steeped to his lips in figures from his youth, Mr Goschen should make an ideal Chancellor of the Exchequer; and there can be no denying that this Liberal Unionist buttress of the Ministry from within has ever since his succeeding Lord Randolph Churchill at the Treasury been favoured by fortune. Once again, at the commencement of his Budget speech, delivered recently, Mr Goschen was happily enabled to announce a surplus. He candidly



THE RIGHT HON. G. J. GOSCHEN, M.P., CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

admitted that he owed this £1,067,000 to the ‘expansion of the revenue.’ Last year's Budget contributed £336,000 of the surplus, it must be said in fairness to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I have been wearied to many years while listening to the prolonged periods of prolix financial statements to bore my readers with unnecessary details of this year's Budget. Suffice it to say that Mr Goschen computed the expenditure for the coming year at £90,253,000, and the revenue at £90,477,000, leaving a margin of £224,000, sufficient to render it unnecessary for him to impose fresh taxation, but insufficient to enable him to make any remission of taxation.

### NOW PUBLISHED

‘THE LIFE AND TIMES’ OF SIR GEORGE GREY.

BY W. L. AND LILY REES.

THE publisher of the above highly-interesting work has very great pleasure in announcing that the book will be ready for issue on May 15th. Sir George Grey's life has been unique in the annals of living statesmen. His story reads like a romance, rather than a biography. Commencing his public career as an explorer in Western Australia he subsequently administered the affairs of South Australia, New Zealand and Cape Colony at the most critical periods in the history of these colonies. There were then neither cables nor steam mail-services to keep the Governor in touch with the Imperial authorities, and he had to rely entirely upon his own judgment and resources. It was under these circumstances that Sir George Grey had successfully to cope with financial disaster in South Australia, native insurrection in New Zealand and Kafir disturbances at Cape Colony.

The authors have had exceptional opportunities for gathering the facts of Sir George Grey's remarkable career. Intimate personal communication with the ex-Governor and statesman has enabled them to set out his remarkable figure in bold relief, and they have been able by direct reference to ascertain the inner history of many events of great historical importance, and to collect a large fund of interesting personal reminiscences.

The book has been written in popular style and should command a very large sale. Orders should be forwarded at once.

H. BRETT, Publisher.

### BALL PROGRAMMES, ETC.

JUST received, a beautiful assortment of Ball Programmes, also Cards and Pencils. Wedding, Invitation, Visiting, Concert and Menu Cards executed on the shortest notice.

NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC PRINTING WORKS,

SHORTLAND STREET, AUCKLAND.

STATE BALL AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN HONOUR OF HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY.

**H**IS EXCELLENCY THE ACTING GOVERNOR and Lady Prendergast gave a very large and brilliant ball at Government House on the 24th inst. in honour of the Queen's Birthday, at which between three and four hundred guests were present. The weather was bitterly cold and frosty, but fine and moonlight. A more perfect night for such an occasion could hardly be imagined. None of the dancers became uncomfortably hot, and the retreats for non-dancers were kept very snug and cosy. The broad verandahs were covered in with striped awnings and lit with coloured Chinese lanterns. They were furnished with lounges of every description. The conservatory was also lit up effectively with the soft subdued light of Chinese lanterns, but it was rather too chilly to be largely patronised. Both ballrooms were opened and all the folding doors thrown back, so that the whole length of both rooms and the drawing-room were turned into one huge room. The ballrooms were artistically draped across the arches with various flags. The mantelpieces were lovely, being one mass of English maiden-hair ferns, with hot-house plants and bright flowers placed amongst them. This with a large mirror at the back of each looked extremely well. The drawing-room was prettily draped and decorated with palms, ferns and flowers. The grand piano was stationed at the lower end of the ballroom, where a band of six musicians discoursed sweet music for the dancers. The champagne supper, which was a very *recherché* one, was served in the dining-room, the tables being admirably arranged for the convenience of the guests. The table was draped with art silk, and decorated chiefly with bowls of chrysanthemums and maiden hair fern, and literally groined under its wealth of good things, which were temptingly arranged, and continually replenished throughout the evening by a large staff of waiters. Tea, coffee, claret cup, and light refreshments were served from the very beginning, the billiard-room being used for this purpose.

Streams of guests poured in soon after 9 o'clock, and Sir James and Lady Prendergast received at the entrance of the drawing-room, the hostess wearing a very handsome tomato red satin gown brocaded with black, the long train and bodice being trimmed with black lace and jet, and she wore a tiny lace cap and beautiful jewellery. The ball opened with a set of lancers, the Acting Governor dancing with Lady Buckley, the other ladies and gentlemen in the vice-regal set being the Hon. W. P. Reeves and Lady Hector, Sir James Hector, and Miss Hilda Williams, the Hon. R. Seddon and Mrs Godfrey Knight, M. Lestalot de Bachoné and Mrs W. P. Reeves, the Hon. Robert Pharazyn and Miss Holmes, Mr Charles Knight (private secretary) and Lady Campbell, and Mr Duncan and Miss Cooper. Sir James was attended by Lieut. Colonel Hume as A.D.C.

There were some very beautiful gowns worn, a dozen or so of which deserve to be mentioned. One of these was donned by Mrs Knight, being of lovely sage green silk made with a very long train, and 'picked out' with orange silk and feathers. Others were Mrs Charles Johnstone, in pale green chiffon exquisitely embroidered with jewels; Mrs (Dr.) Fell, a beautiful heliotrope gown of openwork gauze and brocade; Miss Shaen, in heliotrope brocaded velvet, the satin petticoat being of a lighter shade; and her sister in pink brocade, trained; Mrs Pharazyn, in rose silk with bands of jewelled embroidery; Mrs (Dr.) Newman, in prune silk and net; Lady Buckley, a handsome pinkish-yellow gown trimmed round the basque with beaded fringe; Mrs Thomas Wilford, in her wedding dress of silver and white brocade, long train, and diamond ornaments; Mrs Travers, in blue brocade with large Watteau bow at the back; Miss Hadfield, in a very pretty salmon pink silk trimmed with embroidered chiffon; Miss Hilda Williams, in pink satin brocaded with true lovers' knots, pink shoes; Miss Grace, in white satin, trained; Miss Gore, a pretty pale green satin, trained, and trimmed with flosses of white lace; Miss Knight, a soft yellow Liberty silk gown, and lovely yellow bouquet; Madame Lestalot de Bachoné wore a handsome pink brocade; and Mrs Ballance, a black satin trimmed with gold and silver passementerie. There were several *débutantes*—the Misses Meredith (Masterton), Hammerton, Munro (Blenheim), Barclay, Tripe, Griffiths, and Glover, who all wore pretty white dresses, the prettiest amongst them being that of Miss Tripe—of soft white mervueilleux, the flosses round the hem caught here and there with flowers. That of Miss Meredith was also pretty—of silk, the bodice folded in a becoming way.

Mrs W. P. Reeves wore a combination of yellow silk and black and gold brocade, the front loosely draped; Lady Hector, bronze satin over a petticoat of white lace; Lady Campbell, pink satin; Mrs (Justice) Richmond, black and white satin; Mrs J. P. Maxwell, black velvet and yellow satin; Mrs Tolhurst, handsome black moiré; Mrs Baker, a beautiful gown of shades of terra-cotta silk and pink silk; Mrs Castendyk, blue silk brocaded with pink flowers; Mrs Focke, yellow silk; Mrs Arthur Pearce, pink silk trimmed with black brocaded ribbon and lace; Mrs L. Reid, white ottoman silk with maize velvet ribbon; Mrs Paritt, black and blue; Mrs Jellicoe, a lovely gown of salmon pink and cobelin blue brocade, trained, and trimmed with pink feather edging; Mrs C. Izard, grey satin; Mrs Firth, blue brocade; Mrs M. Richmond, black; Mrs W. Ferguson, black; Mrs Barron, black velvet; Mrs Morrison, black brocade; Mrs Fitzherbert, Mrs Mongomerie (Wanganui), Mrs Fisher, Mrs Mason, Mrs Harding, Mrs Ross, Mrs Fancourt, Mesdames Barclay, Robinson, Habens, Molineaux, Glasgow, and many others wore black; Miss Richardson wore black velvet with white chiffon sleeves; Miss Graham, mauve trimmed with violet velvet ribbons; Miss Holmes, black with yellow; Miss Krull, white; Miss Johnstone (Fitzherbert Terrace), pearl grey satin trimmed with pearl embroidery; Miss Dransfield, a pretty maize moiré, trained; Miss Cooper, a white gown trimmed with green ribbons and chiffon; her sister, pink; Miss E. Williams, grey satin and silver corsalet; Miss Brandon, red net and flowers; and her sister, pink silk and net; Miss Williams (Dunedin), salmon

angel sleeves; Mrs Gore, black velvet with cream and black petticoat; Miss M. Gore, cream trimmed with scarlet velvet and flowers, scarlet shoes; Miss Cliffield, pale green silk, long white lace; Hounce round the basque; Miss Hector, white silk; Miss Hill (Auckland), black trimmed with violets; Miss Pysent, white veiled with black pink satin brocaded with true lovers' knots, and made with lace; Miss McKellar, wore her beautiful white dress in which she made her *début* a few evenings before, and Miss Daisy Knight also wore her pretty 'coming out' dress; Miss Hart, white; Mrs Noak, black velvet, trained, and trimmed with cream lace; Miss Wilford, black velvet; Miss Halse, coffee-coloured silk trimmed with lace; Miss L. Halse, black and pink, and her sister, blue; Mrs Ross, black and white; Miss Ross, a pretty gown of palest green and pink softened with chiffon; Miss Wise, turquoise blue, high collar; Miss Laisley, blue; Miss Harding, black and gold; and her sister, cream; Miss Reynolds (Gisborne), white net and satin; Miss Morrish, blue net; Mrs Gillon, pale green and white striped gauze; Miss Barron, lemon net and chiffon; and her sister, pink; Miss Tuckey, mauve trimmed with lemon feather trimming; Miss B. Tuckey, navy blue and red ribbons; Mrs Tilly, black velvet; Mrs Samuels, a pretty bine net gown; Miss Gibson, cream satin and net; Mrs S. Kennedy, white silk; Miss M. Kennedy, pink silk and gold girdle; Mrs Burnett, black with front of white lace; Miss Barnett, white; and her sister, cream spotted with mauve; Miss Powles, white, red sash; Miss Duthie, cream; Miss Messenger, cream striped with blue; Miss Quick, grey velvet; Miss Elliott, pink and green net; Miss Lowe, a handsome blue brocade; Miss Fancourt, black; Miss Barclay, cream figured net; Miss (Percy) Smith, black with mauve flowers; Miss Malcolm, a pretty soft white silk gown; Miss Allan, pink silk trimmed with black lace; Miss M. Allan, black; Miss Bishop, black figured net; Mrs Seed, black; Miss Wright, red; Mrs Edwin, red and black brocade; Miss Willis, white; Mrs Crawford, a beautiful maize Liberty silk gown with long train, diamond brooches in the corsage; Mrs Nathan, a handsome thick cream silk gown with striped gauze petticoat; Mrs Milward, her lovely wedding gown of white satin brocaded with true lovers' knots, and trimmed with embroidered chiffon; Mrs Wallace, Mrs Simpson, Mrs Holmwood, cream net with flowers; Mrs Wilson, Mrs Kennedy Macdonald, a handsome train and bodice of old gold plush over a petticoat of lighter silk; Mrs Stafford, Mrs Pollen, Mrs Ewart, Mrs Habens, Mrs Martin, Miss Hammerton, biscuit-colour and blue; Mrs Simpson, Miss McIae, in black; etc.

Amongst the gentlemen present were the Premier (Mr Ballance), the Hon. W. P. Reeves, the Hon. R. Seddon, Sir James Hector, Major Newall, the Hon. R. Pharazyn, Mr. Hutchinson, M.H.R., Dr. Newman, Dr. Bell, Dr. Gilton, Lieut. Colonel Fox, Mr Loughnan, the Rev. Fancourt, Mr Ross Marten, Dr. Adams, Mr E. J. Reid, Mr L. Reid, Mr Wardrop, Mr F. A. Krull, Colonel Pearce, Mrs Ewart and Pollen, Mr Vogel, the Hon. C. Johnston, M. Lestalot de Bachoné, Mr Quick, Mr Duncan, Mr Harcourt, Rev. Habens, Sir Kenneth Douglas, Captain Messenger, Captain Barclay, Mr Travers, Mr G. Fisher, M.H.R., and Messrs Dransfield, Cooper, Fitzherbert, Anson, Halse, Firth, C. Pharazyn, Still, St. Hill, Tanner, F. Kebbelle, Morrison, Hall, G. Knight, Richmond, Gore, Wilford, Ross, Meek, Leckie, Glascoedine, Brooksmith, Hodson, Jellicoe, Hadfield, Baldwin, Cook, Harcourt, Brasill, Hector, Innes, Fleming, Milward, Leckie, Barnett, Crawford, Young, Smith, Barron, Phigate, Tuckey, Brown, Black, Robinson, Levi, Mills, Mason, Mayor, Loveday, and Quick. As many as possible have been mentioned, but it is almost impossible to remember all.

The ball broke up at about half-past two o'clock, 'God Save the Queen' sounding through the rooms as the guests made their adieux. It was a very brilliant and successful affair, and Sir James and Lady Prendergast's kind hospitality will long linger in the memory of those fortunate enough to be able to enjoy it. If there was a fault, it was that there were not enough dancing men. Indeed, many of the usual dancers were conspicuous by their absence, probably owing to some unavoidable mistake on the part of the new Private Secretary, whose task must have been by no means an easy one. One great feature was the number of seats provided for the dancers after leaving the ballroom. Lounges were arranged at the landing of the stairs and in every imaginable recess, and were greatly appreciated. The ballroom was not overcrowded, and dancing could be enjoyed in comfort almost through the entire evening. Of course the last dances were the best, said the young people when they had command of the floor. Lady Prendergast intends holding a large reception at Government House in a few days.

THE LEVEE.

A grand levee was held by His Excellency the Administrator of Government on the morning of the Queen's Birthday at Government House. The hour fixed was eleven o'clock, and by that time a large crowd of gentlemen had assembled. These gentlemen had the right of private entree:—Mr Justice Richmond, Hon. J. Ballance, Hon. R. J. Seddon, Hon. W. P. Reeves, Hon. J. McKenzie, Hon. A. J. Cadman, Sir H. Atkinson, Archbishop Redwood, Mr J. E. Fitzgerald, Hon. E. Richardson, Mr T. W. Hislop, Mr W. S. Reid, Mr C. Godfrey Knight, Mr G. E. Tollhurst, Mr J. C. Gavin, Mr H. S. Pollen, Mr H. J. Elliott, Mr C. M. Crombie, Mr S. Percy Smith, Mr W. T. Glasgow, Mr J. McKerrow, Dr. McGregor, Hon. C. J. Johnston, Hon. R. Pharazyn, Hon. R. Hart, Hon. W. B. Mantell, Mr G. Fisher, Mr E. Pearce, Mr A. F. Castendyk, M. de Lestalot de Bachoné, Mr F. A. Krull, Mr H. J. H. Blow, Mr C. J. A. Haselden, Lieutenant-Colonel Hume, A.D.C., Mr C. P. Knight, Private Secretary.

Amongst those presented to His Excellency were the following:—Mr J. W. Abbott, Mr K. H. Abbott, Dr. Harry Adams, Mr J. O. Anson, Mr P. E. Baldwin, Mr A. A. Barnett, Mr C. Barnett, Captain Barclay, Mr George Beetham, Mr W. H. Beetham, Mr J. H. Bethune, Mr Henry Bundell, Mr E. Balcoms Brown, Mr Frederick Bull, Mr T. Barnett, Mr Martin Chapman, Mr John H. Cook, Mr Walter P. Cohen, Mr G. S. Cooper, Mr Arthur Cooper, Mr Ormond Cooper, Mr Samuel Costall, Mr W. G. Crawford, Mr J. J. Devine, Mr J. Dransfield, Mr J. Duthie, Captain Edwin, Captain Falconer, Mr J. P. Firth, Mr William

Ferguson, Mr T. R. Fleming, Mr E. Focke, Mr J. G. Fox, Mr G. Gibson, Mr W. Gray, Rev. W. J. Habens, Mr Henry Hall, Mr J. B. Harcourt, Mr W. R. Haselden, Mr A. Heiner, Dr. Henry, Mr John Innes, Mr Alfred Jackson, Mr E. H. Jackson, Mr W. P. James, Mr J. S. Jameson, Mr E. G. Jellicoe, Mr F. A. Kebbelle, Mr G. A. Kennedy, Mr S. R. Kennedy, Mr H. W. Kirby, Mr S. Kohn, Mr N. Lawson, Mr B. M. Litchfield, Mr R. A. Loughnan, Rev. W. J. Lewis, S. M., Mr E. W. Lowe, Mr D. M. Luckie, Mr M. Luckie, Mr T. K. Macdonald, Mr H. E. McCordell, Mr C. J. Mathews, Mr W. G. Mantell, Mr S. G. Martin, Mr T. F. Martin, Mr J. P. Maxwell, Mr T. W. McKenzie, Mr H. S. McKellar, Mr J. McKellan, Mr E. W. Mills, Mr E. C. Milla, Mr E. W. Morrish, Mr J. E. Page, Mr Peter T. J. Paritt, Dr. Henry Pollen, Mr C. P. Powles, Mr C. P. Pysent, Mr W. H. Quick, Mr Edward Richardson, Mr J. M. Richardson, Mr C. T. Richardson, Mr H. W. Robinson, R.M., Mr John Ross, Mr C. Ross Marten, Mr H. H. Seal, Mr R. M. Simpson, Mr J. E. Smith, Mr Edward Stafford, Rev. H. Van Stavoren, Mr Charles Tringham, Dr. W. B. Tripe, Mr Dudley Tripe, Mr J. A. Tripe, Mr R. M. Tolhurst, Rev. H. E. Tuckey, Mr H. P. Tuckey, Mr James Wallace, Mr H. W. Wallace, Rev. C. Waters, Rev. F. J. Watters, S. M., D.D., Mr O. S. Watkins, Mr A. E. Watkins, Mr W. F. Ward, Mr Lewis H. B. Wilson, Mr Andrew Young, Mr W. Young.

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## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE average life of a coin is twenty-five years.

The 'plain, unvarnished truth' is apt to be pretty rough.

To love is to admire with the heart; to admire is to love with the mind.

Thoughts are blossoms of the mind and deeds are the fruits of desire.

Esop says:—He loses character who puts himself on a level with the undeserving.

The chief causes of wrinkles are supposed to be mental worry and excessive laughter.

When the purse is empty and the kitchen cold, then the voice of flattery is no longer heard.

Don't boast too much of your 'strong points.' A knot in the wind is the hardest part and yet it is the first to show a defect.

The discovery of truth by slow, progressive meditation is talent. Intuition of the truth, not preceded by perceptible meditation, is genius.

The tramway car lines of Great Britain extend to 963 miles, and the sum of £14,000,000 has been expended on their construction, upkeep, and plant.

A man imagines that he has lots of fun in telling how difficult it is for even a woman to find her way in her own pocket, but all the varnish comes off the laugh when he begins to remember how easily she gets into his pockets.

People diametrically opposite in views may be excellent friends, but there must be other directions in which they sympathise. Persons of the most diverse characteristics may be tenderly attached, but there must be certain tastes or interests in common.

A gentleman is distinguished from a churl by the purity of sentiment he can reach in all these three passions—by his imaginative love, as opposed to lust; his imaginative possession of wealth, as opposed to avarice; his imaginative desire of honour as opposed to pride.

It is said that sandal-wood carving will soon be unknown. The native youth of Mysore, which is the principal home of the wood carvers, have learned that there are better things to engage their time, and are no longer content to labour patiently for months at a time on the delicate, sweet scented pieces of wood which are intrinsically valuable.

The Czar of Russia is a man of wonderful strength and endurance. It is said that he can easily twist a horse-shoe in his hands. He works from six in the morning until ten at night, but depends somewhat upon stimulants and narcotics to preserve his strength. He is a trained soldier, an accomplished horseman, and speaks seven modern languages besides his own.

Cabbage has always been said to be a cure for intoxication. The Egyptians ate boiled cabbages before their other food if they intended to drink wine after dinner, and some of the remedies sold as a preventative of intoxication on the Continent contain cabbage seed. In Samuelson's 'History of Drink' it is said that one Alexis explained to a boon companion—

Last evening, you were drinking deep,  
So now your head aches, go to sleep;  
Take some boiled cabbage when you wake,  
And there's an end of your headache.

A Zulu chief, when you enter his hovel, remains silent for some moments and seems quite unconscious of your presence. At length he says, in a tone of grave dignity, 'Ee saku bona' (I see you), to which you reply in the same way. The longer he takes to 'see you,' the greater man you are supposed to be; and until you are thus 'seen,' you must keep silence, and appear as much as possible not to be there at all.

Bulwer Lytton, father of the Lord Lytton who died in Paris recently, was a great believer in the efficacy of water cures. Such establishments he habitually patronised when tired out. He would then drink water in almost unlimited quantities, and he sweated and soaked until he had lost several pounds in weight. He usually emerged from this experience with a bad cold, but otherwise he was vastly improved by the treatment. He once wrote a pamphlet in advocacy of this system.

**HORSES WITH FALSE TEETH.**—Veterinary surgeons are, in America, beginning to take a leaf from the books of the notoriously clever dentists of that country. Those of them who have made some advance in the art of horse-dentistry assert that everything that can be done to the teeth of a human being can be done to the teeth of a horse, and several cases have recently been recorded in American agricultural papers of extraordinary improvement in the condition of horses which, owing to the loss of a tooth or teeth, had practically lost the power of masticating their food, and were thus forced to bolt it whole, with detrimental results. In cases of this sort false teeth have been fitted with the best possible effects.

**STRANGE MANUFACTURE.**—According to the description of a young lady, the following process is gone through in the manufacture of a steam engine:—'You pour a lot of sand into a box, and throw a lot of old stoves and things into a fire, and empty the molten stream into a hole in the sand, and the men all yell, and it's awfully dirty and smoky. And then you pour it out and let it cool and pound it; and then you put it in a thing that goes round, and try to break it; then you screw it to a thing that goes back and forth, that you can ride on, and that scrapes it and it squeaks; then you put it in a thing that bores holes into it. Then you screw it together and paint it, and put steam in it, and it goes awfully; and they take it up in the drafting-room and draw a picture of it, and make one of wood just like it. And oh, I forgot—they have to make a boiler. One man gets inside and one gets outside, and pound away just terribly; and then they tie it to the other thing—and oh, you just ought to see it go.'

## DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

SOME of the Australian papers are very enolistic just now in their mention of the 'Maribel Greenwood Dramatic, Musical and Burlesque Company.' The Misses Greenwood made a tour of New Zealand two or three years ago, but, being rather young and unused to the stage, were not a success financially. Both these faults have been cured by time and practice. One of the papers says: 'Anyone having once seen a performance of this talented and versatile company is sure to take the opportunity of going to see them again.' The Greenwood family is assisted by a strong company of eminent artistes.

Of Miss Maribel Greenwood's personal appearance special mention is made. 'She is a classical beauty, with the severest and most orthodox classical features, tremendously talented, speaks English, French, and German to perfection.' Another paper waxes enthusiastic over her singing: 'Miss Maribel Greenwood took her part in perfect style. In the most difficult of the high notes Miss Greenwood was perfection, and in the low notes beautifully soft and sweet.' The three younger ladies—Misses Agatha, Ruby, and Nora—each receive high encomiums. The many friends of the family will be glad to hear that at length their talents are being remuneratively appreciated. The company will probably pay a visit to this colony shortly, where they will be warmly welcomed.

SINCE the opera season a good deal has been talked about the chorus, and as a good number of very estimable people have a fixed idea that a theatrical life is



CHORUS GIRL.

demoralising, and express a horror of the evils of the stage without any distinct notion as to what those evils really are, a few lines on this class of the community may be read with interest.

CHORUS girls are supposed to possess a good appearance, useful voices, and some knowledge of music. These three attributes are not always attainable in one person, and we frequently find girls with a fine appearance but no voice, and *vice versa*. The chorus girls may be roughly divided into three classes, recruited from various sources. Some are the children of regular theatrical parents. They have been familiar with the stage from babyhood, and take to it as a matter of course. 'Scenes' and properties are amongst their earliest remembrances, and they usually serve an apprenticeship, while very young, in the pantomime or drama. Where the parents are not too well off, the little addition to their income earned by two, or, perhaps three, children is very acceptable.

THE second class enter the theatre because they prefer it to any other place of business, and in many instances have been employed in trade before attaining their desire to go on the boards. A girl of this sort has, not infrequently, a hope that the managers will discover her talent (with which

she endows herself), and promote her from the chorus to principal parts, and make of her, at a few minutes' notice, a Lady Macbeth or Lucrezia Borgia. But that sort of expectation is not always realised.

THE third class of chorister is the one who joins the profession from inability for any other employment. She is perhaps well born and educated, but unfortunate circumstances compel her to earn a living for herself and probably others dependent on her. The governess market being overstocked, she turns her musical attainments to count, and decides to earn her bread and butter by chorus singing. From this class come the steadiest workers.

THE chorus girls' duties commence with the morning rehearsal, which generally occupies from two to three hours, excepting the week or so preceding a new production, when they are often detained from 10 a.m., till 4 p.m., and on one or two occasions have to make up and dress as at night. The girls go down again in the evening, about an hour before the curtain rises, and five or six dress together according to the size of the room. Occasionally conversation is carried on in dressing-rooms, as elsewhere, that is not angelic in its purity; but when we remember that this also occurs in dressmaking and millinery establishments, it will be seen that the theatrical girl is at least as well off as others, for, should she not approve of the language used by another, she can remove herself elsewhere, while the apprentice in the workroom must sit all day where she is placed. Then the very fact of a night employment keeps our girl from the dangers of such amusements as socials, etc. While in the theatre the girl is as safe as at any other business. Her work is less sedentary and more remunerative than many occupations, and her honesty and common sense might often be safely imitated by apparently better classes of society.

THE London *Daily News* boldly made these statements recently: 'Mr Irving has spent on scenery, designs, costumes and accessories of "Henry VIII" just £15,000. In the days when a run of twenty nights was considered remarkable such lavish expenditure as this could not be remunerative. The Lyceum holds between 1700 and 1800 persons, and when full the receipts amount to £2400. But the expenses all told are over £800 a week. It follows that in ten weeks of full houses the management will have barely recouped expenses, without taking into account the possibilities of fogs, which affect disastrously the most prosperous theatres.' But the next day the *News* had to print this letter to the editor: 'Will you allow me to assure you that the surprising statements about the Lyceum finances are wholly inaccurate? I have not spent £15,000 on "Henry VIII," and my expenses are not £800 a week. I wish they were.—Faithfully yours, HENRY IRVING.'

JEAN DE RESZKE, the greatest tenor of the day, is a devoted dog-worshipper, and recently his favourite spaniel was taken ill. For a whole day the great tenor nursed the afflicted animal, and, at last, towards evening, it fell asleep. It was lying on the tail of its master's furrowed dressing gown, and he couldn't move without waking it, so for three mortal hours De Reszke sat bolt-upright and motionless, till he got cramps and couldn't move at all. Then his valet informed him that it was time to dress for the theatre, and that menial had to cut off most of his master's clothes so as to get him away without waking the dog. The only other alternatives were to shake up the spaniel or to resign the engagement, and the former, at all events, couldn't be thought of for an instant.

MR BEEHOLM TREE has commissioned that clever Australian playwright, Mr Haddon Chambers—the author of 'Captain Swift'—to write him a new play. Mr Chambers will in due course submit a *scenario* to Mr Tree for approval, and the play—the subject of which is left to the author—will eventually be produced at the Haymarket Theatre.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN is still in the Riviera, hard at work upon the score of the new Savoy opera. He hopes to finish it this month; but it is doubtful whether it will be produced until the autumn. The libretto is from the pen of Mr Sydney Grundy.

MADAME MARIE ROZE is about to appear in a new rôle—that of an operatic librettist. She will take a holiday from her singing duties with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and go to Paris, there to put the finishing touches on the libretto of a grand opera founded on a story of Lamartine's. The music will be composed by Mr Henry J. Wood.

MR CHARLES CHARRINGTON, the husband of Miss Janet Achurch, has taken the Avenue Theatre (London), for the purpose of producing Ibsen's 'Doll's House,' in which Miss Janet Achurch will, of course, re-appear as Nora Helmer, and Mr Charrington as Torvald Helmer instead of Doctor Rank.

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THE GREATEST BANKS.

MONEY ENOUGH IN THEIR VAULTS TO PURCHASE WHOLE COUNTRIES.



On the 1st day of January, 1895, the Bank of England will celebrate the second centennial anniversary of its establishment, says the *New York Recorder*. Of the many great banking institutions in the world none is more widely or better known than this bank.

Its name is at once suggestive of financial stability and soundness. This famous institution was founded in 1694 by William Paterson, a Scotchman, and the origin of banking in England, in anything like the modern sense of the term, may be said to date from that time.

On January 1, 1695, the doors of the bank were opened for business. Its capital was then £1,200,000. Two years later it was increased to £2,201,000. A dozen years later (1710) it was again increased to £5,560,000. In 1816 the capital was raised to its present amount, £14,553,000, upon which dividends are paid at the rate of £10 per share. There is besides a reserve fund of £3,200,000. The price of the stock is quoted at about £338 per share.

The charter given July 27, 1694, to the Bank of England was a very liberal one. It included the exclusive privilege of issuing notes payable on demand, and also, in consideration of advances made to the Government, was to be sole keeper of the Government balances. The disastrous panic of 1825 enabled the Ministry to compel the Bank of England to relinquish some of the privileges of its charter. Up to the year 1826 it was the only joint-stock bank in England, and until 1834 it remained the only joint-stock bank in London. At that date the London and Westminster Bank was founded.

The first offices occupied by the bank were at the Grocers' Hall in the Poultry. In 1734 the bank moved to Thread-needle street. The present building occupies the unique position of being situated in four parishes. It is reared on the site of John Honblon's house and many other buildings, including the Church of St. Christopher-le-Stocks, the burial ground of which is now the 'garden' of the bank. In this place was buried in the last century a clerk of the bank named Jenkins, who was six feet six inches in length and was interred there to save the corpse from the resurrectionists.

The interior of the bank has little of special interest. The various halls are spacious and modern in appearance and transactions during business hours seldom involve any crowding. The basement is entered through a carefully guarded iron door. In it are the vaults where the bullion, specie and other valuables and curiosities are to be found. There are also the barracks, where thirty-six soldiers are quartered from seven o'clock every evening until seven

o'clock the next morning for the protection of the bank. The custom of quartering soldiers in the bank originated at the time of the Lord George Gordon riots, when an attempt was made to sack the bank.

The Bank of England first issued notes in 1695, which were of the denomination of £20. The £10 notes were issued in 1759 and the £5 notes in 1793. Three or four years later notes for £1 and £2 were issued. These latter were withdrawn from circulation in 1844, and no notes are now issued for less than £5, and none of a higher denomination than £1000. 'As good as gold' faithfully represents the character of a Bank of England note. They are a legal tender every where in Great Britain except at the bank itself, where they are required to be paid in gold, and every note issued by the bank could so be paid without £1 of the capital of the institution being touched.

Notes issued by and once paid back into the Bank of England are never again circulated, even though they may not have been taken five feet from the teller's window, but are destroyed, after going through a most minute process of cancellation. Of course, under such circumstances, every note paid out by the bank is 'brand new.' The present note circulation of the bank is somewhat over £25,000,000. For the management of the public debt the bank receives £247,000 per year. The remaining profits of the bank are derived from its use of its deposits, on which it allows no interest, and of its own capital.

The management of this bank is under the care of twenty-four directors, each of whom receives the sum of £500 per year for his services. William Lidderdale, the governor, receives £1,000 a year, and the deputy governor, David Powell, a like amount. The honour attached to the holding of these offices is far beyond any pecuniary compensation. Many of London's ablest financiers would gladly accept the governorship of the Bank of England solely for the honour that attaches to it. This is quite in contrast to the management of banking institutions in this country, where it would be difficult to find a man willing to accept for the 'honour' and without pay.

The Bank of England is the great depository of the bullion of that country and in ordinary times holds in its vaults about £25,000,000. This is a much smaller amount than is held by the Bank of France. That is accounted for by the fact that the smallest notes issued are for £5, thus necessitating an enormous quantity of gold being kept by the people. Then, too, the lending powers and the commerce of Great Britain are so enormous that there is almost a perpetual drain of gold such as is not found in other European countries or in the United States. The total amount of bullion in the Bank of England November 12, 1891, was £22,946,692.

The size of the banking-room proper is about the only striking thing in connection with that part of the building to which the general public have access.

The golden gallery (restored in 1875) is one of the interesting sights, as is also the rooms where, by a chemical process all the old bills are reduced to pulp. A large number of

employés are found in the printing office: cutters, engravers, printers, chemists—each has a place, for the bank makes its own paper and ink and does all the work in connection with the production of the bills. To see all this, of course, requires special permission from the officers of the institution.

If by any manner of means it is possible to secure admission to the vaults one finds many interesting things. The walls are of solid granite, combined with cement and iron, to make them inaccessible. The entrance is through an iron door having three locks, the keys for which are held, one by the Governor, one by the chief cashier, and one by the examiner. This door opens into a small room containing a safe in which is kept the cash for daily use.

Beyond this is a second door also having three different locks, the keys to which are held by the same persons holding the keys to the first door. This second door opens into what is known as the 'conservatory,' the place where all the securities and other such valuables are kept. At the end of this room is another door with a combination lock. A narrow staircase guarded by a strong iron door leads to the place where all the bullion and specie are kept. Inside this inner vault are ranged a number of large iron boxes with covers lined with lead, so that the boxes may be sealed immediately if necessity requires. Some of these boxes contain gold ingots; others gold and silver pieces of various denominations. Millions upon millions of money are here represented. At one time within the past twelve months these vaults contained nearly 1,200,000,000 francs in gold and 1,250,000,000 in silver. The exact amount of bullion lying in the vaults of the Bank of France November 12th, 1891, was £52,966,000 in gold and £54,014,000 in silver.

The governor of the Bank of France is M. Joseph Magnin, one of the ablest financiers in Paris, and under whose direction and influence the bank has enjoyed a high degree of prosperity. There are two deputy governors, who, with fifteen regents and three examiners, constitute the board of management. This board meets once a week, when all the interesting questions relative to the bank's interest are passed upon. Some of the rules and methods of conducting the business of this bank date back to a time when banking was in its infancy, and an effort is now being made to have certain of these rules laid aside.

Commercial paper is discounted, the rate usually being 3 per cent. Loans are made on securities, but sharp distinction is drawn as to the kind of securities. For instance, advances are made on bonds of the French railways, but not upon the bonds of foreign companies, no matter how 'glittered' the latter may be. Notes drawn by foreigners against Frenchmen are accepted by the bank, but it will not collect bills drawn by Frenchmen on foreigners.

All paper discounted is required to have three signatures. The issue of notes by the Bank of France is limited to 3,500,000,000 francs. During the whole of its career the bank has been singularly free from large losses. Its management is conservative in the strictest sense of the word. A 4 per cent. dividend is regularly paid, and the shares are quoted as being worth 4,350 francs.

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**ENGAGEMENTS**  
 MR G. A. KING (Tomoana), is to be married shortly to Miss Iris Fulton (Napier). I believe it is the intention of the bachelors to give him a farewell dinner before he enters the list of

Benedicts.



MISS ALICE LARNACH, eldest daughter of Mr Larnach, of 'The Camp,' Otago, was married at her father's residence to Mr William Francis Inder (solicitor), of Naseby. 'The Camp,' better known as 'Larnach's Castle,' is situated at the Peninsula, and partly owing to the distance perhaps, and partly to the fact of the family being in half mourning, the wedding partook chiefly of the nature of a private affair. The Rev. Dr. Stuart performed the ceremony. The bride wore a lovely white serge trimmed with fur, and the four bridesmaids—the Misses Colleen and Gladys Larnach (the bride's sisters), Miss K. Reynolds, and little Miss Brenda Coughtrey—wore cream serge trimmed with beaver. Among the guests were the Hon. W. H. and Mrs Reynolds, Miss Reynolds, Dr. and Mrs Coughtrey, Dr. and Mrs Oliver, Mr and Mrs John Roberts and Miss Roberts. The wedding presents were very handsome and numerous, the bridegroom's gifts to the bridesmaids being handsome gold brooches.



**HUNTING.**

THE meet of the Pakuranga hounds on the Queen's Birthday at Walter's Corner, Papakura, was not a numerical success, owing to the inclemency of the weather. The few who were present, however, declared they enjoyed themselves immensely. The Saturday meet at the Mount Albert station drew over one hundred hunters and women to that favourably situated rendezvous. The weather was perfect, but the hares were very shy early in the day, though later on the sport was excellent. Amongst the fair equestriennes were Mrs Billborough, Mrs Allan Kerr-Taylor, Mrs W. Buckland, two of the Misses Buckland and Hesketh, Miss Kilgour, the Misses Chambers-Taylor, Firth, Owen, Keating, Percival, Sellers, etc. A few of the gentlemen who may be mentioned were Col. Dawson, Messrs Crombie, Collins, Lawry, Coxter, Stewart, Woodroffe, Colson, Gilmore, Hanna, Ware, Bloomfield, Dunnet, Lockhart, Daveney, McKellar. *En route* were Dr. and Mrs Hassell, Mrs Mahoney, Mrs (Col.) Dawson, Mrs Walker and Miss Walker, Mrs Ireland and family, Mrs Hull and Miss Philson, Mrs McLaughlan; Messrs Dawson, England, Forbes, Cashel; Miss Firth and sister, Mrs McBride and family, etc.

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AUCKLAND.

**SOCIETY GOSSIP.**

**AUCKLAND.**

DEAR BEE,

MAY 31.

The weather on Saturday was as near perfection as the most exacting could wish, and therefore it was not surprising to see a very large attendance of ladies at Potter's paddock to witness the football matches. Parnell and City played in front of the stand, the former, after an exciting contest, gaining a victory. While watching the game I did not fail to take a mental note of some of the attractive costumes worn.

**DRESSES AT SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL.**

Mrs T. Cotter looked handsome in a grey Cheviot serge gown trimmed with black braid, pretty little black hat and fur boa; Miss Devore looked stylish in brown dress, grey Tudor cape trimmed with grey astrachan, and very becoming hat; Miss Bertha Devore looked nice in navy blue; Misses Thorne George looked pretty in navy blue, the elder sister wearing a crimson blouse under her jacket, navy blue hats; Mrs (Prof.) Thomas, fawn tweed gown, cloth jacket, and fawn hat with crimson flowers; Miss Puckey looked charming in black skirt, crimson blouse, cloth jacket, and small black hat; Miss Meldrum wore an attractive navy blue costume, hat to correspond; and her friend, Miss Clara Edmiston, was in wine colour; Mrs W. J. Rees wore a pretty seal brown costume, and hat to match; Miss Rees looked pretty in myrtle green, her hat brightened with a touch of cardinal; Misses Hay (Remuera), looked pretty, one sister wearing crimson, the vest, etc., braided with black, hat to match, and the other navy blue with cream vest, and navy blue hat with cardinal wings; Miss Thomas was as attractive as ever in navy blue skirt and jacket, cream blouse, and sailor hat; her sister was also in navy blue; Mrs Hackett wore a fawn tweed dress, lovely seal plush mantle, and fawn bonnet with crimson poppies; Miss Hackett wore a stylish myrtle green dress trimmed with black astrachan, and tiny black jet hat; Miss Dervan, pretty seal brown costume trimmed with astrachan to match, brown felt hat trimmed with brown and pale pink velvet; Miss Firth wore a stylish navy blue costume; Mrs McArthur wore a handsome black costume; Miss Jessie Mackay, seal brown velvet and black costume; Miss Jessie Mackay, seal brown velvet and black costume; Miss Rhodes, navy blue dress, seal plush jacket, and stylish hat; Miss Greenwood wore a crimson dress, black hat trimmed with crimson, and black three-quarter jacket; Misses Dudley were, respectively, frocked in light brown tweed and navy blue, with hats to correspond.

**AMONGST THE HANDSOME COSTUMES WORN AT**

**A PRIVATE SUBSCRIPTION DANCE**

I may mention Mrs Upton, black silk; Mrs Devore, lovely trained gown of black moiré silk; Mrs T. Cotter, looked well in black lace; Mrs Buchanan wore amber trimmed with black; Miss Devore looked charming in rose-coloured tarlatan; Miss Masfield wore black effectively trimmed with cardinal ribbons; Miss Stevenson looked pretty in black and gold net; Miss Dixon wore all black; Miss Langsford, cerise saten dress; Miss Freda Langsford, sea-green gown; Miss Wallcutt, pretty dress of white Liberty silk; Miss C. Wallcutt looked pretty in pink; Miss Alice Tye, dainty gown of vieux rose net; Miss Gittos, becoming sea-green dress; Miss Williamson looked nice in cream satin; Miss Upton, cream veiling prettily trimmed with gold braid; Miss Dunnet, pretty costume of yellow net; Miss Rita Tole, white dress finished with crimson roses; Miss Taylor (Mount Albert) looked nice in pale pink; Miss Stream, dainty cream dress and old gold silk sash; Miss M. Macindoe looked pretty in pink.

**AT THE PONSONBY SOCIAL UNION**

dance I noticed amongst the number Mrs S. D. Hanna, black silk and lace; Mrs W. J. Rees, black corded silk and jabot of point lace; Miss Rees looked charming in black lace finished with crimson roses, the low bodice edged with crimson chiffon; Mrs Kronfeld, rich blue merveilleux dress trimmed with black lace; Mrs Morrin, black satin; and Miss Morrin, pretty yellow veiling dress finished with ribbon to match; Miss Janieson, dainty sea-green veiling dress; Misses Bates (North Shore) looked nice in all white; Miss Owen (Franklin Road), rich white silk gown, the low neck finished with embroidered chiffon; Miss Bastard, pretty pale blue silk dress; her sister wore pink silk veiled with pink tinsel net and trimmed with ribbon; Miss Geddis, cream silk trimmed with gold; Miss M. E. Geddis, pale pink silk; Mrs Cosser, black silk, and pretty cream cap; Miss P. Cosser, black silk and net dress richly trimmed with jet; Miss Bartley (North Shore), green veiling; Miss Wright, yellow veiling, front draped with black tinsel gauze caught with yellow roses; Miss Upton looked pretty in crimson veiled with black gauze; Miss Court, blue cashmere with frills of white chiffon; Mrs Laxon, black grenadine with pink trimmings; Miss M. Dickey looked pretty in white cashmere trimmed with tinsel gauze; Mrs W. Boak, becoming salmon pink veiling dress; Mrs W. J. Geddis, cream brocade, the front veiled with cream and gold tinsel gauze; Mrs Bartlett, cream cashmere; and others whom I cannot remember.

**DRESSES AT THE THEATRE.**

Miss Myra Kemble and her Company continue to draw large audiences to the Opera House nightly, and amongst the ladies whom I have noticed, are Mrs W. Taylor, looking pretty in terra cotta; Mrs Day, black, and rich seal plush jacket; Miss Tye, grey gown, and handsome plush mantle; the Misses Percival accompanied her, and looked nice in dark costumes; Miss Lawford was, I think, in navy blue; Mrs Hornman Brown wore a handsome plush jacket; her gown I could not see; Miss Anderson looked well in grey; Misses Wilkins, pretty evening dresses; Mrs T. H. Ellis looked very pretty in electric blue silk with cream vest; Misses Shirley-Baker both wore dark costumes; Mrs Armitage looked charming in fawn; Miss Armitage also wore light fawn; Mrs McDonnell (Ponsonby Road) brown merveilleux gown, and pretty dove grey Tudor cape, the yoke beautifully braided with gold; Mrs (Dr.) Lindsay looked charming in black; Mrs Honeyman wore a very handsome cloak which hid her dress.

The third of the fortnightly

**ENTERTAINMENTS AT MOUNT ALBERT**

took the form of Mrs Jarley's ever-attractive waxworks, music being supplied at intervals. The Rev. F. Larkins and his daughter, and Messrs Kensington and Wright were the excellent committee of management, and were heartily congratulated on their success. The hall was full, and the fun immense. Roars of laughter greeted the liberal application of 'cactor oil' as a lubricant for the wax figures, who kept wonderfully still during the process. Mr L. Haigh was spokesman, and Mr Wright operator and machinist, both capably got up, and quite *à fait* with the business. The Emperor of Germany, Red-Kidding-Hood, King Tawhiao and his cronies, Sarah Gamp, Jack Horner, a Hospital Nurse, a Lady of the Last Century, Garrard the dog-catcher, Flora MacDonald, were capably rendered. Very becomingly costumed was Mrs Kerr-Taylor when singing 'I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls'; the 'Flower Girl,' Miss Macindoe, made a pretty embodiment of her song; Miss Battley, dressed in light brown, seal coat, and drab hat with shaded brown ribbon and feathers, looked exceedingly well; her two songs were much appreciated; Mr C. James is always liked, and his songs went very well; Mr Conder was excessively comical, and at the same time musical, and Mr L. Haigh's singing had the effect of novelty, as he frequently consulted his accompanist before beginning a fresh verse. Miss Larkins is always at home before a piano, and played very well indeed. Amongst the audience were Mr and Mrs Gairick, Mr and Mrs Brewer, Mrs James, (Auckland) and her daughter-in-law, Dr. and Mrs Rowley, Mrs Sellers, Miss Chambers-Taylor, Mrs A. Wright, the Misses Kensington, Miss Jones, Mr Beck and Mrs May, Mr Harry Battley, the Misses Sellers, the Misses Cecil-Taylor, Mr Kerr-Taylor, etc., etc.

**PRETTY EVENING FROCKS AT MRS BULL'S DANCE.**

The early dances of the season usually produce chic ball-gowns. Some of those worn on this occasion were worth chronicling. The hostess, Mrs Bull, was stylishly gowned in black silk, trimmed with black velvet and lace, white bouquet; her eldest daughter, Miss Bull, was in blue and silver; Miss Ethel Bull, who made her *début*, wore a very charming white silk; and her younger sister, Miss Beatrice, a simple girlish frock of pink cashmere. Among the young matrons, Mrs Honeyman looked well in a very handsome dress of white silk, with a dainty network of tiny gold sequins round the edge of the skirt, as also did Mrs Ware, in pink and blue brocade; Mrs (Colonel) Dawson wore an elegant blue silk gown softened with white lace; Mrs Haines, handsome black lace with diamond stars on the bodice; Mrs W. R. Bloomfield was lovely in white satin trimmed with garlands of poppies and marguerites; Mrs Dyren, blue brocade with pink petticoat; Mrs Seymour-George, in black, brought her daughter in pale blue; and Mrs H. Lewis, in black net with yellow flowers, clapperoned Miss Murray, in a peculiar shade of heliotrope, and her youngest sister, in her pretty white *débutante* dress; Miss Blanche Banks, who has quite recovered from her late severe illness, looked well in white; her sister wore a soft pink silk, and bouquet of the same colour; Miss Amphlett (Sydney), dark green velvet; Miss Ireland, cream; Mrs A. Carrick, charming dress of black lace; Mrs Aitken looked pretty in black tulle and yellow flowers; Mrs Brassy, yellow silk; Mrs Corrie looked nice in black net; Mrs Carr, handsome costume of grey satin and white astrachan; Mrs (Prof.) Thomas, white; Miss Green, pale blue; Miss Rooke, handsome pink silk embroidered with white lace; Miss Puckey, stylish pink brocade silk; her sister, white silk; Miss Suttie, pretty pale blue; Miss Newby, white lace; Miss Macdonald, white; Miss Chambers-Taylor, pretty black lace costume; Miss Firth, yellow, and her sister pink; Miss Thouson, white with yellow; and her sister, pale heliotrope; both of the Misses Robertson wore white; Miss Russell, black, and her younger sister (a *débutante* of the evening) looked so pretty in white; Mrs Thorne George, black lace, and her daughter blue; Miss Hardie, white, and her sister was lovely in white with gold braid; Miss Buckland looked well in an elegant gown of pale blue; Miss M. Buckland, yellow; Miss King, handsome black tulle; her sister, pink; Miss Wray made a stylish appearance in pale heliotrope; Miss Muir was lovely in white; Miss Ireland, pretty white dress; Misses Kerr-Taylor, charming pink and red velvet.

MURIEL.

**WELLINGTON.**

DEAR BEE,

MAY 27.

The event of the week was of course the Birthday Ball of which a full, true, and particular account appears in another column.

The usual

**MILITARY CELEBRATION**

took place on the Queen's Birthday at Newtown Park, and was witnessed by a large number of people. The day was fine but very chilly. A sham fight was the chief event, and was entered into with great spirit by the men, of whom there was a capital muster. Amongst those in command were Col. Fox, Col. Newall, Col. Hume, Captains Duncan, Patterson, Coleman, Collins, and St. Hill, and Lieuts. Hume, Johnston, Pearce, MacAlister, Davy, Kirk, Field, Isherwood, and Ball. As his Excellency the Acting Governor drove on to the ground a *feu de joie* was fired. The ground was very uneven, consequently the marching was poor. His Excellency was accompanied by the Hon. R. Seddon (Minister of Defence), Col. Hume, A.D.C., and Mr C. P. Knight, Private Secretary.

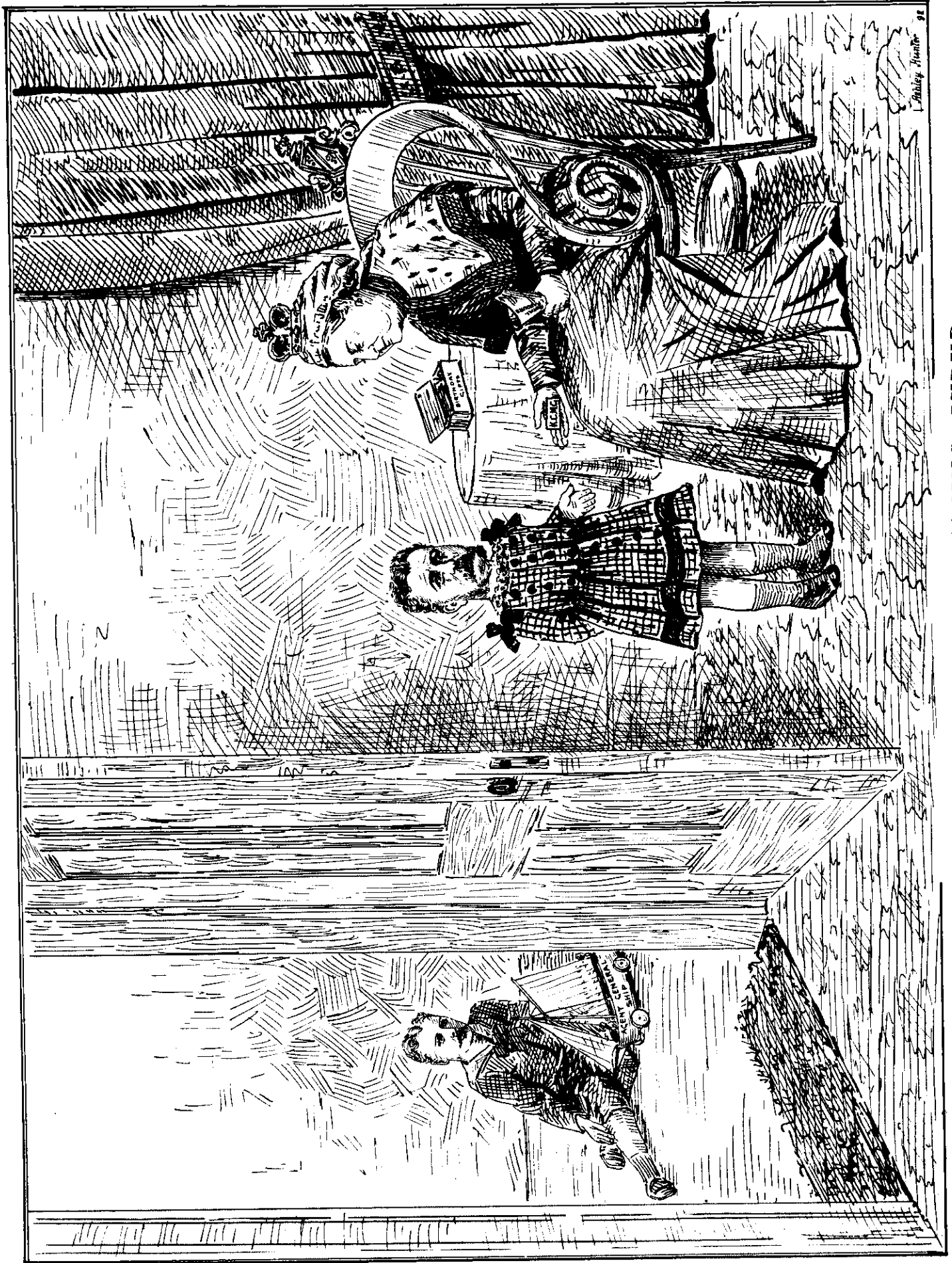
In the evening of the same day Carl Hertz had a bumper house to greet him at the Opera House, and all seemed delighted with his clever tricks, etc.

The Davy Bright Lights' Company also had a good house at the Exchange Hall, their varied programme proving very attractive. There is some chance of their wintering in Wellington.

**BACHELORS' DANCE**

At the bachelor's dance to Mrs Knight, I noticed Mrs Leonard Reid, sister of Mrs Knight, wore black satin, and lace trimmed with yellow. Mr Hall, Mr G. Knight, and Mr C. Knight were also present. Mrs W. P. Rees wore white silk striped with narrow black velvet and draped with black lace. Mrs Charles Izard soft white silk trimmed with pink chiffon; Mrs Travers black lace, with long trails of pink briar roses on both skirt and bodice; Miss Cooper looked well in pale pink silk trimmed with broad black





MOTHER VICTORIA'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

"And did his naughty brother Percival run off with the toy my little Pat wanted? Never mind then, here's a nice large lump of toffee for you."

velvet ribbons; Miss T. Cooper, white net and yellow chiffon; Miss Williams (Dunedin), a pretty salmon pink gown brocaded with true lover's knots, and made with slight train and angel sleeves; Miss Barclay in cream and blue; Miss L. Halse, pink net; Miss Izard, cream gauze with flowers; Miss L. Izard, black chiffon; Miss M. Gore, a very pretty white gown, trimmed and trimmed with chiffon; Miss Reynolds (Gisborne), lemon silk and green ribbons; Miss Krull, white net, trimmed with ox-eyed daisies; Miss Chiffrell, Gob. lin blue silk; Miss Morrish, blue net; the Misses Harding, cream; Miss Graham, white net trimmed with rose pink ribbons; Miss Welford (Picton), white spotted silk; Miss Henry, black net and her sister white; Miss McKellar, a cream and blue striped gown trained and trimmed with lace; and Miss Meredith (Masterton), black trimmed with chiffon. Amongst the gentlemen were the Hon. W. P. Reeves, Mr W. L. Travers, Mr C. Izard, Captain Findlay and Mr Kennaway of the Rimutaka, and Messrs Brooksmith, Cooper, St. Hill, Izard, Baldwin, Brown, Richmond, G. Richmond, Gore, Woolridge, Hodson, Butterworth, etc., altogether about 50 or 60 guests.

RUBY.

## CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE,

MAY 27.

The holidays so to speak are now over, the Queen's Birthday has come and gone, schools have taken up work again, and all and sundry must find work and amusement or become discontented.

The Australasian Home Reading Union has gained a footing here, and I have heard of one circle of six who meet regularly once a week, and no doubt there will soon be more. I need not explain this as I quite expect it has also been started with you.

## SEWING PARTY.

Mrs Stevens has a meeting of friends at her pretty home Avonside, on Friday afternoon, for the purpose of making up garments, but for what object has not positively transpired, it is whispered for the Hospital. At any rate all those who attended Mrs Alan Scott's Wednesdays last winter, were sorry to give them up and braved many a storm to be present at them.

## AFTERNOON MUSICALS.

On Monday afternoon the Misses Reeves and Robison gave a girls' afternoon at Miss Reeves. The Misses Hutton, Campbell and Loughnan sang very nicely, and Miss Worthy gave an amusing recitation. Mrs Lomax Smith was there, the Misses Cowlishaw, Tanner, Murray-Aynsley, Thomson, Pickering, Greenwood, Wynn-Williams and several more.

## THE LEIDERDANZACHEN AT HOME.

Amongst the audience I noticed Mrs Fairhurst, Mrs Greenwood, the Hon. Mrs Parker, Mrs Alan Scott, Mrs Stead, Mrs Harley, Mrs (Dr.) Guthrie, Mrs I. Roberts, Mrs Bickerton and her daughter, Mrs H. R. Webb, Mrs I. Gibbs, Mrs J. Aiken, Miss Inglis, Miss Wright, Mrs Mathias, Mrs Robison, Mrs Waymouth, Mrs Tyree, Mrs Ollivier, Mrs Burns, the Misses Wilson, Mrs F. Wilson, Mrs (Dr.) Townsend, Mrs Trent, Mrs Appleby, Miss Turner, Mrs Hawkins, Mrs Fenwick and many others. The day was very cold but clear, and the happy possessors of sealskin coats or fur lined Tudor capes, settled themselves back into their high Medici collars, preparatory to the business or rather enjoyment of the afternoon. Mrs Alan Scott looked very nice in navy blue serge, with handsome embroidered vest in pale blue; the Hon. Mrs Parker in black with very pretty black velvet hat; Mrs G. Roberts, grey diagonal serge with rich brocade front and long sealskin jacket; Mrs J. Aiken, navy blue rough tweed with wide fawn stripe, seal dolman with beaver fur, muff of beaver, black bonnet with crimson velvet and wing; Mrs Appleby, navy serge with lemon silk vest covered with navy gimp, hat to match; Mrs I. Gibbs, black embroidered cashmere long sealskin jacket; Mrs Bickerton, grey check tweed, brown bonnet; Mrs F. Graham, electric blue dress, black velvet bonnet, fur boa; Mrs Greenwood, smoke-coloured dress and cloak; Miss Bickerton, brown velvet, green, grey beaver hat; Mrs Mathias black with velvet mantle.

DOLLY VALE.

## TIMARU.

DEAR BEE,

MAY 25.

There has not been much going on socially since I wrote last. One evening Mrs Douglas, of Marston, gave a delightful little dance entirely for young people, so there were not many there. Mrs Douglas wore a handsome black dress; Miss Douglas, sea green; Miss E. Douglas, pale pink; Miss M. Allen, black with white flowers; Miss Gardiner, black relieved with white; Miss J. Chisholm, black, with very handsome vienx rose sash; Miss Buchanan, pink; Miss M. Lovegrove, black net over red satin; Miss E. Lovegrove, white silk decorated with exquisite pink China chrysanthemums; Miss C. Lovegrove, pale blue broché; Miss Stubbs, black and silver; Miss Rutherford and Miss Raymond, black. The music was contributed by the ladies.

On the evening of the Queen's Birthday there were several attractions in town. A tug-of-war, under military auspices, was held in the Drill shed; a bazaar got up by the Congregationalists, and another by the Primitive Methodists. But the chief attraction was the theatre, where 'Caste,' by Robertson, was given by the Ashburton Dramatic Society. The characters were well-chosen, and all acted with spirit, Mr and Mrs C. M. Brook being especially good. Mrs Brook looked charming as Polly Eccles, and Miss M. Shircliff made a very effective Esther. As there were so many other attractions the dress circle was not as full as it ought to have been. Mrs Stedman was there in brown and gold satin; Mrs W. Rutherford, pink; Mrs Cargill, Mrs and the Misses Jones; Miss G. Cooper, black lace; Miss Lovegrove, gold velvet; Miss Wilson, pink; Miss M. Lovegrove and Miss C. Lovegrove, black; Miss McLaren, the Misses Allen, etc.

ETHELLE.

## HASTINGS

DEAR BEE,

MAY 20.

Mrs Russell, Flaxmere, gave a very enjoyable dance, at which most of the 'upper ten' were present. The house is delightfully situated for this purpose, and everyone enjoyed the evening immensely. The large covered in verandah affords a delightful shelter for those who do not wish to dance.

## DRESSES AT MRS RUSSELL'S DANCE.

Amongst those who looked very well were Mrs J. N. Williams, who wore a lovely pink brocaded gown; Mrs Loughnan, who was gowned in pale blue and pink; Mrs Cave, who looked very nice in black; Mrs Vickerman, who was becomingly dressed in amber silk; Miss Lascelles looked one of the best; she wore a lovely pink gown, with quantities of pink chiffon; her lovely dark brown hair was dressed high, *a la mode* in a most becoming manner; Miss Williams wore a beautiful gown, and looked well; Miss Lucy Williams also looked very nice in a lovely white gown. The dance broke up about two, and everyone departed home in the gayest possible spirits after having spent a most enjoyable evening. Amongst the gentlemen present were Messrs E. H. Williams, Falkner, Williams, Robison, Loughnan, Vickerman, Bathwaite, J. A. Fraser, C. D. Kennedy, Robinson, Ludbrooke, C. Tanner, Lowry, Frank Williams, Sanderson, and a number of others.

DOLLY.

## DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE,

MAY 24.

A keen wind blew on the Forbury course on the Queen's Birthday—so keen that it seemed to be coming from 'Greenland's Icy Mountains.' Everybody moved about briskly to keep warm. There was not a large number of ladies present, but those who were there looked very cosy in their warm winter costumes.

## DRESSES AT THE RACES.

Mrs Michie wore a navy blue serge, with a long and very handsome seal mantle, a black hat trimmed with quills, and a long feather boa; Mrs McLean's costume was brown, with long brown cloak; Miss Gilkinson looked nice in a smart red serge, with seal jacket, and black hat trimmed with red; Miss L. Roberts, dark navy blue serge coat trimmed with black astrachan; Miss G. Roberts, green serge, seal jacket, green hat with fawn; Mrs Mulla, greenish grey tweed flecked with red, seal jacket and muff; Miss Sise, invisible check with red stripes, black jacket, and hat with yellow bird; Mrs McMaster, handsome tweed with pale stripe, seal jacket, brown and blue bonnet; Miss Driver, black serge with a long black jacket, vest of red, black hat with red feathers; Miss B. McLean, heavy dark tweed, blue coat faced with beaver, large black hat with red feathers; Miss K. Stephenson, navy blue serge, handsome seal brown coat finished with beaver, pretty hat with quills; Miss Reynolds, green dress, long bluish grey cloak, black bonnet trimmed with yellow; Miss M. Reynolds, navy blue; Mrs E. C. Reynolds, black serge, long coat with high collar, and black hat relieved with gold; Mrs Sise, black, with seal jacket, and black bonnet with white bird; Mrs Maxwell, lovely red check tweed, black jacket, fur boa, red and black bonnet; Mrs Bothenby, navy blue dress, and black jacket; Miss Tui Stephenson, fawn tweed finished with dark red; Mrs Stephenson, handsome black silk, and brown seal jacket; Mrs Spring, navy blue faced with red, grey fur boa, black and grey bonnet.

## A HARVEST HOME DANCE AT CLARK'S FLAT

was a very pleasant affair. Miss Moore wore a pretty pink dress, with ribbons to match; Miss Duncan, white embroidered gown; Miss Robinson, black with a number of rich winter blossoms; Miss Fraser also black, with a V-shaped bodice; Miss Walker, white and blue; Miss French, white dress relieved with red; Miss Fear, a red gown trimmed with white chiffon; Miss Jessie Fraser, pretty white dress and flowers; Miss Minnie Walker, blue dress and ribbons; Miss Taborn, pretty brown dress; Miss Maggie Walker, blue dress trimmed with blue ribbons; Miss E. Rowe, spotted blue muslin.

## DRESSES WORN AT THE BISHOPSGROVE DANCE.

Mrs Nevill was gowned in black, as was also Miss Nevill; Miss Quirk (at present a guest at Bishopsgrove) wore black lace and green silk; Miss Sievwright wore a handsome dress of coral pink silk with Swiss bodice of green velvet, upper part of chiffon; Miss B. Scott looked remarkably well in a lovely dress of cream mervelleux, bodice trimmed with embroidery of cream and gold; Miss G. McLaren, pale pink silk with chiffon trimmings; Miss McLaren, red net and silk of same colour; Miss Roberts, cream mervelleux covered with yellow net; Miss G. Roberts, cream mervelleux; Miss Stephenson, very handsome dress of pale pink corded silk with silver trimmings; Mrs Roberts, black velvet; Mrs H. Mackenzie, pale blue silk; Miss Neill (Chiffonette), dull blue silk bodice finished with tulle-coloured fringe; Miss T. Stephenson, cream mervelleux with fringe of green; Mrs A. Finch, rich pink corded silk; Miss Dymock, cream fisherman's net; Miss A. Dymock, cream mervelleux trimmed with silver fringe and chiffon; Miss Zeile, coral pink nun's veiling; Mrs Le Cren, black lace over white silk; Mrs Fitchett, red net; Miss Fitchett, pale pink silk; Miss Spence, yellow Liberty silk; Miss A. Spence, pale pink Liberty silk; Miss Dymock (Sydney), cream; Miss Ross, blue silk with trimmings of white striped gauze; Miss Reynolds, striped brocade; Miss Reid (Elderslie), pale pink poplin; Miss Rouse (Christchurch), cream; Miss Johnston; Miss A. Mackenzie, pale green silk trimmed with silver and chiffon of same colour; Miss Butterworth, coral pink silk with trimmings of olive green silk; Miss Miller (Dunaru), cream nun's veiling trimmed with gold ribbon velvet; Miss Natalia Driver, white nun's veiling, with sach of white silk; Miss Macquay, pink silk; Miss Shand, white aurah silk; Miss F. Sise, grey nun's veiling; Mrs Stock, white mervelleux; Miss M. Williams, black net, bodice trimmed with bands of green velvet; Miss Carew, salmon pink Liberty silk; Miss K. Neill, white mervelleux; Miss Gibson, yellow nun's veiling; Mrs Colquhoun, red velvet.

## THE PALMERSTON FAIR OF ALL NATIONS AND GIPSY ENCAMPMENT.

which was held on the 15th, 16th, and 17th May, was a pronounced success. The money went to help to pay off the debt on the priest's residence. The weather was simply awful on Friday and Saturday, but it cleared up on Sunday. It kept a large number from patronising the bazaar who would otherwise have gone. The ladies and gentlemen in the gipsy stall went all the way from Dunedin to take part. Miss Staunton was in charge, and the others were: Mrs Angus, Misses Mary F. Morrison, Coney, Rose and Kate Blaney, M. Drummond, A. Heley, Messrs J. Jago, E. Egar, and M. and R. Miscal. Each evening sweet music was discoursed, and during the time it lasted the inevitable rattling was suspended, so that everyone had a chance of listening and applauding. With such talent as they had the musical part of the programme could not fail to be a great success. On the first night Miss Rose Blaney and Mr J. Jago sang the 'Gipsy Countess,' which was most appropriate, as the lady wore the gipsy dress. Miss Morrison, a New Zealand Scottish vocalist of favour, sang 'Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane'; Mrs Angus, 'Thady O'Flinn'; and Miss Kate Blaney, 'Fiddle and L'. During the other evenings Miss Blaney and Mr J. Jago contributed 'Huntingtower'; Mrs Angus, 'Home, Sweet Home'; 'We'd Better Hide Away,' and also the duet, ' Cousins,' with Miss Blaney; Miss Morrison was applauded to the echo for her rendition of 'Robin Adair,' and Miss Lizzie Fagan also sang. The accompanists were Misses H. Fagan, M. F. Morrison, and M. Drummond (who is a very sympathetic player). On Sunday there was a re-opening of the church, as it has been added to lately. All the ladies and gentlemen who had been singing at the bazaar lent their aid, and the music was, indeed, a treat. The solos were taken by Mrs Angus, Misses Isaac and Kate Blaney, Morrison, Messrs E. Egar and James Jago. During the morning service Mr Jago sang 'There is a Green Hill,' and in the evening Mrs Angus in the solo, 'Too Late,' surpassed herself. Gounod's 'Ave Maria' by Miss Rose Blaney with violin obligato by Miss K. Blaney, was something to be remembered. Altogether the music was delightful, and the Catholic people of Palmerston may look back with feelings of pleasure to the day of the re-opening of their pretty little church, which was due to the exertions of their pastor, the Rev. Father Donnelly, who being a favourite, has been generously assisted by people of all persuasions. The Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Rev. Father Mackay, and Rev. Father O'Donnell also took part in the ceremony. Each of the stalls looked, as everyone declared, 'lovely.' In the gipsy stall there was some exquisite work by Mrs M' Rae, one article, a lovely easy chair, being beautifully worked. Another chair was worked by one of the Dominican nuns and elaborately beaded. At 'The Star of Hope' stall Mesdames Culling, Hanaghan, and Joyce presided. Mrs Culling was dressed as a Lady of the Nineteenth Century, with black lace dress and white cap; Mrs Hanaghan, a Lady of the Seventeenth Century, with a brown velvet dress relieved with pink; Miss Culling wore a cream nun's veiling dress trimmed with lace; Miss B. Culling, white. A concert and dance was held towards the close, and the Dunedin visitors returned delighted with their trip, and with much to say in favour of the hospitality shown them.

MAUDE.

## BLENHEIM.

DEAR BEE,

MAY 14.

Miss Seymour's first assembly, held last Friday, went off with the greatest spirit, and in spite of a very wet evening we had a most delightful dance. Mr C. Whitney Griffiths made (as we expected) a capital and most energetic Hon. Sec., and together with Miss Seymour had got up a very enjoyable dance. Mr Vannini, as usual, was at the piano, and gave great satisfaction. The large Drillshed was partially curtained off with flags, which relieved the bareness of the walls most agreeably. I noticed present Mrs Griffiths, Mr and Mrs Richardson (Meadow Bank), Mr and Mrs Conolly and Miss Gard (Sydney), Mr and Mrs John Mowat, Mr and Mrs Lucas, Mr Kellas, Mr and Mrs Thompson, and Miss A. Pasley, Mr and Mrs C. Farp and Miss F. Smith, the Misses Seymour (Picton), Chaytor, Horton, Rees, Smallbone, Farmer, Messrs Griffiths, Rowe, Kennedy, Teaschmaker, T. Pasley, Carey, Canavan, S. Hodson, E. Chaytor, Lloyd, etc.

Several ladies looked well, but I don't think there was any particular belle, though Mrs Lucas looked wonderfully well in soft yellow silk (trained), and Mrs Kellas was much admired in a new old gold Liberty silk, also trained, relieved with cream on the bodice; Mrs Conolly was looking very pretty in a most becoming black gown, stylishly made with girdle and bows of black and orange brocade ribbon; Mrs J. Morant looked so nice in white brocade, tulle, and heliotrope ribbons; Mrs Richardson, black, with becoming pink ribbons; Mrs Thompson, black tulle and yellow; Miss Seymour wore black and gold, with handsome golden girdle; Miss Chaytor, white and pale blue; Miss Rees was looking very well in black with plush bodice; Miss Farmer looked uncommonly nice in a pretty new frock of pale blue nun's veiling and silk, made with full *bûche* bodice and corset belt; Miss Smallbone wore a new gown in a very becoming shade of pink; Miss A. Pasley, black figured Russian net; Miss Horton, black lace; Miss B. Horton, cream silk; Mrs Griffiths, black, the bodice prettily trimmed with jet; Mrs C. Farp, black; Miss Gard, black lace and pretty pink chrysanthemums; Miss F. Smith looked pretty in a poppy red dress with lovely white chrysanthemums in the bodice. The next gaiety will be the Race Meeting on the

## QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

when we hope for fine weather.

The Hussar Ball, which was to have taken place on the 25th inst., has been postponed out of respect to the family of the late Mr Henry Dunlop, so the next dance will probably be Miss Seymour's Assembly on June 3rd.

SINCERELY,

THE Book of the Season: 'FRANK MELTON'S LUCK.' Price, One Shilling. All Booksellers.

# WAGE-EARNING WOMEN IN NEW ZEALAND.

MISS H. R. MORRISON, OF DUNEDIN.

THE lady whose photograph appears in this week's GRAPHIC is one in whom employers of female labour and wage-earning women in New Zealand are at the present moment taking a great interest. To those who do not occupy either of these positions, but who possess any kindly feeling whatever towards their fellow creatures, the subject of women's work, and the remuneration they receive for it, is one which appeals to their sense of fair play and justice.

To secure for the wage-earning women of this colony adequate remuneration for a fair day's work—fair, that is, to themselves and to their employers, is the object of Miss Morrison's life. By nature and education she is peculiarly adapted to fill the unique position she now occupies, standing, as she does, on perfectly neutral ground between work-providers and workers. Miss Morrison was born in Ireland, though both her parents are Scotch. Perhaps the soft and soothing air of the Emerald Isle imparted the gentle, persuasive, manner which has stood her in such good stead when trying to reconcile diverse people, and remove antagonistic impressions which interfered with the due harmony of her work. To her Scotch origin she undoubtedly owes the long-sightedness, clearness of perception, and caution which distinguishes her relations between employers and employées.

Mr and Mrs Morrison with their family came to Dunedin some seventeen years ago, where Mr Morrison after a few years began work as a master tailor. His daughter, when old enough, assisted him, and became thoroughly conversant with every detail of the business, being, in fact, an excellent practical tailoress. This enables her to see clearly what should be expected of a girl at every stage of her working career. Miss Morrison, from her personal experience, knows how long it takes to do a specified task, and having been associated with her father, a master tailor, knows also the other side of the question, viz., what method of working will most benefit the employer without grinding down the employées.

It was the fact that a great deal of 'grinding down' was carried on in Dunedin, to the manifest injury of the girls' health, which led Miss Morrison to take up this question. Before the Union was started in that city the wage-earning women were in a very unfortunate state. Girls and women were working from twelve to sixteen hours a day—which means a great deal of extra labour done at home—and were only able to eke out a bare existence. These facts became known, and the Rev. Rutherford Waddell, M.A., Mr D. Pinkerton, M.H.R., Mr G. Fenwick, Mr S. Spragg, Mrs W. H. Reynolds, and others made very successful efforts to direct public opinion against what is known as the 'sweating system.' They were well supported by the press, the pulpit and the majority of the leading citizens. A Tailoresses' Union was formed, which was soon extended to cover five branches of trade, 1000 girls' names being now on the books. A statement of prices was fixed on, which was ultimately agreed to by all the principal employers. The warehouses and the larger firms at once said they did not wish anyone to be underpaid, and were glad of any arrangement which would give satisfaction to both sides.

The new system has been completely successful. Women receive a fair rate of wages—from one pound to twenty-five shillings a week, this being paid for piece-work, which is fairer all round than a weekly wage. When the latter is given, girls have no incentive to do the best work they can, but when they know that for thoroughly skilful labour they can earn far more, they are encouraged to persevere and perfect themselves; it also stamps out unfair competition.

Miss Morrison was at first elected vice-president of the Union. Then she was elected almost unanimously to the position of general secretary to the Dunedin Union and since to the New Zealand Tailoresses' Federation Council, a position which she has nobly, fearlessly, and untiringly filled for three years.

Mr D. Pinkerton, the senior member for Dunedin, whose photograph also appears in this paper, is the worthy president, and has done a grand work for wage-earning women in this colony, for it is by no means intended that the Dunedin girls alone should profit by the Union. Every other city in New Zealand is invited to assist in the good work. Wellington and Christchurch also share in the benefits of the Union. The number of girls on the rolls is at present: Dunedin, 1,000; Christchurch, over 500; Wellington, 250; Auckland, 400. In connection with the Union there is in Dunedin a Benefit Society, which has been warmly supported. The Union has also taken the initiatory steps towards the establishment of a Convalescent Home. As showing that the girls can do something else besides sewing, at a conversazione of the Dunedin technical classes the girls belonging to the Union did all the cooking and laundry work, and received a high compliment from the judges.

Miss Morrison has been in Auckland for the past fortnight engaged in the laudable mission of placing the tailoresses of that city upon a better footing with respect to work and wages. She has wisely enlisted in her cause many citizens who take an active interest in woman's work, and has shown a remarkable amount of tact and sound judgment in her negotiations with the leading firms engaged in the trade. The combination of women for mutual help and protection is beset with peculiar difficulties, owing to the excessive supply of workers, the nature of their work, and the fact that the principle of unionism is comparatively new

to women. Miss Morrison, however, has succeeded in showing from the experience of Dunedin that girls under a properly-organised system earn more both by the quantity and quality of their work, and that employers and employed are mutually benefited.

Many ladies fear that the improvement in factory pay will attract girls to that class of work who might properly become domestic servants. Miss Morrison thinks this difficulty could be overcome by domestic work being made

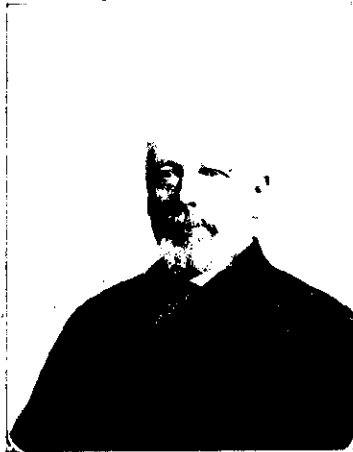


Hanna, photo.

Auckland.

MISS H. R. MORRISON [SECRETARY].

more attractive, and suggests the establishment of a training home and school. In speaking of this she says:—'Let instruction be given in all the branches pertaining to such service. There are plenty of good, competent women in our midst who could be found to furnish sound common-sense instruction in the various sorts of household work. They have the knowledge and the experience, and what else are these for except to communicate them to others? Cooking, washing, sweeping rooms, making beds, scouring pans, cleaning knives—there is a right and a wrong way of doing all these things; but the right way can only be learnt by training—the wrong from the conditions of life under which most of our servants grow up, comes naturally. But behind all these duties her character depends upon personal influence, and therefore I should strongly advocate a home or institution where girls could reside for a certain time. The head of this house should be a



Coxhead, photo.

Dunedin.

MR D. PINKERTON, M.H.R. [PRESIDENT].

woman who would leave the impress of her personality upon her charge. Mere attendance at classes, without practical contact with the duties explained, will not count for much. One of the great hindrances to girls entering domestic service is the idea that the work somehow is demeaning. It is, of course, a very foolish idea, and mistresses themselves are largely to blame for the spread of it. Now, this home would help to dissipate that idea. The girls would be taught that nobility consisted not in the work, but in the spirit in which it is done—that, in fact, the more menial an employment the more honour should attach to the doer of it, since he or she stoops lower to

serve the community. Old George Herbert hits the nail right—

"A servant with this clause  
Makes drudgery divine,  
Who sweeps a room as by God's laws  
Makes that and the action fine."

The advantages of this Domestic Training Institute are obvious and many. Let me make mention of some. First, on the mistress' side, she would secure competent servants; that in itself contains almost everything. She would have one central bureau where to make her application when a vacancy occurred. On the side of the servants, it would elevate them to the dignity of skilled workers. It would sweeten their toil, because increasing their intelligence; it would elevate their character; it would tend to raise wages; it would provide them with a lodging when out of work; it would relieve them from the annoyance and expense which they are frequently subjected to by registry offices.

If Miss Morrison could manage also to regulate this branch of work, she will even succeed in adding to the esteem in which she is now held by all classes, and will earn, if possible, more gratitude than is already felt to her from all sorts and conditions of men and women.

The question of Female Franchise is one which has, of course, been debated by Miss Morrison, who is an enthusiastic supporter of the rights of women. She argues that no valid reason has ever been urged against women taking an active part in the making of laws which govern them as well as men. That women would have an immense influence for good, were they enabled to exercise their right of voting there is no doubt. That the majority of women would use this influence unselfishly and well is generally conceded. But in some towns even the women themselves are strangely apathetic, despite the good example set them in Dunedin.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

### EPIDEMIC AMONG SHARKS.

From Bombay comes the following account of 'An Epidemic Among Sharks,' which is given by a Poona paper: We hear a strange report which from the private information we have received leads us to believe that an epidemic of an alarming sort—probably cholera—has broken out among the shoals of sharks, those terrible monsters that infest the depth of the Indian Ocean. An officer of a vessel that lately arrived in the harbour of Bombay writes to say that his ship met with large numbers of dead and dying sharks a week ago when crossing the sea from Aden. It will probably be remembered that the bodies of no less than seventeen British seamen who died of cholera in the harbour of Bombay on the hospital ship were sewed up in canvas, taken out to sea and there 'buried.' It is believed that a shoal of sharks feasted upon the remains of these victims of cholera, with the result that these voracious fishes have become themselves the victims of an epidemic. The large number of sharks that have died is accounted for by the supposition that, as the sharks died, their carcases have been devoured by others, and possibly some hungry monsters of a second shoal have carried the epidemic farther afield. At present it is impossible to say where or how this last outbreak of cholera will end.

### HOW TO MAKE WATERPROOF CLOTH.

A porous waterproof cloth is the best for outer garments during wet weather for those whose duties or labour causes them to perspire freely. The best way for preparing such cloth is by the process adopted for tunics of the French soldiers during the Crimean War. It is as follows:—Take two and a half pounds of alum, and dissolve in ten gallons of boiling water; then in a separate vessel dissolve the same quantity of sugar of lead in ten gallons of water, and mix the two solutions. The cloth is now well handed in this liquid, until every part of it is penetrated, then it is squeezed, and dried in the air or in a warm apartment, then washed in cold water and dried again, when it is fit for use. If necessary the cloth may be dipped in the liquid and dried twice before being washed. The liquid appears curdled when the alum and lead solutions are mixed together. As to the cost alum is 1½d per pound and sugar of lead 8d per pound, and doubtless each could be had for less in quantities. Experience will tell the amount of liquor necessary for, say, a score of capes; but, anyway, the process will be found to be sufficiently inexpensive and effectual.

### AN OPTICAL DELUSION.

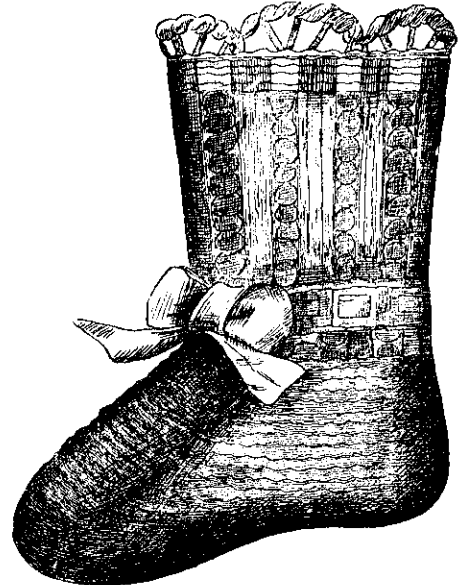
Dr. Lynn, who describes himself as a conjurer, has been astonishing the natives of Belfast by an optical delusion, which we ourselves should be glad to have explained. A correspondent of the *Optician* thus describes 'the most wonderful telescope' he has ever inspected:—'It consists of two short telescopes, about nine inches in length, mounted on a stand one in front of the other, with an inch dividing them. After placing the glass to the sight I could see through both glasses distinctly a considerable distance down Royal Avenue (Belfast), with its ever-moving traffic. Fancy my surprise when the doctor inserted a book in the aperture dividing the glasses, and on looking through it again I found it in no way intercepted the vision, and when I placed my hand over the front of the glass, the effect was the same as before. Had my time permitted, the doctor was going to place one glass on a bracket on the wall of the adjoining room, and the glass directly opposite on a similar bracket in the room in which we stood, and see right through the wall all that was going on in the next room. He further informed me that it was the only glass of its kind in existence, that I was one of the privileged few who had ever seen it, that with the exception of the individual who helped in its construction no one on earth knew the secret, and that it baffled the most scientific opticians of the day. He invited me to come and see him again and find it out, and I accepted his invitation, but am not sanguine about earning the £100 he generously offered me in case I discovered the secret.' If the doctor will pay a visit to this office, we (*Optician*) shall be pleased to confront him with some members of our scientific staff, and if the £100 is to be earned, they will do it.

THE WORK CORNER.

INFANT'S KNITTED SOCK.

SECOND PATTERN.

MATERIALS: 1/2 an oz. white Shetland wool, 1/2 an oz. salmon pink Shetland wool, 3 steel needles No. 14, 1 yard white ribbon. Cast on 50 stitches in pink wool, and do one plain row; break off the colour, and tie on the white wool. 1st to 6th row—knit 2, purl 2, backwards and forwards in ribbed knitting. 7th row—plain. 8th row—purl. 9th row—commence the open pattern as follows:—slip 1 for the first stitch; 2 plain, make 1, knit 2 together; the last stitch plain. 10th row—purl to end. Repeat these two rows to 28th row, and tie on the pink wool again. 29th and 30th—plain rows. 31st row—make the holes for the ribbon; 2 plain, wool twice round the needle, 2 together; and repeat to the end. 32nd and 33rd rows—plain rows. Tie on the white wool, and with it do the open pattern rows, 9 and 10 twice. Break off the white wool and finish the sock with pink as follows:—1st row—plain. 2nd row—plain to 32nd stitch, then put 18 stitches at the beginning and end of the row on to another needle, and only knit 14 centre stitches backwards and forwards for 38 rows, or count 19 ribs. At the end of that row pick up 19 stitches, knit the



18 yarn left on the other needle, and turn back. Knit 35 plain, 2 together at the corner stitch, 12 plain; pick up all the other stitches to the end of the row, and you have the hole for the foot. In finishing the row, pick up two together at the corner. 3rd row—knit plain. 4th row—knit 35, 2 together, 10 plain, 2 together, 35 plain. 5th row—Plain row. 6th row—knit 35, 2 together, 8 plain and continue as before. 7th row—plain row. 8th row—knit 35, 2 together, 6 plain, and continue as before. 9th and next 12 rows all plain without reducing. 22nd row—knit 32, knit 2 together, 12 plain, 2 together, knit 32. 23rd row—plain. 24th—Continue reducing to 30th row in the same way. 31st—knit 2 together, knit 30, knit 2 together, knit 30, finish with 2 together. 32nd row—plain. Continue the sock with the same decreasing rows and plain rows till you have knit 2 together in centre of toe. Knit back plain. Put the two needles side by side and cast off on the wrong side of the sock. Sew up the heel and leg to the top and run all the ends in. Take a fine crochet needle, and with the pink wool finish the top with a little scallop edge thus:—1 d c, 3 chain (1 long, 1 chain, 1 treble, 1 chain, 1 long) all in one stitch. 3 chain, 1 d c, and repeat all round. Run the ends in neatly, and finish off the little sock with a ribbon in the holes at the instep.

SOAP CAN AND BAG.

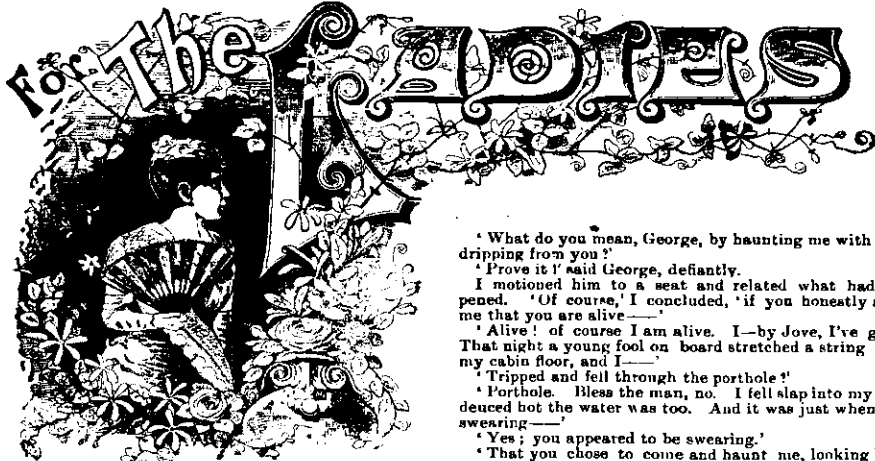
ALL the little scraps of soap can be used, even the tiniest ones. Save the bits from the kitchen soap, and when you have half a dozen or more put by, take a small-sized baking powder can, soak off the label, and puncture holes in both ends by hammering a nail through the tin. Select a can with a cover that fits firm and close, for there must be no danger of the lid slipping off.

Drop the pieces of soap inside the can and place the lid on securely. This transforms the can into a soap-shaker to be used in hot water for washing dishes, where it will prove to be a great convenience, and in using it there will be no danger of getting streaks of soap on the china, which is liable to happen when a large cake of soap is used in the water with the dishes.

For saving small pieces of toilet soap, make a five-inch square bag of white flannel, and use white cotton tape to form a loop at the top of the bag, so that it can be hung up when not in use. Before sewing up the bag, outline the word 'Soap' in fancy letters on one side of the bag and any other desired decoration. Turkey red cotton is best to use for the lettering, as it does not fade.

Hang the bag in a convenient place, and from time to time, as the cakes of toilet soap decrease in size until too small for use, drop the pieces into the bag, and when it is half-full, sew up the opening at the top, and the bath-bag will be ready for use.

LOCAL INDUSTRY v. IMPORTATIONS.—Competent judges assert that the Lozenges, Jububes and Swets manufactured by AULBROOK & Co. are unequalled.—(Adv.)



STRANGE STORIES.

A BAD CASE OF TELEPATHY.

I was, I need hardly say, a great shock to me when I saw my cousin George's ghost. George and I had been very good friends, though we may have had our little differences; and I was no less grieved than, to be quite candid, terrified when George, who had been to New Zealand to look after our property there, and was on his way home, appeared by my bedside, dripping wet, his pallid lips seeming to mutter inaudible words. In fact, I was so startled that I jumped up in bed and, as I sleep in an attic, struck my head against a beam and inflicted a cut from which the blood flowed freely. By the time I had staunched it with my eider-down quilt George was gone.

Yes, I was shocked. But as poor George had fallen overboard and met a watery death, I was at last in a position to carry out my views as to the disposal of the two estates, to which, under Uncle Nicholas' will, George and I were entitled as joint tenants. I had always wished to sell the English estate and keep the New Zealand one. George, who had very little business faculty, advised selling the New Zealand one and retaining the English in our own hands; and neither of us would consent to a partition so long as the other refused to be in some degree reasonable in his views. Now, by one of those strange decrees at which it does not become us to cavil, poor George was beyond caring for or interfering in such matters and I, as the survivor, took the whole estate and was at liberty to deal with it in the most prudent way.

Next morning I plastered up my head, put on a black necktie out of respect to George, and went off to my solicitors. I told him of poor George's death, adding that legal evidence would follow as soon as the ship touched at a port, and gave him instructions to find a purchaser as soon as possible for the English land. Of course I did not trouble him with the details of George's apparition; lawyers think they show sagacity by the most narrow-minded incredulity.

I soon found a purchaser, and a few weeks passed while I was screwing him up to my price. I had no news of George yet; but I was not much surprised at that, as the poor fellow had very probably left no address, and therefore tidings might not reach me till the ship herself arrived. At last one morning I read in my paper that she had arrived; at the same time a letter from my purchaser reached me, accepting the price I had asked. I determined to close, and went down to put my hat on and go to the lawyers. At this moment the door-bell rang. Being in the hall I opened the door myself. I staggered back in fright, holding my hand over my eyes; for before me stood George—himself or his phantom?

'Leave me, leave me!' I cried. 'Restless spirit, what nills thee?' To my great surprise, the form—oh, I may as well say, George—also staggered back, with his hand before his eyes, exclaiming in agitated tones, 'Peace, peace, poor ghost! Canst thou not rest?'

To do George justice, he has never been given to buffoonery in life; and I was sure he would not descend to it after death, although the spirits of some people, who ought to be above it, seem to do so. Beckoning to George, I entered the dining-room; we would have an explanation. George followed.

'Once in a way,' I began, 'at night, I do not object to your coming. It is inconvenient, but I put up with it. But in broad daylight, on the door-step—really, it's incon-siderate.'

George looked at me with a puzzled air. Then he walked towards the bell rope and said, as if to himself, 'I'll send for a parson and lay him.' He was not at all wet, and looked very substantial. I did not quite understand.

'George,' said I, 'I suppose there is no mistake. You are nothing but a ghost?'

'If you come to that, what are you?' asked George angrily.

'Pray be calm,' I answered. 'You appeared to me by night, dripping wet on the 9th of November last.'

'I appeared to you? Nonsense! You appeared to me, you mean.'

'Do be serious, George. For a person in your—er position this levity—'

'You did, man, with blood streaming from your head.' I remembered the beam and my wounded head.

'Do you mean to say you're not dead?' asked George with less joy than he might have shown.

'I was never in better health in my life,' I answered coldly.

'Then what the deuce do you mean by haunting me with blood all over you?'

'What do you mean, George, by haunting me with water dripping from you?'

'Prove it!' said George, defiantly.

I motioned him to a seat and related what had happened. 'Of course,' I concluded, 'if you honestly assure me that you are alive—'

'Alive! of course I am alive. I—by Jove, I've got it! That night a young fool on board stretched a string across my cabin floor, and I—'

'Tripped and fell through the porthole!'

'Porthole. Bless the man, no. I fell slap into my bath; deuced hot the water was too. And it was just when I was swearing—'

'Yes; you appeared to be swearing.'

'That you chose to come and haunt me, looking like a stuck pig. If you're not dead, kindly account for that.'

'It's all your fault. You frightened me so that I knocked my head against the ceiling and cut it.'

'Honour bright?'

'I give you my word.'

'It's a little awkward,' said George rubbing his hands, 'because you see, old fellow, relying on your intelligence, the first port we came to I wired to New Zealand telling the agent to sell the estate. I thought you wouldn't, under the circumstances, you know, feel hurt at my acting on my own responsibility.'

'You've been idiot enough—'

'Well, I always told you the English one was the one to keep.'

'I've said that,' I said grimly. 'If you behave as if you were dead, a business-man will treat you as dead.'

'I was no worse than you were.'

'It's quite clear that you began it,' said I. 'I was merely sympathetic.'

'I never meant to do it at all,' declared George.

I rose and took him by the hand. 'We have been the victims of a deception, George. Recriminations are of no use. What is to be done?'

'Somebody ought to be run in,' said George.

'If,' I said, 'one is to be at the mercy of irresponsible apparitions, business cannot be carried on.'

'And there is an end of free institutions,' said George.

We put on our hats and went to call on the secretary of the Psychoelectric Society. We wanted to know what he had to say for himself.

'A most interesting case!' he exclaimed joyfully—'a most interesting case!'

'Perhaps,' said I; 'but will you favour us with the name of a solicitor who will accept service on your behalf?'

'What do you mean?' he asked.

'Why, if we lose overhauling to break off the negotiations for sale, we shall look to your society for a remedy. You disclaim responsibility for what happens?'

'It isn't common honesty,' said George.

'I admit no liability,' said the secretary firmly. 'You must learn to control your own phantasmas.'

We took our hats. He looked at us in a curious way.

'One moment, gentlemen,' he said. 'Although refusing to recognize any legal liability, yet I think I may say that the society would be prepared to do the handsome thing if—'

'Well!' we exclaimed eagerly.

'If you would be so kind as to hand over to us the letters you each of you no doubt wrote giving an account of your strange experience.'

'With pleasure,' said I, sitting down and taking a pen.

'Pardon me—a contemporaneous document is what I mean.'

'I didn't write to him. I thought he was dead.'

'And you didn't write either, sir?' he asked George.

'What do you take me for?' said George, who was still annoyed.

'Then there are no contemporaneous documents?'

'None,' we replied.

He hid his face in his hands, and said, in a broken voice, 'There never are! There never are! It's too hard!'

He seemed so overcome that George and I, being tender-hearted men, tried to console him by promising to take no proceedings to enforce our claim. He would not be comforted, and we left him rocking himself to and fro and murmuring, 'I only ask for one letter—only one—just one little letter!'

I was quite firm about the English estate, and George was as obstinate as possible about the New Zealand one. In the result we each had to pay a hundred pounds to be off our bargain. My object in making the affair public is to ask how long society is to be exposed to this kind of thing? What is to prevent some idle good-for-nothing, phantom personating me, and running me in for an action for a breach of promise or I don't know what? Nobody's safe. That's what I say; and George agrees with me. I believe they call the sort of fraud which I have exposed telepathy. A long name does not make a thing honest; and, in my opinion, if the law does not reach such practices, the sooner it is altered the better. I have written to our member to tell him so. I am a large employer of labour, and if he does not introduce a Bill he will probably hear of it.

ODD NOTES.

WOMAN may not be able to hit a nail on the head with a hammer, but when she throws a water-jug or flat-iron her aim is usually true.

Men are apt to worship what they cannot understand—women, for example.

An impetuous Irishman said he liked being asked out to dinner because it was flattering and nourishing.



**QUERIES.**

Any queries, domestic or otherwise, will be inserted free of charge. Correspondents replying to queries are requested to give the date of the query 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.**

POTATO YEAST.—Can you give me a recipe for this?—OCASIONAL.

RHUBARB.—Can you tin rhubarb?—ELOISE.

Can you kindly give me a recipe for making lobster salad?—LORNA, Fiji. [Several recipes, kindly contributed by correspondents, with useful hints, etc., will appear next week.—LADY ED.]

Would you be so kind, if you have it, as to give me a receipt for softening a waterproof cloak which has been previously stiffened with rain?—NELLIE WILSON. [I have made several inquiries, and cannot, I am sorry to say, help you.—LADY ED.]

**ANSWERS TO QUERIES.**

'Violet.'—This is one of the best recipes for baking powder you can get. Take equal parts of carbonate soda and tartaric acid, and three times as much of both in ground rice. After rolling fine the lumps out of soda and acid, mix well together and fill boxes or tins, and cover and put away ready for use. One teaspoonful to 1lb flour. [Many thanks. I am sorry there was no room last week.—LADY EDITOR.]

The secret of jam roly-poly pudding is not in putting it into boiling water. Experience teaches that it is in pinning loosely in the cloth. After spreading the paste with jam, then wet the edges with water and roll, and then press the edges well in, and the ends also, not allowing any jam to be seen. Then wring the cloth out of warm water and flour it. Put your pudding into the centre of it, and pin it here and there, allowing plenty of room for swelling same as plum pudding; then have a plate in the bottom of the pot, and when the water boils put your pudding in, and see that it keeps boiling from two to three hours. If the water stops boiling it will get into the pudding and spoil it completely. Eat with some sweet sauce.—KATIE. [I am sorry your kind answer was held over because our space was full.—LADY EDITOR.]

'ORANGE CAKE (Ellen M.).—One cupful sugar; one-half cupful butter; one half cupful sweet milk; two cupfuls eggs; 3 eggs; one and one half teaspoonfuls baking powder; bake in jelly tins. Orange Frosting.—(One orange; grate off outside, mix with juice; add sugar until quite stiff. The above should make four layers. Orange Cake No. 2. Make a cream sponge-cake like this. Six eggs, their weight in sugar, and half their weight in flour. Put the eggs on one side of the scales and balance with the sugar. Turn the sugar into a bowl, remove three eggs, and balance the remaining three with flour. Now break and separate the eggs carefully. Beat the yolks and sugar until very, very light, then add the whites which have been beaten to a stiff froth; mix carefully, and slowly sift in the flour. Put a quarter teaspoonful of baking soda into a tablespoonful of vinegar, stir until dissolved, and stir quickly into the cake. Mix thoroughly and carefully, turn into a well-greased, large, shallow pan and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes. For the filling, take one-half pint of milk, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, grated rind of half an orange, two tablespoonfuls of orange juice and yolks of three eggs. Put the milk on to boil in a farina boiler. Beat the corn-starch, sugar and eggs together until light, then stir into the boiling milk, and stir until it thickens; take from the fire and add the juice and rind of the orange. Stand away to cool. This should be made before the cake. When the cake is done, turn it carefully from the pan, bottom upwards, and spread it, while warm, with the filling. Cut the cake in halves, and fold the bottoms together, thus having two layers of cake with a thick layer of filling between. Cover the top with orange icing.

COTTAGE PUDDING (Mrs L.).—One pint of flour, 1 egg, 3 tablespoonfuls butter, 1 cupful sugar, 1 cupful sweet milk, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake 20 minutes in shallow pans. Sauce to your fancy.

**RECIPES.**

GOOD COFFEE.—Put into a clean coffee-pot one tablespoonful of ground coffee for each person; pour on cold water to cover it, set it on the stove and let it boil three minutes; pour in sufficient boiling water, then add one tablespoonful of cold water to settle it. French coffee is made as directed above only four times as strong, then reduced with hot milk in the proportion of two parts milk to one part coffee. The milk should not boil, but should be as hot as possible without boiling, and should be used the moment it attains that heat. A nourishing drink for sick people is made as follows: Make a strong cup of coffee and add cream and a little more sugar than usual, and let it all come to a boil, then pour it over a well-beaten egg in the cup in which it is to be served. A medical exchange says that life can be sustained by that drink when nothing else can be taken.

CLEAR SOUP.—This is simply very rich white stock, flavoured with the usual flavouring vegetables—carrots, turnips, onions, celery, etc.—and made beautifully clear by the addition of either raw beef, or white of egg. When carefully strained, and put into the tureen ready for sending to table, drop on the surface of the soup some delicately prepared croûtons made in the following manner: Cut slices of bread half an inch thick from a stale loaf, and stamp them out in small rounds; soak these in beaten egg, and cover entirely with a savoury mixture composed of finely minced parsley, onion, salt, cayenne and grated cheese, then fry in boiling fat until coloured a lovely golden brown, and nice and crisp. Lay the croûtons on blotting-paper for a minute to thoroughly drain off all the fat previous to putting them into the soup.

VEGETABLE MARROWS.—For cooking marrows differently (to the ordinary boiling, with melted butter and toast) for a change, we mention a way we have found very few cooks have tried, but which nearly all like when they do, viz.: To cut the marrow in slices after peeling about half an inch thick, take all the seeds out, and fry in good boiling dripping or lard, covering the steam in at first to ensure being thoroughly cooked, then fry without cover to brown the rings nicely before serving.

Some time ago a lady asked how to get rid of ants. She has kindly told me how she eventually succeeded in freeing her house of these pests. All under the house on the ground was thickly covered with lime. The ants at once ceased to come indoors. Another method is to get a chemical solution of arsenic, put pieces of liver in it, and place in saucers about the room at night, of course removing the saucers most carefully if there are children or animals about, as it is poison.—LADY EDITOR.

**LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.**

**SOME COSY WINTER WRAPS.**

(SEE FASHION PLATE PAGE 578.)

Very charming are some of the fashionable mantles. Embroidered plush cloaks are worn, also long plush and brocade cloaks, which are such handsome garments, and look so warm and snug. Some of the London shops were exhibiting in January elaborately braided cloth jackets and capes, also some very stylish capes in cloth with handsome passementerie yoke and trimming down the back. The mottled and velvet plush mantles sold rapidly either trimmed fur or feathers. 'I visited,' says Heloise, 'most of the best shops when the sales were on, and quite longed to send you a box of some of these lovely garments.'

The first illustration is a long cloak in seal brown cloth. The cape—one of the latest additions to mantles—is turned back to show little bronze stars with pendants. The under sleeve and neck and fronts are trimmed with seal-brown beaver. The mantle is lined with crimson satin. The hat is of seal-brown felt trimmed with birds and olive-green narrow velvet.

The second figure is wearing an exceedingly handsome close fitting jacket. Ladies with pretty figures still keep to this becoming style, probably thinking the loose-backer coats of the near future will never become very fashionable. *Nous verrons.* Meantime, this one is of very good figured cloth, with jet passementerie as a revers and extra collar. The coat is trimmed with fur. The hat is a Parisian one of velvet, turned well back from the face, and trimmed with silk.

The third cloak is a lovely wrap for theatre or dance, and is called a *sorcio de bal.* It is uncommon and graceful in arrangement, and the first epithet may likewise be applied to the combination materials, the outside being white embroidered cloth, the lining pink velvet, and the trimming white fur and jewelled passementerie.

Heloise adds a few more notes: 'I have one useful item which I have always forgotten to send you. It is a new bath wrapper. Very few houses can offer bath-rooms to each chamber, and a little journey in search of one's delightful plunge after a long day's hunt, when hot water is so refreshing, or a hasty scudding along the corridor in a morning for a cold dip, must be provided for. To meet this, a delightfully warm contrivance was shown me lately. It was a long, wide, full cape with a hood, and it was made of a blanket—an ordinary blanket, with the conventionally striped border, and it was bound with a scarlet satin ribbon and tied at the throat with long bows and ends.'

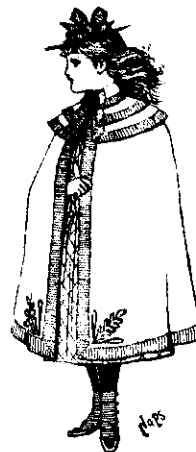
'The mention of satin reminds me that it is very much used just now. In fact, there is quite a wave of satin in fashionable waters. Many ladies are cheering up their black dresses—purchased in January for the general mourning—with narrow ruches of satin ribbon round the hems of the plain skirts. They are delightfully effective, and best of all, for slender persons charmingly economical. I hardly see a gown now without a sash of some kind; it may be only a folded ribbon round the waist terminating at the side in a rosette, or even a plain band of satin fastening invisibly under the arms; but the bodices with very few exceptions, only reach to the waist, and consequently require some special finish of this kind.

'How quickly the basque bodice has departed. Coat tails still linger, but I fancy they, too, will fold themselves up and hurry into oblivion, for rumour in Paris saith that the Directoire style is in fashion again, and in this, too, the sash is brought into requisition; the prettiest form the Directoire period of gown takes being undoubtedly that which has a bodice with wide revers crossed under a deep sash tied at the front in large bows and long ends.

'I saw a very pretty frock for a girl's "At Home" party. It was made of pavement-grey crepon, with a pointed corselet belt laced over a chemisette of white silk. Over this belt came short jacket-fronts of crepon bordered with grey velvet; and over the full sleeves, which were made of white silk, were short wing-like sleeves of the crepon edged with the velvet. The skirt joined the belt round the hips under a full sash of white silk, which tied at one side of the front in long bows and ends.

'Talking of young girls makes me think of still smaller girls, for whom I have some very charming ideas, which I now send you. Now school is again resumed by the olive branches, and the walks to and fro are becoming cold, especially in the early morn and late afternoon portions of the

journeys, most little maids will appreciate the comforts of such a cloak as my design illustrates, which is warm, and easily slipped on and off. This stylish little wrap is made of dark terra cotta cloth (or a serge may be sub-



stituted), the double cape, collar, and edge of the whole cloak being trimmed with black military braid, the corner- of fronts being finished by a scroll of a narrow black one. A terra cotta felt sailor hat goes well with this, trimmed with band and bow of black braid; a fashion that has just lately arisen for trimming travelling, seaside, and knock-about hats.

'A very neat plaid frock for a girl of fifteen years is made with a round waist buttoning in the back, having the plaid cut on the bias for the large full sleeves and the front of the corsage only. The full skirt is hemmed up on the right side and piped with black velvet, which forms the pointed girdle fastening in the back under a rosette and the collar. The waist has the dart fulness laid in pleats, and the skirt is permanently fastened to the waist, thus removing all weight from the hips and pleasing the health culturists. A dress of blue cloth, or cashmere, has a round waist fastened in the back with crochet buttons, and the outside material draped loosely in front over the close-fitting lining. The skirt is gathered to the edge with a cord of velvet, which answers for round jacket fronts, collar, two rosettes in the back of the waist and hand cuffs on the full sleeves. The plainest school frocks of rods for the Cheviot stripes, have a round skirt, high sleeves and a round or slightly pointed bodice, usually buttoning in the back; the collar may be of velveteen, fancy mohair braid, etc. If a round waist, finish with a belt or girdle of the collar material.

'For nice wear a bright royal-blue cashmere, or camel-hair, is stylishly fashioned with a round full skirt, trimmed with a pinked ruche of the same. The waist is round in the back, slightly pointed in front, and full from the shoulders, with a velvet girdle from the side seams, laced in front, a large velvet rosette on either side of the opening in the back, collar and shoulder puffs of velvet. The space between the full fronts is filled with a tiny yoke of velvet to which a plastron of the cashmere is gathered. For an evening dress select maize or cream cashmere for the full skirt; high sleeves and round waist, having a slightly pointed front, which is filled at the point and to a small yoke of silver passementerie, which is cut to form a slightly V-shaped neck, back and front. The silver gimp trim the edge of the bodice and wrists of the high-topped sleeves. Green, blue, yellow, or golden velvet could be used in place of the silver.

**HATS AND CLOAKS.**

'Young girls wear reefer and close-fitting jackets, with velvet collars and cuffs, or Astrachan trimmings in the shape of collar and binding. Other styles have the husar braiding on the fronts, and braided sleeves. Vests are seen on the handsomest jackets. Long cloaks of brown or blue cloth have sleeves and large collars of Astrachan cloth. These garments have straight fronts and fitted backs, with out outside pockets. Plaid coats are of the ulster style plain or box-pleated back, and double-breasted front. Rough cloths are preferred to smooth materials, and are delightfully warm to wear. Quaint peasant cloaks are of red or blue homespun or checked blanketing cloth, with yoke and collar of black velvet, or Astrachan. Smaller girls have the reefer jackets and long coats, which no longer touch, however. The latter have the one-piece fronts, or the plain waist extends all around and has the skirt gathered to it, with large collar and sleeves of velvet. Others have Astrachan trimming, and many of the light cloths are trimmed with the soft creamy Chinese lamb. Black cloth coats are trimmed with chin-chilla, and black velvet garments are decorated with ermine or fether bands. Curly white French cloths for girls of two to four years, are finished with ermine or Chinese lamb. The plaid effects are certainly the prettiest in medium priced garments.

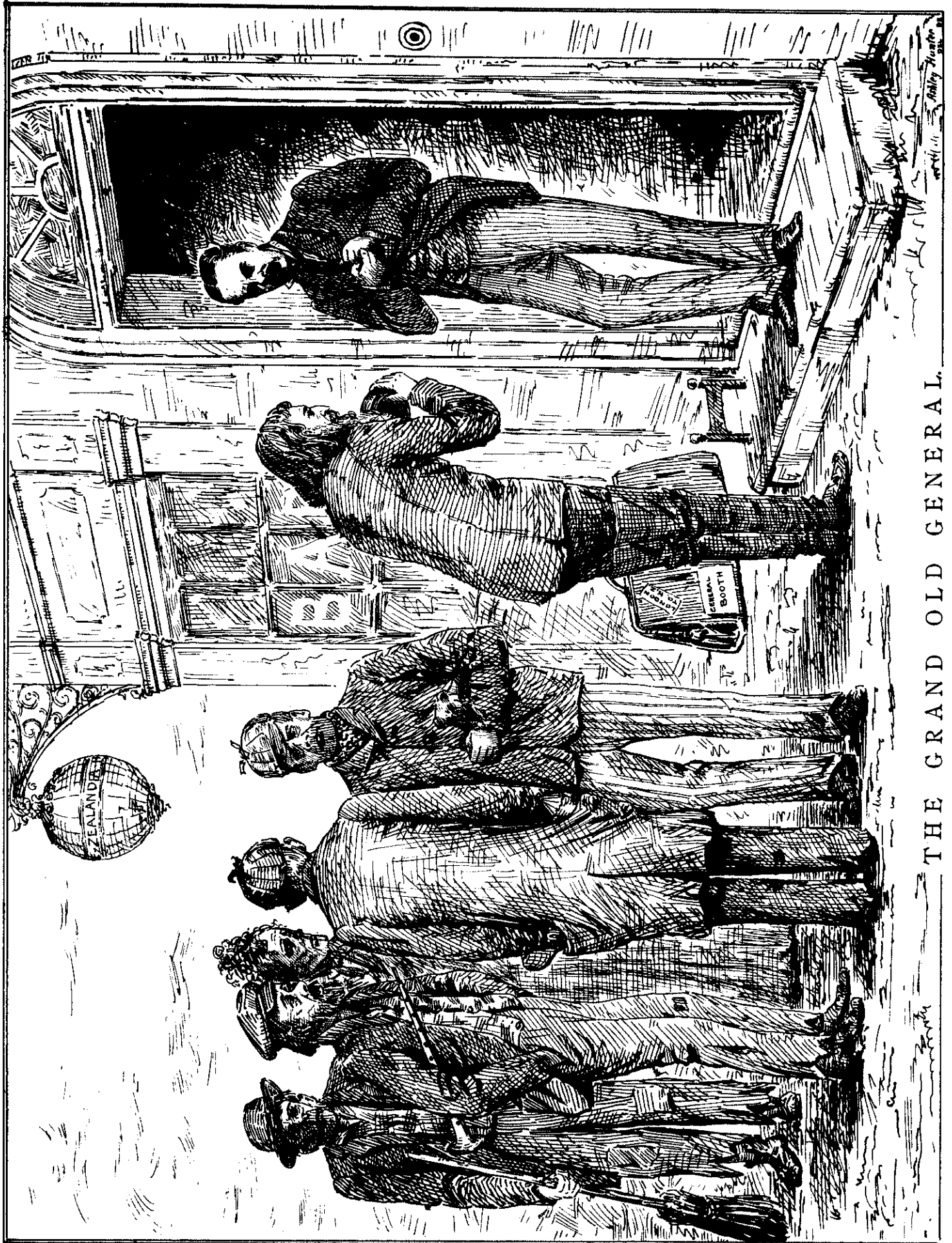
'Young ladies wear felt hats broader in front and turned up on one or both sides, in blue or brown felt chiefly, with a trimming of pom-poms, tips, wings, velvet and ribbon. Smaller girls of six to twelve years wear the broad-brimmed felt or heavier felt simply trimmed with ribbons as a low high in the back, straps to the front where flat on the brim lies another brim, or they have a wreath of tips around the crown. Coloured hats are often selected with black trimmings. Close and haring granny bonnets and caps of cloth, plush, velvet or silk are worn by the little tots, black velvet with a yellow facing in the pleated flared front, and black and yellow rosettes on top being the latest combination.

**X LADIES, for Afternoon Tea, use AULSEBROOK'S Oatmeal Biscuits and Cakes, a perfect delicacy. - ADVERT.**



LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.—SEE PAGE 577.





THE GRAND OLD GENERAL.

HALLELUJAH! Mr. BALLANCE, here are the friends I told you of. I suppose the Zealandia Hotel will find accommodation for them.  
HOST BALLANCE.—Very sorry General it can't be done. This is a most quiet and respectable house, and should be the more dis-

**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 quiet and others. Kindly write on one side of the paper only, and address to the Lady Editor.*

**VALUABLE HINTS FOR THE COMPLEXION.**

I HAVE been frequently asked what is the best means of preserving or beautifying the complexion, and after some study of the subject I have collected the following hints from various sources, which I hope will prove interesting to my lady readers. Gentlemen do not, of course, care for anything so frivolous, they would say, but I beg to differ from them. It is a woman's duty to make herself as attractive and pleasant-looking as she can. We have not all much time to devote to this laudable end, but let us do what we can.

I am sorry to say that in my search for hints on this important subject, one of the first articles I came across was entitled 'Women are Dirty.' I was horrified, and read the paragraph through:—'Woman is naturally like a monkey. She does not take gracefully to cleanliness; with her it is as much of an educated taste as olives or truffles. She'd rather worry over some nasty smelling mess to make her skin look white than go in for taking a bath every morning, and she'd rather fiddle with some vile grease to work wrinkles off her face than cultivate a happy temper, which is really the only sure preventive of the marks of time. Somebody says that hard-heartedness, which is an absolute giving up of all emotions, will stop the wrinkles, but I doubt this. I know women hard enough, as far as their hearts are concerned, to serve for milestones, and yet the unamiable marks come just under their eyes.'

And again further on was this: 'Women are not clean! A woman will gush over a beautiful complexion, and yet she is entirely too lazy to cultivate it; she will take a bath one morning, then stop for three, and when she is ashamed into being absolutely and perfectly clean, it is usually because she has got married and the man has been the cause of it. There are five or six truths in this world and this is one of them. Men are a thousand times more cleanly than women. The average woman's idea of washing is to take a towel, dip the end of it in some water, rub some soap on it, then dab it around her face and neck and trust that the rest won't show. I tell you, and I am speaking *ex cathedra*, that when women learn to tub, to scrub, to use big sponges, big towels, plenty of soap and buckets of hot water, followed by showers and sprays of cold, then they will all have beautiful complexions, and, best of all, good tempers. Of course, there are dirty men.'

This is very horrible. Are we quite sure it is not true? For the water is beginning to be just a little bit cold in the morning bath now. Still, I trust my gentle readers will not give it up on that account. There is nothing so good for the complexion as water—inside and out. The inside application consists of drinking a large tumbler of hot—but not scalding—water the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. Diet has also a great deal to do with good looks. A small book published by the senior surgeon to the St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, London, has the following hints, which I have condensed for this column.

Ladies who study their complexions will find when the skin is 'wrong' that a hot bath, or a vapour or modified Turkish bath, will do more to put it in order than all the cold bathing at their command. Above all, sea-bathing is to be shunned when the skin is tender. The sounder the health and the firmer the muscles, the finer will be the complexion as regards all the essentials of beauty. Ladies should never eat much in the way of rich dishes, and animal food is never required more than once after breakfast; in hot countries once a day is sufficient. The writer strongly condemns the 'jumble' of food at a late dinner, also 'the mischievous practice of taking something light, such as jelly, grapes, or sandwiches in the night when they are wakeful, and think they want something to recruit not exhausted, but satiated nature.' The whole system requires absolute repose. Sweets, chocolates, etc., are bad for the complexion. Heated rooms should be shunned like a plague pit. Those who want to live in an atmosphere of 70° Fahrenheit must exist by themselves. This practical man also advises every lady to steel herself against excitement. He also objects to heavy clothing for delicate girls and 'piles of bed-clothes.' When the hot bath is taken it needs nothing in it. 'All such substances as glycerine, gelatine, bran, oatmeal, etc., only make a filthy mess of the bath and do no good.' Milk baths are simply nasty, and saline and mud baths are useless and injurious, as are all plumes, poms, washes, paints, dyes, and all such messes.'

'Food,' says another authority, 'has almost everything to do with a woman's good looks. A generous, wholesome diet, plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit, early hours, regular exercise in the fresh air, and no worry will keep any fairly good complexion in perfect order. Buttery comes from those who have not a good complexion to start with. These rules, if carefully carried out, are bound to improve and purify the worst complexion. Add to them a strict-observance of the laws of cleanliness, warm water to bathe the face at night, and cool but not icy water in the morning for the whole body and face, no sweets, no cakes, no pastry, no ices, no scalding tea—and this only twice a day—and no tight-lacing.'

But for those foolish damns who, despite all warnings, still pin their faith to cosmetics, here are one or two of the least harmful: 'A decoction of marsh-mallow is a sure and certain remedy for blotches or red spots on the skin, and produces in a short time, if constantly used, a most lovely complexion. It is quite an old wives' remedy, but these you know are very often the best, after all. Let the marsh-mallow simmer gently for some time over the fire, then put in a wide-mouthed bottle, and dab the face all over night and morning, with a piece of wadding dipped in the decoction.

To prevent pimples, which trouble many people at the approach of the hot weather, owing to the sudden change enervating the digestive organs, wash the face with borax instead of soap. Make a strong solution and keep it in a bottle, and put some on the glove or handkerchief when washing. Steam the face, and powder with flowers of sulphur before going to bed.'

Another says: 'An excellent thing for the skin is one pound of barley-meal and two pounds of bran dissolved in about two quarts of water with an ounce of borax, and strained into the bath just before using. Some skins require very hot water, while others require very cold water. Both are tonics to the skin, but those skins that have a tendency to blackheads or spots of any kind, and are dry, should always be washed in very hot water, and should be frequently steamed before going to bed; while skins with open pores, and that are loose and inclined to wrinkle, should always be washed with cold water, which gives them a fresh appearance. When hot water is used, however, the face should always be lightly sponged over afterwards with cool elderflower or rose water, or clear, soft water, to prevent the possibility of taking cold.'

I have just received the following, which, as it fits in with my subject, I give in full: 'To Improve the Complexion: If flowers of sulphur be mixed in a little milk, and after standing an hour or two, the milk (without disturbing the sulphur) be rubbed into the skin, it will make the complexion clear. To be used before washing. An acquaintance of mine being exceedingly anxious about her complexion, adopted the above suggestion. In about a fortnight she wrote to say that the mixture became so disagreeable after being made a few days as to be unfit for use. It is best to prepare a little every evening with the evening's milk, and use the next morning, but not afterwards. About a wine-glassful made for each occasion would suffice.'

**BE A WOMAN.**

Oh! I've heard a gentle mother,  
As the twilight hours began,  
Pleading with a son on duty,  
Urging him to be a man.  
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,  
Though with love words quite as ready,  
Points she out the other duty,  
'Strive, my dear, to be a lady.'

What's a lady? Is it something  
Made of hoops, and silks, and airs,  
Used to decorate the parlour,  
Like the fancy rups and chairs?  
Is it one that wastes on novels,  
Every feeling that is human?  
If 'tis this to be a lady,  
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter  
Speak of something higher far  
Than to be mere fashion's lady,  
'Woman is the brightest star.'  
If you in your strong affection  
Urged your son to be a true man,  
Urged your daughter no less strongly  
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman! Brightest model  
Of that high and perfect beauty,  
Where the mind and soul and body  
Blend to work out life's great duty.  
Be a woman, naught is higher  
(On the gilded crest of time;  
On the catalogue of virtue  
There's no brighter, holier name.

**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 copied, 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 Waterbury first 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 counterparts 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

11,952 WATCHES.

WELLINGTON, 24th October, 1891.

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

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

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

(Signed) ORLANDO KEMPTHORNE, Manager.

9,360 WATCHES.

AUCKLAND, 25th September, 1891.

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

E. PORTER & CO.

4,320 WATCHES.

CHRISTCHURCH, 29th September, 1891.

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

EDWARD REECE & SONS.

9,000 WATCHES.

DUNEDIN, 10th November, 1891.

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

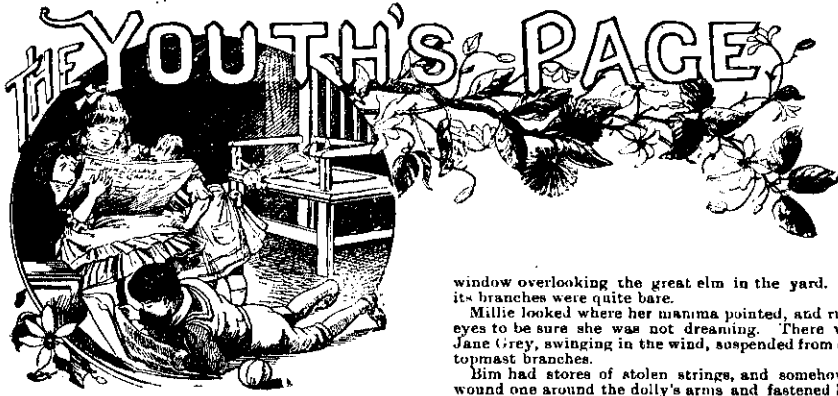
We have much pleasure in testifying to the excellent character which these watches have earned for themselves as timekeepers, and considering the large numbers sold we have remarkably few brought in for repairs.—Yours truly,

NEW ZEALAND HARDWARE CO., LTD.

(Per T. Black, Manager.)

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

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



## MARION'S TOSSIE.

My golden-haired dear,  
I was happy to hear  
About Tossie, your beautiful cat;  
Still in fancy I see  
Her, in dolly's pram-ee  
Complacent, and furry, and fat.

And long may Toss be  
Just a model puss-ee,  
A terror to mouse and rat,  
With her dainty white feet,  
And her voice clear and sweet,  
In the upper notes never too flat!

But ne'er in the hall  
Will Toss caterwaul,  
I am perfectly certain of that;  
When the full moon is high  
In the solemn night sky  
And the morepork flies after the bat.

But maybe with Nell,  
And Sam Rapson as well,  
Sing trios upon the doormat!  
Such efforts as these  
Mistress Maids to please  
Surely merit the kindest pat.

Do not hint at the broom,  
Nor a watery tomb,  
Nor rush with a threat'ning 'Scat'  
But carefully fold  
From all possible cold  
(If you can) in a cloak and a hat  
This four-footed pet,  
Or its mistress may fret,  
And her friends all be troubled thereat.

Here endeth this rhyme  
In the rainy Maytime,  
Minus butterfly, beetle, or gnat,  
But winter or spring,  
May the days duly bring  
Cream for Tossie, fair Marion's cat.

Thames.

M. A. SINCLAIR.

[M. A. SINCLAIR.—I have very willingly inserted your verses. Thank you for them, and for the nice little note you sent with them.—COUSIN KATE.]

## LADY JANE GREY.

LADY JANE GREY was Miss Procter's doll. She was forty years old. She had a walnut head and a rag body. Her arms stood out at right angles with her body, and her feet toed in. Her face indicated dignity, sternness and determination.

She wore a snuff coloured silk dress and cape, and a black silk apron. A little green cape bonnet concealed the startling fact that she had neither ears nor hair.

Lady Jane Grey lay wrapped in a blanket in a drawer, except when some little girl came to make a call. Then the brown-faced dolly was taken out and unwrapped for her to play with.

Though Lady Jane Grey had always been so quiet and retiring, she was destined, in her old age, to lead a very active life and to meet with thrilling adventures.

Miss Procter went to Christchurch to live, and Lady Jane Grey was her parting gift to little Millie Baker.

Millie and her large family of dolls received the newcomer with bright faces and smiles. But Lady Jane Grey answered none of their smiles. She sat up very straight and prim, and looked very stern.

When Lady Jane Grey first came into the playhouse, Bin, the magpie, saw her.

Bin never had noticed any of Millie's dolls before; but something in the appearance of this quaint little lady attracted him greatly.

He stopped his noisy chattering, and stared at her very indignantly. Then he flew down, and tried to take off her bonnet.

After that, whenever he saw Lady Jane Grey, he would stop his chattering and cock his head to one side in a funny way, and never take his bright, sharp eyes off from her.

One day in May, Lady Jane Grey was missing. The house was searched from garret to cellar. Bin was strongly suspected of the theft, and all his known storehouses for stolen goods were overhauled, but not a trace of her could be found.

Millie cried a great deal, but at last gave Lady Jane Grey up for lost.

The leaves were beginning to fall, when, one day, mamma came running down from the attic, calling to Millie, 'Come with me, Millie. I want to show you something.'

Millie followed her mamma to the attic, and to the south

window overlooking the great elm in the yard. Some of its branches were quite bare.

Millie looked where her mamma pointed, and rubbed her eyes to be sure she was not dreaming. There was Lady Jane Grey, swinging in the wind, suspended from one of the topmost branches.

Bin had stores of stolen strings, and somehow he had wound one around the dolly's arms and fastened her firmly to the branch.

Millie cried and laughed at the same time, and wanted her taken down at once. But the branch was so slender and high that there seemed no way of getting her except by cutting it off, and this Millie's papa was not willing to do. So the doll was left, in the hope that a strong wind would break the string.

The tree was soon bare, and every night Millie would look out from her chamber to see poor Lady Jane Grey's form outlined sharply against the sky. And when the wind blew she would dance and turn somersaults with a gaiety quite unbecoming her years.

One day in a violent wind the string broke and Lady Jane Grey came bounding to the ground, where Millie caught and hugged and kissed her.

But she was only the wreck of her former self. All her stiffness was gone. The ink which marked her face had entirely faded, leaving it a blank.

Her clothes were in rags, and there were holes in one leg and each of her arms, through which the sawdust was slowly oozing out.

Very sadly Millie wrapped Lady Jane Grey in her blanket and laid her away, to begin again a retired life, and Bin, much to his wrath, was never again allowed inside of Millie's playhouse.

M. H. P.

## A FOUR-FOOTED BECCAR.

THE dog mentioned in the following anecdote probably lived an honourable and useful life before he found that he could be maintained in idleness by the degrading practice of begging. 'One of the most persistent beggars in Portland is a collie dog which is very fond of ginger-nuts. The collie, in company with his mistress, visited a bakery one day, and perceiving some ginger-nuts in a show case, he sat down and pleaded, by means of short sharp barks, for a treat. The clerk generously fed the smart dog, but now he wishes that he hadn't, for every day since the collie has appeared to beg for more ginger-nuts. If the shop door is closed, he will wait outside until some one opens it, and then dodge in to get his regular free lunch.'

## ON THE STAND.

AT a recent Naval Court of Inquiry much unconscious humour was exhibited. The sailors called as witnesses were quite unused to such proceedings, and went about their work very much as a Sioux Indian might be expected to conjugate a Greek verb. One of them—Bubbles—came shuffling forward, his eyes hunting all round the room, as if in search of some place of safety.

'Come here,' said the admiral.

'He came, of course, upon the wrong side.

'No, here! What's your name?'

'Bubbles.'

'What's all of it?'

'Bill Bubbles.'

'Bill Bubbles, take the book.'

'Book, sir!'

'Yes, here!' The admiral stood up, placed his eye-glasses astride of his nose, peered through them at the unhappy Bubbles and held out the Bible.

Bubbles made a motion as if to take the Bible, perhaps thinking it a gratuity.

'No, no! just place your hand on it.'

Bubbles put up his left hand.

'No, your right hand.'

Bubbles put up both hands. The admiral seized the left one between his thumb and finger and removed it. The right remained.

'Now, Bubbles.'

'Ye'r.'

'Do you solemnly swear that the evidence you will give in this case shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?'

'Ye'r.'

'Well, then, kiss the book.'

'Yes, zur!'

'Kiss the book.'

'Kiss it, zur!'

'Yes, kiss it!'

Bubbles looked round appealingly, but there seemed to be no help for it, so he placed himself squarely on his feet, drew a long breath, bent over the Bible and produced a noise which made the admiral jump. For an instant the Bible seemed to be in peril, and the admiral, reaching it with a sudden pull, looked sternly at Bubbles and said, slowly, 'Go yonder and sit down.'

Another witness had had trouble with Lieutenant Lumley.

'He says, sezee, "Ef you wasn't so small," sezee, "I'd knock you out of sight," sezee. "I'd like to see you do it," says I. Also he done it.'

A good deal of eloquence can be put into four words.

## CHILDREN'S LETTERS.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—We have a little dog. He is a terrier. My big brother, Matthew, calls him a 'terror,' because we had a little party, and whilst we were running races on the gravel paths, Snip—that's the dog—got into the dining-room, and he ate such a lot of cake, and left his dirty paw-marks on the clean cloth. He forgot to wipe his feet on the mat before he came in. Dolly, that's my sister, said she thought he was afraid someone would hear him if he wiped his boots! Will you put my letter in, please!—Your loving cousin, HARRY ELAINE.

## AND WHAT A CUSTOMER!

THE man who estimates his fellows by the material and cut of their clothes is liable to make embarrassing mistakes. The following story, which may be true, is told by the Austrian papers, and is amusing society in Vienna:

A few weeks ago a man dressed in Tyrolean costume entered the shop of the principal barber in Innsbruck, sat down in a chair, and made a sign that he desired to be shaved.

The proprietor of the establishment is patronised by all the civic big wigs of the place, and is naturally anxious to keep the circle of his customers select. Seeing, therefore, a rough-looking fellow, clad in the national juppe, reclining on the velvet plush that was sacred to local officials, he approached the daring intruder, and bluntly told him:

'We don't serve peasants here; this is a saloon for gentlemen.'

The stranger rose, with a smile. 'Very well,' he said; 'but oblige me, in case my adjutant should come in, by telling him that I have gone to be shaved by your rival across the street. I am the Archduke Joseph.'

The archduke, who is commander-in-chief of the Hungarian landwehr, and who ought to be known pretty well by sight even in the Tyrol, then lifted his hat and departed.

## A FUNNY DIET.

'WHAT does your little dog eat?' asked the visitor. 'Oh, anything,' answered Bobbie. 'Last night he ate a pair of rubbers and a sofa cushion for supper.'

## A BIT OF BIRD BENEVOLENCE.

HOW A MALE CANARY BROUGHT UP A WILD FOUNDLING.

I HAVE just heard a bird story that is more than clever; it has a touch of poetry and romance. It is told me by a lady who spent last summer in California and it came out when I was admiring the song of a pretty yellow canary that she calls Willie.

He was with his mistress when she was domiciled in a country house in a California valley just at the edge of the foothills. The large surrounding grounds were fairly over-run with birds, the whereabouts of between thirty and forty nests within a space of three or four acres being known at one time.

The house was so big that some of the rooms were not in use at all—not by the unfeathered household at any rate—but the linnets in a number of cases came through the slats of the shutters of these unfrequented apartments and made nests on the window sills. This performance was more ingenious than wise on their part, for the wind was liable to turn the slats and cut off supplies at any time.

It was part of the self-imposed duties of the young girl of the family to see that accidents of this sort were set right, but even the prettiest and most becoming duties will occasionally be neglected by young girls, and one time a nest was forgotten for nearly a week.

When it was visited a tragic sight met the eye of the remorseful visitor, for there was a nest with five dead, unfeathered little birds in it, and one not dead but at its last gasp. *Madame la mere* had been shut out. Every effort was made to nourish the survivor, hairpins and knitting needles being used to introduce the food, but all in vain, and it looked as if the poor baby bird would in a few minutes join its departed brothers and sisters.

At last it was noticed that Willie, from his cage, was showing a great interest in the performances over the starving, and the experiment of putting the little one with him was suggested. It was a lucky suggestion. Willie fluttered around the stranger a moment or two, all his feathers standing on end with excitement, and then he flew to his dish of bread and milk and began to feed his visitor in the most approved mother bird fashion. He had been a family man, although at this time he was a widower, and he knew how young ones ought to be cared for.

He gave up singing and devoted himself wholly for weeks to his foundling. He brought it up without assistance except—and this is not the least singular part of the story—such as came from a male linnet who, when the cage was hung on the porch, used to come and feed the young one through the bars.

It is the conclusion, as true as fitting to this bird idyll, that when the rescued bird grew up—it was a female—Willie married her.

## MINE AND THINE.

'WHAT queer notions you do get up!' said one unsympathetic member of the family to another. 'Notions, indeed!' said the person addressed. 'I don't come out with half the number of startling propositions that you do.'

'Oh, well,' was the serious reply, 'mine are ideas.'

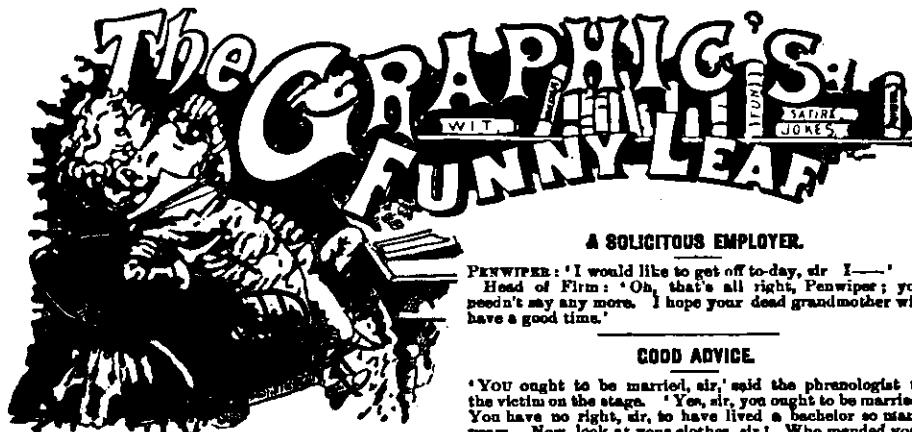
'How many people there are in the world with ridiculous hobbies,' said a gentleman to a fellow-traveller, with whom he was trying to become acquainted.

'I know it,' said the other, 'and how they do try to thrust them on the public! I've laughed about it again and again.'

'No, have I. Now, for example, there's that sun spot man—'

'Excuse me. Science is never ridiculous. I am the sun-spot man.'

THE Book of the Season: 'FRANK MELTON'S LUCK.' Price, One Shilling. All Bookellers.



**A SOLICITOUS EMPLOYER.**

**PENWIPER:** 'I would like to get off to-day, sir. I—'  
**Head of Firm:** 'Oh, that's all right, Penwiper; you needn't say any more. I hope your dead grandmother will have a good time.'

**GOOD ADVICE.**

'You ought to be married, sir,' said the phrenologist to the victim on the stage. 'Yes, sir, you ought to be married. You have no right, sir, to have lived a bachelor so many years. Now, look at your clothes, sir! Who mended your coat, sir? Tell me that.'  
 'My third wife, sir.'

**SHE TOOK THE VEIL.**

*At the D.I.C.—How: 5 p.m.*

She took the veil—'twas at the twilight hour,  
 When eve her dusky mantle gently spread  
 Athwart the counters, and the gaslights shed  
 A yellowish hue of dim, uncertain power.

She took the veil—most skillfully and sly,  
 When clerks were busy and cash-girs were flitting  
 From desk to counter, as indeed befitting  
 The trade's exactious and a prompt supply.

She took the veil—unmindful of the 'walker';  
 She saw not him who fixed his watchful eye  
 Upon her movements ever anxiously,  
 Awaiting only the right time to balk her.

She took the veil—and, calmly, then arose  
 And turned to go—when sudden, sharp and clear  
 A voice rang out: 'Policeman, quick, come here!  
 Here's a shoplifter! Come and search her clothes!'

**MAN.**

**MAN** that is born of a woman is small potatoes and few in the hill.

He riseth up to-day and flourisheth like a rag-weed, and to-morrow or the day after the undertaker has him in the box.

He goeth forth in the morning warbling like the lark, and is knocked out in one round and two seconds.

In the midst of life he is in debt, and the tax-collector pursueth him wherever he goeth.

The banister of life is full of splinters, and he slideth down it with considerable rapidity.

He walketh forth in the bright sunlight to absorb ozone, and meeteth the bank teller with a sight-draft for three hundred and fifty-seven notes.

He cometh home at eventide and meeteth the wheelbarrow in his path and the wheelbarrow riseth up and smiteth him to the earth, and falleth upon him and runneth one of its legs into his ear.

In the gentle spring-time he putteth on his summer clothes, and the south wind striketh him far away from home, and filleth him with woe and rheumatism.

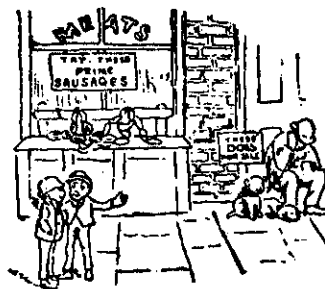
He layeth up riches in the bank, and the manager speculateth in margins and then goeth to 'Frisco for his health.

In the autumn he putteth on his winter trousers, and a wasp that abideth in them filleth him full of intense excitement.

He buyeth a watch-dog, and when he cometh home late from the lodge the watch-dog treeth him and sitteth beneath him until rosy morn.

He goeth to the horse-trot and betteth his money on the brown mare, and the bay gelding with a blaze-face winneth.

He marryeth a red-headed helress with a wart on her nose, and the next day her parental ancestor goeth under, with few assets and great liabilities, and cometh home to live with his beloved son-in-law.



**HE ADMIRER FRANKNESS.**

**A MAN** stood thoughtfully leaning against a lamp-post. A stranger approached him, and, after a moment's scrutiny, said: 'Excuse me for this intrusion upon your apparent meditation, but I wished to ask you a few questions.'

'Certainly,' said the man, bowing and regarding the fellow with a kindly eye.

'I thank you for your consideration,' rejoined the fellow bowing with equal courtesy, if not with equal grace. 'I wish to ask you if you do not admire that quality which we term frankness?'

'Yes, of course I do.'

'I am delighted to hear you say so, sir. Now,' he added, after a short pause, 'you may think me very peculiar, and doubtless I am, but something impels me to be frank with you.'

'All right, sir; go ahead.'

'Thank you, I'll do so. Now, just a few moments ago, as I stood over there regarding you, it struck me that I did not like your looks, and I debated with myself the question whether or not I should tell you. The delicate consideration, the bright hue of reason that sometimes lights up the dark ground of impulse, suggested that I should first discover whether or not you were an admirer of frankness. I am glad that you are, for it gives me the opportunity of telling you without malice that I do not like your appearance. See?'

'That's all right,' the man quietly replied. 'You have a right to express your opinion.'

'You are a considerate man,' said the fellow. 'Now, still believing that you are an admirer of frankness, I should tell you that I would not trust you ten minutes.'

'That's all right,' the man rejoined.

'And furthermore,' the fellow continued, 'I feel that you are a pickpocket.'

'A man has a right to express his feelings. You acknowledge that don't you?'

'Assuredly, sir. I have expressed my feelings, and why should you not express yours?'

'I should express mine, and shall do so, but before I give you an expression of those feelings you must promise to treat me with as much consideration as I have treated you.'

'Oh, I promise that.'

'All right, here goes,' and picking up his foot with an electric jerk, he kicked the fellow into the street. 'That is my opinion of you.'

The fellow rubbed himself for a moment, and then, through a horrified grin, said:

'Look here, I do like frankness, but I don't care to see a man so precious outspoken.'

**TRYING TIMES FOR BOBBY.**

**UNCLE JAMES:** 'Well, Bobby, are you gaining any prizes at school nowadays?'  
**Bobby:** 'No, sir; the other fellows get them all.'  
**Uncle James:** 'But you'll keep on trying, of course?'  
**Bobby:** 'What's the use! The other fellows keep on trying too.'



**UNCLE GEORGE:** 'Well, Colonel, I'll take £50 for Old Sol. You'll find he's a fine horse.'  
**Colonel:** 'Yes, but what is that scar on his fore-leg?'  
**Georgey (speaking from recent recollections):** 'Oh, uncle, p'raps dat's his vaccination marks.'

**TRY TO SMILE.**

**THEIR REASONS FOR NOT FIGHTING.**—Boy on the street to boy in the yard: 'If yer think yer can lick me, why don't yer come out here and try it?' Boy in the Yard: 'Oh, I'm 'fraid a cop might arrest me fer doin' yer up. You come in here if yer want ter fight.' Boy on the street (sneeringly): 'Yes, you want yer father to catch me, don't yer?'

'They say a man can leave an umbrella out of doors in Norway all day, and find it where he left it the next morning. This would go to show that they have very poor umbrellas in Norway, or else the climate is phenomenally dry. "These firemen must be a frivolous set," said Mrs Spillkins, who was reading a paper. "Why so?" "I read in the papers that after the fire was under control the firemen played all night on the ruins. Why didn't they go home and go to bed like sensible men, instead of romping about like children?"

'And she said that I was no lady.' 'The idea! And what did you do?' 'I just slapped her face and scratched her eyes most out.'

**SAD IF TRUE.**

There was a young man from Havana,  
 Who liked to sing 'Eileen Alysia';  
 But one night at the gate  
 He lingered too late,  
 And was struck by a raucid banana!

Omnibus driver, to quiet stranger in suburban road, 'Hi, mister, jest hold that there horse for a minute while I get down, will yer?' Stranger nervously, 'Wh-wh-which one?'

'Why, the off 'un, to be sure.' 'My good man, I am totally unacquainted with horses, and it's quite impossible for me to tell which of your animals is an orphan.'  
 'The sun is fifteen million years old, and will last fifteen million years longer.' This fact will quiet a great deal of anxiety and alarm. An impression had got abroad that the sun would last only fourteen million years longer. The sun holds its age well. Oldest inhabitants say that it does not look a day older than it did sixty-five years ago.

**A REMINDER.**

'WELL, sir, what can I do for you this morning?' said old Mr Scaddis, as young Dolley entered his counting-room.  
 'I want your consent to our engagement, sir,' replied Dolley.  
 'Your daughter and I love each other and want to marry.'  
 'Indeed?' snorted the father. 'Anything else?'

'Well, sir, I might mention before I go that Austin Corbin gave his daughter \$5,000,000 as a wedding present.'



**HE:** 'Don't you think you had better put the sleeves of my overcoat round your neck, little sweetheart? Eh?'

**SHE:** 'Yes; but then you will catch cold, darling; had you not better put it on first?'



**OUR DOMESTICS.**

**MARY:** 'Oh, missus, the baker told me to tell yer the bread has risen; but I've measured it with the tape measure, and I can't see any difference in it!'