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MR GLADSTONE ON 'THE WOMEN'S FRANCHISE.'

Topics of the Week.

SOCIETY'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE Countess of Glasgow has issued invitations for an 'At Home' at Government House on the 7th July. The Kingarooma officers are going to remain in Wellington for the dance.

THE sudden death of Sir Harry Atkinson came as a terrible shock to the whole of Wellington, as of course he was so well and widely known. The greatest sympathy is expressed on all sides for Lady Atkinson and her family in their awfully sudden bereavement. Lady Atkinson has for some years been an invalid, and her friends greatly dread the shock to her system. A dinner party which was arranged for the evening of the day Sir Harry died was postponed, and a hurried meeting was held of the Citizens' Ball Committee, who decided to postpone the ball till the following Monday night, in spite of the extensive arrangements which had already been carried out. There seems a strange fatality about this ball—the Mayor hearing the news of his mother's death, now the Speaker of the Upper House dying, and a few days ago Mrs Pearce died, and this again will keep a number of influential citizens away.

THE Auckland Polo Club dance, which was postponed from a recent date, will take place on Wednesday evening in the Masonic Hall, Princes-street. The function is sure to be a most enjoyable one, and particulars will be given next week.

LITERARY societies appear to flourish in New Plymouth. From that rising township I hear that two are flourishing exceedingly after the manner attributed by tradition to the green bay tree. Last time I wrote to you I promised to tell you something more about New Plymouth's two literary societies, which still flourish. Both have begun the season's work again, and are working hard. The Ladies' Literary Club is not so strong in number this year, several of the members preferring to swell the number of non-working members of the Mutual Improvement Society. Still, good work is being done. Recently there was a very interesting evening on 'Ancient Art,' when some very creditable papers were read, which, to some extent, opened our eyes to our deficiency in this respect. On another occasion the Society and the public generally had the benefit of a lecture on 'Free Trade,' delivered by Mr Ellis McTaggart, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

THE 'Kahanga' Club is doing very well this winter, and really the Dunedin ladies deserve to be complimented on its success. The meeting at Mrs Rattray's was well attended, sixty members being present to amuse and be amused. At the close of the evening a rule was read to the effect that each member of the Club must contribute at least one item during the season. The programme itself was quite a feature, being prettily painted. As usual the evening was a very enjoyable one, and gave evidence of how well women can amuse themselves by themselves if they so desire.

GREAT is the winter social, and powerful the 'Song and dance.' Especially is this the case in Nelson, from which most cheery of cities comes the news of the inauguration of winter social entertainments and the satisfactory success of the first of the series. As is invariably the case, this success was due to what Carlyle calls genius, i.e., 'the extraordinary capacity for taking pains' on the part of the committee, which, by the way, consisted of Messdames Pitt, Mackay, Macquarrie, Misses Jones, Levien, Broad and Huddleston, Messrs Macquarrie, Fell, Duncan, Broad, Harden and Dr. Creasey, with Mr King as Secretary. Truth to tell, too, there had been some premonitory qualms as the subscriptions flowed not in as freely as last year. The success was therefore the sweeter. The most enthusiastic Nelsonians are wont to admit that the Provincial Hall is scarcely a palace lifting to eternal summer, but on the other hand suggests the rural barn. It had, however, been so tastefully draped and decorated that it quite lost its

barn-like appearance. The upper end of the hall was arranged as a drawing-room, with couches and easy chairs and a number of easels containing pictures and photographs. Among these latter, by the way, was a beautiful enlargement from a photograph of the 'New Plymouth Breakwater,' taken by one of our best Nelson amateur photographers, Mr Fell.

THE expenditure of time and taste, and the arrangements of the widows, which were draped with Liberty muslin curtains, must have been considerable, but the result was excellent. The mantelpieces, massed with green leaves and white camellias, added to an effective picture. While on the subject of the decorating the supper-table must not be denied a word. It looked exceedingly pretty. Though there were no flowers, ferns were placed here and there as if rising from the very effective and *chic* decorative pattern-cut paper. The supper itself must have satisfied the greatest *gourmet*, and reflected great credit on the ladies' committee. The floor was in excellent condition, and the music very good. Success was therefore certain.

THERE was some singing during the evening. Mrs Percy Adams sang 'The Gift,' and with Miss Houliker the 'Venetian Boat Song.' Amongst others who 'obliged' were Miss Mackay, the Messrs Grace and King. The latter made his *debut*, and his first efforts prove he will be an acquisition to the musical circles.

DURING the celebrations of the jubilee of the Anglican churches in Nelson a very good concert was given in the Provincial Hall, the first part consisting of Mendelssohn's cantata 'Oh Come Let us Sing,' which went very well. The second part was miscellaneous. Miss Jackson played a pianoforte solo beautifully; Mrs Patterson sang very agreeably; Miss Mackay also sang; Prof. Zimmerman played a violin solo, and was heard to great advantage, the programme being concluded by the singing of 'Humpty Dumpty' by the choir. The hall was crammed, the congregations of both churches being present.

A CONVERSAZIONE in connection with the above celebrations was held on another evening. Notwithstanding the daupness of the night a large number of people turned up, and were well repaid for their trouble. The hall was decorated with flags, etc., and a platform erected at the eastern end. This was arranged as a room with numbers of pot plants, and presented a very pleasing appearance. During the evening speeches were delivered by the Dean of Waiapu, the Bishop of Nelson, and others. Between these the monotony of the evening was broken by vocal and instrumental music. Refreshments made by the ladies of both churches were handed round during an interval, and an enjoyable evening was concluded about ten o'clock.

DRESSMAKERS in Hastings must be making hatfuls of money just now. On another page will be found a list of frocks and frippery which has all but turned the editorial head, while surely every woman in Napier and Hastings must have had a new frock for the occasion. A list of gowns worn at the Melbourne Cup would scarcely be more formidable.

THE Caledonian Ball in Napier appears to have been a success, but owing to the vagaries of the steamer my account is too odd to use at length. It may be said briefly that Mr W. P. Stuart, the local champion dancer danced the flog, Mr R. Smith favoured with the sword dance, Master Peddie danced a flog in the most approved style. For the rest the ball was a most enjoyable affair. My correspondent waxed enthusiastic on the point. The floor was delightful, the supper delicious, and everyone agreed they had spent a right jolly time. The decorations were especially good, and reflected great credit on whoever undertook the task of decorating. Amongst the pictures on the walls was one of the late Mr M. R. Miller, an oil painting, very true to life. A long and varied programme

was gone through. The reels were exceedingly pretty, and made one long to be able to dance them.

'TARANAKIANS,' which being translated means, I suppose, the good folks of Taranaki, have, says a correspondent, been devoting themselves to yarning over the 'bad old times!' What my informant describes as a most enjoyable evening was spent at the Mutual Improvement Society, New Plymouth, the other evening. Mr F. L. Webster read an account of his reminiscences of the Maori War, in which he played so active a part. It proved most interesting. He fully described the battle of Waireka, a name which is dear to all Taranakians. At the conclusion several grey-haired veterans (amongst them Colonel Stapp and Major Brown) stood up and related their experiences, some of them grave, some gay. It is no doubt a good thing to keep alive the memory of those troublous times in the hearts of the rising generation. It is said to be a dreadful drawback to New Zealanders to have no past to look back upon, but surely those in Taranaki have one—and a blood-stained one it is, as many now living may testify. I hear Mr G. F. Robinson is to give his reminiscences at an early date.

THE Auckland Young Ladies' Orchestra announce the first concert of the season for Wednesday, the 13th inst. The performance takes place in the Choral Hall, and in addition to the orchestral selections, Miss Quinn and Mr A. L. Edwards are to sing.

ON another occasion this budding Burke appears to have made a favourable impression by a speech on strikes at the meeting of the New Plymouth Mutual Improvement Society.

Apropos of this last-named society, I hear that it is active. There must be a hundred members of both sexes, and discussion is very frequent and animated. Last Thursday evening was devoted to a debate entitled 'Has England Reached the Zenith of her Power.' The President (Rev. Mr Fairlough) introduced the debate, contending that the Mother Country will not probably grow greater. He handled his subject in the most masterly manner, and most of his arguments were unanswerable. A great many members took the opposite view of the case, and some excellent speeches were made. So loyal are the New Plymouthites that, strange to say, the only speaker who was of the same opinion as the President was the only *Englishman* who took any part in the debate.

WHEN, the other day at New York, Madame Adeline Patti's Mexican pug died, she shed some tears, but soon dried them on receiving from her American admirers a new dog, the counterpart of the one she had lost. The little beast was presented to Madame Patti with singular appropriateness, at the end of the mad scene in the third act of 'Lucia'; and, on accepting it, in a cradle lined with white satin, she sang 'Home, Sweet Home,' in reference, it is thought, to the Dogs' Home at New York.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON'S grief was great when her little black terrier, named Hamlet, departed this life. The name of Hamlet had been given to the animal in memory of his mistress's brilliant success as Ophelia in Ambroise Thomas' long, lugubrious opera, brightened here and there by dance tunes, borrowed from Scandinavia. After one brief paroxysm, Madame Nilsson resolved to replace Hamlet without delay by a dog of stronger temperament. 'This time,' she tenderly exclaimed, in an imitation of English, 'I will buy a wholesomer one.'

THE pet dog seems, from ancient times, to have been an inseparable attribute of the prima donna. Sophie Arnould, the only singer the French ever had until after the Revolution, entrusted her dog, who had fallen ill, to the care of one of the most celebrated physicians of his time, the renowned Meemer. After treating his patient carefully for some days (probably the discoverer of animal magnetism magnetised the animal), Meemer sent him back to his mistress with a certificate to the effect that he was now cured. The dog, however, died on his way home. His mistress, after reading this certificate and contemplating the body, said: 'What a comfort to know that he died in good health.'

LEADING opera singers about a hundred years ago seem to have been almost, if not quite, as fortunate in 'arranging terms' for their services as the Patti and Albanis of the present day. At the beginning of the century Madame Catalini, for singing twice a week, received £5,250, besides two clear benefits.

THE Dunedin University Dramatic Club have scored a second success in their production of 'The Rivals,' although many people say they preferred 'She Stoops to Conquer,' which they gave some months ago. The students filled the body of the theatre, and made their presence known by their very hearty expressions of appreciation, and the circle was dignified by many of the professors, who were present with their families, the general public also turned out in large numbers, for the house was filled. Upon the first night the play dragged a little, and the waits were very long, but the second night remedied this, and much praise was bestowed upon all concerned.

MR C. M. MOUAT won first honours by his representation of Sir Anthony Absolute, the quick-tempered, good-natured old gentleman, and fairly brought about a storm of applause in the passionate scenes with his son, which displayed acting of no poor order. He dressed the part very handsomely. Miss Freeman, as Mrs Malaprop, acted very well, evidently entering into the humour of the part of the would-be highly educated woman. As Miss Lydia Languish, Miss Foder played very prettily.

As the evening went on there were repeated calls before the curtain, and Miss Freeman and Miss Alexander were the recipients of lovely bouquets. It is the intention of the Club to travel to Christchurch shortly, and give 'The Rivals' there.

THE social event of the week at Christchurch was Mrs G. G. Stead's ball on Friday night at Strowan, which passed off most brilliantly, the host and hostess being untiring in kindness and attention to the many guests of whom there must have been over a hundred. Mr Kossiter's small band of three performers gave infinite pleasure to dance to. The floor was pronounced perfection by all except the unwary, who wished to promenade. Two large rooms with folding doors into the hall made an excellent ballroom. The decorations were principally of holly with its brilliant red berries, and fairy lights innumerable. The supper room was lovely to look upon, as well as for the good things supplied there. The tables were exquisitely arranged with beautiful hot house flowers and maiden hair fern, the lamps having very pretty shades. The guests reluctantly quitted the hospitable house when the train, so thoughtfully arranged for by Mr Stead, was announced to be waiting for them.

A LEAF YEAR BALL will be held in St. George's Hall, Newton, on Tuesday, 19th inst. The music will be provided by Hancken's String Band, and the catering, by Mr W. Phillips. A strong committee of ladies (of which Miss Barnes is Secretary) is hard at work for its success, and as the affair is the first of its kind during the present season, it ought to be a success.

A VERY charming dinner party was given by Mrs W. D. Wood, Riccarton, Christchurch, the guests being Mrs and Miss A. Brett (Auckland), Mr, Mrs and the Misses Cunningham, Mrs and the Misses Loughnan, Mr and Mrs C. Wood (Kaikoura), Messrs William and Walcot Wood. The table decorations were very pretty, the flowers being white chrysanthemums and maiden hair fern.

A NEW departure from the usual monotony of afternoon teas was the one given lately in Dunedin by Mrs Shand. My correspondent says:—'Mrs Shand entertained a large number of her lady friends, receiving them in a novel manner, disguised as an old Scotch woman, and conversing in the purest Scotch dialect to the delight of those who understood the language, and to the mystification of those who did not. It is quite unnecessary to add that all were highly amused, especially when later on our hostess appeared grinding an old barrel organ, and crooning to herself. Besides this novel entertainment there was some excellent music. Among the guests were Mesdames Bartleman, J. Roberts, Jeffcoat, Fitchett, Petrie, and Miss Cumin.'

It was a little unfortunate for Christchurch dancers, that the ball given by Mr and Mrs Stead, came off the same night as the dance in the Art Gallery, arranged by the gentlemen of Canterbury College, as a return for the Ladies Boating Club Social last month. Mr Fleming supplied excellent music, but the floor was heavy for dancing, and the ladies were in a decided majority, which is a misfortune at a dance, for how can one look happy getting a dance once in three, and then you ready 'to go' and the poor partner fagged out. Mrs Tendall and Mrs Cook were there, Mrs Burns, Mrs Grossman, the Misses Cabot, Bickerton, Aikman, Mitchell, Thorpe, Clarke, Stevenson, Henderson,

Lorimer, Gibson, Mills, Baldwin, Davy (Wellington), Fordham, Richmond, Baber, Walker and others.

THE announcement that the house of the late Mr Leyland, at Prince's Gate, Kensington, is about to be sold, awakens some interesting associations of this mansion, one of the most beautiful in London. Though exteriorly 'nothing to look at,' it is inside a vision of delight, recalling some of the descriptions of the 'Arabian Nights.' All that art backed by wealth could do was done to render the place supremely beautiful. Here is the celebrated Peacock-room, designed and carried out by Mr Whistler. It has a history. The story is this: The room as originally conceived was hung with Spanish leather, but Mr Whistler, having sold to Mr Leyland a picture which was hung in this room, complained that the red flowers scattered over the gold ground



MR WHISTLER.

of the Spanish leather hurt the harmony of his painting, and proposed to paint them out. Mr Leyland had paid a thousand pounds for his Spanish leather, but he, nevertheless, allowed the artist to have his own way; whereupon Mr Whistler went on painting and painting until the Spanish leather disappeared entirely, and a new and absolutely unique decoration of blue and gold in which the chief motif was peacocks and their feathers appeared in place. When Jeckyll, the decorative artist, who had originally designed and decorated the room—and whose hopes were centred on the fame this work would secure him—saw the Spanish leather disappear, and the peacock harmony in blue and gold become the talk of the town, he went home and began to paint the floor of his bedroom gold, and in a few weeks he died mad in a private lunatic asylum. When Whistler came to discuss the price of his work with Mr Leyland, there were 'ructions,' and the artist completed his design with a panel which, in artistic circles, is held to represent the quarrel between the patron and the painter. The panel depicts two peacocks in aggressive attitudes. One peacock, of extreme and unruffled elegance, is supposed to represent the artist. The eye of the bird is a Cape diamond of extraordinary lustre and beauty, and is presumed to correspond with Mr Whistler's well-known eye-glass. The other peacock, with disordered plumage and irate mien, with its eye of real ruby shooting fire, is identified with the artist's patron, and is standing on a pile of gold supposed to be the shekels, while all around are scattered bits of silver—the shillings knocked off the guineas!

ONE of the most incomprehensible things in life is the strange twist in the minds of many good people out here which will lead them to give £8 or £10 for a dauby oil or splashy water colour, perpetrated by some lamentably incompetent local artist—save the mark—when for £5 of even £3 they may obtain proofs and artists' proofs or engravings by the finest artists living.

THESE reflections are born from the fact that during the week the writer has had an opportunity of looking over a collection of etchings and engravings sent out from London by a well-known Haymarket firm. Such works have not come to this colony in any quantity before. All are either original etchings, or engraved or etched from pictures by men whose name is known far and near. The agents are Upton's of Auckland. Many of the pictures are artists' proofs, and as there is generally a print of the same picture a chance is given of comparing artists' proofs and prints, the former being just three times the price. The connoisseur will think them well worth it. There is a depth of tone

and a beauty of detail impossible of attainment after a certain number of prints have been pulled.

AMONGST the pictures specially worthy of note seemed to us the 'Silver Beeches,' 'Dawning Day,' 'The Trout Stream,' exquisite landscapes by Kix, engraved by Dausler, 'A Lover and his Lass'—a pair of sweethearts wandering by a river's bank—is also an attractive picture, and 'Room for Two'—a girl of the last century making room for a 'hard bit' admirer on a small Chippendale seat—is certainly remarkably fine. Other pictures there are which space forbids us to describe as we would care to do.

SNAZELLE is doing excellently in Auckland, as he deserves to do. The local daily press follow the lead of the great critics from all over the world, who have said with no uncertain voice, 'See Snazelle.'

THE greatest pleasures in this life are seldom those to which we have looked forward with keenest expectation. The most enjoyable dances are often those which we anticipated would be somewhat slow. It was feared that the last Assembly dance at New Plymouth would fall somewhat flat after the great Volunteer Ball, but it did nothing of the kind, being on the contrary a most spirited and successful affair. The evening was rather an oppressive one so far as weather and atmosphere were concerned, but in every other way the function was all that could be desired.

A LARGE number of well-known Wellingtonians patronised the Empire City Opera House the other evening on the occasion of Miss Burvett's farewell concert. My correspondent says the concert was not a specially interesting one. The talented *beneficaria* played fifteen pieces, Mr Dodd sang three songs, and Mr Hill played a violin solo—this was the complete programme.

MRS BLANFORD'S *musical* 'At Home,' at Dunedin, was very much enjoyed. Among those who contributed to the afternoon's entertainment were Mrs W. H. Reynolds, who sang 'Pierrot,' Miss Marshall, Mr A. Martin, Mr H. Martin; Miss Busck played the violin; Miss Jennie West played exquisitely, as also did Miss Irwin. Among those present were Mrs and the Misses Reynolds, Mrs and Miss Martin, Miss Marshall, Miss Ross, Mrs Sinclair, and a number of others.

IN the rush of getting out the supplement last week we omitted to mention that the block of the House of Representatives was from a photo by Wrigglesworth and Binns.

THE Mikado Social Club held their second social in St. George's Hall on Friday, July 1st. There were fifty couples present. The music was supplied by Messrs Burke and Davies, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. Dancing was kept up till 12 o'clock.

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

THE FINE ARTS.

We have received a consignment of a VERY FINE SELECTION OF ETCHINGS, Which are to be sold at the ARTISTS' PRICES.

The subjects comprise a varied selection of LANDSCAPE SCENERY.

The Etchings are 106 in number, 48 of which are ARTISTS' PROOFS, Some being on Japan paper and some on Satin, signed by both PAINTER AND ETCHER.

The value of the selection is £150.

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Beware of Imitations. THE GENUINE IS SIGNED. Plesse & Lubin. Sole Agents, Auckland.

'Graphic' * Gossip * With * Pleasant * People.

OVIDE MUSIN, VIOLINIST.

AN ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW.

IT was certainly the strangest interview—so unlike the stereotyped newspaper affair of the name, that it scarcely seemed like the same thing. It was pleasant and it was interesting, but as for formality—well, there! long before the end we had forgotten that it was an interview at all, and so, we are convinced, had Musin. It came about this way. The photographic interview is in its infancy in journalism, and the most fitting—nay, the only place for its debut in New Zealand was the GRAPHIC. Musin



Hanna. Photo, Auckland.
VIOLIN-PLAYING, AS IT IS TAUGHT.

kindly agreed to meet us (the interview fiend) and go to the photographer's. 'Call for me at my hotel,' he said. 'We will take a cab.'

That's the way with these musicians. 'Blow the expense,' as the vulgar boy said. It was only a hundred yards or so. However, we hid our feelings. Your first glimpse of Musin takes you rather aback. From the posters you imagine you are going to see a veritable giant. He is middle-sized, and the most comfortable, jovial *bon camarade* to be met with in the proverbial day's march. He has all the appearance of a man who can command, and who thoroughly enjoys all the good things of life—a man who, as the expression goes, 'does himself well,' and be it added,



Hanna. Photo, Auckland.
SOLO PLAYING—AS VIRTUOSOS HOLD THE VIOLIN

does you well while you are with him. He was ensconced in his comfortable sitting-room at the Grand Hotel, where all smart travellers foregather now-a-days, when at the appointed time 'we' called. 'Ah, here you are, my dear fellow. Very glad to see you. Let me introduce my wife.' We made our best bow to the lady, who is charming, and of whom more anon.

'Well, you see I am smoking.' We were aware of the act. He smokes incessantly, and such cigars as only

millionaires and musicians can afford to carry. 'So we are to have a photographic interview. What an odd idea! Never mind, it will be something new. Here are my violins. I will take the Stradivarius.' He took the almost priceless instrument lovingly from the ponderous leather case, where it lies side by side with an exquisite Amati. Both were covered with dainty silken quilts. He handled the violin caressingly, and bestowed it tenderly in a small hand case.

During the few minutes from the hotel to Hanna's studio he talked incessantly. 'What a beautiful town!' 'What a pleasant people!' 'The rocks and the water are lovely,' and for a few minutes he rattled on after the manner of visitors who know our weakness. 'Do I like the sea you ask?' he said, when we got in a question edgeways. 'Yes, I do, but Madame does not. I am seasick for a minute, and then 'tis over, but my wife she *does* snuffer—a bad sailor? dreadful!! If she meets a sea-captain in the street she is seasick,' and he laughed consumedly. At last we were at the studio. The camera was put in a convenient position and we commenced.

'Well, what shall I tell you first? When I began to play? I don't know. I first played in public when I was eleven. The way I began was, my father gave me a toy fiddle for a birthday present when I was a very little boy. I began to scratch on it, and soon taught myself something; the rest all came in due course; it has been



Hanna. Photo, Auckland.
QUARTETTE-PLAYING—WRONG WAY.

in the paper. I will show you one thing of interest just at once. It will please all people who play the violin, and will make musical people talk. You will notice I do not hold my violin like the ordinary violinists. They hold it so, almost in front of them at an acute angle from the shoulder. That is the correct way, the right style as it is taught by the books and masters. You will see they all stand so.' (He put himself into position.) 'Mein Gott! what was that noise? The photomachine! oh, oh! ha, ha! that is good.' We give the picture; it is good also.

Musin then went on to explain how he and Sarasate and Wilhelmj hold their violins. 'You see I put it this way, almost if not absolutely at right angles to my chest in nearly a straight line with my shoulder. You want a picture of this too to show the difference. Yes, that is right; it will interest many. Well, here it is—so.' He put himself into position, very slightly lowering the violin to enable the operator to get a better focus. *Click!* went the instantaneous shutter, and it was done.

'There is a great deal in these positions,' said Musin, 'a great deal. If I were to play as the ordinary artist plays—well, the sound goes to the side, but in my position, with the violin in line with the shoulders, all the sound goes forward over the theatre or concert-hall direct to the audience. Few people know, too, how much is in the wrist. Do you fence?' 'A little.' 'Good! Well, you know in fencing it is all in the wrists. It must be as supple as soft leather,

and turn like on a ball—so!' and he twisted his wrist round as if it were most certainly hung on ball bearings. 'If the wrist is not absolutely supple the tone will be harsh, like that' (he drew the bow heavily across the strings), 'not singing, like that,' and he drew it again just as firmly as it seemed, but *such* a difference as to sound. He went on talking, getting quite warm with his subject. 'Remember, it is the faculty of producing a full,



Hanna. Photo, Auckland.
QUARTETTE-PLAYING—RIGHT WAY.

deep, rich quality of tone that makes a man a great violinist. It is not the technique so much, but the phrasing and the production of a beautiful tone. Instrumentation! that is a matter of practice. Of course that is something, but it is not the using of the fingers quickly; it is the singing—the beautiful singing tone of the violin that satisfies human nature and makes audiences enthusiastic. It is this that is the music. But here is friend photographer again. Well, I will show you another thing—that is, what a great mistake many excellent musicians make when playing the violin in quartettes. They play between their legs like this—[*click!*] Ah, there goes that machine again. Now, that is wrong. The legs should be together, and the hand outside the leg like this—[*click!*]—so! Now he has one of each, I suppose.

'You attach importance to style, M. Musin!'

'I do, indeed. Style is most important. It needs the greatest practice and *sa voir faire*, for instance, for an artist to come on the stage.'

'Indeed, so simple a matter!'

'Indeed and it is not simple. I can tell you it is anything but simple. You come on the stage, and people perhaps laugh at you for being too shy, or else you offend them by being too friendly—too familiar; or again perhaps you are too haughty, and the audience think, "This man thinks too much of himself." I have known really clever artists nearly ruined by setting the audience against them in this way. You must be like a good "papa"—if you can understand what I mean. Not too stiff or formal; not, on the other hand, familiar and wanting dignity.'

'What do you say—can I always remember my audience? Well, sometimes it is hard. Sometimes when I



Hanna. Photo, Auckland.
A REAL 'STRAD.—SHOWING THE S'S.

have been playing a few minutes I forget everything except the music—forget that there is any audience there at all. Once I remember I was playing one of my own things before a large audience and became oblivious of everything.

I was playing a favourite passage, and suddenly it struck me it might be improved by being taken in another way, and without thinking I immediately began to try it. The collapse of the unfortunate pianist, who was, of course, put all wrong, and the astonishment on the faces of everyone when I recollected myself and looked round told me what had happened.

'And what sort of playing do you like best?'
'Quartet or first violin in concerted music. It is far more interesting than playing solos. But then, of course, I like every sort.'

'The Paganini variations are a favourite, of course?'
'Well, yes, I suppose they are. You see I like those because—well——' and the violinist hesitated modestly.

'Because you are the only man who plays them?'
'No.' Masin shrugged his shoulders and admitted the compliment. Then he rattled away and talked with de-

stage. The lady herself says she has refused to appear in opera, despite many tempting offers. One especially, from the Opera Comique, Paris, held an alluring bait. But a tour had just then been arranged, so this was made the excuse for not accepting the attractive proposal, and her marriage with M. Ovide Masin last October has put a stop to the idea of opera singing.

Madame Masin's departure from Paris was a great loss to the American Church in that city, as she was a celebrated soprano soloist in the choir.

'THE PSYCHIC LIFE OF MICRO-ORGANISMS.'

THE ravenous, warlike and terribly destructive animals which inhabit a drop of water, and which there pursue their prey with all the ferocity of the tiger of the jungle, form the subject of a little volume by Alfred Binet, a French scientist. His account of the habits of these microscopic beings reads like a chapter from an ordinary book on natural history. One can hardly realise from M. Binet's descriptions that the animals he treats of are the lowest known in the scheme of life. They are simply single cells, which, as in the case of the well-known amoeba, is nothing more than apparently homogeneous protoplasm and a nucleus and nucleolus. Yet this amorphous body exhibits that mysterious activity called life, and not only that, but, as M. Binet shows, has unmistakable evidences of what we may call elementary intelligence. He holds that the man has no attributes of which these minute organisms have not the ingredients. It has until very recently been held that these bits of protoplasm had no psychic quality, yet M. Binet is not alone in believing that the existence of such is shown very clearly. It is regarded as demonstrated that these unicellular beings have memory, can be frightened, have the power of choice and manifest instinct. It has been proved that while the protoplasmic portion of the protozoan manifests life, it of itself is not capable of originating any change. It is the nucleus which gives this power. That portion of a cell which does not contain the nucleus when separated from the other part, lives for a certain length of time, but does not heal its wound, does not reproduce the form of parent cell, and ultimately dies. The other part, however, no matter how small it may be, rapidly reproduces every part that has been cut away, and soon becomes a perfect animal. It has also been ascertained that in reproduction it is the nucleolus which play the principal part. The nucleolus in each individual divides into two, of which one passes into the body of the other there to unite with the nucleolus which does not migrate. This new body then divides into two, one of which increases in size and takes the place of the old nucleus, which breaks up and becomes absorbed, and the other becomes the new nucleolus. Without this process protozoans cannot reproduce themselves. These are among some of the wonderful discoveries which have been made by means of the microscope.



Hanna, A REAL STRAD—THE CREMONA VARNISH. Photo, Auckland.

lightful incoherence in accented English of technical difficulties, and many other things for which space permiteth not the declaration. 'Of all audiences,' he said, 'I have found the English most appreciative of good music. Germans are fond of music, and excellent judges, but they like it very cheap. The English are willing to pay for a good thing, and are enormously enthusiastic when once roused. It is not easy to move them; they require absolutely the best, but once they obtain that they are friends indeed to the artist. After my Australian tour I shall, I think, spend at least two more years in America before going Home. England I shall not visit for over two years. There is one drawback about England. One can visit there for a month or so and then it's done. There is not room in the provinces with the exception of the very large cities, as Manchester and Glasgow, etc., and they are not profitable.

'And now would you like to examine the Stradivarius? Sit down. I will show you.' (He seemed to careen the violin, so lovingly did he hold it.) 'This is the first point to notice, the S's. The curves are entirely distinct to any other violin. An expert will tell a "Strad" from an imitation at once even by that, though certainly some of the imitations might nearly deceive the maker, they are so good. Fortunately, they cannot imitate the Cremona varnish. Look at the back of this violin. Observe that varnish. Isn't it exquisite! They can get to a certain point in the imitation, but there they always stick. There is, you will see, the appearance of one varnish on the other. When you turn one from the light the other shines in. That has been imitated after a fashion too, but the one point where they always fail is that the secret varnish was what gives these violins their tone. The false imitation varnish spoils it.' Suddenly he burst into a laugh. 'It is a good joke,' he said. 'You have been photographed too.'

It was too true; we had. While examining that violin the photographer had taken a snap shot which included the interview fend as well as his victim.

MADAME ANNIE LOUISE TANNER-MUSIN.

There is always a certain amount of originality and delightful unexpectedness about *La Belle Americaine*, and Madame Musin is no exception to this rule. She comes from the State of Vermont, and her family dates back to the Puritan fathers. Intimately connected with the well-known families of Hodges (Hon. Judge Hodges) and Phelps, Madame, before leaving America, moved in very good society. As an amateur she displayed so much talent, that at length her friends were persuaded to allow her to go to Europe to study. Brussels, Paris, and London all left their imprint on the clever young singer, whose public debut was at length most successfully made. But, despite her triumphs, the spirit of the strict Mayflower settlers still lingers in their descendants, and Madame Tanner Musin's family have not quite overcome their repugnance to the

THE AVON, CHRISTCHURCH.

THE Avon, Christchurch, lends itself most admirably to photography and some of the most delightful sun pictures carried away by tourists are of different picturesque spots of this little river. The picture of the Armagh-street Bridge, which we give this week, is certainly one of the pleasantest views. As a matter of fact it looks—like many another view—almost prettier in the photograph than it does in the original. In the spring, however, no photograph could do justice to the scene. The colour—the deep blue sky, the tender green leaves, and the brilliant sunlight—cannot be transmitted to a photographic plate, and it would need an artist of very high ability to produce a satisfactory souvenir of such a scene.

WALKED TO JERUSALEM AND BACK.

A BELGIAN MONK MADE THE TRIU ROUND WITHOUT MONEY AND ENJOYED IT.

ABOUT two years and a half ago Father Meunier, a monk in the Belgian hermitage of St. Thibault, read an anonymous manuscript of the Fourth Century, telling of a journey that one of the early fathers of the church made on foot from Rome to Jerusalem. The forgotten story inspired Father Meunier with an ambition to make a similar journey to the sacred city. He obtained leave of absence for an indefinite period, and in a few days was on his way. He was not incumbered by an ounce of baggage, nor did he have so much as a penny in his pockets. He proposed to make the journey in the apostolic manner, on foot, alone, and without silver.

Father Meunier has successfully carried out his laborious project, and a few weeks ago he read an account of his tramp of 4,200 miles before the Geographical Society of Brussels. He gave his audience a rapid review of his walk through France, the north of Italy and the Balkan Peninsula, and devoted most of his talk to the story of his wanderings in the lesser known country between Constantinople and Jerusalem. He did not arrive at his destination until eighteen months after his departure. In Asia he crossed Asia Minor and Syria, visiting Beirut, Nazareth and other famous towns. The passport that he received at Constantinople described him as a 'pilgrim, a physician and a monk.' In that triple character he made his way across thinly peopled regions, meeting with the most generous hospitality everywhere, though a few embarrassing incidents occurred. He found, however, that nearly everyone regarded his pilgrimage kindly, and desired to help him along. He won the gratitude of invalids by prescribing for their complaints, and at times his fame as a doctor outstripped his own pace, and he found the sick waiting for him.

He travelled very slowly, enjoyed good health, and returned as he had come, spending about two years and a half on the round trip. He had seen a great deal, gained some hardships, but on the whole had enjoyed himself and gained much useful knowledge without spending a cent, except an occasional coin that was given him. The enterprise was purely experimental and somewhat hazardous. A large part of his journey was made through regions where only Mohammedans are found, and it was not certain what kind of a reception they would give him. It is believed he could not have got through Asia Minor, begging his way as he did, if it had not been for the passport issued to him at Constantinople by the Sultan's orders.

He says that Jerusalem impressed him as the most melancholy city he ever saw. It resembles no other city in the world. It is neither an ancient city nor a modern town. When he was there the brook of Cedron was entirely dry, and there was no vegetation about the city. The most prominent of its environs were the cemeteries, which enhanced its lugubrious aspect.



THE AVON, CHRISTCHURCH.

ATHLETICS.

THERE is no use blinking the fact that Monday's cable meant the defeat of our athletes was to most of us a tolerably severe 'facer.' Batger seemed a certainty for the quarter mile hurdles, and how he came to be 'out of it' so completely is one of those things which, as Lord Dundreary would say, 'No fellow can understand.' Those in the 'know' had, too, excellent reasons for believing that Hempton had determined not to give his form away before the big meeting, and it was hoped—nay, confidently expected that he would do something big on Saturday. The Homechampions have proved too good for us, and the only thing left to do is to shut our mouths and look as agreeable as we may. There is no sort of disgrace in a defeat like this. Batger, Hempton, and Co. did their best, of that we feel assured, and it must be remembered that they only went to 'try' conclusions with the Home champions. Well, they have done so, and have been very thoroughly and doubtless very worthily beaten. There is certainly no harm done. Better luck next time is all we can say. Where there will, however, be harm will be if either the Reps, themselves or the press make excuses and try and minimise the importance of the defeat by anything of that sort. We say most earnestly and most emphatically that this licking must be taken as a licking. There must be no excuses. In the Franco-English war it was said of our race—for there were no colonials then—that we never know when we are beaten. That is the finest praise you can give soldiers. In sport, it is the distinctive mark of a gentleman to know when he is beaten and to take that beating pluckily and gracefully. Growling about conditions—after—flating about unfairness, and making voluminous excuses—these things are the prerogatives of professional prize-fighters, and should never be encroached on by true sportsmen. We all wish our men had won. They are 'cracks' all, and we therefore owe our respects to the boys who can beat them. Hats off, then, gentlemen, all to the 'terrors,' for terrors they must be who have put down Batger, Hempton, and Co.

The Albion and Kaikorai Football Clubs met on 25th inst., at the 'aledonian Grounds (Dunedin), the match resulting in a win for the latter by eight points (two potted goals) to nil. McCleary stood out from the former team and D. Torrance and Caradus were absent from the Kaikorai ranks, the former standing down at the last moment, and a substitute was hurriedly found for him in Macdonald, whose first match it was this season. The ground was, by the way, very heavy after recent rains.

JOHNSTON kicked off for Albion, and Duncan receiving ran out at half way. After the throw out Macdonald's kick was charged down, and the Reds, with Esquilant and Johnston in the van, took the ball past the Kaikorai 25 flag. Duncan was on the alert and relieved with a punt, but Albion still came on, Cunningham taking a pass meant for Laurenson, and kicking down the field. King relieved temporarily. Passing between Crawford and Downes put the Blues on the defensive. The advantage gained was lost by unfair play, which gave Kaikorai a free kick, and Laurenson punted out past half-way flag. Downes muffed a pass badly, and Duncan charging down carried the leather as far as Ross, who made a poor return.

AFTER numerous scrums Crawford cleared his lines with a clever punt. Kaikorai still held the upper hand, and Duncan was nearly in on two occasions. Esquilant and Johnston staved off the attack, and a free kick helped their side still more, the Blues being forced down. Scrums were the order of the day after kick out, till a passing run between Davis, Laurenson and Richardson relieved the monotony, and Duncan was grassed nearly on the line. From the succeeding scrum Laurenson got possession and potted a goal. Half-time was then called.

ON resuming Kaikorai still forced matters and things looked very sultry for the Reds, till a free kick eased the pressure, but Laurenson just after potted another goal by a splendid long kick. Albion's blood was now up, and a splendid rush of their forwards swept the ball down to the Blues' line, but with no result, as Kaikorai came back at once and Macdonald almost got across. After several scrums on their line the Reds got clear, but King, by splendid kicking, sent the ball back. Esquilant, who was playing magnificently came through a scrum, and Restieaux made a fine run. Richardson was caught in two minds and the Reds had a splendid chance of scoring spoilt by offside play, which gave their opponents a free kick. However, Restieaux returned with a splendid run and passing to Downes the latter was nearly in. Cunningham, Johnston and Crawford made another onslaught just after Richardson collaring the former a few yards

from the goal line. Time was then called. Kaikorai winning as above.

THE game was on the whole disappointing, the heavy state of the ground no doubt contributing largely to this. Scrums were very numerous and infringements of the rules were constant. These latter always seem to be numerous in matches between these two clubs. Rivalry is so keen that players work for every point and consequently very often overstep the mark. Deliberate breaches of the rules were a regrettable feature of Saturday's game. On two occasions, says my correspondent, I saw Kaikorai men deliberately knock the ball on when their side was in danger, so that they would obtain relief from a scrum. I observed this move in the previous match between the clubs on the part of an Albion man. After they had scored Kaikorai did all they could to keep the game tight, and until about the last five minutes the Reds were unable to bring their passing game into play, when they put Johnston out as extra half. The state of the ground was against this style of play, and I think on Saturday Kaikorai were the better team.

TURNING to individual players King, the Blues' full back, played very well. He certainly had no collaring to do but he picked up cleanly and kicked splendidly. Lawson played a fine game, his second goal being a splendid effort, but the most noticeable back on the winners' side was Duncan whose display was first class. He ran and kicked finely, indeed, the only thing that detracted from his play was his tendency to play offside. Of the forwards, J. Torrance was the pick, he worked very hard. Of the losers, Ross was fair at full back. Neither Downes nor Restieaux were as safe as usual, but Crawford, seeing how hampered he was by the opposing halves and wings, played a very clever game. In the forward division Esquilant comes first and he was beyond doubt the best forward on the ground. He kept going from start to finish and worked most conscientiously.

THE Nelson and Prince Alberts met on Saturday to play off the last match of the first round for the senior cup. As the Prince Albert team had been greatly strengthened by the addition of Simpson, Hargreaves, Bethwaite (backs), and Ryan (forward), since they played the Albions, the teams were considered very evenly matched and a good game was looked for. As is often the case in Nelson, a great deal of trouble was experienced in obtaining a capable referee, but ultimately Mr C. Bird, the Albion captain was secured. This of course caused some delay, and it was a quarter past three before the game started. It is a great pity the Rugby Union do not appoint certain gentlemen to act as referees to all cup matches, as it would save a great deal of bickering between teams, and enable the game to start at the time appointed. During the first spell of the game, the play was very fast and open and some really pretty passing was indulged in by Atkinson, Gully, Shalorass, on the Nelson side and Bethwaite and Hall, on the Alberts, no especial advantage was gained by either side during the first spell, and at half-time neither side had scored. The backers of each team now thought that the game would result in a draw. But from the start of the second spell the Reds (Alberts) had several chances, of which they did not avail themselves, the Nelson backs relieving their side by some good kicking. Within five minutes of the finish, Stawbridge obtained the ball, and by a great rush got over the line and touched down for the Alberts. The score was not increased, and resulted in a win for the Alberts by 2 points to nil. The result of this match makes all the Senior Clubs even now on the first round, as they have each won one match.

NELSON COLLEGE played their first cup match on the same day as the above only at Richmond. This was a junior cup match. The Richmond boys are a very strong lot, and looking at the two teams as they entered the field one would say at once that the result would be an easy win for Richmond against their smaller and slimmer opponents, but the result proved that it was decidedly tough work, and the Richmond Club had all they could do to beat our boys, which they eventually did by 1 point—the game ending with Richmond, 11 points; College, 10. Richmond started the game by a good kick, which was quickly returned by the College; and now the play was fast and the passing of the College backs was splendid. Each side scored time after time but owing to the slippery condition of the ground no goals were kicked. Among the College forwards Tibbs (2) played a rattling good game, and Trent, for so light a forward, was excellent. Those who showed up the most among the backs were Bonar, Blick, Broad, and Melhuish. For Rich-

mond Elder was far and away the best man, but Hodder and Talbot also played a good game.

THE tug-of-war in Nelson—which must always follow the fashion of the larger towns—resulted in a considerable loss to the promoters. All the Athletic Clubs entered for competition. The Brightwater C.C. carried off the first prize. Second place honours have not yet been decided at this time of writing, nor does it seem likely that the second pull will take place for some time. The unfortunate manager is simply losing money, for the attendance is of the poorest. Altogether there has been a great lack of interest shown by the public. All things considered we think the Nelson public are right.

IN the Ponoka v. Wellington match last Saturday week the Ponokes added another to their fast-growing list of victories, winning by one goal and three tries to nil. Wellingtonians are getting quite expert at playing on a muddy ground. They had another bad Saturday last week. The heavy showers which fell during the forenoon made the ground at Newtown Park terribly muddy, thus spoiling what would undoubtedly have been a fast and good game. In the first spell Sim was hurt, fortunately not very seriously, and during the second spell Barnett was stunned by coming into collision with Ellison. The Wellingtons were terribly handicapped by the absence of no less than five of their picked men, those from the second fifteen having to fill their places, while on the winning side Cooney was the only absentee, and his place was well filled by Arnott. The Wellington forwards suffered too, four of their ordinary men being absent. Cockerroft, however, worked hard and well, McLean and Galbraith also doing their share. The first spell was very even, keen competition being indulged in, but just before the close the winners showed fine passing power, Roberts and Oliphant particularly, the latter sending the leather out to Gage, who ran in quite unopposed. Johnston distinguished himself by collaring Gage very cleverly before the latter touched down. Lee failed in the attempt at goal.

THE second spell was faster, but all through the winners had the best of it, their passing of the greasy ball being admirable. Pudney, after a bit of neat dodging, put the ball into the hands of Lee, who went over, but the kick at goal was again a failure. Ellison then scored from a pass from Pudney, but Roberts, who took the kick at goal, made an awful mess of his opportunity. Blacklock next scored a try, which was converted by Ellison. This advantage was gained by the bad form of the Wellington backs. For Ponoka backs, Pudney played a very smart game, Gage and Roberts also being up to the mark. Ellison was not in his best form, but Stuart and Oliphant played a capital game. For the losers, Johnston made an excellent back; he will in future prove a valuable man. Barnett played fairly, but Harley was decidedly 'off.' Mr J. M. King was referee, and Messrs Pownall and Wynyard line men.

THE soft ground at Petone greatly interfered with the complete success of the Melrose v. Petone match on Saturday. Considering the difficulties under which the teams laboured the game was wonderfully fast and exciting. Throughout the game the Petones had the best of it, but in spite of this the Melrose, paradoxically enough, succeeded in winning by 6 points to 4. The Melrose had rather a hard time on the defensive, guarding their line from the determined attacks of the Petone three-quarter backs. Here the kicking of the Melrose backs did excellent service, and removed the play to the centre of the field, greatly to the relief of the Melrose men. Church got away from the line, and after a short run passed cleverly to Campbell, who made a splendid run up to touch line, and scored near the corner flag. He then tried the kick, but failed. Pringle was the next to get the leather, tearing through his opponents in grand style, and scoring. Jackson failed to convert. Towards the end of the spell both teams tried hard to score but failed. In the second spell Jackson tried an easy kick, but failed. Hoar made the score up to 6 by potting a goal, Pyke just before having touched down near the posts. The Petones played a fine game during the second spell, but had hard luck, hence the result in favour of the Melrose.

THE winners played a hard game, but their forwards were decidedly weak, Campbell, Fell, and Church being the best. Burns, Brewer, and Taylor (backs) were in first-class form, their kicking and collaring being splendid. They were the foundation of the whole game. The losers, forwards were far and away the better of the two, but the winners had the advantage in the backs, for those of Petone were very poor, only Pringle and Pelling being any good at all. Ross and Jackson played badly, and Wynyard had a grand show of potting several times, but let it slip. Mr G. Facie was referee. There were a number of spectators, but there was general dissatisfaction amongst them owing to the teams turning up so late. This is getting a serious fault, which, if continued, will drive away all onlookers, who do not care to stand about in the cold waiting a half or three-quarters of an hour for the teams to put in an appearance. Owing to this several matches have been finished in the dark.

I WAS glad to see (says my Wellington correspondent) that the Selwyns claimed the game against the Pioneers on Saturday, owing to the latter team putting in an appearance more than half an hour after the appointed time. The Pioneers are going to appeal, but I do not think they may expect much mercy. The Selwyns waited half an hour, then kicked off, claimed the game, and dispersed, the opposing team being very indignant on arriving and finding no one to receive them.

FOR the rest of the season at Wellington, Baumber will play for Petone, and Drummond, who used to play for the Orientals, will play for the Selwyns.

D. RYAN, of the Pioneers (Wellington), had the misfortune to sprain his foot on Saturday while playing in a scratch match.

THE large amount of public interest that is being taken in this season's district matches was again demonstrated on Saturday last, when, notwithstanding the unpromising appearance of the weather, over a thousand spectators assembled at Epsom to witness the concluding matches of the first rounds in the competition for the A.R.U. Cups. The turf was in worse order than on any previous occasion this season, and a heavy shower which fell about three o'clock did not tend to improve matters either for players or on-lookers.

PARNELL V. SUBURBS was played in front of the stand, and a closely contested game resulted in a somewhat unexpected victory for the former by 9 to 4. Parnell winning the toss, elected to defend the Western goal. Suburbs kicked off and started playing with an amount of dash which for a time seemed to completely demoralise their opponents, the result being that Parnell were forced in the first two minutes, and shortly afterwards Brennan, from a fast rush, scored first blood for the All Blacks. Peace made an unsuccessful attempt to convert. Suburbs, 2; Parnell, nil. The Parnell forwards were now apparently recovering from the bewilderment caused by the first fierce onslaught of the Suburbanites, and, playing with great steadiness, began to display a superiority in the backs, which they maintained throughout the rest of the game. Gradually the Suburbanites were forced back into their own territory, where for a short time they made a stubborn stand until Edmondson succeeded in breaking through and scoring near the corner flag. Kissling took the kick without result, and the game stood 2 all. Following the kick-out Parnell again returned to the attack, and Elliott obtaining possession near the line, dashed across and scored his side's second try, which Kissling again failed to convert. Suburbs kicked out, and fast open play was the order of the day, until Smith secured the ball from a line out near the half-way flag, and ended a dashing run by a long pass to Herrold, who cleverly taking a difficult pass, outpaced the opposing backs and scored in fairly good position. Peace made an indifferent attempt at conversion, and the scores were again equal. (4 all.) Suburbs had the best of the succeeding play, and several times were very near scoring. On one occasion an All-Black forward spoilt a very good show by foolishly handling the ball in a scrum within a few yards of the line. Parnell removed the danger by means of the free kick awarded for this breach of the rules, and shortly afterwards the whistle blew for half-time.

UPON resuming, the All Blacks invaded the Maroon's 25 by means of a fast forward rush, with Major in the van. Herrold further increased the advantage by a clever dodgy run, just failing to get through, however, and the Parnell forwards speedily retaliated with a dashing charge—what appeared like an almost certain score being only averted by Peace's good defence. Suburbs were now in serious danger, and when Kissling obtained a mark right in front of their goal, it appeared any odds that a goal would result. Edmondson, however, made a very poor attempt, but still Parnell kept up the pressure. Hales afforded temporary relief by dribbling to the half-way flag, but the Maroon forwards soon had it back again. From some loose play near the line the ball was kicked over, and a general scramble ensued. First one played and then another, failing to hold the greasy ball, until Twineane managed to secure it and Parnell's third try. Kissling this time managed to get the right direction. Parnell 9, Suburbs 4. Suburbs kicked off from half-way, and the return being charged down, Smith and Boneham headed a dangerous charge of the All Blacks, but the latter player kicking too hard at a critical moment, a force only resulted. Suburbs were now straining every nerve to score, and repeatedly was success almost within their grasp. Once they were actually over the line, but the ball was brought back for a breach of the rules, and notwithstanding all their efforts they were never again able to break through the Maroon's defence, and the game ended with the ball in Parnell's 25, but without further score.

OWING to the state of the ground and of the ball the game was necessarily confined principally to the forward divisions of both sides, and it would be hard indeed to say which team possesses the better vanguard. Parnell were certainly

superior in the backs, carrying nearly every scrum against their heavier opponents, and frequently 'screwing' effectively, whilst on the other hand I think the Suburbs held an advantage in the open and on the 'line out,' Dacre and Smith were the most prominent forwards for Suburbs, and Anderson and Wright for Parnell. Little fault could be found with the general play of the backs of either team, but Herrold and Peace for Suburbs, and Elliott and Ronaime for Parnell, are worthy of especial mention for their consistent good play.

PONSONBY V. CITY was played on No. 2 Ground, and attracted a fair share of public attention. City's form of late has been of such a character that most people anticipated they would go down in this match, but the glorious uncertainty of the game was once more illustrated and a keenly contested game ended in a draw, each side scoring 7 points. For Ponsonby, Masfield and Hales each secured a try, and Flynn kicked a penalty goal. City's 2 tries were obtained by Mercer and Pilkington, respectively, Stone being successful in converting one of them.

THE Grafton team crossed to North Shore, and added to their recent successes by defeating the home team, the scoring being: Grafton, 14; Shore, nil. The game was more evenly contested than the scoring would seem to indicate, and the form displayed by the Shore was certainly better than anything previously shown by them this season. Grafton's tries were secured by Binney, McConnell, White-side, and Bruce, and Penalligan converted two of them.

THE condition of the ground was even more unfavourable to back play than at Epsom, and Grafton's victory was in the main due to the excellent play of its forwards, amongst whom McMillan, Montgomerie, and Caulton showed the best all round forms. The backs all played steadily and well, wisely refraining from attempting anything sensational in the way of passing or running. For North Shore, Marshall and Harvey were the most prominent amongst the forwards, and Tanfield and Harvey of the backs.

I APPEND below a table showing the positions of the various Senior Clubs at the end of the first round of Cup contests, a perusal of which will, I think, convince even the most conservative of the conservative upholders of the old club system that the district scheme is going to be—aye, is even now—a great and unqualified success. The various clubs have certainly turned out remarkably equal in quality, six of the seven teams engaged still having a chance of assisting in the final settlement of the question of supremacy—a state of things which is without parallel in the annals of Auckland football.

	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.
Parnell	4	4	0	0
Grafton	6	4	0	2
Ponsonby	6	3	1	2
Newton	6	3	0	3
Suburbs	6	3	0	3
CITY	6	2	1	3
North Shore	6	0	0	6

THE Thames Union have notified that they will be unable to send a team to Auckland before the Taranaki match, considering that the time at their disposal will all be required for preparing for their own match with the West Coasters. Now, however, that the Taranaki match has been definitely fixed for the 6th of August (a later date than was anticipated), it is to be hoped they will reconsider their decision. A match between the two teams would, I am sure, be of much more service to both than two or three of the ordinary practice games, and would besides simplify matters for the Auckland Union, whose engagements, in addition to the second round of Cup contests, include matches with Taranaki, Canterbury, Thames, North Wairoa, and Tauranga—truly a formidable list, and one which they will find great difficulty in getting through within the limits of the football season.

SUBURBS have entered a protest in connection with their match with Parnell on Saturday last, which will be considered at the meeting of the Managing Committee on Thursday evening next.

THE City forwards showed a return of their early season's form in their match with Ponsonby, and it was chiefly owing to the game manner in which they stuck to their work that City were able to equalise matters in the last few moments of time, thus averting apparently certain defeat. O'Connor, Stone, and Maynard all played exceedingly well. The last named, however (perhaps unconsciously), made altogether too free use of his great strength, his play frequently verging on roughness.

THE Ponsonby backs were undoubtedly superior to those of their opponents. Roberts, Braund, and Hales were in exceptionally good form, whilst the rest all played up to their reputations. For City, Pilkington (who is improving every week), Blewden, and Mercer were the most prominent.

THE Ponsonby forwards are a very even lot, and it is a very hard matter to particularise in their case: but if any one man is worthy of special mention I should say it was Cruickshank, and after him should select Flynn and Airey in the order named.

THE barracking fiend is still very much in evidence at Potter's. On Saturday last I noticed several of the Union officials exerting themselves to repress the nuisance, but with only partial success. I would certainly advise the Committee to take immediate and stringent measures for its suppression before the trouble becomes too great to be dealt with successfully.

THE match, Ponsonby II. v. City II., excited considerable interest from the fact that both teams have so far gone through the season without a reverse. The game was closely contested, City finally winning by 10 points (2 goals), to 6 points (a goal from the field and a try).

A GOLF CLUB has been formed in Dunedin. It will be known as the Otago Golf Club, and will have its links at Roslyn for the present. The office bearers are Mr C. R. Howden as Captain, and for the committee, Mr G. Todd, Dr. Brown, Dr. Ogston, the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer being Mr F. Stilling. A ladies' club is also being formed, and some good fun is expected before long.

AUCKLAND REP. COUPON.

NAMES OF TEAM.

BACK.

THREE QUARTERS.

HALVES.

FORWARDS.

Name of Scouter

Address

COUPON.

TO BE DETACHED.

NAME OF WINNING CLUB.

No. Points Scored.

NAME OF DEFEATED CLUB.

No. Points Scored.

Name

Address

The match for which the prize of two guineas will be presented in the North is

SUBURBS V. GRAFTON.

(Auckland),

Interprovincial match

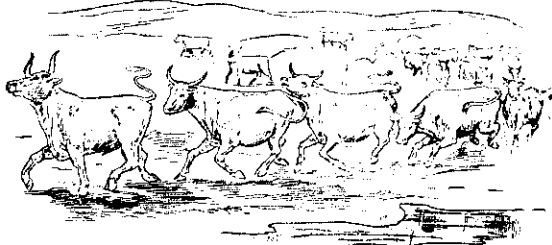
WELLINGTON V. HAWKES' BAY.

Athletic continued on page 688.

A CATTLE FUNERAL.

HOW THE BRUTES MOURN FOR THE DEAD.

A CATTLE funeral may seem an odd thing to write about, but it is ten times more odd to witness. In prejournalistic days the editor saw one while travelling through the vast cattle-raising plains of Northern Uruguay and Southern Brazil. Yes, it is certainly an odd sight, but if the observer happens to be on foot in the vicinity of the scene of the ceremonies, he is apt to find it anything but odd, unless there be a tree or some other place of refuge convenient, or the curious onlooker be unusually feet of foot.



ON THE WAY TO THE FUNERAL.

dully. 'So you see, Madge, there is only one thing for me to do, and that is, to leave England.' She looked up quickly. 'Leave England, Roger?' 'Yes; I must put myself and you out of the way of temptation. With the sea between us, surely we shall be safe.'

Madge was silent, pondering many things in her heart. Roger and his views were altogether beyond her comprehension. Presently she spoke again.

'Madge,' he said, and his voice shook a little, 'I have loved you very dearly, and I know you have loved me. Until yesterday God knows I have never said a word to you that all the world might not have heard; but still, I always felt that we understood one another. Ours was an unspoken truth.'

Madge looked at him, and utter bewilderment held her silent. This extraordinary man had not only taken the affair seriously himself, but he had given her credit for taking it seriously, too.

'So,' he went on, 'you see I must go away, more for your sake than my own.' He put his hand on her head and turned her face up a little, so that he might look into her clear, childlike eyes. 'Madge,' he said, 'don't you think I would give all I possess to ask you to go to, and defy the world with me? Do you know why I don't ask you?' Her lips parted breathlessly. She shook her head.

'Can't you guess?' 'I suppose,' she whispered, 'it is because you think I should say "no."'

'His eyes softened into infinite tenderness as they met hers.'

'No, dear,' he said, gently; 'it is because I think you would say "yes." I know you love me, Madge; too well to refuse me anything; and if I asked you to go away with me, I think you would go. But I am not going to ask you to do this thing. In such a case I should have all to gain, and you all to lose. I will never gain through your loss, Madge. God knows I love you too dearly to let you throw yourself away for me. That is why I must leave you—for your own sake.'

Madge gave a little gasp. She was hopelessly bewildered, and could no longer even pretend to keep pace with the state of affairs. Here was a man who honestly believed that which he desired most in life was to be had for the asking, and yet forbore to ask, lest he should harm that which he desired.

The situation was beyond her.

When Roger Brancome threw away his life's work, just as his success was approaching its climax, and went off to South Africa for an indefinite time, the world was not slow to supply a motive for his conduct. The motive supplied was, needless to say, Madge Hilton.

And thus far the world was right, but no farther. Society inclined to the belief that Madge had given Roger his *conge*, on account of Captain Egerton's return from abroad.

Only two people knew the truth, and of those two only one understood it.

PRACTICAL DIFFICULTIES OF GREAT TRAIN SPEED.

FIRST of all, we must know how soon after receiving warning of danger, a train of 350 tons, running a mile in 36sec. can be stopped. It is estimated that if running at 60 miles per hour, with full braking weight of the train utilised, and the rails in the most favourable condition, this train could be brought to a full stop in 900ft.; at 80 miles per hour, in 1,600ft.; and 90 miles per hour, in 2,025ft.; and, finally, 100 miles per hour, in 2,500ft. These figures at once establish the fact that under the best possible conditions the track must be kept clear of all obstruction for at least 2,500 feet in advance of a train running at the highest limit; but we must estimate the clearance for the worst conditions, such as slippery rails, foggy weather, and unfavourable grades; the personal equation of the engineer must also be considered in a train covering 145ft. each second.

Would it be too much to ask that the engineer receive his warning three-quarters of a mile before he must halt?

The difficulties of arranging for the passage of trains of this character are manifold; we are not speaking of special trains, but rather of regular trains, running as frequently as may be desired. It should be remembered that, in a two-hour run, the fastest trains of to-day would require a leeway of an hour, and slower ones would have to start proportionately earlier, or be passed on the way.

The most improved forms of signalling and interlocking, be they mechanical, pneumatic, electric, automatic, or otherwise, which are so necessary to the safe movement of passenger trains, may be introduced, but cannot be placed nearer together than three-quarters of a mile. The very presence of these signals, while giving the maximum safety, has in practice made prompt movement more difficult. This state of affairs would point to the necessity for an increase in the number of tracks so that passenger trains could be grouped on the basis of speed just as it has been found already necessary, on crowded lines, to separate the freight traffic from the passenger.

PEARLS A BAD INVESTMENT.—Pearls are very perishable. They cannot be considered a first-rate investment like diamonds. After a time they decay. Sometimes a fine specimen will lose its lustre and beauty within a few months, so that the possessor of such treasures does well to keep them put away in a sealed place. They are very delicately made, consisting of thin films overlaid one upon another, with more or less animal matter between the layers, and it is no wonder that they deteriorate. After being buried in the ground for a while they are found worthless. Those which are dug out of Indian graves—some of them of great size and doubtless of wonderful beauty when they were new—are utterly valueless, even when they are not pierced. Nevertheless, there is a pure and evanescent beauty about them which seems better to become the maiden than any other sort of jewel. Nothing varies so much in value as pearls. With them fashion affects the market constantly. Sometimes white ones are sought, while other times at intervals are in demand. For some years past black pearls have been the rage. A fine specimen worth £120 will fetch £200, perhaps, if another can be got to match it perfectly.

gallop wildly toward the excited band and join it in pursuit of the leader.

That animal quickly arrives at the telltale spot. He sniffs at the ground, meanwhile lashing his sides with his tail, and bellowing continually in a manner that suggests the height of rage. His eyes flash wildly, the froth droops from his jaws and flecks his neck and body. He paws the ground angrily with his hoofs, and by dexterous twisting manages to cast great masses of the earth into the air and upon his back.

The others come racing up and crowd closely about the spot where their mate was slain. An inner circle is formed by the excited animals, with their heads all pointing to a common centre, and these bellow and paw the ground and race around and around until exhausted. Meanwhile the others are circling rapidly about the central cluster, and finally displace the earlier arrivals, whereupon they too go through the same performance.

The scene is a terrific one. Horns are clashed against horns, the bellowing of the angry animals is deafening, the air is filled with dust, the beasts seem actuated each by some particularly malevolent spirit, and their actions appear prompted almost by human understanding.

Woe to the unfortunate envious seeker who chances to be abroad on foot upon such an occasion. If he have any 'cattle sense' at all he will put as wide a space as possible between himself and the mourners, or if he be desirous of studying the spectacle he will climb the nearest tree or seek some other point of vantage inaccessible to the maddened beasts.

If on the other hand, he should be so lacking in common sense as to be unable to recognise the apparent signs of danger and should approach too closely to the angry herd, his awakening to the peril will be sharp and sudden. Some angry beast will catch a glimpse of him and, recognising in him the responsibility for the shedding of blood, will lower his head and, with a snort of defiance, make a wild charge for the object of bovine wrath. If that object escape with his life he will, indeed, be fortunate. Even a horseman has been known to have had anything but a pleasant half hour from an encounter with a funeral party of this character.

The news of the death of a comrade seems to spread with the rapidity of the telegraph, and fresh relays of mourners constantly arrive, keeping up the strange spectacle for hours at a time, nor ceasing until the shades of night descend.

Occasionally the scene of bloodshed will be discovered by some wandering 'critter' who has that portion of the range to himself temporarily. There may be no other cattle within two or three miles, yet the lone mourner will commence the procedure already described, and within a quarter or half an hour he will have been joined by others, while inside of an hour there will be a dense mass of excited cattle on the spot, and from the range in every direction others will be seen hurrying to the scene.

Altogether a cattle funeral is one of the oddest and most interesting sights that can be witnessed—by a man up a tree.

LABOUR AT FOURPENCE A DAY.

IT costs comparatively nothing to live in Venice. Two francs and a half a day will keep a man and his family very decently, provided his family is not unlimited. Fish and macaroni are plentiful and cheap, and he can get lodgings for a soug. Beef once a week is all he requires by way of special feast, and, altogether—with a beneficent, gentle sky above him, the daily fresh waters of the canal flowing around him and allowing him his tightly invigorating bath, with special drinks that he can get for two mills a liberal glass, and the native and popular cigar selling as cheaply, with shirt, trousers, hat, and sash costing five francs, all told, and good for a season's wear—altogether there are worse lots in life than that of the poor Venetian, and few men seem happier.

The lace manufactory is under the direct patronage of the Queen, receiving an annual subsidy from the royal exchequer. It is the largest in Venice, and is claimed to be the finest in the world. Certainly its work is unsurpassed. The establishment has a total of 5,000 employes in its various branches, the great proportion being young girls who may be said to be in school learning the trade. Everything is hand made, of course, there being scarcely any machine labour in this thoroughly old-fashioned, royal mistress of the Adriatic.

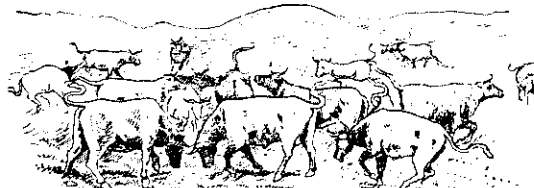
There are there some wonderful articles—scarfs, shawls, mantles, spreads, handkerchiefs, etc., some of which required six months in the making, offered to me at what I thought ridiculously low prices. When I expressed my astonishment and asked how it was possible to dispose of so exquisite a fabric for such an insignificant sum, the manager of the department—who has been in America and knows something of its conditions—looked sidelong at me and said, with an eloquent smile, 'Well, we pay our girls fourpence a day.'

So was St. Mark's builded, the marvellous edifice that is one of the world's prodigies, with its glorious mosaic pictures—those subtle, variable, luminous chromatic triumphs so greatly beyond the colouring skill of the sublimest painters—its delicate sculpture almost miraculous in fineness and grace; so was builded the Palace of the Doge, that mysterious perfection of Gothic art; so was builded Venice herself, with her unparalleled magnificence of churches and palaces, her masses of marble, her labyrinth of canals, over which beauty stands guard through the centuries—builded on the principle of 'fourpence a day' for the labour that has made her the paradise of cities, the devotional shrine of the world's art-revering pilgrims.

EXPERIENCE MAKES FOOLS WISE.

ETHEL, (poetically): How the trees moan and sigh to-night.

JACK: Well, I should think you would moan and sigh if you had to carry as many green apples as they do.



THE CATTLE FUNERAL.

Then let twenty-four hours, or even less, pass, unless, indeed, there be cattle within a mile or less at the time of the slaughter. But for purposes of illustration suppose that twenty-four hours have elapsed.

Then suppose a bunch of 100 or 200 head of cattle came drifting down over the range to leeward of the spot where the slaughter of the day previous occurred. The leader of the bunch may be two or three miles perhaps farther, from the scene of blood. Suddenly he commences to show signs of uneasiness. Though the grass be deep and luxuriant, he only feeds a few moments continuously, lifting his head and tossing his horns as if an enemy were near. Suddenly there is a strong puff of wind, and as the nostrils of the leader inhale the air a transformation occurs like a flash of lightning. He halts, throws his muzzle into the air and then emits a most unearthly, prolonged, weird, moaning shriek or bellow. It is like none of the various noises made upon other occasions, but has a tone that is all its own and which is evidently well understood by the entire herd.

With another shriek, which can be heard for a mile and even farther, the leader breaks into a run, with his tail in the air and with his head shaking angrily from side to side, followed by all the members of the herd, each adding to the volume of sound that now fills the air. As other animals feeding quietly at a distance hear the peculiar sounds they too, prick up their ears, then with answering shrieks they

Athletics continued from page 685.

THE 'GRAPHIC' PRIZE WON—BARRING THE PROTEST.

UNLESS the protest in the Parnell-Suburbs match is sustained, our two guinea prize will have been won this week. The winner cannot certainly be more jubilant over having gained the prize than we are. We had begun to fear that we should never get rid of that two guinea. Every week the interest in the competition has increased, and we are seriously contemplating taking on another hand to look after this branch of the business. It is hoped that football enthusiasts will signalise their approval of the manner in which the GRAPHIC is endeavouring to meet them by showing the paper to as many friends as possible. The proprietors and the editor desire in every way to please lovers of every legitimate sport. Suggestions and contributions will always receive attention. The name of the winner of the two guineas is

MR JAMES WRIGHT, BRICKLAYER, BAKER-ST., AUCKLAND. Should the protest go against Mr Wright, he must try again. If he is more lucky and the Union decide on Thursday night to leave Parnell in possession, we shall have great pleasure in giving him a cheque as early on Friday morning as he may care to call.

TARANAKI REPRESENTATIVES.

The following notes on the Taranaki representative team, wired by our New Plymouth correspondent on the eve of going to press, will be eagerly read:—There is considerable interest in football circles in the district in view of the interprovincial matches. The final selection has not yet been made, but the following players have been picked to go into practice: McKenzie, Davis, Lusk, Livingstone, Kingsley, Parkinson, A. Good, H. Good, A. Bayly, Mumby, Hempton, Lambton, Harkin, D. Hughes, Oxenham, Parson, Jonas, Thomas, F. Bayly, C. Bayly, P. Bayly, and E. Bayly. Rab. McKenzie, the well-known Auckland rep, is in fine form. He works hard and plays with his head. Davis (forward) plays a very determined game, good on the line out. He played against Auckland last season. Lusk, another ex-Auckland representative, also plays for Manganui. He has been three-quarters this season, and is in fair form; picks up neatly, and turns the scale at 12st 10lb. Livingstone (forward), belongs to the Hawera club, and played in the Representative match last season; he works well in open as a forward. Kingsley (half or three-quarter), is a member of the Star Clubs and plays with dash

and determination; a likely scoring man. Parkinson (good forward) is a member of the Hawera Club. He is also a fair half and gained his Rep cap last season, formerly played for Manganui. A. Good (Waimate), not quite up to usual form. H. Good (Waimate), is in good form, and is likely to be picked in the final selection. A. Bayly (Captain, Manganui), is all to pieces, and plays centre three quarters. F. Bayly (Captain, Clifton), played in the Reps last year, and is a good forward up to old form. C. Bayly (Manganui), is a good half-back, and takes a lot of stopping. W. Bayly (Clifton), who is in good condition, plays a fine half-back game. E. Bayly (Clifton), full-back, formerly played back against Auckland, is in good fettle, collars well, very speedy. Mumby (Clifton), a heavy and fast forward, is good in any place. Hempton (Captain of New Plymouth) only played one game this season, and is in fair form. Lambie (Waimate) is an old Rep. forward, is very fast, and is in good trim. Howden (Waimate), heavy forward, is in good form, fast in open play. Hughes (Waimate), also a good forward in any style of play. Oxenham, our best forward is light and swift, and is always on the ball. Parson (Manganui), a fast forward; is a good collarer and fine in loose scrum. Jonas (Clifton), fast three-quarter; good collarer and kick. Thomas, the ex-Otago full back, is not known beyond repute in the district.

was in command, other officers being Major Quick, Captains Collins and Patterson, Major McCredie, Captains Coleman, Loveday, and St. Hill, Lieut. Commanders Davy, Hinlop, and Duncan, Lieuts. Campbell, Bell, Field, Wilson, Isherwood, McAlister, Kirk, and Duthie. The order was as follows: Permanent Militia, Garrison Band, gun carriage bearing the coffin covered by the Union Jack, on which were numbers of beautiful wreaths, crosses, etc., sent by Government Insurance Department, the Treasury, the Grand Lodge of New Zealand, the Girls' High School, Sir George Grey, Sir John Hall, besides a great many from New Plymouth and Wellington friends. It is talked of as the largest funeral ever seen in Wellington. The service was most impressive. After the service the procession moved on to the Karori Cemetery, where all that was mortal of our late honoured and illustrious statesman was laid in its last resting place. At Lady Atkinson's express wish there was no drapery or symbols of mourning in the church. Among the congregation were a very large number of ladies.

THE Jewish Rabbi of Dunedin (Mr Lichtenstein) died last week, and also his son, Mrs Lichtenstein being much consoled with on her double bereavement. The funeral was a large and very impressive one. At a meeting of the Hebrew congregation it was decided to forward a resolution of condolence with the bereaved lady, expressing sorrow at her loss, and the high estimation in which the late Rabbi was held.



WELLINGTON was all astir on the occasion of the funeral of Sir Harry Atkinson, and a most solemn and imposing sight it was. All classes were fully represented in the mournful procession, which was over two miles in length, and contained about sixty carriages. It took over half-an-hour to pass. The Freemasons mustered in large numbers to pay their last tribute to the memory of their late prominent brother. Need I add that the funeral was military, and the service fully choral (St. Mark's Church), being officiated over by Dr. Hadfield (the Primate), Ven. Archdeacon Stock, and the Revs. Coffey, Sprott, Waters, Bradbury, Devonish, and Tisdall. The church was crowded to excess, hundreds being unable to gain admission. Among the chief mourners were Lady Atkinson, Miss Atkinson, Masters Atkinson, Mr H. D. Atkinson, Mr E. T. Atkinson, Mr (Justice) Richmond, Mrs and Miss Richmond, Messrs E. T. and R. Richmond, Mr Maurice Richmond, and Messrs J. and T. B. Atkinson. Lieut. Col. Newall

NELSONIANS are grieving over the departure of Professor Zimmermann, who has decided to proceed to Auckland, there to settle as solo violinist and teacher of that instrument. The name which Professor Zimmermann bears as a violinist will assure him of a very hearty welcome. He will prove a valuable acquisition to musical Auckland. The press notices which refer to Professor Zimmermann's concerts are of the most complimentary character. The orchestra which secures the services of Professor Zimmermann will be distinctly fortunate.

HUNTING.

THE noble stag does not seem to lend itself kindly to the grand sport of hunting in this colony. In fact, it does not seem to have the slightest idea that brave men and fair women and a pack of dogs should derive the great pleasure they do from chasing it frantically across country. The Pakuranga Hounds endeavoured last Saturday to persuade a stag to allow them to run after it. But alas! as soon as it saw the pretty pink coats, it disappeared and was seen no more. The meet was at Mr McLaughlin's, Papatotoi, where there decidedly was not a big muster of horsemen and horsewomen. Perhaps it was owing to the inclemency of the weather and long distance from town. Two drags were laid, but there were no jumps of any brilliant character, everything seemed very tame. Amongst those who braved the weather were Mrs Bilborough, Misses Buckland (two), Hesketh (two), Garrett, McLaughlin, Percival, Messrs Dunnet, McLaughlin, Bloomfield, Garrett, Gilmore, MacKellar, Colgrove, Kerr-Taylor, Percival, Tonks, Wynyard, McLaughlin, Chapman, Col. Dawson and son, Dr. Forbes, Dr. Bews.

SACRED DRAMA.

THERE is not in Paris the prejudice against a sacred drama with which the laity might credit them. French critics are somewhat shocked by M. Grandmogin's play, which, though a fine and a reverent work, is by no means as fine, as reverent, or as dramatic as the magnificent Passion Play of Ober Ammergau; but one well-known Parisian priest alone — Pere Didon — has taken for his pupils two hundred seats at the Theatre Moderne, for the matinee of 'Christ,' and he has taken the entire theatre for a children's matinee.

HAD not Miss Ingelow's father — a Boston banker — suffered severe pecuniary loss during a local crisis, this charming poet would never have turned her attention to literature. Her poetry and fiction were commenced in order to gain money for her family.



THE COLONIAL TEAM.

Winners of the Wellington International Tug-of-War.

FRONT ROW. — J. H. KIRKWOOD, J. LYONS. MIDDLE ROW. — J. REASON, J. P. HISHOP, LIEUT. HUME (CAPT.), T. O'BRADY, P. MCMAHON. BACK ROW. — A. CRAWFORD, D. H. MCMILLAN, P. C. MILLER (HOR. SQUAD), R. W. SWINDLEY, A. MCPHIE.

Wrightson & Co. Photo.

photo, Wellington.

DUNEDIN CITY.

WE give this week an admirable view of Dunedin. The photograph from which our block was taken is from one of the admirable pictures taken by Morris during the time of the New Zealand Exhibition. The camera has been located in the Town Hall belfry, and the town is spread panoramic like at the foot. All the principal buildings may be easily recognised, and in the distance can be seen the exhibition buildings and the shore. Our exhaustive and liberally illustrated article on Dunedin is too fresh in the memory of GRAPHIC readers to make a recapitulation of the town's history acceptable. The weather at this time of year is bitterly cold in Dunedin, but in the summer there is no pleasanter town in New Zealand. Dunedin girls are more like English girls in build and complexion than any in the Australasian colony. They are all fresh and rosy cheeked, escaping the slightly sallow tinge that is distinctive of transplanted Europeans in sub tropical regions. In Sydney they say they know a New Zealand girl in a minute. In the north a Dunedin girl may be recognised equally quickly.

LATE WELLINGTON NEWS.

WELLINGTON, July 1.

WE enjoyed an excellent entertainment at the Opera House last night, when the Theatrical Amateur Dramatic Club, assisted by several friends, performed 'All that Glitters is not Gold.' The proceeds were devoted to the Orchestral Society, which was present, and played several beautiful pieces during the intervals, Sullivan's 'Incidental Music to Henry VIII.' being perhaps the most admired. The *dramatis personae* was as follows:—Sir Arthur Lassell, Mr Norwood Young; Jasper Plum, Mr S. R. Kennedy; Stephen Plum, Mr Herbert Rawson; Frederick Plum, Mr F. Hartmann; Toby Twinkle, Mr G. A. Kennedy; Lady Leatherbridge, Miss Barron; Lady Valerie Westensleigh, Miss Mary Allan; Martha Gibbs, Miss Maggie Kennedy; and Harris, Mr C. Thomson. The factory hands, guests, etc., were the Misses E. Barron, D. Heywood, E. Bellairs, M. Allan, W. Lingard, G. Kennedy, and W. Holt, and Messrs J. Hartmann, W. Barron, N. Barron, H. Elliott, Clarkson, Hickson, A. R. Kennedy, J. and C. Allan. The stage was most beautifully decorated and appointed, everything seemed fresh and clean and artistic. It is very difficult to criticise, for one and all were so very good. The three ladies all had a good deal to do, and they divided the honours equally in their various parts. Miss Kennedy looked best in a handsome white spotted brocade, the back of soft net; Miss Barron looked extremely well in a handsome black velvet, trained, with petticoat of jet, powdered hair, and tiny grey bonnet with pink roses; Miss Allan wore a very becoming white Princess cashmere gown, trained, trimmed with white fur, large white hat trimmed with ostrich feathers. Mr G. Kennedy did the 'funny man' in his best style, and that is saying a great deal. He kept everyone in fits of laughter while he was on the stage. Mr Young seemed quite at home in his *role* of the villain. Can one give higher

praise? Messrs Hartman, S. Kennedy, and H. Rawson all acted remarkably well; indeed, as I said before, when all are so good it is impossible to say which was best. This is really the honest truth, for I went with every intention of criticizing keenly. There were no 'sticks,' and the whole affair reflected the greatest credit on every performer, and delighted the large audience, for every seat was taken long before the day of the performance. (One scene, an apartment leading off from a ballroom, was exceedingly novel and pretty. One could see all the couples wandering about in the distance, and the music playing for the dancers.)

In the fashionable audience were Lord and Lady Clarendon, the latter in a lovely black satin and lace trained gown, red feathers in her hair, and diamonds; Miss Sutcliffe, in a pretty blue wrap; Miss Hollowes, in black, and grey plush cloak braided with silver; Capt. Hunter-Blair, Capt. Clayton, and Mr Gillington. Mrs Wilson wore grey silk; Mrs Coleridge, electric blue gown, and plush cloak to match; Dr. and Mrs Grace; Miss Grace, flowered silk; Mrs W. P. Reeves, black and yellow gown; Miss A. Grace, white veiling; Miss M. Grace, Miss Sr. Hill, Mr and Mrs Mentenath, Mr and Mrs L. Reid, Mrs A. Smith, Mrs Wallergrave, Mr and Mrs Tolhurst, Mr and Mrs Harcourt, the latter in crushed strawberry silk and black lace; Mr and Mrs W. Ferguson, Miss A. Moorhouse, the Misses Nathan; Miss M. Kettle, white cloak with fur, white dress; Miss Bridgen, the Misses Harding, Henry, Dransfield, Nevill, Quirk, Fairchild, Heywood, Hart, Campbell, Pike, and Tolhurst; Mrs Barron, Mrs Brandon and Mrs Higginson, Mrs Burnett, and Mrs Nathan, in a beautiful cream gown, crimson plush three-quarter cloak; and Mr and Mrs Robert Pharazyn, the latter in grey plush cloak; Mrs H. Rawson, white handsomely embroidered cloak; Mr and Mrs F. Allen, the latter in black.

RUBY.

FRANCHISE COLUMN.

THE AUCKLAND PUBLIC MEETING.

THE most Conservative member of the Legislative Council could and can hardly afford to disregard the importance of the public meeting on 'Woman's Franchise' held in Auckland last evening. Abbott's Opera House was the seat of operations, and that commodious building was packed to the very doors. Nor was it packed with larrikins and hoodlums and people of that ilk, come for the express purpose of creating a disturbance. Many, no doubt, came to scoff, but if they did not remain to pray, they at least stayed to listen very interestingly and attentively to the speakers. There was, of course, a certain contingent of those high spirited, intelligent males with a superabundance of cheap wit which they occasionally displayed, as for instance during a male speech requesting 'more of the petticoats.' No political meeting would be complete without the assistance of these brilliant people. They are as inevitable as the dog on the racecourse. The speakers were nearly all ladies and the meeting was conducted with perfect order. Mrs (Capt.) DALDY, the President, occupied the chair, and on rising to open the meeting was received with loud applause. It is not our intention, nor indeed would it be possible, to give even the outlines of all that was said on this important occasion. It will absorb more space than we can well spare to detail what was actually done. One thing may, however, be said, the ladies'

speeches were infinitely better than their best friends had hoped. Public speaking is an art only acquired by long practice. There was little tendency to what has generally been looked upon as the bane of feminine speeches, rambling, and indeed in point of logic and conciseness the ladies of Auckland would set an example to many members of the House. Mrs Daldy's speech explained that the meeting was called by the Women's Franchise League. She paid the

HONOUR TO DUNEDIN

of having inaugurated that League, and hoped that there would soon be branches in every town in New Zealand, which country she desired should lead the van in the great movement for the Franchise.

THE FIRST RESOLUTION

was 'That this meeting is of opinion that the time has arrived when the Franchise should be conferred on the women of New Zealand, not as a privilege, but as a right.' This was moved by Mrs W. HARRISON, who pointed out the justice of the claim from a taxpayer's point of view, and also urged the greater interest women could take in the formation of laws on education, etc. This was seconded by Mrs ELLIS, in a lengthy speech. Bishop COWIE, made an excellent and appropriate speech. He thought they had no need to employ doubtful arguments for so excellent and worthy a cause, and scouted the idea of women filling objectionable posts, such as stoker or public offices. It was not fitting or necessary that they should, and no thoughtful people would say so. He concluded his speech, warmly advocating women's Franchise by saying that it would bring in its train three big results:—First, Amelioration of the lot of the poor; second, improvement in the morality of the cities; third, greater attention to teaching of morality and religion in our public schools.

Mr THEO. COOPER, the well-known Auckland solicitor, also spoke in favour of the motion. He pointed out the very manifest injustice of allowing any man who had resided six months in a town a vote, though he might be utterly ignorant, and not giving a vote to women of the highest intellectual culture, and wound up by stating that the House of Representatives would be better and purer for her influence.

THE SECOND RESOLUTION.

'That this meeting earnestly request the Government and Legislature to pass an Act without delay conferring the Franchise on all adult women.' Mrs KERR-TAYLOR, who moved this, drew attention to the error in the public mind of supposing that women would want a seat in Parliament because they had a vote. She pointed out that women had a vote for the City Councils, and had not endeavoured to take seats at the meetings of that body.

Mrs COLLINGS, who seconded the motion, regretted, as did everyone else, the absence of Miss Morrison, who was so unwell to be present. Mrs Collings made a neat little speech in which she announced that she thought women should have a seat in the House, or at least she did not see why any intelligent woman should not.

The Rev. JOSEPH BERRY made a long and eloquent speech, in which he drew attention to some laws which women would make more justly than men. The rev. gentleman's speech was an excellent one in every way. This motion was also carried.

THE THIRD RESOLUTION.

Mrs SCHNACKENBERG moved 'This meeting expresses its gratitude to those members of Parliament who exerted their influence last session to pass the Women's Franchise Bill, and expresses the hope that they will, in the present session, do everything in their power to have such an Act enrolled on the Statute Book.' The

speaker regretted the absence of Miss Morrison, and gave tribute to Sir John Hall and Mr Lawry who had given their support. Mrs H. DUFFY seconded the motion.

Mr JENNINGS, who supported the resolution, spoke briefly and to the point. He said that he was not afraid of playing into the hands of the Tories by granting the Franchise to women.

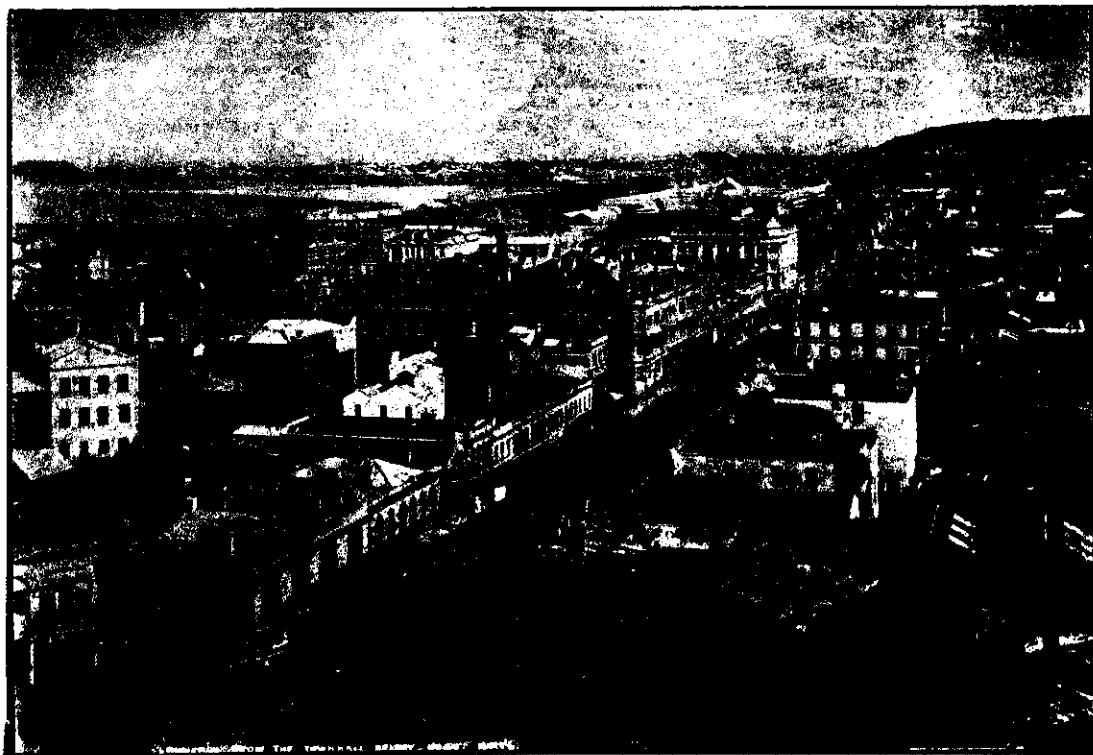
THE FOURTH RESOLUTION

was moved by Mrs Captain WILLIAMS, of the Salvation Army. 'That the Secretary be empowered to send copies of the resolutions passed at this meeting to the Hon. the Premier, Sir John Hall, Sir George Grey, and the Auckland Members of Parliament.'

Another resolution, moved by Mrs CARADUS, seconded by Mrs KNIGHT, and supported by Mr ALLEN, was in favor of a vote of thanks to the Press, and a successful meeting concluded with the National Anthem.

An excellent meeting in support of the proposal to extend the Franchise to women was held in Oamaru. Amongst the speakers were four ladies, who held their own remarkably well.

The committee of the Auckland branch of the League held a meeting on Friday afternoon to make final arrangements for the public meeting. A vote of condolence was passed to Sir William Fox on the death of Lady Fox, who was a member of the League, and an ardent supporter of the movement. A few words of sympathy were also expressed for the severe illness from which Sir William is suffering.



Morris, photo.

DUNEDIN CITY, FROM TOWN HALL.

Dunedin.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

AN active tool never grows rusty.

The stomach of the tiniest baby whale will hold four gallons.

The physician is the man who tells you you need change, and then takes all you have.

It is sometimes hard to tell where business sagacity leaves off and downright rascality begins.

A professional politician is one who serves God just as far as he can without offending the devil.

It is hard to believe that a man who doesn't agree with us can be altogether right in his heart.

The total number of newspapers published in the world at present is said to be in excess of 37,000.

The only way to win in an argument with a woman is to walk off when you have stated your side of it.

The woman who prides herself on always 'speaking her mind' is usually an excessively disagreeable person to know.

If religion and science are to be reconciled, the bases of reconciliation must be the deepest, widest and most certain of all facts.

No men have so little leisure or so little enjoyment as those who have nothing to do but to enjoy themselves. Persons of this description have been known to kill themselves in order to kill time.

Dr. Franklin never said a truer thing than this—If every man and woman would work four hours a day at something useful, want and misery would vanish from the world, and the remaining portion of the day might be leisure and pleasure.

WANTED.

Our family consists of two;
We lead the best of lives;
The husband sweeps the kitchen floor
And cleans the boots and knives.
The wife will scrub, and sweep, and dust,
And polish, high and low—
And now we want a 'servant' just
To come and boss the show!

A curious mistake occurred lately in the printing of labels for a meat-preserving company. The printer had been in the habit of labelling cuts of beef or mutton, as the case might be, with the words 'without bone' prominently displayed. The company having added kidney soup to its list, the new article was ticketed as 'Kidney-soup—without bone.'

The *Japan Herald* is authority for the figures of gold output in Siberia from 1834 to 1887 inclusive: 30,000,000 ounces, £120,000,000; and this with little machinery, efforts rudely systematized, and much stealage. When the great Siberian railroad is completed from the Caspian Sea to Vladivostok, on the Pacific, the output of Russian gold will be greatly increased.

THE SEARCH FOR PRETTY WIVES.—Girls to be successful to-day must have something more than pretty features. The men who are worth marrying are looking for something else than pretty faces, coy manners, or fetching gowns. They are recognizing full well that women are progressing at a pace which will quicken, rather than slacken. They realize that the woman of to-morrow will be brighter in mind than her predecessor of to-day. Hence they are looking for wives who will be the equals of their neighbours. Beauty is being considered an adjunct to common sense. 'I want a wife who knows something, who is worth having for what she knows; not one of these social butterflies,' said one of the greatest 'catches' of the last London season to me at the winter's close. And he expressed the sentiments of thousands of the young men of to-day. The scent for pretty wives is over, and the look-out for bright young women has begun. And the girl who to-day trains her mind will be the woman of to-morrow.

USEFUL AND PRECIOUS METALS.—The useful and precious metals are found in considerable quantities all over Australia. In New South Wales there is abundance of gold, copper, and iron, as well as silver, lead, and tin. Victoria has to thank her mineral riches, chiefly in the shape of gold, for her rapid progress. In South Australia are valuable copper mines. Queensland has also a plentiful supply of copper, and produces a good deal of tin. Gold and iron are also met with in considerable quantities. In Western Australia there are lead, silver, and copper, and large quantities of ironstone. Gold was discovered in New South Wales and Victoria in 1851, and such were the richness of the goldfields, and such the energy of the diggers, that during the next twenty years Victoria exported 40,750,000 ounces of the precious metal, and New South Wales, during the same period, nearly 10,000,000 ounces. The early diggers, with the simplest tools and appliances, obtained in a short time large quantities of the coveted ore. The alluvial goldfields, however, in which they laboured seem now to be almost exhausted. Australian gold is to be henceforth chiefly procured in the quartz formation of the mountain chains, or in those at a great depth underground, reached by the sinking of shafts and regular mining operations.

THE HISTORY OF PLAYING CARDS.—Playing cards are said to have been invented in China in the reign of Leau ho (1120), and were common in 1131. As early as 1463 there were card-makers in England, the importation of playing cards having been prohibited by Act of Parliament in that year, as injurious to the interests of native manufacturers. Edward Darcy obtained a patent for the manufacture of them at the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who, as well as her sister Mary, was partial to card playing. The importation of them was prohibited after the 20th July, 1615, during the reign of James I., 'as the art of making them was then brought to perfection in England.' The Company of Card-makers was first incorporated by letters patent of Charles I. in 1629. From the Restoration to the reign of Queen Anne, card playing attained its full tide of popularity throughout England. Ombre was the favourite game for the ladies, and piquet for gentlemen; clergymen and country squires played whist, and the commoners played at all four, put, cribbage, and contraino. At no other time, before or since, was card playing so prevalent. The good old English landlady used to send a string of hogs' puddings and a pack of cards, as a Christmas gift, to every poor family in the parish.

BOOKS AND BOOK-MEN.



MRS OLIPHANT, of whose new novel, 'The Marriage of Elinor,' more anon, is of Scotch extraction, and was born at Musselburgh, in Midlothian, in 1828. Her maiden name was Margaret Oliphant Wilson. She is now described as a Londoner, says *Harper's New Monthly*, but her home is at Windsor, under the shadow of the grey old castle. Mrs Oliphant has no more enthusiastic admirer of her books than her Royal neighbour, Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The talented authoress brought out her first novel in 1849. With a record of literary productiveness vying with, if not exceeding, that of any living writer of English, Mrs Oliphant has sustained throughout an originality of invention, a careful and sympathetic nicety of detail, and a high literary quality that are remarkable indeed. All this she has done through sorrows bravely borne and responsibilities cheerfully accepted, which may not be spoken of, but which, if known, would make her dearer than before to those who know her only through her books. Her cheerful presence is a delight to all her friends, and neither hard work nor the wear of life seems to dim her spirit. In the forty years of her literary life scarcely a year has passed without its novel, and in some there have been more than one, for she has written more than forty novels; besides this, her biographies alone—of St. Francis d'Assisi, of Edward Irving, of the Makers of Venice and the Makers of Florence would have sufficed to give her a name in letters. She has also edited a Literary History of England and a series of Popular Classics, has written volumes on Dante and Cervantes, and done much periodical work. This enormous productiveness has been attained by persistent steadfastness of application, and it is, perhaps, because she set herself a high standard of workmanship from the beginning that she has done everything so well.

TOUCHING her new book, 'The Marriage of Elinor,' what shall be said? It is a strong novel, well written, and interesting to a refreshing degree, but not Mrs Oliphant at her best. It is immeasurably superior to Mr Grant Allen and his fellows. The characters are all possible people. Most of them are those with whom we have ourselves had acquaintance in some shape and at some time. Moreover, Mrs Oliphant writes English, and Mr Grant Allen and the majority of the younger school of novel-writers do not. 'The Marriage of Elinor' is a commonplace story as regards plot, but the characters are drawn with a firm hand, and one which seems to have lost but little of its cunning.

ELINOR is a young lady who persists in marrying a disreputable *roué*, the 'Dishonourable Phil,' against the wishes of everyone. She refuses to believe a word against him, and acts altogether as wilful young women will act when very much in love with what society denominates 'an impossible.' Cousin John is a phlegmatic cousin somewhat in love with Elinor, and who gives excellent advice that Elinor utterly disdains. John is an excellent fellow, and most admirably sketched, or rather drawn, by Mrs Oliphant, who is also very successful with some of the minor characters. Elinor, of course, gets into very troubled waters, gives false testimony to save her lover, for whose crimes an innocent man is tried. The book is far too good to spoil by telling anything else, for anyone who cares for a good novel which can be left about with impunity so far as anything objectionable is concerned, cannot do better than procure 'The Marriage of Elinor.' For my review copy I am indebted to Wildman's, of Auckland.

It is stated on good authority that [Mr Ignatius Donnelly, who, it will be remembered, laboured hard to discover a cipher in Shakespeare's plays proving that Bacon wrote them, is now engaged on another work which he declares will be even more convincing than his former book of the truth of his assertion.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SUN'S SURFACE.

The largest sunspot ever photographed at Greenwich since the record of the Royal Observatory began in 1873 that which was observed in February 8 to 18 last, and found to be nearly 100,000 miles in length. This spot will probably come into view again after being carried by the sun's rotation round his further side, according to the statement of a scientific contemporary.

NEW SUBMARINE BOAT.

During the summer experiments will be made at Spezia with a new model for a submarine boat that is being constructed at the expense of the Italian Admiralty. The principal qualities claimed for this boat are that it rapidly and easily sinks and rises in the water, that it preserves a perfect equilibrium, is easy to steer at whatever depth, and attains a speed greater than any boat hitherto made.

FRUIT WITHOUT SEEDS.

Writers often express surprise that there should be an orange without seeds, but this experience is met with in all kinds of fruit. There is an apple called the Mennechor's Nocco, so named expressly from the total absence of seed. An illustration of this is in the Rutter pear; it is extremely rare that seeds are found in it, although they are occasionally there. The common currant, Zante currant of the stores, is simply a grape which does not produce seeds. A singular feature about these varieties is that they seem to increase in productiveness by reason of this want of perfection in the seed. The Rutter pear is especially a great bearer; thereseem almost as many pears as leaves on the tree. Unfortunately, if all are allowed to come to perfection the fruit is of inferior quality, but when properly thinned out the favour is delicious.

WHAT IS ELECTRICITY?

We know little as yet concerning the mighty agency we call electricity. 'Substantialists' tell us it is a kind of matter. Others view it, not as matter, but as a form of energy. Others, again, reject both these views. Professor Lodge considers it, a form, or rather a mode, of manifestation of the ether.' Professor Nikola Tesla demurs to the view of Professor Lodge, but thinks that 'nothing would seem to stand in the way of calling electricity, either associated with matter or bound, ether.' High authorities cannot yet even agree whether we have one electricity or two opposite electricities. The only way to tackle the difficulty is to persevere in experiment and observation. If we never learn what electricity is, if, like fire or like matter, it should always remain an unknown quantity, we shall assuredly discover more about its attributes and functions.

INFLAMMABLE ARTICLES OF DRESS.

The inflammable nature of sundry articles made of substances resembling ivory, horn, tortoiseshell, etc., may not be known to some of our readers. They are mostly combinations of a sort of gun-cotton and camphor, and burn rapidly. Professor Boys gives an account, in an English paper, of what might have been a serious, if not fatal, accident, but for the presence of mind of a gentleman who promptly seized the blazing portion of a lady's dress. It seems the dress had been ornamented with buttons made of this inflammable material, and through the lady standing in front of a fire the heat ignited the buttons, some of which were quickly consumed and others appeared as though scorched. The professor has since made some tests with the buttons, and says that 'for all practical purposes they are liable to spontaneous combustion.'

POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.

It is a well-known fact that during the raging of cholera, or any other fatal epidemic, nearly half the victims die from fright alone. Even in ordinary times the imagination plays strange tricks. A well-known writer was once made the victim of a practical joke that narrowly escaped a serious termination. He entered a room where some of his jovial friends were having good cheer. Being himself, at that period of his life, of a convivial turn, he readily joined his comrades in cracking a fresh bottle. Presently one of them anxiously looked at the label, that had been modified for the occasion, and exclaimed that they had been drinking poison. The visitor grew alarmed, manifested dangerous systems, took to his bed, and his comrades themselves becoming frightened, sent in haste for a physician, whom it took a long while to satisfy his imaginative patient that he was not perishing from a deadly potion. A physician who was fond of experimenting told a friend that he had compounded some wonderful pills, a single one of which would cause certain prescribed symptoms. His friend volunteered to take one. The symptoms followed exactly as foretold; but the pill was afterwards noticed in the tangles of a very full beard, not having been swallowed at all.

HEAT PRODUCING FOODS.

Of course, all foods are not of equal value when regarded as heat producers. A way in the north the Esquimaux consume an immense quantity of fat. Nature, 'the sternest teacher, yet the best,' has taught that half savage to rely for the maintenance of his temperature on fats, which are notoriously the best heat-giving foods we know. Fat contains very little oxygen, but it is rich in carbon, and thus presents much oxidisable matter when the oxygen is ready to set it, chemically, aflame. Starches and sugars are less typically heat-giving foods on account of the fact that the hydrogen they contain is already half-oxidized, while their carbon is not so plentiful as is the case with the fats. The nitrogenous foods we eat, such as albumen and casein (or milk curd) and the like, are heat producers also, but in a minor degree when compared with the fats; and for one thing, these albuminous foods are not wholly consumed in the body itself, since so much passes off in the form of urea.

NOTORIETY-HUNTERS.

BY 'PICK ME UP.'

It was said by George Eliot that there are many men—who were the women omitted?—who do not mind being kicked blue if they can only be talked about. Indeed, some people go so far as to describe the social ascent of the Commoner to membership of the House of Lords as a 'kick upstairs.' The hunger for notoriety, often mis-called fame, is as powerful in some natures as the hunger for food or wealth. Everywhere human bipeds, without feathers, have a hankering after decking themselves out, and the purveying of the plumes is a legitimate business.

On the occasion of his marriage, a certain American newspaper editor wrote for his paper, with his own pen, an account of the ceremony. He did this on the ground that if you want a thing done well you must do it yourself. Would-be social somebodies in this country do the same sort of thing. They supply the Court newsman and the morning papers—through one or other of their tents—with paragraphs regarding their movements and intentions—in imitation religiously printed but of no earthly interest to anyone but the people concerned. The attempt to 'get one's name up' by the aid of the press is apparent on all sides. We have the 'interview,' with its neat turns of expression and 'idealised' conversation—which the 'young man' who does the work introduces himself. You will notice statements getting forth about the private lives and plans of persons which are far too detailed to be the result of anything but 'working.' There are people who like nothing better than to be pointed out as the hero or heroine of a paragraph.

If you wish to become a candidate for Parliament, you can get a political hack to find you a constituency, even though it is only a 'forlorn hope.' You can buy all sorts of learned degrees from certain American 'cemeteries of knowledge' and decorations and titles are supplied to order by enterprising persons abroad. Our own College of Heraldry, or some expert learned in the lore of race, will find you a pedigree extending from before the Norman conquest or before the flood, according to your desire. Do you wish to write a play? You can easily secure someone to do the work; and a good plan is to associate with your own name as author the name of some person of title as collaborator; this usually fetches the management. In the musical world waltzes, songs, operas go forth from time to time purporting to be composed by the person whose name is on the title-page. These things are only plumes or marketable commodities, bought, as it were, by the pond or yard, as some preachers buy their sermons. You may be a poor creature with a vacuous face, an insane simper with cloudy brains, but there are scores of methods by which those who know no better may be made to imagine that you are really an able and estimable specimen of humanity. All that is needed is capacity to utilise experience of the wily ways of a somewhat wicked world.

The man who commits or accuses himself of a crime in order to get his name up is not unknown. Why do certain countesses and other dames of high degree go on the stage? Why do people associate themselves with fads of a serious or supernatural order concerning which they have not one

intelligible idea? Why do others join as many societies, institutions, and clubs as they can possibly find time for—each connection bringing them, if not before the public, a certain number of useful acquaintances? What is the object of those who live to acquire the knack of introducing themselves to those who have already got their names up? It is to satisfy the appetite for notoriety. In the business world the hunger is quite as active as in the social. There are journalists, living and dead, whose reputation rests on the strength of work, under their own signatures, which has been done by others. A poor doctor who advertises is called a 'quack' by those of his brethren who use a showy brougham, mainly as an advertisement. Other of the fraternity who declaim against the vulgarising of the profession are fond of scheming for 'big' cases, which ensure them a daily puff by the issuing of 'bulletins'; and some attain prestige by writing advertisements—I mean articles—in the magazines, or by way of correspondence to the newspapers. The briefless and caseless lawyers are warned against the unprofessional character of advertising. Yet there are *successful* lawyers who are anxious to have their cases reported, and many of them come forward, and, for sheer, pure, and undefiled love take up cases 'in the public interest.' In the theatrical world there are persons busily engaged in the struggle with soaps and sham jewellery for prominence in the advertisement columns. Even in public life men are constantly seizing opportunities of bringing themselves before the world; they want to figure in some way. Hence it is that it is possible for the *Nineteenth Century* and other reviews to be filled by signed articles, written by men—or written for them—in a more or less public position. The roads to notoriety are infinite, and the thirst for 'quaffing deep draughts of applause' insatiable. As the old hunting song puts it:

Mankind are all hunters in various degree,
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee,
The doctor a patient, the counter a place,
Though often, like us, he's flung out in the chase.

The cit. hunts a plum, while the soldier hunts fame,
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name,
And the practised coquette, though she seems to refuse,
In spite of her airs, still a lover pursues.

THE EXTINCTION OF FIRES.

The importance of providing private appliances for the extinction of fires in mansions is gradually becoming recognised by country gentlemen, for although the nearest town may be equipped with powerful engines, the time occupied in sending for these and in their returning is usually so considerable as to render their aid almost useless. Lord Brassey has recently been anxious for the safety of his house at Battle, near Hastings, and after seeking advice from an experienced engineer, he has had a reservoir constructed under his lawn holding over 60,000 gallons of water, whence a powerful steam fire engine, of Merryweather's type, will draw water and throw it in enormous volume over the mansion. A private fire brigade is also in course of formation, composed of the gardeners and other workmen on the estate.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

The favourite pleasantry of one of the plainest men ever known was:

'Don't you wish we had been born rich instead of good-looking?'

There are few of us who do not, either systematically or spasmodically, echo the sentiment.

It is an admitted fact that the aspiration for wealth is the governing motive of commercial men of all degrees; it is a stimulus to which few are indifferent.

Not that all expect to be Astors, Vanderbilts, or Rothschilds; but they wish to acquire a competence to enjoy when their days of activity are past; they hope to accumulate something toward the starting of their children in life.

And their ambitions are surely not unworthy ones.

Is anticipation never equal to realization?

Why is it that millionaires rarely, if ever, admit that, having reached the goal of their desires, they are supremely content?

Instead, when questioned they complain of their cares, and affirm that the possession of great wealth is attended by more trouble than pleasure.

It is probable that the possession of great wealth exerts the same influence over its possessor as the practice of medicine is said to do.

It makes a good man better, a bad man worse.

Selishness in any station of life can never bring true happiness.

If a man thinks only of his own aggrandizement, it is written that he shall live and die dissatisfied and unhappy.

In many cases, poverty necessitates selishness.

The law of self-preservation bids the poor man stay his hand when he faint would give, and devote his energies to solving the problem of self-maintenance when he would gladly help an unfortunate brother.

To be able to satisfy every wish for that which money can buy is to reach satiety at once, if the ability be indulged.

But to be able to bring joy to the hopeless, assist the struggling to walk uprightly and surely, and take sides with the helpless and oppressed, is to possess a fountain of spiritual as well as material refreshment.

Alas! that such generous sentiments are so rare—that false standards of happiness, unworthy ambitions, selishness, vanity, disregard for those less fortunate than ourselves, are the cankerous rust spots which, unless persistently polished away, will eventually corrode both hearts and minds.

A DREADED SNAKE.—Among the forty odd species of snakes at the Central Park Menagerie (London), one of the most interesting is the cribo, a yellow-tailed tropical snake, which has a taste for devouring other snakes, including those which are poisonous. It is said that it does not hesitate to attack bigger reptiles than itself, but crawls slyly up to its intended victim, pins the enemy's head down, and holds it firmly till it is dead. The cribo is not afraid of any other snake; but all other snakes are mortally afraid of it, as well they may be, including the most venomous.

THE HABIT OF HEALTH.



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

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

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

PEARS' SOAP

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

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

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



ENGAGEMENTS
THE engagement has just been announced in Wellington of Mr Andrew Thomson, clerk of the Wanganui Court, to Miss Amy Wilson.



ONE of the prettiest weddings of the season was solemnized in the Jewish Synagogue, Princes-street, on Wednesday last, the contracting couple being Miss Rosetta Keesing, only daughter of Mr Ralph Keesing of Fern Bank, Park Road, Auckland, and Mr Myer Caselberg, until recently a wealthy resident of Masterton. Considerable interest was manifested in the nuptials and long before the time fixed for the ceremony the sacred building was crowded to excess with friends and interested spectators. The ceremony was fixed for 2 p.m., and precisely at that hour the bride arrived accompanied by her parents who gave her away. The ceremony was performed by the Rabbi, the Rev. Mr Goldstein. The service was fully choral, the unaccompanied solos being beautifully rendered by Mesdames Goldstein, Alexander, Sydney H. Nathan and others, under the conductorship of Mr Harry A. Keesing.

The bride looked lovely in a beautiful gown of rich white corded silk, which fitted perfectly. The bodice and front of the skirt were handsomely trimmed with lovely lace and trailing garlands of lilies of the valley. The long train was pleated on from the waist, and the sleeves were high and shirred. The costume was completed with a wreath of orange blossoms surmounted by a tulle veil, which fell in graceful folds over the train, and a lovely shower bouquet of choice flowers tied with ribbon. Her ornaments were a diamond brooch and diamond bangle, the gift of the bridegroom.

The bridesmaids were Miss Dora Benjamin, of Melbourne, and Miss Beryl Keesing, a tiny dot of about three, in a quaint Dutch costume of white China silk, the foot of the skirt edged with three tiny frills, cape of white embroidered chiffon and pretty hat of chiffon lace trimmed with lilies of the valley; her wee feet peeping out from under her skirt were encased in white slippers, and she also wore a necklace and bangle of pink coral set in gold, the gift of the bridegroom. This little bridesmaid was the admiration of all, and attracted almost as much attention as the bride. Miss Benjamin wore a dainty and stylish gown of soft cream material with cream silk stripes, and prettily trimmed with lace and gold and green embroidered galon, large cream hat trimmed with chiffon lace and lilies of the valley, and carried an exquisite shower bouquet of yellow flowers and red-brown leaves and grasses. She wore a beautiful pearl bangle, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr A. H. Nathan acted as best man, and Master Gordon Keesing as page in a pretty cream flannel suit with pale blue silk collar and cuffs, large sailor hat with pale blue ribbon. Mrs Keesing (the bride's mother) wore a handsome gown of rich wine-coloured mervilleux, bonnet to match relieved with a touch of salmon pink, handsome collar of lovely real lace, and carried a beautiful bouquet of white and pink heath tied with salmon pink ribbon; Mrs Harry A. Keesing was gowned in a beautiful greyish costume with a heliotrope shade, and trimmed with handsome iridescent bead ornaments, becoming white felt hat trimmed with grey, and carried a lovely basket of violets and white blossoms and ferns.

AMONGST the guests were Mrs Isidore Alexander, wearing a beautiful gown of drab colour trimmed with bands of sable, stylish felt hat to correspond trimmed with sable; Mrs Moss-Davis looked very handsome in black silk with vest of deep orange, small black bonnet with orange colour introduced; Mrs Herman-Brown wore a handsome gown of dark blue mervilleux with embossed pattern of dark wine velvet, large and jaunty felt hat trimmed with ostrich feathers; Mrs Goldstein wore a pretty black and crimson costume; Mrs S. H. Nathan looked well in a beautiful gown of rich wine coloured mervilleux, hat to correspond trimmed with feathers and a large bow at one side of shrimp pink ribbon; Mrs W. Coleman, wore a pretty grey gown and small hat of velvet. Mrs Baume and Mrs Myers both wore handsome costumes of dark silk and pretty little bonnets. Mrs Ehrenfried looked handsome in a lovely greyish-blue gown

trimmed with brocaded silk and small, dull, gold-coloured bonnet trimmed with ribbon to match her gown; Miss Moss-Davis looked very pretty in crimson costume and hat to match; Miss Nashelski also wore a pretty costume, but I have forgotten the colour, Miss Alexander was, I think, in brown; Mrs Cheeseman and her sister Miss Keesing, were in dark costumes, numerous others were present but their names have escaped my memory. A reception was subsequently held at the Grand Hotel which was attended by a very large number of invited guests. The newly-wedded couple left for Okoroire where the honeymoon will be spent, taking with them the congratulations and good wishes of numerous friends.

THE bride's and Mrs Keesing's dresses, and some very handsome *trousseau* gowns were made by Messrs Milne and Choyle, Queen-street. Amongst the *trousseau* costumes the following lovely dresses deserve notice:—A rich grey bengaline silk, grey hat trimmed with feathers to match; very handsome black silk daintily trimmed with jet and silk lace; a walking dress of the new wave effect in fawn, of a soft woollen material; travelling costume, navy serge, tailor, pretty feather hat to match; a very chic tea-gown in crimson cashmere, finished with lace and ribbon.

A VERY pretty wedding took place recently at St. Michael's Church (Christchurch), when Miss Ronalds was married to Mr R. W. Westera, of the Bank of New Zealand, in the presence of a large number of guests. The bride was beautifully dressed in white mervilleux with long train, a veil of silk net covering all, the bodice was trimmed with lovely lace and orange blossoms. There were four bridesmaids—two of them sisters of the bride, and Miss Atkinson and Miss Westera, who wore very pretty dresses of pale electric blue nun's veiling trimmed with chiffon and watered ribbons, hats to match, with gauze bows and wing turning up the side. Each wore a plain gold initial brooch (the gift of the bridegroom) and carried lovely bouquets.

MRS RONALDS looked very elegant in black velvet with yellow silk front covered with black lace, black and yellow bonnet; Mrs Westera, a dark heliotrope serge with floral design; Mrs Buller, navy serge with ruby velvet vest, bonnet to correspond; Mrs F. Wilson, handsome gown of black velvet and satin; Mrs Guthrie, slate coloured dress showing touches of red; Mrs Rouse, electric green, panel brocaded with white; Miss Rouse, pretty fawn dress; Mrs Tabart, black, black and crimson bonnet; Mrs A. Lyon, navy blue with gold vest; Mrs Nalder, ruby cashmere and velvet gown; the Misses Tabart, dark green tweeds; Miss Nalder, brown tweed; Miss Thomson, brown costume; Mrs Ticehurst, striped fawn and blue. The bride's travelling dress was of navy blue cloth, hat to match with orange wing. The happy pair left by the four train, and were despatched from the house with the usual shower of rice. Among the many handsome presents was a massive silver salver, from the officers of the bank to the bridegroom.

ANOTHER interesting wedding took place on the 29th of June at St. Mary's, Merivale, when Miss Edith Cox, daughter of Mr Alfred Cox, was married to Mr Robert Pinckney, of Temuka. Our dear old Bishop Harper performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. C. J. Merton. The service was full choral, the bride being a member of the choir. Mr C. F. Turner presided at the organ. The bride was given away by her father, her sister, Miss Eva Cox, attending as bridesmaid, the bridegroom's brother acting as best man. The bride, who looked very pretty, and the picture of happiness, wore her travelling dress of dark grey tweed, beautifully made and fitting to perfection, finished at the back with large bow and ends of rich grey moiré, felt hat trimmed to match with ribbon and wings, a lovely bridal bouquet tied with loops of white satin ribbon completed a very tasteful costume. The bridesmaid's dress was light grey tweed trimmed with satin of a paler shade, felt hat and feathers to match, and she had a lovely bouquet of violets and fern fronds.

THE bridal party was composed of almost all relations of the bride, Mrs Alfred Cox (the bride's mother) Miss Cox, Miss M. Cox, Mrs Barker, and Mrs Ross (sisters of the bride), Mrs Ernest Grey, the Misses Grey, Mrs Blakiston, Mr Cox, Bishop Harper, the Rev. and Mrs Merton, and a few others. A large number of friends filled the little church, and many good wishes were expressed for the future happiness of bride and bridegroom as they passed down the aisle, Miss Turner strewing the way with flowers. The party then drove to Mr Alfred Cox's residence, when in the evening, after the departure of the bridal pair, the remaining guests attended the opera.

A WEDDING at Woodlands (Otago), took place between Miss Marie Anna, second daughter of Mr J. G. Gohl, and Mr Mark Dumbleton. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. H. Kelly at the home of the bride's parents, in the presence of thirty or forty guests, the majority of whom were related to the bride. After the health of the happy couple had been drunk, and suitably responded to, amid a shower of rice the newly wedded pair left by the northern express.

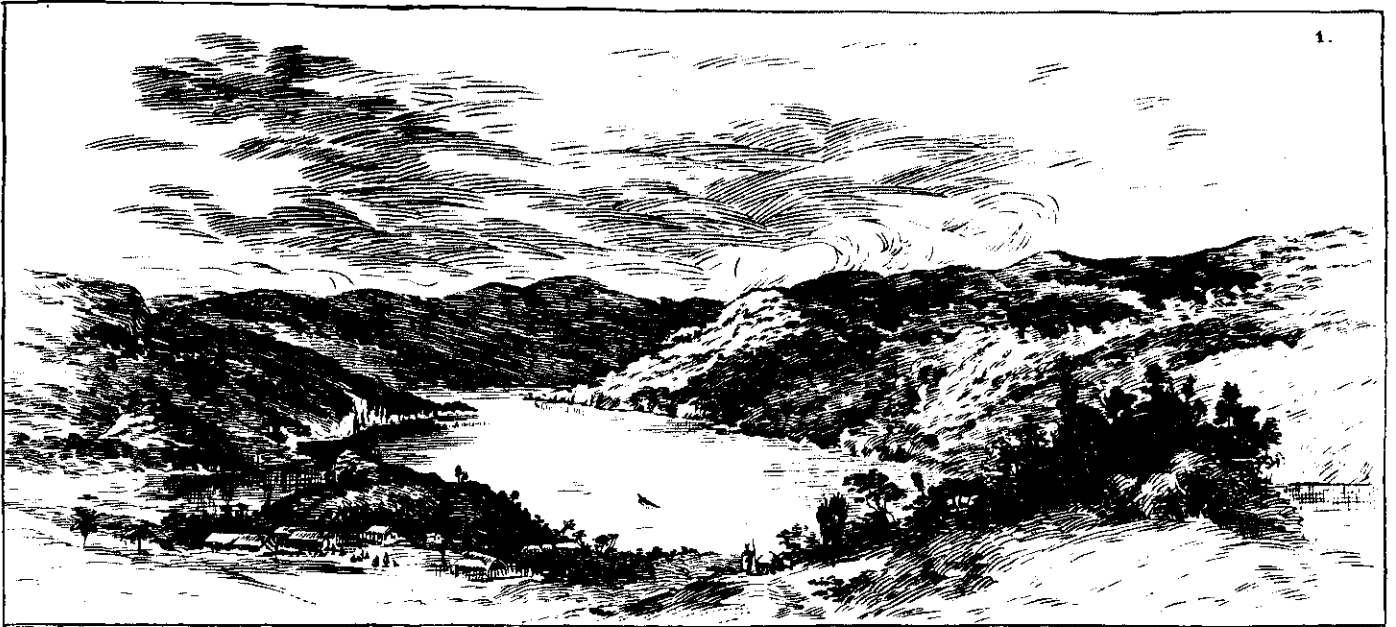


AT Nelson: Mrs Thornton has returned, and looks remarkably well in a cinnamon cloth gown made with the umbrella skirt, small bonnet to match with scarlet poppies; Mrs J. Sharp is also back again, wearing dark blue serge, with loose jacket and tight-fitting waistcoat, brown felt hat; Mrs Percy Adams was much admired in town the other day wearing a dark heliotrope gown of rough cloth, with long three-quarter cloak of the same material, bonnet of velvet to match; Miss Huddleston is wearing a dark blue striped serge with loose waistcoat of creamy serge, skirt made in the umbrella style, small black hat; Miss Broad, blue serge with fawn corduroy waistcoat and cuffs, fawn felt hat with birds; Miss Gribben looks well in fawn tweed with brown velvet vest, chic hat of brown velvet and wings.—At Auckland: Mrs H. Niccol looked stylish in a becoming crimson gown and hat to correspond; Miss Benjamin (Melbourne), wears a very stylish rough tweed check gown and stylish hat trimmed with velvet; Mrs Choyce was in town the other day a pretty dark tweed gown, lovely plus jacket three-quarter length, and pretty little bonnet; Miss F. Binney, looks pretty in a perfectly-fitting navy tweed gown, and becoming hat to match; Miss Heeketh, Remuera, wears a very becoming navy blue costume, hat to match; her young sister looks nice in a pretty nylite green cloth dress, with tulle cape to match faced with fawn silk, green felt hat trimmed with ribbon; Miss Worsp, Remuera, looks nice in a very serge dress and jacket, and navy sailor hat; Mrs Cottle (Remuera), is wearing a stylish green cashmere skirt, sealskin jacket, and brown bonnet with pretty red feathers; Miss Bursill, a stylish gown of terra cotta; Mrs Duthie, a striking black and white plaid.—Mrs Robert Wilson (Dunedin) gave a large tea for young ladies several of whom sang—Miss Fincher, Miss Tottie Stephenson, Miss G. Gies, Miss Guthrie, and Miss Barnatt. Among those present were the Misses Sides, Moody, and Guthrie.—At Mr Snazelle's charming entertainment in the City Hall (Auckland), I noticed amongst the ladies in the dress-circle Miss Battley with her fiancée Dr. Lawry, Mrs W. J. Ralph, Miss Rita Toke, Miss Reed, Mrs Harry Johnston, Mrs and Miss Macindoe, Misses Whitelaw, Mrs (Dr.) Hooper, Misses Stevenson, Mrs Blair and others, whose names are at present forgotten. The City Hall is dreadfully cold and cheerless, and therefore everybody appeared to have donned their thickest and warmest gowns, and wraps.

DRESSES AT THE MIKADO SOCIAL, AUCKLAND.
Mrs Morrison, cream; Mrs Laurie, pretty black and cardinal costume; Mrs Brown, black silk; Mrs Fox, cream; Miss Fenton, black silk, jet trimmings; Miss Hewson, black lace, old gold trimmings; Miss Fitz, black lace, white ribbons; Miss Tomlinson, cream Russian net, cardinal poppies; Miss Thompson, white Liberty hat; Miss Dring, pale pink green gown, Watteau train; Miss Lynch looked well in black lace and jet trimmings; Miss Quinn, white net; Miss O'Sullivan, old gold Liberty silk, trained; Miss Browne, white brocaded silk prettily trimmed with moss green velvet; Miss Moran, cream brocaded silk softly trimmed with lace (very effective); Miss Hogan, cream nun's veiling stylishly trimmed with old gold; Miss A. Ryan, rich gown of mervilleux silk; Miss M. Ryan, pale blue; Miss Rhodes, red Russian net; Miss Dickie, pale pink; Miss Garrett, cream nun's veiling; Miss Mackey, white, pretty cardinal cloak; Miss M. Mackey, cardinal Liberty silk; Miss A. Mackey, pale blue nun's veiling; Miss White, black lace; Miss Williamson, cream; Miss G. Lorrigan, pale blue; Miss Coleta Lorrigan, white net; Miss Kilgour, pale pink tulle; Miss Richards, black lace; Miss Wadworth, cream; Miss Nolan, cream Russian net; Miss Norton, pale blue; Miss Lawson, black velvet prettily trimmed with old gold; Miss Montgomery, cream Liberty silk; Miss Turk, black velvet; Miss Heslop, black lace; Miss Judd, white with swansdown trimmings; Miss Killian, black lace; Miss Sparrow, black evening dress; Miss Martin, pale blue Liberty silk.

CITY HALL.
Proprietor H. N. ABBOTT.
SNAZELLE.
"Food for the eye, the ear, and the mind."
SECOND WEEK
AND
CONTINUED SUCCESS OF
MUSIC, SONG AND STORY,
Pictorially Illustrated.
The "Auckland Star."—"The entertainment is a sermon, a poem, a sweet consolation, a delight to the eye and ear, most refining, educating, and amusing. It is like the calm of a summer twilight, and "absolutely above criticism."
Working Men come in your thousands, and bring your Wives and Families. This is the Entertainment for them.
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LAST GRAND
ILLUMINATED MATINEE AT 3. Special Programme.
Matinee Prices—2s, and 1s. Children half-price.
Business Representative, MR ROBERT GOURLAY.

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The most moderate first-class Hotel in Australasia.
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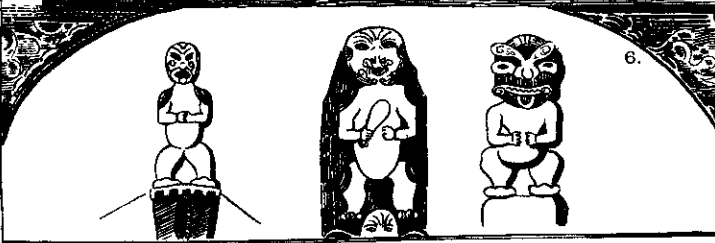
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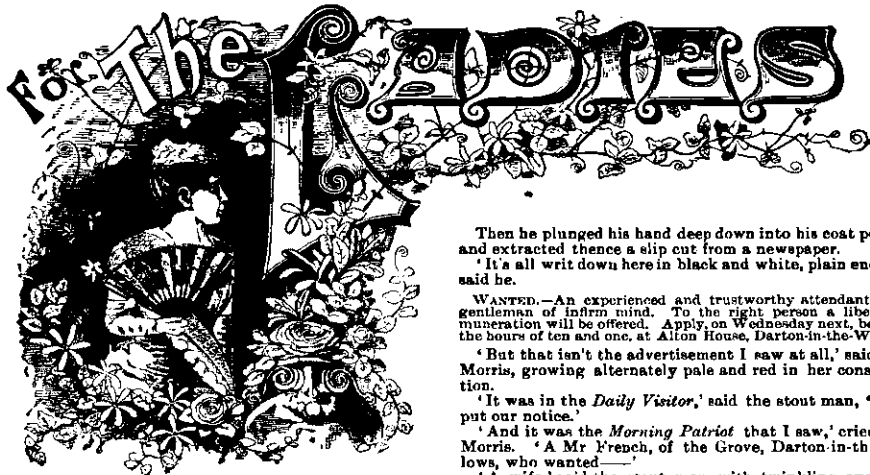
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TYPICAL NEW ZEALAND SCENES.
VIEWS IN TARANAKI.

1. MOKAU RIVER, NORTH OF NEW PLYMOUTH. 2. SKETCH, NORTH OF NEW PLYMOUTH. 3. WAITARA RIVER, NORTH BANK.
4. WAITARA RIVER, MOUNT EGMONT IN THE DISTANCE. 5. MAORI VILLAGE, WAITARA RIVER. 6. MAORI CARVINGS.



ALL A MISTAKE.

BY MATTIE MAY.

FDARE say all my relations will think it very silly of me, said Miss Morris. 'But I really think I am quite old and experienced enough to manage these affairs for myself.'

Miss Marian Morris (generally known as 'Mally' by her friends and acquaintances) was sitting on a hard chair in the coffee-room of the little country inn at Darton-in-the-Willows. The omnibus had been in for an hour, at least, and Miss Morris was tired of waiting. Presently the landlady asked her if she would dine. 'I don't expect to be here to dinner,' said Miss Morris with dignity.

'Oh!' said the landlady. 'My friends will doubtless be here to meet me in a very few minutes,' explained the lady, glancing at the clock. 'Ah!' said the landlady.

But this was where Miss Morris had entrenched somewhat on the strict truth. She had no friends at Darton-in-the-Willows. She had come there—under our breath it is spoken—with the desperate resolve to answer a matrimonial advertisement.

She had seen it in the paper, and she had, so to speak, taken her fate into her own hands, and come boldly to the out-of-the-way village.

But now, as the moments sped by, she was beginning to wax secretly uneasy.

But, just as she was making herself thoroughly uncomfortable, there came a tap, tap at the door, and in walked a stout, short man with a red necktie and a countenance to match!

'Lady from London?' said this personage, without the least embarrassment.

Miss Morris rose with dignity.

'Yes, sir,' said she.

He was not exactly aristocratic looking. There was no mistake about that.

But Miss Morris betought herself of the old proverb about the deceitfulness of appearances, and plucked up spirit.

'You saw the advertisement, I suppose?' said the stout man.

'I did, sir,' she replied.

'Think you'll suit?' questioned the stout man.

'Sir!' said Miss Morris.

'Because he's a little peculiar,' explained the man, 'and it ain't everybody meets his views, you see.'

'Oh!' said Miss Morris, a light breaking upon her darkness, 'then you are not the party himself?'

'Oh, no,' said the stout man—'no; I'm the business man. I settle everything for him.'

'I should prefer negotiating with principals,' said Miss Morris, drawing herself up.

'It's the usual way we does it,' remarked her interlocutor.

'The usual way?' repeated Miss Morris, more puzzled than ever. 'May I ask how often the—gentleman has been married before?'

'Never been married in his life,' said the stout man.

'Circumstances was against it, you see.'

'Oh!' said Miss Morris.

'He ain't hard to manage,' said the stout man. 'Them as he takes a fancy to can do most anything with him. Did you bring any references?'

'References?' she echoed.

'Ever had any experience?' he went on.

'Sir!' said Miss Morris, 'I really don't quite understand—'

'Your age seems quite suitable,' said the man. 'I calculate you're about forty, ain't you? We couldn't give you many holidays nor Sundays out, but for a good, regular, steady place—'

'Stop,' cried Miss Morris, 'do stop! I don't at all know what you're talking about. Holidays—Sundays out! I'd have you to know that I'm no housemaid looking for a place. And as for being forty years old, my appearance must be very deceptive if you take me for anywhere near that age. I am only six-and-thirty.'

'Three or four years one way or the other don't make much difference,' remarked the stout man with the bristly hair. 'Our last was sixty, and she had a pretty tidy notion of her business, too, only—'

'I thought I understood you to say that the gentleman had never been married,' said Miss Morris.

'No more he has,' said the man. 'I ain't talking about wives. I'm talking about nurses.'

'What!' cried Miss Morris.

The stout man looked hard at her for a minute or two.

Then he plunged his hand deep down into his coat pocket, and extracted thence a slip cut from a newspaper.

'It's all writ down here in black and white, plain enough,' said he.

WANTED.—An experienced and trustworthy attendant for a gentleman of infirm mind. To the right person a liberal remuneration will be offered. Apply on Wednesday next, between the hours of ten and one, at Action House, Darton-in-the-Willows.

'But that isn't the advertisement I saw at all,' said Miss Morris, growing alternately pale and red in her consternation.

'It was in the *Daily Visitor*,' said the stout man, 'as we put our notice.'

'And it was the *Morning Patriot* that I saw,' cried Miss Morris. 'A Mr French, of the Grove, Darton-in-the-Willows, who wanted—'

'A wife,' said the stout man, with twinkling eyes. 'I thought so! I seen his carriage go by half an hour ago with a pretty little black-eyed woman in cherry-coloured ribbons and—'

'And Rob Roy check dress?' almost screamed Miss Morris. 'And a black parasol lined with scarlet?'

'Some sort of a rig of that description,' said the stout man.

'The bold, pert, unfeminine thing!' said Miss Morris, vehemently fanning herself. 'She's the very one that came down in the 'bus with me!'

'She's got the clear start of you, it seems,' said the stout man, as he rose up and looked around for his hat. 'Well, if you don't like the idea of my situation—'

'I decline it, most certainly,' said Miss Morris, precipitately. 'Landlady!'

'It would not be such a bad idea,' coaxed the stout man, 'if—'

'Landlady!' repeated Miss Morris, more energetically than ever; and the stout man went out, thrusting his hands in his pockets as he did so.

The landlady bustled in.

'A carriage, please, to the station,' said Miss Morris.

'Won't you wait for the omnibus, ma'am?' said the landlady. 'It won't stay here, another five minutes for all the gold of Golconda,' said Miss Morris.

So the only trap of the establishment was prepared, and Miss Morris, shedding secret tears of vexation and disappointment behind her veil, went back to town.

And when her nephews and nieces asked about her sudden journey to Darton-in-the-Willows, she told them that she had been to look for summer lodgings.

'And weren't you suited, auntie, dear?' said the youngest and prettiest of the nieces, who had seen the *Morning Patriot*, with the printed slip missing from the list of advertisements, and could put two and two together as well as anyone.

And Miss Morris answered sharply that she was not suited at all.

SOMETHING ABOUT PINEAPPLES.

EVERYONE likes the luscious juicy fruit that seems fairly to taste of tropical suns and perfumed breezes, but few people appear to know just how it grows, and whether the 'pines' ripen above or under the ground. Intelligent people in many respects will express the queerest possible ideas in regard to pineapples; and some friends who were eating the amber fruit, that had been detached from the core with a silver fork, made some strange guesses as to its home and habits.

One young gentleman wondered that so dainty and delicious a fruit should grow underground, and his neighbour supposed that the little bunch of grayish thorny leaves at the top was the part that appeared above ground. A young lady on the other side always thought that pineapples grew on trees, and a practical person did not fancy the idea of being knocked on the head or eye or nose by a falling pineapple. Some one else had never thought *how* the fruit grew; and it was only when a guest appeared who had seen it growing in the West Indies, its native soil, as well as in the private hot-houses or 'pineries' of England, that the dense fog which had enveloped the subject was dispersed.

The pineapple, it seems, flourishes only in a warm, moist climate, where it is found growing wild; but in this state the fruit is coarse, stringy, and sour, a very poor relation indeed of its elegant, cultivated cousin. The apple is learnedly described as 'a Sorosis formed by the calyxes and bracts of a clove spike of flowers becoming succulent and combined. A number of long, serrated, sharp-pointed, rigid leaves spring from the root, in the midst of which a short flower stem is thrown up bearing a single spike of flowers, and therefore a single fruit. From the top of the fruit springs a crown or tuft of small leaves capable of becoming a new plant, and generally used by gardeners for that purpose.'

This fully explains the style of growth; but it is not an easy thing to raise pineapples, and some climates do not suit them at all. They were taken to England in the sixteenth century, and planted in the hot-houses of those who could afford to cultivate expensive dainties; and although they first appeared in Holland, where foreign plants are almost sure to flourish, England has carried off the palm with its pineries. First, the fruit was raised in pots of tan-bark, and took three years to reach perfection; but now it is planted in beds of rich sandy loam, and is ready for use in fifteen months. These English 'pines' are much better than the West Indian fruit, which never had such cultivation until late years, and they can often be eaten from the core with a spoon.

The fibres of the leaf and stem of the pineapple plant are very strong, being used for fishing lines, cordage, etc. When bleached it can be spun like flax, and a very sheer

and beautiful fabric, which resembles fine white muslin, is made from it. In the Philippine Islands this is called *Pina muslin Batiste d'ananas*—'Ananas' being the botanical name of the plant.

USEFUL NOTES.

THE ART OF PRESERVING THE VOICE.

WHO has not heard of Sims Reeves? And who, that has heard the great English tenor sing 'Jane, O Jane,' my pretty Jane, can ever forget the matchless brilliancy of his song, his sweet delicious voice, entrancing in its rich melody?

He is now nearly seventy years of age, and since 1839 has been singing almost constantly, and yet to-day his voice, while of course not so powerful and sweet as twenty-five years ago, is still remarkable, for Mr Reeves has devoted much of his time to preserving it. He has been heard in all the cities and hamlets of Great Britain, and in his younger days he sang in grand Italian opera at La Scala, in Milan. He has charmed millions upon millions of people with his song, and the announcement, even in these days, that he is to sing is sufficient to crowd any hall in London. He has received the full measure of reward. Mazzucato was his teacher, and Rubini, the great, his friend. He was always given a cosy corner in the Garrick Club, and he was on the most intimate terms with Thackeray and others who haunted the smoking-room of the Club in the old days.

Now Mr Reeves is resting quietly. He is no longer a club man. He is living a quiet life just outside of London, in a comfortable old brick house with green lawns about it. There he sits and his friends visit him, and there he never tires of talking about music. For years he has stood firmly by his opinion that to sing with a sore throat is unfair to the composer and the public, and destructive to the singer. In appearance, Mr Reeves is a square-shouldered, thick-set man, with gray hair and twinkling eyes.

He has told the story more than once, how he has preserved his voice, and yet the story is worth repeating.

It is entirely to the advice of Mazzucato that he attributes it. 'The method may be explained in a few words,' says Mr Reeves. 'When I took my boy over to study under him, he said exactly the same thing he said to me long ago: "We must keep the voice in the middle." This is the secret of really fine tone, of the faculty of singing cantabile passages with effect, and of making a *coup* on a high note when it is wanted. Nothing is more destructive than perpetual exercise of the upper register. In singing a song written high, the voice becomes wearied before the *coup* is attempted, and recourse must be had to the horrible *vibrato*—the note never being clearly sung out at all. It is all very well to talk glibly of the *do di petto*. Duprez had it—a true genuine note, very unlike the *vibrato* effects of our day.

'The voice should never be forced beyond its legitimate compass. I do not say that efforts should not be used to produce an occasional high note, but it is the systematic straining upwards that is so objectionable. Various causes have contributed to bring about this unfortunate fashion, so destructive of the important middle part of the voice. Since the days of Handel the tendency of pitch has been persistently upwards, especially in England. Between Handel's time and the year 1818, when a kind of opposition was made to the perpetual elevation of pitch, it had gone up half a tone, and since then has been raised half a tone more. The effect of this is obvious. When a singer is called upon to produce the A in say, "Sound an alarm," he actually produces the note which in Handel's time would have been exactly B, a strain on the singer compensated by no adequate improvement in the effect, at least, of the vocal part. Instrumentalists and makers of musical instruments have favoured this sharpening of the pitch, because it lends brilliancy to their work, but it is terribly severe upon the singer. High notes and full scoring produce a certain effect—call it electrical, call it contagious, as you like, but an effect undoubtedly. Of all men the tenor is expected to make great efforts. He does so, and the wrecked voices of the last twenty-five years tell at what cost.'

FOSTER COATES.

MEDICAL RECIPES.

WHEN lanoline and vaseline are both applied as specifics for baldness doesn't it rather reflect on their use as face cosmetics?

A German prescription for preventing cold sores and boils from coming to a head is to paint them five to ten times daily with equal parts of boracic acid and water.

A noted surgeon treats large carbuncles without using the knife in any way by covering the swelling with bicarbonate of soda, moist, with a bandage. In a few days the surface is found in a state of suppuration, when a poultice and soothing ointment effect a cure. It strikes me that as soda heals burns and carbuncles it must be effective in pimples of the face and arms, and a paste of raw egg beaten up with a tab'spoonful of baking soda would be a good dressing over night. It should be applied only to the pustules, not spread over the skin.

Dr. William Murrell, of the Westminster Hospital, London, recommends various forms of incense as useful in relieving chronic bronchitis, and as this is pleasant treatment for all his recipe for incense is appended:—Syrax, 5 drachms; benzoin, 3 ounces; Sumbul or jatamansi, 1 drachm; frankincense, 5 drachms. This will be found richer than any of the pastilles usually sold.

THE WOMAN WHO LAUGHS.

FOR a good, everyday household angel give us a woman who laughs. Her biscuit may not always be just right, and she may occasionally burn her bread and forget to replace dislocated buttons; but for solid comfort all day and every day she is a paragon. Home is not a battle-field, nor life a long unending row. The trick of always seeing the bright side, or if the matter has no bright side of shining up the dark side, is a very important faculty; one of the things no woman should be without. We are not all born with the sunshine in our hearts, as the Irish prettily phrase it, but we can cultivate a cheerful sense of humour if we only try.

QUERIES.

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

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

QUERIES.

CHICKEN ENTREE.—Can you give me a recipe for a souflé made of chicken, which could be served as an entree, and oblige—MRG.

APPLE CHEESECAKES.—I should be so much obliged for a recipe for these if you have one.—BUSY BEE.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

'Ma Belle.'—Pears filled with cream is a very pretty dish. This is how it is made. Peel the pears, lay them in a stewpan with sufficient cold water to cover, some sugar, stick of cinnamon, a little thinly pared lemon rind, a clove or two, and a few drops of carmine; simmer them gently till tender, remove them carefully, and allow the syrup to reduce a little. When the pears are cold, stamp out their centres with a corer, and fill the cavities with whipped cream, flavoured with vanilla. Place them on a dish and pour the syrup round them.

RICÉ CAKE (Ellen F.).—½lb flour, ½ teaspoonful essence of lemon, ½lb ground rice, ½lb sugar, half teaspoonful of milk, ½lb butter, half teaspoonful of baking powder, 2 eggs. This is an exceedingly good white cake, and will be very much liked. Put the butter and sugar into a slightly warm basin, and use a wooden spoon to beat them into a white cream, then add the yolks of the eggs one by one, beating well as each goes in; then the milk, mix it also well, then the whites of the eggs beaten up stiffly; last of all the flour, ground rice, baking powder, and essence; mix them thoroughly, and put them into a well-greased cake pan, and dust it over with flour and bake till it is ready.

RECIPES.

A DAINY LITTLE DINNER MENU.

Julienne Soup.	Veal Cutlets.
Roast Fowl.	Curried Eggs.
Tipsey Cake.	Apple Tart.
Pineapple.	Bananas.

MOST of these dishes will be familiar to all our readers. There is no savoury given after the sweets, for a great authority on cooking says that savouries at the end of dinner are a relic of barbarism. 'Do you want,' he says, 'a cayenne peppered tongue to acquire a greater gusto for the pineapple, etc., of the dessert?'

This is his recipe for Julienne Soup: Clean a carrot, a turnip, an onion, a leek, and a head of celery; wash them thoroughly, cut the carrots in thin slices, cut them again across into small thin strips; if the carrots are old, peel off only the parts that are red, slice all your vegetables equally, put three ounces of butter into a stewpan; when it is melted put in the onion and fry for four minutes; add the remainder of your vegetables and pass them quickly with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, keep continually tossing them so that they shall not catch. When they are beginning to look somewhat dry, add a quart of clarified consommé, let it boil gently at the corner of the fire for twenty minutes and be very careful to skim it well. A greasy Julienne is destruction; only the vegetables must be fried, or rather browned, in the butter, else your soup will not be a Julienne at all. Some cooks add sorrel leaves and cabbage lettuce, and a little picked chervil, cut small; but in my mind these additions make a highly artistic soup a rude mess of potage. Serve it—as indeed you should serve all soups, and all warm dishes—as hot as ever you possibly can. 'Servez chaud,' dish up hot, should be written up in large red letters on the wall over the hot-table in every well-conducted kitchen.

Veal cutlets should be cut from the neck in the same shape as mutton cutlets—as many cutlets as there are guests; but let them be very small. They must be prettily larded on one side like a sweetbread; braise them—don't fry them—in the same manner until quite tender; glaze lightly and salamander to the colour of old gold. Have ready boiled a pint of green peas (young ones if you can afford them, but peas are capitally preserved now-a-days), put them in a stewpan with two parts of butter, a little salt, and, if your guests are accustomed to Continental cookery, a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. When boiling, finish with a liaison of one yolk of egg mixed with a tablespoonful of cream; pour into the dish, and dress the cutlets in an oval ring. You may have a little mould of mashed potatoes, if you like, in the middle. These tasty cutlets, braised and larded, may be served quite as advantageously with sauce à la Jardinière, with turnips, browned, with asparagus tips, with cucumbers, or with tomatoes.

BETTER.

BETTER to smile while we live than frown,
Better to love than to gain renown.

Better to comfort some aching heart
Than to do in battle a warrior's part.

Better some narrow path to tread
Than a highway ending in shame and shred.
MOSES GAGE SHIRLEY.

WHAT WOMEN MAY DO.

UNDER this heading Miss Jessie Weston, who it will be remembered, is a Colonial, contributes an article to the new paper *Woman*. The subject is 'The Colonial Lady-Help,' and we give Miss Weston's ideas in full, though by no means agreeing with all of her statements. Miss Weston says:—'Generally speaking, the lady-help in Australasia is an importation from Great Britain and it is only within the last decade or so that she has been received into public favour. The colonial girl is rarely a lady help; she is either a servant proper, or else she earns her living at a trade or in the teaching profession. The lady-help is only possible in well-established countries, where class distinctions are a reality, and not in the colonies, where society is in a delightful state of topsy-turvydom, and a landed aristocracy unknown. But having been accepted as a factor in the labour world, she is becoming as popular as she is in England, and every year sees a larger number of refined, educated, independent women emigrating to the lands beyond the ocean. As in these islands, the lady-help cannot command the salary of a good cook. From £20 to £30 a year is considered fair remuneration; and, although the figures may in certain cases be higher, they are never lower, even with the most incompetent. Women are scarce enough to be able to hold their ground against the demands of selfish employers, and to be in such request that labour values have not yet fallen a single point.'

'It has been argued that clothing is much dearer in Sydney and Melbourne than in London, and that, therefore, £25 a year in Australia is only equal to £15 in England. It is very much to be doubted if the difference can be proved anything like so great. At all events, as woman does not live by clothes alone, she will find ample compensation for high-priced dress goods and ribbons in the more favourable features of colonial social life. Again, clothes last longer in the equable climate of Australasia than in the moist, changeable weather of Great Britain; and as there are only two seasons in the year—a mild winter and a warm summer—prints and muslins can be worn six months out of the twelve. It has also been said that a lady-help may engage herself to the head of a household, who is both vulgar and ignorant, and whose petty spite at the superiority of the stranger vents itself in a hundred vexatious ways. Such a chance has occurred, and will occur over and over again, as long as the worship of Mammon and the world lasts. But are there no coarse, underbred mistresses in this teeming, marvellous London? We fancy the sad-faced, weary wage-earner could tell another story. As a matter of fact, the proportion of narrow, prejudiced vulgarities is much smaller in new countries than in older communities, where there are fewer opportunities of rubbing off the angularities of custom and tradition. Then, it is easier for the Colonial lady-help to give notice, and to find a position with happier conditions, than it is for her sister in the crowded centres of densely-populated Europe. It is but human nature, also, for an employer to act more circumspectly when she knows the difficulty of replacing an assistant, than one who is quite aware that she can readily have her choice of fifty or a hundred applicants only too glad to accept her terms.'

'In Australasia the rich never employ the lady-help. As a rule, mothers with large families and limited incomes, childless couples of comfortable means, and the wives of squatters and farmers, who can hardly be described as among the wealthy, find her services indispensable, and, taking everything into consideration, she is treated well. In all cases she is required to have a thorough knowledge of sewing and light housework, some acquaintance with the art of dressmaking, and in some instances she is asked to teach young children. It must be remembered, however, that existence at the Antipodes is very different from existence in the Old World. A woman must be resourceful, equal to emergencies, not above attending to the out-of-the-way details of a home, and to be able, at a pinch, to undertake some of Mary Jane's work when she goes away in a huff, because she has been reproved, or has been refused Bank Holiday. She may have to nail a loose plank in the fence, or bake a batch of bread, or drive a buggy, or saddle a horse, and do things she would never dream of doing at home. But if she is young, she soon accommodates herself to new circumstances, and enjoys the freedom and unconventionality of Colonial life as much as the native-born.'

'As I have said, the demand for lady-helps of an active, useful type is growing, and, for some time to come, the ranks are likely to be recruited from abroad. The Australasian has been smitten with the craze for higher education, and so badly that she crowds to the cities, and scorns the pleasures of the country beyond all else. Nothing but the town will entice her ideas of the fitness of things, and, in consequence, statesmen, driven to despair, have been led to assist the emigration of England's daughters to stem the tide. A bright, sensible girl, who is willing to be pleasant and useful, can simply carry all before her in a quiet country place, and she will not be long in any colony without discovering it is a certain passport to popularity and respect to be of British birth and training. Only let the intending emigrant decide to go to the country—to a station, to a farm, or to any position whatever away from the towns, and she will find the wisdom of the advice before she is six months from home. For it is in opportunity that the colonial lady-help has the advantage of the army of women employed in the United States and England. In the first place, Australasia rejoices in a surplus male population of three hundred thousand, who are to be found, not in such cities as Sydney and Melbourne, or Auckland and Dunedin, but scattered over the 'back country.' Whatever may be said by advanced suffragists, the natural destiny of the sex is marriage, and so much the worse for the world when the majority think otherwise. Class distinctions being so slight, and the life of even the wealthiest, simple as compared with the rich elsewhere, governesses, companion, housekeepers, and lady-helps have often married extremely well, whereas, had they not migrated they might have remained single until the end, or have been united to some poor struggling clerk or journalist. Then, supposing a woman is of a saving turn, she can invest her money and receive not less than four per cent. interest, or she can buy small lots in some distant part, which may in a few years rise to more than twice the value she paid for them. Or she may wish to become the owner of a fruit farm, a bee farm, or a chicken farm, and wisely learn all the details necessary to success before she ventures her capital. There is no congested labour market, little of the frightful competition of Euro-

pean and American cities, and a country of boundless possibilities and resources.

'With determination and brains a woman is bound to succeed in whatever she undertakes. Her mother and grandmother have done it in the past with half her advantages, and yet she seems more timorous and less enterprising than they. To wait until there is a school for the study of horticulture, or until there is a class formed for the study of the principles of this or that occupation, or until there is an organisation for promoting this or that industry, is to wait until doomsday. Individual effort alone will raise the sex in the eyes of the world, and once let a girl make a start and she will find men everywhere in the colonies ready to help her to independence. With a definite aim, accurate information, good sense, and courage, there is nothing a woman may not accomplish. She may begin as a lady-help and end as the wife of some squatter or merchant millionaire, as hundreds have done in earlier days.'

DOROTHY'S WEDDING GIFTS.

WHEN, one summer day in 1790, it was told in the village of Farnlake that Dorothy Vane was going to be married to James Hogue, all of her friends set to work to prepare her a present. Everyone was fond of good little Dorothy, and wished to show love for her. Moreover, the whole village knew that the young people were poor, and hence the gifts were meant to be useful to them in their beginning of married life.

Dorothy's mother gave her a dozen coarse linen sheets of her own weaving; her brother brought two sheep which he had raised especially for her; the old carpenter next door made her a table and a wooden bowl for kneading dough; one farmer's wife knitted her a shawl, another mittens; a third wove her a fine tablecloth to be used only on grand occasions.

Dorothy was very happy in her new treasures. Not only would each one of them make her married life more comfortable and pleasant, but each spoke to her of long hours of patient labour for her sake, and of the deep, tender affection which she had won. She turned them over with a throbbing heart and wet eyes. As long as she lived her 'wedding gifts' were kept and regarded with a sacred reverence.

Now, in 1892, Dorothy Hogue, a great-grandchild of this little bride, is preparing for her marriage. Farnlake is now a large city; the Hogues live in an immense new mansion upon the site of the old farmhouse which was the home of their ancestors.

Dorothy is going to marry a man who has a great fortune, and she is said to have in her own right nearly as much as he. During the two weeks preceding her marriage hundreds of wedding gifts pour into the house. She and her sisters scan them with sharp criticisms and sarcastic comments.

'A silver coffee set from the Smiths? Yes, it's very pretty,' is the comment. 'Smith needs papa's backing in the bank. That explains his generosity. The pearl pendant is from Mrs. Johns. Now I call that mean! Three of those Johns girls have had wedding gifts from us, each one worth this pearl thing. These silver sets I'll change for glass. One can't have too much of that. Here are six grape scissors, and every one marked so that I cannot change them, or even give them away. How stupid! Helie Boyd set aside all the trusly part of her gifts to send as wedding presents!' exclaimed Dorothy. 'She cleared hundreds by that little game.'

There is not a touch of feeling or sentiment for any of the costly offerings. Even her father's gift, a dwelling splendidly furnished, has been the subject of sharp dispute between him and his daughter.

The custom, like many others, has lost its first high, tender significance, and degenerated into an opportunity for display and barter and sale. A man or woman who means to keep life simple and true will thrust all such heartless observances out of it.

Better the bride should go to the altar without a single gift than loaded with tokens of sordid calculation and sham goodwill.

When the soul has died out of a custom, let it be buried out of sight. Like all other dead things, it has become an offence.

AFTERNOON TEA.

FEW people are aware that this was introduced by a Mrs Elizabeth Montague, who lived in her beautiful residence, Montague House, Portman Square, London, until her death, 1801. She had what was called a 'Blue Stocking' coterie, and being highly accomplished and, for her day, very well educated, was a great favourite with clever people. One of her rooms was hung entirely with feathers, and Mrs Montague had a dress worked in feathers to match her apartment. But the moths invaded the place to such an extent that the feathers had to be abolished. Whether it was in this room or not that the afternoon teas were held I do not know. It was long before they became the custom in general society.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SUMMER.

As imperceptibly as grief
The summer lapsed away,
Too imperceptible at last
To feel like poetry.

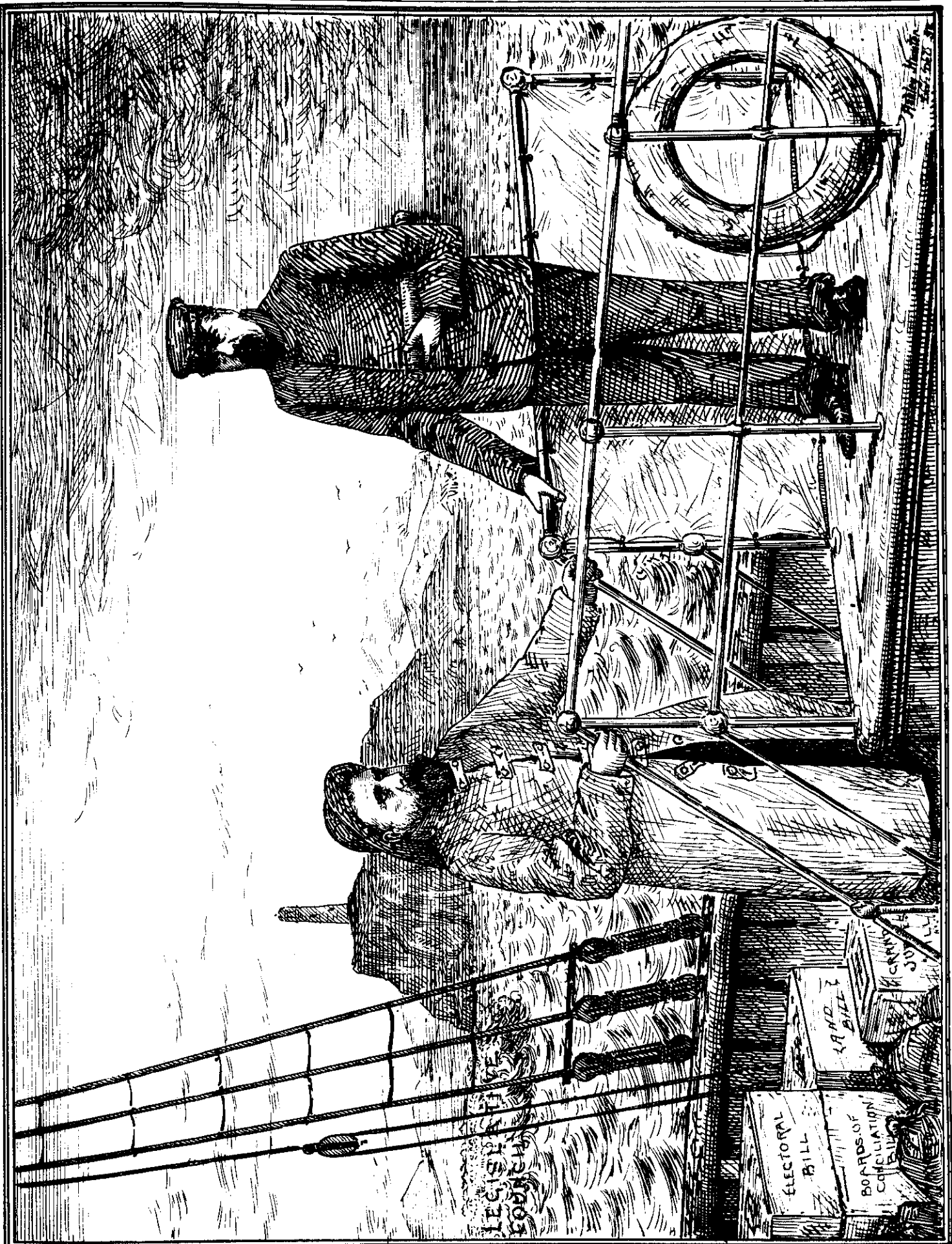
A quietness distilled,
As twilight long begun,
Or Nature spending with herself
Sequestered afternoon.

The dusk drew earlier in,
The morning foreign shone,
A courteous yet harrowing grace
As guest that would be gone.

And thus without a wing,
(Or service of a keel,
Our summer made her light escape
Into the Beautiful.



LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.—THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN FURS.—See page 700.



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

(SEE FASHION PLATE PAGE 688.)

THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN FURS.

Few articles of women's attire are so becoming as fur and lace. Just now most of our *belles dames* are wrapped in cosy fur of some description or other. My London correspondent has sent me designs for the most fashionable English styles. The first sketch is a three-quarter length in bare seal fur. The fur is beautifully marked and shaded, and proves very light, soft, and warm in wear. Gloves with cuffs to match the jacket are held in the hand. The hat is of silk, a buckle holding two ostrich tips in place.

The second sketch is a cosy circular cape in sable, slightly fitting the figure, and furred into a yoke. High collar. Togue in seal, with sable tails.

The third sketch is a very handsome long coat in the finest seal, with Cavalier cape from the shoulder. Cuffs, high collar, and trimming of very fine rich wolverine. Cavalier hat, having a seal brim and velvet crown, with ostrich feather tips.

The fourth sketch represents the new bon, which is very fascinating and unique. It is made of the skin of a sable, complete with head and legs. It is fastened with a loop of elastic slipped over the head.



NINON DE L'ENCLOS.

This is a magnificent dress worn as *Ninon de l'Enclos* in *Le Lion Billec*. It is made in the Louis XIV. style in white *soie broché*, with big chestnut leaves, an open collar in white lace, as well as the short-sleeve borders, bust and plastron apron in white brocade separated from the remainder by double rows of white pearls, with white pearl designs in the *entre-deux*, as designed, and black velvet knots. The Louis XIV. style of hairdressing trimmed with white pearls is particularly becoming.

My correspondent, 'Heloise,' has sent me a long letter about the fashions now prevailing at Home. It is, perhaps, a little early for New Zealand, but it will be a guide to those sensible people who take time by the forelock in ordering and arranging their wardrobes. The first few remarks I entirely dissent from. 'Heloise' says: 'As we cannot, alas! like you, boast of any natural beauty (the climate having ruined our complexions) much time and attention is given to the absorbing question of dress.' As a matter of fact, no girl anywhere possesses the same clear complexion, elastic step, and good deportment as an English country girl. Of course, the belles of a London season do look frightfully washed out long ere their campaign is over; and perhaps our girls whose dissipation does not extend from eve to morn, and again from morn to eve, have this advantage over their London and large city cousins, that they are seldom driven to the use of cosmetics.

'Heloise' gives us a delicious peep into the secrets, hitherto so carefully guarded, of a man of fashion's toilet:—'Men are becoming as great dandies now as they were in the time of Beau Brummell or Henry VIII., and every youth, and man of forty—aye, even up to sixty, must keep up with the tone of the day. But to describe their dress: Oh! I don't be disappointed. Of course you know he must wear the stay belt, and his clothes must all fit like an Austrian officer's. His waist-coat pockets must be the regulation size, and his latch-key of the very, very smallest and flattest species ever invented. He must have no *useful* pockets, bulging out at the sides. Rough pried cloth with silk facings is the only material worn for coats. It is not shiny, nothing of a glossy kind, either for men or women,

can be allowed. This ideal tailor's man must have boots with stockingette leg for evening and gaiters for the day. Hobbies must be very small for night, and large in the day. As present a pale electric greyish blue is the only colour. There are six different shaped hats to choose from, but I fear I cannot accurately describe these in a letter. Sketches would be the only way of conveying the correct ideas of male hat styles. As no one cares to walk out with a man unless he is properly "got up" in all ways, we will condone our escort to a barber and leave him there to be frizzed, curled and powdered. Then he will have to pay a visit to a maniacure, where some of our dandies frequently spend several pounds. (I always feel as if I should like to get one of these for a good day's work in my garden. Fancy the state of his hands then!) The other day I was in a shop where there were girls operating (behind screens) on men. One man paid 10s for the maniacure, 6s for sleeping gloves, 2s 6d for cream to prevent the cuticle growing up, and one guinea for a box of maniacure instruments, as files are used instead of nail scissors. Rose polish was another item. In a future letter I shall explain more of this list and chiropody. Weak-minded people seldom get out of a hair-dresser's for less than £5.

'But to return to the—for us—more engrossing subject of women's attire. Let us have a quiet chat about *chapeaux*. Something must be worn upon the head, so Mrs Grandy declareth; but Madame La Mode saith that a very small amount of material is to be used in the manufacture of bonnets. The crowns thereof are 'very pronounced,' so say the most reliable people—Elise, Worth, etc. Very tiny are they notwithstanding, and they are trimmed with a ruche of flowers suitable to the season. Sirings must not exceed an inch in width. No feathers are worn just now (our springtime, you must recollect), but a profusion of fuzzy hair untidily surrounds the bonnet, and imparts a sufficiently feathery aspect. Spotted veils are *de rigueur*, and very bad they are for our eyes. But what do we votaries of fashion care for a little present discomfort, and a probably larger amount of future suffering?'

'All philanthropic and highly-religious girls dress badly—knowly, in fact, and wear most clumsy frocks. One knows at once the line of thought. Bodies of well-made dresses are worn without darts, the stretched bodice being the newest. The lining has the darts, but the material is made on the cross, and shows no darts in the seams, the sash or belt comes up the middle of the back. There is an inside band. Sleeves are very large, not on the shoulder, but gracefully falling. The skirts are made *à la queue*, fish tail, and no foundation but all seams sewn together. The advantage of the sleeves is coolness for summer; the advantage of the skirt that you can hold it up without shewing a piece of underlining. Dresses, both for girls and married women, are, alas! long. How very silly we women are in this respect! They train about three or four inches on the ground, and one has the fun (?) of holding them up all the time one is in the street or carrying an indescribable mass of filth into one's own and one's neighbour's house.

'We have been lately wearing long jackets. Now there is the Eton jacket for girls, short all round; it can be worn with different coloured blouses, and is removed when in the house. You can wear it or not outside, and change the colour of your blouse as often as you like. An essential of this costume is the very deep belt—eight inches. The Zouave jacket-bodice and the new guipure lace both in black and écaré are all the rage this season. Evening dresses I must reserve for next mail.

'Apropos of the gored skirts now so fashionable, there is one good feature about them, and that is that when the edge of the skirt becomes frayed, as it inevitably does after a little time, it can be so easily renewed, and the whole dress freshened up, by turning up the bottom of the skirt with a band of velvet or cloth of a contrasting colour, with collar or vest and cuffs to match. I saw a black gown treated in this way with delightful effect. A band of lizard green velvet was put on round the bottom of the skirt, and this was thickly sprinkled with cut jet beads sewn on. The bodice, which consisted of a high corselet over a full black silk blouse top, and full silk sleeves, was made to harmonise with the skirt by narrow strips of the jetted green velvet radiating, at equal distances apart, from the neck to the top of the corselet, and the same idea was carried out on the sleeves, the bands going from shoulder to wrist. The effect was very good, and made quite a new gown of the original. If you want to be really in the fashion, a silk underskirt is absolutely necessary and it is far cheaper to buy the silk and make it up for yourself, at the cost of a little more time and trouble, than to buy one of the ready made ones, unless you can afford to have a really good one. Most of the cheaper ones (and they are dear enough in all conscience) are so papery and thin that they last no time.'

HILL CLIMBING.

'I SAW two girls with their escorts walking up a hill yesterday' says an observer of girls. 'One of them went up like a rubber ball, bouncing and bounding at every step, chattering briskly to her companion as she went, and stopping now and then to pant a little and take a fresh start both with her bounding way of walking and with her chatter. Presently her friend came quietly along. She was letting the young man beside her do the talking, and she was mounting the long hill with short, inelastic steps. She used her heels as well as her toes in going up hill.' It is a good rule for hill-climbing and one to be remembered in going upstairs. Women doctors say, and many women prove it in practice, that by going upstairs slowly, with the foot—heel and toe alike—put firmly on each stair, one may arrive at the top of four flights of stairs really rested, instead of gasping for breath as when one runs upstairs. Going upstairs is a good form of exercise if one goes at it in the right way to get its benefit.

It has been discovered that glass is capable of being turned into fine cloth, which can be worn without the slightest discomfort next the skin.

AT HOME WITH THE LADY EDITOR.

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

I WISH I could induce the women of this colony to join together in a strong band and abolish the hideous and insanitary custom of allowing their skirts to trail on the ground for street and country wear. Surely some sensible women have eyes! Can they not see the daintily-dressed lady in front of them, dragging her gown through mud and dust, until the hem is in such a state that, were she a little girl, she would be soundly (and deservedly) whipped for getting her clothes in such a filthy state? Well, dear lady, your dress is exactly like hers, only a little worse, because you have just walked over that crossing and did not make any attempt to raise it. She did lift hers, only to pop it down in the muddy pavement where countless dirty boots have been rubbing off the street dirt since early morn. Do none of you who trail your gowns up and down the streets ever realize that men have been smoking all day and freely expectorating on the pavement? You, gentle, elegant, nicely-brought up lady, actually carefully wipe all that disgusting stuff up with the dress you are wearing! Why, you wouldn't touch that filth with a dirty duster out of the kitchen! You carefully collect all the germs of all sorts of illnesses in the hem of your frock, and bring them into your houses and give them to your dear little children. Consumptive germs are very easily spread this way. How would you like to see your husband or your much-loved son or daughter die of an illness of this kind which your own folly and vanity, and fear of being different to your silly neighbours, had brought into the house? So great is the dread of being 'out of the fashion' that women will endure all sorts of discomfort, misery, and actual suffering in order that they may be dressed according to the rule laid down by some other woman, or perhaps man, whose only object is to make money out of his deluded victims. How can we be so silly!

I was having a new dress tried on yesterday, and the dressmaker said, 'How much will you have the back breadth on the ground?' 'Not an inch,' I said. 'I want that dress to walk in, not to sweep the pavement for the City Council.' Total collapse of the dressmaker. Now, won't other women help me to retain the pretty short walking skirt, keeping the graceful train for the drawing-room where it can be seen to advantage? For it certainly wears out one's gloves, and spoils the 'set' of a skirt to keep on inelegantly hitching it up when a specially offensive piece of mud catches the eye and would otherwise catch the dress.

A gentleman said to me the other day, 'The fact is, so few ladies have decent feet or ankles that it is absolutely necessary, they think, for them to wear their dresses long enough to hide them. Any girl with pretty feet always strives to have the walking petticoats well off the ground.' That is what the men say; so any dame trailing her skirts in the street is supposed to have ugly feet.

An English paper has the following:—'The question has been started how to prevent the accumulation of mud on our skirts, which in sloppy weather is so inevitable, so uncomfortable, and so ruinous to clothing, and suggests a short, plain, woollen skirt four inches from the ground, with ulster of corresponding length, to be worn with knickerbockers or gaiters. I am afraid that the feet of many of us would hardly be equal to so prominent a public appearance as this; and, if we consider comfort and convenience alone, a walking-dress which looks impossible for house wear can never be acceptable to busy people, who cannot spare time for perpetual changes of toilette. Now that gowns are less voluminously draped, it might surely be possible to devise some plan of fastening up, at once quick, graceful, and effectual; and, for wearers who object to being short-skirted, the petticoat could be made longer, and bordered to a depth of ten or twelve inches with American cloth or mackintosh, which could be easily sponged and dried before letting down the dress.'

BEATRICE S.—I believe the following method is very good for cleaning kid gloves. They soil very quickly in an evening, do they not? I know some people say they cannot be done at home, but I cleaned a pair very satisfactorily like this:—Lay the glove out smoothly on a clean cloth, dip a small piece of flannel in new milk, then rub it once or twice on a piece of common yellow or white curd soap, and then rub the glove with the flannel till the kid is quite wet. Do not rub too hard; the part of the glove which is least soiled will only require the damp flannel to be passed over it once or twice, the fingers, etc., requiring more attention. Leave the gloves till quite dry (they will then look shrivelled, dirty, and quite spoilt), then pull them gently in all directions till soft, and in their proper shape; if carefully done, they will then look better than gloves cleaned at a stoop, and have no unpleasant smell, which they generally have when benzine or other spirit is used.

In the course of my miscellaneous reading I lately came across this account of the antiquity of the custom of wearing gloves. 'It is of ancient origin; Xenophon, who lived about four centuries before Christ, in his writings asserts that the Persians used gloves in cold weather. They were in early use in England, and in the middle ages were decorated with gold and precious stones, and formed a costly article in the dress of kings, nobles and prelates.'

A very pretty idea is to have a card quadrille, or card Lancers. Each lady and gentleman is dressed up as a card. There would be the King and Queen of Hearts, of Spades, etc., etc., knaves and aces as required. The ladies would have to take the parts of queens and aces. The make-up is not at all difficult, and can be either expensive or not according to the materials used for the costumes. Silk and velvet, of course, as you know make a costume look handsome and rich, but satens, velveteen, a little carefully-used silk, dyed cheese-cloth (you can get a dozen yards for 1s 10d), or smart prints make very good fancy dresses. All that is wanted is a little taste and contrivance.

THE YOUTH'S PAGE



LITTLE MARJORIE.

'WHERE is little Marjorie?'—
There's the robin in the tree,
With his gallant call once more
From the boughs above the door!
There's the blue bird's note and there
Are spring voices everywhere
Calling, calling ceaselessly,
'Where is little Marjorie?'

And her old playmate, the rain,
Calling at the widow-panes
In soft syllables that win
Not her answer from within—
'Where is little Marjorie?'
Or it is the rain, ah me!
Or wild gusts of tears that were
Calling us—not calling her.

'Where is little Marjorie?'
O, in high security
She is hidden from the reach
Of all voices that beseech;
She is where no troubled word,
Sob or sigh, is ever heard,
Since God whispered tenderly,
'Where is little Marjorie?'

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

WHAT A BOY SAYS ABOUT GIRLS.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have a heap of sisters and I want to tell you about them. They are a nuisance all round. They go out to a party and I've got to fetch them home at night, and do my lessons when I can. One of them stays out after it's dark, chatting and gossiping with a chum, and the *mater* sends me flying up the road to see if her horse hasn't shied, and she's lying with her head cracked against a fence. Then each of my six sisters borrows my knife and my pencil ('cause girls *can't* sharpen a pencil a little bit) and forgets ever to return it, and when you ask her she says, 'Oh, Tom, it's in my pocket—the blue serge I had on yesterday, you know. You may go and get it if you like, it's hanging up in my wardrobe.' Once I did hunt for a knife in a pocket. At least I would have looked for the knife—only I couldn't find a pocket. *Nois*, I merely groan and say, 'That's another knife lost,' and the girls say, 'May I keep it?' Oh, you are a dear.' I could tell you lots more about them, but perhaps they'll read this, and then won't I have a bad time of it! If they write to you don't you put it in, will you?—COUSIN TOM.

(It's only fair to hear both sides you know, Tom.—COUSIN KATE.]

THE SNEEZING KING.

BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

ONCE upon a time in a very far-distant country, there lived a big, happy, jolly old giant, who was king over a race of tiny little people. Just how such a strange state of things came about I do not know; but the giant was very fond of his little subjects, while the little fellows were devotedly attached to their jolly big king. They toiled for him day and night. It took five hundred men of their size to get together the food for his breakfast, and as many more searched the woods and fished the streams in order that his dinner-table might be well provided with nice things to eat. They waited on him with most loving loyalty. At night, ten men climbed into his vest pocket and wound up his watch, which was no small task for their little hands, for the watch itself was about as large as a small wagon-wheel, and very heavy.

They built their king a beautiful great palace of gold and diamonds, with electric lights, telephone connections, and all the modern conveniences. Their little tailors made the giant rich robes of red, sky-blue and sea-green velvet, all handsomely trimmed with gold lace. It took a year to make just one suit, but the little men were very happy in working for their king, and didn't mind the time at all.

But there was one very sad circumstance connected with the life of the king and his subjects. Once in six months, and sometimes oftener, the jolly king sneezed. Now, when you boys and girls sneeze, no one thinks it a strange or a disagreeable, much less a dangerous event; and if it happens to be in school or church, you rather enjoy it than otherwise. But when the giant sneezed, that was an entirely different matter. The town clock and all the watches stopped; street cars were blown off the tracks; telegraph poles were uprooted, and houses often thrown down and destroyed. But saddest of all, this great cyclone of a

sneeze was almost sure to kill a half-dozen people at a time. And since no one, not even the giant himself, could tell beforehand when the sneeze was coming, it was impossible to make preparations for it, or to prevent the sad accidents that were sure to follow.

The poor little fellows grew more and more troubled about the matter, because every year the giant sneezed more and more frequently. But they never told the king of their fears. They mended the little street cars and the broken telegraph poles, and buried the unlucky fathers and mothers, judges and ministers and school-children that had fallen victims, and resolved never to let the king know what they had suffered. They threw all their pepper-bottles into the river, and ate all manner of tasteless soups and vegetables, so that no strong odour might irritate the royal nose. But it was of no use. The sneezes became more and more frequent, and whole streets full of houses and people were destroyed in this dreadful manner.

At length, one day, the jolly king happened to overhear a conversation between two gardeners in the royal grounds. 'What a pity,' said one, 'that the new town-hall is ruined, and all because the king chanced to look that way when he sneezed.'

'Yes,' said the other, 'and the fish are all dead in the stream because the water was blown all out of the river and they could not live long on sand.'

'But there is one comfort,' said the first gardener. 'He is not likely to sneeze again for three months at least.'

The jolly giant's face grew very long when he heard this, and he went out into the park and stretched himself under the trees to think.

The next morning, when the little folks began to go about their streets, they saw a black cloud, or what looked like one, in the distance. The royal astronomer directed his big glass at the cloud, and found to his dismay that the king's boots and the king inside of them were rapidly disappearing over the mountain. The announcement created intense excitement, as you may well believe. The army was at once ordered out to go in pursuit of him, and had already reached the limits of the town when a man came driving down the hill from the palace, and in his wagon was an immense note, about as big as the front door of the church, which the king had left for his subjects. The army halted in its march, and the entire town, men, women and children, assembled in the grand opera house to hear the reading of the letter.

This was what it said:

THE GOLD-AND-DIAMOND PALACE.

Thursday Morning.

MY BELOVED SUBJECTS.—I have just learned of the sad accident which has befallen the town by reason of my unfortunate sneeze of Monday last. No doubt, many similar or even more serious have occurred in previous years, of which you have kindly kept me in ignorance. I go to the Yellow Woman on the Mountain to seek a remedy for my trouble.

If I am unsuccessful, I shall never return to you; but I hope to come back by Tuesday of next week, entirely cured of my unfortunate habit.

You had better stop work on my new pink velvet suit and emerald crown until you are quite sure that I shall need them.

With the very best wishes,

YOUR LOVING BUT AFFLICTED KING.

The mayor promptly took a vote as to what should be done, and the people sensibly agreed to go on with their regular duties just as if nothing had happened, until the day when the king hoped to be with them again, and not to borrow trouble.

So the factories were buzzing, the mill-wheels turning, the children all in school, the dear little mothers were baking cakes and gingersnaps and all the good things that children like, just as usual on the following Tuesday, when the big bell in the tower pealed forth a joyous summons, and everybody knew that the king was coming.

First they saw the top of his tall, laced hat; then his big diamond pin, which was about the size of a dinner-plate; then his handsome coat, and lastly his great feet. This was because the earth is round, you know.

When the jolly giant heard the tinkle of the tiny tower-bell and the glad shouts, and saw all the people laughing and waving their hands for joy, he was quite overcome with delight, and could not speak for several minutes. At length he beckoned all the people to come near, and spoke to them thus:

'My beloved subjects, I am more glad that I can come back than I can possibly tell you. I travelled two days and two nights to the Cave of the Yellow Woman on the Mountain, and although she informed me that sneezing is a perfectly natural operation, and that no one could expect to be entirely free from it, yet she gave me a prescription, by means of which no harm can possibly come to any of you whenever I chance to sneeze.'

'What is it?' cried the mayor and all the people at once.

'Very simple,' said the giant. 'The moment that I have the least inclination to sneeze, I am to roll the whites of my eyes up at the sky above me, and repeat the table of "nineteens" backward and forward as fast as I can say it.'

And though all the school-children who heard this felt sure that such a difficult task was impossible, even for a giant, yet I never heard of any more trouble from the jolly king's sneezing.

In the family to which George F. two and a-half years old, belongs lives a black cat. One day a Maori called at the house. George regarded him with unconcealed interest and seemed pondering upon the problem presented by his presence. At length, he announced his conclusion as follows: 'Man? No; cat.'

There are only twelve letters in the Sandwich Islands' alphabet. Happy children of the Sandwich Islands!

VIOLA'S BIRTHDAY.

VIOLA CALTHORPE was one of those lucky little girls who always have a party and an entertainment on their birthday. She was rather a lonely child as a rule, having no sisters, and only one two-year-old brother, called Eric, whom she loved dearly, but who did not make a very good playmate. Viola had lately been most unhappy, because the doctor had declared that she must go abroad for six months, and she knew that this arrangement meant being parted from Eric. Poor Viola was often ill, so she knew that it was no good begging not to go.

But to-day she was quite happy, because to-morrow she would be nine years old, and many were the invitations which she had written to little friends asking them to come to her birthday party. These invitation notes had been answered some weeks before the birthday, and seventy-three children had accepted.

Viola went to bed early on the eve of that eventful to-morrow, and awoke next morning quite an hour before her usual getting-up time, and begged nurse to fetch the bath-water directly, 'just this once, because it is my birthday.'

No nurse got up, and Viola was soon dressed. She ran to Mrs Calthorpe's room, where were her numerous presents. Her mother gave her a lovely paint box, but said she had another present for Viola, which she should receive later in the day. The little girl asked what it was, but her mother would not tell her.

Mrs Calthorpe had a great talent for portrait painting, and her other present to Viola was a picture of Eric; his mother had painted him seated in his high-chair, hugging his cat, while on the floor lay his doll, discarded in favour of the live pet. Eric's bread-and-milk was in front of him, and he was waiting for a spoon to eat it with, just as he did every morning. Altogether the picture was life like, and was to be a 'Surprise' Tableau Vivant on the birthday afternoon.

Viola knew that her little friends were going to act some tableaux, but when she saw Eric's picture she jumped up delightfully surprised, and declared she thought it the best present she had ever received, and she proved her words by keeping it with her for the rest of her life.

ON THE ICE.

SPREADING along the ice one day were Joan and Duncan Rossley. 'Duncan, you're very stupid to leave buying Hugh's present till so late, you ought to have gone this morning.' You know the proverb mother told you.

'Do be quiet, I don't believe in such rubbish.'

They skated on in silence. When they reached the country village Duncan bought his present. Joan could not stay long. 'Duncan, her parting word were, "come home before nightfall." But he generally forgot what he was told; and it was long after nightfall when he started home. I must hurry,' he thought, 'father said the wolves have come again,' for Duncan lived in Canada.

Halfway home he heard some steps behind him; he turned round, and not a hundred yards away stood a dreaded wolf. Duncan trembled with terror, but he wheeled round and was off like a deer. Swifter and swifter he flew, but swifter came the wolf. Just as the wolf was about to spring on him a gun was fired from behind some bushes; Duncan gave a faint scream, he had been hit; a second shot killed the wolf. Then he tumbled on to a green slope and knew no more.

When he awoke, he found himself in bed and his mother with him. 'Where am I?' 'Hush, dear. Father hit you instead of the wolf the first shot—he's killed the wolf, though.' 'But the present?' 'I'm afraid that's lost,' said Mrs Rossley, gently.

'You see you had better believe mother another time,' and Joan peeped into the room.

'Of course, you mean the proverb.'

'Well, what is it?' said Joan.

'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,' but it wasn't the cup and the lip this time.'

'No, the village and home,' laughed Joan, 'you believe now though.'

REPLY-PAID POSTAL CARDS.

THE Postmaster-General states in his annual report that, upon the proposition of the United States, it was agreed by the delegates of the Postal Union at their recent meeting in Vienna that every country should supply the public with a reply-paid postal card. Such cards have been in use in Austria for many years, and would be economical and convenient in domestic as well as in foreign correspondence. They are composed of two unseparated postal cards, folded in the form of a single card, and need no other fastening.

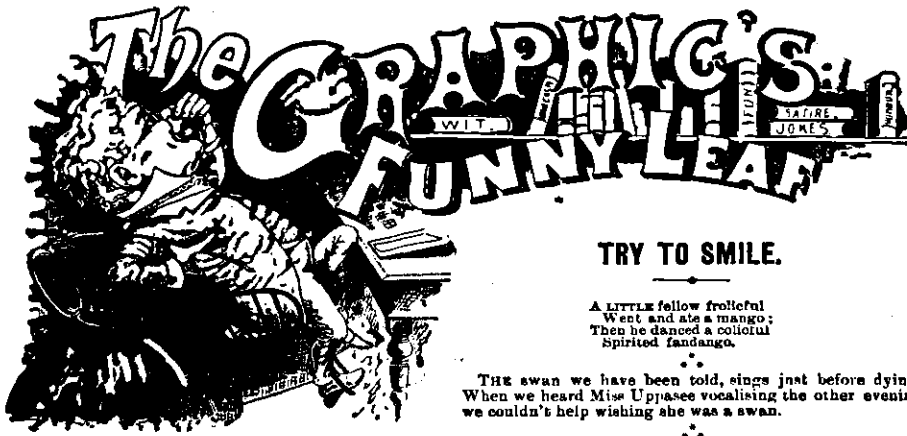
A correspondent can insure a correctly addressed and probably prompt answer by writing his full address on the reply fold of the card before mailing it; the card, on its first journey, being folded so as to cover the reply address. The receiver has simply to write his answer on the reply card, tear it off the inquiry card, and re-mail it.

If one does not care to preserve the inquiry or to write a long answer the cards need not be separated. In that case, a reply perfectly intelligible, unequivocal, and binding for all business purposes, may be written in one or two words, in answer to a direct question.

The words 'Yes,' or 'No,' or 'Forty,' or '41 Temple Place,' or 'Boston,' or 'Smith and Jones,' or '6 per cent.' or any other short replies, signed with initials or full name, without any heading of place, date, would, in connection with the attached inquiry card, convey as full and definite an answer, and show as plainly when, where, and by whom it was written, as an answer on an ordinary card or letter that contains, besides place, date, and address, a summary of the inquiry to which it is a reply.

The first reply-paid postal card received by the writer of this article travelled a distance of six thousand seven hundred miles. It was mailed by Yusef Bernhardt, Post-Direktor at Beyroot, Syria, and was written in Volapuk, the new universal language. It bore this message: 'Sjurdakade geselick sibinoms in Lustin ya yelis midik, which means 'Reply postal cards have been in use in Austria for many years.'

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



TRY TO SMILE.

A LITTLE fellow frolicful
Went and ate a mango;
Then he danced a colicful
spirited fandango.

THE swan we have been told, sings just before dying.
When we heard Miss Uppasee vocalising the other evening
we couldn't help wishing she was a swan.

'OR,' she exclaimed, 'how can you drink beer! It's such bad form.' 'I know it is,' replied the reckless young man. 'It's bad form but good taste.'

She had risen several times to let him pass out between the acts. 'I am sorry to disturb you,' he remarked, apologetically, as he went out for the fourth time. 'Don't mention it,' she replied, pleasantly. 'My husband keeps the bats at this theatre.'

HIS TEACHER: 'How prettily you have your hair arranged this morning.'

Albro Despard: 'It must look better'n it feels. That's where marm grabbed me when she pulled me out'r bed this mornin'.

REMINISCENCE.

'Theu, fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni.'

My other self thou wert in those old days
Of song and dreaming, happy days and fair!
I strove to catch the sunlight in my lays,
Faint rays of thy dear love reflected there.
I sang for love of singing and thy praise,
Thou and the roses then were friends to me.
We strolled together beside sunny ways,
And dreamed aloud to discreet wood and lea.
What hopes were uttered in those petalled hours?
What visions seen I never more may see!
My soul drank in the dream-sweet breath of flowers,
And filled itself with fragrance and with thee.
And oh! how memory from oblivion snatches
The night we robbed old Miller's melon-patches!

HE HAD THE INSTINCT.

'I CONFESS I am sometimes sorely perplexed,' said the father, with a heavy sigh, 'when I think of the future of my boys. It is a great responsibility to have the choosing of a calling in life for them.' Through the open window came the voices of two of the lads at play. 'Look here!' loudly exclaimed Johnny, 'that isn't fair! You've divided these marbles so as to get all the best ones in your own bag.' 'Didn't I have the trouble of dividing 'em?' reiterated Willie, hotly. 'Think, I am going to spend my time at such jobs for nothing!' 'So far as Willie is concerned,' resumed the father, after a pause, 'the task of choosing a vocation is not difficult. I shall make a lawyer of him.'

TOO GOOD FOR HER.

'I PROMISE you one thing,' said the beautiful maiden as she hung to his coat lapel. 'I promise you this, that when I am your wife I shall study your comfort.'
'On will, my darling?'
'Ah! won't I?'
'And in what way, my sweetheart?'
'Well, I'll never bake bread myself, but get it from the bakehouse.'
'Glorious!'
'But in return for that—'
'Yes?'
'And for all my wifely love—'
'Yes?'
'And that I shall seek to promote your comfort in every thing—'
'Yes?'
'You will give up your clubs and your associates who keep you out late at night, and devote all your attention to me, cherish me, love me as you love me now, think me as sweet and as beautiful as you think me now—you will do all that?'
'By Jove, I will.'
'Then, George, I reject you.'
'What?'
'Yes, I reject you. I want to marry a man, not an angel.'



LALOUR AGITATOR: 'My friend, are you not in favour of the eight hour movement?'
Abe Lazy: 'Movement! Who ever heard of me bein' in favour of any kind of movement?'

LA GRIPPE.

'DOCTOR, how am I coming on? Do you think there is any hope?' said a very sick man to Dr Blistar.
'Your chances are the best in the world. The statistics show that one person in ten recovers,' replied the Doctor.
'Then there is not much hope for me?'
'Oh, yes there is. You are the tenth case that I have treated, and the other nine are dead. I don't see how you can help getting well if the statistics are to be relied on.'



FOR EVENING DRESS.

'ARRY 'GIGINS: 'Ere now, wot's this, Moses! I bought this 'ere coat of yer last night, which yer said was a bloo 'un, an' blowed if it ain't green by daylight.'
MOSES: Mein tear frendt, dot coat vos fur efening vare only.

ABOUT DANIEL.

A TEACHER, last Sunday, was telling a class of boys the story of Daniel in the lions' den, when a freckled boy with a scar on his face and one brace, said:
'How much did he get for it?'
'He received no compensation,' remarked the teacher, in tones which made clear her great horror.
'A free show?' inquired the boy, excitedly.
'It was no show at all,' replied the teacher, who thought he was sceptical, and continued: 'Don't you believe Daniel went among the lions without being hurt?'
'Yes,' said the boy: 'for I saw that snap worked at a circus last week, but it was no free graft; the man gets five notes a week and expenses.'
When the Christmas-presents are dealt out this year, that boy will not apprehend the cake by a very large majority.



NOT THE RIGHT SORT.

MRS TOPKINS: 'How do you like our new minister?'
Mrs Rundley: 'He won't last very long. His wife is too worldly-minded.'
Mrs T.: 'Really. How's that?'
Mrs B.: 'It's perfectly scandalous. All her dresses fit her!'

SUBLIMITY.

THE following peroration to an eloquent harangue, addressed to a jury by a lawyer in Canterbury, is a rare specimen of climacteric sublimity: 'And now the shades of night had shrouded the earth in darkness. All nature lay wrapped in solemn thought, when these defendant ruffians came rushing like a mighty torrent from the hills down upon the altodes of peace, broke open the plaintiff's door, separated the weeping mother from her screeching infant, and brutally took away—my client's rifle, gentlemen of the jury, for which we claim £3.'

CONSCIENCE DOTN ACT.

MR WICKWIRE: 'Now, that's just like a woman. Why don't you open your letter, instead of puzzling over the outside of it for five minutes?'
Mrs Wickwire: 'It is from sister; I know her writing. I just wanted to make out the date of the postmark to see if it agreed with the date of the letter.'
Mr Wickwire: 'What for?'
Mrs Wickwire: 'To see whether she mailed it herself or gave it to her husband to mail for her.'
Mr Wickwire made an involuntary grab at his inside pocket, sauntered out with a well-assumed air of unconcern, and two minutes later his wife's letter to her mother was in the care of the government.

The other evening a cold-water orator was at a supper. Opposite to him sat a well-known divine of the Church of Scotland. 'Do you not think it wrong for men in your position to set so bad an example by drinking alcohol?' asked the orator. 'No,' replied the divine, 'I only follow Scripture.' 'How so?' questioned the orator. 'Why, the Bible says,' replied the divine, 'wine maketh glad the heart of man, but with water do the wild asses quench their thirst.'

SOME NEW EPITAPHS.

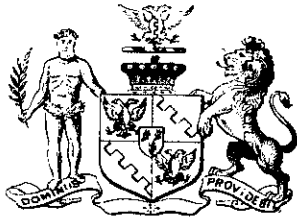
HERE lies the body of Mary Hatch,
Who has ended Life's strange story.
She slipped, one day, on a parlor-march,
And was carried off to glory.
BENEATH this stone sleeps Martha Briggs,
Who was blessed with more heart than brain
She lighted a kerosene-lamp at the stove,
And physicians were in vain.
THIS monument is erected to Ebenezer Brown,
By the stricken bar-tenders of his native town.
THIS stone is sacred to Horace Munn,
Who could eat from dawn till the set of sun.
One day he ate till he fairly bust:
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust.
BENEATH this grave-slab rests in peace
Our aged cook, Jane Skinner;
The stern death angel snatched her off
While shelling peas for dinner.



YOUNG, HOUSEWIFE (in the kitchen): Cook, what are you doing there?
COOK: I'm washing the fish.
YOUNG HOUSEWIFE: Oh, that's totally unnecessary. It has been all its life in the water.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.

A MOST ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.



FORTUNATELY Wellingtonians had a lovely day for the reception of our new Governor, which took place last Tuesday instead of Monday as had been expected. The Hinemoa was delayed, owing to the gale and bad weather, so that the half holiday, etc., was postponed until the following day, which turned out bright and sunshiny, but chilly. The whole town seemed to have turned out to welcome their Excellencies. It was estimated that 12,000 people witnessed their arrival in the steamer, and all the streets along which the procession marched were thronged. The Ionic was converted into a flagebip for the ladies only, and this was literally packed with members of the fair sex, who had a splendid view of the whole proceedings. The wharf was beautifully decorated, and all the vessels in the harbour had 'dressed ships.' The steamers that went out laden with people to meet the Hinemoa were gaily decorated, as, indeed, was the whole town, the principal streets being hung across with flags, etc.

Shortly after the arrival of the Earl and Countess at the wharf the Mayor introduced his daughter, Miss Iris Bell, to the Countess, to whom Miss Bell then presented a beautiful bouquet of pale yellow primroses and maiden hair ferns. Amongst those on the wharf to receive his Excellency were the Mayor (Mr Bell), the Mayors of Hunt and Karori,

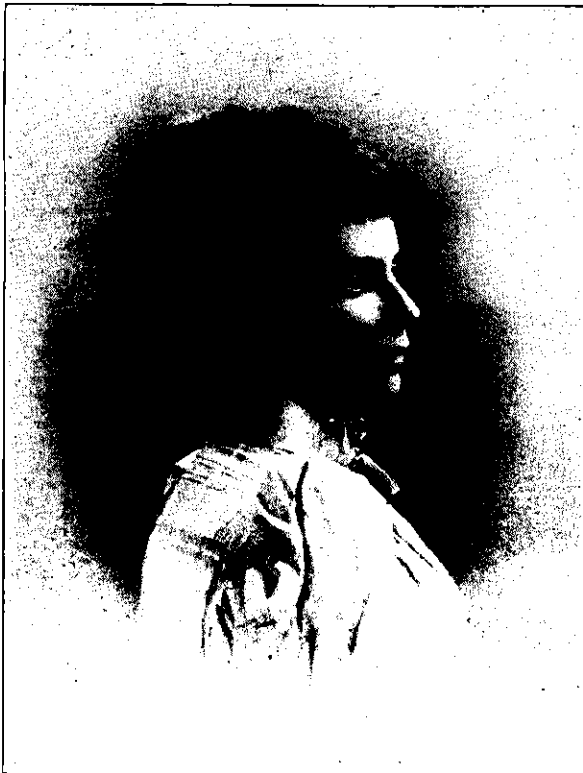
Bishop Hadfield (Primate), Mr J. H. Cock, the members of the City Council, Mr T. Gale and the members of the Council of the Chamber of Commerce, Archbishop Redwood, Dr. Newman, M.H.R., Messrs Fisher, Duthie, and McLean M.H.R.'s, the very Rev. Dr. Watters, and all the heads of Friendly Societies and heads of local bodies.

Sir Patrick Buckley, who accompanied His Excellency from Australia, first introduced him to the Mayor, who conducted him to the raised dais and there introduced him to the Cabinet Ministers, after which the various addresses were presented in succession. On the dais were, besides the Governor's party, Sir Patrick and Lady Buckley, the Premier and Mrs Ballance, the Hon. John McKenzie, the Hon. W. P. Reeves and Mrs Reeves, the Hon. Charles and Mrs Johnstone, Dr. and Mrs Newman, Mr and Mrs Duthie, Mr Fisher, Mrs R. Hart, Mr G. Beetham, Mr John Plimmer, Mr Gale, Mr Wheeler, the Hon. Dr. and Mrs Grace, Mrs Hadfield, Mrs Reid, etc. His Excellency and Lady Glasgow occupied the central seats, Mr Ballance sitting next the Countess, and the Ladies Alice and Augusta Boyle sitting next their father. The Countess wore a handsome gown of dark green cloth, trained, and a long loose sacque jacket of the same material with lapels of black astrachan, a small black bonnet with gold butterflies; Lady Augusta Boyle wore fawn, and the Ladies Dorothy and Alice Boyle, pretty red cloaks, and red hats with bows of black ribbon at the back. Lady Glasgow is fairly tall, with dark hair which has just begun to get grey, and this she wears in a knot at the back, and she seems exceedingly pleasant and affable, and smiled and bowed her acknowledgments all the way through the town. Lord Glasgow is a fine-looking man, very upright, with grey, or rather almost white hair and beard, but looked very tired. The daughters looked pale and fatigued after their journey.

They are dark, and more like their mother than father.

The swearing-in ceremony took place on their arrival at the Court, which was most beautifully decorated in honour of the auspicious occasion. On the platform during the ceremony were Sir James and Lady Prendergaat (His Honor wearing his Judicial robes), Mr Arthur Cooper (Registrar), Lady Buckley, Mrs Ballance, Mrs Reeves, the French Consul and Madame de Bachoné, the German Consul and Mrs Castendyk, Archbishop Redwood, etc. After the ceremony the vice-regal party re-entered their carriages and drove on to Government House. Before they left the Court House they were presented with a magnificent Maori mat made entirely from native grasses by Heni Wereta, of Petone. The Governor was much impressed with the gift, and also with the beautiful decorations in his honour.

The procession arrived at Government House shortly before 4 o'clock, where it dispersed, the Guard of Honour merely allowing him to pass through. In the evening during dinner at Government House the party were serenaded by selections on the bagpipes by some loyal Scotchmen. It was a glorious moonlight night, and the Ringarooma was showing her powerful electric search light, so that the new arrivals saw Wellington by night under very favourable circumstances. The procession was a very brilliant sight, but one body took the wrong route, which caused great inconvenience to those who had secured good points of vantage along that particular street. Of course the rest of the procession had to follow. The crowd was most orderly, but very enthusiastic, and hearty, indeed, were the cheers that resounded as they passed through. The whole party seemed very pleased with their hearty welcome. Salutes were fired by the Volunteers, and also by H.M.S. Ringarooma.



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF GLASGOW.

From a photo. by John Fergus, Blackdales, Largs, Scotland.

THE WELLINGTON RECEPTION.

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY.

ON the first page we give an account of the splendid reception accorded by the Wellingtonians to His Excellency the Governor and the Countess of Glasgow. We also give pictures, which will doubtless prove agreeable souvenirs of a big event. There is no possible doubt that the reception was, if not the best, at any rate one of the best on record—a reception which Lord Glasgow must have been proud to receive, and a reception which Wellington may be justly proud of having accorded. Our pictures need but little explanation. They illustrate the perfection to which instantaneous photography has been brought within the last few years. The first picture is by Wrigglesworth and Binns, who are undoubtedly one of the most successful firms of photographers in New Zealand (and it is an admitted fact that in photography we of this colony excel). It was taken at a remarkably interesting moment in the reception function. It shows His Excellency seated on the raised platform on the wharf, just after landing from the Hinemoa. Lady Glasgow, it will be noticed, is seated next His Excellency holding in her hand the lovely bouquet presented to her by the little daughter of the Mayor (Mr H. D. Bell). It was, it will be remembered, of yellow and white flowers tied with white ribbons, and of all attentions paid to them none seemed to please the Vice-regal party more than this. The little lady cannot, unfortunately, be seen in the photograph or our reproduction. It is a great pity, for she was one of the most attractive ladies present, and looked very pretty in her Dutch bonnet and white coat. Mr Page, the popular and ever urbane Town Clerk, will be seen on the left foreground busily engaged in reading the address. Lord Glasgow is wearing that peculiar semi-resigned, semi-gratified expression from which no



Wrigglesworth & Binns.

HEARING THE ADDRESSES READ.

man can escape while having an address read to him. If he smiles too much he feels it would imply that the compliments, etc., touched his vanity too patently. An endeavour to look pleased, yet placid invariably produces the expres-

sion we have mentioned. The only man who avoids it is the Prince of Wales—and then look at the practice he has had. To return, however, to the other people in the photo. Standing behind the chairs in which His Excellency and Lady Glasgow are seated are Captain Hunter-Blair, A.D.C., and Lieutenant Clayton, A.D.C., of the Scots Guards. By the vacant chairs in a light overcoat stands Mr Ballance, his hat firmly planted in democratic fashion on his head. Next to him—blushing perhaps with unaccustomed shyness—stands the Hon. McKenzie, who appears to believe he is in church, and is performing that preliminary devotion of the male animal in a sacred edifice, yclept, "smelling his hat." To the rear of the Premier, his side face only partly visible, stands Minister Reeves. The ladies who are seen to such advantage behind the Vice-regal party are Mrs Geo. Beetham, Mrs (Dr.) Newman, and behind them Miss Holmes, daughter of the Hon. Matthew Holmes, and Mrs E. J. Reid (Colonial Bank). To the left of this goodly company stands Sir Patrick Buckley, proud in the honours of his K.C.M.G. ship, and looking a wee bit shy at plain MR Ballance over the heads of the sturdily-dressed throng. Near him may be recognised the fashionably-gowned Mrs (Dr.) Grace, Mrs Hart, Mrs George Fisher, Mrs Page (the wife of the Town Clerk). Behind Sir Patrick Buckley, his face partly hidden by Mrs Grace's bonnet, is Mr Gale, the well-known Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce. Some prominent members of the Chamber have placed close by. Sitting down next Lady Glasgow with her parasol showing prominently is Mrs Ballance. By her chair, with his side face only showing, is the Hon. Colonel Patrick Boyle, late of the Grenadier Guards, and Private Secretary to His Excellency. Close by to the extreme left is Colonel Fox, Commandant of Forces. To the left, near Mrs Ballance, is Mr George Fisher, M.H.R.; Mr W. Ferguson,



bour Board, is in front, with belltopper touching, as it were in the photo, Lady Glasgow's bouquet. The steamer lying alongside the outer toe at the rear in the photo and crowded with sight-seers is the Wairarapa.

The second photo engraving given shows the procession passing along Lambton Quay by the Club and Occidental Hotels, on its way to the Supreme Court for his Excellency to be sworn in.

The third picture is a reproduction of an excellent photograph taken by Kinsey Brothers (late Price and Co.). It represents the procession awaiting the order to start. The fine new offices of the Harbour Board will be instantly recognised, the procession having, as will be remembered, formed in front of this imposing building. To the left of the picture the bow of the Ionic is visible. This vessel was crowded with ladies, four hundred tickets having been issued for their sole use.

The following is the order in which the procession was arranged:—Police outriders (Mounted Constables Healey, Hooper, Wilson and Smith), Otaki Maori Band, Fire Brigade, Typographical Society, Representatives of other Trades, Painter's Society, with banner, Jupp's Private Band, Sons of Temperance, Druids, British United Order of Oddfellows, Oddfellows American (Constitution), St. Patrick's College Band and boys, Hibernian Society, with banners, Rechabites, with two banners, four Foresters in full regalia, Foresters' Band, Shepherds, Foresters, with banner, Oddfellows (M. C. I. O. O. F.), Mounted Infantry, Governor's carriage, containing the Governor, Aide-de-camp, Mayor (H. D. Bell, Esq.), and Premier; Mounted Infantry; carriages containing Lady Glasgow, Governor's staff, officers of H.M. ships of war, Volunteer staff officers, City Council, Ministers of the Crown, members of both Houses, Consuls, heads of departments, Harbour Board, Chamber of Commerce, members of suburban local bodies, clergy, Education Board, College Governors and masters of both Colleges.

The fourth picture represents the procession fairly started, leaving the wharf behind, and rounding the Harbour Board offices on its way along Jervis Quay. This picture gives an excellent general idea of the appearance presented by the imposing spectacle to the onlookers. So accurate, indeed, is every detail that the mounted officers to the left can be seen in the act of saluting. The Mounted Rifles and



Kinsey, late Price & Co., photo.

AWAITING THE START.

the Guard of Honour also appear to advantage. The route followed by the procession was along Jervis Quay to the junction of Cuba-street and Manners street; along Manners-street, Willis-street, Customhouse Quay, and into Featherston-street, till the Corporation offices are reached, thence to the left, through Brandon-street, and along Lambton Quay, to the junction of Stout street (at St. George's Hall), thence along Stout street to the Supreme Court.

The volunteers, it will be remembered, played a prominent part in the proceedings. The various corps fell in at the Drillshed, the parade state being as follows:—D Battery, 50, under Captain St. Hill and Lieutenant Pearce, Surgeon Collins being also present. Wellington Navals, 77, under Captain Duncan, Lieutenants Campbell and Bell. City

Rifles, 53, under Captain Collins. Guards, 37, under Captain Paterson and Lieutenant McAlister. Wellington Rifles, 26, under Lieutenant Usherwood. Garrison Band, 23, under Bandmaster Herd. The Heretaunga Mounted Infantry, forty-five, under Captain Loveday, arrived later on, as also did the Petone Navals, forty-one, under Lieutenant-Commanding Davy and Lieutenants Kirk and Field. Colonel Fox was in charge of the parade and was attended by Lieutenant Colonel Newall, Majors McCredie (New Zealand Regiment of Artillery), and Shannon and Quick (Reserve). Sergeant-Major Finn was also present.

Shortly before two o'clock, the corps, with the exception of the D Battery and the Heretaunga Mounted Infantry and Petone Navals, proceeded to the wharf, and with the Permanent Artillery (33, under Major Messenger), and Torpedo Corps (23, under Captain Faulkner), assisted in lining each side of the Queen's Wharf, the order, beginning from the end of the wharf, being as follows:—Permanent Artillery, Torpedo Corps, Wellington Navals, City Rifles, Guards, and Wellington Rifles. The Petone Navals subsequently took up a position between the Wellington Navals and City Rifles, the Heretaunga Mounted Infantry (who subsequently provided the escort for His Excellency) remained at the head of the wharf. The D Battery in the meantime had proceeded to a position on Waterloo Quay, from which they fired a salute of seventeen guns as the Governor-elect landed at the wharf. A similar salute was fired while the swearing in ceremony was taking place. After the procession started from the wharf the corps proceeded to the Supreme Court, where the swearing in was to take place, the City Rifles forming the Guard of Honour. After the ceremony the volunteers marched to Government House, the Wellington Navals forming the Guard of Honour as His Excellency drove up.



Kinsey, late Price & Co., photo.

THE MARCHING CROWD—THE PROCESSION IS WELL SWUNG.

Bobby: 'Pa, what does it mean when it says a man's estate was divided according to law?'

Pa: 'It means, Bobby, that the heirs of the dead man get what is left after the debts are paid.'

LADY GLASGOW'S FIRST RECEPTION. CHRISTMAS STORY COMPETITION.

THIRD

A SPLENDID AND SUCCESSFUL FUNCTION.

(BY SPECIAL WIRE FROM WELLINGTON.)

[This important function having eventuated too late for any mail the proprietors of the GRAPHIC arranged for a special wire in order that GRAPHIC readers might be supplied with news at the earliest date.—ED. GRAPHIC.]

THE COUNTESS of GLASGOW'S first reception at Government House will long be remembered in Wellington. It was the smartest affair the Empire city has witnessed for a very long while. The drawing-room has been refurnished, and was beautifully decorated with flowers, ferns, and magnificent palms. The guests commenced to arrive at three, and from that hour till five the well dressed crowd filled the reception rooms and hall to overflowing. The hall was, by the way, decorated in exquisite taste with artistically arranged drapery, tree ferns, nikan, and tropical plants reaching nearly to the ceiling. The Countess must, indeed, be fond of flowers, for the stairs, the drawing-rooms, and the conservatory were simply massed with them. The effect was really beautiful. In the conservatory, by the way, was stationed the band. Throughout the afternoon they discoursed music of the most enchanting description. His Excellency the Governor was not present, neither was his private Secretary, the Hon. Colonel Boyle, who is, everyone is sorry to hear, suffering severely from rheumatism. On a sofa in the drawing-room lay the eldest son, who has been unfortunate enough to already meet with an accident. It appears that he was playing tennis, and stepped on a nail, which pierced his foot. The Countess was attended by Captain Hunter-Blair, A.D.C., Captain Clayton, A.D.C., the three Ladies Boyle, dressed in lovely costumes of Gobelin blue cloth with Swiss belts, cuffs and bands round the hem of rich velvet in a darker shade of blue; Miss Hallowes, in grey cloth with full white silk front; and Miss Sutcliffe, in an exquisitely-fitting costume of fawn, hand-braided. The Countess herself was magnificently gowned in the loveliest dress of palest pearl grey satin brocaded with a raised pattern of black velvet; the bodice was cut with coat tails; the train and vest were of black velvet. She wore diamonds, and a band of black velvet in her hair. Lady Glasgow must be pronounced at the very start an ideal hostess. Her manner is perfectly charming, and delighted everyone. The whole party seem likely to be exceedingly popular. They were all very attentive to their guests. Two small sons were running about in the quaintest, but most picturesque costumes of crimson velvet with white waistcoats and point-lace collars. In the dining-room the usual afternoon tea refreshments were provided, and the waiters were kept busy, indeed. The Ladies Boyle and the two A.D.C.'s were indefatigable; assisting everyone, and making the function a most friendly and hospitable one. Prominent were Sir P. Buckley being congratulated on his return and his honours by friends, Sir Kenneth Douglas, Lady Hector, Lady Campbell, Mrs Hadfield, Mrs (Justice) Richmond; Mrs Ballance wore black and gold; Mrs Reeves in tobacco tweed, looked well standing next Mrs Pharazyn, in brown; Mrs L. Pharazyn was also present; Mrs E. Reid, wearing a handsome brown costume and bonnet, with Madame Lostalot de Bachoné in a black and gold embroidered plush mantle and bonnet to match, were much admired; Mrs Izard, and Mrs C. Izard in handsome gowns; Mrs Williams, black brocade, and a becoming black and blue feather bonnet; Mrs Anson, in brown dress, green cloth mantle trimmed with fur and small bonnet *en suite*; Mrs Grace, Mrs Tilly, Mrs Loughnan, pretty sage green dress with a pink silk waistcoat; pink and grey muff; Mrs Lynsant was beautifully dressed in violet cloth, her mantle handsomely trimmed with jet; bonnet in similar style; Mrs Richardson, black gown, the front very handsomely embroidered in gold; also Mesdames Baker, Medley, Gore, Fell, Tilly, Menteach, Turnbull, Jellicoe, Baker, Medley, Stone, Gibson, Morrison, R. Hart, Morrab, Barron, Barclay, Leckie, Harding, Pollen, Black, K. Travers, Cole-ridge, Ross, Graham, Percy Smith, Mason, McDonnell, Wardrop, Friend, Caszedyk, Samuels, etc. and the Misses Noake, Johnston, Holmes, St. Hill (Hastings), a pretty fawn dress; Miss M. Grace, Gobelin blue costume with a white vest, three-cornered hat trimmed with white feathers; Miss A. Williams, beautiful red cloth dress, and long jacket, the skirt trained, and trimmed with black astrachan, and military braid, black hat; Miss E. Williams, pretty grey, feathered hat; Miss Hector, grey costume, hat to match; Miss Lynsant, green dress braided with gold; the Misses Nhasen, Richardson, Reynolds, Mason, Hadfield, Gore, Barrett (pianiste), the latter in grey trimmed with fur, large hat

with ostrich tips; Misses Harding, Tuckey, Brandon, Graham, Quick, Nevill (Dunedin), Morrab, Griffiths; Miss Brown, flecked tweed costume; Miss Dransfield, blue serge frock, brightened by a red waistcoat; Miss Cooper, black costume, prettily trimmed with grey fur; Miss Ross, Miss Fairchild, navy blue dress, trained; Misses Barron, Wright, Miss Laisley, red dress *en train*, jacket *en suite*; Miss Medley, pretty dress, black hat; Misses Brown, fawn costumes; Miss Wise, Miss I. Izard, brown and blue figured tweed, feathered hat; Misses Vogel, Hadfield, Butterworth, Baldwin, Hudson, Dasent, Brooksmith, Leckie, etc.

CLUB DINNER TO LORD GLASGOW.

The proposed club dinner to Lord Glasgow has had to be postponed, owing to the much regretted death of the President's wife (Mrs Pearce). The funeral took place on Monday, with full choral burial service. The *cortège* was a very large and imposing one.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

(From the *Otago Witness*)

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

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

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

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

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.



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

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

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

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.

SPECIAL NUMBER

OF THE

New Zealand Graphic

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

THREE PRIZES

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

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

RULES.

In writing, these conditions, must be observed:

1. The GRAPHIC is at liberty to publish any of the stories sent in other than the prize-takers.
2. Every reader of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC not being a member of the literary staff or the winner of a first prize in previous years, is eligible to enter the competition.
3. The Editor cannot undertake to answer inquiries having reference to the treatment of the stories in detail. The particulars given are sufficient for the purposes of the competition, and everything else is left to the judgment and discretion of the competitors. The award of the judges will be published as soon after the close of the Competition as possible, and no information respecting the award will be given to any competitor before this publication.
4. Each MSS. should be prepaid, and if left open at the ends will be carried at book post rates. It should be addressed to the Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Shortland street, Auckland. A motto instead of the writer's name must be written under the title of the story. The author's real name must be enclosed in an envelope addressed to the editor, bearing the motto and the words, 'Story Competition' on the top left corner. This envelope must not be placed in the MSS. packet, but must be posted separately. It must also contain a declaration that the work is original and entirely the sender's own.
5. All contributions must reach the office before August 15th.
6. The incidents and general features of the story must refer to life or adventure in New Zealand as typified in the cities, the country, on the gold-fields or gum-fields, on a sheep run, in a wealthy home, or a struggling farm. The stories must be bright, original, and suitable for family reading. Purely imaginative stories are not of course inadmissible if the scene is laid in New Zealand.
7. Writing on one side of the paper only.

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