

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL. IX.—No. 29.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1892.

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

NEW ZEALAND VIEWS.

ALL SAINTS' ANGLICAN CHURCH, DUNEDIN.

THIS picturesque-looking building is prettily situated in Cumberland-street North, between St. David's and Dunbar-streets. The University Buildings cast a scholarly reflection over it, being with the Museum, near neighbours of the church. The trams do not pass All Saints', but are sufficiently close to prove a boon to worshippers at some of the services of this popular church. The building itself does not boast of much architectural beauty, but viewed as in the illustration, the time-mellowed red brick surrounded and softened by the greenery of the trees, has a decidedly pretty effect. The incumbent, the Rev. Alfred R. Fitchett, is much liked, and is usually considered moderately High Church. The services are fully choral, the organ being done full justice to by the clergyman's daughter, Miss Fitchett. The present building has been in existence somewhere about twenty years, though Mr Fitchett has not been in charge for anything like that time.

CANTERBURY COLLEGE.

Canterbury College (University of New Zealand) ranks high among the educational institutions of the colonies. It was founded in 1873, the following gentlemen forming the first Board of Governors:—William Rolleston, the Right Reverend Henry John Chitty Harper, Henry John Tancred, the Reverend William James Habens, Thomas William Maude, Walter Kennaway, Charles Christopher Bowen, the Reverend James Buller, Arthur Charles Knight, John Studholme, James Somerville Turnbull, William Montgomery, George Gould, Henry Richard Webb, the Reverend Charles Fraser, William Patten Cowlishaw, Thomas Henry Potts, John Davies Eays, Joshua Strange Williams, John Inghie, Henry Barnes Greson, Sir John Hall, the Reverend William Wellington Willock.

At the present time the Professors are:—F. W. Haslam, M.A. (Classical Chair); J. Macmillan Brown, M.A. (Eng-



Morris, photo.

ALL SAINTS' ANGLICAN CHURCH, DUNEDIN.

Dunedin

lish Language, Literature, and History Chair); C. H. H. Cook, M.A. (Mathematics and Natural Philosophy Chair); A. W. Bickerton, F.C.S. (Chemistry and Physics Chair); F. W. Hutton (Geology and Botany Chair).

The Lecturers are:—W. Izard, M.A., L.L.M. (Juris-

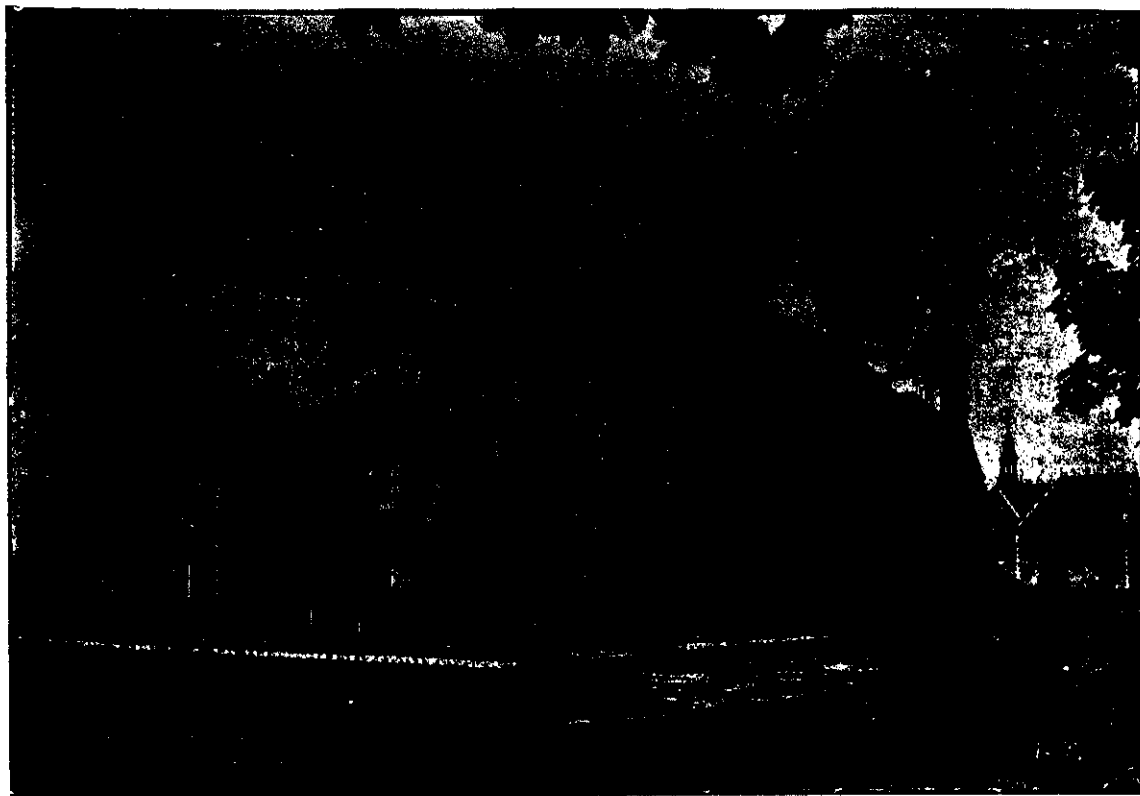
prudence); E. Dobson, M. Inst. C.E. (Civil Engineering); R. J. Scott, A.M., Inst. C.E., M.E. (Mechanical Engineering).

The present chairman is F. de C. Malet, Esq., and the Registrar F. G. Stedman, Esq. Last year the College had upon its list 46 Masters of Art, one Doctor of Laws, three Bachelors of Laws, one Bachelor of Science, 30 Bachelors of Art, and 307 under-graduates.

The seal of the Canterbury College is circular, bearing round the margin the words, 'The Seal of the Canterbury College, 1873.' Within the margin is represented the demiligure of an angel bearing a shield, upon which the following arms are depicted:—'Argent; on a chevron gules three toisons d'or between three ploughs proper; on a chief azure a cross Calvary between two archiepiscopal palls of the first. Below the shield a scroll inscribed in old English, 'Ergo tua rura manebunt.'

In connection with the College there are several auxiliary institutions, viz., Boys' High School (Head Master, C. E. Bevan-Brown, M.A., Oxford), Girls' High School (Lady Principal, Mrs MacMillan Brown, M.A.), School of Art (Master, G. Herbert Eliot), School of Agriculture (Director, W. E. Ivey, M.R.A.C., F.C.S., F.I.C.), Public Library (Librarian, F. S. Stedman), Museum (Director, H. O. Forbes).

There is also a School of Engineering, and the Lecturer in Charge being Robert Julian Scott, A.M.I.C.E., and the Lecturer on Civil Engineering and Building Construction, E. Dobson, M. Inst. C.E.



Morris, photo.

CANTERBURY COLLEGE.

Dunedin.

Topics of the Week.

SOCIETY'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HIS EXCELLENCY the Governor and his charming Countess will, unless I am very much mistaken, be the most popular Governor and consort that Wellington has known. They will certainly be celebrated as the most hospitable denizens of Government House that the colony has known. Our present issue contains accounts of several smart functions, and I hear that the Countess has issued more invitations for a small dance on the 21st July, and also for an afternoon 'At Home' on the 14th July. Both she and His Excellency have, moreover, been very busy giving dinner parties lately. They intend, I hear on good authority to give a small dance once a fortnight during the session.

OVIDE MUSIN and company are creating great excitement in Wellington musical circles. The first night he simply brought down the house with his exquisite violin playing.

The citizens' ball at Wellington, which took place at the Garrison Hall on Monday, 4th July, was the most brilliantly successful function of the kind ever held in the Empire City. There were at least five hundred present, if not more, the only guests of the citizens being the Government House party, Sir James and Lady Prendergast, the Hon. the Premier and Mrs Ballance, and Capt. Bourke and the officers of H.M.S. Ringarooma. Mr Justice Richmond and Mrs Richmond were also invited, but owing to the death of Sir Harry Atkinson, who was a brother of Mrs Richmond, they were not present. The Mayor and Mrs Bell were also absent through a family bereavement—that of Lady Bell, this also keeping Mr and Mrs G. Beetham away. The Primate's family, and also that of Mr Edward Pearce, are also in mourning, and were unable to be present. Mr Duthie, M.H.R., took Mr Bell's place, and received the Vice-regal party and danced with the Countess in the first set of Lancers, their *vis à vis* being the Earl of Glasgow and Miss Duthie. The rest of the set was made up as follows:—Sir James Prendergast and Lady Buckley; Sir James Hector and Mrs W. P. Reeves; Capt. Bourke and Miss Hallows; the Hon. Dr. Grace and Lady Hector; the Hon. W. P. Reeves and Mrs Harcourt; Mr Harcourt and Mrs Grace.

The Government House party consisted of the Earl and Countess, Col. Pat. Boyle, Capt. Hunter-Blair, Capt. Clayton, Mr Gillington, Miss Hallows, and Miss Sutcliffe. Col. Boyle wore full dress uniform of the Grenadier Guards; Mr Gillington, Windoor uniform; Capt. Hunter-Blair, Gordon Highlanders; and Capt. Clayton that of the Scots' Guards. The programmes were quaintly got up in old English style, 'Ye derde of Partneshippe' being the motto printed in Old English red lettering upon each. The ball opened at 9 o'clock, and over twenty dances were gone through when the company broke up at about half-past two, the Earl and Countess having left at about one o'clock. The Countess wore the handsomest ball dress I have (says my correspondent) ever seen, and it suited her admirably. It was a magnificent gown of deep old rose or ruby satin, made with a very long train, and trimmed with panels of ruby satin exquisitely brocaded with white shaded pink flowers and green leaves, the same beautiful material being used for the high puffed sleeves and introduced down the centre of the long train, and she wore her coronet and ornaments of diamonds and carried a huge feather fan. Miss Hallows wore a pretty yellow silk gown veiled with white chiffon and profusely trimmed with chiffon frills.

The decorations were very extensive—in fact, no one would have recognised the usually bare Garrison Hall. The whole of the ceiling was draped with red, white and blue, and ornamented with strings of filled paper of delicate colours, strung more in the form of a star than anything else, and in the midst of this were two huge Chinese umbrellas and innumerable electric lights, each covered with a yellow silk hanging shade. The bare walls were draped with bunting and decorated with palms, ferns, etc., and seats

were arranged all around the room (these, by the bye, the chaperones would like to have been raised so that they might have had a glimpse at the dancers without standing all the time). All the little alcoves round the ballroom were converted into delightful little fairy bowers, prettily lit with coloured lights, and partially screened from the ballroom by trellis-work, ferns, palms, or lace curtains, and these were beautifully furnished and decorated. A large room was built on at the opposite side (to the entrance) of the hall for supper, and this proved indeed a great boon.

The champagne supper was of the best, the Vice-Regal party having special places prepared for them. The tables were decorated with large standing pots and epergnes of ferns of various kinds, and a large staff of waiters were in attendance. The cloak rooms were near the entrance, and were occupied by numbers of assistants.

In the centre of the hall stood the band stand, a pretty erection draped with curtains, and beautified with greenery, and from that the string band played the best possible dance music. The music was, in fact, a great feature, and was much enjoyed by both dancers and onlookers. A special bower surmounted by the Royal arms had been arranged for the Vice-Regal party at one end of the hall, and beautifully furnished, the chief decoration being a huge mirror draped with crimson plush, and the room was curtained off, and it being raised above the ball-room the effect was very pretty. Miss Elsie Williams and Miss Ida Cooper played a couple of extras at supper time, the musicians then returning and continuing for the rest of the evening. A list of as many of the dresses as my correspondent could get will be found in the Wellington letter.

All sensible people in Wellington noticed with pleasure that Lady Glasgow is doing away with a very unnecessary and extravagant fashion into which society in New Zealand has fallen, namely, that of giving elaborate suppers at a dance. Very many would be entertainers are deterred from carrying out their hospitable instincts from a mistaken dread that they would be looked down upon, were they not to indulge in a most expensive supper. If men want to drink champagne, let them go to their club. If ladies wish a glass of this beverage, let them have a quiet little feminine luncheon party, and enjoy it where they can feel they are not setting the young men of their acquaintance a deplorable example.

There are many people who frankly own that they only go to dances because of the supper. They had far better have a good dinner at a rather more suitable hour for their digestions. The menu for the supper at Government House which has been so commended, consisted of oysters, sandwiches, cakes of every description, etc., tea, coffee, and soup. It was delicious and ample. Surely, with such an example, little dances at sensible hours, and with sensible suppers, will become more frequent in this colony.

NOTWITHSTANDING the extremely inclement weather on Friday, the attendance at the Ponsoy At Home was larger than usual, and amongst the visitors were several officers from H.M.S. Goldfinch now in harbour. Adams' band, as usual, supplied excellent music, and all the other essentials to enjoyment being present—good partners included—the result was exceedingly successful.

JUST too late for last week's issue came the news of the Hastings steeplechase ball, which was by all accounts one of the successes of the season. The *clat* with which everything went off must have been to the highest degree gratifying to those who undertook the management of affairs. The arrangements were, says my correspondent, perfect. The schoolroom was transformed into a most beautifully decorated ball-room, and the supper-room was delightful to gaze upon. The supper was, of course, excellent, and very prettily arranged. The card-room made the lot of non-dancers easy and enjoyable, being a most cosily arranged

retreat. A drawing-room on the stage was admirably arranged and formed an excellent 'vantage point' for chaperones and those who take their pleasure in looking on.

UNFORTUNATELY, Mr Fitzroy, the genial secretary, was confined to his room with a severe attack of influenza, however, Mr Frank Nelson made an admirable substitute, and performed his arduous duties meritoriously. He was here, there, and everywhere. Indeed, the success of the ball was in a great measure due to his exertions.

A NUMBER of ladies arranged the supper, amongst them being Mesdames Williams, E. Tanner, Vickerman, Nelson, Loughnan, Beetham, Miss Nelson and others. Everyone seems to have enjoyed themselves immensely, and many have declared enthusiastically that it was the best ball ever given in Hastings. One very great improvement on last year's ball was the utilising of the new boarding-house dining-room (at the back of the school-room) as a supper-room. The passage leading to the house was covered in, and made into a very pretty hall with tree ferns, cabbage-trees, etc., artistically arranged.

VERY great interest is felt by many people in New Zealand in the Melanesian Mission, which has its headquarters in Norfolk Island. There are several working-parties held fortnightly or monthly in Auckland, whose object is to make garments for the converts. At one of these, which took place last week at the Mount Albert Parsonage, a letter was read from a native girl who has been taught to read and write in the Mission school. In her language there is no word for 'thank,' consequently, the English word has been adopted and is used in the letter, of which the following is a translation:

'S. BARNABAS, Norfolk Island, May 4th, 1892. To the ladies,—We thank you very much for making clothes for us; we do indeed thank you. We should like much to see you, but we cannot because the sea prevents. It is impossible. But one thing we ask, do not forget us in your prayers, and pray to our Heavenly Father for us; and we also will not forget you in letters. And also thank you very much for helping our father the Bishop about this new ship (the new Southern Cross), which is very nice indeed. We were pleased with her. And also we do ask you for teachers to send us some, for the Bishop and Mrs Bice are both already gone away from us. It is done. Good-bye. I, Lydia Tuli, have written with much love. Good-bye to you.'

The Masonic Hall was filled with bright faces and bright dresses, toned down by the sombre conventional masculine attire, on the occasion of the Auckland Polo Club dance. The hall was appropriately decorated with Polo trophies, prize cups, new Polo balls, very artistically arranged Polo sticks, caps, horse-bridles, saddles, etc., the wall on each side being cleverly hung with these diverse articles, prettily interspersed with tree-ferns and flowers. A profusion of gay bunting and three handsome tiger skins still further heightened the excellent effect of the decorations, which reflect the greatest credit on the energetic captain, Mr Ivan Wauborough.

The floor was in splendid condition, the music all that could be desired and there was an equal number of ladies and gentlemen. The tasteful programmes deserve a word of notice, being ornamented with a horse's head. Twenty-five dances were set down, but even this large number did not seem enough for some of the more energetic young people. The committee of management were Dr. A. C. Purchas, Messrs Lockhart, Stewart, Wauborough, Wynyard, Mackellar, and the Secretary, Mr A. E. Gilmore, who with the other members of the committee, gained much *kudos* for their performance of their arduous duties.

MY Napier correspondent writes:—'Our amateurs are to the fore again, and have given a charming little performance in aid of the Farnon Cricket Ground Fund. The piece acted was 'Alone,' and the performance concluded with the laughable farce, 'A Happy Pair.' The first piece 'Alone' I liked immensely, and I was very sorry such a wet night prevented more people from attending. I hope the performance will be repeated, when I feel sure there will be a bumper house. Miss Hitchings, as usual, was remarkably good as Maud Trevor, and Miss Una Hitchings as Mrs Thornton acted capitally and with great archness. These two were the only ladies acting. The other performers were all gentlemen. Mr C. D. Kennedy was particularly good. He was Doctor Micklethwaite, and richly deserved the applause showered on him.

Mr J. Macintosh made a capital Captain Cameron, and Mr Finch was very good as Stratton Spanless. Mr J. G. Swan surprised us all by his rendering of the blind Colonel Chalice, and Mr Jack Hughes made the most of Edward. In the second piece, 'A Happy Pair,' Miss Hitchings as Mrs Honeyton, won everyone's heart. Mr J. G. Swan was immensely killing as Mr Honeyton. The pieces were well mounted, and the dresses very pretty and artistic. A very enjoyable programme was gone through during the evening by the orchestra, and all I can say is, I hope this clever performance will shortly be repeated.

As will be seen elsewhere it had been intended to have given in the GRAPHIC portraits and pen sketches of the Speaker of the Legislative Council and Lady Atkinson. The death of Sir Harry has, however, frustrated our intention. Readers of this journal have already had a bio-



Heermann, LADY ATKINSON. photo.

graphy and memorial portrait of the late Speaker of the Legislative Council, and we now, by special permission give a picture of the amiable lady whose grief is also ours, and to whom all hearts go out with instinctive sympathy in this her hour of anguish. The portrait herewith given was obtained, of course, before the occurrence of the sad event which has cast a gloom over the political world. By a strange coincidence, indeed, the interview with our representative took place about noon of the day which will ever be remembered as one of national calamity. Her ladyship at first deprecated the publication of her own portrait, though quite ready to afford facilities for the presentation of Sir Harry's. 'He,' she said, 'is worthy of such prominence, but I am in no sense a public woman.' However, after some urging of the natural desire of the public to become acquainted with the personal appearance of the consort of one so eminent, consent was won, and her ladyship placed in the interviewer's hand the photograph from which we reproduce our portrait. It is one taken some little time back, recent attempts, it being explained, having been unsatisfactory. In publishing it we feel we are contributing to the gratification of the wide circle of our readers, and in doing so we again take the opportunity, in their name, of tendering to the bereaved lady and her family the sincerest sympathy.

SNAZELLE, who has just finished a highly satisfactory tour of this colony, intends visiting Fiji and the Islands. We have no doubt that he will succeed there as he succeeded here, his entertainment being one of those which command—and invariably obtain—instantaneous success. It would be well for us if there were more Snazelles. No similar entertainment has, so far as we can remember, been offered to New Zealanders, and the talented inaugurator may rest assured that he has only to come again to be warmly welcomed and substantially patronised. The GRAPHIC does not go in for long critical notices. It is a New Zealand paper, and a long account with comment, from even each of the four greater cities of various professional entertainments going on in their midst would swamp the paper most effectually.

MR SNAZELLE, however, deserves a parting paragraph. His entertainments in Auckland met with the most enthusiastic reception. That they thoroughly deserved to do so goes, of course, *sans dire*. The stately and scenes were specially admired and Miss Snazelle's singing was a great treat to many. As for Snazelle, he is the same excellent raconteur and the same impetuous artist he has always been. His voice is not so strong nor yet so mellow as it was in the days gone, but it is still a splendid voice and has

notes which thrill when he sings, as he only can, that grand old song 'Nazareth.' We wish him a prosperous time and a speedy return. English friends will be glad to hear that their old friend is in such excellent form.

LOVE'S pulses beat strongly, despite gray hairs and tottering footsteps, and in the bright lexicon of Cupid's spring-time, December is as pleasant as May. This was exemplified at Covington, America, recently, when David Heath, a jolly old boy, whose ninety-one winters had failed to freeze the genial currents of his affection, applied for a license to wed Miss Mary I. Hetrick, upon whose brow sixty-five summers had left their imprint. Both parties were from Mount Sterling, and were glad of it. They had met after both had experienced a lifetime of unrequited hankering for the unattainable devotion of a responsive heart, and had loved with a devotion that made up for lost time. They determined to marry, but, as is often true in such cases, they met with bitter opposition, and fled the restraining bond of relatives' influence and came to Covington to receive the balm which Kentucky's Gilead ever contains for those afflicted with a tenderness about the heart. The papers were secured and the couple sent to County Judge Francis, who tied the Gordian knot.

A SHOWMAN, on being asked by a young lady whether one of his exhibits was a cow or a roebuck, answered, 'Whichever you please, my little dear. You pays your money and you takes your choice.' So say we with reference to the accompanying picture. Those of our readers who pin their faith to Mr Gladstone and follow him through thick and thin, may say that it represents the struggle of



Home Rule National

rising Ireland with the English landlord, and we won't deny their assertion. Whilst the others whose hope for the Empire rests to a great extent on Lord Salisbury and Mr Balfour, may claim with equal unconcern on our part that the picture, like the recent riots, represents in miniature what would be enacted on a larger scale were Home Rule granted to Ireland. The cut ought thus to please both parties, and we give it for what it is worth.

A VERY successful entertainment was carried out at Opawa (Christchurch) in the parish schoolroom. Considerable disappointment was expressed by those who went for the music, as neither Miss L. Wood or Mr Hugh Reeves were able to sing, but those who took part did so very ably. Miss Bell sang 'She Wore a Wreath of Roses' admirably, and gave as an encore 'Conin' Thro' the Rye.' Mrs Wilson sang 'The Land of Long Ago,' and Mr Maitland Gardner sang and recited very effectively. The little play of 'Lady Barbara's Birthday' was very nicely put on indeed, the stage being most tastefully decorated. The part of Lady Barbara was well taken by Mrs Bruce, Mr Cholmondeley acquitting himself excellently as Lord Verifyns. Sir Thomas Gay was taken by Mr Wood Jones, and Finikin was splendidly done by Miss M. March, as also was Dorothy Daylight by Miss A. Cholmondeley, and Mr J. E. Garland took the part of Scamp. There was a good house, and the efforts of all were much appreciated.

EVERY week brings fresh evidence from Dunedin that the 'Kahanga (Ladies) Club' is gaining strength. The last meeting was held at Mrs Colquhoun's, Miss Reynolds, who was president, having arranged a very elaborate programme. Everyone looked animated and pleased, and the items went off with a good deal of spirit. 'Across the Threshold' was sung very nicely by Miss Reynolds. Mrs Colquhoun then

recited. The third *morceau* on the last half of the programme was one of Sitoff's brilliant pieces, which was performed by Mrs Williams.

THE greatest interest was manifested in the second half of the programme, which was on an extensive scale, the most elaborate item consisting of a reading by Mrs Melland from Tennyson's 'Dream of Fair Women,' which was splendidly illustrated, Miss Buick playing appropriate music all the time. The first illustration was given by Miss Reynolds, as 'Helen of Troy,' robed in Greek garments of white and gold. Repeating her lines she passed out, when Miss R. Reynolds, as 'Iphigenia,' appeared, gowned in pink. She recited her part, then gave place to Miss A. Cargill, who made a first-rate 'Cleopatra' dressed in scarlet and white. Mrs H. McKenzie came next as 'Jephthah's Daughter,' followed by Miss M. Williams as 'Fair Rosamond,' gowned in white and gold. Miss Williams recited her lines with much expression. Miss L. Roberts made a splendid 'Joan of Arc,' clad in armour of white and silver, with a large helmet. Miss McLaren brought these scenes to a close as 'Queen Eleanor' sucking the poison. Her cloak trimmed with ermine looked very handsome. Miss Buick played a violin solo very beautifully, and Mrs Mills sang 'Home, Dearie, Home.'

THE next item was very pretty and amusing, called the 'Whistling Chorus' which was very elaborate. Mrs Rose played while eight ladies (Mesdames Stilling, Hoosking, Woodhouse, and the Misses Reynolds, G. Roberts, I Rattray, Butterworth, and Spence), in evening dress and powdered hair, whistled behind their fans. The first piece was 'Home, Sweet Home,' and the curtain going up showed a pretty domestic tableau, the figures being Miss M. Reynolds, Miss Dymock, and Miss Turton. The same young ladies appeared in three other tableaux, namely, 'Auld Lang Syne,' 'Yankee Doodle,' and 'The Wearin' of the Green,' the last being got up very prettily, each girl carrying a large green fan. At the close of these tableaux the whistling chorus came back and danced a *minuet* very gracefully, thus bringing to a close one, if not the most successful evening of the season.

A PETITION to the House of Representatives and another to the Legislative Council is being circulated amongst the women of Picton, and signed by all those advancing with the 'march of intellect' of the times, as well as those who object to be classed in political parlance with criminals and lunatics.

GREAT is the circus, and perhaps greatest of all circuses seen in Australasia is the new company which Wirtha have just engaged for a tour of the colony. Japanese conjurers and tumblers are famous, and there is no doubt that the public will show their appreciation of Wirth Bros' smartness and enterprise in obtaining so excellent a troupe by liberal patronage. The Show opens on Wednesday, July 20th, in Auckland, and then proceeds South, calling at all important places.

ALL the Christchurch hunting people will have an opportunity of enjoying themselves at Amberley this week, with the prospect of a ball to be given by Mr and Mrs Greenwood, of Teviotdale, as a grand *finale*. There is a rumour of a special train up from Christchurch, so the Amberley accommodation for visitors will require to be very elastic.

WELLINGTON is keeping the society ball rolling, and accounts of the Hutt Ball, the Thorndon Tennis Ball, and the Harmonic Concert may be looked for in our next number.

ACKLAND POULTRY, PIGEON, CANARY, AND DOG ASSOCIATION.

ANNUAL POULTRY SHOW

Will be held in the AGRICULTURAL HALL, JULY 14, 15, 16.

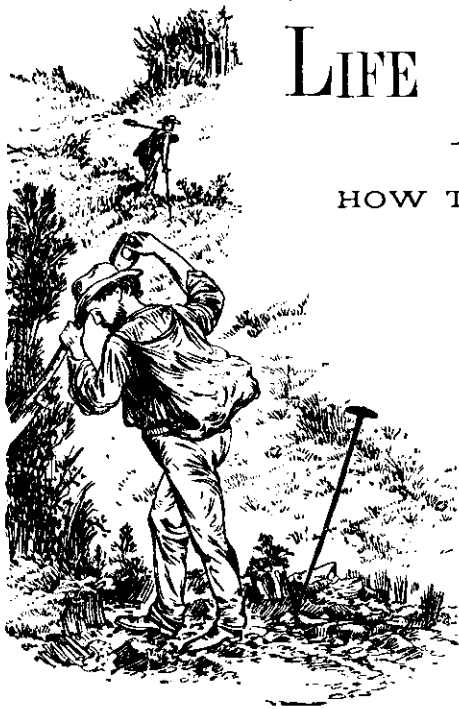
The number of Entries for this year's show is the largest on record, and includes numerous exhibits of Imported Poultry from England, America, and elsewhere.

In connection with the Art Union, there are 80 Useful and Valuable Prizes. Tickets, which include admission to the Show, are only One Shilling each, and can be had at the door or from any member of the Committee.

G. GROSSVENOR, Secretary

LIFE ON A GUMFIELD.

HOW THE GUMDIGGER LIVES.



It is, and always has been, a mystery to one half of the world how the other half lives. Even in this colony, with its comparatively speaking small population, not one in a hundred, except those who are actually engaged in the industry, have the slightest idea of what gum-digging means. Occasionally letters appear in the daily press, and every now and then bank clerks shake their heads sagely over the fortunes which gumdiggers are supposed to be making. Undoubtedly the work is profitable at times; at present it is especially so, and diggers are earning good wages, but it must be remembered that the work is arduous, and the hours, especially in summer, are long. The amount done varies with different camps. Some are hard-working camps, some lazy, and then, of course, there are the men who work alone. The digger you read about, however—the man who earns £3 and perhaps more a week, has to be up early and to bed comparatively late. He must be up by daybreak in summer—up and off to work after a hastily-snatched breakfast. A kit and billy with provisions and tea for the day must be carried, and this, with the paraphernalia of the trade, bag for gum and tools, is quite as big a load as the heart of reasonable man desires. Work must go on till sundown, and this, in the long summer days, means twelve hours

digging per day. Then the trudge home in the dusk, supper is cooked and eaten, and then no bed but three or four hours' scraping. The scraping is terribly fatiguing work, and to the new chum the prospect of the same business on the morrow and day after day seems a little appalling.

In hard-working camps, too, Sunday morning is devoted to scraping. Then it is not so unpleasant; sitting out in the air with a pipe and yarns going the round. Life, even a gumdigger's life, seems worth living. A sketch of a gumdigger's tent under these circumstances is given, and conveys a good impression of the reality. Another, of the digger at work, is a realistic sketch. And the tired, meditative look of the digger making his tea is eminently true to life.

The men, with fair average luck and after a hard day's work, consider themselves lucky if they get a quarter of a hundredweight, but some of the best men have frequently averaged three-quarters of a hundredweight every day. A great place for gumdiggers, in the north, is Dargaville. Walking out from that delightful township, following the railway to the Flax mill, and then following the West track some distance, you would pass the scene of such camps as 'King's Camp,' 'Pollock's,' 'Billie the Monser's,' and 'Scottie's.' Bearing slightly to the left at the latter camp you would come to what once was a gumdiggers' camp with the euphemistic title of the New Jerusalem. Some sixty men inhabited this camp and gave the lease a good shaking. Most of the gum about this district is found in the low-lying swamps and 'basins' (swamps high up amongst the sand hills, so called to distinguish them from the low-lying swamps). These 'basins' are only in a condition to dig during a dry summer. The gum in them lies from two to

three feet deep and is pretty well scattered through the whole basin, so that the man who can turn over the largest paddock has the best chance of a big load. The spear is little used here except in the big swamps, where the Maoris hook gum at a depth of from ten to fourteen feet. Stores are brought by the lessees' carts and pack-horses, and the gum is taken away by them as the men, individually, have their loads ready, i.e., from half to three quarters of a ton. The diggers are charged full prices for stores as will be allowed from the following items taken from a bill of January:—Potatoes, 12s per cwt. (over Sydney famine price), flour, 8s per 50lb., tea, 3s per lb., coffee, 2s per lb., bread, 11d per 4lb. loaf; but most men bake their own bread in camp ovens. Some people will hardly credit us when we state that in this district the men 'dig' for their firewood! Nevertheless such is the case. There is no bush within five miles, so they have to dig up kauri timber to burn. For baking purposes they mostly use lignite which is found on the beach. All work and no play, however, cannot be obtained even on a gumfield. Amusement is a safety-valve for the constantly overflowing animal spirits even of gumdiggers.

Every now and then there are expeditions to town, and cheques are knocked down with lavish prodigality.



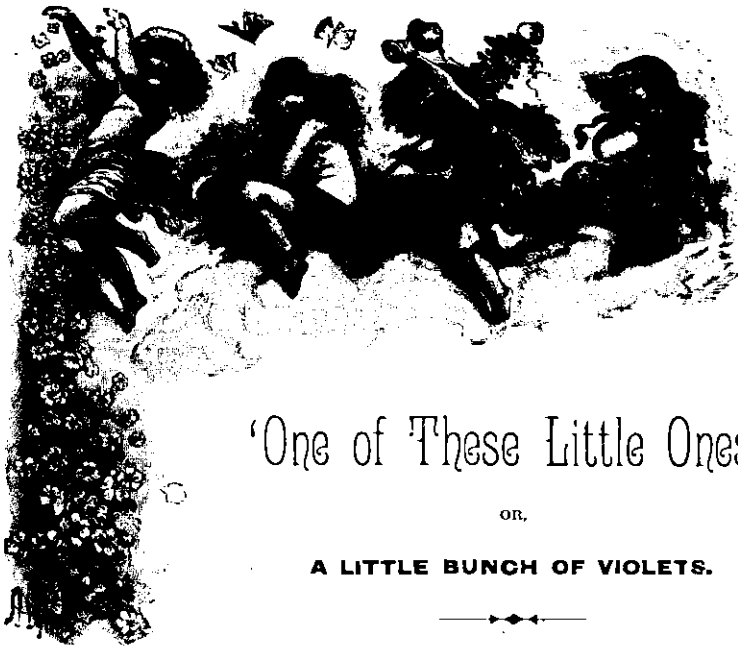
GETTING TEA.

On page 722 some further pictures of gumdiggers and gumdigging are given. The central figure is an admirable type of the large and useful class of men engaged in the industry. The other sketches show a 'patch' in the morning and again in the evening after the devastating hand of the diggers has been across it. Then there is the man who digs two days and drinks three, and a very characteristic glimpse of the same unfortunate creature's home. A good picture is given of the steady settler's whare. It is

not perhaps palatial, but after a hard day's work it seems monstrous comfortable to its weary denizen. Some day there will be an Adam L. Gordon of the gumfields, and then the world will learn something of the romance of what seems a most prosaic occupation. Yet no doubt the life has its attractions. The digger is his own master. He works when he wills and plays when he chooses. If he works hard he has the satisfaction of feeling that it is for himself, and maybe his family. If, on the other hand, he likes to take things easy, he can do so without any chance of 'the sack,' but of course with a proportionate decrease in the matter of earnings. There is, too, an element of luck in the work, which is eminently attractive to many. A man may at any moment strike a lucky patch which will enable him to fill his bag in a very few minutes. Rough and ready the gumdigger class is, as a rule, easy going and good-natured, and eminently honest. Every section of society is represented in the ranks. More than one sprig of the British peerage has, or perhaps does, wield a gum spear.



GUM SCRAPING.



'One of These Little Ones';

OR.

A LITTLE BUNCH OF VIOLETS.



WHEN the train moved away from the station, Mabel pulled out her little red-bordered handkerchief and cried. There, in the car window, was Fay, her dearest friend, moving farther away from her each minute. For awhile she could see Fay's hand and handkerchief moving from the window, but when they had passed out of sight Mabel sobbed aloud. By her side stood Fay's mamma. She, too, stood watching the little white signal till it was lost in the distance. Then she turned and held out her hand to Mabel.

'Come, Mabel,' she said, in a voice that trembled somewhat, 'let us go home now.'

As they walked away together the sympathetic eyes of the bystanders followed them. One soft-hearted porter shook his head sadly.

'Hard, isn't it?' he said. The man standing next him nodded.

'And it seems only the other day they were married,' he answered. 'How proud and happy they were. What was the trouble, do you know?'

'No,' said the other, with a wrinkle of the eyebrows. 'Some nonsense, I guess. Ralph always was a quick-tempered fellow, and she was an only child, you know. I never thought they'd separate, though—and such a sweet little girl!'

His companion smiled a little.

'Did you notice the other one?' he asked. 'That's Colburn's young one. Fay and she are as thick as peas. It'll be very lonesome for Mabel, now.'

Mabel was already lonesome as she walked away from the station with Fay's mamma. When she looked up, however, and saw the tears in Mrs Fenwick's eyes she winked very hard to keep back her own tears. She did not know that the reason Fay had been sent away was that Mr and Mrs Fenwick had separated now, but she felt very sorry for the parents left behind, and had promised Fay to take good care of them.

'I do not think my mamma is happy,' Fay had confided to her, 'for she cries a great deal. I am very sorry to go away just now, only Aunt Lottie wants me so much. And papa is not very well, I think. Sometimes he is cross, and things are all different from what they used to be. You must be good to them. Mabel, so they will not be too lonesome for me'; and Mabel had promised that she would. Now she took Mrs Fenwick's hand as she trudged along by her side.

'I will be your little girl till Fay comes back,' she said. The sad face smiled a little as Mrs Fenwick looked down at the child thoughtfully.

'Thank you, dear,' she said. Mabel's active little brain had already devised a plan.

'Every morning on my way to school I will stop and see you,' she said, after a minute, 'and—let me see—every afternoon when I don't have too many lessons, and when my teacher does not keep me after school, I will stop in the office to see papa.'

'Papa!' cried Mrs Fenwick. She had hardly listened to the child, but started then, for Mabel's papa, poor young Jack Colburn, had died some years ago.

Mabel laughed merrily.

'If I am your little girl,' she said quickly, 'then Fay's papa is mine.'

Mrs Fenwick flushed a little. Mabel talked on without stopping.

'Sometimes we went into his office coming home from school,' she continued, 'and I know just where to find him—down in the little room at the end, sitting on a high stool, and the man outside always smiles at us just as pleasant, and says: "Step in, little ladies."''

Mrs Fenwick choked a little. How many times had she been in that little office herself; but now she would not go any more.

That evening she was all alone. No tired husband came home to tea, and Fay was far away with Aunt Lottie. Some of the neighbours thought of the lonesome little

mother, but none ventured to intrude upon her in her sorrow.

In the morning Mabel came in as Mrs Fenwick was eating her breakfast. This was an every day occurrence when Fay was at home, for the two children walked to school together.

'Good morning,' said Mabel, smiling. 'Come here and kiss me.'

The little girl did so, and rubbed her own chubby cheek against Mrs Fenwick's.

'I wish I could stay with you,' she said, sadly, 'but I daren't be late at school. It's very lonesome without Fay, isn't it?'

'Yes,' answered Fay's mother, her eyes filling with tears. Mabel walked around the room in silence.

'On my way back from school,' she said, finally, 'I'll go in and see Fay's papa.'

'You are very thoughtful,' observed Mrs Fenwick. Mabel laughed.

'I am taking care of you two till Fay comes back,' she answered.

Then she picked up her lesson-books and kissed Mrs Fenwick good-bye.

'Take good care of yourself till I come back,' she said. Mrs Fenwick stood at the window watching the little figure go down the street. She would turn around every minute and throw a kiss at the window, as Fay used to do.

School was very lonesome for Mabel. Usually Fay sat by her side, and at noon they ate their lunch together under one of the big trees in the school-yard. Some of the other children came up to Mabel now, but she turned away from them all with a little sigh. Had she not promised Fay that she would be true to her and let no other take her place? At noon she put her little lunch-basket on the desk before her and ate alone.

The afternoon seemed very long, but when school was dismissed at last Mabel was the first to leave the building.

Up the streets she ran, around the corner by the green lamp-post, and never stopped till she reached the office, where Mr Fenwick had his little room at the end. As she pulled back the heavy door and stepped inside, one of the men who had a black streak across his forehead smiled at her from over the counter and asked:

'What do you want, little girl?'

Mabel smiled, too, as she walked past him.

'I'm going to see Mr Fenwick,' she answered. The man who had only recently come into the office tried to stop her. She only laughed in answer.

'Oh, he will see me,' she said, and pushed open the glass door.

Mr Fenwick turned around at the sound. There he sat on the same high stool with his books open before him, but there were great rings under his brown eyes, and Mabel thought he looked tired. As his eyes fell upon the intruder Fenwick started.

'Hello, Mabel,' he said.

She walked up beside his high chair and looked up at him smiling.

'How do you do?' she asked cheerfully. 'How are you getting along?'

Mr Fenwick smiled. 'Who sent you here?' he asked. Mabel drew her little form up proudly.

'Nobody sent me. I thought you might be lonesome without Fay.'

'So I am,' cried Fenwick, getting down from his stool and lifting the little girl in his arms. 'So you came to keep me from being lonesome, did you?'

'Yes,' said Mabel, moving her soft hand over his dark hair. 'I am to be your little girl while Fay is away. Do you think that she will be gone long?'

Fenwick hesitated. He did not care to tell Mabel that Fay would not come back till it had been legally decided which parent should have charge of her.

'It's very pleasant where she is,' he said, finally. 'I shouldn't wonder if she didn't come back right away.'

Mabel brushed away a tear.

'It's very hard on me,' she said, 'but I suppose it's hard, too, on you and—' She was going to say 'on mamma,' but thinking he might not understand, hushed, 'and on your wife.'

'Yes, it is.'

'We'll have to all keep each other from being lonesome,' Mabel said, as Fenwick at last placed her on one of the stools by his side.

For some time the clerks in the outer office cast frequent glances through the glass door at their employer in his room and the little girl at his side.

'It's Colburn's girl,' said one of them; 'she used to come in here with Fay Fenwick. I guess it makes Fenwick feel bad.'

When Mabel came out of the office they all smiled at her. She spoke to Mr Fenwick as she closed the glass door.

'I will try and come tomorrow,' she said; 'take good care of yourself.'

'All right,' answered Fenwick, smiling; 'thank you.'

He sat for some time after she left him with his head on his arm, so only the dark locks were seen through the door. The men outside felt very sorry for him.

'It's too bad,' they said; 'and they were so happy together.'

When Mabel reached home she told her mamma what she had done. Mrs Colburn kissed her and said:

'All right, darling.'

She thought it could do no harm, and possibly the child might comfort her a little. So every morning Mabel cried on the forlorn little mother, who grew thinner and paler each day; every afternoon a second stool was placed beside Mr Fenwick for his little visitor. The clerks looked forward to her calls with pleasure. One gave her a pencil once, with a big rubber on the end which left a black mark after it every time she used it. But Mabel always smiled on the poor fellow because he did not know about the rubber, probably.

One afternoon she came into the store in a hurry, and ran into Mr Fenwick's office all out of breath.

'What is the matter?' he said.

She held up a little three-cornered envelope. It was tinted pink, and on the back was a picture of a tiny white dove with a letter tied around its neck.

'See!' cried Mabel, 'here is my letter from Fay.'

Fenwick took it eagerly. It was Aunt Lottie's handwriting on the outside, but when he took out the small, pink sheet his heart throbbed, for he knew his little girl had penned it.

'Read it,' said Mabel.

It was written well for a girl of ten, and had cost Fay much time and trouble. It read:

DEAR MABEL.—It is a very nice place here. Aunt Lottie is very good. The conductor was also very good. I hope you don't eat dinner with Annie Dobson. How are my dear papa and mamma? I want to see them and you very much. I think I will come home before long. Write soon to your affectionate

FAY FENWICK.

Fenwick put the paper back in the envelope and kissed it.

'When you answer this,' he said to Mabel, 'tell Fay that papa kissed her letter.'

Mabel laughed.

'Somebody told you,' she said; 'Fay's mamma kissed it too.'

Fenwick coloured.

'Did she see it, too?'

'Why, yes, when I went to school this morning, you know.'

'Does she know you come here?'

Mabel laughed again.

'Why, yes,' she said.

'Is she very lonesome?'

'You both ask me the same questions. When I go to see my new mamma she says: "Do you think Fay's papa is very lonesome?'"

'In that so?'

Mabel nodded.

'I am going to see her now,' she said, after a minute.

'Who?' asked Fenwick.

'Who have we been talking about?' said Mabel, smiling; 'my new mamma. She had a headache this morning, and I thought I'd go twice to day.'

'That's right,' said the new mamma's husband. 'Was she very ill?'

'I think so.'

Ralph Fenwick ran his fingers through his dark locks.

'Suppose you send her something by me?' said Mabel.

'What?' cried Fenwick.

Mabel nodded.

'Don't you remember when Fay and I took the tin candlestick, and how pleased she was?'

Fenwick walked around the office.

'I remember,' said he.



MABEL COLBURN.



MR FENWICK.

'You might send a pair of scissors, only that isn't a good sign—something awful might happen.'

'Oh, well then, I won't send them,' said he, with a faint smile.

'I suppose flowers are what the sick should always have, but you don't have flowers in your office,' said Mabel.

Fenwick paused in his walk. A red spot burned on each cheek.

'You wait here and I'll be back in a minute,' said he.

He took his hat from behind the door and went out. Presently he returned with a little bunch of violets in his hand.

'Here are your flowers,' said he, holding them out to her. 'Give them to her if you want to.'

Mabel reached for them with a little scream of delight.

'Violets!' she said. 'And I know a nice little verse to say when I give them to her. Wouldn't that be nice?'

'Very nice,' said Fenwick.

Mabel ran away joyfully. She could hardly wait now. Every little while she lifted the flowers and smelled them.

'They are different from our little violets,' she thought—'bigger, with more leaves, and they smell more.'

She saw Mrs Fenwick in the window as she neared the house, and ran in without knocking.

'See what I've brought!' she cried, holding out the bouquet.

She raised them to her nostrils. English violets had tender associations for her.

'They are yours,' said Mabel, putting her hands behind her. 'Fay's papa sent them, and he said he thought it would be very nice to say this verse with them:

The rose is red,
The violet is blue,
Do you love me
As I love you?

Mrs Fenwick did not move her head. The colour slowly mounted to her forehead. Then she raised the flowers to her lips and kissed them.

'I thought you'd like 'em,' said Mabel. Then, noticing that the tears were running down Mrs Fenwick's cheeks, she ran and threw her arms around her. 'Don't cry! don't, please don't!' she said, entreatingly.

Mrs Fenwick drew the little face down to hers and kissed it.

'Did he really send them?' she asked.

'Of course,' said Mabel.

Mrs Fenwick was silent a minute. Then she detached one of the violets from the others.

'Mabel, are you very tired?' she asked.

Mabel looked out of the window.

'Not so very,' she answered.

'And will you do something for me?'

'Of course I will,' said the child, smiling.

'Then take this back to your new papa and tell him I sent it.'

'Only one?'

'One is enough,' said Mrs Fenwick, smiling through her tears.

Her mind went back to the time when she first sent Ralph a violet, a token of her love for him. After the child had gone she went to the door and watched her down the street. Her heart throbbed loudly, but she kept the fragrant violets clasped in her hands.

Mr Fenwick had not been himself since Mabel had departed. The books lay open before him, but he paid no attention to them. He had hardly stirred when Mabel returned. She was very tired, but held out the flower to him with a smile.

'I wish it was more than one,' she said, a trifle ashamed of the gift she was bringing, 'but she said one would be enough.'

Mr Fenwick's heart gave a bound.

'Who did?' he cried, and almost choked in asking the question.

'My new mamma,' answered Mabel, frightened at his emotion. 'She liked the flowers very much, and kissed them, and told me to bring this back to you.'

'God bless the child,' cried Ralph, catching up his hat and taking the little one in his arms.

'Up the street they went, faster and faster. Mabel did not dare ask to be left at her own house.'

Mrs Fenwick saw them coming. She started toward the door, but it had already been opened. Mabel walked in, and Ralph and his wife stood motionless in each other's arms. Mabel walked about the room feeling a trifle ill at ease. Finally she returned to speak to them, smiling bravely, though there were tears in her eyes.

'I wish,' she said, 'that it was time for Fay to come back. I don't think I can take care of you two much longer.'

THE MEAN MAN.

THE mean man is one who spends no money but his own, and uses no property not belonging to him. He never borrows what he does not intend to repay. Neither is he lavish or even liberal with another's goods. He was a mean man of whom it was said, 'He got rich by minding his own business.' He has no stomach for superfluities. With him enough is as good as a feast. More than sufficient is not only wasteful extravagance, but a burdensome annoyance.

The mean man is content to be just. True, he gives and takes like other men his equal. But it is bestow charity, or benefactions, it is upon those who need aid and who try to help themselves. He is intolerant of drones and spendthrifts.

The mean man is one who has not acquired the art of being esteemed a man of great liberality, from the circumstance of parting with a small, near advantage, in the sure expectation of reaping a large remote personal reward. He has not the adroitness to throw away one card in the game of life, in order to ensure the retaking of two while posing as a model of disinterested benevolence.

He lacks the necessary imagination and recklessness to make a rogue; and although heartily despised by the thoughtless and the imprudent, he will always be rightfully esteemed honest; for his motto, in all his dealings, is to owe no man anything, and to render unto every one his due.

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



NOTWITHSTANDING the miserably wet weather on Saturday last the Cup matches both at Epsom and Devonport were fairly well attended, and those enthusiasts who were sufficiently venturesome to brave the elements were rewarded by witnessing—no matter which of the three senior matches they patronised—an interesting and closely-contested game, the winning team in each case securing victory only by a very narrow majority of points.

GENERALLY speaking, and taking into consideration the state of the ground and of the ball, very fair all round form was displayed by most of the team. One deficiency I have noticed, however, not only on Saturday, but for some considerable time past, is in regard to line play. Very few of our forwards seem able to take the ball smartly on the 'line out,' and consequently 'knock-on,' and their attendant loss of time, and often of opportunity, occur with vexatious frequency. How often in the old days have we seen such men as Jack Lindsay, O'Connor, or Crowe start a dangerous attack by means of a pass from the 'line out' to their halves, and yet this style of game is now almost entirely neglected, Montgomerie, O'Connor, and McSweeney being the only men I have seen attempt it this season. If the various clubs would only devote a little time at their weekly practices to improving their line play I am convinced they would speedily reap benefit therefrom.

AT Epsom the match Suburbs v. Grafton, played in front of the stand, attracted the most attention. The teams proved very equal in strength, and the game throughout was closely contested, Grafton finally winning (thanks once more to Penalligan) by 5 to 2. Early in the first spell Grafton, who were at this time penned in their 25, got on a sweeping forward rush, which terminated in Tracey scoring first blood for his side. Penalligan took the place, a fairly easy one, and added the required 3 points. Shortly afterwards Herrold scored a try for Suburbs by means of a clever dribble, thus giving the All-Blacks an opportunity of equalising matters, but Peace made a poor attempt at conversion, and the score stood—Grafton 5, Suburbs 2. The Colours had slightly the best of the succeeding play, but no further score had been obtained when the whistle blew for half-time.

UPON resuming after the usual interval Suburbs almost immediately began to force the pace, and playing to their backs with more freedom than in the earlier part of the game, for some time kept the Colours busy in repelling the vigorous attacks of Rhodes, Herrold, and Hales. The Grafton forwards at length raised the siege, Bruce leading one of their phenomenal charges, which was not stopped until their opponents' line was reached, Clarke forcing just in time. The next to distinguish himself was Rhodes, who made a splendid dribble from his own 25, but was unfortunately enough to overrun the ball when near the Colours' line. The tide of invasion was now setting strongly towards the Grafton stronghold, but the Colours' defence was a stubborn rock not to be easily surmounted, and, though straining every nerve to the finish, Suburbs were never able to cross the coveted line, the game finally ending without further score on either side.

TURNING to the individual players, Taylor, as full back for Grafton, played steadily and well throughout, his clever punting getting his side out of many an awkward corner. Gandia, if we except his occasional big kicking, was anything but brilliant, whilst Branson, McConnell, Whiteside, and Brady all played their usual cool consistent games, and made few mistakes. The forwards were undoubtedly the 'main-hold' of the team, and are a remarkably good lot, shining particularly in those old-fashioned combined (foot) charges, which are most difficult to stop. Bruce, Montgomerie, and McMillan were the most prominent.

FOR Suburbs, Clarke, as full back, played his first senior game, and for a first appearance acquitted himself very creditably. Of the three-quarters, Peace was not taking well, but otherwise played a brilliant game; whilst Hales is gaining in dash and confidence week by week, and will yet, I think, fulfil his early promise. Herrold at half was not quite as clever as usual, but Rhodes, in a similar position, fairly made up for his indifferent display of last week, running, passing, and kicking in better form than I have ever before seen him display. The forwards, whilst retaining all their brilliancy in the open, packed the scrums better than has been usual with them, thus remedying what has always been their weak point. Dacre and McSweeney were, perhaps, the best of a very even lot.

PONSONBY and Newton met on No. 2 ground, and the match proved very interesting as illustrating two entirely

different styles of play, one team being as much superior in the matter of backs as the other was in that of forwards. Ponsonby played with only eight forwards as against nine, and being further weakened by Airey's inability (owing to a strained shoulder) to work in the scrum, were completely overmatched by their heavier opponents, and had it not been for their clever back division the Blue and Blacks would soon have been in queer straits. As it was, brilliant charges of the Newton forwards alternated with no less brilliant passing runs of the Ponsonby backs, with the result that at half-time Roberts had secured two tries for Ponsonby (one of which was converted by Flynn), Newton's only score being a penalty goal kicked by Donald.

THE second spell was pretty much a repetition of the first, only that Newton, keeping the ball closer, had this time the best of the exchanges. The only additional score was a try gained for Newton by Smith, and when the whistle blew for time the game stood, Ponsonby 7, Newton 5. Newton, I understand, intend entering a protest upon the grounds that Murray obtained a try which was disallowed by the referee, because the ball struck a spectator standing behind the goal line.

STITCHBURY, at full back for Ponsonby, was not seen at his best. Masfield and Kiley were both in good form. I should like the former much better though if he dropped his bamping tactics, which are rarely successful; and Roberts displayed brilliant attacking powers, though at times a little weak in defence. 'Albie' played as well as usual, which is saying a good deal, but Ramsay's passing was frequently very wild. Of the Ponsonby forwards, who deserve great credit for the game they played against heavy odds, Green and Cruickshank were the best.

FOR Newton, Walton was fairly safe at full, whilst of the three-quarters Warnock (a young player promoted from the second) is the only one worthy of special mention, kicking and tackling very well indeed. Davidson and Barnes were both very safe at half, and the forwards without exception all played well, Murray, Donald, and Smith being the most prominent.

THE result of the match City v. North Shore is without doubt the biggest surprise in a season so far chock full of surprises. Who that remembers the tremendous score put up by City when these clubs first met in the early part of season, would have thought it possible that on their second meeting City would just scrape home—as they did on Saturday—2 points to nil! The state of the ground would certainly militate against the City backs, but even taking this into account the result cannot be considered otherwise than as highly creditable to the Shore team, whose perseverance has at last been rewarded by a very near approach to success.

THE Match Committee met on Monday and selected the teams for the first of the series of trial matches on Saturday next. I shall, however, reserve my criticism until next week.

I WAS very pleased to see Jack Lecky acting as referee in the Grafton-Suburbs match, and very efficiently he fulfilled the duties. Why should not more of our old players—we have plenty of them—follow his example and take an occasional turn with the whistle? They could not render more acceptable service to the game.

OUR athletes would appear to have been in better form at Paris than in England. The news of their successes in the gay city was the more pleasant because unexpected. By the way, what did the cable fiend mean by wiring on Friday that Hempton had broken down. His performance on the following day exposed the stupid unreliability of that scrap of information. If the men employed in London would only cultivate an atom of common sense and condescend to be correct and to find out what sort of news we really care about, what a lot of vexation of spirit they would prevent. The cables about the doings of the Athletes have been a disgrace to journalism; why the press association did not send a cable home giving directions for fuller particulars to be wired passeth understanding. Each cable appears more incomplete, more unsatisfactory than the last. No times, no details, in fact, 'no nothing.'

GREAT disappointment was felt in Wellington on receipt of the news from England that our New Zealand Representatives had failed to carry off any of the championship events at Stamford Bridge Athletic Meeting on the 2nd of this month. And even now that we are becoming more resigned to the doleful news, people are anxiously waiting to

hear particulars of the different events. They want to know, you know, the names of the streaks of greased lightning who could beat such men as Hempton and Batger, and by how much our men were beaten, etc., etc.

It was the misfortune of Mr Wright last week that the protest of Suburbs against Parnell was upheld by the Auckland Rugby Union. This decision upset our hopes of giving the two guineas to the gentleman named, and has necessitated our looking up afresh all the coupons on the match received and keeping them until the Suburbs-Parnell match is played over. This week, in the Grafton-Suburbs contest, one of our competitors has been more successful, and we are glad to say that no protests are to be lodged with the Union by either team. Mr Robert Cromwell, of Park Road, East Parnell, has struck the exact figures, his coupon being marked—Grafton, 5; Suburbs, 2. It affords us, therefore, great pleasure to fill in the long-waiting cheque, and to say here that we hope we shall have a similar duty to perform when the Auckland representative match has been played.

THE representative practice matches, which were to have taken the place of the senior cup matches on Saturday to enable the Wellington team to get some play together before meeting the Hawke's Bay men, were postponed on account of the weather. It was, however, decided by the ground committee to allow the junior cup matches to go on. The Wellington College v. Athletic Heat was played at Petone, the latter team winning by 8 points to 2. The College boys were completely overweighed by the Blues, but they managed to keep their opponents at bay until nearly the end of the first spell, when two tries were scored in quick succession by Huen and Sinley respectively, from the first of which Porter placed a neat goal. On changing ends, Watts for the Athletics increased the score for his side by getting over the line near the corner. The try, however, was not converted. Soon after this the College team pulled themselves together, and playing with great combination and determination, brought the ball close under the Blues' goal, when Ward secured the leather and dashed over the line. McGovern was unable to convert. The College boys continued to work hard in the hopes of increasing their score, but the Athletics' defence proved too good, and at the end of the spell the result stood as stated above. As may be imagined the ball was altogether too greasy to allow of anything like smart play. Hill, Williams, Watts and Smith (backs), and Nicholson, Wrigley and Ridler (forwards) were the pick of the winners, and for the losers the most prominent were McGovern, Denton, Tripe, Owen (backs), and Gilmer, Cocks, and Hollyoak (forwards).

THE Eponi team were beaten on their own ground by the Carlton by 7 points to nil. Barr and Campbell scored tries for Carlton. One of these was converted into a goal by Hunter.

THE Pirates defeated the Wellington II. by 6 points to nil at Island Bay. Osborne, Johnston, and Beck scored tries for the winners.

TWO games were allowed to go by default, viz, Selwyn v. Petone and Melrose v. Pioneer, the former teams claiming the match in each case.

THE winners in the third-class championship were Melrose, Puneke, and Eponi.

FOR the Cochrane trophy the winners on Saturday were the Merivale, Karori, and Rugby, the latter team scoring 29 points to nil against the Stars.

FINE weather prevailed at Dunedin on Saturday, and the matches were generally interesting. The Alhambras met the Pirates on the ground of the latter, and won the match by 18 points to 2. The winners have never appeared to such advantage. Since their victory over Masterton on Saturday their combination was most noticeable, and some of the passing rushes of their forwards were worth going a long way to see. Buller, Noel, Robertson, and Kestieux scored tries, and from these two goals were kicked, and Downes potted another, bringing the score up to the total stated. The losers played very well, and the score hardly indicates the state of the game. Priest was responsible for the try scored, and was always in the thick of the fray. Cran, Roscoe, and Hume played very well, the latter making several fine dashes during the game.

DUNEDIN went down before University to the tune of 3 points to nil. The latter are shaping better this season, and should win their match with Canterbury College on Saturday. They have a very fine forward in Rose, who will go near getting into the rep. team this year.

KAIKORAI beat Taieri by 6 points to nil after having all the best of the game. Moller (two tries) and Richardson were the scorers.

My Dunedin correspondent, who is a practical man, and as readers of this paper know, a very smart athlete, makes

some remarks on changing the number of forwards, which will be read with interest. He says:—

'It appears to me that the Rugby game would be improved if the number of the forwards was reduced. I notice that F. R. H. Alderson, Captain of the English International Team, stated that in his opinion eight forwards could hold their own against nine, and instanced the case of his county team (Darham) in their match against Yorkshire. I would go one better. I think that seven forwards, if workers, can hold their own against nine, and instance the case of the Alhambra team, the premier team of this city, and Merivale the Christchurch premiers. Nine men I think make the scrum too unwieldy, and all the forwards cannot concentrate their strength to the ball. The clubs I have mentioned evidently recognise this, and utilise the extra two men as wingmen. This "wing" game is, I consider, the curse of Rugby football. It may pay the clubs who play wings to have a couple of men who can stand almost over the opposing halves and another then directly they touch the ball, as it comes out of scrum, but I deny that wings improve the game. I think it makes it slower in every way. It leads to more appeals, for it is a rather difficult matter for a wingman to play inside, and it causes more scrums, for a half can hardly receive the ball from the scrum before he is pounced upon, and of course another scrum is the result. By reducing the number of the forwards to seven (and of players to thirteen), I think the wing question would be effectively dealt with. I don't think five forwards could hold their own against seven, and one of the golden rules of the Rugby game is that you must hold the scrumming at all hazards.'

THE weather (writes a Christchurch correspondent) has been so fearful lately that our Cathedral city is a sea of mud. The noble spire of the Cathedral still forms an un-failing landmark where we wade in and out of the trans. Being very fine overhead on Saturday afternoon for a few hours, we thought we would see some more of the champion football games. On reaching Lancaster Park we found the players had been compelled to adjourn to the North Park, owing to the extremely sloppy condition of the former ground. Here Merivale and Christchurch played an excellent game, play being lively and exciting from the start, resulting in a win for Merivale by sixteen points to six. On the East Christchurch ground that club played Kaipoi a rather tedious and uninteresting game, East Christchurch winning by eight points to two. Sydenham and Canterbury College played a splendid game on the Old Show ground, Sydenham. The ground was very soft and slippery, and on this, the second meeting of these clubs, Sydenham carried all before them, winning easily by twenty-one points to eleven. The usual number of junior matches were played in various parts of the town.

THE weather on Saturday (July 2nd) was wet in Dunedin, but all the senior football matches except Union and Kaitiaki were played. The Pirates-Dunedin match was played on the Caledonian ground, and resulted in a win for the latter by 7 to 2. Dunedin kicked off, and a rush of their forwards at once took the ball to Pirates' 25, where Mason passed to Fulton, who made a nice dodgy run through the backs, and Driver carrying the oval on, took it over the line and scored. Harvey placed a goal, and for some time Dunedin had the best of the game till Morris and Priest, heading a rush, took play to mid field. Mason returned with a screw punt, but Cran getting possession, carried the ball past Colours (Dunedin) quarter flag, and from a scramble just after Priest touched down. Drabble did not convert. Cran came to the fore with a nice run, but passed badly, and then Matheson kicking, the Blacks were forced down. Prain came away with the ball at toe, and Lynch's kick being charged down, the Pirates looked like scoring.

MCKENZIE after a time distinguished himself several times by extricating his side from difficulties by his kicking, but Cran returned to attack, and the next minute the Colours rushed the ball right down the field and over the Blacks' line, Turton scoring between the posts. Harvey's kick failed. Williams showed up after the kick off, and a dangerous rush with Drabble in the van was splendidly stopped by McKenzie. Barlow made a good run past half-way, but Morris with a strong rush took the ball right across the Dunedin line, the Colours forcing down. Time was called soon after.

FOR the winners, McKenzie at full-back played a faultless game. He was very hard pressed at times, but always took the ball cleanly and got his kick. Lynch played very safely at three quarter, and Mason was very active at half. Driver, Isaacs, and Turton were the best of the forwards. Matheson, the Pirate full-back, played very badly, fumbling continually.

BOTH Hume and Cran played well, the latter repeatedly relieving his side by his punting. Morrison was the best forward, Prain and Priest following closely.

THE 'Torillon' tire, the latest French invention, appears to be a very effective pneumatic tire. Vulcanite linen cloth is largely used. Every inch of the tire has four cross flaps of rubber over it, overlapping one another the whole length of the tire, like the scales of a snake. This vulcanite cloth is wonderfully strong, and takes a hard dig with a sharp penknife to penetrate. On March 29 a public exhibition was made. The machine was ridden over 1cwt of crushed glass spread over a track, and yet no punctures were made in the air blown tire. It was then ridden over ground strewn with carpet and hob-nails, and although over 40 were afterwards found sticking in the tires no air escaped. A plank studded with sharp nails was also ridden, and the result was highly satisfactory, as the tire appeared to be impenetrable. Such a tire should prove invaluable to colonial cyclists, especially those living in country districts.

AUCKLAND REP. COUPON.

NAMES OF TEAM.

BACK.

THREE QUARTERS.

HALVES.

FORWARDS.

Name of Sender

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

TARANAKI V. AUCKLAND.

(Auckland),

Interprovincial match

WELLINGTON V. HAWKE'S BAY.

OUR COLONIAL TOWNS.

AUCKLAND—PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND PLEASANT PLACES.

THE policy of the GRAPHIC in giving each week views of different places in the colony in such rotation as shall enable the inhabitants of the illustrated district to catch the English mails has met with such substantial support that the proprietors are encouraged to pursue it with increased liberality as regards pictures. Last week views were given of Wellington and Southern cities. In this issue, besides pictures of Christchurch, we are enabled to offer two pages of views of our Northern capital. Curiously enough, Auckland, though one of the prettiest towns in the world as regards situation and scenery, does not lend itself kindly to photography, and there is considerable difficulty in obtaining views of either the public buildings or picturesque spots with which the city and suburbs are dowered. That 'distance lends enchantment to the view' is perhaps more applicable to Auckland than any town within this colony. All the prettiest views in the Northern capital are those seen from a distance.—the Waitemata sparkling in the summer sun, purple Rangitoto and the 'far blue hills' of the distant Great Barrier. These are seen from a distance, and no photographer can get the same effects. Yet there are many places of interest of which pictures can be got. Places that everyone is more or less interested in and which those who have friends in other parts of the world like to send to show what sort of place it is that they live in. Of the places we have selected this week, we are inclined to allot the first place to

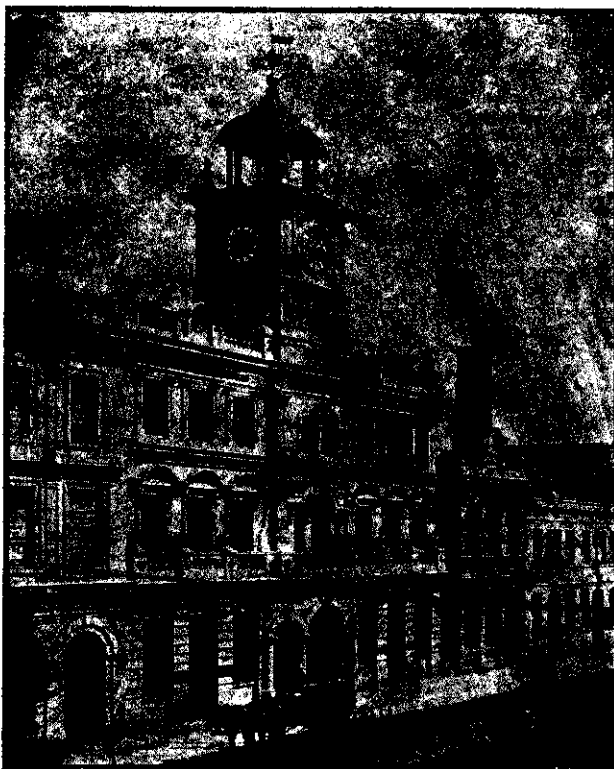
The

NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE BUILDINGS,

of which an excellent engraving is given, are situated in the most central position of our city. The property is owned and partly occupied by the above-named Company, one of the most successful, if not the most successful institution in our midst. It was established in 1859 by a few Auckland merchants for the conduct of Fire and Marine Insurance business, so that its success has been speedy as well as sure. The above building was erected in 1871, taking the place of (comparatively speaking) a very small structure.

In 1871 the historical incendiary 'Cyrus Haley,' who was shot in Dunedin streets, whilst trying to escape from gaol, attempted to burn down the present building, but was luckily unsuccessful. It may still be within the recollection of many that Haley effected the destruction of the Choral Hall and the ship City of Auckland through his firing properties. The Mining Exchange is located in the building and has seen many stirring times with regard to the market of Thames and Coromandel gold mines, and 'if walls had ears' and could speak, then, many a State secret could be revealed, many a tale of sudden fortune, secret despair, and perhaps even suicide. The New Zealand Insurance

Company has grown from a small institution into proportions of favourable dimensions, so much so, that it now enjoys the premier position of all Colonial Insurance



J. Martin,

NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE CO'S BUILDING.

Companies, and has the thorough confidence of the public. It started with a capital of £250,000, of which £4,845 was called up and it was so well received and sup-

ported that in 1864 the directors were enabled to capitalise £40,155 of the profits which then made the capital paid up £45,000 and in 1873 a portion of the profits were again capitalised making the paid up capital £100,000 and balance of £7,500 for a reserve and re-insurance fund. In consequence of the further extension of its business, and a desire to widen its scale of operations, the Company in 1874 increased the capital to £1,000,000, of which £200,000 was paid up. The total invested funds now amount to £465,000, and the annual premium income to about £300,000. Up to May 1891, the Company was under the management (almost from its inception) of the late Mr G. P. Pierce, since which date Mr Warwick Weston has assumed control of affairs. The Company is represented in almost every part of the globe. The local branch is under the management of Mr T. J. Brassey.

AUCKLAND HARBOUR BOARD.

The picture of the Harbour Board Office is taken from the Hobson street wharf, and the view obtained is a side one. The members of the Board are too well known, and their duties too much a matter of general knowledge to need recapitulation. Besides, the Board is not partial to mention in the press.

THE AUCKLAND HOSPITAL.

Decidedly Auckland Hospital is an imposing structure, and this is undoubtedly added to by its commanding position, overlooking the harbour and the city on one side, and the Domain, Parnell, Remuera, and other suburbs on the other. The view from the upper windows is, perhaps, the finest to be obtained in Auckland, except, of course, that from Mount Eden. There are some 126 beds and last year these cost about five shillings each per diem for maintenance, but this was, owing to several circumstances, rather a higher charge than usual. The stone building was erected in 1875, but there has, of course, been a hospital on the same ground ever since about 1840, when Sir George Grey founded the Auckland Hospital. Wooden typhoid fever wards have been added since '75, and some three years ago a handsome nurses' home was erected. Dr. Somerville is the present house surgeon and the rest is a visiting committee comprised of the best physicians and surgeons in the city, including an ophthalmic specialist. For the year ending March 31st, 1892, the number of in-door patients treated was 1,048, and of course, there are many cases where patients were not detained. The expenditure last year was heavier than usual being £9,459, this including £1,660 for new buildings and a lawsuit.

SUPREME COURT BUILDING.

The accompanying picture of this hall of justice gives a better idea of the exterior of the building than any letter-press could. To give a long list of dimensions, to state how many bricks the structure contains, and to publish a treatise on the relative merits of the plaster and stone, after the fashion of some misguided contemporaries, we deem out of place, and utterly uninteresting to those of our readers who are not architects or builders. Situated on the summit of Constitution Hill and facing Government House Grounds, the Supreme Court overlooks the harbour, and tells the foreign visitor that British justice has a seat 13,000 miles from England. Its inner walls during the twenty-five years of service have heard much the same story of crime and misfortune as have the walls of similar places the world over. 'Much the same,' did we say!—we had forgotten for the moment the trial of the Hau-haus of the Poverty Bay massacre. Was there ever story more tragic, more pathetic, since the time of the Indian Mutiny than this? We have in a previous issue given an outline of the massacre, how that Te Kooti, heading the Chatham Island prisoners, killed the guard, and overpowered the crew of the schooner Kiteman, how that he forced the seamen to convey his people to the mainland, how they landed and butchered in cold blood men, women, and children, and how the colonial troops managed eventually to bring some of the ringleaders to justice. The story is so well known that we forbear to harrow the public mind afresh.

But we turn from these gruesome thoughts with

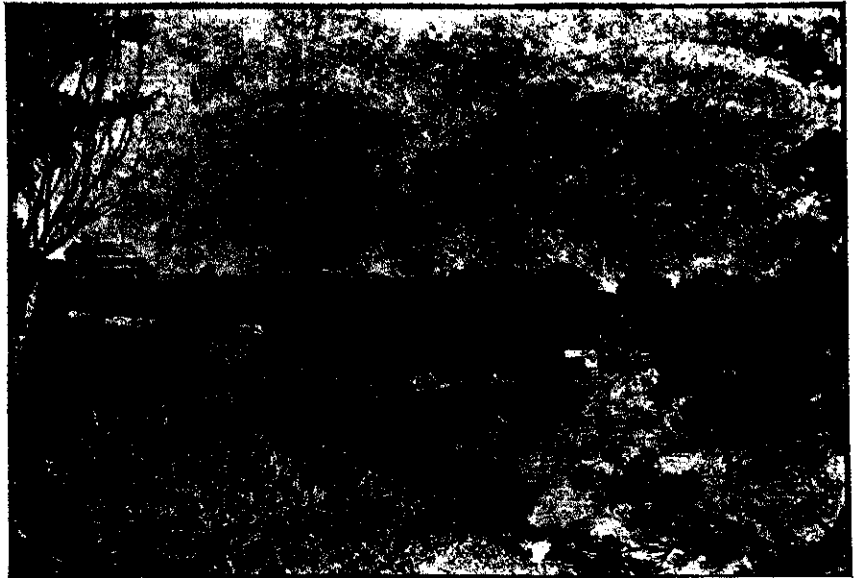


J. Martin,

AUCKLAND HARBOUR BOARD.

photo, Auckland.

a shudder, and gladly take a retrospect of the circumstances which surrounded the laying of the foundation stone of this Court. It may not be generally known that the stone was laid with Masonic honours on the Prince of Wales' Birthday, 1865, and on the day appointed for the inauguration of the Provincial Grand Lodge of New Zealand. The late Sir Frederick (then His Honor) Whitaker, Superintendent of the Province of Auckland, performed the ceremony assisted by Henry de Burgh Adams, Esq., P.G. Master, I.C., and the Grand Lodge of New Zealand, I.C., and in the presence of all the Lodges of the Masonic body in Auckland. Mr Edward Rumsey was the architect and Messrs Amos and Co. were the builders. In his address His Honor, speaking of the improvement manifest in the affairs of New Zealand, said:—'Look at the change that has taken place. Twenty five years ago this site was covered with impenetrable and impassable ti-tree, upon which the foot of civilised man had seldom stepped. A simple anecdote relating to myself will tell you better than any words I could use what was the state of this place on which we now stand. About twenty five years ago I was living, then a settler in Shortland street, and a friend of mine was living at a spot which was then called the country—the spot where the Wesleyan Church now stands—who invited me to go and take tea with him. I did so and stayed rather late, and I lost my way in the bush between here and Shortland Crescent. I tell the story to you because I want to impress upon you the vast change that has taken and is taking place. Look around on the landscape that presents itself on all sides. Towards the south was one uninterrupted field of bush. Some of the old bush has been left in the Domain. This bush was standing at the time to which I refer, but an encroachment has been made by foreign grasses and trees.' If the change was so manifest in the days of 25 years ago, how startlingly is it so now! Near to where Sir Frederick lost himself in the bush the GRAPHIC Office now stands. The



J. Martin,

LAKE TAKAPUNA.

photo, Auckland.

grass and trees he spoke of have in turn given place to bricks and mortar, and though the aspect may not be so beau-

tiful, it is from a business point of view much more gratifying.

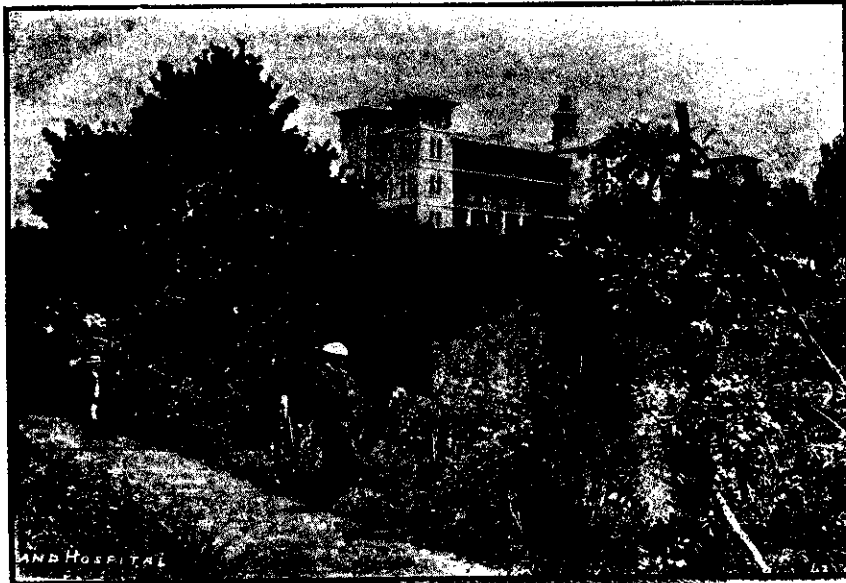
LAKE TAKAPUNA.

The drive from the North Shore to the extremely pretty Lake Takapuna is a decidedly up hill and-down dale route. The Lake itself is really private property, being nearly surrounded by gentlemen's residences, whose wooded grounds fringe its shores. Very beautiful some of these places are, commanding extensive sea and lake views, quite the pick, indeed, of Auckland dwelling sites. The Lake itself is very deep—how deep no one has yet determined. Boating and bathing are favourite pastimes with the fortunate possessors of facilities for indulging in these recreations. The illustration accompanying this article will convey far better than words some idea of the beauties of Lake Takapuna. Our picture gives a glimpse of the Lake Hotel built some years ago without any regard to cost. It is one of the most comfortable hostleries in the colony, and is crowded in the summer months, while in winter many find it an agreeable home.

PESSIMISTS.

SOME are born pessimists and some are born optimists, and that demonstrates itself all through everything. It is a cloudy morning. You meet a pessimist and you say: 'What weather to-day?' He answers: 'It's going to storm,' and umbrella under arm and a waterproof overcoat show that he is honest in that utterance. (On the same block, a minute after, you meet an optimist, and you say: 'What weather to-day?' 'Good weather; this is only a fog and will soon scatter.' The absence of umbrella and absence of waterproof overcoat show it is an honest utterance. (On your way at noon to luncheon you meet an optimistic merchant and you say, 'What do you think of the commercial prospects?' and he says 'Glorious. Great crops must bring great business. We are going to have such an autumn and winter of prosperity as we have never seen.' On your way back to your office you meet a pessimistic merchant. 'What do you think of the commercial prospects?' you ask. And he answers: 'Well, I don't know. So much grain will unfit the track like that. There are two sides to this story, and I will wait to hear the other side before I condemn him.' If you are by nature a pessimist, make a special effort to extirpate the dolorous and the hypercritical from your disposition. Believe nothing against anybody until the wrong is established by at least two witnesses of integrity. And if guilt be proven find out the extenuating circumstances, if there are any. And then commit to memory, so that you can quote for yourselves and quote for others, that exquisite thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians, about charity that suffers long and is kind, and hopeth all things and endureth all things. By pen, by voice, in public and in private, say all the good about people you can think of, and if there be nothing good, then tighten the chain of muscle on the back end of your tongue, and keep the ivory bars of teeth on the lower jaw and the ivory bars of teeth on the upper jaw locked, and the gate of your lips tightly closed and your tongue shut up.

What a delightful world this would be if the advice tendered above was put in practice.



J. Martin,

THE AUCKLAND HOSPITAL.

photo, Auckland.



SUPREME COURT, AUCKLAND.

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE



COLONEL PATRICK BOYLE, whose portrait heads our column this week, bids fair to become a very popular public man in his capacity of Private Secretary to His Excellency the Governor. The post is one requiring great intellectual powers and an infinity of that rare quality known as tact. Colonel Boyle has already made many friends in Wellington and is courtesy and kindness itself to all who are brought into business relations with him. Colonel Boyle is the eldest son of the late Admiral Boyle. He was born in Edinburgh and joined the British Army as an ensign in the Grenadier Guards in the year 1869. His promotion was rapid and he attained the rank of full Colonel in the remarkably short time of rather under fifteen years' service. He has principally held staff appointments. First as Regimental Adjutant of the Horse Guards, for two years afterwards Military Secretary to the Commander-in-chief in Ireland, the late Sir Thos. Steele, G.C.B. This latter appointment Colonel Boyle held for five years, after which he returned to England. In 1885 he went on retired pay, taking up his residence near Windsor. When the Earl of Glasgow was appointed to the post of Governor of this colony he specially invited Colonel Pat Boyle to come with him as Private Secretary, and to this request Colonel Boyle consented.

AUCKLANDERS are glad to welcome Major and Mrs George back to their Epsom home after a delightful tour through China and Japan, lasting about five months.

SIR GEORGE GREY is so much better that it is hoped he will be able to leave for Sydney by the R.M. Monowai. His recovery has caused the deepest satisfaction to his large circle of friends in this colony.

FROM Hastings last week (just after we had gone to press) came the sad news of the death of Mrs George Beamish, which took place suddenly. Very great sympathy is felt for the poor husband, who is left with two little children. The deceased lady was much esteemed—indeed, one may say was loved dearly by all who knew her. The news of her death came as a great shock to many. By the late Mrs Beamish's request, her body was buried at Whana, the station on which she resided. The funeral service was impressively read by the Rev. C. L. Tuke.

MANY fair Auckland dames and demoiselles, patronesses of the uninebriating but cheering cup, have been looking forward to Mrs L. D. Nathan's afternoon tea, which will be described next week.

MISS JESSIE KING, the energetic Secretary to St. John's Ambulance Society (Wellington), has just resigned, and Mrs C. Johnston, the President, presented her with a beautiful silver chateleine as a farewell gift from the Society for which she has worked so hard.

MR PASLEY, who has been in very indifferent health for some time, has gone for a trip to England. It is to be hoped he will return all the better for the rest and change. Before leaving Napier, Mr Pasley was presented with a very nice and very substantial present by some of the Hawke's Bay sheep-farmers.

PARLIAMENTARY SILHOUETTES.

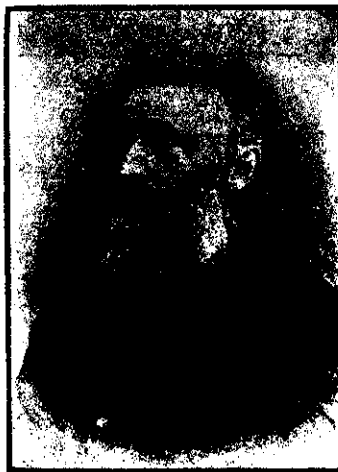
(BY BIRD'S EYE.)

IT was intended to have given as a GRAPHIC Parliamentary silhouette the eminent statesman of whom death has so lately robbed us. Fate, however, has intervened, and we must defer to a later occasion the production of the portrait of the Hon. the Speaker of the Legislative Council. Meantime our readers will, we are sure, gladly welcome those of the Speaker of the Lower House and his estimable lady.

Major William James Steward, who, at the opening of the present Parliament was elevated to the Speaker's chair, is a man universally respected alike for the uprightness of his character and the genuine kindness of his disposition. The 'white flower of a blameless life' is his by universal consent, and as to the tenderness of his heart, one who knows him well assures me that he 'couldn't hurt a fly.' Indeed, this extreme kindness has more than once come near involving him in difficulties in the House, where, in the wrangle of parties, a tight hold on the rein is indispensable, and strength a greater desideratum than sweetness. But in private life amiability in a man is delightful, wherefore Mrs Steward is a very enviable woman.

I think Mr Speaker Steward possesses the distinction of being the tallest man in the House, though possibly his extreme spareness makes him appear taller than he is, for he is quite phenomenally thin, or slim would perhaps better express it. His features are well marked, but refined, and his hair parted in the middle is, like his beard, rapidly whitening. He is now in his fifty first year, having been born at Reading, Berkshire, in 1841. As a child his principal amusement was playing at soldiers, and as he grew older he developed pronounced poetical proclivities. He was educated at King Edward's Grammar School, Ludlow, Salop. At the early age of twenty-one he came to New Zealand, moved to carve his way to fortune by the very strongest of incentives. His life in the colony has been chiefly devoted to journalism, though he has given a good deal of his time to the public whom he has served in various capacities. He was a member of the Executive in the last Provincial Council of Otago, represented Waimate in the House of Representatives in 1875; was defeated at the subsequent election, but again entered the House in 1881, and has been in it ever since. He has always taken a great interest in volunteer matters, and in 1879 was appointed Major of the Oamaru Volunteer Battalion. At one time he edited very ably the *North Otago Times*, and is now proprietor of the *Ashburton Mail* and *Oamaru Guardian*.

Mrs Steward is a lady of retiring and gentle manners, to whom the quiet happiness of domestic life is more attractive than the excitements of the gay world; nevertheless, she accompanies her husband to Wellington, where she takes part in the social functions of the season, and, during the session, her pleasing intelligent face becomes very familiar to visitors to the House, as, sitting in the 'Peereses' gallery, she atten-



Eden George, photo., Christchurch.
MR W. J. STEWARD,
Speaker House of Representatives.

tively observes the proceedings. The history of Major and Mrs Steward's union is not wanting in elements of romance, and as a story of mutual devotion is always interesting, I take leave to repeat it as told to me by a friend of the family. Many years ago the rector of an English parish had several attractive daughters, one of whom was sought

in marriage by a young man of culture and promise; but for some occult reason the union was objected to, nay, absolutely vetoed by the young lady's father. Filial reverence secured obedience and the young people parted, not, however, without mutual vows of fidelity. He came to New Zealand, and she watched and waited. In course of time the young man secured a competence, and, having refused all other suitors, the girl he loved crossed the ocean to join him in spite of the renewed protests of her still disapproving friends. Love so constant has had its reward in a happy



Eden George, photo., Christchurch.
MRS STEWARD.

married life, for Major Steward is a most devoted husband; and the trials of early days bid fair to be made up for in the successes and honours of later years.

Major and Mrs Steward have three children—two fine handsome lads, and a bonnie lassie, whose bright face gives promise of social successes in the near future. She is, I understand, to be brought out next season.

TO CHRISTIAN YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN VOCALISTS.

Wanted applications for following well-balanced voices; no others need apply.—SIX SOPRANOS, TWO BASS, TWO ALTO, TWO TENORS, ONE LADY ORGANIST, ONE CONDUCTOR.

Applications with testimonials and stating salary required to MANAGER, G.P.O., Wellington.

TO
MR. FRED GAUDIN,

OF
THE GRAND HOTEL,

AUCKLAND,
THESE LINES ARE DEDICATED.

In Auckland's sunny town, by the South Pacific Sea,
There stands a noble building called 'The Grand.'
The view from this same building is as fine as fine can be,
Embracing many miles of sea and land.

There's a daily Table d'Hôte, fit for marquis and My Lord;
And the food is of the best; the flowers fair;
And those who visit Auckland, from home or from abroad,
Should look in at 'The Grand,' and tarry there.

The drawing-rooms are large, and the smoking-room is cosy;
The attendants are obliging, one and all;
In fact, all things connected with 'The Grand,' are very rosy;
And the charges for the week are very small.

Mr Gaudin will supply you with all sorts of information,
And tell you what to see and where to go;
In fact, you'll find your resting-place a pleasant revelation—
(For all hotels are not alike, you know!)

So, to Auckland's sunny town, by the South Pacific Sea,
Come, come! with luggage labelled 'The Grand';
Your comfort and your welfare I myself can guarantee,
For there's not a better house in all the land.

*Stanhope Worsley,
Exeter, Devon, England.*

COKER'S FAMILY HOTEL, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

PATRONISED BY HIS EXCELLENCY LORD ONSLOW.

Five minutes from Rail and Post.

The most moderate first-class Hotel in Australasia.

Inclusive tariff per day 10s 6d.
Ditto per week £3 3s 6d.

THOMAS POPHAM,

Late Commander U.S.S.Co.) Proprietor.

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



OUR FRIENDS THE JAPANESE.



JAPAN and China are essentially the fashionable field of operation for the globe-trotter just at present, and especially is this the case with Japan. Ask the untraveller New Zealander where he would most care to betake himself or herself if fortune were to favour, and the answer would be 'Europe first, Japan afterwards.' As a matter of fact, one of the most agreeable ways of getting to the Old Country

is via Japan, and only costs some £20 more than the direct route. There are large steamers from Australia to Japan and from Japan to North America, the latter line indeed number amongst its fleet some of the largest steamships afloat. It is, perhaps, as one authority suggests, because Japan occupies in many ways a parallel position to Great Britain that she has so great an attraction for many of us. Japan has developed to her present condition through an elaborate feudal system almost analogous to our own, and like ourselves the Japanese are essentially a manufacturing people. If other points of similarity were wanting, they are possessed as we are of vast mineral wealth and are pushing and practical. The rapidity with which the Japs have cast aside most of their superstitious and taken to civilization is little less than marvellous. All classes of Japanese society are undoubtedly possessed of considerable powers of intellect, and in the upper and better-educated section the love of knowledge is enthusiastic, as is also the desire for progress. The advance made during the last thirty years is indeed extraordinary. Universities, railways, telegraphs, lighthouses, dockyards, steamship lines, postal communication, newspapers, and almost every European and American notion, have been introduced. Even the picturesque and appropriate native costume bids fair (more's the pity) to disappear in favour of far less charming English fashions.

Although considerably modified from the typical Mongoloid form, the Japanese show plainly their relationship by their yellow or yellowish complexion, prominent cheekbones, black hair and eyes, small nose, scanty beard, and slightly oblique eyes. The nobles and military caste are fairer, with longer heads and higher foreheads, an aquiline nose, thin lips. The peasantry are much more Asiatic in appearance, more muscular, flat and broad in face, low-browed, thicker-lipped.

As showing the almost indistinguishable likeness, we give some pictures of students. The faces are almost Japanese, but the dress betrays them to hail from China. Japan, however, and the Japanese are immensely superior to the Chinese in every particular, the latter still being sunk in the depths of superstition and ignorance. In Japan, on the contrary, Mr Bettaun tells us that even village schools are now being modified after the European pattern. The schools have good apparatus, maps, etc. The pupils are taught by excellent object-

lessons; and, in fact, 'the usual branches of a modern education' are imparted. Some of the Chinese classics are studied, in order that Chinese writings may be acquired. So intense is the regard for parents and teachers, that



THE HAND-CARRIAGE.

punishments are rarely needed, and are not severe. Much of the children's play is of a gyaev nature; but it interests them greatly, especially the variety of mechanical devices applied to running water.

Girls are carefully taught household accomplishments,

embroidery, cooking, etc., and all learn to make their own clothes—a really simple task. For recreation there are circulating libraries, well supplied with Japanese love-stories or histories of heroes. The arrangement of flowers and of rooms is part of every girl's education, and is really exquisitely done.

The bath is greatly in vogue in Japan; but, contrary to our ideas, it is taken very much in public, the sexes being usually not separated. The people have no idea of shame at the custom, and are astonished that we should be shocked at it. As Sir Rutherford Alcock says: 'It is a custom of the country. Fathers, mothers, and husbands all sanction it; and from childhood the feeling must grow up, as effectually shielding them from self reproach or shame as their sisters in Europe in adopting low dresses in the ball-room.'

Japanese jugglers and Japanese acrobats are famous all the world over, and those who have seen them tell some tall stories of the wonders accomplished by the Japanese conjurus. In facts of balancing and neatness of hand they are unrivalled as might be expected from the exquisite ingenuity and delicacy of Japanese manufactures. In tattooing the Japanese rival the Maoris, but the custom, and consequently the art, is dying out. Nowadays the runners who act the part of cab horses exhibit the showiest patterns. Birds, dragons, and flowers elaborately arranged are the general features of the designs.

The Japanese on the whole must be described as highly courteous and anxious to please, brave and warlike, having a sense of personal honour almost like that prevailing among the French. Indeed, duels are not infrequent among them; and the *hagakiri*, or 'happy despatch,' is another form of sacrifice to the same sentiment of honour.

The happy despatch used to be in vogue, to avoid imperial censure or condemnation, the unfortunate offender assembling his friends to witness his own action of cutting himself in the lower part of the stomach, followed by his decapitation by a skilled executioner.

Hair-dressing is an elaborate piece of work. Men shave the front of their scalps, and coil the remainder of their hair at the back. Women wear all their hair, which is partly raised in front, and partly dressed in an elaborate chignon, secured by great pins, and made smooth by bandoline. There are two uniform partings on the right and left. The woman's head is never covered out of doors, and the hair remains dressed for a week or more, being preserved at night by using a wooden pillow, not to lay the head on, but the neck, leaving the hair and skull projecting behind. Married women at once, or soon after marriage, remove every hair of the eyebrows, as well as blacken the teeth with a sort of ink. The face, ears, and neck are literally covered with white powder; and the lips being artificially reddened, a Japanese married woman becomes most unpleasing in countenance. It is very remarkable that jewellery is not worn by Japanese women.

Marriages take place early, but by no means in infancy; bridegrooms are usually from twenty to twenty one years old, brides sixteen or seventeen. It is only in modern times that the couple are allowed to meet before marriage. On the wedding day the bride's *trousseau* is laid out for inspection in her new home, where the wedding is celebrated at an improvised altar decked with flowers, and with images of the gods in front. The bride is veiled in white, which also is the colour of the wedding robe; and she arrives at her new home led by her two bridesmaids and a richly-dressed assembly of relatives and friends. The bridesmaids, who are supposed to represent the male and female butterfly, the favourite patterns for married life, have a number of important functions. Several of the bridesmaids represent a sort of solemn eating together by the bride and bridesmaids, who also drink alternately, out of a vessel with two mouths, nine small cups of sake, the Japanese favourite liquor. The bride now puts on the dress she has received from the bridegroom, who in his turn puts on a special dress given him by the bride, and a full meal is taken.



WAIFS AND STRAYS.

SERVILITY is to devotion what hypocrisy is to virtue.

Man banks on the future until he grows old enough to bank on the past.

The man who tries to please everybody generally has a contempt for himself.

He who is puffed up with the first gale of prosperity will bend beneath the first blast of adversity.

True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.

Philosophy triumphs easily over evils past and evils to come; but present evils triumph over philosophy.

The breath of slander may hurt a man's reputation, but can never affect his character. If that be upright and honourable, no one can ever stain its purity or lessen the happiness which flows from self-respect.

Nature imitates herself. A grain thrown into good ground brings forth fruit; a principle thrown into a good mind brings forth fruit. Everything is created and conducted by the same master; the root, the branch, the fruits—the principles, the consequences.

The instinctive fear which cats have of dogs is illustrated very amusingly by stroking a dog and then caressing a blind and new-born kitten with the same hand that has touched the dog. At once the kitten will spit and fluff itself up in the most absurd way, distinguishing the smell of the beast which experience for thousands of generations has taught it most to dread.

A TRAVELLING PALACE COST £150,000.—The German Emperor's Imperial train, which has just been completed, has cost £150,000 and it has taken three years to construct. There are twelve carriages, all connected together by corridors. The library saloon is hung with Gobelin tapestry from the Palace of Charlottenburg, and the dining saloon is furnished and panelled with oak, while there is a drawing-room furnished entirely in white satin, and two nursery carriages, a reception saloon, which contains several pieces of statuary, a luxuriously fitted smoking room, and three sleeping saloons, each of which is fitted with a bath. There is a large kitchen, and accommodation for the suite and the servants.

ANCIENT CAVE DWELLERS IN ASIA.—The Russians have made a singular discovery in Central Asia. In Turkestan, on the right bank of the Amou Daira, in a chain of rocky hills near the Bokharan town of Karzi, are a number of large caves, which upon examination were found to lead to an underground city, built, apparently long before the Christian era. According to the effigies, inscriptions, and designs upon the gold and silver money unearthed from among the ruins, the existence of the town dates back to some two centuries before the birth of Christ. The edifices contain all kinds of domestic utensils, pots, urns, vases, and so forth. The high degree of civilization attained by the inhabitants of the city is shown by the fact that they built in several storeys, by the symmetry of the streets and squares, and by the beauty of the baked clay and metal utensils, and of the ornaments and coins which have been found. It is supposed that long centuries ago this city, so carefully concealed in the bowels of the earth, provided an entire population with a refuge from the incursions of nomadic savages and robbers.

HE'S A BRICK.—Very few of the thousands who use the above slang term know its origin or its primitive significance according to which it is a grand thing to say of a man, 'He's a brick.' The word used in its original intent implies all that is brave, patriotic, and loyal. Ptolemy, in his life of Agesilaus, King of Sparta, gives us the meaning of the quaint and familiar expression. On a certain occasion an ambassador from Ephrus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the king over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame—knew that, though nominally only king of Sparta, he was ruler of Greece—and he had looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defence of the city, but found nothing of the kind. He marvelled much at this, and spoke of it to the king. 'Sire,' said he, 'I have visited most of the principal towns, and I find no walls reared for defence. Why is this?' 'Indeed, Sir Ambassador,' replied Agesilaus, 'thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning, and I will show you the walls of Sparta.' Accordingly, on the following morning, the king led his guest out upon the plain, where his army was drawn up in full array, and pointing proudly to the patriot host, he said, 'There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—10,000 men, and every man a brick.'

THE WONDERFUL HISTORY OF A WONDERFUL CLOCK.—In the year 1700, the widow of a poor clergyman, named Herold, lived in the small town of Libau, in Courland. She was exceedingly charitable. One winter's night an actor passed through Libau on his way to the army. He asked at the inn for some warm beverage, but could obtain none; he applied in vain at several private houses; it was not until he knocked at the clergyman's widow's door that he obtained a dish of hot tea. It greatly comforted the weary soldier. Just before he set out on his journey he offered her money for her trouble, which she declined. He remembered he had a lottery ticket in his pocket; the prize was a clock reckoned to be worth £12,800. He made the widow accept this ticket as a souvenir of him. The ticket remained forgotten in a drawer. Her children had so often played with it as a 'picture' that it was well nigh in pieces. The number which drew the valuable prize was repeatedly announced in the newspapers, but no one came to claim the valuable clock. One day a gentleman happened to enter her house, and seeing the mutilated lottery ticket stuck between the glass and the frame of a looking-glass, glanced curiously at it, and was amazed to discover the often-advertised number of the ticket which had drawn the capital prize in the clock lottery. The valuable clock was given to the poor clergyman's wife. The Emperor of Russia offered her £3,200 and a life annuity of £160 for it. She accepted the imperial offer, and the clock is to this day one of the chief ornaments of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. The exterior of the clock represents an antique Greek temple, and the interior contains two orchestras, which play together one of the most celebrated pieces of Mozart's 'Don Juan.' The widow strove to obtain the name of her unknown benefactor, and although the Czar ordered the police to aid her, all her efforts were in vain.



LETTERS from London which arrived yesterday bring the news that Geraldine Ulmar, the famous Savoy songstress, has been awarded £1000 damages in the libel action she brought against Mr Greaves for insinuating in the columns



GERALDINE ULMAR.

of the *New York World* that she did not get on well with her husband, and was about to get a separation. It will be remembered that 'the Ulmar' was only married recently, and is, it appears, particularly happy. A man named Noah invented the story, and sold it to Greaves. When Mr Tilkins—husband of the *prima donna*—came across the par he was greatly annoyed, and offered £150 for the discovery of the criminal. Noah confessed, and Mr Greaves has had to pay. The trial appears to have created considerable interest in London, as Sir Chas. Russell once more won the case by his wonderful cross-examination.

GEORGE MUSGROVE announces that the fire at Sydney Royal has reduced his original arrangements to ashes and forced him to substitute a new lot. 'Joan of Arc' must quit the Opera House in another week to make way for a second season of Mrs Bernard Beer. The Gaiety crowd will then depart for Adelaide (a holy city where they are tolerably certain to make a profound impression), and maybe they will afterwards resume the broken season at the Opera House before attacking Sydney. Meantime, 'Joan of Arc' is flourishing. Opinions differ as to whether this burlesque is better than 'Faust Up to Date,' but probably it is equally good. How good the other may have been is also a mixed question.

AMONG Mrs Bernard Beer's belongings is a fine old housekeeper, who is never so happy as when she is allowed to attend on her mistress behind the scenes. One night Fedora had a cold, and, as the theatre was very draughty, Mrs Cossit was given permission to wait at the wings with a wrapper to put around the artist as the curtain falls on the first act, the one being Fedora's despairing cry, 'Vladimir! Dead!' and her rush through the folding doors into the bedroom. 'You know when to come, Mrs Cossit?' quoth Fedora. 'Oh, yes, mam,' smilingly, 'I know exactly. It's when you give a rush, and shriek out "Blanky near dead."' And now Fedora wonders how many of her audience hear their favourite adjective in her exclamation.

THE luckless Novelty Theatre has been offered for sale at auction; no bid was made beyond £2,500 for the eighty years' lease at a ground-rent of £450. Seeing that the present rack-rent is £1,170, one would think it very cheap at £2,500, less than four years' purchase; but then the tenancy runs out in sixteen months. To those who fancy that the supply of theatres exceeds the demand the rent of £1,170 for an unsuccessful small theatre seems an answer.

MR BANCROFT, the well-known actor, husband of Marie Wilton, recently completed his 60th year. Henry Irving has sometime since passed that rather advanced stage in life's road. Mr John Hare, the lessee and manager of the London Garrick, is about two years short of it.

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

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

TO CURE A RUNAWAY HORSE.

THE Russian method for curing a runaway horse is said to be very effective, and is not particularly cruel. They place a cord with a running knot around the horse's neck near the neck straps. To this slip noose attach a pair of reins, which may be thrown over the dashboard ready to be seized at once. When the horse starts take up the extra reins, and tighten the cord around the horse's throat. The most furious horse thus choked stops instantly, and will not kick or fall.

ELECTRIC LIFE BOATS.

In connection with the lifeboat trials which have been carried on recently at Lowestoft, it is stated that the Sims-Edison electrical motor is to be adapted to lifeboats. The propeller will be placed in the bow to bite the water as soon as possible with 45 h.p. The cable coiled in the boat will be from three to four miles long. The current is to be generated at a station on shore, and the boat is to be provided with a search light. This indicates extensive changes as likely to take place in the lifeboat system, but changes are, even though improvements, difficult to adjust.

AN IRRESISTIBLE BAIT FOR RATS.

An interesting, not to say valuable, discovery has been made by Captain Weedon, in charge of the animals at the Zoo. The building is infested by rats, and how to get rid of them has long been a perplexing question. Traps were used, but nothing would tempt the rodent to enter. In a store room drawer was placed a quantity of sunflower seeds, used as a food for some of the birds. Into this drawer the rats gnawed their way, a fact which led the captain to experiment with them for the bait in the traps. The result was that the rats can't be kept out. A trap which appears crowded with six or eight rats is found some mornings to hold fifteen. They are turned into cages containing weasels and minks. The latter will kill a rat absolutely most before one can see it, so rapid are its movements. The weasels are a trifle slower, but none of the rats escape them.

THE MYSTERIOUS MEDIUM.

Speculative science is absorbed to-day in the study of ether. We seem to be on the verge of discovering something really great about this mysterious medium supposed to pervade all space. The day may even come when ether will form the basis of all electrical text-books. The early experiments of Faraday, the marvellous mathematical researches of Maxwell, and the crowning experiments of Hertz, all show the intimate relations which exist between electricity and light. They have so entirely changed our views of science that it has been truly said that electricity has annexed the whole domain of optics. It is computed that the amount of energy contained in a cubic foot of space filled with ether amounts to 10,700 foot tons—that is to say, the energy required to raise a weight of a ton to a height of 10,700, or conversely that required to lift 10,700 tons to the height of one foot. According to this the energy stored in 2½ cubic feet of ether is equivalent to that of a railway train weighing 300 tons, and running at a speed of 60 miles an hour.

LARGE FIGURES.

The population of London has grown from 150,000 in 1603 to 4,500,000 at the present time. Supposing that the recent rate of growth were maintained, London might easily, in the course of another half century, possess a population of over 7,000,000. The six principal railway lines of the metropolis carried annually over 200,000,000 people. The tramway companies carried unitedly some 150,000,000 more, and the two great bus companies, the General Omnibus and the Road Car Companies, carried from 120,000,000 to 130,000,000 per annum additional. The three agencies together, therefore, carried annually some 460,000,000 to 470,000,000 passengers, being nearly twelve times the present population of the United Kingdom. There were besides 11,300 cabs, which carried, roughly, some 30,000,000 passengers per annum. 100,000,000 to 120,000,000 more travelled daily to and from the suburbs by every railway that has a terminal station in London, bringing up the total numbers carried annually, into and out of London, to between 490,000,000 and 500,000,000.

THE WONDERFUL GROWTH OF A HORSE'S MANE AND TAIL.

The *Scientific American* publishes an illustration of a horse that has recently attracted much attention for the extraordinary development of the hair of his mane, foretop, and tail. The animal is very handsome, weighs 1,435 lbs., and is of chestnut colour. The mane and tail are of the same hue. He is now eight years old, and was foaled in Marion county, Oregon. The mane is fourteen feet, the foretop nine feet, and the tail twelve feet long. When spread and drawn out to their full extent, the display of the beautiful locks of hair is quite impressive. The greatest care is taken of the hair. It is washed out with cold water, no tonics being applied to it. Before the horse is placed in his stall the hair is drawn out and divided into several thick strands. From his mane four such strands are made. Each strand is then tied round once every six inches almost to the end. It is then rolled up and put into a bag. For his mane and foretop alone five bags are required. He is exercised in the same guise, a blanket or sheet, if necessary, being thrown over him to conceal the pendant bags. The greatest care is taken of his health. He is exercised every day, either in a ring or out of doors under the saddle. The owners will not permit him to be taken into the upper floor of any building for fear of some accident. During the last two years the mane and tail have grown about two feet.

The Empire Tea Company, Messrs W. and G. Turnbull and Company, Wellington, are evidently making enterprising movements towards securing the tea trade not only in Wellington but all over the colony. Their tea-blends are prepared at considerable cost. No doubt a good tea pays best in the long run.

A DEAD LANGUAGE.

THE world counts now several dead languages, among which the principal are the Pali, the Sanskrit, the Hebrew, the Greek and the Latin, considering them in the order of their antiquity. The prayers of the Buddhists in Ceylon and Siam are written in the first. If a traveller enters one of the temples of this religion in either of these countries he sees squatted on mats about the high priests reading them aloud, or rather mumbling them, and seeming to have a very obscure idea of what they mean. The knowledge of the Sanskrit and its literature is kept alive by such scholars as Max Müller and by the learned institutions of different countries where it is taught to those who desire to learn it. The principal monument of Hebrew is the Christian Bible, with the original of which Jewish rabbis and Catholic and Protestant clergymen are presumed to be more or less intimately acquainted. Other languages of antiquity, such as the Chaldaic and the Egyptian, expressed on papyrus and on stone monuments or different forms, are known only to special students, and by them only with a degree of uncertainty that leads often to singular linguistic complications. For instance, recent Egyptologists have discovered that a word, or a sign of a word, which their predecessors had always translated 'gate' really means 'the lower world,' which is a serious difference. If further investigations led to similar results grave doubts might be thrown on what we are supposed to know of Egyptian history, as for example, the discovery that the hieroglyph for 'cart-wheel' meant 'barley-cake,' and that for 'sarcophagus' signified a 'kneading-trough.'

The obligation of modern languages to the Pali, Sanskrit and Hebrew, that is as a matter of origin, is so indefinite that it is not now a practical question except to the philologists, which means that if we knew them we should not have any better command of our own tongue than at present. With the Latin and Greek it is otherwise, for all the modern languages are largely made up of them, and several, like the Italian, Spanish and French, contain comparatively few words that do not come from the first, the admixture of words of Greek origin being much less important. That the Romans, after occupying Spain and Gaul for several hundred years, should have so thoroughly succeeded in exterminating the native dialects shows an extraordinary force of character and power of assimilation in this wonderful people. The person who knows Latin well reads Italian, Spanish and French with comparative ease, and considering the number of scientific and technical terms, that have greatly increased of late years, it may be said that Latin is also a key to the English language. Those who plead for the continuation of classical education in the old manner would do well to give greater weight to this last reason, instead of confining themselves exclusively to urging the value to the student of a knowledge of Latin literature, which is almost their only argument.

The reign of pure Latin was brief, as it began to deteriorate rapidly after the Augustan era. Languages still change easily by the introduction of new words, but it is evident that the invention of printing gave them a permanence they did not have before. It is curious to observe that Horace pleads for the employment of new words in his poems as Keats or Mrs Browning might have pleaded for the privilege of enlivening their verses with the obsolete words of Chaucer's time. The gradual disappearance of Latin from France, Spain and Italy cannot be definitely followed through the dark ages, but it naturally survived longest in Italy, where it was the language of the entire people, and where it merged into a corrupt or rustic Latin before it took shape as the modern Italian. It continued, however, for hundreds of years to remain the language of the learned, not in Italy alone but all over Europe. Chaucer wrote it and spoke it, not as Horace, Virgil, and Cicero did, it is true, and learned monks employed their leisure time, of which they had considerable, in copying Greek and Roman manuscripts, and thus transmitting these works to posterity.

DANGEROUS PRINCES.

NOT long ago two princes were shooting over Queen Victoria's estate in the Isle of Wight, and one of them shot the other accidentally, and caused the loss of his eye. The unfortunate victim was Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, husband of the Queen's third daughter, and the careless sportsman was the Duke of Connaught, the Queen's third son.

The Duke is not the only Royal sportsman who is undesirable as a shooting companion. Prince Henry of Prussia has a very unenviable record. A writer in *Harper's Weekly* says: "It has become a subject of comment at Berlin that on these shooting expeditions the Emperor is seldom, if ever, accompanied by his only brother, Henry. The reason for this is not far to seek, for the sailor Prince of Prussia is known throughout the length and breadth of Europe as a most dangerous and consequently undesirable guest at any shooting party. Whether it is due to a lack of skill, or to carelessness, or merely to sheer ill-luck, I am unable to say; the fact remains that many accidents have marred the pleasure of the shooting parties which he has attended. Only a year or so ago, while taking part in a shooting expedition on the island of Corfu, he stumbled and sustained a heavy fall, which not only injured him pretty severely, but, in addition, caused the accidental discharge of both barrels of his gun, dangerously wounding a Greek gentleman who was accompanying the royal party. Some time previously he had a similar misfortune while out buck-shooting near Baden-Baden. On that occasion he accidentally shot one of the game-keepers of his uncle, the reigning Grand Duke of Baden.

GIVE AND TAKE.

PEOPLE of great strength of character are often very difficult to live with.

They are to be depended upon in storms, but they are disagreeable in calm weather.

No one will underrate the value of those fundamental qualities of character upon which alone a genuine life, or a sound and noble relationship of any sort is built; but there is a great deal more of life than the foundations; there is a whole superstructure of intercourse, relationship, emotions, recreations, and fellowship; and these varied and, in a sense, lighter things are really not less important in their way than the graver things.

Many a man who would go to the stake rather than be guilty of any act of dishonour, does not hesitate to crucify those who are nearest him by unrestrained bad temper; many a woman capable of the highest acts of self denial, feels herself under no obligation to control a tendency to irritability.

But irritability may destroy the entire charm of association with the most gifted person; and ungoverned temper has probably involved as much evil to the world in the long run as the direct temptations to sin.

A great many men and women live as if there were no such things as differences of temperament.

They never take into consideration the moods of those with whom they deal, nor do they ever remember that they have moods of their own; and yet moods have quite as much to do with making the aspect of life from day to day as the atmosphere has to do with the changing effects of the landscape.

There are many people to whom the world is one day brilliant with sunshine, and the next sombre with shadows; and it is as absurd to ignore this difference in people as to ignore the changes of the weather.

The ability to communicate happiness, and to aid others, lies largely in the power of adaptation, in the keen perception of the temperament and peculiarities of another, and in delicate consideration for temperament and quality.

There is nothing more intangible than the sensitiveness of a child, and yet there are very few things more important.

The future happiness and success of the child depends largely on the manner in which that sensitiveness is treated by those who stand nearest to it.

Many a fine nature is spoiled by the clumsy or brutal hands of those who wreck it as ruthlessly as the hoof of a horse tramples on a rose; and yet nothing would tempt them to commit any moral wrong against the child.

We all demand much for ourselves from others; let us be careful that we honour the demand of others upon ourselves.

HIGHEST AWARDS EVERYWHERE.



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THE 'AT HOME' AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

THE Countess of Glasgow's first 'At Home' at Government House took the form of a small dance from 9 o'clock till 12 and was the most delightful little affair that could possibly be imagined. The guests, numbering about thirty or forty couples, were most cordially received by the Earl and Countess of Glasgow and dancing began at once, and continued until shortly after midnight, when a very merry galop brought one of the most successful dances ever given at Government House to a close. The Earl and Countess were attended by Colonel Pat Boyle, Captain Hunter-Blair, Captain Clayton, Mr Gillington and the Hon. Edward Boyle, all of whom wore the Windsor uniforms.

THE Countess received in a magnificent gown of pale bluish-green watered silk with narrow stripes far apart of deep salmon pink satin, the long train prettily cut on the cross, with the stripes meeting in the centre in V. shape; the low corsage and sleeves were trimmed with pale salmon pink crinkled chiffon frills edged with pink feathers, she carried a fan to match, and wore diamonds. The Ladies Augusta, Alice and Dorothy Boyle were all dressed alike in pink veiling gowns trimmed with cream lace and tanaboe and stockings. Miss Hallowes wore a handsome gown of maize satin, with Zouave jacket edged with gold bullion over a front of *deco* lace. Miss Sutcliffe was in cream with crimson bows.

KING'S band played the best of music, and the programme included a Scotch reel, in which his Excellency, among others, danced throughout. In the first set of Lancers the Earl danced with Mrs W. P. Reeves, the Countess and Mr Reeves being their *vis a vis*. The conservatory was prettily lit up with coloured Chinese lanterns, and the ballroom was beautifully decorated with greenery, one corner being one mass of ferns. The mantelpieces were covered with flowers and ferns, and the little alcoves on either side of the stairs were converted into delightfully cool retreats for the dancers.

THERE were a number of lovely dresses; nearly everyone wearing new gowns. Sir James and Lady Hector were there and also Mr and Mrs Arthur Rhodes, the latter wearing her wedding gown; Mr and Mrs Ed. Richardson, Miss Richardson, in white; Mr and Mrs Charles Johnson, the latter in a rich pink brocade trimmed with turquoise blue satin; Mrs Newman, in cream satin; Mr and Mrs Traversa; Mrs Loughnan, in ruby plush, trimmed with jewelled embroidery, Watteau back; Miss Loughnan (Christchurch) in palest green silk with Watteau train; Mr and Mrs E. B. Brown, the latter in her wedding dress; Dr. and Mrs Grace, the latter in pink and gold brocade with train of chocolate stamped velvet; Mrs Menteath, in white striped brocade the front draped with crystallised net and trimmed with flowers; Mrs Honeyman (Auckland), in a handsome maize silk gown. It was too difficult among so many beautiful dresses to decide which was the prettiest. The following are a few of the best amongst the young ladies:—Miss Alice Moorhouse wore a beautiful cream corded silk trimmed with gold braid, and Watteau train; Miss Hilda Williams, a lovely white brocade gown, the corset bodice completely covered with jewels, the train and high puffed sleeves edged with jewels and tubing; Miss E. Williams, a handsome thick white corded silk, the pointed bodice edged with deep crystal and pearl fringe; Miss M. Grace, pale green brocade, trained, the bodice edged with a fringe of white and green flowers, which also trimmed the skirt; Miss L. Izard, beautiful white silk, trained, with Empire sash; Miss Gore, pretty white gown with short puffed sleeves and side sash of deep orange silk; Miss M. Gore, white corded silk, the Swiss belt edged with daisies; Miss Hector, cream; Miss Cooper, pink; Miss L. Cooper, maize Liberty silk trimmed with narrow black velvet; Miss Medley, pale blue gauze; and the Misses H. Williams (Dunedin), Brandon, Fairchild, McGregor, Durbie, Cheffereil, Graham, etc.

SECOND RECEPTION AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

LADY GLASGOW held her second reception at Government House last Saturday week, but the weather was very cold and wet—in fact, it rained almost incessantly the whole afternoon, and kept many of the intending visitors away. The reception was not nearly so largely attended as before, but between four and five o'clock there were a good many callers, most of them having arrived in cabs owing to the weather. The rooms were very cosy and warm with big blazing fires, shaded lamps, etc., and above all, a charming hostess to welcome visitors, for Lady Glasgow is an excellent hostess, giving herself up entirely to the comfort of her guests. The Countess wore a handsome dark bottle green cloth gown, slightly trained, and much trimmed with white cloth embroidered with green braid, a cream silk Maltese lace handkerchief being used as a ruffle at the throat. The Ladies Boyle were present, wearing pretty pale fawn gowns with yokes, cuffs, etc., of dark velvet. The little boys were dressed in pretty white sailor suits, and were very busy in the tea room, carrying about cakes, etc. Colonel

Pat Boyle and Captain Clayton were in staff uniform, Mr Gillington being also present. Miss Hallowes wore a pretty black silk gown, the long bodice cut in tabs and edged with sparkling jet and large bow of cream chiffon at the throat, and Miss Sutcliffe wore dark red trimmed with striped velvet. A capital string band discoursed sweet music at intervals during the afternoon in the drawing room. Afternoon tea was laid out in the dining-room and greatly appreciated by the visitors. The rooms, as before were artistically decorated, the mantelpieces being filled with maiden hair ferns and palms; the guests also wandered about the corridors, which were decorated with tree ferns in pots. The conservatory was carpeted, so that anyone could walk about with ease and admire the hot house plants.

A FEW of the guests were the Hon. R. Seddon, Captain Russell, Mr and Mrs Valentine (Otago), Mr and Mrs Fisher, Mr and Mrs Arthur Rhodes (Christchurch), the latter looking very well in a beautiful brown costume, slightly trained and braided with black, black hat; Mrs Charles Johnston in a sealskin coat, fur bonnet and green cloth gown trimmed with fur; Mrs W. Moorhouse, sealskin jacket and small brown bonnet; Mrs Menteath, green cloth, braided with black, pale blue *ciêpe* frills in front, green toque with wings; Lady Buckley, grey striped rough tweed jacket and skirt over a terra-cotta striped satin blouse front, grey velvet bonnet; Mr Loughnan; Mr and Mrs Mantell, Mr and Mrs Thomas Wilford, Dr and Mrs Collins, the latter in a sealskin jacket, black feathered hat; Miss Richardson, prune-coloured cloth trimmed with pale grey, and pretty little hat to match trimmed with jet; Miss N. McLean (Dunedin), crimson, large white felt hat trimmed with crimson feathers; Mrs Wardrop, dark green, prettily trimmed with black jetted canvas, velvet and jet bonnet; Mr and Mrs Parfit, the latter in fawn, brown bonnet; Miss Grierson (Dunedin), Miss Greenwood, Miss Jolly, Miss Cooper, Miss Izard, the Misses Nathan; the Misses Halse, Miss Jackson, Miss Gillon, Miss Graham, in green with light fur boa; Miss Henry in grey, black hat; the Misses Campbell, Mrs Freadwell, Dr. and Mrs Chapple, Capt. Hume, Messrs Tanner, G. Johnston, Todd, Tripp, Tolhurst, etc.

COMING IN ALL ITS GLORIOUS SPLENDOUR AND VASTNESS.

THE AMUSEMENT WONDER OF THE WORLD.

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THE GREAT MIKADO
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TREMENDOUS, GLORIOUS, ATTRACTIVE,
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YOU WILL NEVER LOOK UPON THEIR LIKE AGAIN.
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HOT SPRINGS—TE AROHA.

VISITORS WILL FIND IT TO THEIR ADVANTAGE TO STAY AT THE

PALACE HOTEL.

THE LARGEST, BEST APPOINTED, MOST COMFORTABLE AND MOST REASONABLE.

SAMUEL T. SMARDON
Proprietor.



At Napier: Miss Hilda Moorhouse (Wellington), who has been staying with Mrs Willie Birch, is now on a visit to Mrs Halfour, Bank of New Zealand; Mrs Kingswell (Nelson) is staying with her daughter, Mrs Turnbull; Mr and Mrs Gerald King have returned from Waipukurau, and are living at the Criterion Hotel, at present; Mr Halfour is still laid up with influenza; Mrs Tiffin is wearing a pretty brown costume, hat to match; Mrs Arthur Gore, black gown, boa, black felt hat turned up at sides.—

Miss Hardwicke, of Avondale (Auckland), looks very well in the palest shade of plain grey-rose cloth trimmed with brown velvet, bonnet of black richly ornamented with gold; her sister is wearing a handsome green velvet, made with a corset bodice over green silk blouse, black hat with feathers.—At Auckland: Mrs Herman Brown, who leaves shortly with her husband for a trip to Europe, was in town the other day wearing a very pretty dark fawn-coloured gown, and large felt hat to match, coquettishly trimmed with ostrich feathers; Mrs J. L. Wilson, Remuera, wears a stylish effel-coloured gown, the bodice thickly braided with fine black braid, pretty little bonnet to match; Miss Rita, Toie looks nice in a peacock blue gown with cream and gold vest, hat to correspond; Mrs J. B. Macfarlane is wearing a stylish navy blue costume, hat en suite; Miss Beale, Ponsonby, looked exceedingly pretty in seal brown, and becoming hat to match; Miss Annie Fenton (Kapara) is in town looking very well in stylish black dress, fur collar, mottled straw hat.



THE engagement has just taken place of Mr J. Self, and Miss Ethel Rees, eldest daughter of Mr W. J. Rees, Riverside, Shelly Beach, Auckland.

THE engagement is announced of Miss Queenie Hamlin, of Hastings, to Mr Arthur Kennedy, of Napier.

A PARISIAN FORTUNE-TELLER.

AFTER a rather strange and chequered career La Mère Papillon, or 'Mother Butterfly,' a Parisian fortune teller of some fame, has ended her days in a miserable manner. Addicted to over-indulgence in alcoholic stimulants, the Sibyl of Aubervilliers, who might have made a fortune by her skill in predicting destinies, went from bad to worse, and died hopelessly inebriated in the streets the other night. Well primed with absinthe and cognac, she had emerged from a wine shop, and, after having wandered about in the cold night air, fell down, and was picked up lifeless by a policeman in the morning. La Mère Papillon was supposed to be the daughter of a Prefect of the Empire, and began life as a café concert singer. She left the Winter Alcazar in order to go to America with a wealthy admirer, who abandoned her in Philadelphia; returned to France; was helped by her brother, a veterinary surgeon, but stole some money from him, and ran away with an actor. With her new admirer she started a circus in Naples, but the place was burned down, and Mlle. Papillon went crazy; being apparently cured, however, after five years' stay in an asylum. On her return to Paris she found employment in a large drapery establishment, where she commenced fortune-telling operations on a small scale. Being dismissed from the shop, she set up consulting rooms in the Faubourg du Temple, and was beginning to make money when her drinking habits overcame her prudence and she was sold up. Then she wandered out to the dilapidated suburb where she died. THE GRAPHIC editor had the honour of an introduction to the old lady in question some years ago in Paris. The future she foretold was not altogether that which has come to pass as yet, but some of it was 'strangely true.'

A VERY large number of subscribers will doubtless be interested in the Auckland Poultry, Pigeon, Canary and Dog Show which takes place early next month. Many GRAPHIC readers are poultry keepers, and write asking us questions, many useful ideas may be picked up at a good show as this promises to be.

HASTINGS.

DEAR BEE, JULY 2. The second Cinderella dance at Napier will, I expect, be described by your correspondent there. I have also a ball to tell you about.

GOWNS WORN AT THE STEEPLECHASE BALL.

It is very difficult to decide upon the belle, but nearly everyone agreed that the Misses Lascelles, Tipping, Gertrude Williams, and Lucy Williams divided the honours. As far as the married ladies are concerned, I think it wisest not to say who, in my opinion, looked the best, for there were so many different opinions on the subject, as so many of them looked very well indeed. Mesdames Arthur Fulton, Heatham, Vickerman, Ernest Tanner, Ewart, and Carlyn looked immensely well. Mrs J. N. Williams wore the loveliest gown imaginable. It was a pale pink corded silk made with a long train of soft shade of green silk, high pink silk collar trimmed with green silk, exquisite jewelled trimming on the bodice, tufts of pale pink and green feathers. Miss Williams looked extremely stylish. She wore a lovely white silk gown trimmed with masses of lilacs of the valley. Miss Gertrude Williams looked pretty in a rich white silk gown with bunches of white rose buds and green leaves placed at intervals round the front of the skirt, and bunches of same on bodice; Mrs Busby (Pouere) wore black silk; Miss Busby (a debutante) wore an exquisite rich cream satin gown very elegantly; Mrs Robert Heathwaite wore an old gold gown trimmed with quantities of good lace; Miss Heathwaite wore a pretty white gown with scarlet poppies; Mrs Price (Takapu) was gowned in black with white flowers; Mrs Sheath wore a very handsome gown of rich grey satin trimmed with deerskin; Mrs Norman's gown was so good she was unable to find out, wore a black gown trimmed with rose-coloured chiffon; Mrs Tipping looked remarkably well in a pearl-grey silk gown trimmed with black velvet; Miss Tipping, another elegant, long gown; Mrs Norman's gown (who has just returned from Wellington, looked particularly well in a lovely amber silk gown covered with amber silk net with a border round the edge, the bodice was prettily trimmed with embroidered amber chiffon; Mrs Ernest Tanner, who always looks well, wore a very lovely white net gown over white silk, the skirt being covered with lovely butterflies of every colour. They were so pretty, Bee, and so uncommon. Mrs Tanner carried a very choice bouquet of jonquils and green stakes; Mrs Harry Smith has been as usual in a very becoming black net gown dotted with silver leaves, the bodice was trimmed with silver butterflies; Mrs Vickerman looked well in a very stylish black net gown made over black silk, back very plain, a charming yellow pom-pom, from the centre of the bodice at the back hung a quantity of yellow streamers right to the bottom of the main train, this had a very pretty effect. The bodice fitted exquisitely and had a jet of pearls round the neck; Mrs Arthur Carlyn looked charming in an amber silk gown, fitting to perfection her pretty hair. Mrs Fulton's hair was dressed high, and looked very pretty with its natural waves; Miss Weber was at her best in a white cashmere gown made with hanging sleeves, gold piping adorned the bodice and sleeves, the skirt was trimmed with gold passementerie; Mrs Ewart, one of our brides, looked nice in black net over black silk, trimmings of pretty white flowers, white flowers in her hair. White was the prevailing colour at this ball. There were very few black gowns, and not very many coloured ones. Mrs Willie Birch was wearing a very stylish gown of eau de nil net over silk; Mrs Wenley wore cream; Mrs Allan McLean, black silk; Mrs Mason Chambers, pretty white gown with red flowers; Mrs Cava Brown-Cave, a very stylish white gown trimmed with pale blue ribbon, long chiffon full round the basque; Mrs Paul Hunter, lovely heliotrope silk gown; Mrs Arthur Carlyn looked exceedingly well in a bright pink silk made with a very long train, the bodice made with very high collar, which was trimmed with very lovely green jewelled trimming; Miss Maud Shaw, handsome black gown, white flowers; Miss Hilda Moorhouse (Wellington), looked very nice in a black net gown, which suited the fair wearer admirably; Miss Lascelles (Chive) wore a very lovely gown, being composed of deep amber silk most stylishly made with long train, not too long, so there was no necessity to hold it up; the skirt had a deep blue net lace round the front, the bodice had a berthe of amber lace, the sleeves being composed of dark yellow-brown plush. Round the basque were folds of the same coloured plush. Miss Lascelles carried a choice bouquet of orange and pink ferns; Miss Rhodes looked exceedingly well in a white silk gown trimmed with a very pretty shade of blue. Miss Milly Rhodes looked very pretty gowned in black net trimmed with embroidered black chiffon, her hair being in a charming style; Miss McGowan, pretty white gown, scarlet flowers; Mrs Fred Williams, hand some amber silk gown, coral necklace; Miss Hegg, very handsome white gown trimmed with broadened yellow satin. I think I have told you about most of the gowns, it is hard to remember every one. The gentlemen, who attended the ball were Messrs Sanderson, Morris, White, Dick White, McLean, Stuart, Bridge, Harnd Russell, J. Studholm, Vickerman, Frank Nelson, Bruce, Ruy Smith, G. Fraser, J. G. Fraser, Loughnan, Ewart, Williams, M. Fenwick, F. Rhodes, Loughnan, O. Linney, M. Chambers, W. Fawcner, Robison, Ross, Beetham, H. B. Williams, Sheath, Hiddles, Guy, Cooper, Gardiner, and others.

DOLLY.

FIJI.

DEAR BEE, JUNE 28. The Queen's Birthday was celebrated with a concert and dance at Levuka, and the Higgata was also held there. Some visitors from Suva were present, who were glad to avail themselves of the trip to Levuka, as it was very quiet on that day, no ball being held at Government House.

CHILDREN'S ANNUAL PICNIC

was on Saturday 4th, and the six Maori conveyed them to a lovely spot where they had a picnic. The weather was perfect, and the dance; and there is no doubt that everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy the day's outing.

Mr and Mrs George Bull (New Zealand) are in Levuka. Mr Bull has come and he will benefit by the change to our sunny isles.

The Hon. James Robertson and Mrs Robertson are about to leave their departure for the Chicago Exhibition. Their boat was given at Namsori in their honour on Friday, 3rd inst., at which a great number from Suva were present. Dining was kept up till 4 a.m., and all who were there enjoyed themselves immensely, and pronounced it a great success and credit to those who gave it.

The first SUVA 'CINDERELLA' dance took place on Friday 17th, and in spite of the rainy evening a good number turned up, and a most pleasant evening was spent.

The Cake Fair was quite a success, and I hear it realized about £50. A concert was held at the conclusion of the fair and the winners were, Mrs. G. Smith, Miss Nellie Walker, Mr Forth, Mr and Mrs Gullitt, Miss Grace Morey, and Miss Smith. Mrs Hoche (Levuka) gave

A MOST ENJOYABLE DANCE

on the same night as the Cinderella dance, and though it was rather a wet evening, it did not prevent anyone from going to it. Mrs Wilson also gave a dance which was very pleasant.

A large ship has arrived in Suva from India with about 500 coolies. She is the third coolie ship this year. She sails for Calcutta on the 25th, with returning coolies. R.M.S. Curacao arrived on Sunday 26th, and we hear she is likely to stay three weeks.

A TENNIS TOURNAMENT

was played at Mrs Langford's, and Miss Morey and Miss Walker were the winners. Another tournament is being played at Mrs Barkley's, and it is causing great excitement among the ladies, as Misses Katie and Fannie Hill are playing in it; and they are our best lady players.

OLIVE.

FRANCHISE COLUMN.

IT seems very probable now, that the Franchise will be extended to the women of New Zealand during the present session. They have worked well for their rights, demanding that since every street loafer has a vote, they who have, in most instances, some stake in the country, should have an too. As the law at present stands, only criminals, lunatics, and women are excluded from a voice in the election of representatives. Few people will deny that there are many women who take a keen and intelligent interest in all that appertains to the welfare of the colony.

They are specially anxious that some of the unjust laws which now press so heavily on women should be altered. This will probably only be effected by women. Men made the laws, and it is not likely that unless compelled to do so, men will repeal them.

In the matter of education women are more deeply concerned than men. For most fathers are content to pay what little is necessary in the way of school fees, either directly or indirectly, but it is the mothers who usually see that the lessons are prepared, that the child gets on, and who also exercises the greatest influence on the child's early life. Therefore she is most anxious that the education laws should be the most practical and the best that can be framed.

There are very many good men, with more than the average amount of common sense and wise discretion who have advisedly and after mature deliberation come to the conclusion, not only that women are entitled to the franchise, but that it would be decidedly advisable to grant it to them.

Sir John Hall has presented a petition to the House, containing the signature of 13,724 women over the age of twenty-one years. Another from Nelson contained 500 signatures, making a total of 13,224, which represents a very large proportion of the adult female population of the colony. These signatures have been fairly and honestly obtained. Opponents of the Bill induced many women to sign a petition against the Franchise, which they believed to be in their favor, and which they deeply regretted signing when they knew how they had been deceived. It is to be hoped this matter will be duly inquired into.

Here is the difference of men and women's spheres of duty from a man's point of view:—

MAN AND WOMAN IN THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD. Woman can teach a child to pray, but it takes man to rule a nation; It takes man, not woman, to manage a railroad station. Woman loves to be a passenger aboard of a palace car. But takes man to make it move along without the slightest jar. Woman understands telegraphy, and does her work first-rate. Man erects the wires, builds the railroads, and handles the freight. Woman knows how to travel, and write poetry once in a while. But man, in one minute, can make a train go sixty mile. Woman can do the marketing, and keep a wardrobe neat. But it's man, with muscle strong, who paves the city street. Women can wash our clothes, sew and bake and sew. But it's man who builds our cities; this woman cannot do. Woman can make a wedding dress and trim a fashionable hat. But takes man to be a pugilist, and handle a base-ball bat. Woman can mind the baby and give it syrup of squills. But man makes the medicines and pays the doctor bills. Woman can paint pictures, play a piano and sing. But it takes man to lead an army against a mighty king. Woman can mould character and does it well somehow. Man is expert with pick and axe, shovel and hoe and plough. Woman can talk fashion, the ribbons, the trimming and lace. But man gets the raw material by the sweat of his honest face. Woman can read Shakespeare, and expound the Scriptures well. But all through trade and commerce takes man to buy and sell. O WOMAN! thou art great, pure love flows from thine heart. But man stands first in politics, science, law, industry and art. Woman is trying to learn everything, in city and town. To drive man out of employment, and bring the wages down.

ONE OF SHAKESPEARE'S THOUGHTS ON WOMAN.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a quotation from Shakespeare which is admirably expressive of the old-fashioned idea of woman's place in the world. Shakespeare, like everyone else till the commencement of this century, regarded woman as a man's property and chattel. The extract will be recognised as from Katharina's speech at the close of the last act of the 'Taming of the Shrew.' It begins:—

'Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper, Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee, And for thy maintenance commits his body To painful labour both by sea and land, To watch the night in storms, the day in cold, Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe; And owes no other tribute to all hands But love, fair looks and true obedience; Too little payment for so great a debt. Such duty as the subject owes the prince Even such a woman oweth to her husband; And when she's froward, peevish, sultry, sour, And not obedient to his honest will, What is she but a foul contending rebel, And graceless traitor to her loving lord? I am ashamed that women are so simple To offer war where they should kneel for peace, Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway, When they are bound to serve, love and obey. Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth, Unfit to toil and trouble in the world? But that our soft conditions and our hearts Should well agree with our external parts! Come, come, you froward and unable worms! My mind has been as big as one of yours, My heart as great, my reason haply more, To bandy word and blow and frown for frown; But now I see our lances are but straws, Our strength as weak, our weakness not compare, That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.'

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HOUDAH BLEND, 3s. PER LB.

KANGRA VALLEY BLEND, 2s. 10d. PER LB.

IT IS ASTONISHING

That people are found who readily pay SIX-PENCE per glass for alcoholic drinks, and yet who HESITATE to pay less than a HALF-PENNY per large breakfast cup for these DELICIOUS TEAS.

EMPIRE TEA COMPANY,

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Caution.—Do not take a Substitute; Beware of Worthless Imitations.



PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA IN THE PACIFIC.



ACROSS THE HEARTH.

ACROSS the hearth of old, Love,
I watched the young blood seek
Your face. Your hair was gold, Love,
The rose was in your cheek.
Not to dead years belong, Love,
Your gentle grace and pride—
When I was young and strong, Love,
And you a bonny bride.

Though years have dimmed the light, Love,
That sparkled in your eye,
To me it seems as bright, Love,
As in the days gone by.
Though others may recall, Love,
A fairer, smoother brow,
I note no change at all, Love,
Between the past and now.

And well I know, my own Love,
That every line they see
Crew not from years alone, Love,
But spring from thought for me.
And every silver hair, Love,
That crowns your noble head
Was whitening under care, Love,
Before your youth had fled.

My locks are thinning, too, Love,
And I am feeble now;
But I have passed with you, Love,
The years that marked my brow.
And every groove has grown, Love,
Since first, in manhood's dawn,
I took your hand, my own, Love,
And it was not withdrawn.

Across the hearth to-night, Love,
I see a faded face,
But, by the flickering light, Love,
A glory I can trace—
The beauty of the heart, Love,
That yet remains your own,
And lives the better part, Love,
Though all the rest has flown.

E. L.

ROGER VAVASOUR'S MISTAKE.

BY OLYDE RAYMOND.



WELL, your book is bound to be a great success, I hear," said Tom Barrows, breaking a silence of several minutes which had fallen between himself and Roger Vavasour, as they sat smoking on the verandah of their hotel. "All you need now, my boy, is a charming wife to share your coming honours."

"Thanks. I'm afraid, however, it'll be a long time before that need is supplied," returned the handsome young author, quietly, an almost imperceptible sarcasm in his even tones—"that is, of course, supposing the 'coming honours' ever actually arrive. It will be necessary, you know, to find my ideal first, and, having met her—"

"Why, I thought that was already an accomplished fact," interrupted Mr Barrows, lifting his eyebrows with an expression of genuine astonishment. "If you haven't found your ideal in Miss Carroll, then I have gone fearfully wide of the mark in translating all the signs. Why, man alive, where could you hope to find a lovelier, more bewitchingly attractive woman?"

Roger Vavasour shrugged his broad shoulders slightly, while a faint, half-mocking smile passed over his dark, expressive face.

"I don't for a moment dispute Miss Carroll's matchless 'fascinations,'" he returned, with perfect coolness, intent upon knocking the ashes from the cigar which he had removed from his lips; "and were my fortune a thing of the present instead of a dream of some far-off, indefinite future, I might possibly look upon the fair lady with other eyes than those of a mere beauty-worshipper. But you, Tom—I've been wondering, as we sat here talking of her, why you don't try your own luck in that quarter. You are certainly one of her most enthusiastic admirers."

"But unfortunately the admiration is not mutual," retorted Tom, with a good-natured laugh. "If I had only

half the encouragement she has given you, I might. But then! talk of the angels, etc. she has just made her appearance on the verandah. Shall you come with me to join her circle of courtiers? No! Well, stay where you are, then, and envy me while you smoke your old cigars in cheerless solitude!"

And tossing his own half-consumed cheroot over the railing, Tom Barrows sauntered away toward the further end of the long verandah where a small group of gentlemen had already gathered about the reigning beauty of that great, fashionable hotel.

Although Roger Vavasour resolutely kept his solitary position, and smoked away, as if utterly unconscious of anything in the vicinity more interesting than his cigar, yet his dark eyes followed Tom's retreating form to the spot where Sydney Carroll sat, like some fair young queen among her courtiers, and a strange, unreadable look swept over his stern, dark face.

"Men of wealth, all of them," he muttered to himself, his glance flashing from one to another of the group surrounding her. "Some of them worth their millions. Yet Tom spoke the truth when he said that she had given me encouragement. Yes, she has. She has smiled on me with those perfect lips, those dangerously beautiful eyes, but so did Lady Vere de Vere smile upon her victims. If she is false it will be the easier to tear her from my heart, and I must do that in any case. If she were sincere—if she cared for me, I must not be so weak, so contemptible, as to take advantage of her weakness. What right have I to lure the heiress of the Graham millions to a match with poverty? No; in any case I must leave here—I must forget her."

Even as he said it, he saw her glance wander toward him with that look that he ever found irresistible.

Rising slowly to his feet, Vavasour reluctantly yielded to that unspoken summons and traversed the long verandah that led him straight into the peril which he had determined to avoid.

Tom Barrows glanced into his face with a little amused "I told you so" laugh, as he approached, that brought a flush to Roger's cheek.

All were so busily engaged, however, in vying with each other for a monopoly of Miss Carroll's attention that it passed unnoticed, and she turned toward him with her sweetest smile.

"You are a rather tardy arrival, Mr Vavasour, but you shall have the place of honour, nevertheless," she exclaimed, with a bewitching, laughing glance, as she waved her white hand towards a cozy seat very near her on the right.

With a stifled groan, he sunk down in it and listened, in almost unbroken silence, to the music of Sydney Carroll's voice, and watched, with a kind of sullen, half-angry delight, the lovely, changeable face that he was even then vowing to forget.

How charming she was! Every glance, every smile, every movement, seemed to have gained some new fascination since Roger had held that rigid self-examination and resolved to steel his heart against her.

As he sat beside her now, a restless impatience took possession of him. Why did he hover, like a doomed moth, around the fatal flame, near the danger of that peerless face? The shining threads of her golden hair seemed to draw him with a spell-like power; the magic of her velvet-brown eyes held him against the force of that grim, iron will which had always, until now, proved his unflinching shield.

He lived only in her presence; a life that held more of pain than pleasure now, and which every passing hour would only make the harder to bear.

"It has got to end, and the sooner the better," he resolved abruptly, starting to his feet. "I'll go to-day."

Miss Carroll glanced up wonderingly at the suddenness of his movement.

"I startled you?" he said, smiling slightly as he met her look. "Pardon me; I know I have been but a dull and uninteresting fellow among your brilliant courtiers—with a charming bow—for the last half hour or so. But the truth is, a very important matter claimed my attention, and I was forced to decide upon it without delay. I have decided and must, therefore—much as I regret it—say good-bye to this pleasant place, and this pleasant company, at once—to-day!"

"To-day!" echoed two or three voices simultaneously, and among them was the sweet one of Sydney Carroll—and surely there was a sound of tears in it, too.

"Oh, Mr Vavasour," she added, coaxingly, "couldn't you wait just until to-morrow? You know we have planned a riding party for this afternoon, and it will be such a disappointment to us if you do not come!"

His lovely face was quite pale, and the deep-brown eyes uplifted to his had a look in them that went straight to Roger's heart.

But he shook his head with a firm gesture of dissent.

"No," he said, very quietly. "If I go it must be to-day, and I think it very necessary that I should go. Under other circumstances, Miss Carroll, I should be only too happy to oblige you."

And, bowing himself gracefully out of their presence, he hastened to his own rooms and busied himself with preparations for his sudden departure.

From one of his windows he saw the equestrian party ride away, and waved a smiling salute to Miss Carroll, who, bright and bewitching as ever, cantered gaily down the gravelled driveway at the side of a handsome, boyish young fellow, a son of one of the resident cottagers.

"For the last time," he murmured, with a sharply-drawn sigh, as he turned from the window. "Unless Fate takes it into her head to make a football of me, I shall never look upon that beautiful face again. Oh, my peerless love! if you were only Sydney Carroll, as poor as myself, and not the heiress to a million, how happy we might be!—for something tells me that you are not playing the rôle of

Clara Vere de Vere. But happiness at the expense of honour—no, not for Roger Vavasour!"

An hour later he was tramping through a pretty woodland road to the railway station, having sent his belongings on ahead, and as he followed its windings down through a rugged glen he was thunderstruck to come upon a tableau he was least prepared to see.

Two horses were wandering about the little cup-like hollow, grazing contentedly upon the rich grass, while against a large rock on one side of the glen, apparently quite insensible, reclined the graceful form of Sydney Carroll, with her youthful escort kneeling beside her, his fair face the very picture of distress.

At sight of Roger, he sprang to his feet with a glad cry of relief.

"Oh, Mr Vavasour, thank Heaven you have come!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "I was just wondering what on earth I should do. You see, we left the rest of the party a little while since, to follow up a new road we came to, and Miss Carroll was in the wildest spirits—I never saw her half so gay before. Well, she insists on making her horse take every obstacle he came to, and when we reached this ravine, she sent him flying over the creek there—you can see for yourself what a jump it is. He took it all right, but just as he landed on this side, Miss Carroll seemed to swoon away, all in a second, and had fallen from the saddle before I could spring from mine to assist her. I don't know whether she is hurt or not; but if you'll stay and watch over her for a few minutes, Mr Vavasour, I'll jump on my horse and get a carriage somewhere in which to take her home."

"To the hotel—it's the nearest place—and ride for your life; we don't know how badly she may be injured," returned Vavasour hastily, his handsome, dark face glowing almost as white as that one lying so still there on the grass.

Was she dead? His own heart almost ceased to beat at the very thought. He knelt down beside her, clasping the little, unconscious hands tenderly in his. For a moment his face, so full of yearning love, bent over hers until his lips almost touched the white, exquisitely perfect cheek so near them. But he drew back with a sudden movement, a tingling thrill of shame.

"No, no," he muttered, flushing, all unseen though he was, "she is helpless; I can't be such a coward. But how I do love her! My God! I would give half my life to kiss—"

But his warm breath on her face seemed to have thrilled her senses back to life.

Her velvety brown eyes flew open, and the pale, sweet lips parted with a smile. "You—love me?" she whispered, as she might have spoken in the midst of some happy dream. "I have often thought you hated me."

"Hated you?" he echoed, bitterly. "Ah! would to Heaven it were so! It would be better—for my peace, at least. Forget what you heard me say! I had forgotten, for one instant, that you are the heiress to the vast wealth of your uncle, Mr Graham—"

She had raised herself to her elbow, and was now staring at him, her brown eyes dilating with intense surprise.

Some other emotion, too, seemed struggling for expression.

"And did you believe that, Mr Vavasour?" she questioned slowly, watching his face intently as she spoke. "I never dreamed of such a thing before. I am not the niece to whom Aunt and Uncle Graham will leave their fortune; she is not yet old enough to enter society, and we left her at school in Europe only a few weeks before you met us here. Indeed, I am not their niece at all—only a distant cousin to whom they have been very kind, and it is merely an affectionate fancy of mine to call them aunt and uncle, as I do. I am not an heiress, Mr Vavasour,—her brown eyes flashing proudly—and if you would prefer now to have me forget what I heard you say—"

"Sydney"—he took the privilege now, which a moment before he was willing to give half his life for—"Sydney, my beautiful darling, all I ask is this: Do you love me? Will you be my wife? We may never be rich, dear, but—"

"I am rich at last, in the possession of the heart that is my all—more than that I do not need to complete my happiness. If I had been the heiress you thought me"—smiling through her happy tears—"I should have lost you, Roger think of that!"

IS BEAUTY A BLESSING.

OF the beautiful women I have known, but few have attained superiority of any kind. In marriage they have frequently made failures; why, I do not know, unless the possession of great wealth is incompatible with the possession of an equal amount of good judgment. So much is expected by the woman accustomed to admiration, that she plays and patters with her fate till the crooked stick is all that is left her. This we see exemplified again and again. While the earnest, lofty, sweet-smiling woman of the pale hair and doubtful line of nose, has, perhaps, one true lover whose worth she has time to recognise, an acknowledged beauty will find herself surrounded by a crowd of showy egotists whose admiration so dazes and bewilders her that she is sometimes tempted to bestow herself upon the most importunate one in order to end the unequally struggle. Then the incentive to education, and to the cultivation of one's special powers is lacking. Forgetting that the triumphs which have made a holiday of youth must lessen with the years, many a fair one neglects that training of the mind which gives to her who is poor in all else an endless store-house of wealth from which she can hope to produce treasures for her own delectation and that of those about her long after the fitful bloom upon her handsome sister's cheek has faded with the rose of departed summer. Though the world can show instances here and there of women in whose dazzling glances genius and beauty struggle for equal recognition, are they not the exception proving the rule? To win without effort, and yet to ignore these victories for the sake of the more lasting and honourable ones which follow the attainment of excellence in any one thing, means character, and character added to loveliness gives us those rare specimens of womanly perfection which assure us that poetry and art are not solely in the minds of men, but exist here and there in an embodied form, for the encouragement and delight of struggling human nature.

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

QUERIES.

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

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

RULES.

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

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

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

QUERIES.

CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS.—Will you be good enough to give me a cook a recipe for chocolate eclairs?—LA BELLE.

DEVILLED LAMB.—I should be very glad of directions for preparing this dish.—ROSA.

FLAT FISH.—Can you tell me of a nice way of cooking above?—MRS A.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

'Meg.'—Here is an entrée made of chicken, which I think is the kind of recipe you mean. Take three-quarters of a pound of raw chicken, and after removing any skin, pound until quite smooth, and then rub it through a wire sieve with a wooden spoon. This your cook will find rather hard work, but if the chicken is well pounded it will go through the sieve fairly easily. The bones and skin of the chicken, after they have been roughly chopped, must be put into a stewpan with one or two sliced onions, a bunch of herbs, eight or ten peppercorns, and one or two cloves. Then cover them with cold water, place the saucepan on the fire and bring it to boiling point, add a little salt, and remove any scum which may rise to the surface, and let the stock simmer for an hour, when it will be ready to strain through a fine hair sieve. Put into a stewpan two ounces and a-half of butter and three ounces and a-half of Vienna flour, a little cayenne pepper and salt, and a small pinch of ground mace, also the raw yolks of three eggs, mix with these by degrees three-quarters of a pint of the chicken stock and a gill of thick cream, and stir over the fire until the mixture boils, and be sure it is free from lumps, then add the raw pounded chicken, and, lastly, add the stiffly-whipped whites of five eggs. Well butter a soufflé mould if you have one, or a plain cake tin can be used, fasten a band of well-buttered paper round it, so that it will stand three or four inches above the edge of the tin, pour the mixture into it sprinkle some browned crumbs over the top, and place here and there on it some small pieces of butter, and bake in a fairly hot oven for about three-quarters of an hour. To serve, fasten a folded napkin round the tin, and sprinkle a little chopped tongue or ham over the soufflé, and, of course, serve at once. I may add that you could steam this soufflé, or you could have it cooked in small china or paper cases, which should be filled half full, and will take about a quarter of an hour to bake. If you want a small soufflé use half the quantities.

APPLE CHEESECAKES ('Busy Bee').—Take three ounces of grated apple, three ounces of castor sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, and if the apples are sweet, a little lemon-juice must be added. Add the yolks of three eggs and the whites of two, and mix altogether with three ounces of butter, which has been clarified. Line some little party pans with puff pastry, and half fill with above mixture, and bake for about twenty minutes in a fairly warm oven, and, before serving, sprinkle a little castor sugar over them.

RECIPES.

RABBIT PIE.—Puff paste is the proper kind to use for all meat pies, and this if well made will rise and not sink. The oven the pie is cooked in should be fairly hot at first, otherwise the paste will become sodden and will not be light and flaky as it should be when baked. To make a good rabbit pie I need hardly begin by saying that the rabbits used for making the pie should be nice young ones. They should be cut up in small neat pieces. The legs should be cut into two pieces; the head, and any of the bones and trimmings should be used to make stock to pour into the pie when it is made. After having well washed and dried the rabbit, place a layer in the bottom of the pie-dish, and season it with a little ground mace and salt, and then arrange some slices of bacon and hard-boiled egg over the rabbit. Season with pepper any salt, then place a layer of rabbit, and continue in this way until the dish is full. On the top arrange some hard-boiled yolks of eggs, which have been rolled in finely-chopped parsley. Pour in a little good stock, and cover the pie with puff pastry, which should be about half an inch in thickness. Trim the edges neatly, and brush the pie over with whole beaten-up egg, and cut the top here and there, not too deeply, with a sharp knife. This will make the pastry lighter, as the steam will escape, and so allow the pastry to rise readily. Cook the pie for about two hours, and when the top of the pie has become brown cover it with kitchen paper to prevent its becoming too brown. There is no necessity to stand the pie-dish in water while it is cooking. It is advisable always to place it in a tin, as it is then much easier to turn the pie round and to take it out of the oven.

BLANC MANGE.—Boil one pint of milk with a little thinly-cut rind of a lemon in it, a bay leaf or laurel leaf, and a little cinnamon. When the milk boils, add a quarter of a pound of castor sugar, and draw the pan to the side of the stove and let it stand for a few minutes; add three-quarters

of an ounce of Marshall's gelatine, and then strain it into a mould. A very pretty dish can be made by lining a mould with lemon jelly, and then ornamenting it with dried fruits, and of course setting the ornamentation with more jelly, then pour the blanc-mange, which will only require half an ounce of gelatine in it to make it set into the mould, and it can be more highly flavoured if liked. When turned out you will, I am sure, be pleased with the effect given by the blanc-mange showing through the jelly.

A correspondent kindly sends me the following:—
GINGER SNAPS.—Time, twenty minutes to bake. Half a pound of treacle, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, one pound of flour, one tablespoonful of ground ginger, one ditto of caraway seeds. Work some butter into the flour, then mix it with the treacle, sugar, ginger and caraway seeds. Work all together and form into cakes not larger than a crown piece, place them on a baking tin in a moderate oven when they will be dry and crisp.

A SIMPLE WAY OF ICING.—Put into an enamel pan one cup of sugar, quarter of a cup of milk, and a piece of butter the size of a hazel nut, and boil exactly ten minutes, stirring continually. Then transfer to a bowl, and beat until it thickens like cream. Then, *instantly*, with a broad knife, spread it over your sponge cake or other cakes. It eats soft like a glacé, and may be coloured and flavoured as desired, and desiccated cocoanut or caraway comfits added for variety.

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.

IDEAS FOR AFTERNOON TEAS.

In response to various queries on this point I will endeavour to give two or three suggestions which may possibly be of service to you. This form of entertainment is decidedly and deservedly popular. It is inexpensive, and should be informal. (One hint I think might be adopted by all givers of kettle-dramas, as these festivities are frequently visited by uninvited men, and that is, ask your guests into your bedroom to remove their wraps, and if they have walked any distance and their shoes are damp—a frequent occurrence these wet days—give the wiser girls an opportunity of changing them. A pair of dainty in-door shoes is not at all a heavy parcel to carry, and the comfort of the wearer and benefit to your drawing-room carpet is indescribable. As regards removing wraps, it is uncomfortable and risky to sit in one's out-door clothes in a room well warmed, one, indeed, which too frequently becomes hot. Then, when the cold outer air is reached it certainly proves refreshing, yet generally manages to convey unpleasant after-effects, in the shape of a cold. And the victim, feeling warm at the time, wonders 'how on earth' she caught it.

A very charming correspondent of mine suggests 'coloured' teas, and asks how best to carry out the idea. How would this do? Give a pretty pink tea. Your own frock is a dainty tea-gown of pink cashmere and silk. The tea equipage is pink. The cloth of the same hue. Lovely pink camellias, or pink geraniums or heath, or whatever pink flower is within reach, decorate the room. Over the usual piano drape you have hung a pretty pink cover, and fastened it up with pink camellias. When the lamps are lit, their pink shades show up exceedingly well. (These may be merely crinkled pink paper.) Now this would really cost very little, dear girls, and the effect would well repay the trouble. If you are rich, plenty of pink silk, tastefully arranged, will speedily transform your room into a veritable pink fairyland. If your tea-party is in honour of a bride, decorate entirely with white and green leaves. Now for the eatables. The tea and the cream had better be left severely alone. I have heard of an enterprising demoiselle who coloured the lumps of sugar a delicate pink with largely diluted cochineal. None of the party died. I do not know how she managed not to dissolve the sugar in the process. A great deal of pink icing decorates the cakes, and pink comfits are spread on the bread-and-butter, so that a delicate blush pervades all the good things provided. Of course any colour may be substituted for pink. The invitations must be written on pink paper.

Suggestion number two is, I am bound to confess, not wholly my own, but I have never heard of its adoption into this colony, so I think anyone is quite safe in propounding it as an original kettle-drum idea. It is called 'Literary Salad,' and is a pretty device by which an afternoon tea-party can be entertained with very little extra labour. A few days beforehand dainty little invitations are sent out. These are written on pale green note-paper, but in other respects are in the usual form. The hostess seats herself before a table, on which is a plate of green leaves, and with a rap of her knife calls the ladies to order thus: 'Ladies I want to serve a salad, and you are now invited to come up in turn and select a share.' Of course each one comes up in haste, eager to solve the mystery. The leaves are pieces of green tissue paper, on each of which is pasted a slip of white letter-paper, bearing a quotation from some popular or standard author. As each guest passes the table she selects a leaf, and upon reading the quotation gives the name of the author. If she does this correctly the leaf is hers. If she fails she returns the leaf, but some time afterwards she will soon collect a large bouquet of the leaves, and to the one who gathers the largest there is given a pretty prize of some sort.

Seeing that women are now to take a great interest in politics, a good idea, whilst the session lasts, would be to write out a short characteristic speech culled from those actually given in the House, and make the ladies guess the author in the same way as previously described. This would be a political education in itself.

A very stylish kettle-drum lately given at a fashionable English home was a Japanese tea, and the room was decor-

ated and in a measure furnished for the occasion. Japanese matting covered the floor; Shatsuma vases and plaques adorned the walls, Japanese screens were placed on lamps and candlesticks, and the screens and lacquered tea tables were of the same manufacture. The deft maid servants were in the national costume, with hair piled high and thrust full of long ornamental pins.

At another house where there is no lack of wealth to place 'impediments in fancy's course,' the Moorish style of furnishing and serving was affected. Divans covered with gay Oriental stuffs were placed against the walls, Moorish curtains and hangings adorned windows, doors and walls; swinging censers and lamps hung from the ceiling, the former with scented tapers burning in them, and the only pottery displayed was Moorish in decoration and design. The rich, sweet Turkish coffee, almost as thick as syrup, was handed by small black pages, dressed in white Turkish (Oriental) sweetmeats and nuts and dried and candied fruits were the only confections used. Even the napkins were brilliant with Oriental embroidery in gold and silver.

LOVERS' FIVE O'CLOCK TEA CORNER.

One of the new screens with an adjustable shelf that may be raised or let down at will, placed in front of a cosy corner, makes a charming retreat for lovers when indulging in the afternoon cup of tea. The frame-work is of wood and of such solidity as to support a shelf for cups and saucers. Japanese fretwork may be let in for a distance of twelve inches at the top of each panel. The curtains are suspended from a brass rod and may be of any of the usual materials. Ecru linen canvas tacked on and painted in oils is extremely pretty. It also affords a good background for one of the tapestry panels now so much in vogue.

I have a few other questions to answer now, so will merely suggest that some clever girl should send some more hints for afternoon teas which I will gladly publish. In reply to 'Matron,' I believe the following is a good way of cleaning silk. Lay the breadth on a clean delf table, and following the grain of the silk, wash it with a thin lather of soft soap and soft water. Rinse frequently in clean, hard water, and roll in a cloth to dry. Next day sponge with sour porter or stout, and iron while wet, putting a thin cloth between the silk and the iron. The silk will be glossy and stiff, but the stiffness will wear off in the making up.

BERTHA.—I have never tried to make my hair curl, but am told that this is an effective method of doing so. I take borax, two ounces; gum arabic, one drachm; add hot water (not boiling), one quart; stir, and as soon as the ingredients are dissolved add three tablespoonfuls of strong spirits of camphor. It is not expensive, and will not injure the hair as a hot curling-iron so frequently does.

ESSIE L.—When a lady gives a masked ball she usually leaves her guests to choose their own costume, but it is quite permissible for her to propose that a quadrille should be danced by ladies and gentlemen all wearing dresses of the 17th Century, for instance. She would write them each a little note, having first made quite sure that it will be agreeable to the whole party to dance together, and ask them if they consent to wear a certain style of costume, or a costume of a particular period, for the purpose of forming a pretty quadrille party at her ball for which she has already sent them cards of invitation; or she can leave the arrangement of the quadrille to any one lady or gentleman, who will then find out from her hostess who is invited, and form her set accordingly.

ONE MAN ONE VOTE—AND THAT HIS WIFE'S.

It's a dub, dub, one man, one tub;
I've the baby to feed and to darn its sock,
And the dinner to cook while I wash its frock,
For my wife is off to the caucus.

I'd leave the tub and go round to the pub,
But there's not even 'local option,
I've got an idea and before very long
I shall put it for man's adoption.
When the time is ripe I'll disclose the plot,
And my wife will be back at the tub, I wot,
And no more go off to the caucus.

A READY GIRL.

It matters very little if our girls are not as thorough in the higher education as we could wish so long as the polishing process they undergo fully develops their wits. At least I thought so (says a writer) when I heard an elegant young lady sing a song in German at a fashionable musicale. Her accent was perfect, the gutturals rolled off as if her vocal organs had never essayed anything else, and she managed to get so much feeling into word and tone that her listeners were moved to admiration. Among them was a cultivated German who seemed particularly struck with the quality of her execution. His eyes sparkled behind his big glasses. He approached nearer and nearer to the lovely vocalist, and it was plain that he was ready to fall at the feet of the fatherland. As soon as the little stir which followed the hum at the close of the performance was subsided, he addressed her in German with face aglow and hands clasped in rapturous admiration. I happened to know that the young lady was incapable of putting a sentence together in German unaided by text book and lexicon, and that her parrot performance of the song had been her exhibition ruse on reception days at the fashionable school that finished her off, so I curiously watched the encounter. With a charming smile, and unabashed eyes looking full into those of her admirer, she exclaimed:—

'Oh, I beg pardon, Herr Strachan, but after being raised to the heights by that divine song it seems a profanation to descend to compliment in the same language.'

The German's face was a study. Mild amazement, disappointment, doubt, admiring deference, all struggled for ascendancy. But the girl stood as unmoved as a statue of Truth, confident that her wits were equal to any emergency.



Morning

A Bit of a patch

Evening



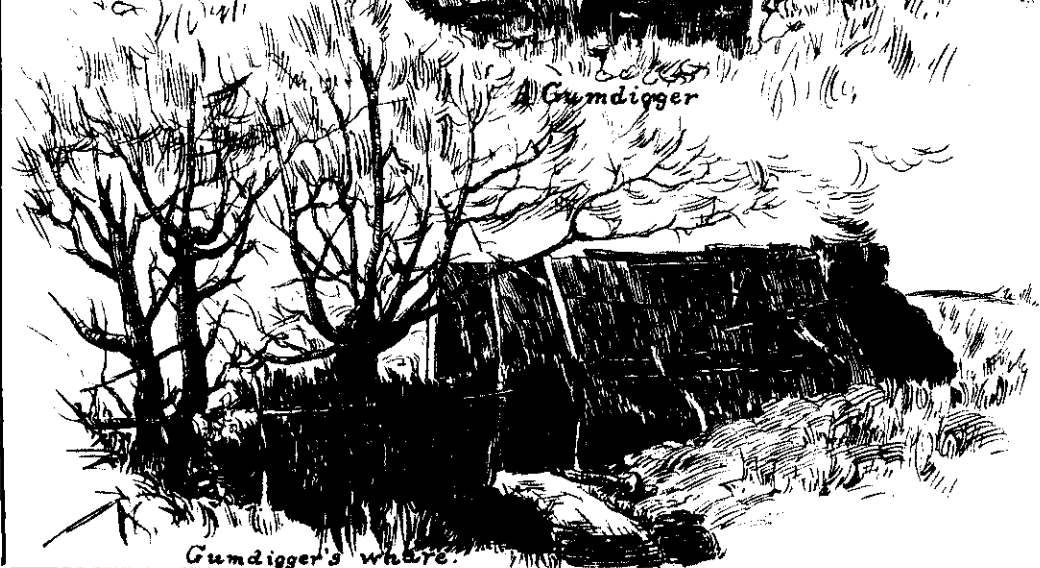
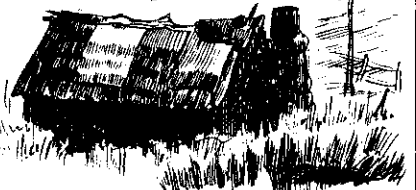
Diggers you sometimes meet.



A Gumdigger



The man who supports the 'pub' his home



Gumdigger's whare.



Gum scraping



LOGGING UP ON A BUSH CLEARING.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

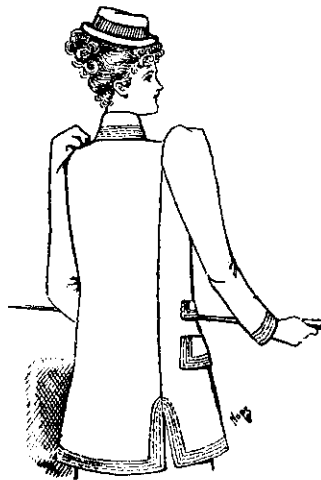
There is little change this month in the fashions as worn in the colony. Most people have their winter costumes, and are only vaguely wondering what they will adopt in the way of spring styles.

Shaded velvet ribbon is fancied for the pert little bows that are liked on the front of bonnets and little hats. The loops come forward and the two short ends, cut out in Vandyke fashion, stand up as pert as possible. A bow of this sort is sufficient trimming for a small felt bonnet, one of the capote shapes. It does not need to have strings to match it, for they should be of velvet of the same colour as the bonnet itself. A dark blue felt has a bow of scarlet, while the ties are of blue velvet. A bonnet made for evening, but fitting as closely as the felt one, is of green velvet and has a bow of pink, while the ties are of green velvet ribbon. By-the-bye, a new arrangement for the velvet ribbon straps is to bring them forward, cross them under the chin, draw them back and fasten them with a fancy pin well up on the back of the hair. This is the style adopted by Madame Musin. It looks best when the hair is arranged high, as it takes away somewhat from what would be otherwise a bare look. Pins showing imitation diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires are liked for fastening the straps.

For a large hat a large veil is required, and it is wisest in buying one to get a full yard to drape about your chapeau. Pin it just to the edge of the brim in front, and let the depth that comes over be drawn under your chin in soft, loose folds fastened at the back high up on the hat. These folds tend to give the soft effect desired by strings.

The strings on large hats must be at least two inches wide and sufficiently long to be tied in broad loops and ends a little longer. On almost any hat such strings may be attached, and they can be either of black satin, gros-grain, or soft black velvet. Velvet is the most becoming, but the loops refuse to stay in position unless pinned, and the ribbon itself is apt to grow shabby. In times gone by ties decided whether what one wore on one's head was a hat or a bonnet, but now a-days even Solomon himself could not solve this question.

The very latest thing in ladies' coats forms the subject of my first illustration. The 'sack' is the appropriate name for this extremely ugly and ungraceful garment rejoices in. Beyond warmth, which, as we are bidding farewell to winter now is not so important a clause as it might otherwise be, we do not think that the most ardent worshipper at the shrine of fashion could conscientiously claim a single beauty for this new creation of the tailor's art; the fact of it being very unlikely to be copied by the mass, and keeping thus *de rigueur* amongst those who may be considered the best dressers is an advantage perhaps, if it can compensate for levelling the outline of the most graceful figures to that of a superannuated old



pew-opener, which, without the slightest disrespect to either the old ladies themselves or their calling, is not quite what one would expect young, attractive, or elegant women to choose as a model. It is quite possible, however, that the sack, in spite of these objections, may 'catch on,' for we are nothing in fashion if we are not exaggerated, and its very ugliness may be its recommendation in preference to coats less noticeable, if prettier in form and cut. In our righteous wrath we must not forget to add a few notes of description to give any explanation the sketch may require. The coat is cut quite, or a little more than half length, and as perfectly straight as possible, the back piece being entirely so, without seam at all. The seam joining back to front is left open a very short way from the bottom of coat to allow of a little freedom in walking, and the whole of the garment is stitched round with several rows of machine stitching; it is made in most coloured cloths, but the favourite shade is fawn.

This is an age for the artistic in gowns, especially in evening robes, and for smart occasions. My second sketch is a pretty example for a reception, or soiree, a concert platform, or at Home. Pale amber Pongee silk is the material of the gown, made à la Princesse, with sac from the back of the open throat. The front is formed of fully gathered chiffon of the same tint with a full frill round the throat, and tied in at bust and waist by narrow ribbon of

pale amber, a corresponding arrangement finishing the bottom of the skirt. Brown bear fur edges the silk portion of the robe, con-



tinuing round the back of neck under the chiffon frill, from under which the sac also starts. The fully gathered sleeves are of chiffon tied with ribbon, and the gown fastens down the left side.

HOW TO HAVE NICE HAIR.

How shall the ladies be able to preserve the forty to eighty miles of hair with which Nature has endowed them? Since we cannot have a healthy and luxuriant growth of grain unless the ground is well tilled and nourished, so there will not be the best growth of hair unless the scalp is healthy. The hair follicles must be well nourished. The scalp, of course, requires washing, but the frequency must depend upon the occupation of the individual, the amount of perspiration, dust, etc. In general a shampooing every two or four weeks will suffice, but in special cases much oftener. The shampooing should be done with soap or borax and warm water, the scalp being well lathered and vigorously rubbed with the fingers, and afterwards thoroughly washed with clean warm water. Next, the hair and scalp are to be well dried with towels. Most writers recommend that the scalp—not the hair—shall now be anointed with some bland oil, as coconut oil, almond oil, or vaseline. This restores the loss by washing, and is not to be repeated since the secretion of the oil glands at the root of the hair should be sufficient to keep the hair and scalp soft. In many persons the natural secretion of oil is abundant and in a day or two after washing several good brushings suffice to carry it along the hair and fully supply the loss. Too frequent washing of the hair is almost as objectionable as infrequent washing. The practice of washing every day in cold water is not wise. Wetting the hair at each combing in order to make it lie properly is also objectionable. It tends to make it dry and brittle, by constantly removing the oil.

BRUSHING THE HAIR.

REGULAR and vigorous brushing of the scalp proportioned to its sensitiveness is of the utmost value in preserving a healthy growth. Brushing accomplishes many purposes. It stimulates the scalp, thereby increasing the supply of blood and the nourishment for the hair; it removes the inspissated or dried oil that collects at the mouths of the hair follicles and uniting with the thrown-off particles of the skin forms branny scales, called dandruff; it carries along the hair shafts the oily secretion provided at the roots for keeping the hair soft and pliable; and it is the best means of straightening the hairs. The brush should be quite stiff, and yet not so stiff, or applied with such roughness as to make the scalp tender. Some recommend two brushes, a stiff one for the scalp and a soft one for the hair. Combs should be used simply to straighten the hair, never to scratch or harrow up the scalp. A fine toothed comb—Well! it should never be used except for special purposes. Mothers who use the comb to remove scaly masses from their children's heads should take notice of this. Their manipulation of the scalp of infants and children should be particularly tender and gentle.

It is beyond question that frequent cutting stimulates the hair growth. Hence the advantage of close cutting and even shaving after fevers or any protracted disease. The ends of the hair should always be cut when found to split.

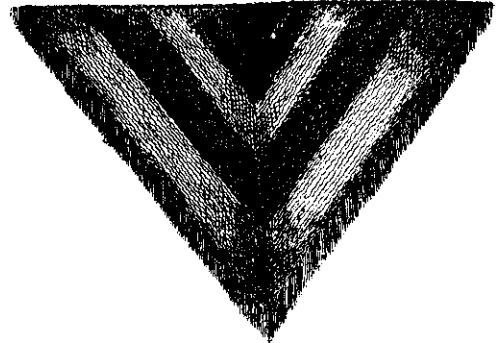
FRESH AIR AND SUNLIGHT.

AS fresh air and sunlight are so essential to the best development of the body, so are they of great importance to the healthful growth of the hair. The head-dressing should always be loose, so as to permit ready access of air. I have little doubt that the styles of hats that men wear, and the persistency with which they wear them on all occasions has much to do with their premature baldness. I knew a gentleman, the top of whose head was quite bald some years ago, but having purchased a ranch, which he personally superintended, he removed the entire crown of his hat, thus exposing the scalp to the full influence of the air and the warm sunshine, and was rewarded by a vigorous growth of hair. He secured a better crop upon his head than from his land. Having made this secret public, I expect to see hereafter a new style of crownless hat introduced. It might have a ready sale.

THE WORK CORNER.

A HOUSE WRAP IN PLAIN KNITTING.

MATERIALS: 12 oz. of Scotch fingering wool in shades of grey, from palest to darkest, 2 oz. of scarlet or violet wool, long bone or wooden knitting needles No 10. With palest shade of grey cast on 300 stitches and knit back plain. Knit backwards and forwards plain throughout the shawl, only knitting 2 together *always in the centre*, and knitting 2 stitches together before the last 2 stitches of



every row. By thus reducing you are left at last with one stitch in the centre, and which you cast off. The following arrangement of colours looks well:—25 rows in pale grey, 25 rows in shades up to the darkest shade, 50 rows scarlet; then grey again for 50 rows from the lightest shade to darkest. This completes the shawl, or if preferred a wool fringe can be knotted into each stitch down the two sides, or a narrow edge can be crocheted round. This shawl can also be knitted in one plain colour, or in broad stripes of two different colours.

WHAT TO HAVE IN A SEWING-ROOM.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the description of a 'nearly perfect sewing-room' that will be of interest to many, as the convenience of such a nook can hardly be overrated. It saves many weary steps in hunting for thread, thimble, etc., and saves the family sitting-room from being a resting place for the sewing. This room is 8 x 12 feet, with two windows and a small closet. In front of one window stands the sewing machine, which has one end of its cover cushioned to use as a footstool. On the right is a row of foot-wide shelves running almost the width of the room. One shelf is for the family medicines, the others hold all the sewing paraphernalia in boxes having the projecting ends labelled. They can be read from the sewer's seat at the machine, and are within easy reach. Patterns, left over pieces, buttons, trimmings, etc., all have boxes and are kept in them. Below the shelves is a low cutting table always ready for use. A sewing chair without arms and having short rockers, is handy, and a straight chair for machine use. In one corner is a dress form, and in the opposite corner is a long narrow mirror, which shows the effect when fitting on the form. By the door three hooks are screwed from which hang a well filled pincushion, pattern-book and slate and pencil. On the slate goes every want of the family in the sewing line as it is thought of. The cost of fitting up such a room is small, as the window has a buff blind, and a rug for the feet is the only floor covering, but the convenience and comfort of such a place is unbounded.

ABOUT OLD WAIST LININGS.

OFTEN the waist lining of a worn-out dress is perfectly good, in which case rip off the buttons, open the seams and cut the dress goods from the button-holes as closely as possible. After removing the outside material stitch up the seams, hem the bottom, bind the neck and arm-holes with a bias strip, and sew on flat bone or pearl buttons. A good morning waist to wear while at work is now evolved, and saves a nicer corset cover. Such an article may not be very pretty, but it is useful and economical, and answers for the above purpose under the working dress.

CHILDREN'S PLAY HARNESS.

MATERIALS: 6 ounces of heavy German-town yarn, 6 little sleigh-bells, and a bone crochet needle.

Make a chain of 12 stitches; join in a ring with a slip-stitch; turn the flat or right side of the chain on the inside and crochet once around with the single crochet-stitch, putting the needle through the loop on the wrong side of the chain. Keep the right side of the chain always on the inside of the tube, and hold the work so that the inside will always be toward you and your work wrong-side out. The next round and the rest of the harness is made by a single crochet-stitch fastened in the loop, made by passing the thread from one stitch to the other previous to pulling it through the stitch to form the single crochet stitch. This makes a diagonal rib run around the harness, and cuff be formed by taking no other stitch.

The harness is very firm and durable, and should be three and one-half yards long. Sew the ends together, then crochet a similar piece one-half yard long and sew it to the long piece of harness on each side one-half yard from where it is joined. This makes the piece to come in front of the child at the waist-line when the long harness is over the neck. The harness will be a hollow tube, with the right side of the crochet-stitch inside. Sew the little sleigh-bells on the one-half yard that reaches from the neck to the waist-line. Be particular not to miss any stitches in crocheting, lest you make the harness smaller.

THE YOUTH'S RAGE



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I live in Dunedin, and I should like to see a letter of mine in the GRAPHIC, if you think it good enough. We have had some dreadfully cold weather. I went out to the country to stay with some friends, and had a lovely game in the snow. The boys made a big snowman, and got an old pipe to put in his mouth. They put lighted matches in it, but they kept going out because the snow melted on them. There was a little girl only three years old, who tumbled into the snow we collected for the snowman, and got almost buried. We had all to dig her out with our hands. If you rub snow on your hands well, you don't get chilblains.—Your loving cousin, MAUDE ELLTON.

[I think making a snow-man great fun. We used to put bits of coal for eyes, and rose-leaves for cheeks. I hope you will write again.—COUSIN KATE.]

HANGING OVER THE SEA.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE SHETLAND ISLES.

BY DAVID KER.



If you're afraid, you can go back; I'm going to stay, anyhow. Two English boys stood on the highest point of the rocky islet of Ness, one of the smallest of the Shetland Isles, and also one of the wildest and most picturesque. But its wonders are unseen save by a passing traveller now and then, for it is peopled chiefly by rabbits, which pop up under one's very feet at every step, no one being allowed to shoot on the islet, and its only human inhabitant being the old boatman who ferries visitors over the narrow but very dangerous strait separating it from the larger island of Bressa.

The two lads were about the same age, but widely different in all other points. Herbert Grant, the one to whom the taunting words were spoken, was a small, sinewy, black-haired boy of fifteen, with a thoughtful and somewhat dreamy look on his dark face; but there was something in his firm lips and deep gray eyes which would have told a close observer that in the presence of any real danger he would hold his ground as bravely as anyone.

His comrade, Frank Parker, was a tall, ruddy, curly-haired, jolly-faced fellow, so full of overflowing life and spirits that it seemed as if he could not remain still for a moment. Wherever there was any kind of fun or mischief going, there he was sure to be; and now, having run himself out of breath and shouted himself hoarse, he was about to attempt a frightfully perilous and utterly needless feat, 'just for the fun of the thing,' and was taunting his best friend with cowardice for trying to dissuade him.

But hardly had Frank uttered the sneer — to which Herbert made no reply save a slight deepening of colour on his swarthy features — when the laugh that accompanied it was checked on his lips, and he stopped short in his buoyant stride, with a rather blank look on his bold reckless face. And for this sudden change there was a very good reason.

From the western side of Ness — which they had reached in a boat round Bressa Head from Lerwick, the queer little capital of Shetland — the islet slopes steeply upwards to its eastern side, where it ends suddenly in a sheer precipice of more than six hundred feet. The base of this mighty wall has been hollowed into countless caverns by the ceaseless lashing of the waves, which, even in the calmest weather, break with terrific force against the face of the precipice, rolling and booming and thundering through the sunless caves below, till it seems as if the sound would never end.

Anyone might well have been startled to find himself so suddenly on the very brink of that awful depth; but it was not this that had made Frank Parker start and look blank.

A little to the left of the spot where he stood, one grim, spear-pointed crag, torn away from the main cliff ages ago by some fearful convulsion, stood gauntly up out of the sea like the spire of a vast cathedral, but higher by far than the loftiest cathedral in Europe. The terrific chasm between it and the cliff itself, fully sixty feet wide, was bridged by two stout ropes running parallel with each other, and between them was slung a strong wooden box (just big enough to hold one man sitting in it with his knees drawn up), which might be pulled across the chasm by

working hand over hand along a third rope that spanned the gulf just above the other two.

This was the famous 'Cradle of Ness,' and at that time (for the cradle has since been removed) it was a favourite exploit with the wild young fellows who came thither from Scotland and England in the touring season to cross the gulf on this frail support by way of proving their courage, though it was noticed that very few of those who had once made the hazardous passage in safety seemed to care about trying it again.

Frank Parker had heard this feat spoken of, and (not having yet learned how wide a difference there is between being *brave* and being *rash*) had at once made up his mind to try it himself. But he had not actually seen the place, and had only a very vague idea of what the formidable cradle was like; and now, when he saw for the first time the hideous peril that lay before him, even his strong nerves were shaken.

One word from Grant might have stopped him even then; but Herbert, either thinking all remonstrance useless, or still sore at Frank's unjust taunt, made no farther attempt to interfere, and Parker, angry at his own momentary weakness, pulled himself together, and stepped resolutely forward to the brink of the precipice.

To get into the cradle at all was an undertaking that would have tried most men's courage very sorely, and even the active and daring boy found it no easy matter, especially as the sea-birds that lay thick as snow-flakes along every ledge of the precipice below, disturbed by his approach, rose flapping and screaming around him by hundreds and by thousands, dizzying his brain with their whirling flight and their shrill unearthly cries.

The hollow roar of the sea, too, through the sunless caverns far below had a very nerve-shaking effect; and, worse still, the wind was growing stronger every moment, and threatening to make his passage unusually dangerous. But Frank, spurred on by the fear of being laughed at in his turn (a feeling that has caused more foolish acts than almost anything else upon earth), clinched his teeth defiantly, and thrust himself boldly out into the empty air.

Foot by foot the frail car crept onward, while Herbert Grant stood watching it with a secret terror tightening around his bold heart, such as he had never felt in any peril of his own. Already one-half of the terrible passage had been accomplished, when suddenly Grant saw his comrade's hands tremble, and then they lost their clutch of the upper rope, and he hung helplessly over the side of the car, while his face, half turned toward Herbert, was seen to be as pale as death. It was plain that the full horror of the tremendous depth below had rushed upon him all at once, and he had lost his nerve altogether.

Well was it then for poor Frank that the friend at whom he had jeered as wanting in courage was one of those cool

the cradle, and try to urge it back toward the cliff by pulling with all his might at the upper rope.

But the combined weight of the car and of Frank himself was terribly against him, and the rising wind buffeted him and tore at him like a living enemy. His over-taxed strength was beginning to fail, and the edge of the cliff still seemed a fearfully long way off. Would he never reach it! In his agony the forlorn lad prayed as he had never prayed before, while straining every muscle to accomplish his terrible task.

Nearer — nearer — nearer still and at length, just as he was beginning to feel that he could bear up no longer, the cradle came right up against the edge of the rock. With a long breath of relief and a fervent 'Thank God!' the young hero planted his foot upon it once more, and then — *how*, he never could tell — dragged his helpless friend out of the car, and drew him safely up on to the firm ground. Then he fell down and fainted.

When he came to himself again he found his head supported on someone's knee, and a rough, bearded, weather-beaten face looking anxiously down at him. One of the two Lerwick boatmen, growing uneasy at their long absence, had gone in search of them, and had come up just in time to witness the success of Herbert Grant's hazardous venture.

As the boy opened his eyes, the sailor clapped him approvingly on the shoulder and said to him, with a look and tone of honest admiration, 'Laddie, ye're jist the bravest callant [boy] that ever I've seen i' a' my days!'

And Frank Parker, when he was so far recovered as to be able to understand what had taken place, said the very same thing.

A CHILD'S POETRY.

HERE is a nursery rhyme composed by a juvenile aged eight:—

Mrs Spoon and Mr Fork
Went out for a little walk,
Says Mr Fork to Mrs Spoon,
'You've got a face like a harvest moon.'
Says Mrs Spoon to Mr Fork,
'You're all split up so you needn't talk.'
I'n jumped a great big carving-knife,
Cut both of them short and so ended the strife.

DANGEROUS TIGER.

A WELL-KNOWN student of the habits of wild animals, writing of the stealthy and dangerous character of the man-eating tiger, mentions a case that happened a few years ago, in the Nagpur district in India. A tigress had killed so many people that a large reward was offered for her destruction. She had recently dragged away a native, but being disturbed had left the body without devouring it.

The shikaris believed that she would return to her prey during the night, if it was left undisturbed upon the spot where she had forsaken it. There were no trees, nor any timber suitable for the construction of a machan. It was accordingly resolved that four deep holes should be dug, forming the corners of a square, the body lying in the centre.

Four watchers, each with his matchlock, took their positions in these holes. Nothing came, and at length the moon went down and the night was dark. The men were afraid to go home through the jungles, and so remained where they were. Some of them fell asleep.



steady fellows who only grow calmer and more collected in the presence of sudden danger, instead of being flurried or overwhelmed by it. He saw in a moment that Parker must be saved by *him*, if at all; for no one else was within sight or hearing, and it was plain that in a few minutes at most the fainting boy would become utterly helpless, and probably topple right over the edge of the car down the fearful abyss below.

'I'm coming to help you, old fellow,' shouted he, in his cheeriest tones. 'Hold tight; I'm coming.'

And then, without a moment's hesitation, the brave lad seized the upper rope with both hands, planted a foot on each of the lower ropes, and moved forward on this frail support over the most frightful precipice in all Shetland.

His heart beat quicker as he found himself hanging over that awful depth like a spider on its thread, and the shrieks of the restless sea-birds as they circled around and above him seemed to warn him of his doom. But he knew that were his nerve to fail now, it would be certain death to them both; and resolutely keeping himself from turning his eyes downward, on he went, foot by foot.

'All right now, old boy!' he cried, cheerily, as he reached the car and its fainting tenant.

But unhappily it was not yet 'all right' by any means, for the hardest and most dangerous part of Herbert's formidable task was still to come. It was impossible for him to find place in the car, which was quite filled by the helpless form of his fainting comrade, and the only thing that he could do was to plant his feet firmly against the sides of

When daylight broke three of the shikaris issued from their positions, but the fourth had disappeared; his hole was empty. A few yards distant his matchlock was discovered lying upon the ground, and upon the dusty surface were the tracks of a tiger, and the sweeping trace where some large body had been dragged along.

Upon following up the track, the remains of the unlucky shikari were discovered, but the tigress had disappeared. The cunning brute was not killed until twelve months afterwards, although many persons devoted themselves to the work.

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FAITHLESS MARY ANN.

By a Railway Guard.

THERE was a time, Oh, Mary Ann!
I thought to call you wife;
You made me think—as women can—
I'd guard you through your life!

My times are hard, when I come nigh
There's scorn upon your brow;
Your whole mien seems to say that I
May 'whistles for you' now!

My carriage is not quite first-class,
My station's rather low;
But yet amongst a crowd I'd pass,
And I love you, you know!

The brake I very oft put on—
'Tis of my work a part—
But you have put—all pity gone!—
A break upon my heart!

Farewell! farewell! you faithless one!
You've played with me enough;
Your wretched guard will buy a gun,
And go off with a 'puff'!

NO GIVE AWAY.

A YOUNG man who had been paying attention to a rich banker's daughter interviewed her father on the subject. After a few preliminary remarks he said, 'I love your daughter, sir, and want to marry her.'

'Ah, is that so?' replied the father, looking at him sharply over his glasses. 'I'm not surprised at it. She is a good girl.'

'Yes, sir; and it was her goodness which won me from the first.'

'Ahem, yes. I've heard you had some very extravagant habits, and some of them as bad as they were extravagant.'

'I've not been a saint, sir, but when I'm married and brought under the tender influence of a good and loving woman, I shall reform.'

'I'm glad to hear that. It would be unpleasant for your wife if you did not. Are you aware, sir, that when I give you my daughter I give you with her a little marriage portion of £50,000.'

'I was not aware of that, sir, but it would make no difference to me. Pecuniary considerations do not enter into my calculations at all.'

'No!'

'No, sir, love is of far more importance. It is a wife, not a banking account, I am looking for. Money is trash, sir.'

'Don't give yourself away, young man, don't give yourself away. I said when I gave you my daughter I'd give you the money, but you see I'm not going to give you my daughter, and that alters the aspect of affairs very materially. Good day. Call round after you've been reformed.'



L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

TOMMY: 'Mr Spoon, can you swim?'
Clara (remonstrantly): 'Go upstairs, you bad boy, you annoy everybody.'

Mr Spoon (graciously): 'Oh, that does not annoy me, Clara, dear.—No, Tommy, I am sorry to say I can't swim.'
Tommy: 'Then you had better learn, I heard Clara say she was going to throw you overboard.'

HIS BOOK.

THERE is a current journalistic fiction to the effect that every newspaper man is at work, privately and out of business hours, upon a book that is to immortalize his name. Whenever one of the boys absents himself from the public gaze for several days, and appears at last, very shaky about the fingers and watery as to the eyes, it is understood that he has been at work upon his book. We knew one man who lived many years on a cheap reputation acquired in this way. He was supposed to spend his spare time in compiling an immense contribution to science, in the shape of a work on Entomology. It was only after his death that it was discovered that he used to write the circulars for a Lightning Insect Extirminator.

NEVERMORE.

COUNTRY parson to bereaved widow of a doctor in Yorkshire: 'I cannot tell you how pained I was to hear that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but now we shall never meet again.'



AT THE CHEMIST'S.

LADY: 'How is this insect powder to be applied?'
ASSISTANT (absent-mindedly): 'Give 'em a teaspoonful after each meal.'

YE BOLD VOLUNTEER.

AND in these days it shall come to pass that the young man who is a clerk in a bank or insurance office, and who taketh for his wages each week shakels of gold and silver to the amount of ten simoleons, including them that are punched, becometh disheartened with his lot.

For he taketh counsel with himself, and saith privily unto his soul:

'Lo now, wherefore go I clothed on with checks and with stripes and with pants-to order-in four-hours, the while my comrades are like the rainbow, yea, as a stereopticon are they?'

And he goeth out into the streets, and he watcheth the young men of the City Guards and Permanent Artillery, even them that are wont to march in procession in raiment of red, and in raiment of white, and in raiment of gray, with brass and silver and nickel thereupon, yea, verily, even in the similitude of soldiers and of men of war.

And his heart is filled with envy, and his breast with longing; for he is seized of a strong desire to array himself like unto these. And he saith once again unto himself:

'Lo now, what is life if so that I may not wear upon my breast a badge of blue and gold with a number thereon?'

And he goeth about, and he taketh counsel of his friends, and maketh application to join a company of the O. Battery, and them of the tribe of the Bang-ups. And when he hath heard the price of the luxury, he is much astounded and wondereth greatly.

For there be dues of gold and silver imposed upon them, even according to the gorgeoussness of their raiment. And if upon a holiday the young man who playeth soldier goeth not forth with the other young men who likewise play soldiers, then is he mulcted in simoleons of gold and silver.

But by and by the young man taketh comfort unto himself and he saith:

'Verily, now will I arm me with the philosophy of the Domesday-roadmen. And I will let the dues of gold and of silver take care of themselves; yea, they may pay themselves, as they be so minded.'

And he joineth the regiment; and for a month he drilleth like unto the busy bee and paradeth the streets. But at the end of that time he is seen no more in the drill shed; neither in any part of the armory. Neither payeth he his dues; saving only to his washerwoman.

And at the end of another month there cometh unto him a centurion of the guard and demandeth payment. And the young man telleth him to go about for a sardine. And in due time cometh the R. M., who goeth not about for a sardine at any man's bidding.

And verily I say unto you, the end of that young man shall be vanity and vexation of spirit, and likewise M. Eden Gaol. Behold.

PRACTICAL.

'Ah, love,' she murmured, as they wandered through the moonlight: 'ah, dearest, why do the summer roses fade?'
He happened to be a young chemist of a practical turn of mind, and he replied that it was owing to the insufficiency of oxygen in the atmosphere.



ON HIS GUARD.

YOUNG ISAACS: 'Fadder, how much is two and two?'
Old Isaac: 'Wat you want to do—buy or sell?'

TRY TO SMILE.

Do dogs reason? Possibly not, but we've observed a dog, on seeing a boy with an old kettle, examining his pockets as if for a piece of cord, take a deep interest in something about a mile away.

'You are behind the Times,' as the Wellington man in the reading-room said to the selfish party who had kept the paper all the morning.

ABOUT IT.

TEACHER: 'Now, Johnny, since I have told you about the Crusades, perhaps you can tell me what a pilgrim was?'
JOHNNY: 'A holy sun-downer.'

Mrs O'Brien—'Good mornin', Mrs McCabe. An' phwat makes yer look so sad?' Mrs McCabe—'Shure Dennis was sint to Mr Eden fer six months.' Mrs O'Brien—'Well! Shure, don't worry. Six months will soon pass.' Mrs McCabe—'Shure, that's phwat worries me.'

'Now,' said the physician, 'you will have to eat plain food and not stay out late at night.' 'Yes,' replied the patient; 'that is what I have been thinking ever since you sent in your bill.'

HUSBAND (irascibly): 'We don't need that rug any more than a cat needs two tails. How often have I told you, my dear, not to buy anything because it is cheap?'
WIFE (with the air of one who has got the better of the argument): 'It wasn't cheap, my love.'

A NEIGHBOURLY CORRESPONDENCE.

MR THOMPSON presents his compliments to Mr Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his pigs from trespassing on his grounds.

Mr Simpson presents his compliments to Mr Thompson and begs to request that in future he will not spill pigs with two gees.

Mr Thompson's respects to Mr Simpson, and will feel obliged if he adds the letter "e" to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr Simpson and lady.

Mr Simpson returns Mr Thompson's note unopened—the impertinence it contains being only equalled by its vagarity.



WHY HE WAS CAST DOWN.

PORTRAIT ARTIST: 'En you nod like it, meen.'
FAIR RITTER (glowingly): 'Oh! won't ye and me and all of them be surprised when I tell them that's me.'