

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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A NEW ZEALAND BEAUTY.

O FOR the look of those pure grey eyes,
Seeming to plead and speak—
The parted lips, the deep-drawn sighs,
The blush on the kissen cheek!

O for the tangle of soft brown hair,
Fanned by the lazy breezes;
The fleeting hours unshadowed by care,
Shaded by tremulous trees!



O for the dream of those sunny days,
Their bright unbroken spell,
And thrilling sweet untutored praise—
From lips once loved too well!

O for the feeling of days ago,
The simple faith and truth,
The Spring of time, life's rosy dawn—
O for the love and the youth!

Topics of the Week.

SOCIETY'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

GAYER than ever is the Empire City, and as the season draws towards a close the entertainments follow faster and faster on each other's heels. The latest 'most successful dance of the season' was given by Mrs Walter Johnston, whose ball-room bears the reputation of being the best in Wellington. Everyone was delighted to see it re-opened (the house was, of course, closed during the visit of its chatelaine to England), and pronounced the floor more perfect than ever. The 'most successful dances, etc.' are, as we have hinted, numerous, but Mrs Johnston could lay quite exceptional claim to the title for hers. The decorations were beautiful. One mantelpiece was a veritable masterpiece of decorative art, being covered with monthly rose branches with variously tinted camellias placed amongst them in the most natural and effective way possible. The studied carelessness of the arrangements, together with the general taste displayed, showed a master hand and artistic temperament (most happily combined) had been at work together.

The supper, which was, needless to say, unexceptional, was served in the dining-room, which was likewise beautifully decorated with a profusion of flowers, lights, and exquisite draperies. Seats were arranged at one end of the ball-room so that the chaperones might look on in comfort. But why go on? Mrs Walter Johnston is already so well known as a hostess that it is not necessary to tell how excellently everything was managed. The hostess received in the drawing-room, and was handsomely dressed in a beautiful black and white gown, made with a long train. She wore her hair becomingly dressed, and diamonds as ornaments.

A PALETTE Club was formed in Christchurch about three years ago on the same lines as the Auckland Mahlstick Club. The beginning was very small, comprising then only some half dozen members. It has slowly increased to fifteen but the work has improved apace. Friendly communication and exchange of exhibits goes on with the Auckland Mahlstick Club, and once a year fellow artists and others have the pleasure of viewing these sketches, while every three months a selection of work is brought together for the inspection of the members and their private friends. The quarterly exhibition on Saturday evening was held in the Art Gallery and thrown open to the public, free of charge, who showed their appreciation by the steady stream of people that passed through the rooms from 7 p.m. till 9, evidently well pleased with their visit. Sketching from Nature forms a very important part of the work of this Club, and some very excellent landscapes and flower paintings were shown.

LAST Saturday night Newmarket was *en fete* to celebrate its annual Camellia Show, which was a great success, both as regards attendance and exhibits. The flowers and fruit were arranged with admirable taste, and presented quite a gay appearance. Amongst the most noticeable of the exhibits were the City Council's cyclamens, which was one of the finest collections ever shown in Auckland. As usual, Mr W. F. Buckland carried off numbers of prizes for specimens from his well-known collection of camellias. Miss Barlow exhibited some very choice blooms of the same flower, marked 'for exhibition only.' Mrs Boyd's primulas attracted much attention, and deservedly won a prize. The cut cinerarias exhibited by the City Council made a good show, and in pot plants Messrs D. Hay and Son took a well-earned prize. Mr Cranwell took a prize with his novelties in narcissi. Amongst the bouquets, both all-comers and amateurs did well. The principal prize-winners in the open class were Miss McIndoe and Miss M. Firth, and Mrs Stych, and the amateurs were headed by Miss Stych and Miss E. Firth. After nine o'clock the exhibits were sold by auction, bidding for most lots being very brisk, and quite a satisfactory amount must have been realised towards the funds of the Society.

GISBORNE opera-loving folk are glad to hear Mrs John Sunderland has consented to fill the part of Queen of the Fairies in 'Iolanthe,' and Mrs E. D. Smith and Mrs H. M. Porter those of Celia and Leila. The stormy weather and wretchedly muddy roads militate against regular attendance at rehearsal, many of the members living at a considerable distance from town.

WHEN fortune does choose to smile on one of her favourites she seldom does the thing by halves. It is not everyone, however, on whom she smiles so benignly as on Mrs Edwin Hesketh, to whom she has not only given one of, if not the finest houses for hospitable purposes in Auckland, but also endowed the extremely rare faculty of being what is known as 'a perfect hostess.' The ball given at the well-known house, 'St. John's Wood,' last Wednesday evening was undoubtedly the pleasantest and most successful as it was also the smartest dance of the season. Such decorations are not often seen in Auckland, and the trouble taken to produce the effect must have been truly dreadful. Whatever it was, most undoubtedly the result made it worth while. Every room, every corner of a room was beautified with fernery and flowers. The ball-room was slightly crowded, but the floor was perfect. The music was supplied by Truda Bros.' Italian Band, and was therefore unexceptional. The supper was prettily arranged, and of course perfect from everyone's point of view. Most admirably did the hostess and her daughters look after their guests, being 'aided and abetted' in their hospitable work by Mr Edwin Hesketh, who is 'a host in himself,' in two meanings of the phrase. In the drawing-room, out of earshot of the dance music, Mr Hesketh gave some thoroughly enjoyable selections on his organ. These recitals were indeed one of the greatest pleasures offered the fortunate guests. During the evening, too, Miss Clarice Brabazon gave a piano recital. Her marvellous playing was greatly admired and compliments were showered both on herself and her brother, who is a well-known and popular member of Auckland Society. Many smart frocks were worn, an account of which will be found in the ladies' letter.

A VERY pleasant evening was spent at Mrs Nolan's (Gisborne), when about eighteen guests were present, including Messrs Von Haast and Parker, who have been spending a brief holiday here, and delighting all with exquisite performances on mandolin and guitar. The latter is also quite a brilliant pianist. Messrs Parker and Von Haast left for Napier by the Southern Cross.

THE term 'At Home' is very elastic, covering various social amusements. It does not sound so stiff and formal as an invitation to a ball, but it frequently means a very pleasant evening spent in dancing, or an afternoon *musicale* accompanied by tea and cake. Mrs Robert Pharasyn's (Wellington) 'At Home' was of the latter description. The house looked very pretty. The hall was tastefully decorated, and a harpist and violinist were stationed therein, who discoursed sweet music throughout the afternoon. Five o'clock tea was prettily laid out in the dining-room, which was lighted by coloured fairy lamps, and decorated with flowers, ferns, and drapery.

THE Oddfellows' Hall (Ponsonby) was the scene of a very enjoyable dance last Thursday in connection with Mrs Hay's Ponsonby class. The hour of departure was twelve, but it was nearer one when the happy gathering of friends finally dispersed to their homes. The supper and hall decorations were most excellent, thanks to the kindness of those who contributed, and the skillful management of the committee. Among the many pretty dresses worn were:—Miss Nesta Rees, sweet rose pink; Miss E. Harris, cream; Miss F. McCormick, pale blue; Miss E. Howard, pretty pink dress; Misses G. and A. White, cream dresses; and Miss E. Atkinson, dainty cream costume.

MEN who 'go in' for athletics, ought to be able to dance well. The fact that the Canterbury Howing Club dance was very well attended proves that at all events, they are

popular. Though not sailors, they are often on the water, and perhaps this makes the fair sex partial to them. The dance was held in their pavilion, which a little extra decoration soon transformed into a thing of beauty and a joy for the one evening. The tickets were rapidly disposed of, Fleming's band engaged, a good floor prepared, an excellent supper provided, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

OUR Blenheim correspondent writes that the Marlborough Rugby Union Football Social, held in the Volunteer Drillshed, Blenheim, on August, 24th, went off most successfully. There were about 170 present, and the hall presented a most gay and animated appearance, being beautifully decorated with numbers of handsome flags specially lent for the occasion, while quantities of cabbage trees, ferns, and the graceful lyopodium were arranged with great taste. The Honorary Secretaries, Messrs Webb and Norman Kennedy, were indefatigable in their efforts to please every body, and they really succeeded in doing so, especially as they were not in any way responsible for the rather extraordinary programme. It was 'plain and fancy' dress, so the latter were, as usual, in the minority.

THE Napier Bowling Green has recently been re-turfed, and whilst the operations were proceeding the caretaker (Mr Forrest), chanced upon a gold ring, on the inside of which were some initials. The secretary, Mr Hodgson, was at once communicated with, and he wrote to all the clubs represented at the recent bowling tournament. The result was that the owner turned up in the person of Mr J. O. Lyell, of the Auckland Bowling Club, who, on hearing that his property was found, sent one pound reward to the caretaker.

GISBORNE gaities include a dance on behalf of 'The Boys,' given by Mrs (Dr.) Innes in Porter's Hall. Also a performance, to evitate shortly, of 'Withered Leaves,' by local amateurs, the proceeds of which are to be given to a very deserving object—at least, so says my Gisborne correspondent, and I am not in a position to contradict the assertion.

PERHAPS there has never been a Governor who, with his family, has been so often seen taking his walks abroad as Lord Glasgow. Scarcely a day passes but some of the family are seen about the town. Miss Hallowes and the Ladies Boyle are frequently to be seen on horseback, accompanied by one or more of the aides-de-camp. Lady Glasgow is usually to be seen in her carriage, and Lord Glasgow frequently on foot and alone, clad in a suit of dittoes with a cap to match. Miss Hallowes sometimes drives the Ladies Boyle out in a low pony carriage, which looks very comfortable and unpretentious.

CERTAINLY the Opposition was scarcely correct in speaking of the strained relations existing between Lord Glasgow and his Ministers. They appear to be upon most friendly terms. A few evenings ago Lady Glasgow came down the entire length of the room to speak to the Hon. Mr Seddon, with whom she chatted for some considerable time.

So the Woman's Franchise has passed the third reading in the House. It is yet to be seen what the Legislative Councillors will do with it. The subject did not excite one half the interest it did last year. It appears to be admitted on all sides that sooner or later women will be enfranchised, but it is highly improbable that they will gain the privilege this session. Grey-headed men like most of the councillors do not like to rush into such a radical change. They will require another recess to think the matter over.

'THE Youth' is the term which Mr Rolleston used when speaking of Mr Percival, whereupon the Premier reproved him, and asked him if that was the proper way in which to speak of the Agent-General?

IT is most trying to sit in the House and hear the members continually speak of what is going on in another place. That so-and-so has been removed to another place. It makes one feel like Richard III., as if we should 'talk of graves, and worms, and epitaphs.' In reality they are only referring to the Legislative Council, for which surely some more euphonious name might be found.

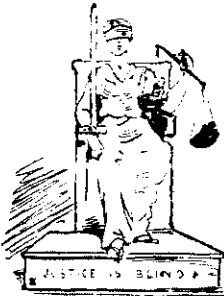
DURING the season it is one of the most difficult matters to 'man' one's entertainments. There are a large number of girls who must be invited, and for whom partners must be found. Of course this excessive preponderance of the female

element is caused by the arrival of so many girl visitors for the session, all of whom are most gladly greeted, as they give a delightful zest to the balls, new faces and new dresses always being welcome. The pity is that there is not an equal influx of men. One of our Minister's wives said some years ago when she was about to give a ball, 'I think an Act should be passed compelling every female session visitor to arrange for a gentleman to come to Wellington, so as to balance the number.'

GISBORNE has been making desperate efforts to set up a museum of its own. Without a collection of relics and curios no New Zealand town would be complete. A good opportunity of making a start was offered by the sale of Mr Hansen's collection of curios. Subscriptions for the purchase thereof have come to hand freely, and as the full amount, £200, is expected during the next week, the Museum will no doubt soon be an 'accomplished fact.' An entertainment for the purpose of opening the Museum was held, when addresses were given by Archdeacon Williams and Mr De Latour, and selections by the lately formed Orchestral Union.

THERE was a big crowd at the Odd Fellows' Hall, Christchurch, at the Amateur Orchestral concert. The performance excelled anything the amateurs have yet done. The two vocalists were Mrs Westmacott and Mr Hugh Reeves, both singing a song in each part. Mrs Westmacott has not appeared on any stage for a long time and was in excellent voice, her 'Voi che Sapete' with orchestral accompaniment was a delightful number and had to be repeated, she was also rewarded with a number of handsome posies and a basket of violets tied with ribbons. Her second song was also encored, to which she bowed her acknowledgments. She was becomingly gowned in crimson silk covered with handsome black lace, the black bodice edged with a crimson girdle and trimmed with chiffon. Mr Reeves was suffering from cold, but sang in good style, eliciting an encore for one song, to which he replied with 'Ho! Jolly Jenkins,' and which he has made his own here. Encores were frequent for the orchestra, too, that exquisite 'Liebesliedchen,' in which Mr G. H. Bonnington is so successful with the oboe solo, earned a most rapturous recall, and many other items were equally enjoyable. Five young ladies were amongst the violinists and did excellent service, indeed Mr Wallace looked quite pleased with his forces that night.

SAVING the small contingent who are still vigorously agitating for an inquiry, the Plummer affair is already forgotten. The world has a short memory, and one man shot more or less is a matter of small moment in its eyes. The



deputation that waited on Mr Crowther pressing for a meeting of citizens advertised themselves, but did little good to Plummer's relations or society at large. Mayor Crowther endeavoured not to commit himself, but did so most effectually by observing that there was no doubt there had been a certain amount of haste—undue haste, was it not? So we think, and if there was, then surely Constable Mc Knight will learn that it is bad policy to shoot men presumably innocent, for in the eyes of the law—so we were taught—every man is innocent till he is proved to be guilty. Perhaps, however, the officer should not be too severely dealt with. Men in a state of what schoolboys term 'blue funk,' often do things they would deprecate in their calmer moments. Now that McKnight is safe from the shot of the mysterious—we had almost said mythical—gun, he, no doubt, regrets the shooting of Plummer as keenly as any one else. Most certainly we hope so.

THE last meeting of the Dunedin Savage Club has been held for this season, which has been a particularly good and successful one. The ladies' night will be returned by the Kahanga Club at an early date. This brief mention is not, we hope, violating the promise we have given to report none of the 'goings on' of the extremely bashful ladies of the club.

MRS MATSON will, it is to be hoped, eventually obtain the seat she covets on the Parnell Borough Council. She

will then have the pleasure of foregathering at stated intervals with the extremely respectable and amazingly commonplace nobodies who form that sagacious and august body. It was our painful duty at one time (before Mr Seymour George took the reins) to attend the meeting of this Council with tolerable regularity. For chuckle-headed stupidity, utter incapacity to transact ten minutes' business in a couple of hours, and general garrulity we have never been privileged to see its equal. The members are out for the night, and the amount of 'exuberant verbosity' expended over a load of scoria or a few yards of drain pipe would make Gladstone turn green with envy. If Mrs Matson gets a seat she may be the scrap of intellectuality which shall leave the whole lump of mental inertness calling itself the Parnell Borough Council. Since Mr Seymour George has been in command things are said to be better than they were. The incipient meandering of obtuse and self-opinionated middle-heads has been reduced. Mrs Matson will doubtless carry the reformation further, till the meetings of the Parnell Council are all sweetness and light.

RACES have become exceedingly popular at the Napier Skating Rink. The falls are numerous, but the fun is fast and furious. Most of the girls appear in light blouses, finding winter bodices too hot for this exciting pastime. The handicaps for the next race are given in the Hastings letter. There are several fast skaters on the list, and it would seem a wise precaution to have a supply of arnica and lint in readiness ere the race comes off.

ANYTHING in the shape of a local production always excites—or should excite—a certain amount of curiosity, and if the curiosity can be raised into genuine admiration, so much the better. Dr. Murray-Aynsley, of Christchurch, has been guilty of writing a play burlesquing the pathetic, if untrue yarn, of the 'Babes in the Wood.' Unfortunately the night was wet, and as many people did not care to see drowned babes they stopped away. Those who did venture out very much enjoyed the absurd situations in the farce. The two over-grown babes looked most comical led on by a very small man. They were such babies that any mother might be thankful to lose them. It is to be hoped the doctor will reproduce his clever play on a drier night. The first part of the programme consisted of songs by Mrs H. P. Murray-Aynsley, Miss Gardner, Messrs Reeves and Deans, and a recitation splendidly given by Mr Watson.

THE last meeting of the Trinity Musical and Literary Society of Dunedin was well attended. The Rev. W. C. Oliver lectured on 'Father Taylor, the eminent American Divine.' The lecture was sparkling with anecdotes of the great man. Mr Paton sang 'True Till Death.'

MISS ALICE SYDNEY BURVETT has been entrancing the Napier musical world. Our correspondent is very enthusiastic and says:—'Miss Burvett plays so wonderfully. I have never heard a woman play with such a masterly touch. One would imagine it were a man playing.'

A CAPITAL little dance was that given by Mrs Quick, Wellington, under the name of an 'At Home.' Two of the rooms were thrown open for dancing, and the verandah was covered in. Despite the fact that late hours the previous night had tired many people, the 'At Home' was greatly enjoyed.

A CHESS club is being formed in Hastings. A meeting was recently held at Mr Tyerman's, and it was resolved the club should meet every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. The annual subscription is to be only 2s 6d, so nobody will be ruined by joining. Mr Hazzard was appointed Honorary Secretary, and the following Committee was elected:—Messrs Hazzard, Tyerman, J. Reynolds, and John Collinge. A vote of thanks was given to Mr Tyerman for kindly providing room for the chess-players.

THE 'High-street Glee Club' in Dunedin still continues to meet at either Mrs Dr. Ogston's or Mrs Sievwright's every Saturday night, and have remarkably good times. A lot of very pretty music has been rehearsed since its commencement.

FIJI has come to the fore, and my correspondent sends quite a budget of social items. The Curacoa being in port made the early part of July very gay. Mrs Collet gave a most enjoyable dance, the night turning out lovely in the midst of the rainy weather. The music was good, and the evening a great success.

THE Tennis Tournament was played off on the 22nd, at Judge Berkeley's, and Miss Hill was the lucky winner. She was presented with a pretty bangle for being the best lady player in Fiji.

SOON after the arrival of H.M.S. Orlando in Fiji waters, Mr Warden, of Suva, and Mrs Marks entertained over some three hundred guests at a ball, which was undoubtedly a grand success. The Chief Justice and Mrs Berkeley also gave an extremely nice party, and to add to its delight the night was cool and bright, and the Orlando's band supplied most charming dance music.

WE colonials often laugh or affect to laugh at the slavish fashion in which English society follows the lead of the Prince and Princess of Wales, but in many cases it is a case of 'people in glass houses.' For instance, Lord and Lady Glasgow introduced Scotch reels at Government House, and all 'society,' high and low, rich and poor, in New Zealand are



now 'reel' mad. Classes are formed and the most impossible people may be seen practising the steps in season and out. The contagion spreads with fearful rapidity and it is whispered that a middle-aged member of the church in Auckland has been seen practising the steps with his highly respectable housemaid. It is something dreadful. Where will these things end? Echo answers where?

OF inestimable value to the student of colonial history is the newspaper file of bye-gone days. Turning back the pages, issue after issue, he retraces the steps of Time, seeing on either side as he walks the landmarks of Liberty and Progress. Here are set, not in the order in which the historian loves to place them, but in all their fragmentary chaos, the development of ideas, the progress of thought, and the growth of movements. The *Taranaki Herald* has just celebrated its fortieth anniversary, and interesting is the account of its eventful life as set forth in a special number entitled 'The History of a Colonial Newspaper.'

THE Rugby Union Ball in Napier was a most brilliant affair from every point of view. It was held in the Garrison drill-shed, which was most elaborately decorated for the occasion. Everyone seemed to be there, Scotchmen, Maoris, Court ladies, peasants, fishergirls, etc. The ladies' committee were:—Mesdames Swan, Jago, Logan, Faulkner, P. S. McLean, and Haulin, and the Misses Cotterill, Taylor, Rhodes, Jago, Rees, and Peddie. The stewards were:—Messrs Tom Sidey, Logan, P. Franklin, Percy, H. Swan, and Taranaki. Some capital extra waltzes were played by Mesdames Tabuteau, Kettle, and Misses Forster and Staitte. Dancing was kept up till about half past three o'clock, and even then the dancers seemed loth to leave. The dresses will be given next week.

AS usual the Pousnoby 'At Home' was an unequivocal success. Most of the best known dancing men and girls were present, and music, floor, and supper were all of the most superior description. The 'At Homes' have indeed been most thoroughly well done all through the season, and are without question, the best subscription dances in Auckland at present. As is usual the ladies attend to catering and they must be most warmly commended. Long accounts of suppers always appear to us as greedily, but in brief the supper supplied by the ladies' committee at these dances would have satisfied the greatest of gourmets. Pleasant partners, an absence of outsiders, and general good fellowship and good feeling have combined to make the Pousnoby 'At Homes' extremely and deservedly popular amongst the best set in Auckland.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL error appears on the next page, a comp. with an aversion to American spelling having kindly altered the title, *Labor omnia Vincit*, under one of the blocks, to 'Labour, etc.' Unluckily that portion of the paper was printed before the error was discovered.

Pioneering In New Zealand.

CARVING OUT A HOME.

TO those of our readers far afield who may be unacquainted with the nature of the work and the difficulties which the pioneer settler in New Zealand has to encounter in his efforts to make the wilderness blossom as the rose, some explanation of the labours of bush-clearing and bush-life in the colony, will, no doubt, be of interest. The verdant stranger, locally known as the new 'chum,' more especially, would benefit by a little enlightenment as to the ways and method of 'settling' in New Zealand, and the toil which he must inevitably encounter in a new country. The popular opinion in the Old Country regarding life in New Zealand seems to be that existence in the land of the Maori and the morepork is one huge picnic, diversified by sundry skirmishes with tattooed cannibals and amorous alliances with beauteous Maori maidens. Accordingly, the British youth who has spent his patrimony, or who is a hopelessly bad lot, is shunted off to New Zealand by direct steamer, provided with a most elaborate and wonderful outfit—tents, waterproof clothing, high patent leather top boots—an amazing wardrobe, and a most formidable armoury of firearms, wherewith to beard the Maori in his native lair. The awakening of that youth—and in every case the youths resemble one another as closely as two Chinamen as regards eye-glass and other garments—when he lands on Auckland or Wellington Wharf is a painfully rude one. He either goes sheep-farming eventually—that is, hired drudge on a sheep-run at 20s a week and found—or else he ekes out a living at odd jobs after his money fails him. He quickly finds that life in the colonies is not quite the idyllic romance his fancy painted it. If he has any grit in him he accepts the shattering of his dream in a philosophical spirit, and goes to work in earnest. It is in forest-clearing life and hard work in the bush that the perseverance and courage of the settler are most severely tried, but it is only fair to say that a moderate amount of time and hard labour expended

on his land is rewarded by a very comfortable living for the enterprising settler, with the boon of free education for his children, and only slight handicapping in the way of taxation.

It is in the northern portion of the colony almost exclusively that the *genus* bush settler is met with. In the Auckland, Taranaki and Wellington provinces more especially a great deal of bush settlement has taken place of late years. In Taranaki and on the East Coast especially, many thousands of acres of bush land have been cleared and are in process of clearing, the country being denuded of its forest growth far and wide to fit it for the plough. It is in

as shelter for himself, his companions (if he have any), his food, and his tools. The whare is, as often as not, roofed with fern-fronds and toi-toi for a start, and walled with rough slabs from the handiest tree. There must be a spring or a running stream close by for water supply, but these are not few and far between, but the reverse, for there is no better-watered country than New Zealand. The bushman gets in a supply of flour, tea, sugar, and other necessaries of life from the nearest township, and if he is anything of a shot his gun supplies him with frequent variety of fare in the way of pigeons, kakas, and wild pigs to give a relish, a *haka*, as the Maoris say, to his otherwise monotonous menu.



Morton.

'A FARM IN THE BROUGH,'—FELLING TIMBER FOR FENCING.

photo. Auckland.

life on these bush clearings that the vicissitudes and toil of the settler are to be tasted to the full.

The first thing the embryo settler does when he buys or leases his section of land, and is fortunate enough to find it with the assistance of the Survey Department, is to run up a rude 'shanty' or whare of the most unpretentious description,

Then he sets to work in real earnest to clear his selection, and convert it, by the sweat of his brow and the strain of his muscles, into 'a little farm well-tilled.' He is generally fortunate enough to get some mates with him until the tree-felling work is completed. With axes and a cross-cut

saw the major portion of the work is accomplished. If the bush is what is termed heavy, with the trees close and of very large size, the task of felling is correspondingly laborious, but if the bush settler gets a section partly cleared with forest of comparatively light growth, then he has some cause for jubilation, for his land will be all the sooner under cultivation and yielding him a living. The daily round of axe and saw work, the felling of the forest giants, in slow succession, and the nightly damper and tea and inevitable mosquitoes, pall on many after a while, and the work is as laborious as that of any navy; but to the genuine settler, who loves a free and independent life, the fresh bracing air, the fragrant smell of the bush, the healthy occupation, the comparative freedom from carking care, more than compensate for the inconveniences suffered. If it rains he need not turn out of his whare; if it doesn't rain he need not turn out unless he pleases, and his hours of labour are such as commend themselves to his feelings of the hour. Life in the bush is not without its advantages. The more arduous portion of his labours over, the settler starts 'burning off,' an operation which reduces the mass of fallen trees, the kauri, the rimu, kahikatea, matai, rata, and the hundred and one other denizens of the New Zealand bush into ashes. The big stumps left in the ground when the trees are felled give the settler his most harassing work. Fire and axe have to be applied dozens of times before the section begins to present a civilized appearance. Nothing more



Morton.

LABOUR OMNIA VINCIT—A BUSH FARMER'S HOME.

photo. Auckland.

desolate can be imagined than a partly cleared valley or hillside covered with thousands of burnt tree stumps. Recently the writer rode through over twenty miles of bush track in the vicinity of Stratford, in the Taranaki district, which was being gradually bought under fire and axe, and then the plough, and the desolate effect of thousands of acres of stumps and half-burnt trees, fresh from a big 'burn,' could not be imagined unless it were seen. But this scene of desolation does not always exist. Gradually the unsightly stumps and fallen tree trunks vanish, clover and grass seed thrown in just after a 'burn-off' produce a most luxuriant crop of feed for horses, cattle, and sheep, and then the way is soon clear for the plough. The transformation effected in a few years' time is magical. The dense forest has disappeared entirely, and in its place is a smiling homestead, fertile fields, flocks, and herds, and last but not least, a crowd of healthy colonial children with hearty parents in the aforesaid homestead. Thus it is that the bush settler conquers Nature in his colonial home so that he may tickle the soil to make it smile with a bountiful harvest.

THE MODERN SHEPHERD.

NOT many months ago an article in the *Nineteenth Century* declared that the *Bulletin* was the most smartly-written paper in Australasia. Most people will admit this, and deplore the occasional scurrility which mars its columns. Its politics are distasteful to many, being of a particularly advanced type, but its cleverness is beyond dispute. The following remarks are prefaced to some verses which we extract from a recent issue. We do not necessarily endorse the sentiments expressed, but it is impossible not to admire the brilliant severity of the satire.

THE MODERN SHEPHERD.

The Parson rose from his downy bed at the break of the Sabbath Day. He dressed himself and decked himself in the chaste æsthetic way—
Lavender scented was his garb, rings graced his lily hand; In truth he was a goodly sight—the parson of the land.

The parson drove to the temple fair where the Lord of Hoets abode, And his carriage flew, at a rattling pace, on the wide and dusty road
(Tis true the Master went afoot, in the days of long ago, Nor purse nor scrip his followers bore; but the times have altered so).

The parson stood in the pulpit then and gazed upon his flock—
The mining sharks and the business men—(the Church rents on a rock!)
The big fat paunch, and the big gold guard, and the broad-cloth shone so sleek—
Twas a sight divine—the stately shrine of the Lowly and the Meek.

The parson waved his lily hand and raised his mellow voice,
"The Lord hath been exceeding good. Rejoice! my friends, rejoice!
The oil of gladness hath been poured in fulness on each head,
His little lambs, in pastures green, by running waters, led.
"Let the men of substance raise the hymn, the upper orders sing;
Ye bankers! make the holy aisles of the sanctuary ring;
Ye landlords! join the tuneful throng and laud Him loud who said
The landlords had not left Him where to lay His gracious head.

"Lift up the psalm, ye usurers! the New Day doth begin;
Christ turned the money-changers out—but now we take them in;
The creed was somewhat narrow which the Saviour preached of old,
The simple Galilean—but we're making wide the fold.

"Lift up your songs, ye sons of pelf—ye burly men of beer:
And sing, in soft, respectful tones, ye poor folks in the rear!
Lo! There be many mansions in the Father's house on high—
E'en the poor man, if respectful, hath a lodging in the sky.

"Lord! Strike the Sons of Belial low who dare to rise and kick;
Lord! Smite the Agitator home and touch him to the quick;
Lord! Guard full well the powers that be and keep our pastures green,
Our people meek and humble, as they hitherto have been.

"Oh, Lord! The Discontented—they be many in the land,
They love not us, the sanctified, Thine own anointed band;
Make bare Thy strong right arm and help Thy chosen in this town—
Christ "stirred the people up" of old—but do Thou keep them down.

"Lord! Send Thy choicest blessing down on all who have a stake
In this Thy pleasant vineyard. Let the scoffer fear and quake.
Lord! Prosper all our little specs, let corner lotments rise;
So shall we win our way at last to "corners" in the skies."

At last the shepherd ended. Then out the bankers hied;
The land-shark and the usurers they followed side by side;
The fat man with the stake came next, and then the man of beer,
And lastly came the poor man, so respectful, in the rear.

Then the parson left the holy place and gat him home with speed
And be ate him down to a royal feast (the wine was choice indeed);
And the servants bowed to every beck of the shepherd's lily hand—
In truth, he was a goodly sight, the parson of the land!
Mount Morgan. P. LUFTIG.

PARLIAMENTARY SILHOUETTES.

(BY BIRD'S-EYE.)

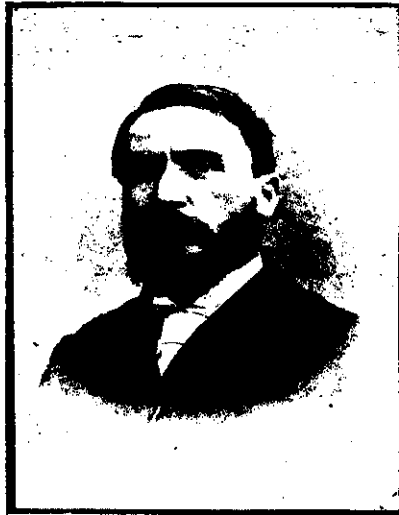
ONE of the least obtrusive and most gentlemanly members of the present House of Representatives is the late Postmaster-General and Minister for Native Affairs—the Hon. E. Mitchelson, who occupies a seat at the left elbow of the Leader of the Opposition. Of all the members of the present Assembly I think Mr Mitchelson is least often on his feet; and this certainly not because he lacks the power of correct expression, for, on the rare occasions when he does address the House, he expresses himself with clearness and precision. An orator he is not; indeed his delivery is somewhat monotonous, but



Wrightgworth & Binns, photo., Wellington. MRS MITCHELSON.

his matter is well arranged, his language carefully chosen, and his tone distinctly above the average. Personalities Mr Mitchelson religiously avoids, and, though a staunch party man well able to hold his own in debate, he never stoops, as so many do, to attribute unworthy motives to his opponents.

Mr Mitchelson is rather above medium height, dark complexioned, with serious yet pleasant grey-blue eyes. Though he has been a member of the Assembly for eleven years, and several times a Minister of the Crown, he is only forty-six years old, having been born at Auckland on the 12th April, 1846. In early manhood he went north, and, settling in the Kaipara district, engaged in the timber trade, and for a series of years carried on extensive operations in timber and gum. He was first returned to the House of Representatives in the year 1881, for the



Wrightgworth & Binns, photo., Wellington. HON. E. MITCHELSON.

electorate of Marsden, and in '83 joined the Government of Sir Harry Atkinson, taking the portfolios of Works and Railways. His action in increasing the grain rates in the South, cost the Government the support of their Canterbury adherents, and the result was their vacation of the Ministerial benches. Mr Mitchelson, how-

ever, defends his action, arguing that its justice is proved by the fact that subsequent administrations have left the rates pretty much as he fixed them. Mr Mitchelson was also a member of Sir Harry Atkinson's ten days' ministry, after the defeat of Sir Robert Stout in 1884.

In the general election of that year he was returned, unopposed, for Marsden, but in 1887, after the defeat of the Stout-Vogel Government, he elected to assist Mr R. Thomson to gain the Marsden seat, and stood himself for Eden, winning the election by a large majority, as he did also the subsequent election in 1890. On the formation of the Atkinson Ministry in 1887, Mr Mitchelson again accepted office, taking first the portfolios of Public Works and Marine, and subsequently the Postmaster-Generalship and charge of Native Affairs, which he retained until Mr Ballance's advent to power in January, 1891.

While a member of the late Ministry Mr Mitchelson occupied the Tioakori Road residence, and here he and Mrs Mitchelson entertained largely, Mrs Mitchelson's gentle unpretentious manners making her a general favourite. This session, unfortunately, she has been unable to visit Wellington, owing to the delicate health of her eldest daughter, who, having during the summer suffered from a more than ordinarily severe attack of the influenza, has, by her medical attendants, been ordered to the South Sea Islands, and, accompanied by her mother, is spending the winter at the Island of Raratonga. Although she herself has never taken an active part in politics, Mrs Mitchelson sees nothing unfeminine in their study. She shares her husband's opinion, that a sex disqualification is, of all others, the most arbitrary and unjust; therefore, like him, she approves of female franchise, and hopes to see further avenues opened to female talents, industry, and ambition.

ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY.

THE Italian Operatic Company opened their New Zealand concert season to anything but a good house; but notwithstanding the comparative smallness of the audience the Company must have felt gratified at the enthusiastic manner with which each item on the programme was received. Signora Cuttica is the possessor of a soprano voice of rare quality and very considerable range; the low notes are rich and full, and somewhat approach the qualities of a contralto, whilst the upper notes are particularly clear and free from the least trace of harshness. This lady has most perfect control over her voice, and renders the droid passages, trills, and scales with an ease and truth which has seldom been equalled by any vocalist appearing in New Zealand. These qualities were fairly tested in the Signora's opening solo from Thomas's 'Mignon' which was enthusiastically encored. Signor Cuttica has a clear penetrating tenor voice of what we may term 'operatic' quality; his high notes are particularly sweet and his range very considerable. In the Miserere scene from 'Trovatore' (which, by the way, was persistently encored), his voice was heard perhaps to the greatest perfection, whilst both in the duo from 'Cavalleria Rusticana' with Signora Cuttica, and in the duo from 'Barbiere' with Signor Sisco, he exhibited that thorough command of the voice, combined with dramatic expression, which stamps him at once as an operatic singer of the first rank. Signor Sisco has a powerful and pleasing baritone voice, the upper notes round, clear, and straight from the chest. His singing of the 'Toreador' song from 'Carmen' was extremely fine, and it was through no fault of the audience that the number was not repeated. This gentleman was also heard to very great advantage in the duo from 'Don Giovanni' with Signorina Matioli, who has a pleasing and highly cultivated mezzo soprano voice. This lady's best number was the waltz song, 'Salut au Gal,' which she rendered with feeling and spirit, the final B flat being clearly taken without effort. She also scored a success in the duo, 'La ci darem,' with Signor Sisco. Signor Iorio, another baritone, received an ovation for his singing of the beautiful romanza, 'Ebreo,' and in the second half of the programme for his rendering of the 'Yeoman's Wedding Song.' This gentleman's voice is particularly rich in quality, and his style thoroughly artistic. Signor Travaglino, who is the bass singer of the Company, possesses a deep, full voice of great power and flexibility. His principal effort, the romanza from 'Lucrezia Borgia,' was a splendid specimen of vocalisation. The accompanist, Miss Brabazon, well known in Auckland, is a pianist of very great promise. She possesses a thorough knowledge of technique, and plays with great delicacy and feeling. She received a unanimous encore for her rendering of List's 'La Regatta Veneziana.' Altogether the Company is a thoroughly good one; good all round, and not like most concert companies visiting New Zealand, made up of one star and a background of mediocrity. We trust to see full houses during the remainder of the Company's stay here, and hope that the Auckland people may not find out, when it is too late, that they have missed a great treat by not properly supporting true artists when the chance is given them.

ATHLETICS.

LAST Saturday's Probable - Possible fixture excited more general interest than is usual with matches of this kind; partly from the fact of its being the final practice before the Canterbury match, and partly on account of the presence in the Probable team of the Thames players, Stewart, Brownlee and Paul, whose inclusion, it was thought, would materially strengthen the team. The start of the game was delayed from the same cause as on the previous Saturday, viz., the non-attendance of one or two members of the Possible team, and it was not until about 3.30 that Stewart kicked off for the Probables against wind and sun.

THE Possible forwards, playing with great dash and assisted by the possible kicking of their backs, quickly carried the ball into their opponents' 25, and from a scrum near the line McWeeny got over, scoring 'first blood' for his side after about five minutes' play. Edmondson converted. Possibles, 5; Probables, nil. Following the kick-off, play was for a time confined to the Probables' side of the half-way, until a sweeping charge of the Blue and White forwards transferred the scene of action to the Colours' 25, where Masfield obtained possession from some loose play, and dodging one or two of his nearest opponents, potted a fine goal. Possibles, 5; Probables, 4. The Possibles now pulled themselves together, and it was not long before a fine piece of passing, initiated by Blewdon, terminated in Edmondson scoring his side's second try. No goal resulted—Possibles, 7; Probables, 4. The Colours still continued to press for a time, and Breen narrowly escaped potting a goal, but finally a charge of the Blue and White forwards resulted in the ball going out of bounds near the Possibles' goal line. From the ensuing line-out Stewart inaugurated some splendid passing which terminated in Masfield scoring in a good position. Paul failed to convert. Possibles, 7; Probables, 6. The Possibles again worked the ball into their opponents' 25, but the advantage was only momentary, as Braund, getting away with a clever feinting run, eluded nearly all the opposing backs before parting with the ball to Masfield, who again scored, this time between the posts. Paul added the major points, and the score stood—Possibles, 11; Possibles, 7. Play now became fast and furious, first one side and then the other holding a temporary advantage until Wright, picking up cleverly during a loose rush, made a fine dodgy run and scored between the uprights. Edmondson failed in an easy kick at goal, and shortly afterwards time was called with the score—Probables, 11; Possibles, 9.

DURING the second term the Probable team—the members of which seemed by this time to have thoroughly settled down in their places—played with splendid combination, and succeeded in increasing their score by no less than 22 points as against 5 points scored by the Possibles, the game finally ending—Probables 33, Possibles 14. For the winners additional tries were secured by Masfield, Gaudia, Brownlee, Maynard (2), and Cole, two of which were converted by Paul, who also kicked a goal from the field. For the losers Blewdon obtained a try, which was converted by Edmondson.

CITY II. and Ponsonby II. played off their tie for the second fifteen championship on No. 2 ground, an exciting contest terminating in a victory for Ponsonby by 9 points to 5. Early in the first spell Ponsonby secured two tries in quick succession (Young and Gittos being the scorers), one of which was converted by Cooke. City then pulled themselves together and during the remainder of the term had a little the best of the play, but all their efforts to score were nullified by the clever defence of the Ponsonby backs, half-time being called with the score Ponsonby 7, City nil.

UPON resuming the City forwards speedily asserted their superiority, and for some time kept Ponsonby penned in their 25, until, the ball being rushed across the goal line, McLeod secured a try for City, which Carr converted. Almost immediately following the kick-off the Blue and Blacks carried the ball across City's line, and H. Cooke secured his side's third try. The attempt at goal was a failure. Ponsonby 9, City 5. A series of desperate attacks were now made upon the Blue and Blacks' stronghold, and Ponsonby were compelled to force down repeatedly, but although hard pressed they were still capable of keeping their line intact until the call of time left them winners by 9 points to 5.

THE long-talked-of interprovincial match, Canterbury v. Auckland, will eventuate at Epsom this (Wednesday) afternoon. The Canterbury team are credited with being one of the best combinations that has ever represented

that province, and indeed, their performances against Taranaki—of whose quality we have had ample evidence this season—and against Hawke's Bay, quite justify this reputation. At the time of writing the Canterbury fifteen has not been chosen for this particular match, but the Auckland Match Committee met on Saturday evening last and selected the following team to do battle for the province: Full-back, H. G. Kissling; three quarter backs, F. Jervis, O'Riley, R. Masfield; Half-backs, W. Elliot, A. Braund, W. Rhodes; Forwards, H. Dacre, J. Cole, Brownlee, C. Green, McMillan, R. Maynard, C. Speight, and D. Stewart.

UNDER the circumstances I consider that the selection is a very good one; the backs are a good clever lot and the forwards, although not perhaps so brilliant individually, are yet, judging from last Saturday's form, playing better together than any previous team of forwards we have put in the field this season. It is, of course, unfortunate that at this juncture the province should be deprived of the services of such proved good men as O'Connor, Murray, Marshall, Herold, and Peace, but, even so, I am of opinion that when no side is called this afternoon, it will be found that our reps, if they have not actually won, will at anyrate have made a very bold bid for victory.

THE day on which the annual interprovincial match—Wellington v. Hawke's Bay—was played off was a splendid one. It seemed, in fact, made to order, and hundreds of people assembled on the Recreation Ground, Napier. Unfortunately the field was very heavy, as a great deal of rain had fallen in the week before the match. The teams read:—Wellington: Full back, Davidson; three-quarters, Baker, Roberts, Ellison (captain); halves, Gage, Pudney; forwards, Oliphant, Milne, Pringle, Bishop, Lee, White, McLean, Forsyth, and Stuart. Hawke's Bay: Full-back, Le Quesne; three-quarters, Hislop, Stuart, Welsman; halves, Tuhiatare, Rees; forwards, Wilson, Malcon, Jew, Howard, Morrison (captain), Hiroa, Elliot, and Tipene. Messrs Whittington and Liddle discharged the duties of touch line judges, and Mr Logan those of referee. Wellington won the toss and chose to defend the western goal. The game was a splendid one, Rees (lucky dog), as usual, being greatly admired by the fair sex for his excellent play. He dropped a capital goal and was loudly applauded. Undoubtedly the best team won. The Wellington three-quarters were greatly superior to those of their opponents in every department of the game. Gage deserves great praise for his splendid play, his kicking, running, and tackling being remarkably good. He, in fact, was the man of the team. Lee, Oliphant, Stuart, Bishop, Pudney and Ellison, all deserve honourable mention. For the Bay boys Rees shone. His performance on that day will not soon be forgotten. But for his untiring exertions, Hawke's Bay would have received a far worse beating than it did. Malcon and Wilson played up well, as did also Messrs Howard, Hiroa, Morrison, Tuhiatare. The game ended in a victory for the Empire city by 11 points to 5. Lee scoring two tries, and White and Gage one each.

THE team to represent Otago against Southland at Invercargill is as follows: Full back, T. King; three quarter backs, W. Burnside, A. Downes, A. Laurensou; half-backs, W. Cran, O. Crawford; forwards, J. Baker, J. Duncan, A. Esquilant, K. W. Isaacs, W. Johnston, W. R. Montgomery (Captain), G. MacLaren, D. Torrance, G. Turton. The team is considered a strong one, and will play wing forwards.

FOOTBALL is not by any means over as yet. A grand championship match was played a day or two ago on the Recreation Ground between the Napier and Te Ante clubs. A great number of people assembled to see the game, and intense interest was taken in it. I fancy (writes my correspondent) the Te Ante men were the favourites, but the Napier men got the best of them by 10 points to nil. The scorers were Wilson and E. Rees. I consider the Napier men fully deserved their victory, as they played with great dash and bravery from start to finish. Those of the Napier men who deserve mention are Messrs Arthur and E. Rees, Wilson, Howard, Prentice, Fleming, and Jagu, the last named man playing capitally, this being his first appearance amongst the Seniors. For the losing side, Janes, Friday, Stuart, McDonald, Ellison, Manawarou, Pomare, and Matua all did good service.

A VERY interesting match is coming off shortly between Wellington and the province of Hawke's Bay. Mr Logan

has chosen the following players to try conclusions for Hawke's Bay. Full-back, Le Quesne; three-quarters, Welsman, Stuart, James; halves, Rees, Tuhiatare; forwards, Malcon, Howard, Wilson, Morrison, Elliott, Tipene, Jew, Ellison, Matua. Emergencies: Back, Hislop; forwards, Lemuel, Swan, Fleming, and McDowell. Given a fine day, my correspondent feels sure this will be the match of the season.

SOCIALS, ENTERTAINMENTS; ETC.

THE Excelsior Society, of Picton, gave another of their popular socials in the Borough School on Friday last, which in spite of the rain, mud, and the boisterous wind, was largely attended, and as usual much appreciated. The Scotch reel, which is so frequently danced here, that I had (says my correspondent) almost forgotten to mention it, was of course, one of the dances, as well as the usual games and songs. 'Old Lewis' taught some of his best pupils in Picton all the intricacies of the Highland-fling, strathspeys, and Scotch reels, and fortunately for the new craze, which is affecting all New Zealand, anything which is well learnt is learnt for ever, and our young folks are quite delighted at one of the dances they learned when 'wee tots,' becoming fashionable once more.

IN Havelock the winter entertainments are very successful, and lights which have been hidden under bushels, and talents which have hitherto been buried, are now being brought out and made use of for the edification and amusement of the residents of that far-away little town. The fifth of the series was no exception to the rule, and one of the largest audiences seen in Havelock for some time attended in the hall on Wednesday last.

THE first part of the entertainment consisted of songs, recitations, and readings in character, Mrs Webbe playing the overtures and accompaniments. Mr W. A. Hawkins, as a Ghost, sang 'Abdul-le-bul-bul-meer'; Miss Ethel Jones as a Flower Girl, 'Won't you Buy my Pretty Flowers'; Miss Toothill and Miss Blanche Mills as Fairies, sang the duet 'Fairy Dreams'; Mr Wakelin, as a Pirate Captain, recited the 'Pirate's Address to his Men'; Miss Toothill, Fairy, sang 'Eldorado'; Mr C. Carter, as a Crossing-Sweeper, sang 'Happy Moments'; then the Ghost and the Fairy (Mr Hawkins, and Miss Toothill), sang 'Larboard Watch'; Miss Eva Mills, a Fisher Girl, sang 'Culler Herria'; Mr J. H. Reynolds, a student, read, 'The Green Lion,' and 'Oliver Cromwell'; two fairies sang 'Come o'er the Moonlit Sea,' and another 'Golden Love,' whilst the Crossing Sweeper brought tears to our eyes by the pathos of his 'Home Sweet Home.' The second part of the entertainment was an amusing sketch entitled 'Pride Shall Have a Fall,' in which Mr W. H. Orsman, Miss M. Jones, Mr W. A. Hawkins, Mr R. Reynolds, Mr A. B. Clark, and Miss Grace Wakelin took part, and carried the piece through to a most successful conclusion.

A SUCCESSFUL entertainment was given at St. Peter's, Caversham (Dunedin), the earlier portion of the evening being devoted to music, and the latter to a farce entitled 'After a Storm Comes a Calm.' Taking part in this were Mrs J. North, Miss L. Woods, and Messrs Rolfe, and P. Priest. Misses Rose and Kate Blaney sang, as also did Miss May Gray, Madame Winter also taking part in several instrumental pieces.

AUCKLAND CHORAL SOCIETY.

THIRD ORCHESTRAL CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

CHORAL HALL, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

PROGRAMME.

- Overture, 'Pique Dame' ... Suppe
- Song 'Margarita' ... Lour
- Aria, with 'Cello obbligato. Afar in the Distance' (Cello Mr G. A. PAQUE) ... Kalliwoda
- Grand Trio, No. 4, Op. 59 ... May-soder
- 'An Evening Song' Mr H. A. KEESING ... Blumenthal
- 'Aus Aller Herren Lander' ... Moszkowski
- Overture, 'Guillaume Tell' (a) Deutsch (b) Ungarisch ... Rossini
- Song, with Orchestral accompaniment, 'Love is a Dream' ... Cowen
- 'Cello Quartette, 'Souvenir de Curio' ... Paque
- MESSRS PAQUE and BEALE, MISS CHEW and M. CONEY. 10. Song, 'On the Rolling Wave' ... Marks
- 'Aus Aller Herren Lander' ... Moszkowski

Doors open at 7.30; overture at 8. A limited number of tickets will be on sale at the door at 2s each. H. J. EDMISTON, Secretary.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA GRAND CONCERTS.

The appreciation of the lovers and judges of Music in Auckland was exhibited on Monday night by an immense audience, who gave vent to the most unmeasured demonstrations of delight.

The enthusiasm evoked by the glorious performance of these great artists is perhaps unparalleled in the musical annals of this city.

THE NEXT GREAT CONCERT

Will take place at the City Hall on

THURSDAY (TO-MORROW), 8th SEPTEMBER.

When an exceptional programme will be presented.

FOURTH CONCERT—FRIDAY, 9th.
FIFTH CONCERT—MONDAY, 12th.

Entire change of programme each evening.

The Box-plan now open at Wildman's.

W. JINKINS } Directors.
A. MIDDLETON }

ROUND AND ABOUT AUCKLAND.

ST. MARY'S CONVENT.

ST MARY'S CONVENT, Auckland, was founded by eight Sisters of Carlow Convent, Ireland, who left their native land in 1849, being conducted to New Zealand by the Right Rev. Dr. Pompallier, the first Bishop of Auckland, and accompanied by a number of priests for the mission—the whole company arriving in Auckland on April 10th, 1850. Till 1861 these good Sisters resided in a little building in the vicinity of St. Patrick's Cathedral—conducting a High School that for some years was the only institution affording superior education in Auckland. The facilities of learning offered by the Sisters of Mercy were availed of by Romanist and Protestant alike, in company with the children of Jewish parents. In 1861 the present Convent was erected, more sisters came from Ireland, and the field of operations was considerably extended. Seventy-two sisters have been sent out from Ireland at different times—fifty-two of which number are still living to prosecute their good works. The building, of which we give a picture herewith, is the head house of the Order—branches of which are to be found at the Thames, Coromandel, Onehunga, Otahuhu, and Parnell. There is in connection with St. Mary's Convent, as we have said, a High School, a Parish School, an Infant School, and an Orphanage. The latter institution, though under Government inspection, is supported entirely by the proceeds of the labour of the talented and hard-working sisters of the Order. It may be mentioned that the five sisters in the Orphanage receive no remuneration for their services save the proud consciousness of performing their duty to the little ones. This band of fifty-two 'Sisters of Mercy' scattered over the Auckland district are doing a noble work in instructing the young mind in secular and religious truths, and are deserving of support at the hands of all true humanitarians.

cally down as the last whistle sounds, only to find they must wait a few minutes for the next boat.

On their return journey in the hot weather, the ferry steamers carry quantities of children armed with bucket and spade, and guarded by mothers, sisters,

sand-children, etc., reluctantly return to town feeling all the better for the little change.

Very attractive, in the season, are the strawberry gardens, and many a party is made up to go over to the North Shore to eat strawberries and cream under the shade of the trees. Here, indeed, and at Northcote, the neighbouring suburb, this fruit grows to perfection, and despite the immense number of boxes shipped to Auckland every day, there is always a good supply for patrons of the gardens. The sea-bathing in summer is excellent, but much more might be done in the way of providing bathing accommodation at



ST. MARY'S R. C. CONVENT, PONSONBY.

THE NORTH SHORE, AUCKLAND.

ONE of the most charming suburbs of Auckland is decidedly the North Shore. Separated from the busy, bustling, noisy city by the salt waters of the Waitemata Harbour, it is yet joined to it, as it were, by the regular and efficient running of the ferry steamers. At intervals of a quarter of an hour or half an hour, according to the time of day, these quick little boats convey all sorts and conditions of men and baggage to and fro. In the early morning men of business, who have sought a home in the invigorating climate of the North Shore or the Lake, gather in groups on the wharf and board the steamer, or rush franti-

and aunts, all prepared to enjoy a delightful day on either of the two beaches the North Shore generously provides for this purpose. Possibly the Cheltenham Beach, which was for a short time accessible by tram is the more popular. It is further off, certainly, but it is very much longer, the sand is better, and games and castle-building can be indulged in to greater advantage. Later in the day, fashionably-dressed Auckland dames invoke the aid of the ferry boats to convey them to the North Shore to spend an afternoon in the feminine occupation of calling. There are many residents to visit in this breezy, healthy suburb, and the time slips pleasantly by, until the callers,

very moderate rates. The salt water baths in the city are much frequented and greatly appreciated.

Another industry of this wide-awake suburb is yacht-building. The fleet of 'white-winged' tiny vessels in the harbour is an exceedingly pretty sight, and many of them claim Devonport as their birth-place. Perhaps one of the most generally interesting features of the North Shore is the Signal Station. Large steamers, small steamers, ships, barques, vessels of all kinds are continually arriving and departing in the busy harbour. The English mail is due, perhaps, and anxious eyes in Auckland scan the signal-post to see if the huge ocean steamer is signalled. Friends are

expected from Sydney, or from the South: one or other of the Union Company's boats is surely due. But it is no use waiting on the wharf until the signal-post has hoisted the welcome sign, 'Inside Tiri Tiri,' though that still means an exercise of patience until the steamer itself is seen rounding the North Head.

RESTLESSNESS.

THERE is nothing more remarkable than the apparent difference between the various sources of restlessness. At the present moment, no doubt, we should be disposed to regard hurry and excitement as the chief causes,—hurry, because so many duties have to be crowded into a short space of time, to all the classes at all closely connected with politics; and excitement, because a very great issue hangs upon the mode in which those duties are discharged, and on the unknown conditions which determine their effect. There is a great deal to do in a short time, and there is a great deal of feverish anxiety as to the result, though no node of attaining even a reasonable presumption of what the result will be. Restlessness which is due to hurry and feverish anxiety as to the upshot, seems intelligible enough. No one can rest who has a very great deal to do in a short time; and no one can even hurry tranquilly, which is in itself quite possible,—if he is in a passion of hope or a passion of trepidation as to the outcome of the hurry. Yet restlessness of this kind is not, we think, by any means the most serious and dangerous kind of restlessness. The worst restlessness is the restlessness which arises without either hurry or any sort of desire for any kind of external excitement.



THE NORTH SHORE, AUCKLAND.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

You can't measure a girl's love by its sighs.

Where the sunshine does not enter the doctor must.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.

It is strange, but true, that when a man is short of brains he is generally long on collars.

Kind Party: 'What are you crying that way for, little boy?' Little Boy: 'Cause it's the only way I know how to cry.'

Every man who hates his enemies believes that there ought to be a bell, no matter whether he believes in the Bible or not.

Happy are those by whom virtue vouchsafes to be seen in all her beauty: 'Thou to behold her is to love her; and to love her is to be happy.'

He called her his darling, his starling, his dove, And she lip-pingly called him a 'dunh.' Made of sugar and spice and every thing nice; They had only been married a month.

True courage is shown by doing without witnesses that which a man is capable of doing in the face of the world. In the former case, it is certain that ostentation has no share in the effort.

Nature has lent us life, as we do a sum of money: only no certain day is fixed for payment. What reason, then, to complain if she demands it at pleasure, since it was on that condition that we received it.—CICERO.

MISUNDERSTOOD.—He: 'I hear you attend the Handel and Haydn performances. Were you present at the "Creation"?' She (indignantly): 'I suppose you will next want to know if I sailed in Noah's Ark.'

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.

Charity is not the watchword of the Faith of the future. The watchword of the faith of the future is association and fraternal co-operation of all towards a common aim, and this is far superior to all charity.—MAZZINI.

The following story is told of a college professor, the author of an article on 'Ancient Methods of Filtration.' By a misprint, his subject was announced in the advertisements as 'Ancient Methods of Flirtation,' much to the amusement of his friends, one of whom, at a social party, said to him: 'Professor, do give us your lecture on "Ancient Methods of Filtration."' The professor, who is a bachelor and a social favorite, instantly replied: 'Miss X., that lecture can be delivered only to a single auditor at a time, and must be illustrated with experiments.'

UNFINISHED CHARITY.—There is a great deal of unfinished charity in the world. Sympathies are aroused, compassion is excited, and the willing hand hastens to obey the pitiful heart and to bestow the needed relief upon the sufferer. By and by these emotions subside, the case is forgotten, and the good work remains only half accomplished. Indeed it sometimes happens that what has already been done is rendered almost worthless by not being followed up in a thorough and timely manner. In every case of need there is a time to continue our bounty and a time to stop; and these times are to be measured, not by the rise and fall of our sympathies, but by an intelligent observation of the special requirements of each case.

REOPENING A QUEEN'S GRAVE.—A Swedish Queen's grave has been reopened at Upsala, Sweden, in the presence of the Prince Regent, the Archbishop, and many professors. The grave, which dates from 1584, is situated in a side aisle of the Cathedral of Upsala, in a vault beneath the pavement; on the ceiling are painted the Royal Arms. On the immense stone over the grave are engraved in Latin the words: 'Catherine, Queen of Sweden, died September 16, 1583; daughter of Sigismund, King of Poland, and wife of Johann III., King of Sweden. She was buried on the 16th of February, 1584.' On removing this stone a copper coffin was found and opened. Within was a wooden coffin somewhat decayed and lined with velvet in rag. Beneath a leather cover lay the corpse of the Queen, clothed in velvet, the feet in stuffed shoes. Amid the folds of the velvet lay an extremely small skull.

LADIES AND CLUBS.—Women are winning their way into clubland, possibly by their flattering appreciation of its hospitalities. Recently in London a Bonemanian social club, formerly exclusively devoted to entertaining men, gave their very first 'ladies' night.' They did it in such remarkable unexceptionable style that it was quite worth waiting for. Two hundred and fifty *Bons Freres* and lady guests sat down to a splendid supper, which finished up with strawberries and cream, and was followed by an entertainment, in which Messrs Lionel Brough, George Giddens, Tito Mattei, Tivavir Nachez, Leo Stern, Ben Davies, Barton M'Gruckin, Fred Upton, Laurence Kellie, John Le Hay, Albert Chevalier, and others took part, and which so enthralled the guests that they were very much astonished to find Piccadilly in broad daylight when they emerged from Princes' Hall, where the ladies' night took place.

PLEA FOR MODERATE DRINKING.—Dr. Robert Farquharson's plea for moderate drinking in *Blackwood* is summed up in the propositions that all stimulants is unnecessary for the young, and for people living perfectly healthy lives; but that under the stress and struggle of modern civilization, few of us beyond middle age are placed under normal physiological conditions, and a little alcohol helps us to round the corners, and to plane away the asperities of existence. These sivers, however, are qualified by the warning that alcohol should only be taken with food, and preferably, and if possible exclusively, with the principal meal of the day, and that it should be diluted. Shun, as you would the Evil One (he continues) all rash tips and casual drinks; let no sherris and brandies and sodas between meals tempt you from your rule, but mix all your liquor with food, which shields the tissues from its contact, and aids its safe dispersion through the circulation. Then either take weak wines, or if they must be stronger, dilute copiously, and be careful to correct the acidity of some of the more highly alcoholated beverages by the addition of any of the alkaline waters in common use.



MRS BANCROFT.

THE success achieved in these colonies by the cheap edition of the 'Bancroft Memoirs' has been of so decided a character that the portrait of the charming authoress will interest many. Our picture, being taken from a recent photograph, represents Mrs Bancroft as she is—matronly somewhat—but still mischievous-looking. To any who have not read the 'Memoirs' they are most emphatically recommended. Next to seeing the Bancrofts act—a pleasure we are not likely to have—the most enjoyable thing is to read their book.

LEON DRIVER, the young pianist who has lately been touring the colony, gave a benefit concert in Auckland last week. The young man, who is unquestionably clever, wants to go Home to prosecute the study of his profession, and the sooner he does so the better for himself and his art. As we have intimated before, Mr Driver is admirable in execution and technique, and will make a name for himself and for the colony when once he has discovered that he has a vast amount to unlearn before he can style himself a musician.

Technique and execution are, after all, mere matters of practice, and unless they have something to back them up, will never move men's souls or even enchain their attention for any lengthy period. The musical fireworks with which Mr Driver loves to dazzle his audience are occasionally electrical in their effect, and they frequently command wonder, but they are not music. We have not the slightest doubt that, were the order given, some Bruningem firm or other would turn out a mechanical pianist who would play with the same marvellous facility of rapid execution so remarkable in Mr Driver; for truth to tell, the young man is at present nothing more nor less than a machine. His execution is unsurpassable—we really believe unsurpassable, but then *c'est fini*. The rest must be learned. Touch, expression, sympathy, artistic appreciation of the beauties of light and shade—these are at present conspicuous by their absence in Mr Driver's playing—that they will come we have no doubt. When Mr Driver goes to Germany, his execution will be commended, but he will be told that 'he knows nothing else.' This, though too severe and not quite truthful, will do him a world of good, and his fellow students will soon reduce the self-appreciation which forms so great a barrier to the success of many and many a young artist.

In a few years Mr Driver will be famous, and the colony will be proud of him. He has, however, as we have said, a good deal to unlearn, as well as learn, first. He must find out that an assumption of 'Frenchness' does not make a musician. He will cut off his long lank hair (which most annoyingly will not grow nicely and flowing like a Rubenstein or a Beethoven) and get himself unburdened. Long hair and effeminate peculiarities of appearance are atoned for by the genius of a Paderewski, but they sit with an ill grace on the shoulders of a colonial musician in the rough. He will learn that posturings and equine toings of the head are not sublime but ridiculous, and be cured of the many absurd affectations with which he is at present somewhat overburdened. He will be taught that a simple bow on answering to an encore is preferable and more dignified than strange contortions and undulating motions of the body from the feet up. He will recognise that he is only one of many 'sketches' of great men in their profession of whom the world has many millions, and that on his realization of this at an early date depend his chances of becoming finished.

Above all he will abjure the 'Monsieur' and the *Léon* and acknowledge his colonial extraction. It is a good thing to be a colonial, Mr Driver, and a very proud thing to be a Thames boy. And to have taught oneself enough of music to go home and make a name, of which not only you and your Thames friends will be proud, but of which the colony will also be proud. England is not always to have the monopoly of producing the best of everything, and a good colonial name will soon, we hope, be as valuable a *cachet* for a musician as a German or accented French nomenclature.

FOLI received the greatest reception ever accorded to a vocalist in Danedin. Santley was great sometimes, Patey a success, but Foli, who is to our certain knowledge still at the zenith of his fame, and whose voice is unimpaired by age or other things, has achieved a triumph. He is now on his way up the colony. In Wellington Foli ought to do magnificent business. He is undoubtedly the best singer we have had in New Zealand, probably the best we shall have.

A FAMOUS NEW ZEALAND PIANISTE.

INTERVIEW WITH MISS CLARICE BRABAZON.

THE first visit of a successful *artiste*, as such, to her native city is always a memorable epoch in her career. Miss Clarice Brabazon says it is a delightful event. This young lady was born in Auckland, and has come back to it, still in her teens, but crowned with laurels. No wonder, then, she finds it delightful. Interviewing the clever pianist was breaking fresh ground, and Miss Brabazon shrank a little from the ordeal, though in deference to her tender years the interviewer was a lady. 'That is part of the business I shall not like at all,' she naively remarked. But a few questions reassured her, though the information given was somewhat discursive, and interrupted with vehement protests: 'Oh! but you don't want to know that.' Miss Brabazon has yet to learn how much an interviewer wants to know of incidents which seem too trifling to be mentioned.

At the early age of three Miss Brabazon began to play by ear. Her elder sister—herself something of a genius—discovered the musical capabilities of her 'little sister,' and devoted herself to her tuition. It is pleasant to hear the young pianist giving all the honour and glory of her success to her sister's careful and excellent instruction. Of course there was wonderful talent to develop, but there is no doubt that judicious management had much to do with its precocious unfolding.

Miss Clarice Brabazon's first appearance as a pianist was at the age of six or seven. She is not a Marie Baskirstaff and did not keep a diary, so does not remember much about it. At the age of eight she played at a concert given in St. Matthew's Church, when the late Rev. W. Tebbis was the incumbent. Her first public performance was in the Theatre Royal, when she played two pieces, one of which she believes was a sonata of Beethoven's. She had then attained the advanced age of nine and a-half. Everyone was delighted with the child musician, and prophesied a splendid career. Strangely enough, it is in this same building, now known as the City Hall, that Miss Clarice Brabazon has made her *debut* in New Zealand as a professional player.

Before she was ten the whole family migrated to Sydney. Mr Brabazon was formerly a classical tutor in Queen's College, Ireland, and is an extremely accomplished man. His daughter says: 'Father expects me to know as many languages as he does.'

In Sydney, Miss Clarice pursued her musical studies at home, still under her clever sister's tuition. A grand bazaar was opened in the Town Hall by Lord and Lady Carrington, and the young pianist played to a crowded audience, the vice-regal party expressing their satisfaction in no measured terms. Then Lord Carrington said that he would like to hear Miss Brabazon play at the Liedertafel concert. Various objections were thrown in the way and the young lady was not allowed to appear; but the Governor again enjoyed the child's performance in the Exhibition Buildings.

Miss Brabazon gave her first recital when she was twelve years old, rendering selections from the best composers, Rubenstein, Chopin, the Moonlight Sonata, etc. The energetic elder sister made all the arrangements for this recital, assisted by Mr Reuben Wood, and the Y.M.C.A. Hall was well filled by an appreciative audience. The age of thirteen was marked by an original composition, a Scherzo in D minor, dedicated to Sir Charles Hallé. But a sad fate befel the piece. The two sisters were looking over some old music, piles of which had accumulated. 'Let's burn all without covers,' suggested Clarice, as a rapid means of disposing of part of the difficulty. Alas! her own MSS. composition had no cover, and, too late, they saw it being rapidly consumed in the flames.

Another attempt at musical authorship, the 'Clarice Waltz,' dedicated to Lady Carrington, has been more successful, and copies can be obtained in Sydney.

A concert tour through Queensland was the next event in Miss Brabazon's life. Amongst the soloists who will be remembered in this colony were Miss Colbourne-Baber, Miss Rossow, Mr Gilpin and Mr Walsh. Mr Dieken, R.A.M., went as accompanist, while Miss Clarice Brabazon was the solo pianist. Last Christmas she visited Tasmania with a company, Miss Baber being one of the vocalists.

Now came the interesting question, 'How did you obtain your present engagement?'

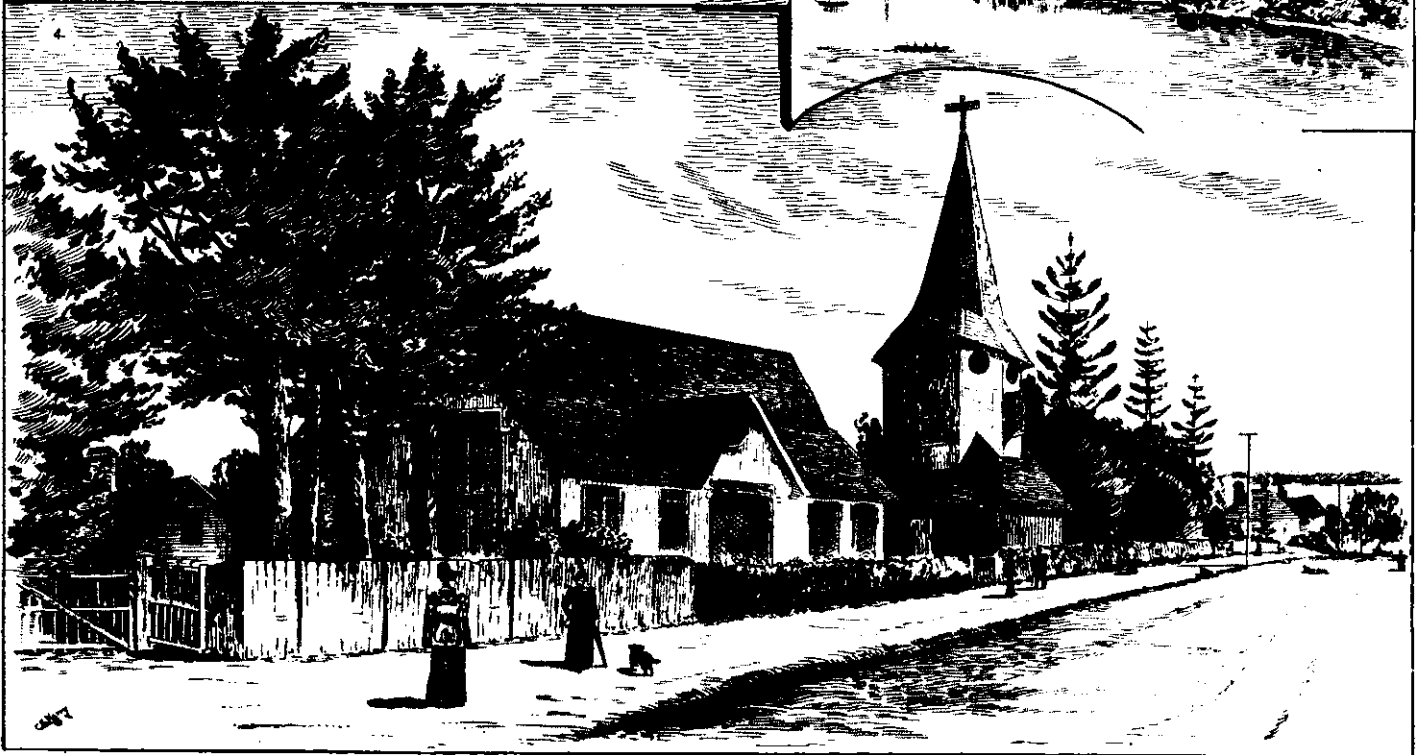
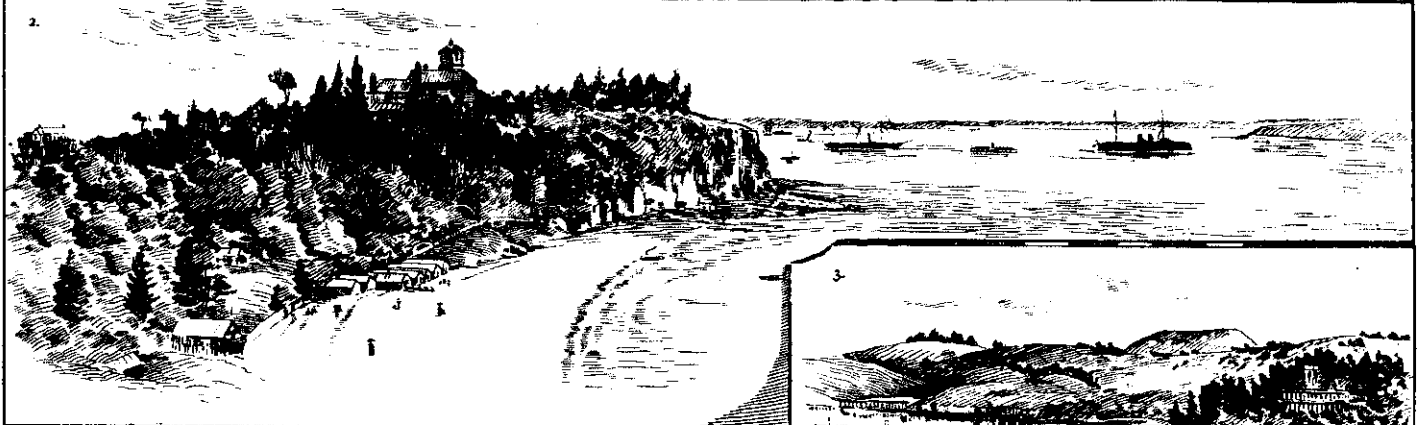
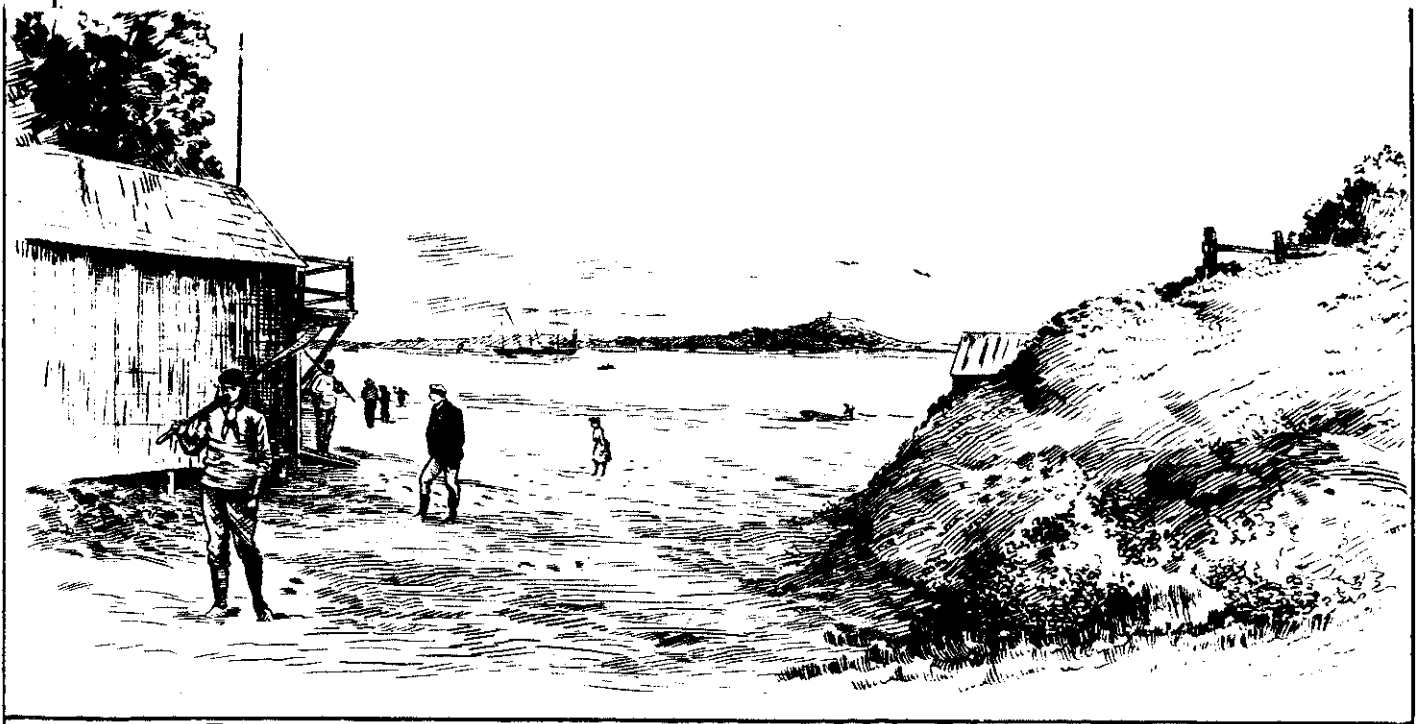
'Oh, I had not much to do with it,' laughed Miss Brabazon. 'A friend of mine heard a soloist and accompanist was wanted by the Royal Italian Opera Company, and he kindly told the manager about me.'

'Yes, and then?'

'Oh, then they telegraphed up to Darlinghurst for me, and I came down with some testimonials. I played by sight for three hours before the Company, and then Mr Middleton, the manager, you know, engaged me at once. I had only three days in which to make all my preparations.'

'You seem very happy and comfortable.'

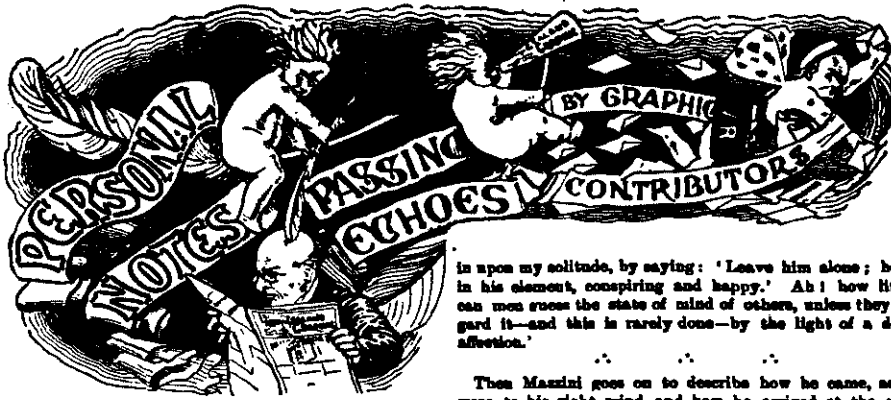
'Indeed I am. They are all so kind to me, and so nice, quite the nicest Company I was ever with.'



ROUND ABOUT PARNELL.

1. Judge's Bay Beach. 2. Campbell's Point. 3. Looking towards Orakei. 4. Bishop's Court in Parnell.

(SEE LETTERPRESS.)



The New Zealand Graphic AND LADIES' JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.

AFTER a rest of two months or more Mazzini comes forward once more as the subject of our notes. No excuse is, we imagine, required for reverting to so magnificent a personality as the master, so rich a subject as his teaching. The necessity for a promulgation of Mazzini's doctrines in a young democracy such as New Zealand, must be self-evident to all. To look into the life of this man, to try and understand him and emulate him, cannot but be beneficial. The time we would first look up Mazzini again is in 1836, when, after the failure of the first armed expedition in support of the freedom and unity of Italy, misfortunes poured in upon him from every side. He was persecuted by his enemies, deserted, and calumniated by those whom he had regarded as his friends, and as in fact was the case almost all his life, he was himself in exile, and under sentence of death. At this time he underwent a crisis of moral suffering which reveals much of his soul, and enables us better to realize the principles which made it possible for him to pass safely through it. It should be described in his own words:

'When I felt that I was indeed alone in the world—alone but for my poor mother, far away and unhappy also for my sake—I drew back in terror at the void before me. Then, in that moral desert, doubt came upon me. Perhaps I was wrong and the world right? Perhaps my idea was indeed a dream? Perhaps I had been led, not by an idea, but by my idea; by the pride of my own conception; by the desire of victory rather than the purpose of victory; an intelligent egotism, drying up and withering the spontaneous and innocent impulses of my heart, which would have led me to the modest virtues of a limited sphere, and to duties near at hand and easy of fulfilment.

'The day on which my soul was furrowed by these doubts, I felt myself not only unutterably and supremely wretched; I felt myself a criminal—conscious of guilt, yet incapable of expiation. The forms of those shot at Chambers rose before me like the phantom of a crime and its unravelling remorse. I could not recall them to life. How many mothers had I caused to weep! How many more must learn to weep should I persist in the attempt to rouse the youth of Italy to noble action—to awaken in them the yearning for a common country! And if that country were indeed an illusion, if Italy, exhausted by two epochs of civilisation, were condemned by Providence henceforth to remain subject to younger and more vigorous nations, without a name or a mission of her own, whence had I derived the rights of judging the future, and urging hundreds, thousands of men to the sacrifice of themselves and of all that they held most dear?

'I will not dwell upon the effect of these doubts upon my spirit. I will simply say that I suffered so much as to be driven to the confines of madness. At times I started from my sleep at night, and ran to the window in delirium, believing that I heard the voice of Jacopo Ruffini calling to me. At times I felt myself irresistibly impelled to arise and go trembling into the room next my own, fancying that I should see some friend whom I really knew to be at that time in prison, or hundreds of miles away. The slightest incident, a word, a tone, moved me to tears. Nature, covered with snow as it then was about Grenoble, appeared to me to wear a funeral shroud, beneath which it invited me to sink. I fancied I traced in the faces of those who surrounded me, looks, sometimes of pity, but more often of reproach. Had that state of mind lasted but a little longer, I must either have gone mad, or ended it with the selfish death of the suicide. Whilst I was struggling and sinking beneath my cross, I heard a friend, whose room was a few doors distant from mine, answer a young girl, who, having some suspicion of my unhappy condition, was urging him to break

in upon my solitude, by saying: 'Leave him alone; he is in his element, conspiring and happy.' Ah! how little can men guess the state of mind of others, unless they regard it—and this is rarely done—by the light of a deep affection.'

Then Mazzini goes on to describe how he came, as it were, to his right mind, and how he arrived at the conclusion that his doubts and mental sufferings had arisen from his not having fully comprehended the true definition of life, and his having unconsciously allowed himself to be influenced by the materialistic view which regards life as a search after happiness. 'In my own case,' he says, 'and as if the better to seduce me, that false definition of life had thrown off every baser stamp of material desires, and had centred itself in the affections, as in an inviolable sanctuary. I ought to have regarded them as blessings of God, to be accepted with gratitude whenever they descended to irradiate or cheer my existence, not demanded them either as a right or as a reward. I had unconsciously made them the condition of the fulfilment of my duties; I had been unable to realize the true ideal of love, and had unknowingly worshipped not love itself, but the joys of love. When these vanished I had despaired of all things; as if the joys and sorrows I encountered on the path of life could alter the aim I had aspired to reach; as if the darkness and serenity of heaven could change the purpose or necessity of the journey; or, as Mazzini most beautifully puts the same thought in another passage:—'God has given us love, that the weary soul may give and receive support upon the way of life. It is a flower springing up upon the path of duty, but it cannot change its course.'

His discouragement and despair had arisen from his not having fully comprehended and believed in the indissoluble co-partnership of all generations, and all individuals in the human race. He had unconsciously allowed himself to be influenced by the theory of which Thomas Carlyle is the champion, and which regards the human race as an aggregate of individuals, and looks upon history, to use Carlyle's own words, as only the essence of innumerable biographies. It is in the fulness with which he comprehended the collective idea of mankind, and the clearness with which he has explained to us its practical bearing on our life, that the greatness of Mazzini as a teacher lies. By substituting the collective for the individual view of life, the spirit of humanity for the spirit of man, he has changed the starting points of human activity. Hitherto the reformer has looked at everything from the point of view of the individual, and by doing so has gained the idea of individual rights, which in England has won for us individual liberty, liberty of conscience, political securities, freedom of the Press, and Free Trade; but is this enough? As Mazzini rightly says:—'The protracted plaint of millions crushed beneath the wheels of competition has warned us that freedom of labour does not suffice to render industry what it ought to be, the source of material life to the State in all its members; the intellectual anarchy to which we are a prey has shown us that liberty of conscience does not suffice to render religion the source of moral life to the State in all its members.'

The theory of individual rights has achieved much for us, but these conquests are not the end, they are but the means to enable us to attain the end. As Mazzini says in another passage: 'Whoever examines things at all seriously, will perceive that the doctrine of individual rights is essentially and in principle only a great and holy protest in favour of humble liberty against oppression of every kind. Its value, therefore, is purely negative. It is able to destroy; it is impotent to construct. It is mighty to break chains; it has no power to knit bonds of co-operation and love.'

The theory of individualism is moreover insufficient; by breaking the bond of continuity between ourselves and the generations who have preceded and will follow us upon earth, it has made devotion to noble ideas, which can never be realized in our existence, but a sublime folly, by annihilating the connecting link between all human ties, and effacing the idea of the progression of collective mankind, it has made martyrdom but a suicide without an object. We wish for more truth and higher ideals than can possibly be realized in our lives. We desire to advance further than is possible for the individual private creature if he relies on his own powers alone. It is because they did not sufficiently identify themselves with humanity that so many of even the greatest intellects have been startled at the disproportion between the object and the means, and have ended by seeing sought but death and annihilation on every side, and have lost all courage

for the conflict. The Ideal has appeared to them like a tremendous irony, and they have therefore contacted themselves with poising out the evil calmly and wisely, and then resigning themselves to trust and wait, or have, as Carlyle, conceived bitterly, and often violently, all those who endeavoured to transform the social state as it exists. What is, they say, and all our endeavours will not alter it before the time decreed—that time God alone determines. They 'attain calmness,' perhaps, 'but it is the calm of inaction, of contemplation, and contemplation here on earth is the selfishness of genius.'

But if we start from the point of view of the collective existence of humanity and regard social life as the development of an idea by the life of all its individuals, if we regard history as the record of the continuous development of humanity in time and space through the works of individuals; if we believe in the co-partnership and mutual responsibility of all people and of all generations, never losing sight of the fact that the life of the individual in his development is a medium fashioned by the labours of all the individuals who have preceded him, and that the powers of the individual are his powers grafted upon those of all foregoing humanity—our conception of life will change—and we shall learn that it is not only our right but our duty to incarnate our thought in action. For it matters little that our individual powers be of the smallest amount in relation to the object to be attained; it matters little that the result of our action be lost in a distance which is beyond our calculation. We know that the powers of millions of men, our brethren, will succeed to the work after us in the same track—we know that the object attained, be it what it may, will be the result of all our efforts combined.

If we regard life from the point of view of the collective existence of humanity we see that we are all responsible to and for one another, that we all live for others, the individual for his family, the family for its country, and the country for humanity. We are all climbing a pyramid, whose base embraces the earth and whose point rises to God. The ascent is slow and painful, and we can accomplish it only by joining hands, by aiding ourselves with our united strength, by closing up our ranks like the Macedonian Phalanx when any of us fall exhausted by fatigue.

Regarding it from this point of view, Mazzini came to the conclusion that 'Life is immortal; but the method and time of evolution through which it progresses is in our own hands. Each of us is,' he says, 'bound to purify his own soul as a temple, to free it from egotism; to set it before himself, with a religious sense of the importance of the study the problem of his own life; to search out what is the most striking, the most urgent need of the men by whom he is surrounded, then to interrogate his own faculties and capacity, and resolutely and unceasingly apply them to the satisfaction of that need. And that examination is not to be undertaken in a spirit of mere analysis, which is incapable of revealing life, and is ever impotent save when assisting or subserving some ruling synthesis; but by hearkening to the voice of his own heart, concentrating all the faculties of his mind to bear upon the point; by the intuition, in short, of a loving soul, fully impressed with the solemnity of life. Young brothers, when once you have conceived and determined your mission within your soul, let thought arrest your steps. Fulfill it with all your strength; fulfil it, whether blessed by love or visited by hate; whether strengthened by association with others, or in the sad solitude that almost always surrounds the martyrs of thought. The path is clear before you; you are onwards, unfaithful to your own future, if, in spite of sorrows and delusions you do not pursue it to the end.'

As possibly there may be some to whom such a prospect may appear too cheerless, I trust I shall be excused if I conclude by quoting the advice given by Romola to little Lillo. The last page but one of Romola begins:—'It is only a poor sort of happiness. . . . if I had never been born.'

OUR WELLINGTON AGENCY.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL

THE OFFICE OF THE
AUCKLAND STAR,
NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC,
AND
NEW ZEALAND FARMER.
IS NOW REMOVED TO
CUSTOM-HOUSE QUAY.

(BETWEEN G.P.O., AND BANK OF AUSTRALIA.)
Where files can be referred to, back numbers obtained, and subscriptions and advertisements will be received by
J. ILOTT,
Manager for the Wellington District.



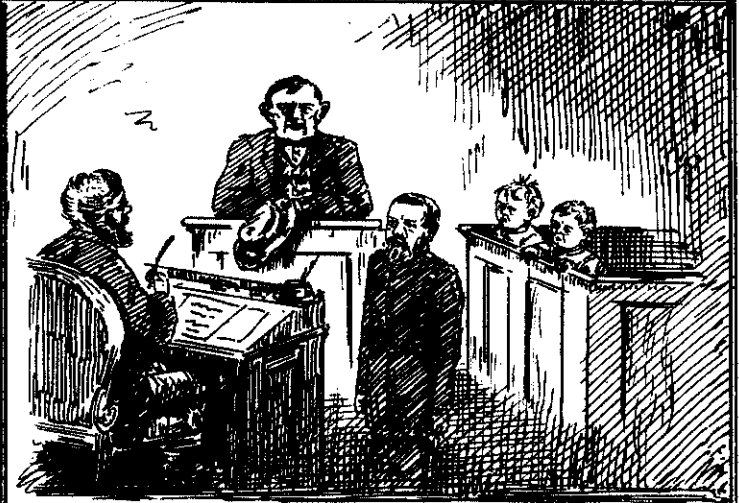
AN ACT OF TRESPASS.

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THE DESERVING POOR

Mr Seddon, stated in the House that "Ministers are not sufficiently paid with their present salaries and allowances".



WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR PARENTS?

The father of the prisoners being called made the usual statement to the effect that the children were utterly "beyond his control". We would suggest as a means towards checking the growing feeling of irresponsibility on the part of some parents, that in place of visiting the "sons of the parents" upon the children, the opposite course should occasionally be adopted of visiting the misdeeds of the children upon the parents.

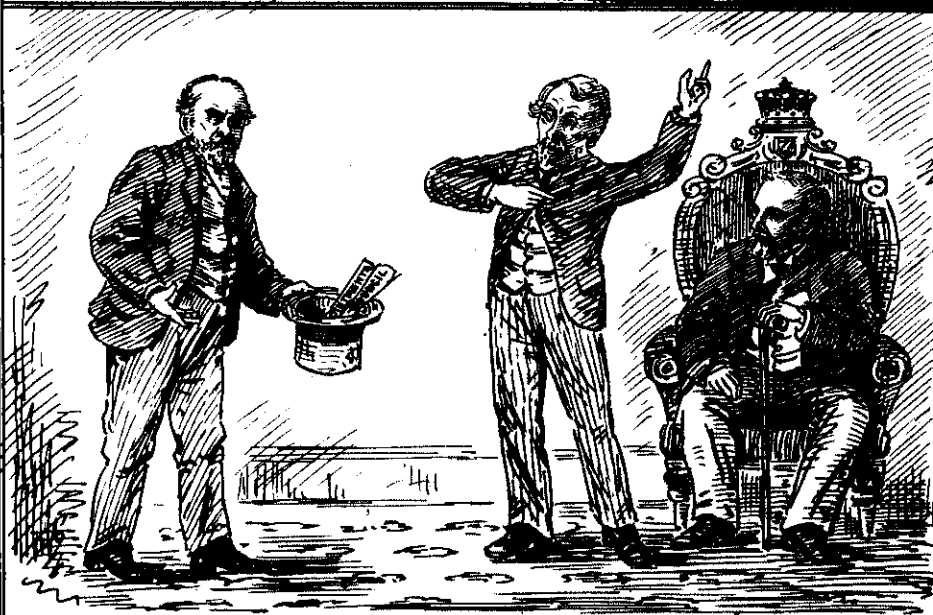
Recent Events



"ONCE MORE INTO THE BREACH 'DEAR' FRIENDS, ONCE MORE" Shakespeare.



Hon. McKenzie as a Political PHOENIX



"CODLIN'S THE FRIEND, NOT SHORT!"

"But while I continue to be called upon to exist, Sir, you must strike at him through me. Hey!" said Mr Pockriff, shaking his head at Martin with indignant jealousy; "and in such a cause you will find me, my young Sir, an Ugly Customer." Dickens - "Martin Chuzzlewit"



THE MARCH OF (MAGRI) CIVILIZATION (seen in Queen St.)

Johny Hunter 2nd Dec 92

GRIM HUMOUR.

A CAPITAL story was once told by Mr Taylor, of Cohoes, who was 'one of the passengers saved from the Central America, when she was lost some thirty odd years ago. He stated how he was in the water about ten hours, and, after floating on a plank with another man, a New Yorker, for about five hours with scarcely a hope remaining of being picked up, his companion remarked to him, in the most nonchalant tone, 'Well, Taylor, where are you going to put up to-night?' That anyone should jest at such a time seems almost incredible, yet innumerable instances abound where-in wit has flashed forth even under the most solemn circumstances.

One of the best illustrations of this is the following:—During the Reign of Terror, the Abbé Maury was seized by the mob, who resolved to sacrifice him. 'To the lamp-post with him!' was the universal cry. The Abbé was in a bad fix, with the mob for his judges—a mob, too, whose tender mercies need no recapitulating—but, with the utmost coolness he said to those who were dragging him along, 'Well, if you do hang me to the lamp-post, will you see any clearer for it?' It saved his life. Grimly humorous was the reply of Dr. Clabbe, who upon his physician, the night before he died, feeling his pulse with much gravity, and observing that it beat more evenly than upon his last visit, said: 'My dear friend, if you don't already know, or have not a technical expression for it, I will tell you what it beats, it beats the dead march.'

Yet another story, in which grim wit plays a conspicuous part, is told of a noted toper in the Stewartry of Kirkcubright, who was well to do in life. He was much troubled with sore eyes, and had been so for many years. On one occasion he sent for an eminent oculist, who, on entering the room, inquired what was wanted. 'Well,' said the sufferer, 'I am troubled with my eyes; you are a skilful man, and I wish to know what will give me relief.' 'Sir,' said the oculist, who was well acquainted with the facts of the case—'I can assure you that if you do not cease to drink whisky, you must lose your eyesight.' 'Ah, weel,' was the sorrowful rejoinder, 'then farewell the light o' day.'

When Rabelais was on his deathbed a consultation of physicians was called. 'Dear gentlemen,' said the wit to the doctors, raising his languid head, 'let me die a natural death.' One of the smartest of the celebrated Bishop Bloomfield's *bon mots* was also made during his last illness. He had inquired what had been the subject of his two Archdeacons' charges, and was told that one was on the art of making sermons, and the other on churchyards. 'Oh, I see,' said the dying Bishop, 'composition and decomposition!'

Among the peculiarities of Selwyn which attracted attention were his love of children and his morbid taste to see death or the dead. Not an execution escaped him, and he is said to have made a journey to Paris to see Damiens broken on the wheel. This last propensity was the subject of many a joke among his intimates, of which the first Lord Holland's was the best. When on his deathbed he was told that Selwyn had called to inquire after him. 'The next time Mr Selwyn calls,' said he, 'show him up; for if I am

alive I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead he will be glad to see me.'

Equally as grimly cynical was the reply of William Taylor (or 'Willie Harrow,' as he was commonly called). Being visited in his last extremity by a clergyman, he was asked if he were prepared for another world. 'Deed, sir,' said Willie, 'I dinna ken if I need trouble myself 'bout it; for if the folk there are like the folk here, they'll pay unco little attention to a pair body like me.'

Sheridan, too, when dying, on being requested to undergo an operation, humorously replied that he had already submitted to two, which were enough for one man's lifetime. Being asked what they were, he answered, 'Having my hair cut, and sitting for my picture.' There is a sly insinuation in the following, which, no doubt, was duly appreciated by the person to whom it was addressed.

'Once,' writes Mr Lawrence Oliphant, 'I was in a Cornish mine, some hundreds of feet down in the bowels of the earth. Crawling down a ladder, and feeling that the temperature was every moment getting warmer, I said to a miner, who was accompanying me, "It is getting very hot down here. How far do you think it is to the infernal regions?" "I don't know exactly," he replied, "but if you let go you will be there in two minutes."

The field of battle has produced many an example of grim humour, and a capital story is told of how, when Sir William Scrope was about to charge with his troop at the famous conflict of Edgehill, at the opening ball of the Parliamentary campaign against Charles I., he said to his young scapegrace of a son, 'Jack, if I should be killed, lad, you will have enough to spend,' to which the witty rogue answered, 'And egad, father, if I should be killed you will have enough to pay.'

'Why are you so melancholy?' asked the Duke of Marlborough of a soldier after the battle of Blenheim. 'I am thinking,' replied the man, 'how much blood I have shed for sixpence.' Another retort of one of the rank and file conveyed a well merited rebuke.

A soldier had his two hands carried off at the wrists by a shot. His colonel offered him a crown. 'Colonel,' replied the man, reproachfully, 'It was not my gloves, but my hands, that I lost.'

Even duelling, too, has discovered men who will jest to the very last, and as an example of grim humour under singularly uncomfortable circumstances, the following would be exceedingly hard to beat. M. de Malsaignes was a determined duellist. Having quarrelled with a brother officer they agreed to fight out the dispute in the very room where it took place, when M. de Malsaignes's adversary managed to run him through the body and nail him against the door. 'This is all very well,' said the transfixed duellist; 'but, pray, how are you to get out?' Dr. Mead and Dr. Woodward fought under the gates of Gresham College. Woodward's foot slipped, and he was at the mercy of his opponent. 'Take your life!' exclaimed Dr. Mead. 'Anything but your physic,' retorted the prostrate man.

Grim humour has often played a conspicuous part in criminal trials, and of the notorious Irish hanging Judge, Lord Norbury, some curious stories are told. A man was

once tried before him for the awful offence of putting out his tongue at a constable. His Lordship ordered him to be whipped on three successive days from the gaol to the market house. When his lordship had concluded, the prisoner exclaimed: 'The devil thank you; that's all ye can do!' Whereupon His Lordship, resuming, said, 'Hold your tongue, sir; how dare you interrupt the judgment of the Court?' and then significantly added, 'and back again.' Of the same Judge it was said that he had never been known to shed a tear but once, and that was during the representation of the 'Beggars' Opera,' when Macheath got a reprieve. It is also related of him that he once asked an eminent special pleader, at the dinner-table, whether the dish near him was hung beef, because, if so, he would try it. 'If you try it, my lord,' was the bitter reply, 'it is sure to be hung.' Lord Braxfield, a Scotch judge, once said to an eloquent culprit at the bar, 'You're a vera clever chiel, mon; but I'm thinking ye wad be nane the wear o' a hangin'.'

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH SINGLE.

I DRAW my chair before the fire,
My dressing gown falls on my knees;
The faithful friends who never tire,
My books, are ranged around to please
The changing mood. In all the shire
No Benedict's so well at ease,
With one thing more my bliss were ripe,
And that I seize my own, my pipe.

The genial Autocrat is near,
And Boswell standing by his side;
There's Fielding, hiding in the rear,
Here Lillywhite and 'Nyren's Guide';
Pendennis, Pickwick, Swift, and here
The frolic Muse's sons abide:
Locker and Praed together stand,
And Dobson ready to my hand.

The bleak wind shrills across the street,
The fire burns up more cheerfully,
What need I Pass, love's bitter sweet?
I am not Miss Blanche Amory.
Well! rest content with one defeat;
No more emotions, thanks, for me!
Or only this, lulled by your purr
To close my eyes and think of Her.

'Tis midnight, and the fire is low,
Hour after hour my thoughts will stray,
And leave my trusty books, and go
Along the well-remembered way.
'Tis better thus, no doubt. Heigho!
There's something wanting, Pusey. Stay!—
I'll write her in the self-same strain,
Perhaps she won't say 'No' again.

THE HABIT OF HEALTH.



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

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

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

PEARS' SOAP

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

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

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

Government House, Wellington.

LADY GLASGOW'S 'AT HOME.'

ONE of the pleasantest dances ever enjoyed at Government House took place on Thursday night. It was an 'At Home' given by Lady Glasgow from nine till twelve o'clock, and was most agreeable. There were, about a hundred guests, and only one ball-room was thrown open for dancing, the others being used for sitting out, as was also the conservatory, which was prettily lit with coloured fairy lamps. The supper was, as usual, served in the dining-room. The decorations were simply perfect. The long corridor was decorated with bamboo plants, fern stumps and other greenery, and the little alcoves on either side of the stairs were prettily furnished and decorated. All the lights in the hall were shaded with rose pink shades, and the drawing-room was prettily lit with maize shaded lamps. Flowers, drapery and greenery were very effectively employed everywhere, and the mantelpieces were massed with hot house plants. King's Band supplied the music. The Reel and Pas de Quatre were very prettily danced. Mrs Alex Boyle, of Christchurch, was among the house party wearing a handsome lemon coloured brocade satin, Watteau train and bodice over a petticoat of soft yellow striped gauze.

THE Earl and Countess received together at the drawing-room door, the latter wearing a magnificent gown of deep old rose satin brocade with naturally coloured flowers. It was made with a very long train, and the bodice was softened with bisuit coloured lace and studded with diamonds. Lady Glasgow also wore her coronet and necklace of diamonds and carried a lovely bouquet and fan. The Ladies Augusta, Alice, and Dorothy Boyle were dressed alike in white mull muslin edged with lace and trimmed with old rose ribbons. Miss Hallows wore a pretty gown of white brocade silk with chiffon sleeves; Miss Sutcliffe wore a pale blue brocade satin trimmed with chiffon, and tiny bunches of pale blue ribbon. Col. Boyle was there looking much better. His Excellency was attended by Capt. Hunter-Blair, Capt. Clayton, the Hon. Ed. Boyle, and Mr Gillington.

AMONG the visitors to Wellington who were present were Mrs Kettle, wearing a lovely pale blue silk gown with train, the angel sleeves and corsage edged with silver fringe and decorated with silver butterflies; and her sister, Mrs James Mills, who wore sage-green silk over a petticoat of sage-green satin, handsomely brocade with pale coloured flowers; Mrs Miller was handsomely dressed in black silk and passementerie, and her daughter in pale blue with vandyked Swiss belt of pink. The Hon. H. J. Miller was also present, and danced the first set of Lancers with the Countess, His Excellency and Mrs Miller being their *ris-a-vis*. Mrs Newman wore a lovely pale grey satin trimmed with silver and pink, and Mrs Walter Johnston wore a handsome black gown trimmed with white silk, embroidered with jet. Mrs Ewart wore white and gold striped gauze, with frills of yellow chiffon, and Miss Tabart, of Christchurch, wore one of the prettiest frocks—of thick white silk, trained, the pearl-edged corselet opening over a full bodice of bright pink chiffon, the Empire sash was also of the chiffon; Miss Rolleston, of Christchurch, was in palest pink, with long crinkled sleeves; and Miss Lucy Studholme wore a lovely pure white silk, very plainly made and trained; Miss Maud Grace wore pale green brocade with basque fringe of daisies and stalks, and her sister was in white with pink roses; Miss Hawkins looked well in white silk made with a train and full blouse bodice; Miss Maud Williams wore pale salmon pink brocade with long pearl basque fringe; Miss E. de Williams, pale grey merveilleux with pink ruching and baby ribbon bows; Miss Hadfield, cream silk with striped velvet bodice edged with pearl embroidery; Miss Ida Cooper, white silk; Miss Medley, pale blue gauze; the Misses Ida and Hilda Johnston, black satin long trained skirts with velvet bodices; Miss Gore, cream striped gauze with short green velvet sleeves and broad Watteau bow, and her sister, shrimp pink gauze; Miss Pynent, lemon surah silk, the bodice and trained skirt edged with flowers; Miss Izard, pink silk with jet Swiss belt and black velvet bows; Miss Dransfield, mauve net and silk embroidered with mauve and mauve Watteau bow; Miss St. Hill (Hawke's Bay), white gauze; Miss Stowe, cream silk; Miss Hart, white; Miss Graham, sea-green silk and white lace, and her sister, black velvet with salmon pink Watteau bow; Miss Griffiths, pale yellow with baby ribbon; Miss Morrab, maize surah silk, trimmed with chiffon, and her sister, white silk trained; Miss Fairchild, bottle green velvet, and her sister, cream; Miss Fancourt, pale blue and silver; Miss Mason, white, edged with gold braid; Miss Rose, mauve; Miss Sutcliffe, pale blue brocade with white lace trimming; Miss Grierson (Dunedin), white silk covered with yellow spotted gauze, yellow velvet ribbons; Miss Medley, pale blue brocade and gauze; Mrs Valentine, handsome thick cream satin with fur trimming, and pale green shot gauze; and her sister, pink with bands of jewelled embroidery;

Miss Reid, white brocade trimmed with lace, and yellow bouquet. Among the gentlemen were the Hon. Lancelot Walker, the Hon. W. Johnston, Drs. Ewart, and Collins, and Messrs Sitwell, Coates (Auckland), Wilson, Duncan, Tronson, Leckie, Besley and Harold (Wanganui), Anson, G. Johnston, Turnbull, Gore, Todd, Gardiner, Woolridge, Baldwin, Cooper, Medley, Seed, Knight, Hodson, Tolhurst, etc. The younger sons were there wearing Et in suite.

HUNTING.

THE Pakuranga Hounds met last week at Mr E. McClean's, 'Bleak House,' Howick, where there was a large number of spectators. A substantial luncheon was given by Mr McClean, and the visitors were warmly welcomed by his niece, Miss Bailey, who made an extremely nice little hostess. Amongst those present driving in a coach and four, were Mrs Upton, Mrs Ware, Mrs Banks, Mrs Hall, Mrs Dawson, Mrs Bull, Mrs Gorrie, Mrs Browning, Mrs Dignan, Misses Bull (two), Banks, etc. Others who drove in various carriages were Mrs Crombie and Mrs Honeyman, Messrs Garrett and Kirkwood, Mrs Ireland and daughters, Mrs Garrett and daughters, Mr Philson and Mrs Biddle, Mrs (Col.) Dawson, and Miss Elliot, Miss Kerr-Taylor and sisters, Mrs McLaughlan and Miss Niccol, Mr Bloomfield and Miss Ball, Misses Rosell, Messrs James, Colbeck, Mrs Walker and daughter, etc. A great number were riding, the usual people who will 'a-hunting go.' Many hares were caught, but not much hunting. Lieutenant Stanfield was seen to disappear into a ditch, horse and all. It was the usual cry—'Too much barbed wire!' The drivers had a very good view of the hunters, as all gates of paddocks were opened, and they could pass through without difficulty. After wandering about till four o'clock they started for Panmure, where very much the same drag was laid by the whipper-in and Mr Stewart as they had the last Saturday, finishing up at Ellerslie Hotel. Lieut. Baird was noticed wandering about trying to catch his horse; the Misses Buckland rode capably, starting well and making a splendid finish, as also did Miss Percival; Mrs Bloomfield did not make a good start, as she was crowded out at the first jump, but she joined in later and made a good finish.

LAND TRANSFER ACT NOTICES.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the parcel of Land hereinafter described will be brought under the provisions of 'The Land Transfer Act, 1885,' unless caveat in the meantime be lodged forbidding the same on or before the 8th October, 1892:—

WILLIAM MCKIMMING.—Lots 5, 6, 21, and 22 of Allotment 5A, Section 7, of the Suburbs of Auckland, containing 1 rood and 8 perches, in the occupation of the Applicant.

Diagrams may be inspected at this office. Dated this 3rd day of September, 1892, at the Lands Registry Office, Auckland.

THEO. KISSLING, District Land Registrar.

THE COURT

OF

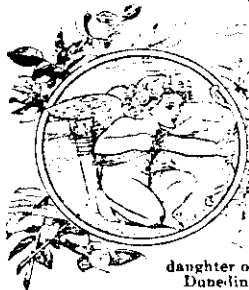
COMMON SENSE.

YOU pay your Tailor for style, your Physician for his skill, and the Teacher of your children for his knowledge of language, literature, or music; and you probably would not object to pay us for our skill and experience in the art of blending Tea; but, as a matter of fact, we give them to you gratis. You can prove it yourself. Compare our Blends with any others offering at the same prices, and let your own palate judge. You are the highest tribunal to which we can appeal; there is no higher court. Will you adjudicate!

EMPIRE TEA COMPANY.

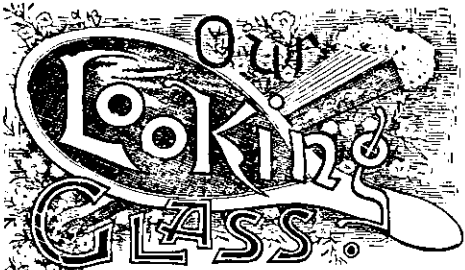
W. & G. TURNBULL & CO.,

PROPRIETORS, WELLINGTON.



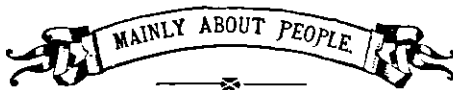
ENGAGEMENTS

THE latest engagement of interest has just taken place between Miss Ethel Roberts, second daughter of Mrs Fitzclarence Roberts, Dunedin, and Mr H. Macandrew, son of the late Hon. J. Macandrew.



At Wellington: Mr. Kohn is wearing a very neat black dress edged around the skirt with broad military braid, which also runs around the bodice and falls in bows and ends at the back, the ends being finished with heavy tassels; with this is worn a stiff black felt hat with large buckle in front and tuft of feathers at the back; Mrs Ferguson is wearing a striped brown woollen dress with felt hat trimmed with brown velvet and feathers; Mrs Oliver, of Dunedin, is wearing a French grey dress with hat trimmed with long natural coloured ostrich feather; Mrs Valentine, of Otago, has a very becoming dress of dark blue made with a vest of white brocade with silver;—In Auckland: Miss Baxter (Ponsonby) looks extremely well in a stylish fawn and brown flaked tweed gown and becoming little hat; Miss Whitson, very pretty brown tweed costume, large brown hat to match; Miss Goodall looks nice in navy blue cloth dress and jacket, pretty little navy blue hat; Mrs T. Mahoney, stylish cinnamon brown costume, hat to correspond; Mrs Harry Keesling, stylish grey and black check gown, the seams of bodice outlined with black piping, pretty little hat to match; Miss Williamson, neat and stylish navy blue costume; Mrs Sydney Nahan, stylish black silk gown, small black jet bonnet brightened with loops of yellow velvet; Mrs Wosp, handsome light brown costume, and beautiful shaded light brown feather bow;—Mrs Hales and family will be leaving Auckland shortly to join Mr Hales, C.E., in Wellington. Mrs Hales will be missed in Benmore, as she has resided there for twelve years, and has always taken a great interest in various charitable works. Her social evenings will long be remembered;—At Christchurch: Some of those present at the Rowing Club Dance were Mesdames Merton, Cook, Chapman and Edgar, the Misses Bell, Cohen, Waton, Machell, Stratton, Budden, Howland, Pappill, Moir and many more. The 'Wahines' met at Mrs Worthy's on Wednesday, and amongst other things a Badminton tournament was played, for which Mr Worthy gave prizes;—In Napier: Miss Ada Ormond appears to be putting in a good time in London and Paris. She has been seen at two or three gatherings of a *recherche* description. Miss Myra Cunningham is looking very pretty in a dark blue costume, most becoming hat; Mrs Gillman was seen in town (she resided here some years ago) looking well in a fawn costume;—In Hastings: Mr Stewart Bridge is at present on a visit at Flaxmere, the charming residence of Captain and Mrs W. R. Russell. The number of our Hastings belles will shortly be augmented, as Mrs Russell is expecting her young daughter, Miss Cara Russell, shortly from England. Mr and Mrs Callender have left Hastings, and have gone to take up their residence at Ormondville. Mrs Graves looks very stylish in a bright red cloak, pretty black hat with upstanding bows of black ribbon. Spring is certainly coming. Miss Pearl Seale is wearing a dark skirt, pretty cotton blouse and sailor hat;—In Hastings: A few of the ladies watching the football match Wellington against Hawke's Bay, were Mesdames Hoadley, Balfour, McLean, King, Tabuteau, Tylee, Logan, Kettle, Cornford, Parker, Sutton, Bower, Margolouth, Shaw, Williams, Tuke, Fraser, Rees, Lusk, Baker, Gore, and the Misses Rhodes, Locke, Cotterill (two), Taylor, Hamlin, Balfour, Simcox, Bower, Tuke, Shaw, Rees (two), Hitchings (three), Wilson, Seymour, McGowan, Chomson, Weber, Warron, and Sutton. Most of the dresses were dark, whilst a good deal of fur was worn, conspicuous amongst all being Mrs King's beautiful white fur boa. At the football match there were, of course, many male spectators, amongst them Mr Gillan (who has since left for Austrailia), and Messrs Pearce, Hughes, Kennedy, Heathcote Williams, McLean, J. A. Fraser (Hastings), Gregory (who is here on a visit from Blenheim), and who is looking so well, Vickerman (Union Bank, Hastings), Robert Braithwaite (Hastings), Gore, Ross, etc.;—

The task of bringing out an illustrated paper in the colonies is at no time an easy one, but it would be well nigh insuperable were it not for the courtesy of photographers all over New Zealand, who send us specimens of their skill in landscape, portraiture, and group taking. From Wellington, Dunedin, Christchurch, and Wanganui, we have received kindness at the hands of eminent photographers. Our views this week of the bushier home are from photos by Morton of Auckland. Our Parliamentary silhouettes are by Wriglesworth and Binna, and the others by the GRAPHIC special photographer.



FOLI seems to have surprised Dunedinites in a moment of indifference. Certainly the weather was awful, and Signor Foli has not had an encouraging opening in New Zealand. Although the audience upon the first night was not so large as might have been expected to welcome one of the representative singers of Great Britain, no more enthusiastic welcome has ever been accorded a vocalist, cries of 'bravo' and cheering following the rendering of his solos, which were magnificent. His first solo was the aria, 'Qui Sdegno,' from Mozart's 'Il Flauto Magico.' His grand singing throughout the concert was a revelation to many. Miss Bertha Rossov, now on her fourth visit to Dunedin, was accorded a very warm greeting, and has throughout the season riveted her claims upon the music-loving people. Miss Emilia Wood, the pianiste who was here with Madame Patey, was also warmly received. Madame Tennyson Cole is a stranger, but made herself liked from the first. Her voice is well trained and sympathetic.

THE foremost Liberal in New Zealand was the happy title which Mr Fergus gave to Sir George Grey, adding that he was 'the highest constitutional authority in the House.'

SIR GEORGE GREY made a long speech upon the Electoral Bill, and, of course, had an admiring audience. If it was announced that he would speak on the advantages to be gained by clipping an egg at the round end, he would no doubt have an immense number of listeners. Listening to him, one is always reminded of the description of Ulysses in the Iliad.

'But when he speaks what elocution flows!
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,
The copious accents fall with easy art,
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart.'

MISS SUTCLIFFE is about to resign her position as one of the governesses at Government House. It is rumoured that the daughter of a well-known doctor is to obtain the vacant post.

A SAD drowning fatality is reported from Hastings. A party consisting of Mrs G. Naumann, Mrs Alexander and child, and little Flossie Alexander left Mr Willie Couper's Station to come to Hastings. The late heavy rains have caused the river to rise considerably, and as the current

appeared very strong at the usual fording place, the driver took the horse and buggy a little lower down the stream. When nearly in the middle of the river the trap capsized, and all the occupants were thrown into the water. Two or three people saw the accident, and at once launched a canoe and went to the rescue. They succeeded in saving everyone except little Flossie, who was washed down the stream. Her body was subsequently recovered by a man named Pyleher. Very great sympathy is felt for the bereaved mother. People cannot be too careful in crossing these Hawke's Bay rivers, the fords are so treacherous they are constantly changing.

MR BICKNELL, the popular accountant of the Union Bank, on leaving Napier for pastures new, was presented by Mr J. H. Kerr, on behalf of himself and staff, and also on behalf of Mr Vickerman, the popular manager of the Hastings branch, who was unavoidably absent, with a very handsome travelling bag, as a mark of their esteem. All the officers of the Bank are sorry to lose Mr Bicknell, and hope he will prosper wherever he may chance to be stationed. Mr Bicknell made a neat little speech, thanking his brother officers for their kind thoughts of him.

OUR Napier correspondent says: 'I regret exceedingly having to tell you of the death of Mr Archibald Bryson, which took place in Hastings-street while he was conversing with a friend. It was terribly sudden, and was due to apoplexy. He was standing in front of the Loan and Mercantile Agency Company's offices at the time the fatality occurred. Very great sympathy is expressed for his widow and children. Mr Bryson was an exceedingly fine man, nearly six feet five inches in height, broad shouldered in fact, massively built. He had been in Napier over thirty years. He came out to New Zealand in 1859 in company with Mr John Dinwiddie in the ship "Caduceus," landing in Auckland. He was fifty-seven years old at the time of his death, and one of the best known men in Napier.'

DOCTOR MACKAY and Mrs Mackay, of Nelson, have been spending a week in Picton. Unfortunately the bad weather prevented any outings, but the Doctor enjoyed his rest, which was the principal object of his visit.

AN excellent organ recital was given by Mr H. Fenton, at Maheno. Of the organ solos, Dankler's well known reverie, 'Au bord de la mer,' and an andante and largo by H. Farmer seemed to afford the most pleasure to the congregation. This talented young player was warmly applauded and congratulated on his wonderfully expressive and successful manipulation of the organ. He plays seven different instruments. Mr Fenton also played for matins

and evensong on Sunday. At the latter service, which was full choral, there was a surprised choir of twenty-two.

MR HEINRICH VON HAAST has returned to Christchurch after a visit to England of about eighteen months. He brings news of many old College boys and other Canterbury friends, and has had a hearty welcome back.

MR JOSEPH RHODES, of Springhill (Napier), has met with a very nasty accident, which will keep him confined to his room for some considerable time. He was riding about his run when his horse backed into a barbed wire fence. On feeling the barbs, the animal turned and dragged her rider's leg against the barbed wire, over about a dozen of the barbs tearing and lacerating the flesh terribly. Mr Rhodes is doing as well as can be expected. The strange part is that Mr Rhodes experiences very little pain, and yet the flesh is torn just as if it had been sawn.

A COMPANY OF STARS.

THE photographic group which appears in this issue, supplies an exceedingly good portraiture of the great artistes of the Royal Italian Opera Company, together with the management of the organization, which is just now delighting and astounding the public with such singing as has never before been heard in Auckland. The identity of each artist will be readily discernible from the letterpress key beneath it. It need only be said that Signora Cuttica is the *prima donna assoluta* and the possessor of a phenomenal voice of the most perfect culture. Signorina Mattioli is the *secunda donna*, with a voice of mezzo quality, while Miss Clarice Brabazon is the gifted young pianist, and a native of Auckland. Signor Cuttica is the *prima tenor*; Signor Sisco and Iorio baritones. Signor Travaglini a great bass, and Signor Rebottaro flautist, a delightful coadjutor to Signora Cuttica in the obligations to her wonderful bird-like cadenzas. The Company are by this time well known to the Auckland public, and this presentation of their identity will no doubt prove most acceptable to our readers. Messrs James MacMahon, W. Jenkins, and A. Middleton are familiar to all New Zealand amusement lovers.

TUNNEL ILLUMINATION.

AN installation of electric light is being laid down in the Batignolles tunnel just outside the Gare St. Lazare, at Paris, that is likely to be as useful as it is original. For a long time past the public have been agitating either for a removal of the tunnel or for its efficient lighting, not only on the ground of its being a positive eyesore to the twenty-four millions of passengers who pass through it every year, but also because recent events have proved that the tunnel constitutes a serious danger to the workmen on the railway. The Compagnie de l'Ouest expressed itself willing to consider any satisfactory system of illumination, and it has definitely resolved upon adopting that invented by Mr Brochon. Under this system, 900 incandescent lamps will be disposed along the tunnel, 150 along each side of the three sections. They will be placed at a height of 4.80m. above the rails, which would put them beyond reach of any obstacle. Each lamp will be enclosed in a strong sheet iron box, and the light will be thrown on the wall by means of a powerful reflector. This light will be received by plates of burnished tin, covered with glass, which will be placed at a height of two metres. These will in turn reflect a soft and agreeable light into the carriages. Obviously, if these lamps were constantly in use their cost would be something considerable, so in order to economise as much as possible, the lamps will be automatically lighted by the train, and only that part of the two walls directly opposite the train will be at one time illuminated. But as the sudden change from brilliant light to darkness would constitute a danger to the workmen, it is proposed to place twenty lamps overhead in each section of the tunnel, and these will be kept permanently lighted. It is also intended to introduce a novel feature for the benefit of the passengers. Besides a limited number of advertisements, reading matter will be provided along each side of the tunnel. By an automatic process, quotations on the Bourse, the latest news telegrams, winners of horse races, and other matters of interest will be displayed, and as the train slows down before entering the tunnel, it is easy for the passengers to read what is exposed to their view. In this way they would obtain information that otherwise would not be available until some hours afterwards.



Hanna.

ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY.—SEE PAGE 899.

Photo. Auckland.

FRONT ROW.—1. SIGNOR IORIO; 2. SIGNORA CUTTICA; 3. MISS CLARICE BRABAZON; 4. SIGNORINA MATTIOLI; 5. SIGNOR TRAVAGLINI.
BACK ROW.—1. MR W. O. JINKINS; 2. SIGNOR CUTTICA; 3. SIGNOR REBOTTARO; 4. SIGNOR SISCO; 5. MR A. MIDDLETON; 6. MR JAMES MACMAHON.

MRS. GAINSBOROUGH'S DIAMONDS.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I. The Gainsborough family diamonds are reset by Herr Rudolf, a lapidary in Paris. Tom Gainsborough is to carry them to his mother in Rome. II—A chance hotel acquaintance of Tom's, Mr. Birchmore, takes an interest in the gems. III—Tom goes via Germany and Switzerland. At Dresden he makes another chance acquaintance, Miss Birchmore, on the way to Switzerland to meet her father. IV—Tom and Miss Birchmore travel in company, and at Schandau, Saxony, light upon Mr. Birchmore and his villainous-looking valet, Slurk. Tom is in love with Kate and displays the diamonds. V—Birchmore hints at dark family secrets involving Kate. Tom goes with the Birchmores to a lovely farm house and there meets Christina Rudolf, sister of the Paris lapidary.

CHAPTER VI

[CONTINUED.]

"Good morning, honored Herr Gainsborough," she said gravely in German as I entered.

"Good morning, pretty maiden," returned I, gallantly. "You seem to know my name, though I don't know yours—what is it?"

"I am called Christina—Christina Rudolph. It is some time since I have known Herr Gainsborough's name," she added.

"Really? how comes that?" I asked, by no means displeased.

"The honored Herr has been kind to a relation of mine—a very near relation," replied Christina, with the same gravity.

"Have I? I'm glad to hear it. Was she as pretty as thou?" inquired I, venturing upon the familiar form of address.

She blushed and answered: "It was not a woman—it was my brother."

"Oh, thy brother? And where did I meet thy brother?"

"In Paris, Herr Gainsborough."

"In Paris? Rudolf? What art thou the sister of Heinrich Rudolph, who lives in the Latin Quarter and is considered the cleverest jeweler in the city?"

"Yes, honored Herr," returned Christina, smiling for the first time and showing her pretty teeth and a dimple on either cheek. "My brother Heinrich cut and arranged the diamonds in the parure of the honored Herr's mother."

"So he did, Christina, and he did it better than any one except him could have done it. And so thou art really his sister? How did he tell thee of me?"

"He wrote to me while you were still in Paris and described the pretty stones, and told how Herr Gainsborough used to come and sit with him and see him work and talk a great deal with him."

"Yes, he was well worth talking with. And I remember now that he said he was born in this neighborhood, and that he had a sister and a father living here. It was stupid of me not to have thought of that when I heard your name. Well, Christina, I'm afraid I wasn't of much use to him after all. I tried to get him customers but I knew very few people in Paris, and the only person I did succeed in introducing to him—By the way, it was this gentleman who is with me now."

"Herr Birchmore; yes, my brother spoke also of him," said Christina, her gravity returning. "But he did not speak of the young lady or of the servant."

"No, I believe they weren't with him at the time. I only met them myself since I came to Schandau."

"The young lady is Herr Birchmore's wife?"

"His wife? Dear heavens, no! His daughter, of course, Christina."

Christina said nothing, being occupied in neatly smoothing out the pillow and laying the wadded counterpane over the sheet.

"Will Herr Gainsborough stay with us long?" she asked after a pause.



"Herr Gainsborough, his diamonds with him."

"As long as Herr Birchmore does, I suppose," said I carelessly.

"And Herr Birchmore's daughter?" inquired Christina with a twinkle of mischief, so demure that I could hardly be sure whether she meant it or not.

"Thou art as clever as thy brother, Christina," I laughed, coloring a little, too, however. I dare say "It is true, I have not known them long, but—people see a good deal of one another in traveling together."

"I have heard it said that traveling makes people acquainted with"—she paused and looked down thoughtfully at her bare feet. Presently she lifted her blue eyes straight to mine and asked, "Herr Gainsborough has his diamonds with him?"

"Undoubtedly! They are never away from me."

"In going about this place the Herr should be cautious. Some of these hills and valleys are very lonely. There are spots not far from here where no one goes for sometimes many months."

"Well, I'll be very careful, Christinchen," I rejoined laughing, and in truth not a little amused at the care my friends took of me. "But thou must remember that no one in Germany, except Herr Birchmore and his daughter and thyself, knows that any such diamonds as these are in existence—much less that they are in my pocket!"

Christina raised her finger to her lips, as if to caution me to speak lower. "There is at least one other who knows—the man Slurk!" she said.

"Well, perhaps he may," I replied, somewhat struck by her observation.

"and as I see thou hast taken a dislike to the fellow, I will confide to thee that I consider him an atrocious brute. But, brute though he is, there's no harm in him of that kind. He is an old servant of Herr Birchmore, I believe, and would of course be dismissed at once if there were anything serious against him."

"Naturally!" was all Christina's answer; she made no pretense of arguing the point with me. "Adieu, honored sir," she said at the door. But, with her hand upon the latch, she paused, turned around and added, rather confusedly, "Will Herr Gainsborough go on any expedition with his friends today?"

"Why, I hardly think so, Christina."

"But tomorrow, perhaps?" she persisted, lifting her blue eyes to mine again.

"Perhaps," I admitted with a smile.

"Then—if he can trust me—would the Herr mind leaving the diamonds with me until he comes back again?"

"Nay, Christinchen, I cannot give them up, even to thee, and although I trust thee as much as thy brother or myself, but thou mightst lose them, and, if they are to be lost at all, I would

rather the responsibility should be mine. Besides," I continued, showing my revolver. "I go always with this. But I thank thee all the same, Christinchen, and I would like to do something—to—" I stepped toward her, the fact is, I suppose I meant to kiss her. But her expression changed in a manner not encouraging to such an advance; she looked both grave and hurt and I paused.

"I was going to say—if thou wouldst like to see the diamonds, it would give me great pleasure to show them to thee."

"Many thanks, honored sir; I would rather not." And, with a formal courtesy, the fair haired little maid opened the door and disappeared, leaving me feeling rather foolish.

"The pretty peasant has a pride of her own," I said to myself as I opened my trunk and got out my writing materials. "She's actually offended because I wouldn't constitute her guardian of thirty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds. Good gracions! why that father of hers, if I know anything of faces, would cut all our throats for as many groschen. But what an unmistakable scamp my friend Slurk must be to have aroused the suspicions of such an innocent, unsophisticated little creature as Christinchen! By Jove, though, anybody might be suspicious of a leer and a souch like his! What if there should be anything in it? Just suppose such a thing for a moment, eh? It's impossible, to be sure, but the impossible does sometimes happen. How on earth did Birchmore ever happen to have such a fellow about him? I tell you I've always had a notion that he may be at the bottom of all this mystery that Birchmore and Kate are so much exercised by. Now what if he—but pshaw!"

"There's one thing I'm resolved to do, however," I continued to myself, as I settled down with the paper, pens and ink at the table in the window. "I'll buttonhole Birchmore this very afternoon, and get out of him everything he knows about his precious valet. It can do no harm to have the matter cleared up. The thing is absurd, of course, still the situation out here is rather lonely, and with two such lovely neighbors as Papa Rudolph and Slurk—par noble fratrum—it may be well to be on the safe side. Yes, that shall be cleared up today!"

Having arrived at this sapient determination, I set to work writing my letters, and scribbled away diligently for an hour or two. At length, as I was looking vacantly up from my paper, at a loss for something interesting to set down upon it, my eyes happened to rest upon the pane of my open window.

Like nearly all German windows, it opened inward on hinges, instead of running up and down in grooves. The pane on my left, therefore, having the dark room as a background, acted as a mirror of the sunlit landscape outside on the right, showing me a portion thereof which was directly invisible to me from where I sat, and to any person standing in which I must myself be invisible.

Now, my window was on the southern side of the house, which fronted westward on the road. On the opposite side of the road was a narrow strip of land planted with vegetables, and above this rose the abrupt side of a hill, ascended by a winding path partly hidden by the trees. I could not see this hill and path without leaning out of the window and looking toward the right; but a considerable part of it was reflected in my window pane mirror and could thus be readily observed without rising from my chair. Happening then as I said, to cast my eyes upon this mirror, I saw two persons standing together on the path upon the hillside and conversing in a very animated manner.

I had no difficulty in recognizing them; they were Mr. Birchmore and his valet. So far there was nothing surprising in the spectacle. That which did surprise and even astonish me, however, was the mutual bearing of the two men toward each other.

I have already mentioned the pre-emptory tone in which Mr. Birchmore uniformly addressed the man Slurk and the generally overbearing attitude he assumed toward him, but in the conversation now going forward all this was changed. To judge by appearance, I should have said that Slurk was the

master and Mr. Birchmore the valet.

The former was gesticulating loudly and evidently laying down the law in a very decided and autocratic way. His square, ungainly figure seemed to dilate and take on a masterful and almost hectoring air, while Mr. Birchmore stood with his hands in his coat pockets, nondemonstrative and submissive, apparently accepting with meekness all that the other advanced, and only occasionally interpolating a remark or a suggestion to which Slurk would pay but slight or impatient attention. Both were evidently talking in a low tone, for, though they were not more than fifty or sixty yards from where I sat, I could not catch a single word, or even so much as an inarticulate murmur, unless by deliberately straining my ears. But I did not need nor care to hear anything, what I saw was quite enough to startle and justify me.

After a few minutes the two interlocutors moved slowly on up the path and were soon beyond the field of my mirror. But the unexpected scene which I had witnessed did not so soon pass out of my mind.

I got up from my table and began walking about the room with the restlessness of one who cannot make his new facts tally with his preconceived ideas. Who and what was Slurk, and how had he obtained ascendancy over a man like Birchmore? Certainly it could not be a natural ascendancy. Birchmore must have put himself in the other's power. In other words, Slurk must be blackmailing him. And this was the trouble, was it—this was the mystery? It was an ugly and awkward business, certainly, but the main question remained after all unanswered. What was it that Birchmore had done to give Slurk a hold upon him? and had that act, whatever it was, compromised his daughter along with him?

For now that I gathered up in my memory all the hints and signs which had come under my notice in relation to this affair, I could not help thinking that Kate's attitude had in it something suggestive of more than mere filial sympathy with her father's misfortune. In that misfortune or disgrace she had a personal and separate, in addition to a sympathetic, share. And yet in what conceivable way could a low villain like Slurk fasten his grip upon a pure and spotless young girl? And what a hideous thought—that such a girl should be in any way at his mercy! The more I turned the matter over in my mind the more ugly did it appear. No wonder that father and daughter had warned me away.

Some men in my position, having seen thus far, might have shrunk back and given up the enterprise. But I was not in that category. I was more than ever determined to see the adventure, to its end—nay, to gain my own end in it too. The conditions of the contest were at all events narrowing themselves down to recognizable form. It was to be a trial of strength mainly between myself and Slurk—between an educated, plucky Englishman and a base German ruffian—between one, moreover, who had right, moral and legal, on his side and love as his goal—and one armed only with underhand cunning and terrorism, and aiming at nothing higher than the extortion of money. This was the way I read the situation, and I flattered myself that I was equal to the emergency.

Upon consideration, however, I decided to alter my intention of asking Mr. Birchmore about his valet. It was tolerably clear that he was not in a position to give me any information, and, besides, I had already learned everything except the particulars. Those particulars, if I did not succeed in discovering them unaided, must be extracted from Kate. She would not withhold them from me if I questioned her resolutely and directly, enforcing my inquiries with disclosure of the knowledge I had already obtained. This, then, should be my next step. I sealed up my letters, locked them in my desk and, it being now nearly seven o'clock, I went down to supper.

CHAPTER VII

But at supper there was no Kate. Mr. Birchmore and I were served by Christina, while the voices of Slurk and our landlord could be heard in the kitchen.

my conversation was naturally somewhat constrained. Mr. Birchmore had a good deal to say about some excursion which he had in view for the morrow but I failed to pay very close attention to his remarks. Once, however, I caught Christina's eyes fixed upon me, and smiled as I remembered her warnings respecting the supposed danger of solitary rambles.

After supper I felt more restless than ever. Mr. Birchmore brought out his invariable cigars, expecting me to join him in a smoke; but I was not in the mood for it, neither did I feel at ease in his company until things should have been to look a little more comprehensible. I left him, therefore, and wandered aimlessly about outside the house exploring the farmyard and buildings and then coming around to the road, and jacking up and down on a beat about a quarter of a mile in length. It was a clear, moonlight night, and so warm as to be almost oppressive. At length I returned to the house, it being then after nine o'clock. Mr. Birchmore had apparently retired, Christina was nowhere to be seen, so I got a lamp from my sister's bedroom and found my way without much difficulty to my own chamber.

The warmth within doors was still more oppressive than outside. I opened both the windows, drew up my bed between them and placed the table with the lamp on it near the bed's head. I had previously thrown off my coat and waistcoat and laid them across one end of the table. The diamonds were still in the pocket of the coat, I intended taking them out before going to sleep and putting them under my pillow or in some equally secure place. My revolver I also placed beside the lamp. Then having provided myself with a book out of my trunk and drawn the bolt of the door, I reclined on the outside of the bed and began to read.

I could not, however, fix my mind upon the page. First my attention and then my eyes would wander. I took a futile and absurd interest in scrutinizing all the details of the room. I recollect them distinctly now. The walls were not papered, but the plaster was washed over with a dark gray tint which rubbed off on the fingers, and the uniformity of which was relieved by vertical bands of dull red, painted at intervals of about five feet from floor to ceiling. The ceiling was low—about eight feet from the floor—and whitewashed. In one corner stood the china stove, a glistening, pallid structure of plain tiles, built up four square nearly to the top of the room.



I rose from my bed and laid my hand gently on her wrist.

On the side of the room opposite the two windows and the bed was fastened a tall looking glass, formed of three plates set one above the other, edge to edge, in such a manner as painfully to cut up and distort whatever was reflected in them. In front of the looking glass was a hilltopian washstand and beside it a straight legged chair without rings—in a word a room more utterly devoid of every kind of picturesque or ornamental attraction could not be imagined, yet I could not keep my eyes from vacantly traversing and retraversing its vacancy. The door was behind me, as I lay turned toward the little table on which the lamp stood, but I could see the free edge of it brokenly reflected in the mirror, with the cracked black porcelain latch handle and the iron bolt which I had shot into its place.

I was anything but sleepy, the beat

and the pest of midges and beetles which the night attracted in through the windows would have sufficed to keep me awake even had my mind been at ease. In order to dispense the insects I finally extinguished the lamp, the moonlight in the room was so bright that I could almost have seen to read by it. I closed the book, however, and clasping my hands under my head I gave myself up to meditation. Not a sound of any kind was audible except the muffled ticking of the watch in my waistcoat pocket and the faint rattle of the pillow as I breathed. The white moonlight seemed to augment the stillness, the whole great night and the house with it seemed silently and intently listening and at length I found myself listening intently too! For what I could not tell, but I listened nevertheless.

By and by I fancied a sound came—a sound from somewhere within the house. It was a very faint sound and did not come again but it was such as might have been caused by the light pressure of a foot in one of the passages outside. Instinctively I reached forth my hand and laid hold of my revolver, but I did not rise from the bed nor otherwise alter my position. I still lay as if asleep, with the revolver in one hand the other beneath my head and my eyes fixed upon the edge of the door, which was obscurely visible in the mirror.

Several minutes passed thus, and there was no return of the noise. Then I saw the handle of the door move and turn. The latch clicked slightly, the door, bolted though it was, opened as if on oiled hinges admitting an indistinct figure in a long robe of soft gray. So much I saw in the mirror. Then the door was closed again and the figure, advancing toward the bed, ceased to be reflected in the glass. It advanced close to the bed, and paused there a moment; I could hear its deep regular breathing. All this time I had not moved, but lay with my back turned feigning slumber.

Presently the figure passed around the foot of the bed and came up the other side. The full white light of the moon fell upon it. It was Kate, as I had known it was from the first moment she entered the room. She was clad in a dressing gown of soft flowing material, which was fastened at the throat and trailed on the ground. It had wide sleeves, one of which fell back from the bare, smooth arm and hand that carried a lamp. The lamp was not lighted. Her black hair hung down on her shoulders, and on each side of her pale face. Her eyes were wide open but fixed and vacant. Her breathing was long and measured, as of one sound asleep.

She put the lamp down on the table beside mine, and then stood quite still in the moonlight, her face wholly expressionless and without motion. It was an appalling thing to see her thus. I, too, remained motionless, but it was because I knew not what to do. To awaken her might bring on the worst consequences. If she were not disturbed, she might possibly retire as quietly and unconsciously as she had come. But the mystery of her being there at all appeared utterly inexplicable. What had led her, in her trance, to visit my room? How had she ever known where it was? What had she dreamed of doing here, and above all how had she contrived to enter through a bolted door with as much ease as though she had been a spirit? Perhaps this was but a spirit—or a phantom of my own brain! Was I awake?

She stretched out her hand, not following its motion with her eyes, but mechanically, and, as it were, involuntarily. She laid it on my coat—on the pocket which contained the diamonds. Then slowly and deliberately, and still with averted face and eyes and that long drawn, slumberous breathing, she unbuttoned the fastenings one after one, and her soft, tapering fingers closed upon the case.

Meanwhile my mind had been rapidly canvassing all the pros and cons of action, and I had come to the conclusion that it would be better for her that I should interfere. Of my personal interest in the matter I believe that I did not think, indeed knowing that the diamonds would not be lost, there was no reason why I should. But it would not do to risk compromising Kate. It was

dangerous enough that she should be here at all, but that she should carry away the diamonds with her was inadmissible. I rose from my bed and laid my hand gently on her wrist.

She was no spirit, but warm flesh and blood. For a few moments the restraint in which I held her seemed to baffle and distress her, I fancied I could feel her pulse beat under my fingers, a kind of spasm crossed her face, her eyelids quivered and the eyes moved in their sockets. Then her breathing became irregular and caught in her throat in a kind of sob. The moment of awakening was evidently at hand, and I dreaded its coming, lest she should scream out and rouse the house. But fortunately she uttered no sound. Slowly speculation grew within her eyes, she fixed them on me, first with an expression of strange pleasure, soon changing to bewilderment and fear. Then with a cry that was none the less thrilling because it was a whisper she drooped forward into my arms. It was a delicious moment for all its peril.

"You are perfectly safe," I whispered in her ear, "only make no noise."

"Tom," she said, suddenly freeing herself from my arms and putting a hand on either shoulder, while her wild, black eyes searched my face, "you understand—you don't think?"

"Of course I understand, my poor darling!"

"What shall I do—what shall I do? Let me kill myself!"

With a motion swift as the glide of a serpent she reached toward the revolver, which I had left on the bed. I was barely in time to catch her arm. The look in the girl's face at that moment was terrible.

"Let me!—I will!"

"Hush, Kate! You never shall."

"Oh what shall I do?" she murmured again slipping down on her knees and running both hands through her thick, black hair. "Tom, if you love me you will kill me!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PRINCE'S LOVE LETTERS.

Sent to His Fiancee by a Discarded Sweetheart.

The Crown Prince of Roumania is like many other men in at least one particular—his old love letters come back on him. And they seem to have come back on him bad. He has had a checkered career with the sex. They were fixing up an engagement for him with a European princess when he fell desperately in love with an



PRINCESS MARIE, MILLE VACARESCO.

untitled lady, Mile Vacaresco. Now he is engaged to Queen Victoria's granddaughter, and the Vacaresco is sending his fiancee the tender missives he lately wrote to her.

The queen of Roumania is known to literature as Carmen Sylva, and the Vacaresco was a protege of hers. Her nephew, Crown Prince Ferdinand, seems to be easily swayed, and as his aunt approved of his love he was terribly enthusiastic in it, but the government, his royal uncle included, kicked most savagely, and he consented to give her up. They succeeded in making a brilliant engagement for him, but the Vacaresco is talented and is having an exquisite revenge.

Of Princess Marie Alexandra Victoria of Edinburgh little is known, except that she is a pretty, high spirited young lady of "sweet seventeen." She is the eldest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, was born at Eastwell park, Kent, on the 25th of October, 1873, and baptized at Windsor on the 15th of December of the same year. Queen Victoria is delighted with the match, and Roumania has gone wild over it. Meanwhile Mile Vacaresco, without title and with very little money, probably feels spiteful enough. She sends the love letters along at intervals judiciously calculated to keep the princess in a state of mind all the time. The British court can find no precedent on which to proceed.

The Lepers of Siberia.

Is there to be no end of horrors in Russia? Kennan had scarcely finished telling us about Siberia when the famine came,

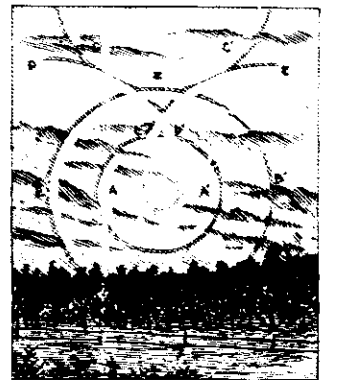
and now Kate Marsden, the noted English Red Cross sister, has come back from Siberia with a story of the lepers there which simply makes the heart sick. She says they are driven to wretched "fourtes" half built, half excavated from the ground, and in these shelters the lepers must live, without any clothing except a few miserable old sheepskins, all through the rigors of the Siberian winter and the tropical heat of the summer.

These "fourtes" are always in the most distant parts of the forest, and are hundreds of versts apart, so that anything like superintendence on the part of the authorities is out of the question. The sole food of the lepers is the bark of trees and small quantities of rotten fish, which their relatives from time to time deposit for them at short distances from the huts. Many are blind and some insane. They are of all ages and in all stages of disease, and in many instances their condition is such that they have lost all semblance of humanity. Incredible as it may appear, some of them have dragged out a loathsome existence in this state for twenty years.

SOLAR AND LUNAR HALOS.

An Unusually Large and Beautiful Solar Halo Observed in Switzerland.

The accompanying cut represents a remarkable solar halo observed by a correspondent of *La Nature*, M. Philippin, in the environs of Neuchâtel, Switzerland, on the 25th of March. The morning was foggy, but, as it gradually cleared away, the sun was observed to be surrounded by a circle (A) showing the usual colors of the rainbow. A few moments later another con-



A REMARKABLE SOLAR HALO.

centric halo (B B) appeared, followed by an arc of a circle tangent to it (C C) and following this two smaller arcs (D D and E E). The point Z was exactly in the zenith, and was of an unusual and remarkable luminosity. All of the circles and arcs were as brilliantly colored as any rainbow. After a short time the halo faded away, the various circles disappearing in a reverse order to that in which they appeared, that is the arc D vanished first and A last. The halo lasted for over an hour, the luminous point Z being the last portion to disappear, and persisting for nearly two hours.

Popular Science News, to which we are indebted for the foregoing, says that although solar and lunar halos are not uncommon they are rarely seen as perfect as the one here described. They are formed by the refraction and reflection of light through drops of water or crystals of ice in the upper atmosphere, in a similar way to the ordinary rainbow. They are generally considered to indicate rainy weather, and in many cases they may do so, as they certainly indicate the presence of an excess of moisture in the air under conditions favorable to precipitation. The old superstition that the number of stars included in a lunar halo indicates the number of days before the storm will be due has, of course, no foundation in fact. "Sun dogs," or mock suns, are similar phenomena to the solar halos, where certain points—like Z, for instance—are very bright and the connecting circles so faint that they are not easily seen. These conditions result in an apparent increase in the number of suns in the heavens, and are referred to by ancient writers as a most frightful omen and a prognostication of great evils to come.

Up to the Times.

"How old is your coat of arms?" asked Mrs. Dimling of Mrs. Freshbrox.
"Old!" replied Mrs. Freshbrox, with some feeling. "Why, we had that coat of arms made to order."

Sad.

Of all sad things that tongue or pen,
How sad it is to find
When you have paid a two hours' call
That the was up behind!



MISS KATE MENDELSON TO MR SELIG.
VERY interesting wedding took place in the Jewish Synagogue, Dunedin, recently, the bride being Miss Kate Mendelsohn, daughter of Mr L. Mendelsohn, and the groom, Mr P. Selig, who is attached to the editorial staff of the Weekly Press, Christchurch. The building was crowded despite the rain, and was beautifully decorated by the young ladies of the choir, Miss Mendelsohn being for many years a leading soprano. The bride was dressed in a lovely gown of rich white silk made with a very long train, a tall veil fastened with orange blossoms, and carried a lovely bouquet of white camellias and maiden-hair fern. She wore a unique brooch, the gift of the bridegroom, inscribed with his name and the date. Two sisters, Misses Bertha and Annie Mendelsohn, were the bridesmaids, and looked remarkably well in cream serge gowns trimmed with gold lace, with large cream felt hats with plumes.

PUNCTUALLY at two o'clock the bridal party arrived, and took up their position under the silken canopy, which was held by Masters Lichenstein (two), Newman, and Arndt. The Rev. A. Chodowski, of Christchurch, officiated, whilst Mr Hawkins, R.A.M., was organist. The groomsmen were Messrs Mark Cohen, of the Dunedin Star, and J. Mendelsohn.

MR AND MRS MENDELSON were present, the latter wearing a grey cashmere with handsome satin brocaded trimmings, with bonnet to match; Mrs C. Selig was attired in a black corded silk, with cream and gold vest and trimmings, bonnet to match.

A LARGE 'At Home' was held at 'Viewmont' in the afternoon (the residence of Mr and Mrs L. Mendelsohn), at which over one hundred guests were present. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent, during which about sixty congratulatory telegrams were received from all parts of New Zealand.

MISS FRANCES SMITH TO MR JOHN WEMYSS.
An event interesting to Picton people took place on Thursday, 25th August, when Miss Frances Smith, eldest daughter of Mr G. A. Smith, of Picton, was united in holy matrimony to Mr John Wemyss, of Blenheim. The bride's parents being amongst some of the earliest residents of Picton, much interest was taken in the event, and many handsome presents testified to the esteem in which the bride and her family are held. Two of the presents were a richly-bound Bible and Prayer-book from the teachers and children attending the Presbyterian Sunday-school, amongst whom she has laboured from earliest childhood.

THE marriage took place at the residence of the bride's parents, and was performed by the Rev. R. J. Allsworth, Presbyterian minister. The bride looked charming in a handsomely embroidered Indian muslin, with demi-train, jacket bodice, with puffed sleeves, braces, and Swiss belt of sarah silk, and long tulle veil reaching the ground fastened with a lovely spray of orange blossom. The bouquet was of white camellias, snow flakes, and adiantum capillus veneris. The bride also wore a handsome pearl brooch, the gift of the bridegroom.

THE bridesmaids were Miss Charlotte Smith, sister of the bride, in embroidered white nainsook, and heliotrope sash and ribbons, and Miss Lizzie Wemyss, sister of the bridegroom, in a costume of fawn cloth, each of them wearing a pretty bar and horseshoe gold brooch, gifts from the bridegroom. The wedding was a very quiet one, only relations being present. The newly-married couple drove to Blenheim—where they intend to reside—the same evening, the going-away dress being of soft navy blue serge, with hat to match the costume. The Picton folks wish the happy pair bon voyage on their journey through life.

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. COCKER'S FAMILY HOTEL, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND. PATRONISED BY HIS EXCELLENCY LORD ONSLLOW. Five minutes from Rail and Post. The most moderate first-class Hotel in Australasia. inclusive tariff per day, 10s 6d. Ditto per week, £3 10s 6d. THOMAS POPHAM, Late Commander U.S.B. Co. Proprietor.

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SOCIETY GOSSIP.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE. SEPTEMBER 6. The usual monthly dance in connection with the PONSOMBY 'AT HOME'.

took place on Friday evening in the Ponsobly Hall. Amongst the pretty costumes worn I may mention Miss Devere, beautiful black silk gown; Mrs Dufaur wore a hand-some black silk gown relieved with blue; Mrs Massee d. handsome black and violet rose silk gown; Mrs Clarke, pretty cream and gold gown; Mrs Cotter, handsome black and red costume; Mrs Emper, rich black silk gown; Mrs Buchanan, looked nice in cream; Mrs Hughes, handsome black costume; Miss Dixon looked pretty in amber net finished with scarlet poppies; Miss Back, pretty pale pink gown; Mrs. ... (text continues with many names and descriptions of dresses)

PONSOMBY SOCIAL UNION

dance held in the (odd-fellows' Hall, proved one of the most successful of a pleasant series. Masters of Ceremonies—Messrs W. J. Ross and S. H. Hanna—performed their duties with the utmost satisfaction to all. The extras were nicely played by Mr. Morrin, Miss Court, and Mr W. Neumeister. Mrs Hanna wore black silk trimmed with jet; Mrs Rogers, handsome black silk gown; Mrs Morrin, elegant grey mervelleux trimmed; Mrs. ... (text continues with many names and descriptions of dresses)

DRESSES WORN AT MRS EDWIN HENKETH'S DANCE.

Mrs Henketh received her guests in a hand-some black silk dress covered with black lace, and prettily trimmed with white flowers. Miss Hesketh looked extremely lovely in a white net gown, trimmed with ribbon to match, ostrich feather in hair, her sisters were very striking frocks, one pink and the other in yellow, which suited them admirably. Mrs W. Bloomfield was as charming as ever in lovely white satin with clusters of white flowers, large feather fan on suite; Miss M. Gould, black, prettily relieved with red; Miss Hardie, cream silk; her sister, white and gold; Miss Colbeck, handsome yellow gown; Miss Ireland, was stylish in black; Miss Jackson, black and white; Miss Banks looked nice in black with cream chiffon frills; Miss Blanch, white muslin; Miss Elliott was very pretty in a beautiful gown of cream silk; Miss Whitson, cardinal; the Misses K. Taylor looked exceedingly well in elegant gowns of the new terra-cotta shade, made with Watteau back and trimmed with cream lace; Miss Bailey, cream; Miss Wor-p, rich brocaded white silk; Miss Heywood, rose silk with white lace; her sister, black and yellow; the Misses Law, pale blue; Miss Van Turner, pretty red and gold dress; Miss Jerois, green gown; Mrs. ... (text continues with many names and descriptions of dresses)

white; Miss Walker, pale pink; Miss McDonald, dark shade of blue; Miss Herold, black, etc.

LODGE ARA'S JUBILEE BALL.

Mrs G. S. Graham wore a very beautiful cream brocaded silk gown, trained, and handsome plumb madder. Mrs W. Rees, handsome ruby mervelleux gown, the bodice trimmed with gold passementerie; Miss Rees, black lace gown tastefully finished with clusters of crimson roses; Mrs J. R. Hanna, handsome black mervelleux and lace gown, trimmed with jet; Mrs A. Hanna, beautiful trained gown of reseda green silk finished with blush roses; Mrs J. Black, handsome black silk evening dress; Mrs W. ... (text continues with many names and descriptions of dresses)

MIRIEL.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE. SEPTEMBER 2. In another part of the paper you will find a good description of MRS WALTER JOHNSTON'S DANCE.

Here are some of the frocks, excluding that of the hostess, which is in the Topics. The Misses G. Johnston were in pretty cream trained gowns, and both wore their hair flatly arranged at the back (not top) of the head, and wore curled fringes; Mrs. ... (text continues with many names and descriptions of dresses)

DRESSES AT MRS QUICK'S 'AT HOME'.

Mr and Mrs Quick received, the latter in a handsome black gown. Miss Quick was in sage green velvet, trimmed with pale blue; and her sister wore fawn velvet with berthe of white lace; Mrs. ... (text continues with many names and descriptions of dresses)

MRS GORE GAVE A LARGE 'AT HOME'.

on Tuesday afternoon, when there were a number of people present. Music was provided to entertain the guests, the Misses Gore, Miss Fernhill (Dunedin), Mr Besley, Miss Henry, and others contributing items. Miss Holmes also recited. Amongst the guests were Mr and Mrs Oliver, Mrs Tohurst, Mr and Mrs Pymont, Lady Hector, Capt. Hunter-Blaiz, Mr Gillington, the Misses (Christchurch), Mrs W. P. Reeves, Miss Reeves, Miss Cooper, Miss Lard, the Misses Harding, etc.

MRS PHARAZIN'S 'AT HOME'.

A few of the guests were Mrs W. P. Reeves, Miss Reeves, the Misses Hadfield, Mrs and Miss Pymont, Miss Hawkins, the Misses Williams, Mrs Coleridge, the Misses Brandon, Mrs and Miss. ... (text continues with many names and descriptions of dresses)

THE WELLINGTON COLLEGE DANCE.

It was a very nice idea, and one which was much appreciated. To give a dance to the visiting College teams of Christchurch and Wanganui. The Old College Boys were the hosts, and the girls were invited, besides the adults. All the visiting boys were taken in by different families, and altogether had a very good time here, although their captains looked after them very strictly previous to the matches. Amongst those at the dance were Mr J. P. Firth, the Principal of the Wellington College, and Mrs Firth, the latter wearing a blue silk dress with high collar; Miss Pickering was in a red net dress; Miss Cotterill (Christchurch), in white; Miss Luthie (Dunedin), in a pretty purple dress; Miss George, in black; Miss McLaue (Christchurch), white; Mrs W. Crawford, a yellow silk dress with a ruche around the skirt; Miss Stack (Christchurch), black; Miss M. Reid, a red net with black velvet trimmings; Miss J. Seed, blue; Miss McKellar, a pretty white dress.

The ball in aid of the Hospital is being seriously taken up by everybody, and this will be a grand success. Miss Noble gave a musical concert in the Drawing Rooms as a farewell to her pupil Miss Harris. Miss Harris played several difficult selections remarkably well, and Miss Henry, Mr Wallace, Captain Barclay and Mrs Johnston sang and played. Miss Gudgeon and Miss Harris played a duet. Miss Noble played the accompaniments, and the large audience spent a delightful evening.

RUBY.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE. On Thursday SEPTEMBER 1. THE OPAWA JUVENILES had a grand evening in the schoolroom under the joint guidance of Mrs A. Anderson and Mrs J. R. Campbell. The little play of 'Beauty and the Beast' was the first item on the programme, the parts capably taken by the youthful performers themselves, the Misses Anderson, Mrs J. R. Campbell, Mrs J. R. Campbell, Mrs McKellar, Campbell, and Colmondeley. The hairy-skinned 'Beast' caused great excitement amongst the audience, composed of some 12 children and a few adults. You can imagine the uproar of the little 'Beast' under the fairies, to be sure, but especially the Misses Anderson and Ewen. The play over, dancing began and went on merrily till eleven o'clock, and as they assembled about six they had a real good time.

A THIEF.

BY L. FROST RATTRAY.

(Author of 'Such a Suitable Match,' etc., etc.)



BESSIE, I promise you faithfully that I'll act on the square if you marry me. Oh! my girl, if a woman only realised what a fateful influence she possesses over man to exercise for good or evil, how much more careful she would be how she treated him.

Bessie Carew snapped off a twig of willow, and ruthlessly stripped it of its tender, newborn leaves. The two were standing under a willow tree at the corner of Mr Carew's goose-headed paddock. Here, secure from observation, the farmer's only daughter was wont to meet Henry Smithers, the outcast, the man branded as a thief, the pariah of the village.

She knew all the charges which had been brought against him. She knew that on one or two occasions his guilt had been proved, and he had been sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment in a Wellington and Auckland goal according to the scene of his depreations. And yet strange, unaccountable caprice, Bessie loved him. Her instinct warned her against him. Her judgment recapitulated and approved the argument so frequently used by her father and friends against her ever seeing him again. And yet, and yet, Bessie loved him.

Henry grasped the girl's hands firmly, and the willow twig fell to the ground. 'Bessie, my darling, marry me, and you can do what you like with me. My future is in your hands. I was a gentleman once, at least I was a gentleman's son. I was sent out here to reform. They gave me next to no money. I could not work, I knew no trade. And then as you know, I was driven to help myself to other people's property. Had I a fair show, Bessie, had I?'

Bessie dared not lift her brown eyes, now veiled in tears, to the pleading gray ones which she felt were fixed so intently upon her.

'Answer me, Bessie. Will you marry me? Like the sudden drawing back of a curtain hung before a picture, Bessie saw her future life. The canvas was divided by a high stone wall. On one side, in the picture, walked a man and a woman. They were picking their way cautiously amidst innumerable pitfalls. She seemed to be holding his hand and protecting him. On his other side was a terrible precipice towards which he was leaning. The pitfalls, as she gazed, seemed to yawn as wide chasms across their path. On the other side of the stone wall, a girl was walking alone. The road was straight and even, but terribly dull and lonely, the girl's face was bent, she appeared miserable and depressed. Bessie felt that life along a good road without Henry was impossible for her at least.

The girl sighed and murmured, 'Yes, I will marry you.' He caught her in his arms and rained kisses on her white face. 'I will be good,' he cried, passionately. 'For your sweet sake I will lead a different life.'

And Henry Smithers meant what he said. Of course they had to make a runaway match. Mr Carew was exceedingly angry with Henry's impudence, as he termed it, in asking a respectable man to consent that his daughter should risk her happiness in trying to reform a criminal. He ordered the man to leave the house and the neighbourhood. He forbade Bessie to have anything more to say to her unworthy lover. Poor Bessie cried and protested, and hesitated and yielded.

She agreed to go to Auckland and stay with some friends, and her father was pacified. But one fine morning Bessie walked down Queen-street, met her lover, and was married to him at the Registrar's. And then began love in a cottage. It was sweet at first, even to these two. And presently the money ran short. Henry found the billing and cooing becoming monotonous. He wearied for the excitement of his former life. One night he pretended he could not sleep—he would sit up in the kitchen and read and smoke a little, so as not to disturb Bessie. Mrs Smithers was very tired, and soon dropped off to sleep. Henry stole into her room, and shaded the light of his candle from her face. Yes, she was not shaming; she would never miss him.

Bessie did not wake till nearly eight o'clock the next morning. Then she stole softly into the kitchen and found her husband sleeping peacefully on the colonial sofa. Noiselessly she prepared breakfast, but he woke just as she was wondering whether she should make the tea.

The meal was a silent one. Henry could not bear to meet his wife's eye. He gave her money, at her timid request, to buy their dinner, and presently she went out to do her marketing.

The room seemed very lonely after Bessie had quitted it, and Henry's thoughts were not happy ones. He had broken his promise to Bessie. He had deceived the girl who had trusted in him. And the fact that he had so easily yielded to the temptation which had assailed him, dispirited and disappointed him greatly, for he had fully believed in his own rapid reformation. As he sat there with bowed head, he bitterly wondered if any man who had allowed one passion to dominate him, ever succeeded in finally shaking off its evil influence. 'Once a thief, always a thief,' he muttered. 'What am I to do? Shall I tell Bessie? Shall I get her to help me to overcome this fatal habit of mine? He pondered this question deeply. Perhaps Bessie's sweet face would cloud over as he proceeded with his wretched story. Her trusting eyes would look astonished, grieved, then disdainful. She would think him weak, perchance even intentionally dishonourable. She would say he had won her consent to marry him on false pretences. Would she leave him? Well, he could not risk that.

But supposing she took it as some good women take such things. Supposing she was really sorry for him, and kissed him and vowed to help him to be true and good in the future? Ah! if he could believe that! If he could but be sure of that!

A light step and Bessie came in. 'Aren't you better yet?' she cried, gaily. 'You must come out with me this afternoon, it's so lovely and spring-like, and the fresh air

will do you good. See what a lot I've got for my money?' She emptied out her purchases with childish glee, and Henry dragged himself to the table to look at them. What would she say if he told her they were all bought with stolen money? No, he certainly couldn't tell her.

'Old Parker, the butcher, your kowld, asked me how I liked matrimony, and he even had the impudence to want to know if you were kind to me!'

'And what did you say?'

Bessie laughed joyously. 'I told him you were an angel. And just then old grumpy Mrs Parker came in and I heard her tell her husband to give me no credit. So I said she needn't expect any more of our custom, for we'd plenty of money to buy the best wherever we liked.'

'Yes!' said Henry interrogatively. Every word simple Bessie said stabbed him like a knife, and he dreaded she might say next that Mrs Parker had asked her where the money came from? This was, in fact, just what Mrs Parker had said, but Bessie intuitively felt that to repeat this would be to insult her husband. So she changed the conversation.

After dinner she tried to induce Henry to go out with her, he hesitated for some time, and at length decided to go. He would know the worst, and see if people looked at him with fresh suspicion. He was used to being regarded as a black sheep; it was strange he should mind it now. And yet, strange as it was, he felt as he walked along by Bessie's side, that he saw matters differently in the light of her sunny smile. He was accustomed to slink along the street—chiefly at night—and he felt uncomfortable in the garish day-time.

The half-averted, half contemptuously wondering glances he encountered, hurt him, not for himself, but for Bessie. The better side of his nature—always uppermost when with her—experienced keen pain at the behaviour of his fellow-men. Would she notice it? Would she mind? He could bear it all for himself, but he could not endure that Bessie should see for herself what people actually thought of him.

The two wandered into the country, and Bessie was enchanted with some lovely camellias in a private garden.

'I can get them for you,' Henry said, impulsively.

'Can you?' she demanded, delightedly. 'Do you know the people?'

'No,' stammered Henry.

'Then how—' began Bessie. But she suddenly stopped. She had surprised a guilty look in her husband's face which told her all. Slowly she turned her head away. The coveted flowers, the road, the peep of the distant blue ranges, grew dim. The tears trickled slowly down her face. Bessie knew now what her father had meant when he told her that Smithers should have begun to reform earlier in life, and that her father for one, did not believe he could ever completely give up stealing. It was a bitter blow.

Slowly and in miserable silence the two retraced their steps. As they neared their cottage, Henry heard the newshy crying *Evening Star*, and a fresh dread seized him. Bessie might want to buy a copy. If she did, she would assuredly see an account of last night's robbery. And then—Smithers quickened his steps, and racked his brain for an excuse to get away from his wife and buy a paper without her knowledge. At length an idea came to him.

'We are quite close to the cottage, Bessie. Will you go on? I want to buy a little tobacco. I'll follow you in a minute.'

She raised her white face with a pleading look. His suddenly quickened perceptions read in it an entreaty to abstain from further theft. The look stabbed him as no words could have done.

'Bessie, trust me just once more!' he entreated, and though the girl did not know how her previous trust had been betrayed, there was a depth of passionate craving for pardon which startled her. But she smiled back at him, and they parted.

'You're watched,' a friend murmured in his ear as Henry crumpled the paper into his pocket. He did not dare to open and glance through it. He began to fear that his action in buying one in the street had been a mistake. 'It looked,' thought the guilty man, 'as if I were in a fearful hurry to see what they say about the little affair last night.' And yet hundreds of people bought papers that way—ay, and began eagerly to read them with no dread of unpleasant remarks. But perhaps they were not troubled with sin-burdened consciences.

Tea was ready, and Bessie was trying to be cheerful, so Henry did his best to be pleasant also. But it was a ghastly failure. Between the two a barrier had been built by that look in Henry's face which had betrayed him to his wife.

Bessie resolved that she would not sleep that night. She feared what she dared not exactly formulate. That Henry would go out again she was almost certain, and she was determined he should not go without some protest from her. Again he declared he could not sleep, and this time Bessie said she would also sit up. Henry protested vehemently against her intention, declaring that she would make herself ill, and would render him so nervous and fidgety that he would lose his only chance of getting a little sleep himself. But Bessie was firm, and he finally gave in, and they both retired to rest. So well did Henry feign sleep that Bessie was completely deceived, and her tranquil slumber enabled him to leave the house without arousing her. He placed a note on her table: 'Do not tell anyone I have gone. I will come back.'

Out into the sheltering darkness stole Smithers. The paper, which he had stealthily perused, stated that a clue had been obtained to the perpetrator of the robbery of the previous night. Though, as a rule, Smithers laughed at these suggestions of 'clues,' yet on this occasion he felt strangely nervous. He was a suspected character, despite his intentions of reformation, and he fancied might was his only safe move. His enemies would not think that he would run away from Bessie. On, on; he knew the roads perfectly, and the grateful darkness made him feel secure. Now he is in the country, and he slackens his pace a little. He has started later than he intended. He will barely reach the sheltering ranges before daylight. But he does, and crawls in amongst the friendly treetops, and falls asleep, utterly exhausted. It is dusk when he awakes. He sits up and gazes vacantly around him. Where is he? And then the micable consciousness of his position comes back to him. He is a fugitive from justice. He has abandoned his home. He has forsaken his wife. Never again can he face her look of incredulous horror, of suddenly comprehended crime. He has made a mistake, and alas! his mistake involves the happiness of an innocent girl. She

did wrong, of course, in marrying him contrary to her father's wishes. But what was her wrong-doing compared to his?

Slowly the twilight deepened, and the intense stillness of the New Zealand bush settled all around him. Henry rose and stretched himself. He hesitated for some time, a terrible struggle going on in his mind. He knew this part of the country well, should he or should he not avail himself of that knowledge to procure a good supper at the expense of another sin on his soul, or should he pass the night in honest hunger? He walked on a little, fighting his way in the deepening gloom through the dense fern and tit-tree. Then he came to a rough track across which lay a fallen karaka. Here he sat down, and the terrible conflict between good and evil, checked for the time by physical exertion, began again. Then a desperate idea occurred to him. He had lost Bessie—he felt sure of that—what had he then to live for? Nothing. Then he would die. Surely a lingering, painful, voluntary death by starvation would atone for his crimes, would make amends to Bessie for his cruelty in marrying her! So he plunged recklessly and hopelessly into the forest. He climbed up one gully only to descend on the other side, then again up another; but he gradually made his way over the ranges. And now the utter stillness began to be broken by the murmur of the Pacific Ocean as the incoming tide broke in large waves against the rocks. The murmur grew louder as Henry turned his steps towards the beach. As he began to descend, and neared the sea, the noise increased to a sullen roar. There was now a faint wind stirring the tree tops, the precursor of the dawn. He had been walking all night. Between him and the ocean a few smaller ranges intervened. He laboriously made his way up and down their rough sides until at length he stood on the edge of a steep precipice, against which the angry ocean was hurling itself in ineffectual fury.

Here Henry lay down, moving aside the ferns, and peering out on the troubled waters. What an easy thing it would be to slip down, down, down, and allow those fierce waves to take him in their relentless grasp, and dash him against the rocks. It could not be a lingering death. But afterwards! What became of suicides?

All day the unhappy man lingered by the cliff. Sometimes he dozed, sometimes he dug up a fern-root with his knife, and tried to chew it. He had dropped his matches in his scramble through the bush, and could not even indulge in the consolation and companionship of a pipe. He began to brood over this lesser trouble. It seemed so hard that he should be obliged to forego the last luxury of a smoke. He could think of nothing else just now. If he had a cheering pipe he would be a new man. He could face his position better. He would certainly be able to resolve on some plan of action. He must procure matches. Almost mechanically he began to move away from the sea. He knew pretty well, as he looked at the sinking sun, whereabouts the nearest settler's house should be. He was not lost, though he tried to so wander in the darkness that his whereabouts would be unfamiliar, and the temptation of going that night and stealing food would be removed. On he went. At midnight he was close to a solitary farm-house. Should he, or should he not, try and get matches? Cautiously he approached the building.

And then the pangs of long-unsatisfied hunger seized him. He found the pantry, he knew how to get in. Food was there in plenty. He helped himself. They might have given him some had he appeared in daylight and asked for it. But this, of course, he dared not do. They might recognise him. Still he had no matches. He made his way into the kitchen, and fell over a pail of water carelessly left near the pantry door. The noise roused the house. Henry turned and fled, the precious food safe in a kit which he had found on one of the shelves. He made his way back to the lonely cliff without much thought as to his destination. It was dawn when at length he stretched his weary limbs on the fern he had collected the previous day. He had taken a bite or two out of the meat patty he had stolen, and now he spread out his treasures and enjoyed a good meal. Water was to be had close at hand.

All the next day he slept, and passed another miserable night. About noon on the following day he was roused from a feverish, unrefreshing sleep by the sound of voices. 'Tracked at last,' he said. 'Now, Bessie, to save you shame and disgrace I will end my life.' He crawled to the extreme edge of the cliff, and swung himself over, holding fast by a branch of the pohutakawa tree. Then he let go, and dropped into the seething waters below.

And Bessie! She had read the brief note left on her table, and had eaten her breakfast with a sad and lonely heart. Just as she finished there was a knock at the door, and she beheld to her dismay two officers of the law armed with a search warrant. They were very much disgusted when they found that Henry had left the house, and questioned Bessie very closely as to his whereabouts. But upon this point the unhappy girl could throw no light. She admitted he had given her money the previous day, and could not say how he had come by it, though she did not see why he should not have honestly-earned money as well as anybody else. Later, the policeman returned. They had followed up their clue and identified Smithers as the burglar. He had been seen near the ranges, and subsequently the settler, whose house he had robbed, was interviewed, and search made for the missing man.

Bessie was horrified at his fate. Her father took her back, to his house, and for weeks the poor girl crept about the place, the shadow of her former self, suffering terribly for her fatal disobedience and for the misconduct of her husband. And on Sundays the old farmer read her many a sermon on the text, 'The wages of sin is death.'



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THE GENUINE IS SIGNED

Piesse & Lubin
Perfumery Factors
3, New Bond Street, London

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

VERY HANDSOME EVENING GOWN.

THERE appears to be a continual struggle after novelty in the designing of dress skirts, and this fact has led to the production of a new style, which is variously called the trumpet or cornet or trombone skirt, as one pleases. It is shaped precisely like the flaring end of a brass band instrument, being curved outward rather sharply and very full at the feet. While the effect of the sides and back is very good, the front must be carefully arranged, or it has a flatness which is anything but agreeable, and suggests an error in cutting rather than a distinctive style. The present fashion of long skirts has created a revolution in the fit and finish of petticoats and the lower portions of dress skirts. As it is necessary to raise the long skirt, it has become imperative that something in the way of attractive finish be provided for the inner skirt, which is always more or less visible. For this purpose there are imported handsome ruchings or rufflings of coloured silk, either plain or changeable, and also in black and white.

The illustration represents a lovely dress suitable for evening wear at a decidedly stylish party, be it dinner or ball. It is composed of pale yellow moiré silk, beautifully trimmed with dark brown velvet embroidered with coloured silks and floral designs in jewels. The dress could be carried out in less expensive materials, say a white surah for the base of operations, black velvet edging worked in metal thread and beads. The dress is cut *en princesse* fitting like a glove. The girle is of beautiful jewelled embroidery, but could be imitated in loose braid and metal thread or iridescent beads. This could be easily done by clever fingers.

Spring costumes are beginning to be demanded, and the choice of materials and styles is very nearly limitless. For every-day, practical, out-of-door use, there is nothing better than a light-weight, medium-quality serge. Dresses of this sort are made with plain bell skirt with a bias band at the lower edge, or with a hem turned up and stitched.

The Russian blouse, with or without trimming, is excellent for wear with these skirts. This blouse may or may not match the skirt in colour and quality. It may be made of surah, fancy wool or some grades of wash materials. A handsome suit of this sort has a serge skirt with Russian blouse of Bedford cord; another skirt is worn with a blouse of Tartan surah; another with a blouse of white pique; another shows a coat basque of white corduroy with gold and white trimming. The possibilities of combinations of this sort are almost endless. It is well always to have a fitted waist of the material like the skirt, which may be worn if desired, as there are occasions when the blouse is scarcely as appropriate as the fitted bodice.

In silken fabrics there are taffetas with tiny dots of embroidery, glace silks with printed designs in shadowy tints of contrasting colour, light qualities of surah with printed or embroidered figures, and the universally popular crepon in every imaginable colour, tint, quality, and combination. In rich silks the moires in plain watered effects, moires with brocades, moires with stripes of satin alternating with stripes of changeable colour either plain or brocaded, are among the desirable goods for ceremonious dresses.

Black dresses of fine wool material for the street have the usual skirt in bell shape, and, it is a pleasure to say, will be sufficiently short to do away with the necessity of holding them up. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that short skirts are approved by the Paris and London houses, and no lady need feel out of fashion if she wears a dress that just escapes the ground. She will not only be quite as stylish, but will be far more comfortable, and will win and merit the respect of all sensible people.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE COMPLEXION.

WHAT a wearisome thing it is—all this talk about the complexion: what we must do, and what we must take, how we must manage it and the thousand and one petty details told in the minutest fashion; as though the complexion of womankind were absolutely a new thing, and no one had the least idea of how to get along with it. Will women ever learn that the principal things required in order to have a good complexion are cleanliness and a careful diet? Wash the face thoroughly and—speak it not aloud—the entire surface of the body, also.

If there is any mistake in the world which women and girls make, it is in the idea that they can play tricks with nature. Just stop a minute and think it over. The face and hands are but a very small portion of the surface of the body. They are, as a rule, the only visible parts. Society and custom demand that they shall be kept, at least, approximately clean. If this is not done, one's dear five hundred friends have no difficulty in finding it out. That the rest of the surface gets no particular attention seems to them a very unimportant affair, and they, therefore, bestow all of their time, strength and labour on the few square inches of face and hands. The consequence is that this much-washed portion is made to do duty for the entire system.

It is, as a matter of fact, much better for the complexion to avoid a thorough washing of the face, provided the body is neglected. The reason for this is apparent when one considers that the pores of the skin are still closed with perspiratory matter, and that the face and hands furnish the only means of egress for the impurities of the skin. Having to do not only double but tenfold duty, what wonder that they become overtaxed and weakened, and that a good crop of pimples and other eruptions is the result?

Many a person has observed eczema and similar diseases in the face after a thorough bathing of the face, resorted to in the hope of bettering the complexion. Those who have not been in the habit of taking full and frequent scrubbing baths will do well to begin with the body and leave the face alone until the system has had time to accustom itself to the new order of things. The entire surface of the skin

should be thoroughly scrubbed with a soft brush at least once every week—twice is better; or every second day, at least, a quick sponge-bath should be taken. Many persons cannot endure the daily bath. They are cold and tired and dragged if they bathe too much. The thorough cleansing of the surface of the body will do more towards improving the complexion than all of the applications ever invented. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of young persons that three-fourths of the eruptions and pimples are traceable to thorough washing of the face and neglect of the remainder of the body.

OBSERVING TRIFLES.

A NEUROLOGIST, eminent in the medical profession, told the other day the following anecdote, illustrative of the value to physicians and nurses of the habit of quick observation of trifles:

The doctor once was called in consultation to a case of peculiar nervous disease in a woman, which had baffled the skill of her physician. No cause could be found for certain perplexing symptoms. As the doctor stepped to her bedside he accidentally displaced an empty cologne bottle on an old highly-varnished table by the bedside.

'Oh,' said the patient, quickly, 'the nurse upset that bottle last night, and spilled all the cologne.'

'On this table?' asked the doctor, carelessly.

'Yes.'

When the physicians retired for consultation, the doctor who had held this conversation said, 'I think this woman has been drinking cologne. Alcohol spilled on that table would have left a white stain.'

Here the quick observation of a trifle and the chance knowledge that the alcohol in cologne-water would blanch a varnished surface detected a dipsomaniac in the patient, and enabled her physicians to treat her more intelligently.

The keen notice of trifles, and the rapid matching in the mind of cause and effect constitute what may be called the detective quality, which belongs in its highest grade to great inventors or naturalists.

One man, for instance, watches the force with which the lid of his wife's tea kettle is raised when the water boils, and out of that observation comes the steam-engine.

Another observes that the flame of his candle as he enters a door may be blown one way when he holds it above his head, and another when he lowers the candle, and out of that trifle deduces the explanation of some of the great atmospheric currents.

Yet how many thousands of men had seen the lid move on a boiling kettle with no result, and how many had carried flaming lights without detecting the secret of the mighty winds which had puzzled all mariners since the first ship sailed!

So keen an instinct for discovery is usually born in a man, yet the quality can be cultivated by every person. It is the eye of the eye that finds meaning and purpose in every object on which it rests.



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 lefty 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.

GOLDEN PUDDING.—Will you kindly give me a recipe for above?—**BEATRICE C.**

DOUGH CAKE.—I should be much obliged for definite instructions as to making this?—**MRS R. B.**

HAM SAUCE.—I have several times tried to make this and fail to get the taste it has at grand dinners. Can you tell me exactly how to make it?—**ANXIOUS.**

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

FLEMISH CREAM ('Ellen Adair').—Put one pint of hot water on half an ounce of isinglass. When it is quite dissolved add one tea cup of cream and one glass of brandy; whisk till it is a froth; colour either with red currant jelly or a little colouring, and put into a shape. When firm turn out. Celery: Wash the celery thoroughly, slit and shred the ends; let lie in cold water for four hours to make it crisp. Serve it in a celery dish, with bread and butter, and a small dish of cut cheese garnished with parsley. Celery is no longer served in tall glasses but in low, vegetable-like dishes. It is often boiled and then covered with white sauce. It is wholesome and delicious.

'Mrs A.'—Macaroni is rather troublesome, but it is very nice when properly cooked. How will this way do? I have not tried it myself, but it is from an excellent authority on cooking. Cut an onion in slices, lay it in a stewpan with a slice or two of bacon cut up, a little butter, pepper, and salt. When the onion is of a pale golden colour, add about a pint of strong stock, three or four spoonfuls of tomato conserve; let this boil up once or twice, then simmer it gently for an hour and strain. Put 1lb of macaroni (spaghetti, the thin pipe kind, is best for this dish) in a large pan with boiling water and a little salt, and boil till just tender, then pour in a jugful of cold water and strain. Now strain the sauce, reheat it, put some of it in a dish, lay on it half the macaroni, sprinkle thickly with grated Parmesan, add more sauce, the rest of the macaroni, and finish off with cheese, serve at once. It is difficult to determine to a minute when the macaroni is just tender enough and no more, for it should not be over boiled, also the sauce must be thick and not too much of it served in the dish.

RECIPES.

BROILED CHICKENS.—Select a pair of young chickens that will not weigh over two and one-half pounds each; split them down the back, clean and wipe dry, season with salt. Beat the yolks of three or four eggs and rub on the outside of the birds, then dip them into fine bread crumbs, grease the gridiron, and place it over a bed of hot coals from charcoal or hard wood; place the chickens on the gridiron with the inside down, broil fifteen or twenty minutes, then turn over; when done, have a large hot platter ready with a little melted butter on it, then spread butter over the chickens and serve immediately.

BASHAWED LOBSTER.—Take a lobster from the shell and cut it fine; chop a small onion very fine and add to it a sprig of parsley. Season it with pepper, salt, and a little mustard. Put in all the coral and the juice of the lobster. Cut up a small piece of butter into bits and mix with it, and fill the shell part of the lobster with the mixture. Cover the top with bread crumbs and bits of butter; bake in the oven for fifteen minutes, and serve in the shell, garnished with parsley and slices of hard-boiled eggs. This is delicious, and also makes a nice side dish.

SPONGECAKE PUDDING.—Cut half a stale spongecake (large size) into slices, and soak them in a little boiling milk; then beat them lightly with a silver fork, mixing in well the juice and finely grated rind of half a lemon (or a full tablespoonful of marmalade), a small piece of butter, a very little sugar, and one egg well beaten. Bake half an hour in a quick oven. This is very good made with roughly chopped preserved ginger or pineapple, and a proportionate amount of syrup.

ORANGE CUSTARD.—Peel and slice four oranges in an earthen dish you wish to serve it in. Sift fine sugar over each layer as you slice them. Make a custard, using two whole eggs and the yolks of two more, well beaten, one quart of milk and two-thirds of a cupful of sugar. Flavour with vanilla; steam until done, then pour over the orange. Beat the whites of the two eggs and sweeten with fine sugar, pour over the custard when cool and set in oven five minutes. A little vanilla or orange juice in the frosting improves it.

STEADFAST.

OURSELVES we are judging by what we are sure,
With environments chosen, we might easily do.
The world judges ever by what we have done,
What obstacles conquered, what victories won;
Then deem not thy bafflings a matter to rue;
But struggle more steadfast thy goal to secure.

FANNY L. FANCHER.

MOTHER'S COLUMN.

PILLOW FOR BABY.

I WONDER if any mothers know of the convenience of the oblong pillow (says a lady writer). I had never seen them till I went to India, where their utility at once appealed to my sense of the fitness of things. Before possessing the pillow I would lay my 'Beta Baba' (the Hindustani for boy baby) down never so carefully, expecting the little fellow to lie as placed; but upon removing my hand he would immediately turn, getting himself in an uncomfortable position and would soon awaken. He needed a substitute for mother's arm when very young, and, when older, a protection to keep him from falling off the bed or against the sides of the crib, both of which were to be found in the 'takiza.'

I deem these little pillows invaluable as a means of keeping baby in place. The directions for making them are: Cut of white muslin two circular pieces, two inches in diameter, and a strip from fifteen to eighteen inches long and ten broad. Fold one side to the other and sew in a seam. Then gather one end upon the circular piece previously prepared. After filling this 'sack' with feathers, cotton or lamb's wool, gather the open end and whip it on the other circular piece, and your pillow is complete. The cases may be made plain or trimmed with Valenciennes or Torchon lace. A bow of ribbon on one end adds to the effect. One end must, of necessity, be left open and finished with a draw string, to allow the putting in and removing of the pillow. Many nurses make use of two of these pillows, placing one in front of the other at the back of the 'wee one.'

A PLAY-BOX FOR CHILDREN.

A CORRESPONDENT, in a mother's paper says: 'We have a very unique arrangement for children which can be easily made at home. I called it "Jeannette's Play Box," for number one, and number two will soon be old enough to use it. Mine was made by a handy friend at very little expense. The box is four feet square, eighteen inches deep, both sides and flooring made of planed and sand-papered white pine. The outside of the box is shellacked and the interior lined with a cheesecloth comforter, cut to fit and tacked into place. When baby was small soft pillows were kept in the box, and were removed when she was old enough to sit alone. Soon she began to try to stand up, holding herself steady by the sides, and when a little over a year old could walk all round the box. By this time the pads were removed, for we found that more fun—especially noise—could be had without them. With the aid of castors underneath, the box could be rolled anywhere, and by its use we went through a cold winter without any coughs or colds. It is by far the best baby tender I have ever seen or heard of. I have since seen a large box cut down for the same purpose.'

LOVE AND SPRING.

BY MRS M. A. KIDDER.

I WOULD pluck you,
Little violets,
Sweet with perfume—
Bright with dew,
One by one,
Oh! purple jewels,
For my love,
Hath need of you!

She would wear you
On her bosom,
And your praises
She would sing,
In a voice as sweet
As blackbirds'
Dainty songs of
Love and spring.

In the spring-time,
Little violets,
September's doorway
Opens wide;
Then my love will
Dote on flowers,
In her beauty
And her pride!

You are heralds,
Little violets,
And the promise
That you bring,
Is fulfilled,
As Daylight lengthens,
In the birth of
Love and spring.

They will blush
Upon her bodice,
They will nestle
In her hair,
Red and white,
And pink and yellow—
She, herself,
The flower most fair!

Yet, she loves you,
Little violets,
Of all blossoms,
Far the best;
And she sighs
When you are missing
From your hidden
Woodland nest.

For my love, like you,
Is modest—
And my love,
Like you, is shy;
And the balm
Of her few kisses
Seems imbued with
Your faint sigh!

APPRECIATION.

THE Rev. Doctor Cuyler was seventy years old a few days ago, and received gratifying tokens of regard from many friends. The drawing-room and study were fragrant with roses and flowers, and were a bower of beauty.

It occurred to someone to bring a faithful servant who had been knighted by interest, association and affection with the life of the household through years of tender and trusting service, up to the drawing-room to see the evidences of the loving remembrance in which the good man was held.

She examined the gifts with great interest, and expressed her delight in these glowing words to Mrs Cuyler: 'I tell you, ma'am, the doctor couldn't have had more flowers sent to him if he was dead!'

ALL ABOUT THE HOUSE.

HOUSE-CLEANING HINTS.

WHEN furniture simply needs re-varnishing, wash it; first wash it with strong soda water to remove every particle of grease, then apply the varnish. If it is badly scratched, the old varnish should be removed. To do this, wash it with spirits of ammonia, which will soften it, then scrape it off, wash the wood with clear water and rinse it with vinegar. Rub it smooth with sandpaper. I use No. 14 for the purpose. When it is smooth apply a coat of No. 1 varnish; let it dry, then rub the gloss off with a bunch of curled hair, remove every particle of dust with a clean cloth, and finish with a coat of cabinet flowing varnish. No matter how badly the furniture was scratched, it will now look like new, and at trifling expense.

To oil a floor, mix thoroughly four quarts of raw linseed oil, two quarts of spirits of turpentine and one pint of best 'coach Japan.' The floor should be perfectly clean when the mixture is applied.

Here is a very good recipe for kalsomine: Procure fifteen pounds of Paris white, one-half pound of good white glue and one-fourth pound of powdered Castile soap. Dissolve the glue in warm water, mix it with the Paris white, stir in the soap and thin to the proper consistency with cold water. The mixture should be stirred until perfectly smooth.

KITCHEN WRINKLES.

Kerosene will take iron rust and fruit stains from almost every kind of goods without injuring the fabric in the least. Pour a little kerosene in a dish and wash the soiled place in it as if it were water. The spots must be washed in the kerosene before they have been put into soap and water, or it will do no good.

Vegetables should be boiled in soft water because hard water toughens them. When cooking keep the tea-kettle boiling, then, if meat or vegetables need more water it can be added without stopping the cooking process.

Try baking soda to remove grease spots from the kitchen floor. Moisten the soda and rub it on the grease spots with a cloth.

TWO CURES FOR RHEUMATISM.

Break a hole in the end of a fresh egg, empty the contents into a bottle, then fill the shell full of each of the following ingredients:—Spirits turpentine, strong vinegar, and spirits of camphor. Add the shell half full of spirits of ammonia.

Take equal parts of eggs, spirits of turpentine, and white wine vinegar. Shake thoroughly, and cork tightly. Especially good for sprains and rheumatism. For outward application only.

USEFUL FANCY WORK.

SHOPPING-BAG.

MANY women start out shopping with the exclamation, 'I do wish I had a pretty shopping-bag!' and many of those a few miles out of town, wonder what is the correct thing in that line. The most of us have material at hand, if we only knew it, and how to adapt it to our wants. That half breadth of black, brown, or green silk, old or new, that you have been saving, will do nicely, or the piece of plush any shade that you chance to have. Cut the outside eight and one-half inches wide, and two feet long. Tack a lining of soft silesia or satene to the wrong side to hold it firmly in place. Now, if you can embroider, mark on a piece of canvas some design in cross-stitch, or even an outline of a bunch of oxalis, or a monogram, and baste it firmly on the front of the half length, and do it in a contrasting silk, as old gold on black, or silver on blue. Now pull out the threads of canvas, and you have your design. If the bag is to be of plush, the decoration may be a band of embroidery, or a pretty crochet insertion, three inches or more in width, of contrasting or harmonizing silk, or that band of iridescent trimming that you had on a dress once. Fold the length of plush in the middle, forming a bag one foot in length. The double of this is the bottom. Decorate diagonally across the bottom, the whole way around, or on one side only, or two inches from the double edge; baste, and sew the insertion on firmly. If it is put all the way around, the side seams must be sewn first, as far up as the middle of the bag. The silk to line the top may be of the shade of the bag, but is more often the shade of the decoration. Sew the five-inch strip of lining firmly to the top in a seam, and turn over neatly and fold down on the sateen.

On the inside of the front side, sew firmly to the sateen a square pocket of the silk, leather-stitching the hem on the outside. The hem of this pocket should be at least four inches from the top of the bag, and may have a piece of elastic run in its hem to hold it together when the bag is drawn up, or it may be adjusted with a bit of the narrowest ribbon. The side seams of the bag should be closed to within four inches of the top, and the lining-silk neatly finished to the sides of these slits. Two rows of machine stitching should be put around the top of the bag, a half inch apart, the lower one just meeting the bottom of the side openings. Between these stitchings a pretty drawing-ribbon may be run, so that two ends of ribbon will come out at each side, and these four ends may be closed with a fanciful bow. The handle after it is finished, should let the bag fall easily to the side from the arm, but not to the knee. The pocket is for the card case, car fare, or portemonnaie, to avoid the awkward rummaging among sundries in the bag for them, that is often so annoying.

WANDERING THOUGHTS.

ARTISTS who 'receive' in their studios have some trying experiences. An English paper mentions an instance.

The painter was talking with a fair visitor about one of his pictures, and hoped that he was making a decided impression.

'Yes,' she said, 'it is charming—charming! But oh, Mr Fitz Madder, what a delightful room this would be for a dance, with the musicians in the gallery, and all the easels and pictures and things cleared away.'



A SONG FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

OH, if I could
Sing the song I would,
Do you know what that song would be?
'T would be one to ring
And joy to bring
From the east to the western sea.

The children all
Its clarion call
Should echo with hearts grown glad;
And every where
Its cheery air
Make sorrowing souls less sad.

It would hold the note
Of the linnets' throat
And the meadow-lark's trill of glee,
And the waxey's dear
Little chirp and queer,
Quaint chime of the chick-a-dee.

The cricket's chirr
And the veivert whirr
Of butterflies' wings; and the hum
Of busy bees,
And the talk of the trees
When wild winds wandering come.

The sound of the sea
In its rhythm would be,
And the drip of the briar-bound rill,
And the broken dream
Of the old mill-stream,
Fettered, but foam-free still!

The flutter of fleet,
Fine fairy feet,
That dance till the dawn appears;
And the surge of corn
In the summer morn,
Rustling its golden spears.

The lip of the wheat,
And the whispers sweet,
When the clovers their secrets tell,
The scamper from school
To swim in the pool,
The tinkle of supper-bell.

The rush of the rain
At the window-pane,
When the earth is parched with drouth,
The clinking hail
Of pearls in the pail,
Sweet for the baby's mouth.

The flare of the fire
When the flame leaps higher,
The crackling of nuts in its glow;
The crinkling aloof,
Crisp creep on the roof,
When the frost steals up like a foe.

The silvery swing
Of skates that ring,
The laughter merry and gay;
And the earnest prayer,
By mamma's chair,
At the close of a lovely day!

A LIBERAL TRANSLATION.

MANY years ago, while some excavations were going on near an ancient church in the northern part of Ireland, a large stone was uncovered bearing a queer inscription in Latin. The church had been dedicated to a saint and missionary known by the simple name of Nacutus Ambulans. The inscription was as follows:

'I Sabilli Heres ago,
Fortibus es im. Aro
Noces Marii the be trux
Vos in nem. " pes an dux.'

Some wit who saw the stone observed that though not versed in antiquarian lore, he could give a translation. In sound it is ridiculously like the Latin words.

'I say, Billy, here's a go:
Forty 'busses in a row,
No, says Mary; they be trucks.
What is in 'em!
Pease and ducks!

A GROCER'S BOY.

ONE or two slight circumstances may bend the twig and thus incline the tree. A Christmas gift bent Doctor Schliemann, the discoverer of buried Troy, to his life work. He was eight years old when his father, a poor man, pinched himself to give him a Universal History with an engraving of Troy in flames. "If the walls," said the boy to his father, "were as thick as those in the picture, there must be some remains of them and I shall excavate them some day." Another trivial event gave the boy an impulse toward his life work. He was working as a grocer's boy from early in the morning until late at night, sweeping the shop, selling herrings and candles. One day a drunken miller entered the shop and recited a hundred lines of Homer in the original Greek.

The boy did not understand a word of it, but he was so affected by the rhythmic cadence that he wept, and paid the man to repeat the lines three times. From that moment he prayed to God that he might learn Greek.

He was next helped to the realization of his boyish ideal by two apparent accidents. In lifting a cask too heavy for him he strained himself, and could work no more in the grocer's shop. He went to sea as a cabin-boy. He was so poor that he sold his coat to buy a blanket. The vessel was wrecked on the coast of Holland. A friend secured him a situation in a counting-room, at a salary of forty pounds a year.

He spent half the small salary on his studies, lived in a garret on rye-meal porridge, and mastered English in six months. Then he learned French, Dutch, Spanish, Italian and Portuguese.

His knowledge of languages got him a situation as correspondent and book-keeper in the office of an Amsterdam banker. A Spaniard brought in a bill which no one could read; young Schliemann translated it, and the banker promoted him.

He began the study of Russian; subsequently he became a Russian merchant, and amassed a fortune.

Then he engaged a Greek teacher. His method of study was original. He began by studying modern Greek. He procured a modern Greek translation of 'Paul and Virginia,' and read it through, comparing every word with its equivalent in the French original. When he had finished his task, he knew at least one-half the Greek words the book contained. He repeated the task, and then knew all the words, and thus acquired a modern Greek vocabulary without using a dictionary.

In six weeks he had mastered the difficulties of modern Greek; then he applied himself to the ancient Greek. Within three months he had learned sufficient to understand some of the classical Greek authors, and especially Homer, whom he read and re-read with enthusiasm.

Before beginning the work of his life he made a journey round the world, and studied archeology in Paris. Then, with a well-stored mind, he began those investigations round Troy which had been the dream of his life. His success made him the great excavator of modern days.

ADVENTURE WITH A SHARK.

A TRUE STORY WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE 'GRAPHIC' CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

SHOWING the *penchant* sharks have for human beings, I will relate an anecdote about an adventure I had with one a few years ago on the coast of Australia. Two friends and myself engaged a small sailing boat for the purpose of visiting a fishing schooner, which was lying at anchor in a sheltered bay about three miles distant. On approaching the vessel, we noticed that there was but one man on board, so we ran alongside and clambered on deck. After conversing with the man in charge for a short time we discovered that his name was Lawrence Levy, and that the balance of the crew were away catching crayfish for the Melbourne market. The well of the vessel was fitted up so as to keep the fish alive until sufficient were caught. While talking to Levy I noticed a large shark swimming round the schooner, and on drawing attention to it Levy informed us that it had been swimming round the vessel for two days, and as no small fish would come near in consequence, he had not been able to procure food for the crayfish already caught. He also showed us a large shark hook baited with a junk of salt pork with which he had been trying to catch the monster. To let us see how tantalising they can be, Levy threw the bait overboard, when the shark at once swam towards it, and half turning on its back, opened its mouth, touched the bait for a moment, and then slowly passed on as though salt pork could be had every day. This happened time after time, until Levy losing patience, said that he would either catch the shark or the shark would catch him. Saying this he commenced to undress while he requested one of my friends to stand at the stern and the other amidships, while I stood at the bow. Levy then attached a fresh piece of pork to the hook, and after waiting until the shark was in the vicinity of the stern of the vessel, he quietly dropped the hook over the bows beside the anchor chain while he himself followed it. After swimming a stroke or two Levy rested a moment on the water beside the bait, when my companions shouted to us to 'look out as the shark was coming.' Levy, however, calmly lay in the water until I begged him to get out as the monster was only some fifteen feet away. Then, as only a sailor can, Levy clambered up the anchor chain and a moment later sprang on deck. But not a moment too soon, for the shark scenting human flesh, darted here

and there like a bound on the fresh scent of game, until, seeing the bait, it made a rush at it, when, turning on its back, the huge fish closed its jaws with a snap, and he was a prisoner. Never shall I forget the frantic efforts made by the shark to escape, as it lashed the water round about into foam, until Levy, watching his opportunity, succeeded in slipping a strong noose round its tail, when he hauled it on deck. The monster measured nearly twelve feet in length, and one could easily imagine the fate of any one unfortunate enough to be attacked by it.

CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

DEAR COUSIN KATE—Thank you very much for the nice names, but I am sorry to say that while my letter was on its way to you my poor little 'kittie died of poisoning. My canary sings all day long, and when, its too cold for him to go out he gives us all a headache with the noise he makes. I must get some of my friends to write to you if you would like to receive letters from them. I take a great interest in the 'Children's Page' of the GRAPHIC. Your little boy's dog has got a very uncomon name, hasn't he? I will write again if you will allow me.—MONA. Dunedin.

[I am so sorry your kitten is dead. Please do write again. I shall be very glad to hear from any of your friends, and will put their letters in the GRAPHIC. I can assure you I quite enjoy reading them.—COUSIN KATE.]

USEFUL DUCKS.

ONCE at a large house in the country the chimney took fire. The flames spread to the woodwork in different parts of the house; and although the fire was extinguished at each place it caught, it still burned in the chimney, and from time to time spread in some other direction. The fire grew hotter and hotter, and threatened to burst the chimney. It was hard to reach, and there seemed no way of putting it out.

The gentleman who owned the house was fond of fowls, and possessed some valuable ones. A boy who stood by looking at the fire saw the danger, and a bright idea struck him. He ran to the duck pen and startled the sleeping ducks by seizing by their legs as many of the largest as he could carry. The ducks squawked vigorous protests, but were hurried off. A ladder was called for, and before any one realised what he was going to do, the young fellow mounted to the roof, and made his way to the chimney.

Flames and smoke were pouring out, but the boy went as near as he dared, and by a dexterous motion tossed a duck down the narrow shaft. It disappeared, fluttering and squawking. The flames subsided a little, and the smoke grew denser. The boy threw down another duck, and after a minute another. The clouds of soot and dust carried down by the flapping wings of the ducks smothered and checked the fire with such good effect that the advantage gained was easily followed up, and the fire soon put out without further damage.

But whether ducks would be always as successful as fire-extinguishers it would be hard to say. Perhaps the ducks and the duck-owners would have something to say on the subject.

AN OLD GAME FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

'ANY number can play it, auntie, but you must be the wolf because you are the biggest,' said my little god-daughter, who had finally persuaded me to join in a game called 'Walk in the Woods.' So I was the wolf, and must hide behind the rose-bushes or grape-vines, or anywhere out of sight, while she was a deer with a long tail made of five little girls, called joints, each girl taking hold of her companion's dress skirt and holding it out so as to make the tail as long as possible.

The game is for the wolf to snatch away the different joints, while the deer tries to defend them.

After the wolf is hid, the deer starts out for a walk in the woods; and as she walks, all the girls sing,

'Amidst the woods we'll roam about
Until that dreadful wolf comes out.'

Then the deer cries out, 'Wolf! wolf! are you there?' The wolf must not answer at first, but by-and-by, 'Yes, I am a wolf, and will eat you up.'

To which the deer answers, 'I am a deer, and will defy you.'

Then if the wolf is a smart one she will pounce upon an unsuspecting joint and run away with it.

When they have all been carried off by the wolf the deer starts to go home, and if she succeeds in reaching there before the wolf can touch her, the game is finished; if not, she must pay a forfeit to the wolf.

Sometimes the deer stops on her way home to look for her lost tail, but she must watch sharp that the wolf does not spy her. I was a very fortunate wolf, and had all of the deer's tail in my snug little cave under the grape-vine almost before the deer knew it was time to start for home, but I could not catch her, and so lost my forfeit.

Little girls playing this game must remember to take hold of each other's dresses very lightly, and the moment the wolf touches them to let go and run with her to her cave; sometimes the wolf steals away a joint so quietly that the deer does not know until it has gone, though she must take but one joint at a time.

WHERE TO LOOK.

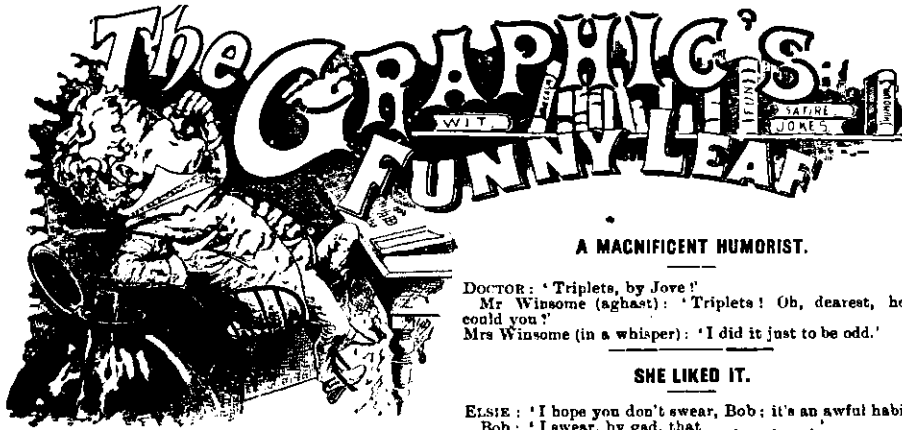
LAST summer a little boy helped his mother very much by picking blackberries to sell to summer visitors. He was very poor, and he had to go without shoes or stockings while he did it. But he worked just as lovingly and as earnestly as if it were done for a picnic party.

'Dear me, child!' said a customer, when she bought out his stock, 'your feet are all scratched with thorns! Are the bushes full of thorns?'

'Yes, ma'am, a'weered be, trying to draw his feet out of sight.

'Why, that is dreadful!' cried the lady. 'How often did you get scratched to-day?'

'I don't know, ma'am,' he replied, simply. 'I was only looking to see how full the basket was!'



A MAGNIFICENT HUMORIST.

DOCTOR: 'Triplets, by Jove!'
 Mr Winsome (aghast): 'Triplets! Oh, dearest, how could you?'
 Mrs Winsome (in a whisper): 'I did it just to be odd.'

SHE LIKED IT.

ELSIE: 'I hope you don't swear, Bob; it's an awful habit.'
 Bob: 'I swear, by gad, that'
 Elsie: 'Oh!'
 Bob: 'I love you.'
 Elsie: 'Oh! Swear some more!'

SERENATA.

LOVE! from your curtained window high
 (Too high for beauty or for sense)
 Look down, as here I sing and sigh;
 The night is hot (and so am I).
 You star that flickers in the blue
 (You take your choice of stars, of course)
 Is to its orbit not more true
 Than I (that sounds quite well) to you.
 My light guitar I gently thrum;
 (I've taken lessons for a year),
 My song I sing and then I'm dumb.
 (Oh, why the dickens don't she come?)
 Speak, love, give me a favouring glance
 (And do it quick—here comes the dog),
 While evening lights your charms enhance,
 (Adieu, I cannot spare my pants!)

CHANGE THE TOPIC.

He (gently): 'Are you not afraid someone may marry you for your money?'
 She (sweetly): 'Oh, dear no; such an idea never entered my head.'
 He (tenderly): 'Ah, in your sweet innocence you do not know how coldly, cruelly mercenary some men are.'
 She (quietly): 'Perhaps not.'
 He (with suppressed emotion): 'I—I would not for the world have such a terrible fate happen to you. The man who wins you should love you for yourself alone.'
 She: 'He'll have to. It's my cousin Jennie who has money, not I. You've got us mixed. I haven't a penny.'
 He: 'Er—very pleasant weather we're having.'

TRUE DEVOTION.

WE have just heard a touching story of the patience and strong sense of duty possessed by a noble woman. She is married to a deaf-mute, and actually sits watching his fingers while he swears at her in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet.

A SLIGHT HALLUCINATION.

A TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS.

ACT I.

TIME 10 P.M. *Old Soak arrives from England, and is carried in a state of awful intoxication from the steamer to his house, where he is placed in a warm bath.*

ACT II.

OLD SOAK (*languidly gazing around*): 'By gum! they've thrown me overboard!
Makes frantic and futile efforts to swim.



WASN'T THE POOR MAN'S FAULT.

ROBBINS: 'I say, Snobbinus, thawt yer was going to make a speech last night?'
 Snobbinus: 'So I war, but I didn't have the nerve befor I tuk a drink or two, and after that I wasn't able to stand straight up, so it didn't come off.'



LANDLADY: 'Have you enjoyed your dinner, sir? That chicken was a Plymouth Rock.'
 Lodger: 'No wonder it was hard to carve, then.'

TRY TO SMILE.

FIRST IRISHMAN: 'Pore Flanagan has jist been drowned.'
 Second Irishman: 'He's a lucky bhoys. Oi always thought he'd be banded.'

WHERE HE WANTED IT.—Little Johnnie: 'Ma, gimme some soup.' Fond Mother: 'The soup isn't cooked yet, Johnnie; but you may have it inside of an hour.' Little Johnnie (crossly): 'Don't want it inside of an hour—want it inside me stummick.'

The coquette laughs and scowrs not
 As she her conquests doth recall;
 'Tis better to have loved a lot
 Than never to have loved at all.

AT THE MUSICAL.—Baritone: 'Will some one please say what next I shall give?' His audience: 'Give us a rest.'

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCE.—Elderly Relative (to schoolgirl): 'Amanda, you are looking pale. You must not be too ambitious. Tell me the truth, now. Haven't you been burning the midnight oil?' Miss Amanda (her paleness all gone): 'Why, yes, Auntie, but not much. We turned the lamp down very low.'

Sweet Mercy Brown sat upon a rail fence,
 Talking to her lover and looking immense;
 Then something happened to Mercy,
 For when she had ceased a-speaking her 'spoke,
 The rail where she sat gave a snap and broke,
 And landed poor Mercy visy verry.

INEBRIATE STUMBLES AGAINST PEDESTRIAN.—Pedestrian (indignantly): 'Now, then, where are your eyes? Couldn't you see me?' 'Yesh—allri—I shaw you—shaw you double.' 'Well, then, why didn't you keep clear of me and not bump against me in that fashion.' 'Cosh I thought I'd pass between you—shee!'

A WINTRY JOKE.—He (disposed to be witty): 'Why are autumn and spring like lovers who do not speak as they pass by?' She (languidly): 'Give it up. Why are they?' He: 'Because there's a coldness between them.'

The other day a well-known counsel, examining the plaintiff in a breach of promise case, inquired of her: 'Was the plaintiff's air when he promised to marry you perfectly serious, or one of levity and jocularity?' The complainant replied: 'If you please, sir, his hair was all ruffled with him running his hands through it.' 'You misapprehend my meaning,' said the counsel. 'Was the promise made in utter sincerity?' 'No, sir, it was made in the wash-house,' replied the plaintiff, amid roars of laughter.

MIDNIGHT EPISODE.
 When cats parade and serenade
 On rooftops east and west,
 Then men with ire their bootjacks fire,
 And swear like all possessed.



YOUNG LADY: 'I suppose you have had some narrow escapes, Lieutenant Dashaway?'
 Lieut. Dashaway: 'Ya-a-s. Awfully narrow escape once, bab Jove!'
 Young Lady (breathlessly): 'In what way?'
 Lieut. Dashaway: 'Vewy near orkaded on active service, don't-cher-know. The war came to an end before we embarked.'

GUYED.

THE ENGLISH SNOR CRUSHED FOR ONCE.

Scene: A colonial drawing room. Lord Fitz-Awthaw New Chumah is much impressed with the beauty and grace of Mrs de Highroads Van Quickwit, a wealthy colonial, who, having some ideas of her own about the eternal fitness of things, fails to reciprocate in any great measure. The conversation of the two, casually overheard, is as follows:

LORD FITZ-AWTHAW: 'Aw, my deah Mrs Van Quickwit, so you aw a colonial? I am weally chawmed. Do you know, it has been—aw—I may say, the dream of my—aw—life to visit New Zealand. But tell me, awn't the women all "outsiders"?'
 Mrs Van Quickwit (*smiling reproachfully*): 'Why, no they are very ciducarious.'

Lord Fitz-Awthaw: 'Beg pawdon?'
 Mrs Van Quickwit: 'I say they are very ciducarious.'
 Lord Fitz-Awthaw: 'Aw, certainly, to be suah. You—aw—understand I—aw—mean nothing—aw—personal, my deah Mrs Van Quickwit. Now, tell me about New Zealand. Is the place—aw—built up much?'
 Mrs Van Quickwit (*vivaciously*): 'Ob, it is very calthumpian, I assure you.'

Lord Fitz-Awthaw (*blankly*): 'Beg pawdon?'
 Mrs Van Quickwit: 'I say it is very calthumpian.'
 Lord Fitz-Awthaw (*brightening*): 'Of course—aw—that is, Ipresumenturally. I heah yoah balls—yoah Maori dawnces—aw quite—aw—wemahkable, so to speak.'
 Mrs Van Quickwit: 'They are. Quite introthedanical, in fact.'

Lord Fitz-Awthaw: 'Beg pawdon?'
 Mrs Van Quickwit: 'They are quite extracontractious.'
 Lord Fitz-Awthaw: 'The deuce! Aw—beg pawdon—aw they indeed? Very interesting, I pwesume. But isn't it wather—aw—hobhible to dawnce about a bloomin' nawsty black Maori, dont-cher-know?'
 Mrs Van Quickwit: 'Ob, that is considered quite contractretious!'

Lord Fitz-Awthaw (*dazedly*): 'Beg pawdon?'
 Mrs Van Quickwit: 'To be plain, that sort of thing is regarded as the height of expulchractiousness.'
 Lord Fitz-Awthaw (*perspiring freely*): 'Is it pawssible? I am weally alahmed, my deah Mrs Van Quickwit. And the wild game in the sweets—the—aw—mosquitos and the moss? Pray, what does a gentleman do when he hasn't his gun?'
 Mrs Van Quickwit: 'Do? Why, he humptuates.'

Lord Fitz-Awthaw (*in a fainting condition*): 'B—b—bez p—p—pawdon?'
 Mrs Van Quickwit (*cheerfully*): 'He humptuates.'
 Lord Fitz-Awthaw: 'The dickens he does! Beg pawdon!'
 He is carried out and placed in a cab by attendants. As he collapses he has just enough strength to ejaculate:
 'Guyed, by gosh!'



VISITOR: 'Why do you keep that horrid looking monkey?'
 Miss Munkayi: 'Ob, it amuses nanma when papa is away.'