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Fifty Years Ago.

JUBILEE OF AUCKLAND'S EARLY SETTLERS.

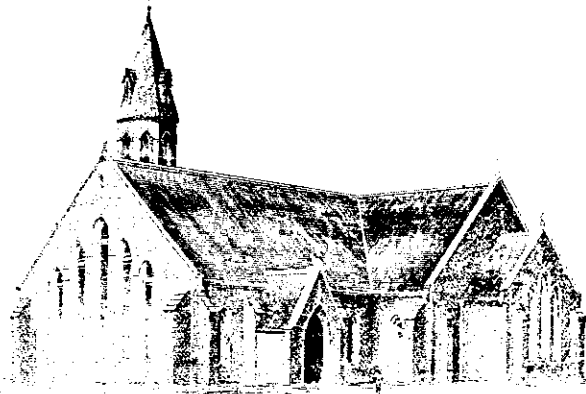
ON Monday evening next (October 10th) those of the old settlers and pioneers who arrived in Auckland fifty years ago who are still here to tell the tale of their early days, will assemble in the Choral Hall and hold high festival, this being their jubilee. The meeting will doubtless be very largely attended, for it is promised to be one of exceptional interest, and the fellow-passengers who, when they were boys together, foregathered on the decks of the large emigrant ships as they sailed up the unknown waters of the Waitemata, will doubtless live their adventures over again and give themselves up to that most pleasant of recreations in life's autumn—remiscencing. Undoubtedly Auckland is one of the most beautiful towns in the Southern hemisphere, but it might have been infinitely more beautiful had it been laid out and planned on a more rational scheme. As early as the end of 1841 or the commencement of '42, Dr. Martin wrote:—

'By a strange and unaccountable blunder in laying out the town there is not a single square house in the whole settlement. I do not believe there is a rectangle from the one end of it to the other. By a still stranger perversity, every street is made either to slant or curve in such a manner that there is not a single allotment laid out at right angles with its street, nor a single street at right angles with a street, nor, as a consequence, a single house built upon a square. The town of Auckland is at present situated in two small valleys, or bays, the one called Commercial, where the public have purchased allotments; the other, the finest of the two, is called Official, because the Government officers made their selections there. Wherever a street could have commanded a fine view of the harbour it was purposely made a curve and called a crescent, though no regard was paid to the situation of the ground. These crescents, in order to be in character with the town, which is different from any other in the world, whether ancient or modern, were made with a row of houses on each side. The worthy Surveyor-General had such a horrid dislike to

nature that he determined in every possible manner to oppose it. Instead of paying some slight attention to the lay of the land, and availing himself of the level of ranges and hollows for the formation of straight lines, he invariably cut them up with curves and circles. A very large portion of the town has (been laid out on a mud

covered part of the town, I know not. Perhaps, like Canute of old, he had the vanity to think that it would not presume to touch any spot where he had drawn his lines or fixed his pegs. Mr Mathew, like King Canute, is capable of entertaining strange ideas.'

Fortunately for the drainage of Auckland, the spider-web



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, AUCKLAND, 1841-2.

flat in front of the beach, which is all under the sea at high water, and fortunately will not retain the eccentric figures of the surveyor. Why the town should be laid out on these mud flats, while there is abundance of dry land in the vicinity, is more than any person but Mr Felton Mathew can tell. Where he intends to get money to fill in the sea-

plan which called forth Dr. Martin's criticisms, quoted above, was very materially altered later on. The Auckland of to-day, in its street formation and nomenclature, is a very different place from that shown upon the original plan. Nevertheless, the allotments marked off on the mud flats which Dr. Martin ridiculed, became realities at a comparatively early period in the history of the city, and the first Surveyor-General's anticipation that the shallow bays along the southern shore would all have to be reclaimed, showed much greater foresight than his many critics in the early days gave him credit for. The resemblance between the extensive reclamations on the foreshore since executed by the harbour authorities and those marked upon this old plan is very striking, and no doubt the provision then made to preserve valuable riparian rights for the public has saved the city a large sum of money.

The picture of Auckland as it was fifty years ago is scarcely of more interest than that of old St. Paul's. Our picture is taken from a valuable old sketch, and shows the pioneer church as it appeared when first erected in '42. Now the Auckland public are concerning themselves over new St. Paul's, and the site of the old church, which has been so munificently presented to the town by Mr Hay and Dr. Honeyman. There is little doubt but that the new church will be well worthy of the town and its ancient name.



COMMERCIAL BAY, AUCKLAND, FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Topics of the Week.

SOCIETY'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE Government House party are just now like caged birds sighing to try their wings in wider flight. They are but waiting the Ministers' permission to 'scatter,' and then 'heigh presto!' 'they're away, they're away, over bush, field, and scaur' until they reach the fair North, where doubtless the citizens will give them a welcome as warm as their climate. At Auckland they will remain for some weeks, and then leaving their children behind, His Excellency the Governor, Lady Glasgow, and staff, will leave for Christchurch in time for the race week, the party all meeting again in Wellington, where they will spend their Christmas.

'THE POP' is the euphonious title by which a certain well-known member is referred to amongst the knights of the quill.

MR BUCKLAN'S 'Washerwomans and Charwomans' Bill has decidedly been the best joke of the session. Many people when reading it, took it *au pied de la lettre*, one lady remarking about the clause which says that a list of the washing shall be sent to the Postmaster-General, that 'she wouldn't do anything of the kind. She would rather have her washing done at home, and as for Mr Ward coming up to count the clothes when one was missing, she simply wouldn't put up with it. Why there was no end to the prying of these politicians, next thing the Minister of Public Works would be coming round to see if the babies bottles were properly washed.'

THE children of Wellington have been almost as gay as their elders during the last few months. Dances have been given by Lady Glasgow, Mrs Baker, Mrs T. C. Williams, Mrs D. T. Stewart, Mrs Molyneaux, Mrs L. Wilson, Mrs Ballance, Mrs Hoggare, Mrs R. M. Simpson, and several others.

MISS JOHNSTON and Mrs T. C. Williams (Wellington), gave two delightful dances last week. At the latter Mrs James Mills and the Misses Williams gave some very enjoyable vocal music.

MR B. STOCK, from Dunedin, is at present paying a visit to Archdeacon and Mrs Stock in Wellington.

AN epidemic of Eton jackets has burst out in Wellington, and a great many were on view at the Government House 'At Home' last Thursday. Gout in the arm, also appears to be rampant amongst the female population. These limbs have suddenly assumed immense proportions, simultaneously with the arrival of the spring jackets.

MR EDDIE O'RORKE and other secretaries were under discussion in the House a few nights ago. A member asked what the former gentlemen did during the recess, whereat the answer came 'Goes to race meetings.' It was then decided that some better employment must be found for them—something of the nature of the holiday task of their school-boy days. Mr O'Rourke will be sufficiently engaged this recess in arranging about his marriage, which is to take place in Christchurch before the end of the year.

AMONGST those who are thinking of taking a trip to England are the Misses Bennett, of Bulls. They will probably leave early in the year.

THE attendance in the ladies' gallery is now very meagre, but Lady Glasgow may be frequently seen in her little gallery, apparently fully enjoying the debates.

THE good looks of the doctors' wives in Wellington, have become proverbial, and even spread to the ears of the Government house party before their arrival in New Zealand.

RECENTLY when His Excellency the Governor was giving a large dinner, Lady Glasgow and the other ladies of the

party dined at one of the principal hotels in town, where a private room had been engaged for them.

MRS HALES was the recipient of a very pretty little token of remembrance from some of her many friends the day before her departure from Auckland. The token is a gold bangle set with pearls. In the centre is a horse-shoe in brilliants. Several pleasant farewell parties were given as an adieu to Mrs Hales, a large afternoon 'At Home' by Mrs Lennox, and a dinner-party by Mrs Thos. Peacock.

THOSE foolish women, blind followers of a filthy fashion, have little idea what their trains collect on their passage along the streets. Here is a list of the articles which a trailing skirt annexed in a walk down town:—Two cigar ends, nine cigarette do; a part of a pork-pie, seven hairpins, four toothpicks, a stem of a clay pipe, three fragments of orange peel, one slice of cat's meat, half the sole of a boot, one plug of chewed tobacco, straw, mud, scraps of paper, and miscellaneous street refuse, *ad libitum*.

A LADY, the wife of a well-known politician at one time resident in New Zealand, has started an original idea. She is so continually asked by her friends in the Antipodes to make purchases for them that she found a large proportion of her time was spent in this way, to say nothing of the shillings that were spent in 'busses and cabs. She has now sent out cards saying that she will be glad to receive orders and execute them, and will not charge anything for so doing, but anticipates remunerating herself by the reduction which the shopkeepers will make to her.

WELLINGTONIANS will be glad to hear that Miss Kathleen Hardy is coming to New Zealand as the leading lady in the Walter Bentley Company. Her charming acting in 'The Loan of a Lover' is well remembered, and her sweet, cultivated voice has been heard in several New Zealand towns, notably at the Dunedin Exhibition, where she was engaged to sing. Miss Hardy has been studying singing for some time in Melbourne.

MISS SUTCLIFFE, erstwhile governess at Government House, left by the Waihora for England. Miss Sutcliffe has been with Lady Glasgow's family for over two years. Very few applications were received by Lady Glasgow for the vacant post, but this is easily explained by the fact that it was not generally known that the position was vacant. Miss Bolroyd, it is generally understood, has received the appointment, which necessitates a considerable amount of knowledge, as the Ladies Boyle speak both French and German, and require advanced musical tuition.

THE dancing season is drawing to a close, and very soon happy recollections will be all that are left to us of '92's winter festivities. All things must end, and at least the recollections should prove bright, if we are to judge from the number of successful 'hops,' public and private, which have graced the pages of the GRAPHIC during the last six months. And by no means the least of these was the Complimentary Benefit given last Wednesday evening to Mrs Hay and Miss Suell by a committee of elder male pupils. The committee comprised Messrs H. Morton, Brody, A. Hough, Cook, G. W. Owen, C. Owen and A. G. Bennett, and it was entirely owing to the skilful management of these gentlemen, that everything, down to the smallest detail, passed off without a hitch. The upper and hall decorations left no room for improvement. Towards the middle of the evening a handsome album, the gift of the aforesaid committee and other members of the class, was presented to Mrs Hay by Mr A. Cook, who performed his agreeable task in a graceful and appropriate manner. At the conclusion of his speech and the presentation, Mr C. Hay rose and courteously acknowledged the gift and the feelings of kindness which prompted it. The music was supplied entirely by the ladies, who proved

themselves so equal to the occasion that several of the dances were vociferously encored. The evening closed at about 12.30 p.m.

MOST of the public and all musical people will be pleased to hear something of Madame Vanderveer-Green, the fine contralto, whose singing and beauty caused somewhat of a sensation when she toured the colony with Kowalski, some nine months ago. Madame Green has, after a most successful season in Australia, gone to Paris (via America), and has determined there to take lessons and study assiduously with the object of still further improving her voice. With her natural vocal powers and the increased cultivation and finish gained from the great Parisian and German masters, Madame Green, will we doubt not, enhance an already high reputation as a vocalist. It is very possible that in a year or two's time the contralto will again visit New Zealand, at any rate we hope so.

DESPITE the wretched weather, there was a large attendance at the conversazione held in the Choral Hall under the auspices of the New Zealand Teachers' Association. The object aimed at by the committee is the promotion and encouragement of friendship, sociability, and good feeling amongst those engaged in the profession. Their efforts the other evening were most successful, the gathering being enjoyable from every point of view. In order to suit all tastes, the programme was most pleasingly diversified. The first part was devoted to a concert, an excellent programme of vocal and instrumental music, readings and recitations being gone through. At ten o'clock an adjournment was made to the ante-room, where an appetising light supper had been prepared. In the meantime, willing hands cleared the hall, and dancing was started and continued until after midnight. It is proposed by the committee to hold the socials quarterly.

THE brilliant season of the Ponsonby 'At Home' was brought to a fitting conclusion last week, when a farewell Plain and Fancy Dress ball set the seal of a final success to a most enjoyable series of dances. No more enjoyable gatherings have been held this winter in Auckland than the Ponsonby 'At Home,' and the committee are to be warmly congratulated on the result of their labours for the common enjoyment. Undoubtedly part of the success has been due to the presence of one or more of the warships. The 'Navals' have always been present in force, and have done not a little towards promoting the genial gaiety of the meetings.

AT this farewell dance the attendance was as good as ever, notwithstanding the powerful attractions of the comic opera. The hall was decorated gaily with flags, flowers, and fernery, and the effects produced were eminently artistic. The supper was what the reporters on the daily papers love to call *recherche*, which being translated, means that it was a good supper of the usual tall stamp, and was worthy of the ladies' committee who provided it. The gallant defenders of the country and Queen from H.M.S. Rungaroona and H.M.S. Goldfinch were present in force, and everyone seemed in the best possible form. Mr T. T. Masfield made a capital M.C., and Adams' band supplied the music, which was excellent.

'MARJORIE,' which followed 'Yeomen of the Guard' in the Comic Opera Company's repertoire, has not been played before in New Zealand, and though Aucklanders are so musical a community in their own estimation, this burlesque 'caught on' in the most extraordinary manner, quite eclipsing the success which attended the revival of its somewhat pathetic predecessor. 'Marjorie' has few claims so far as musical merits are concerned, and depends less on the author and composer than the actors, the scenic artist, and the costumier for its success. The 'book' is feeble to the last degree, but bolstered up by really brilliant acting and the extremely clever 'gagging' of Mr Lauri, it is one of the most amusing medleys one could wish to laugh at. Mr Lauri makes the piece. In fact, without the tenor, or even the baritone, the opera might be almost as interesting as it is, for neither Mr Bracy or Mr Deane have parts worthy of their vocal or histrionic powers, but without Mr Lauri, the comic man, it could not for a moment hold the boards. As it is, however, the opera or to speak more correctly, the burlesque, goes with a *cerve* and go irresistible. The fun is fast and furious, and though there are all the faults we have said, the piece is a brilliant success.

THE truth is that we love to be amused, and emphatically 'Marjorie' amuses us. We love to have our eyes gratified by pretty people dressed in pretty clothes with a profusion of exquisite scenery. The costumes in 'Marjorie'

are wonderfully picturesque, and the scenery is charming, the dancing is delightful—graceful beyond compare—and there are some charming waltz and other light airs. It will draw everywhere for these reasons, and for a fit of the 'blues' it would be an infallible cure. Miss Granpner is seen to the greatest advantage. Her acting and singing are both admirable, and she looks remarkably pretty. Miss Young makes a fine heroine, her duets with Mr Bracy being the most musical items in the performance.

A DELIGHTFUL little dance was given at Riverlands, Blenheim, by Messrs Frank and George Redwood, in honour of their sister's marriage, a day or two before the event, when about fifty were present, and spent a most enjoyable evening. The dance was in the malt house, prettily decorated for the occasion, and the floor was capital, the music by Messrs Vannini and Currie being first-rate. The supper, which was served in a large room at one end, was much appreciated, and the table was pretty with eau-de-nil Liberty silk and quantities of spring flowers in high vases. The bride-elect was sweet in pale pink gown with elbow sleeves, V-shaped neck draped with soft lace.

MRS WARDROP (Wellington) has given several small afternoon teas lately, the last having been given for Miss Tabart, of Christchurch, who is staying with Mrs Wardrop for a few weeks. A pleasant little euchre party was also given by the same lady a few evenings ago.

The Countess of Glasgow has delighted her young friends by giving a series of young peoples' dinner-parties. They are extremely pleasant, with very little formality, and the evening afterwards is spent either with games, music, or dancing.

MRS BAKER, of 'Lindfield,' Tinakori, has been giving some very pleasant tennis parties during the winter months on Saturday afternoons. Her beautiful concrete court has proved quite a boon to players, for during the cold weather Wellingtonians are reduced to about half-a-dozen courts.

DANCING people in Christchurch are preparing for the Governor's visit. Lady Hall had a few young friends at her residence, Park Terrace, for afternoon tea, and as usual now, reel dancing was practised. Among the guests were the Misses Cowlishaw, Murray-Aynsley, Turnbull, Thorpe, and Messrs Lane, E. Palmer, Clark and Turnbull, as well as Lady Hall's sons. The Girl's Wahine Club met at Mrs Nedwill's, Oxford Terrace, on Thursday afternoon, where the Scotch reel was again indulged in under the careful supervision of Misses Turnbull and Murray-Aynsley.

CONCERNING the 'Old Guard' now running in Auckland, there is little need to speak. Everyone is docking to see it, and there is to be heard but one long, laudatory account of its merits. It is the funniest, prettiest, most frolicsome opera it has been our lot to see. From the rise to the fall of the curtain there is not a dull moment. Mr Lauri's acting is beyond criticism or description; anything more comic cannot be conceived.

Owing to pressure on our space the Hunting Column is unavoidably held over till next week.

The Picton spinsters' *bal poudré* is *un fait accompli*, and the success attending it has been a subject for rejoicing to themselves and all their friends. From the hour when the *mandarines* went forth to all the spinsters far and wide Picton has been in a state of turmoil and upside-downness. Houses were denuded of their furniture, the bush of its glories, and the gardens of their treasures to embellish the Public Hall and adorn the spinsters' supper-tables. Mothers were turned into fancy cooks and made to study all the new recipes of the day, and brothers and sisters ran messages here, there, and everywhere, all day long, and sometimes far into the night, too. Miss Hay, as hon. secretary, has been the most important personage in Picton of late, and all the other spinsters, like lesser lights, revolved around her. Invitations were sent to all the society people of Marlborough, and the result, though the weather kept many away, was one of the most brilliant gatherings ever seen in Marlborough.

The spinsters' badge was a butterfly worn in the hair, though, alas! the spinsters had forgotten to propitiate the gods, and so Boreas, with all his blustering satellites, came forth to scatter Niobe's tears over everything, and have a *bal poudré* of his own amongst the hills. All the elements combined could not prevent the spinsters' friends from rallying round them. A special train came down from Blenheim, and some carriages came into town before the storm.

The hall was a veritable picture with gay flags, curtains, mirrors, ferns, garia, clematis, yellow kowhai, and immense arum lilies, the stage being transformed into a drawing-room, with two large supper-tables, one at each end. The stage decorations and supper-tables were in white and green, the only flowers used being clematis and arum lilies with young nikau palms. There was such an abundance of these that other decorations were superfluous. The spinsters had arranged the dance to *fit* one of their number—Miss Flora Speed—prior to her marriage, of which an account appears elsewhere. The hostesses were the Misses Hay (hon. sec.), (A. P.) Seymour, Mellish, Duncan, Allan, Greensill, Philpotts, (H. C.) Seymour, White, Beauchamp, Falconer, Waddy, Western, Kenny, M. Speed, and Young.

WHITE button-holes were provided for the gentlemen, who nearly all wore white waistcoats, and some of them—not to be outdone by the ladies—powdered their hair. The effect was more remarkable upon them than it was upon the ladies, and lent a staid and venerable appearance to them which they did not in reality possess. Under the powder and *rouge* the ladies met on a more equal footing. The elderly and *passé* became young and blooming, and the young became older and more staid. The ball was kept up till 3 a.m., though the special train with the Blenheim visitors left Picton at 2.30 a.m., much to their regret.

Too much praise cannot be given to the spinsters generally for their combined efforts to make the affair the success it was; but an extra supply must be bestowed on Miss (A. P.) Seymour, Miss Mellish, and Miss Hay, who were the moving spirits. The floor was perfect, and the music, supplied by Signor Vannini, excellent. The supper was a 'thing of beauty, and a joy for ever.'

THERE was so much supper left from the Picton spinsters' *bal poudré* that it was unanimously resolved to give a children's dance on Saturday evening. Mr Rutherford paid for the hall, so that the little ones are really indebted to him for the enjoyable evening they spent, though all the grown-ups entered heart and soul into the general idea of the children's pleasure.

OUR Dunedin correspondent writes:—The Rev. E. A. Lytken lectured on "Prison Life in Siberia," where he himself had been for two and a-half years. His description of the journey, the food, and treatment, the work at the mines, and other work more horrible still—that of helping to put to death and to bury other prisoners—made one's blood run cold. As the lecturer recounted all these awful experiences he was visibly affected. We hear of the horrors of the Siberian prisoners from time to time, but it is seldom we come face to face with one who has personally experienced all the misery.

A VERY realistic performance of the dramatised version of Rolfe Baldredwood's 'Robbery Under Arms' is taking place nightly at the Theatre Royal, Christchurch, by Mr Charles Dampier and Company, the staging of which has created quite a sensation, a real four-in-hand coach, with real live horses being driven on to the stage, to be stuck up by Starlight and his band, while the riding of Miss Dampier, who sits her horse faultlessly, is the centre of admiration.

Miss Brigham, of 'Marino,' Parnell, gave a most enjoyable afternoon tea to her girl friends on Wednesday last. The weather, unfortunately, was very disagreeable, and many of the girls expected were afraid to venture from their homes. The hostess received her guests in a charming gown of pale blue, trained, and made with a deep corslet belt. Her mother, Mrs Brigham, wore a handsome dress of brown cloth, relieved with point lace. After spending some time in the drawing-room, with pleasant chat, music, etc., the guests were ushered into a spacious dining-room, where a most *recherché* afternoon tea was spread.

The Gesang-Verein earned great praise for the successful and spirited performance of Rossini's 'Stabat Mater.' The work had been rehearsed with special care, under the conductorship of Signor Squarise, and everybody has been talking about it. The choruses went better than any previously heard in Dunedin. Throughout the whole performance there was room for little but praise.

The fourth and final 'At Home' of the season given by the Liederchranzchen, Christchurch, came off at the Y.M.C.A. Rooms from three to five in the afternoon, and was as largely attended by members and their friends as the place would comfortably hold. The stage and windows were tastefully decorated with yellow flowers, the refresh-

ment table with pale blue Liberty silk, and bowls of forget-me-nots, and was laden with every delicacy in the way of afternoon tea, cakes and sweets, a very merry half hour being spent in the interval in disposing of the same. Musically the afternoon was not such a success as some of the previous efforts. The glees and trios were well done, and showed much careful training from Mrs W. Wilson, the conductress, but the trios themselves perhaps were not so taking, with the exception of 'Sleigh Bells' by the company, which was exceedingly pretty, and 'Rest Thee on Thy Mossy Pillow' by Miss Fairhurst, Misses A. and F. Greenwood. Mr Wilson was in good voice, and sang a very pretty song, 'By the Blue Sea.' Miss Ethel Turner also sang very nicely 'Call Me Back,' and Miss Alice Matson was very successful with a dainty song, 'The Rose.' The Misses Lingard played two piano duets, 'Norwegian Dances,' very crisply and in excellent time, and Misses L. Wood and M. Graham sang a duet, Miss Wood acting as accompanist throughout.

MR JOHN DUTHIE, M.H.R., and Mrs Duthie, issued invitations to a number of M.H.R.s and their wives for Saturday last to a luncheon and picnic at their residence, Lower Hutt. A similar hospitality last year had been much appreciated, and the hosts hoped to have rendered the present an even greater success. Provision was made for over ninety guests. The weather, unfortunately, turned out unpropitious, and the entertainment proved impossible. Mr Speaker and Mrs Stewart, the Hon. Mr, Mrs, and Miss Reynolds, Messrs William and George Hutchison with their ladies, however, braved the elements, and were most heartily welcomed, and although too wet under foot to visit all the grounds, the guests between the showers indulged in boating, and in other ways thoroughly enjoyed the outing. Numbers of others took advantage of the fine weather and paid a visit the day following.

HERR Zimmermann gave a concert in Auckland last week by way of introducing himself to the public of that city. It was very well attended. There is no doubt that Herr Zimmermann is a player of rare abilities. His execution is admirable, and he has all the musical qualities which go to make great violinists. His advent will be a distinct gain to Auckland, where really first-class violinists are not plentiful.

The smartest affair of the week in Dunedin, outside Miss Dymock's wedding, was a dance and theatricals given by Mrs Hosking and Mrs Woodhouse, Girton Hall being chosen for the place of entertainment. The stage looked lovely, and so did the pretty hall, crowded with people in full dress. Quite one hundred and fifty persons were present, and a very pleasant evening was spent. The little play which occupied the first part of the evening was entitled 'Sugar and Cream.' Mrs Henry Mackenzie and Miss J. Cargill being the lady performers, and Messrs C. Rattray and J. Cargill filling the parts of the gentlemen. The names of these gentlemen are so well known in amateur theatricals, that little praise is necessary. The ladies, too, were very good, and were loudly applauded. After the play came the dance, which was much enjoyed.

TENNIS has begun in Napier, the Farndon Courts being opened, when a large number of guests was present. The courts are in first-rate order, but a trifle soft after the heavy rains.

MRS JOHN SUNDERLAND (Swarthmoor, Gisborne) is endeavouring to form a ladies' club in Gisborne, and has invited the ladies of the district to meet her to consider the necessary details.

A LARGE and appreciative Gisborne audience greeted the Garrick Amateur Dramatic Club and other friends who kindly gave their services in aid of the widow and family of the late J. W. Smith. Owing to the indisposition of Mr D. Bouike, a miscellaneous programme was substituted for the promised 'Withered Leaves.' A full description is given in 'Society Gossip.'

The Dunedin Orchestral Society's third concert of the season was another musical success. The Garrison Hall was crowded to excess, and the exquisite pieces performed by the orchestra were enjoyed to the full.

The social evening given by the Wellington Liedertafel proved a great success. There were only gentlemen, of course, and smoking was allowed. An excellent musical programme was arranged and carried out by the conductor Mr Robert Parker, the soloists being Mr Whittall, Mr A. Gray, and Mr Stringer, whilst a duet was given by Messrs Hickson and Whittall, a violin solo by Mr McDufl Dwyd, and some splendid part songs by the members.

One of the World's Strange Places.

THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

SCENE OF THE RECENT FIGHTING.

IT may be remembered that some six weeks ago a cable message appeared in our columns announcing that there had broken out in Ponape a very severe revolt, and that the Spaniards were having a somewhat disagreeable time in the Caroline Islands. We have now received some pictures of the ruins which make Ponape famous and of the people who caused the trouble, for it is asserted that the missionaries were largely to blame for the rising which is now, by the way, utterly quelled. Fighting has, however, been going on for many years, the natives regarding the Spaniards as a species of tyrants. Before going farther, however, it will be as well to give some description of the islands which form a great archipelago, chiefly atolls, but containing also two islands (Kusaie and Ponape) which are large, mountainous, and volcanic. The Carolines have always been claimed by Spain by right of discovery, but settlement was not in the least degree attempted, nor was dominion openly asserted, till Germany took possession of the most westerly island (Yap) in 1835. Hamburg merchants have for many years had trading establishments at Yap and others of the Carolines. This was probably the origin of the German movement which excited the keen opposition of the Spaniards, in whose behalf the decision of His Holiness the Pope (appointed as Arbitrator) was given. Since then the Spaniards have established a Governor and a small body of Manila troops at Yap. A Lieutenant-Governor was sent to Ponape a central island in the group in 1827, but owing to an unhappy difference with the natives, he and nearly all the Manila troops sent with him were killed by the natives. The Lieutenant-Governor was killed just before the arrival of his successor, who was sent to supersede him. The Governor-General at Manila had decided on this supersession in consequence of the Lieutenant-Governor having forcibly deported the Rev. Mr Doane, an American missionary, whose case was taken up by the American Consul at Manila. The people of the Caroline Archipelago are more decidedly Asiatic than those of the Marshall group. Their language is hard and consonantal. They are physically slighter, and in complexion darker than the Polynesians of the Eastern Pacific, or than the Polynesians who occupy, very curiously, the little Atoll Nukoor in the centre of the

Carolines. Some of the Caroline Islanders are still heathen, but many of the islands are occupied by the American Mission which has been at work in the Archipelago since 1855. The natives have long, straight hair and a great variety of dialects of which ten are noted, namely, Yap, Utihi, Ponape, Kusaie, Satawal, Ualan, and Mortlock—this last being the English name given to a small distinct group in the archipelago.

KUSAIE OR STRONG'S ISLAND

is the most easterly of the archipelago—a lofty volcanic island, of which the highest point is over 2,100 feet, very broken and about twenty-four miles in circuit, and possessing two good harbours, of which the best is Coquille on the lee side of the island. The other, Leila, is on the windward side and therefore more difficult to leave, as well as subject to a heavy swell when the Trade Winds blow strongly. Kusaie has a very small population, not exceeding 300, and is the head-quarters of the American Mission which has here two separate training schools for teachers, one for the Kingsmill and the other for the Marshall Group. Strong's Island was at one time a great resort for whalers and there are wild pigs upon it in large numbers as well as a few cattle. The missionaries succeeded, after considerable difficulty, in inducing the natives to discontinue keeping pigs for the whalers, or in any way trading with them. By this means their visits have ceased and the diseases introduced among the islanders have, it is said, been successfully eradicated. About fifty tons of copra are exported yearly, but its resources in other products have still to be developed.

Pingelap is an atoll comparatively poor in land, but with a population said to be 800, dependent on their export of copra. There is no entrance to the lagoon, but several traders are settled in the islets surrounding it. Mokil is a finer atoll with a much smaller population, and able to export more largely as they require less for home consumption. There is a boat entrance to the lagoon which is very pretty, being nearly surrounded with islets densely covered with groves of the cocoanut palm. Ngatik is another atoll about 22 miles in circuit, with abundant cocoanut groves, but no entrance to the lagoon. Nukoor is a singular atoll, south of the regular chain, with a boat entrance to the

lagoon. The singularity consists in ITS SMALL POPULATION (NOT EXCEEDING ONE HUNDRED) BEING PURE MAORIS

identical in appearance with the Maoris of New Zealand. Their language is also said to be identical with that of the old Maoris before it became affected by intercourse with Europeans. Namoluk, Constantin or Greenwich Atoll, Ifalik, Ulii, Esuripik, Sorol, Utihi, Ngoli, and a large number of other atolls, many of considerable size, are included in the Caroline Archipelago, but are all of much the same character, and do not call for special mention. There are native teachers and traders on many, and the staple product is copra, but they are seldom visited except by trading vessels collecting copra, and by the American Mission steamer, the Morning Star, which makes an annual visit of inspection to those islands on which native teachers are placed. There are a few other atolls in the Carolines which call for special notice. The Mortlocks are a small group consisting of Sataon, with a splendid entrance to a large lagoon at least seventeen miles long and twelve broad; Etal, a fine but smaller atoll, and Lukunor one of the most perfect specimens of a lagoon island in the Pacific. The Lukunor lagoon is of oval form, about eighteen miles in circuit, with the surface of the surrounding reef much broader and therefore with much greater variety of soil than usual. Groves of breadfruit, Jack fruit, and other tropical trees give variety to the cocoanut palm with which the islets on the reef are densely covered. The lagoon is deep and of the clearest ocean blue, but has shelving beaches of coral sand off which good anchorage is found. The pearl oyster is abundant at Lukunor as in most of these lagoons. The population of the three Mortlocks is estimated at between three and four thousand. Several traders are settled on them and in some places there are churches and schools.

Tromelin or Frys Island is also worthy of mention as being the only raised coral island in this great archipelago and therefore without a central lagoon. It is very small, being scarcely three miles in circuit, and not more than thirty feet high, very steep and without anchorage—a mass of coral unique of its kind in the western Pacific.

Kusaie, the most easterly of this archipelago, has been mentioned as a volcanic island. Three others more remarkable in their way namely, Ponape, Hugelien or Rak, and Yap have now to be noticed. Ponape is a large volcanic island and, with the two fertile atolls of Pakin and Ants lying four or five miles from the large island, is known as the chief of the Saniavine group. Ponape is between sixty and seventy miles in circuit, very broken and rising to a height of 2,850 feet. The reef, surrounding it at a distance of about five miles, has several good passages into excellent harbours. Of these the harbour of Modoc is the

FAVOURITE RESORT FOR THE ARCTIC WHALEES, fitted out at San Francisco, and coming into the South Pacific



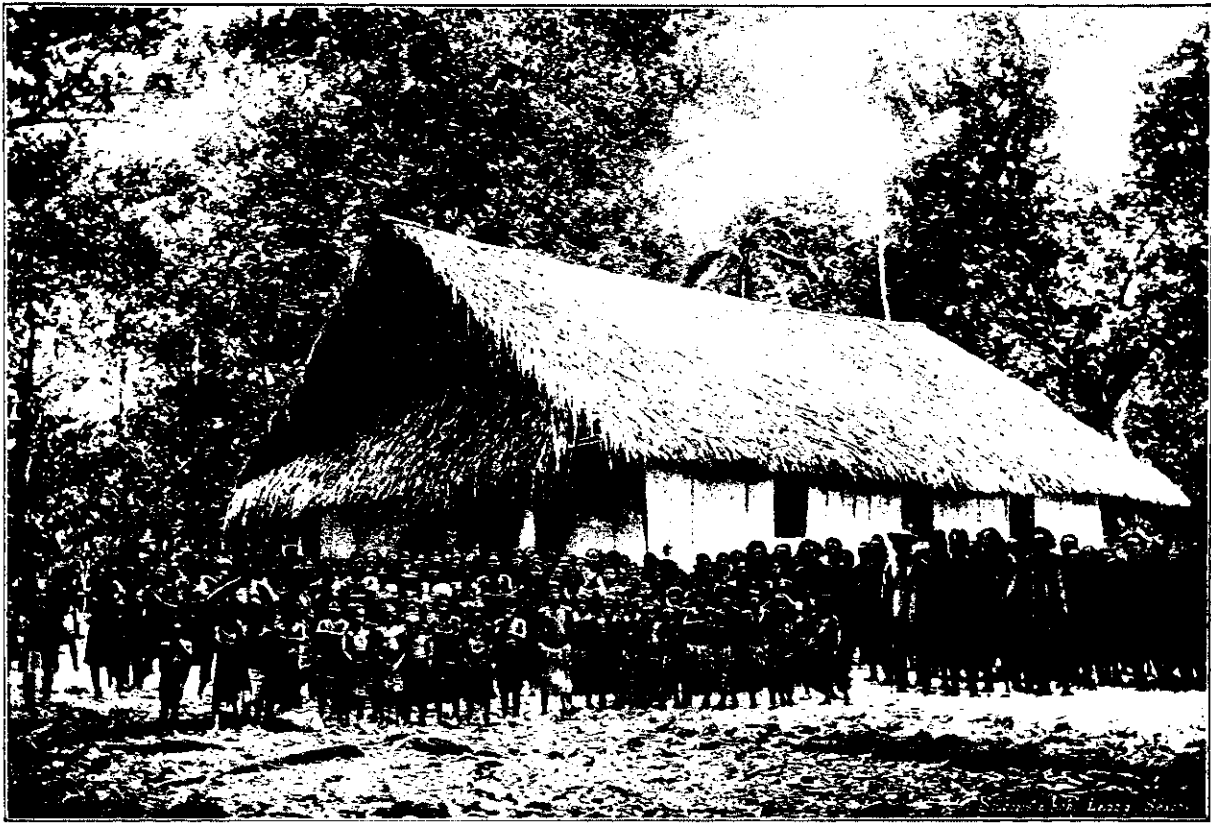
MOUTH OF CAVE UNDER SUPPOSED ALTAR IN RUINS AT PONAPE, CAROLINE ISLANDS.

during the season when Arctic whaling is impracticable. Five or six are frequently lying at Modoc at one time, and of these several are auxiliary steamers which appear to be superseding sailing ships in American fisheries. Pohnape is also in the direct route of sailing ships from Australia, or New Zealand to China, but they seldom call, being generally content to sight Pleasant Island as a point of fresh departure. In olden times Pohnape is said to have been a favourite resort of the Buccaneers, it being in the direct route between Mexico and Manila. Ronokiti Harbour is very safe, but the entrance is narrow and intricate. Jamestown Harbour, so named after the United States Frigate by which the harbour was surveyed, is the site of the original Mission Station. This has since been removed to the more central and convenient harbour of Metalanien, where the Mission buildings occupy a beautiful promontory. The population of Pohnape is estimated at 2,000, consisting of five tribes who occupy only the coast, the interior being entirely without people. A stream runs into the harbour of Jamestown through a lovely valley, but, as a rule, the coast is covered with boulders and huge basaltic prisms, strewn thickly along the slopes of the hills and on the beaches. Between these beaches and the distant coral reef, surrounding and protecting the island, there are broad coral flats, on which numerous low islets have been found.

In the space between the two quadrangles there are three raised vaults, about 5 feet square, one on each side, and the third at the rear. There is a similar small vault in the raised platform. This mysterious ruin gives at once the idea of a heathen temple, and the small openings through the walls are terribly suggestive of human victims dragged in for sacrifice, while those in the passages may have served for fuel or similar purpose. The theory that the structure is the ruin of a Buccaneer's Castle is evidently without foundation. The absence of windows or doors, the unsuitability for defence, the character of the so-called Dungeons and Treasure Chambers, the enormous waste of power, and the total absence of skill or mark of tools of any description, render the supposition entirely untenable. The present inhabitants of Pohnape have a vague tradition in connection with these ruins. Another legend told by the old people is that King Awanesakow lost a little girl about twelve years old, and so great was his grief that he could not endure the sight of any other girls of her age, and so issued an order that every one on the island should be killed. He is talked of as the cross king. He had a large enclosure made of immense stones, which it is hard to see how human hands could have lifted, and into this he moved his family. It used to be the custom to keep their dead unburied until nothing but the bones were left; then

with prisms of precisely the same character and put together in the same way as the walls of the building. There must be many miles of this embankment apparently as purposeless as the building itself. It is difficult to conceive that the soil on these small islands could have ever been worth preserving from encroachment by the sea, especially as the great Island of Pohnape is only separated from them by the shallows from one to two miles broad.

The only way to gain a clear idea as to the purpose of the buildings and embankment will be by careful exploration of the islands. Possibly some of them, now low and flat, may not be coral, and have formed at one time the quarries from which the volcanic prisms were obtained. In any case the mainland of Pohnape abound in these prisms, and could supply them in great quantity. The description here given is from the writer's personal observation in 1877, and the dimensions are as nearly correct as a rough measurement, during a necessarily short stay of a few hours in heavy rain, would permit. In these measurements the writer was aided and checked by Mr Russ, the agent of the German company trading in Pohnape, and the likelihood of their being nearly correct is therefore increased. It may be well, also, to state that both Mr Russ and myself are under the impression that the one side wall is really 20 to 30 feet



MISSION CHURCH AND SCHOOL, PONAPE, CAROLINE ISLANDS.

On one of these islets, in the centre of a cluster of fifteen or twenty, stand

THE MASSIVE AND MYSTERIOUS RUINS FOR WHICH PONAPE IS CELEBRATED.

They are built entirely of basaltic prisms, laid transversely in alternate tiers of large and small prisms. The ruins consist of an outer wall some twenty feet high and eighteen feet thick at the base. About six feet from the ground the wall is reduced to 8 feet in thickness, leaving a platform 10 feet wide all round the inner face. The front of this structure is about 170 feet wide, and is divided in the centre by an opening of 15 feet which serves as a great entrance. The sides are about 220 feet long and the back is similar to the front but undivided. Inside this great quadrangle, at a distance of thirty feet, a smaller quadrangle is built of the same height, but with walls uniform in thickness (about 10 feet). The front wall of the inner quadrangle is also divided in the centre by an opening similar in size and directly opposite to that in the wall of the outer quadrangle, while within this smaller quadrangle is a raised platform some forty feet square built of the same huge hexagonal prisms to a height of five feet from the ground. There are no evidences of art or skill. The walls consist simply of the prisms piled side by side, in rows at right angles to each other. There are no signs of roof, doors, or windows, but there is through each of the two side walls of the outer quadrangle a hole about 5 feet square and level with the ground. A similar square hole passes through one of the side walls of the inner quadrangle.

these were thrown into a deep place in the water. A big stone is pointed out on which he used to sit and mourn. There were several openings or gateways in this high, wide wall, and there is a winding passage up which canoes could come at high tide, and the natives deposited food for their king at the several gateways. The royal family had a special bathing place enclosed by walls, and in it were three stone tubs, or oblong hollow places of three different sizes. To bathe where the king had bathed was strictly forbidden, as the person so doing might become king. They are the work of a great 'evil spirit' or 'devil.' Beyond that they do not even make a guess.

The little, low island is covered by the ruins, through which lofty trees now project, and the walls of which are hidden with shrubbery and creeping plants. In some places the walls bulge dangerously but generally they are much as they must have been when first built. High up in the walls many of the prisms are very large, one at the corner tier being 13 feet long and 2½ feet across the ends. Probably this great length enabled the builders to move the massive prisms by manual labour which could not have been applied with the same effect if they had been shorter and thicker. The aspect of the ruins, standing amid a cluster of low, densely wooded islands, is solemn and weird. The sea, still by the encircling barrier reef, meanders through the islets in broad shallow passages, giving to the whole an appearance wonderfully like that of a dead city, once traversed by canals for streets. The illusion is strengthened by the embankment of the Islands

longer than the other, but there could be no certainty on this point without a re-measurement and cutting away the overgrowth, which required more time than they had at their disposal.

The approach to the ruins by boat from Metalanien Bay is easy, but from Jamestown Harbour the boat journey was twenty five miles, and for the first fifteen the Trades are a head wind which render tedious beating necessary. Between the shore reef and the ocean reef there is a deep channel, but at intervals this is broken by long shallows, which even a boat can only traverse at certain states of the tide. There are also in the channel constant patches of coral reef, rendering sailing by night somewhat dangerous. It will be easy, therefore, to understand that the difficulty of exploration is much increased if the start is not made from Metalanien Harbour.

The productions of Pohnape include every known tropical product, and among them the vegetable ivory, but while all flourish the people are few, and the trade is chiefly in yams, pigs, and other articles in demand by whalers. Copra, pearl shell, and vegetable ivory are exported. Coffee is grown, but only in small quantities for home use. The coast of this island is, as we have said, strewn with prisms and boulders, but the soil between them supports great forest trees and fruits of all kinds. There can be no doubt that an exploration of the deserted interior would lead to the discovery of a good area of rich and valuable land. It may be added that ruins, similar to those at Pohnape, but less extensive and less massive, are found also at Kusae.

A FAVOURITE 'FRISCO MAIL STEAMER.

R.M.S. MONOWAI.

NEW ZEALAND may well be proud of her mail steamers. There may be vessels of larger tonnage on other lines, but for comfort and good service they are not to be easily beaten. Perhaps the most popular of the great ocean going craft which brings us mails, maidens, and mashers from England and 'Frisco, and which keep us in touch with Europe is the Royal Mail Steamer Monowai, belonging to the Union Company, and while this is being written fast drawing near Auckland on the trip from 'Frisco.

The Monowai is not a pretty boat. What impresses the observer most is her massiveness of proportion, and her evident immense carrying capacity. She is a great cargo-steamer, but, at the same time, she has splendid passenger accommodation. This vessel is indeed an embodiment in steel of the latest and most ingenious contrivances and improvements in marine architecture, fittings, and machinery, and is well worthy inspection.

The steamer's register is 3,500 tons gross, and she resembles the Tarawera more, perhaps, than any other boat known in these waters. There are four decks in all—spar deck, main deck, tween deck, and shade deck, which last runs right aft to the flying bridge, forward of the funnel, only broken at the necessary places to allow of cargo being worked. Under this passengers are absolutely independent of the weather.

The fine steamer is very well appointed in every department, and is fitted up with most modern improvements. She has accommodation aft and amidships for 133 first-class passengers, and forward for 100 steerage, in the fore-part of the main deck.

THE SALOON.

The saloon, which is on the main deck, is approached by a very handsome double staircase from the music saloon, and is very tastefully decorated throughout. Dining-tables are placed along the centre and sides. The couches and revolving chairs are upholstered in amber colour plush; one feature

in the chairs being that the seats are reversible, so that cane bottoms can be used in hot climates. At the fore end of the saloon is a magnificent sideboard, which was exhibited by Messrs Denny Brothers at the Glasgow Exhibition. On each side of the stairs is a very handsome bookcase. At the fore end of the saloon, but not entered directly from it, is the bar and a large pantry.

Passing through the doors at either end of the saloon, access is given to the state rooms, which are arranged in the centre and sides of the vessel—the side rooms being of larger dimensions than those in the centre—and all fitted up in the same manner with crimson velvet cushions. Each room is provided with lifebelts. There are five bathrooms, four of which are solid marble tepid baths, and one shower bath, the room being tiled all over. The wash-basins are also set in solid marble slabs; in fact, nothing has been left undone which would conduce to the comfort of passengers. The ladies' cabin adjoins the main saloon, and is a very handsome apartment, finished in terra-cotta, and communicating with it are dressing-rooms and two baths of solid marble, the washstands being also of marble, with hot and cold water. Every provision has been made in the event of fire, there being a hose and patent fire extinguisher placed in various parts of the main deck.

MUSIC SALOON.

The music saloon, which is situated on the spar deck, is a splendidly fitted up apartment, rivalling quite similar saloons on the finest European steamers trading to Australia, or even the magnificent Atlantic liners. It was exhibited by the builders at the centre avenue of the Glasgow International Exhibition. About 8ft. of the height of the walls are finished in magnificent satin wood panels, above which is coloured glass, which has a splendid effect. At the fore end of this apartment stands one of Brinsmead's pianos, while at the after end is a very large handsome mirror, on each side of which is a special state room, containing two berths each. There are six other similar state rooms in the after deck-house, where there is also the smoking room, most tastefully finished in sycamore, satin wood, walnut, and marqueterie, the walls being of polished woods of various colours. The floor is laid with encaustic tiling, sofas covered with buffalo hide, and divisioned off

into single seats, with five marble top tables, glass racks, and electric bells. The second saloon, which is also on the main deck, and approached from the spar deck, is a very roomy apartment, the upholstering being of buffalo hide. There are several enclosed state rooms, bath, with lava-



Falk,

CAPTAIN CAREY.

photo, Sydney.

atories, etc. The galley, butcher's shop, bakery, etc., are on the main deck.

The captain's room, purser's office, and first and second officers are quartered on the spar deck, the other officers on the main deck, while the engineer's quarters are in the engine-room, the crew being in comfortable quarters on the fore-castle.

Her engines are on the triple expansion principle, her cylinders being 25in, 41in, and 58in, steam being supplied by two double ended boilers working at a pressure of 170lb per square inch. The engine-room is most extensively provided for, all manner of auxiliary machinery being supplied—two Weir's pumps for boiler feed, three Worthington pumps, centrifugal circulating pumps, Brown's patent combined steam and hydraulic starting gear, Weir's patent feed-beater and distiller, etc.

The vessel is fitted throughout with electric light supplied by the builders, there being double sets of dynamos and engines.

Captain Carey is so well known to almost all New Zealanders and Australians that there is little need to publish his biography. He is assuredly one of the most popular, and most deservedly popular, captains afloat. Sailors are always favourites, but Captain Carey has exceptional claims on the public regard and respect. For over a quarter of a century he has been known as one of the most genial and trustworthy of mariners treading the decks of our intercolonial steamers. At one time in his career Capt. Carey tried fanning, but soon found that he would rather plough the seas than the unproductive soil of the Chatham Islands. With that exception the captain has been at sea all his life, for he shipped first at the age of thirteen on an American whaler. Undoubtedly Captain Carey has much to do with the favour with which the Monowai is regarded by all classes of passengers.

ABBOTT'S OPERA HOUSE.

Under the direction of Mr J. C. Williamson.

FAREWELL PERFORMANCES

of

WILLIAMSON'S FAMOUS

ROYAL COMIC OPERA COMPANY.

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Magnificent Production of the Grand Spectacular Comic Opera

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FOR THE FIRST TIME IN NEW ZEALAND.

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MR W. H. JUDE.

DESCRIPTIVE MUSICAL EVENING.

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Box-plan at Wildman's.

J. J. WYATT-PATTON,
Private Secretary to Mr Jude.

M. H. H.

R.M.S. MONOWAI AT AUCKLAND WHARF.

photo, Auckland.

RANGITIRAS OF THE PAST.

MORE MAORI CHIEFTAINS OF A BYGONE AGE.

SOME three months ago we gave two pages or so of this journal to a freely-illustrated account of some of the more masterful Maoris whose very names were terrible in the days of this colony's infancy. The success of that number was astonishing. An enormous edition sold out within a few hours of publication, and a new issue had disappeared long before all those who wished to send copies to their English friends could be satisfied. Since then numerous requests for 'more Maoris' have reached us, but

side the trader *Urania*, and getting aboard, desired to go to England and see King George. Embarrassed, the captain tried to persuade him to re-enter his canoe, and at last ordered three of his stoutest seamen to throw him over.

Te Pehi, however, perceived what was intended, and in-



TE PEHI.

until this mail week a chance had not presented itself of complying with the general desire. It may be remembered that in the sketch already alluded to the name of Te Pehi incidentally appeared together with a promise that the life of this most famous chieftain should be dealt with at a future date. Te Pehi was

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE MAORIS WHO EVER LIVED, and went through some of the strangest experiences which ever fell to the lot of a savage. A powerful warrior and a great rangitira, the ruling passion which made Te Pehi famous was revenge for the death of his little daughter, who was murdered and eaten by his enemies. In order to seek vengeance on the enemies of his house it was necessary to have a large supply of guns and ammunition, and here springs the motive of

TE PEHI'S VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

It was in the very earliest days when Te Pehi came along-



MAIPI PARONE KAWITI



CARVING ON FACE OF TE PEHI.—FROM A DRAWING BY HIMSELF.

stantly throwing himself down on the deck, seized two ringbolts with so powerful a hold that it was impossible to tear him away without such violence as the humanity of Captain Reynolds would not permit. When this struggle was over, the chief, feeling himself firmly established on board, called out to his people in the canoes, and ordered them to return to land. His command was instantly obeyed, showing that the programme had been rehearsed before the rover had left the shore. For some days the captain thought of landing Te Pehi along the coast, but the winds fought for the Ngaitoa chieftain, and his good manners and affability speedily made him a favourite. At Monte Video he saved the captain's life. Captain Reynolds fell overboard, and would have been drowned. It is said, when Te Pehi plunged into the water, and having hold of him as he was sinking, supported him with the one hand while he swam with the other, till they were both again taken on board. Arrived in England, Te Pehi got the measles, and was tended in his sickness by the captain and his wife with a solicitude that did them honour. Dr. Traill, of Liverpool, 'in the early part of the year 1826,' was called in to visit him as he lay sick of the measles, attended by a surgeon by whom he had been vaccinated some weeks before. Under Dr. Traill's care the sick man soon became well, and was subsequently a frequent guest at the doctor's house. The doctor became attached to Te Pehi, and the patient became more than commonly fond of the man who had cured him. The New Zealander was taught to ride on horseback, and was taken journeys in a gig, to see regiments inspected, articles of utility manufactured, while most of the details of English life were thrown open to him. He was as much at home with the taint of the flesh of men cleaving to his teeth in English society as was in after times the tall, graceful, lounging figure of Te Whero Whero at Government House in Auckland.

A picture of Aperahama Ruke is given more because he has a fine typical Maori face than for any other reason. He was the Rev. R. Taylor's head teacher at Wanganui, who took charge during the missionary's absence. He died at the age of ninety.

Maipi Parone Kawiti was the son of the old warrior who, after the fall of Kororareka, threw in his fortunes on the side of Heke's rebellion. The younger Kawiti had commanded some party of natives at the destruction of Kororareka. After the death of his father in 1854 he became the principal chief and survived until 1889, living in peace and contentment at his native

settlement near the Bay of Islands, and maintaining up to the time of his death the most friendly relations with the whole of the European settlers. The portrait given was taken about a year before his demise.

Much might be said, had we the space, about Titore, the great Bay of Islands chief. It was he who sent a letter to King William, together with a present of a greenstone axe

and some feather cloaks. The King duly replied to this communication, styling Titore 'His Highness,' and sending him a suit of armour as a present.

Titore appears, too, to have been like most other chiefs of his time. The following extract from a letter describes how this old scamp, after one of the tribal wars, received the missionaries, and their impression of him:— 'Titore and his party, were all tapu, and consequently sitting by themselves, in an open space, with the heads of their friends and enemies arranged before them. There were fourteen heads of the Ngatiawa, and three of Ngapuhi. The latter were at a short distance from the others, being worthy of more honour. The sight was most disgusting. The heads were dressed with feathers, and the teeth exposed to view, which gave them a most ghastly appearance. The countenances of all the natives seemed to partake of the image of their father the devil. They were truly Satanic; a grin of satisfaction was on every face.' Rather uncharitable this, but perhaps correct enough.



APERAHAMA RUKU.



TITORE, BAY OF ISLANDS CHIEF.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A NEW SPECIES OF CANDLES.

A YOUNG Italian is reported to have invented a species of candles which produces a most intense light, and which is intended to be projected from a cannon and to strike the enemy's works or that of the country where it is suspected they are. (On striking any solid substance it breaks and the substance contained in it, taking fire, produces a light, estimated to be of the intensity of 100,000 candles, which illuminates the field for a great distance.

FISH FROM VOLCANOES.

Attention has recently been called to the fact that the volcanoes of the Andes eject large quantities of fish from the craters in the first stage of an eruption. The Indians hold that many of these fishes are alive when they are found on the sides of the mountain, and it is certain that few are either boiled or mutilated. The explanation is that during the long period of quiescence, extending even to a century, the crater becomes choked up and turned into the bed of a lake, with subterranean channels to other crater lakes, from which the spawn probably comes. The fishes are generally blind, showing that they are of an underground variety.

MOSQUITOES.

A correspondent suggests that one of the best methods of getting rid of mosquitoes is to stock the ponds and lakes with fish—carp is especially named as being one of the fish to feed on the larva of the mosquito. So far as this goes, it is undoubtedly a valuable hint; but, as the egg of the mosquito comes to maturity in a very short time, any small hole, even a cork track, in which water may lie for a week is sufficient to bring forth the insect to perfection, so that after we get them from the lakes and ponds, there is generally enough left from swampy places in marshes to stock the country nevertheless.

LATEST PLANS FOR THE CHANNEL BRIDGE.

Mr P. Stanhope, who presided at the fourth annual general meeting of the Channel Bridge and Railway Company, read the report of the Council of Administration. As the result of careful soundings taken a couple of years ago a new route had been adopted, which would considerably shorten the distance. The number of piers would be reduced from 121 as originally intended to seventy-two, and the spans would be increased in size to 400 and 500 metres alternately from one end of the bridge to the other, while the work would be of such a nature as to obviate every possible risk. They would, at the same time, be of such a simple character that the time required for their completion would be only seven years, four of which would be occupied by operations in the sea. In consequence of the increased spans adopted, and the new system of lighting and buoying, navigation would be in no way impeded. The total cost of construction and interest till traffic could be opened was estimated at £32,000,000, while the anticipations of good returns to investors in the undertaking bid fair to be realised. All that was now required was the concessions which would enable them to begin work at once. Now that it had been demonstrated that the financial results would be satisfactory, and that there would be no obstacle to navigation, it was thought that, with the advantages which England and Europe generally would derive from this great work, these concessions would not long be sought in vain.

HOW LONG BEFORE THE END OF THE WORLD?

There is a distinct limit to man's existence on the earth, dictated by the ultimate exhaustion of the sun. It is, of course, a question of much interest for us to speculate on the probable duration of the sun's beams in sufficient abundance for the continued maintenance of life. Perhaps the most reliable determinations are those which have been made by Professor Langley. They are based on his own experiments upon the intensity of solar radiation, conducted under circumstances that give them special value. I shall endeavour to give a summary of the interesting results at which he has arrived. The utmost amount of heat that it would ever have been possible for the sun to have contained would supply its radiation for 18,000,000 years at the present rate. Of course this does not assert that the sun, as a radiant body, may not be much older than the period named. We have already seen that the rate at which the sunbeams are poured forth has gradually increased as the sun rose in temperature. In the early times the quantity of sunbeams dispensed was much less per annum than at present, and it is therefore quite possible that the figures may be so enlarged as to meet the requirements of any reasonable geological demand with regard to past duration of life on the earth. It seems that the sun has already dissipated about four-fifths of the energy with which it may have originally been endowed. At all events, it seems that, radiating energy at its present rate, the sun may hold out for 4,000,000 years, or for 5,000,000 years, but not for 10,000,000 years. Here then we discern in the remote future a limit to the duration of life on this globe. We have seen that it does not seem possible for any other source of heat to be available for replenishing the waning stores of the luminary. It may be that the heat was originally imparted to the sun as the result of some great collision between two bodies which were both dark before the collision took place, so that, in fact, the two dark masses coalesced into a vast nebula from which the whole of our system has been evolved. Of course it is always conceivable that the sun may be reinvigorated by a repetition of a similar startling process. It is, however, hardly necessary to observe that so terrific a convulsion would be fatal to life in the solar system. Neither from the heavens above, nor from the earth beneath does it seem possible to discover any recent for the human race from the inevitable end. The race is as mortal as the individual, and, so far as we know, its span cannot under any circumstances be run out beyond a number of millions of years which can certainly be told on the fingers of both hands, and probably on the fingers of one.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.



MRS JORDAN.
(From an Old Print).

PERHAPS no actress has ever been more truly popular than the lady whose portrait we this week reproduce from the old print which is bound in the extremely interesting account of her life, just issued. At the close of the last century, and the commencement of this, Dorothea Jordan was the darling of the stage; the favourite of the Royal House, the most courted, most popular woman in London. It was said of her 'that her face, her manners, her looks were irresistible; her smile had the effect of sunshine, and her laugh did one good to hear it; her voice was eloquence itself: it seemed as if her heart was always in her mouth; she was all gaiety, openness, good nature: rioted in her fine animal spirits, and gave more pleasure than any other actress, because she had the spirit of enjoyment in herself.' Her temperament, like that of most high-spirited people, was mercurial, and Sir Jonah Barrington, who knew her well, and often saw her before going on the stage, relates that she was oftentimes in low spirits; the sight of the crowded theatre, however, acted like a stimulant, and in a few minutes she would be the life and soul of the piece.

DORA was twenty-eight years of age when she attracted the attention of the Sailor Duke. This connection lasted twenty years, and the Duke treated her with so much respect, and she was so well received in certain circles, that it began to be whispered about that there had been some sort of private marriage ceremony. The lie was, however, given to this by the subsequent royal marriage, and the total absence of any claim on the part of the actress. A bitter controversy arose out of the terms of separation, some of her friends, amongst them Sir Jonah Barrington, considering she had been badly used. Nevertheless, an allowance of £1,500 per annum was made to her.

SHE had never left the stage, and still commanded popular favour, but the mortification she had endured preyed upon her. Her vivacity was no longer 'the riot of natural good spirits,' but a tame imitation without the true ring. Moreover, a hoyden or country girl of forty-eight is not in touch with the audience. Miss O'Heill, too, a new star, had risen in the theatrical hemisphere, and all the world flocked to see her, and Mrs Jordan played to empty houses.

The bright scenes of success, the triumphs which brought gratification to her vanity, were now to cease, and in the bitterness of her soul she would cry aloud that her sin had found her out. Debt and difficulties of all kinds surrounded her; she had to fly from her creditors and find a refuge in France. She went from place to place until at last she reached St. Cloud, near Paris. Here in this lonely deserted town she remained, anxiously waiting for remittances. There is a tragic element in the sad ending to so much brightness. She died literally of a broken heart. Her death is dramatically told by Sir J. Barrington, and reading through the lines of that not too veracious chronicler, we may gather sufficient evidence to be convinced of its truth.

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

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

ONLY the quickening of conscience can hasten repentance. Gold is either the fortune or the ruin of mankind, according to its use. The more people become wrapped up in themselves the colder they grow.

Gratitude is the music of the heart when its cords are swept by kindness.

Society depends upon women. The nations who confine them are unsocial.

Scientific riflemen say that people with blue eyes always shoot the straightest.

One half the world does not know how the other half lives; but the women are trying their best to remedy that.

The farther away a man gets from his baby the more he praiseth its good behaviour.

Self-love is at once the most delicate and most tenacious of our sentiments; a mere nothing will wound it, but there is nothing on earth will kill it.

If we look into communities and diversions of men we observe that the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, guides the conversation and gives measure to society.—ADDISON.

A GENERAL FAILING.—It is rather unpleasant to hear a public speaker remark, 'my friends, ur, I wish to say a few words—ur, on this occasion—ur.' But then it should be remembered that to err is human.

The champion coin counter in the United States is a lady in the Treasury Department at Washington, who can count 75,000 coins a day. Her fingers are so familiar with the touch of good money that a counterfeit cannot slip through them, even when she is counting at this lightning speed.

'Love-letter pillows' are the latest institution. Girls stuff their pillow cases with the various tender epistles that they have received. Sentimental youths do likewise, and use for the purpose, not only their collection of love-letters, but also the various withered roses, odds and ends of ribbon, and locks of hair that have been given to them.

SHE CAUGHT ON.

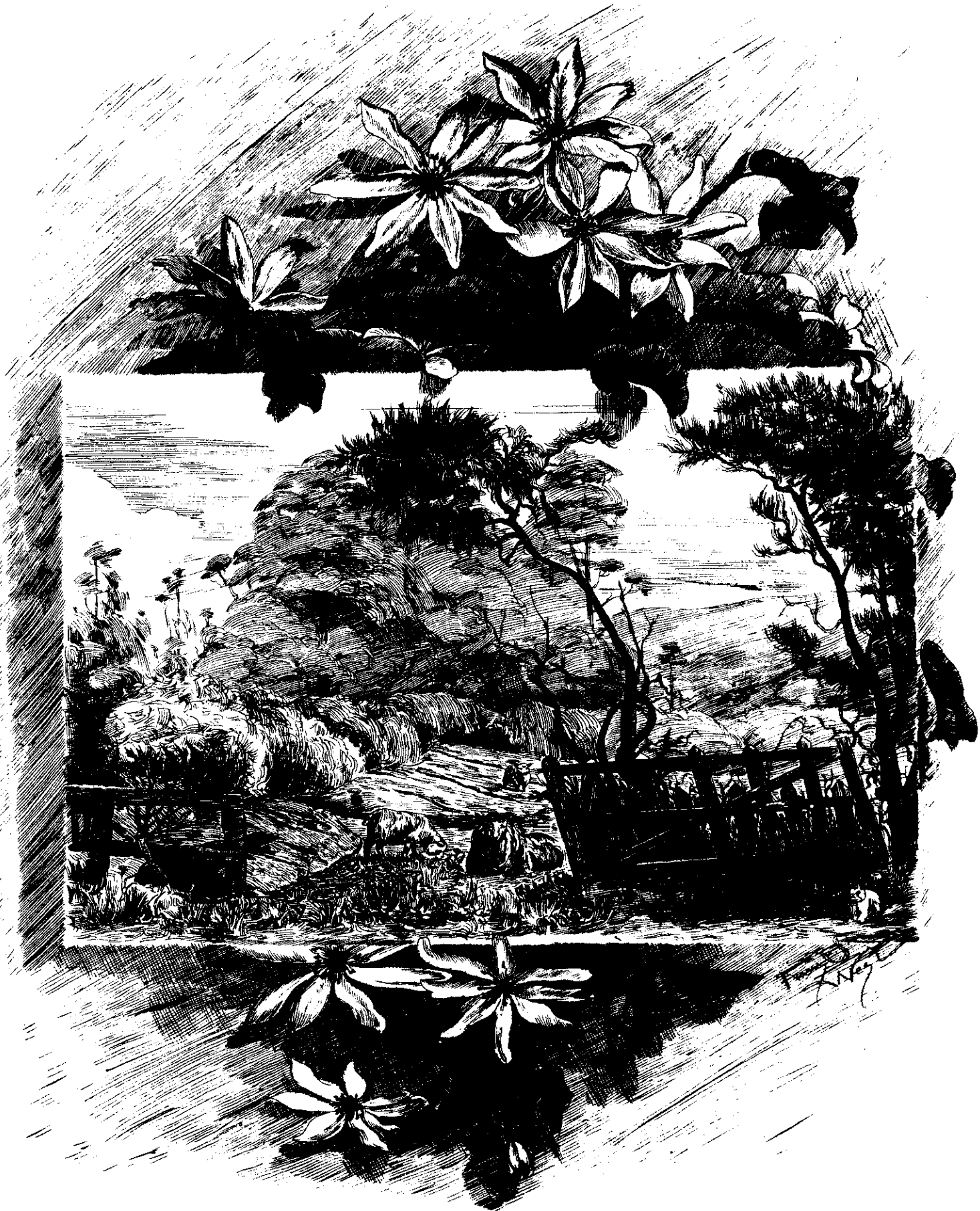
Oh, maid of the modern Acheas,
Bright gem of pulchritude,
When I view your matchless beauty,
Thine optics azure hue'd;
Thy classic features clearly cut,
In all their superfluity
Of faculties form, irradiate
With superlative mentality;
My timid tongue, in deadly fear,
'Would I fain thy task decline,
And yet I must interrogate—
Penelope, wilt be mine?

And then the young man paused abruptly
In his oration high falutin'
'Such dictionary track,' thought he,
'Will fetch her as sure as shootin'.
And the Churchward girl dropped her glasses,
And bowed her Minerva-like head,
Then her silvery voice broke the silence,
And 'Oh, Rats!' was all she said.

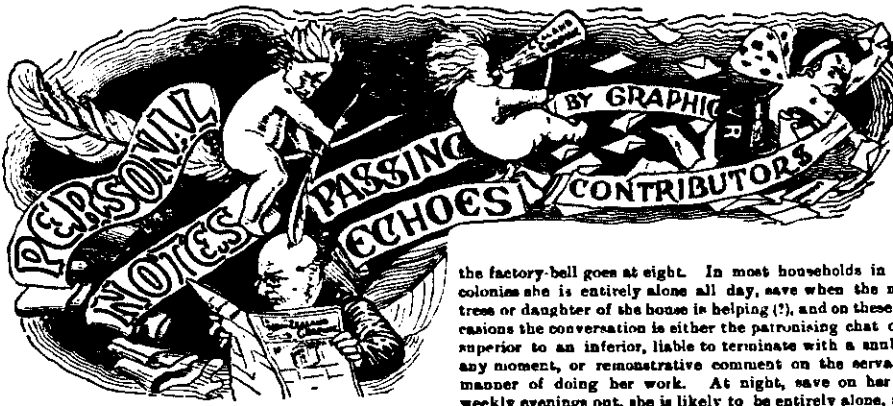
A NAUGHTY NOVEL IN GOVERNMENT OFFICES.—Few expected much enlightenment from 'My Lords' of the Admiralty, and there will probably be little surprise at the following tale:—In the latest catalogue of works published in Paris was an announcement of one simply called 'Melinite.' Under the impression that it would be a scientific brochure on the newest explosive, it was ordered by 'My Lords' for the comprehensive library at Whitehall, but to the disgust of some and to the amusement of others there, when it arrived it proved to be a novel of distinctly advanced Parisian type, bearing its heroine's name. What has become of the novel is not stated.

INDIGESTIBILITY OF CUCUMBER.—Many people are under the impression that cucumber is very indigestible, and when they eat it they do so under protest, and with apprehensions of possibly dire consequences. How this delusion can have arisen it is difficult to say, unless it be that cucumber is often eaten with salmon and other indigestible table fruits. It is not the cucumber, however, but the salmon that sits so heavily on our stomach's throne. Cucumber, in fact, is very digestible when eaten properly. It cannot, indeed, be otherwise when it is remembered that it consists mainly of water, and that those parts which are not water are almost exclusively cells of a very rapid growth. In eating cucumber, it is well to cut it into thin slices and to masticate them thoroughly. Even the vinegar and the pepper that are so often added to it are of service to digestion if not taken in excess.

SOME CURIOUS TRUTHS.—There are a number of societies in the world that bear strange names, but probably one of the most curious was a club founded in 1735 by an English actor. It was called 'The Sublime Society of Beefsteaks,' and had among its members the Prince of Wales and other royal personages. They met in the painting room of the Covent Garden Theatre, and dined upon beefsteaks. The club was in existence for more than a hundred years, and became quite noted because of its odd customs. Another strange name was that of the 'Scriblerus Club,' which Swift founded in 1714, and to which Pope, Gay, and other literary men belonged. Sedan-chairs were first used in England by the Duke of Buckingham during the reign of James I. The first chair aroused much indignation among the people, who said that men were being used to do the work of beasts, but later on they became very fashionable. The fashion of saying 'God bless you' after sneezing, originated with the ancients. These people believed that some danger attended sneezing, so they generally made a short prayer, such as 'Jupiter, help me!' It has been found to be the custom among savages to do the same, and Jewish rabbis also make mention of the fact. An old Roman writer says that the custom originated during a plague, when people who were seemingly in good health sneezed and fell down dead. Bagpipes are generally ascribed to Scotland, where they have been in use for a long time, but it was an instrument upon which the ancient Greeks and Romans played. Nero is said to have performed upon it, and an old piece of Grecian sculpture represents a player on the bagpipes dressed in the fashion that is known to-day as the Highland costume.



NEW ZEALAND SPRING.



The New Zealand Graphic

AND LADIES' JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1892.

HAVING in a former article on the domestic service subject come to the conclusion that the servant difficulty was one of the most pressing social problems of the hour; having sapiently decided that the modern system of treating servants was almost as much to blame for the present state of affairs as 'evil spirits' in the shape of servants themselves; and having realised that something must be done unless the genus servant was to disappear utterly, it was resolved to attempt to find some manner in which a reform—a mutual reform—might be set on foot. So far as the existing generation of girls is concerned, the case is, it is to be feared, hopeless. With notable and worthy exceptions they are as impervious to kindness as to abuse, and would regard any attempt to ameliorate their position as 'impudence.' Interest would be mistaken for patronage, and resented sharply, and kindness taken as an evidence of weakness, and insolently presumed upon.

Year by year there, however, are growing up amongst us hundreds of girls whose fate it is to go out into the world and earn their own living; a fair proportion of whom ought to recruit the ranks of domestic servants. These are, thanks to our generous system of education, well tutored in the three R's, have some, if not very rigorous, notions of discipline, are good, well-mannered, useful girls, and admirably adapted to earn their living in an honourable and useful manner as domestic servants. But the pity of it! This pathway of life is, deservedly or undeservedly, almost inconceivably unpopular, and the recruits resolutely eschew it and crowd along those leading to the factories, or occasionally by steep downhill byways to less honourable destinations. The reason pointed out in our previous article was this. The factory girl is mistress of her own time, the domestic servant is not. The factory girl considers herself a grade higher than the 'slavery' (objectionable term), and no one is better or more bitterly aware of this than the servant herself. Unless the positions can be equalised, the advantages of the factories must continue to attract girls, and as they kill many of the more delicate the demand is always good.

The factory girl has, however, other privileges besides being 'a lady' and able to walk down the street and show off after business hours. She can only be ordered about for eight hours a day, and though she may have to work harder than any servant for that time, she is working for an end, and when she is done for the day she is done. She goes home and all taint and taste of business is left behind. Unless she likes she need scarcely think 'shop' till next morning. She has the companionship of many girls of her own age, and for good or for evil she sees vastly more of masculine society than the domestic servant. Her work is not done in solitary confinement but in company with other girls, and even if talking is nominally not allowed, there are opportunities for friendships, loves, hatreds, laughter, tears, gossip—for life in fact. Even supposing silence is absolutely strictly enforced, as indeed it generally is, there is yet a sense of companionship in other girls doing the same work which is not without its charm. At night she not only leaves her work, but as we have said, the sight and scene of it. She can invite the young man with whom she is keeping company to the house instead of keeping him waiting outside. Every night is a night out, and every afternoon after five an afternoon off. She, moreover, gets holidays on Saturday afternoons and every, not every other Sunday, to say nothing of bank and other holidays.

The servant, on the other hand, is never sure when she may have finished her work. There is no fixed time, and in any case it can scarcely be before eight o'clock at night. She has generally, be it observed, begun at six, while

the factory-bell goes at eight. In most households in the colonies she is entirely alone all day, save when the mistress or daughter of the house is helping (?), and on these occasions the conversation is either the patronising chat of a superior to an inferior, liable to terminate with a snub at any moment, or reprobative comment on the servant's manner of doing her work. At night, save on her bi-weekly evenings out, she is likely to be entirely alone, and being surrounded on every side by her work, by the smell of dinner and washing up, by the general heat and disagreeableness of a kitchen after a hard day's work, she cannot for a moment forget her work and the drudgery of its weary monotony. In many cases she is too tired, perhaps too ignorant, to care for reading, and can do nothing except contrast her lot with that of some other servant, and meditate changing again to better her condition. Can one wonder that that service is scorned and the less-richly paid factory life eagerly embraced.

How strangely some women misunderstand the responsibilities of servant-keeping is illustrated by the miserable manner in which they provide for the unfortunate girls who live under their rule. Small and ill or utterly unventilated bedrooms, an insufficiency of light in the kitchen in the evening, victuals good in themselves, but rendered nauseous by the greasy, heated, and odoriferous atmosphere in which they have to be eaten. The accommodation provided for servants in many colonial homes is a disgrace to decency and civilization, and it is impossible not to sympathize with those women who refuse to be satisfied with it. As was said before, the payment of so many pounds sterling is the least of the responsibilities of a woman who takes a servant, and it is impossible to overlook the fact that the duties of mistresses to their servants are almost as often overlooked as *viz versa*. It is not to be expected that a servant, or anyone else, should respect others unless they also respect themselves, and how can a woman respect herself who is given a cupboard of the kitchen to sleep in, who has to take her dinner amidst dirty plates, saucepans, and the other paraphernalia of cooking.

For many of the grievances the remedy is simple. Raise the standard of comfort in the first place. See that the servant has a good well-lighted, well-ventilated room—a room, if possible, that she can sit and sew and read in as well as sleep. Provide this room with a reasonably comfortable chair, and occasionally make it your business to see that the servant has something to read. This is not 'so good of you, but your positive duty, neither more nor less. To many, perhaps, this advice is superfluous. We believe so, but there are good women who do not think. There be some few women, we wot of, whom it is, strange to say, almost necessary to remind that if they want their servants to treat them as ladies they must behave as ladies before them as well as anyone else. An ignorant woman who is sufficiently veneered to appear a lady in her drawing-room, is occasionally very much the other thing in her kitchen and before her servants. This is, however, a digression.

The first reform advocated, then, is better accommodation and more thought for the servant. The second is liberty; every girl should have as much time as possible to herself. It is imperative, of course, that girls should dress neatly and quietly, but any attempt to dictate beyond this is bound, and very naturally, to cause irritation. If it is in any way possible, the girl should have the entire evening from at least half-past seven to herself, this presuming, of course, that dinner should be at six. If the girl has friends, if she belongs to any of the better class of social or mutual improvement classes, she should be encouraged to go out. The more she can get away from work—once it is done for the day—the better. If it be that there is an inclination after any intellectual pursuit, no scarcely-veiled smile at the presumption, but the very strongest encouragement should be given. It should, in a word, be shown that the mistress' hand is with and not against the servant. Tact is the great thing. The tactless mistress cannot say a word without a patronising air perfectly unbearable to most girls, and many people who have doubtless meant to be kind to their servants have spoiled everything by their insufferable assumption of the lady's countenance.

But it is contended, if we allow our servants more liberty it will only mean more 'keeping company,' and of that they get quite enough for their safety. In the present state of affairs this is true. There is no place for the servants to go.

Nonconformists are alive to their responsibilities in this line, and the position of the church with regard to servants, but it must be confessed that the Church of England leaves much to be desired. At the society of Methodist churches distinctions of rank are forgotten at the hall door. As the Church of England Social the line is as hard and fast as outside, so that servants do not usually attend at all, but if they do they are patronised if spoken to at all. Certainly the distinctions of rank are not forgotten. The pastor insinuates to the mistress that it is so good of her to have come, and hints to the servant how great a privilege it is for a poor girl in her position to be allowed there at all. 'How grateful you ought to be' is the atmosphere with which servants feel themselves choked.

A servants' club is in our mind the remedy for this evil. Connected with this would be a registry office free to the servants, the mistresses paying a fee. With the fees so procured the club would be supported. A piano (or two, if necessary), the best papers, and a stock of light literature, with a certain amount of comfortable furniture, could be provided. If thought advisable tea and coffee might be served at a low figure. These girls could meet for innocent recreation and enjoyment. If it were possible there might be entertainments occasionally. Being self-supporting the detestable element of patronage would be absent. The girls would keep order for their own self-respect's sake, and mistresses would be enabled to let their maids out every evening for an hour or so, knowing where they were. Of course, each district might, after a time, have its separate club house, and even if the registry fees did not mount up sufficiently, the girls themselves would probably subscribe to support an institution which would afford them so much more liberty.

ME AND BILL.

I sit beside the crackling fire and watch its cheery blaze,
And catch within its glowing depths a glimpse of other days;

I hear the crack of teamsters' whips resounding up the hill,
And see again the ugly face of my old partner, Bill.

I see his long, ungainly form, his brown neck hard and bare,
His kindly eyes, his gaping mouth, his coarse and matted hair;

I hear again his ghostly laugh and watch his genial grin,
And feel his hard and knotted paw a-grasping of my fin.

And visions of the long ago come surging through my brain,
I feel the horse between my knees and see the stretching plain,

I hear the thundering crash of hoofs, and feel once more the thrill
That I can like fire throughout my veins when drovin' long with Bill.

I feel the fresh breeze playing round my thin and withered cheek,
And Bill's long stock-whip cracking (he could almost make it speak,

And I hear the cattle lowing, and I feel the headlong rush,
As I felt it in the old days with the fellers in the bush.

And I see the camp-fire blazing 'neath the over-hanging trees,
And the boys a-spinning cuffers to the sighing of the breeze.

Whilst high above the others, like a curlew's clear and shrill,
I can hear the piercing accents of my brave old partner Bill.

But my hands have grown unsteady and my sight is getting dim,
And I think I have rheumatism near in every blessed limb,

And I know that in the saddle now I'd cut a pretty shine,
But as every dog his day has so has every man his time.

And I think the only horses that I'll ride on any more
Will be those I find in glory when I reach the other shore;
And I don't know much about it—no, I don't know much;
But still

I bet there ain't a horse there that can throw my partner Bill.

For he's rode the wildest brumbies, and he sat and stuck them there,
Till you'd think that every minute he'd come flying through the air,

And I never knew him beaten, though for twenty years and three
We have rode and droved together like two brothers, him and me.

But now he's mustered horses and is on the other side,
A-teaching of the angels how a stockman ought to ride,
And where he has gone I'm goin', for I'll never rest until
I'm a-draffing heavenly cattle in the plains up there with Bill.

W. CROMPTON.

COKER'S FAMILY HOTEL, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

PATRONISED BY HIS EXCELLENCY LORD OWENLAW.

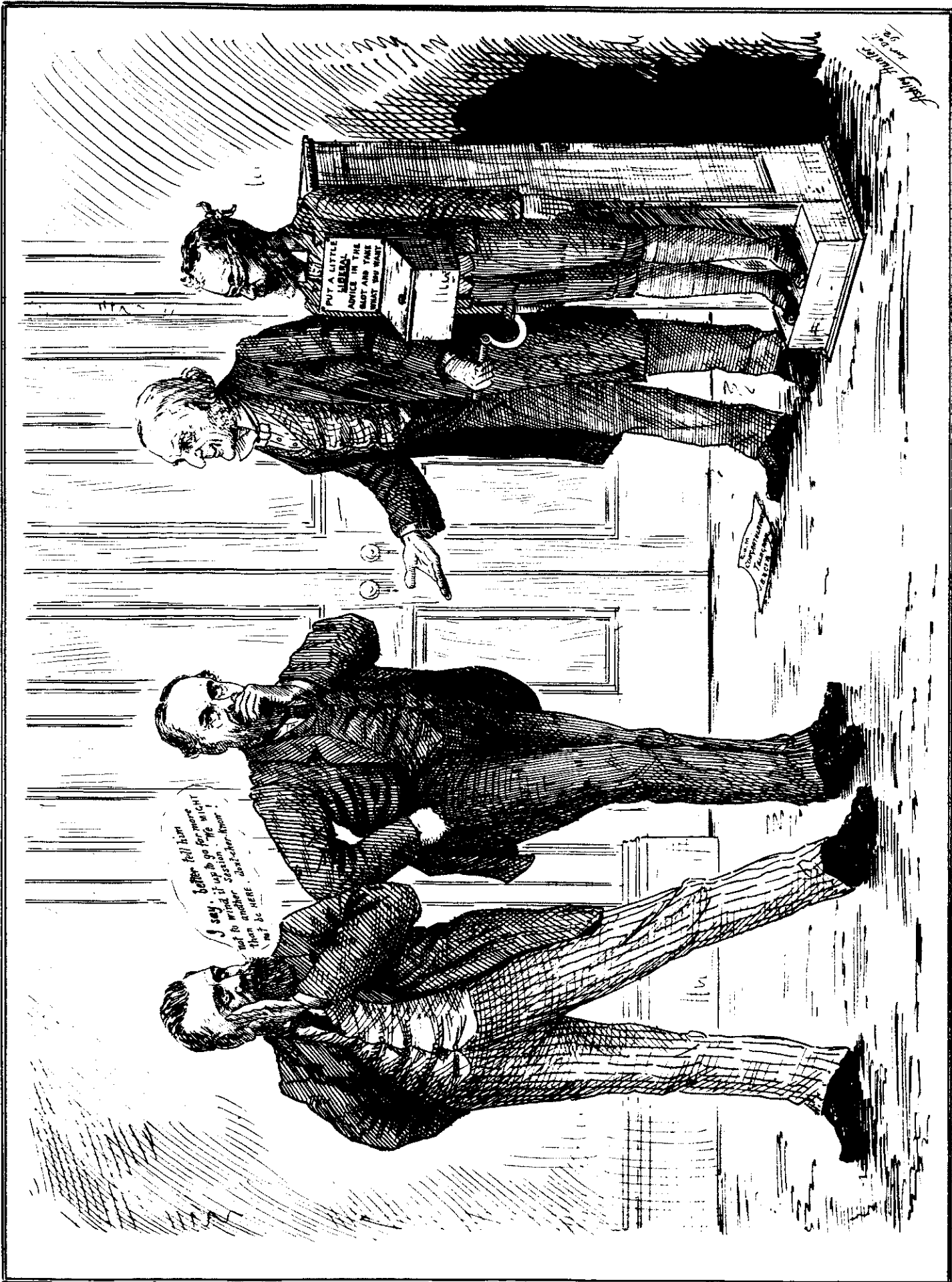
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Late Commander U.S.A. Co. Proprietor.



THE MECHANICAL GOVERNOR;
A LIBERAL PRESENT FROM A LIBERAL GOVERNMENT.



THE ANNUAL CLEARANCE

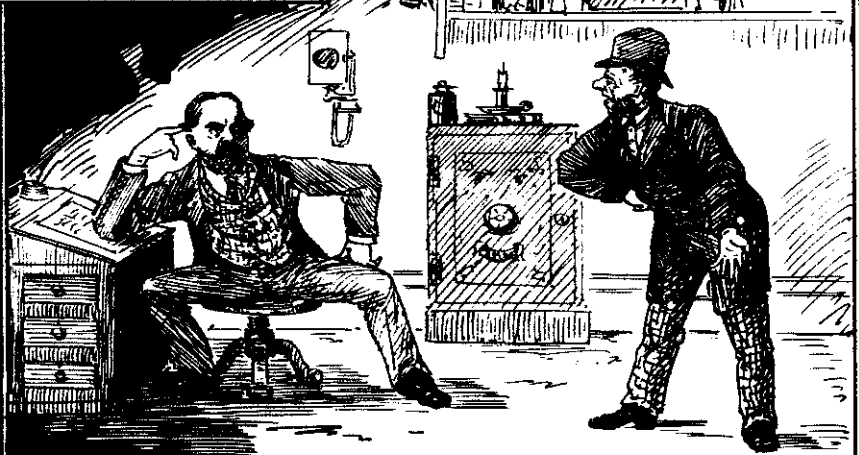


CLEANING UP THE HOUSE: (THE END OF THE SESSION)
'Seems to be more than ever! Don't there Bill?'



THE N.Z. PLIMSOLL

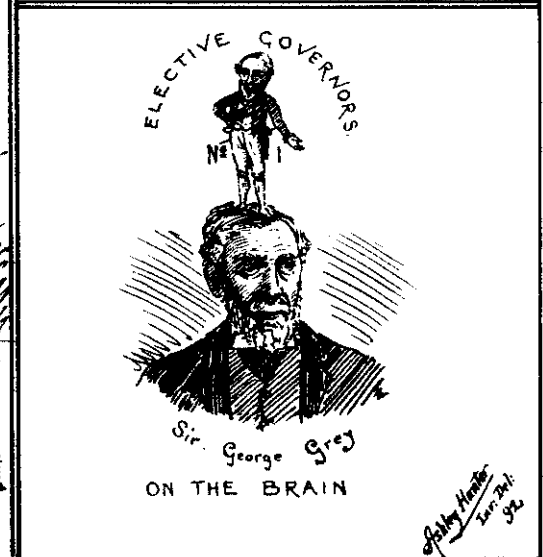
As a result of the Members' excursion in the Govt. Steamer 'Hinemoa', Mr. He Ham Smith has asked the Government if it will so far ameliorate the condition of the poor sailors on that boat that they may not be obliged to eat their dinners off their laps



HIS THE HONORARIUM HALL SPENT? HE SHOULD THINK IT HIS HALL SPENT!!! 'OW D'YER 'SPOKE KUS MEMBERS IS GOING TO LIVE ON A 'UNDRED AND FIFTY? CALL YERSELVES A LIBERAL GOVERNMENT? YAN: WHY DONT YER BRING IN YER 'PAYMENT OF MEMBERS BILL?



THE HON. R. SEDDON LETS THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.
(SEE THE PUBLIC WORKS STATEMENT.)



ELECTIVE GOVERNORS



Sir. George Grey
ON THE BRAIN

John Hunter
1897-1898

FICTION OUTCLASSED.

THE ROMANCE OF THE LATE EDMUND SCHERMERHORN.

EDMUND H. SCHERMERHORN, who has just died at Newport, Rhode Island, was a descendant of one of the oldest, richest, and most highly esteemed families in New York, and was worth \$5,000,000. His father was old Peter Schermerhorn, ship-chandler and ship-owner, who for half a century or so carried on a great money-making establishment in South-street.

When he died he left a vast fortune. Just how many millions there were is forgotten, but it was enough to make independently rich every member of his not very numerous family. Edmund's portion amounted to something like £1,000,000, and the inheritance more than doubled because it consisted largely of city real estate. Edmund was not much of a business man, nothing of a speculator, and certainly nothing of a spendthrift.

His youth was without event of note until he fell in love. But the girl whom he loved couldn't or wouldn't love him, and she cast him and his millions aside. Eventually she became Mrs. Maturin Livingston. It must have been that the young millionaire was more sensitive than New York millionaires are, for instead of seeking a young woman who would consent to share his riches, he divorced himself from society and became a crusty, irritable bachelor. No persuasion could tempt him to mingle in feminine society. No face, no matter how lovely, could lure him from home. He grew to be a recluse, shutting himself in his library and devoting almost his entire attention to literature and music.

His home was in a magnificent mansion of the Romanesque style of architecture, occupying two large city lots at 47, West Twenty-third Street, adjoining the residence of his brother William. The two houses are the only remnants of the private residences which once lined Twenty-third Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues. That which was occupied by Edmund Schermerhorn is a mansion of brick and brownstone, five stories high, with porticos and colonnades, and spacious rooms and corridors with vaulted ceilings, lofty walls, tasselled floors, and massive friezes and dados. The woodwork is of solid rosewood and elaborately carved mahogany. It is one of the grandest and richest of the old-fashioned homes of New York.

In this house Edmund Schermerhorn gave some most entertaining private musicales. He had no fondness for women and men of society, but for women and men of song he hungered. Jenny Lind sang there for him, and after Lind came Nilsson, and then Scalchi and Patri and Campanini's voices thrilled through the halls of the grim-fronted home of the eccentric plutocrat. And too, he had come there for him all the great players upon violin and piano who were of or visited that country. His one delight was music, and it seemed as if that alone was what he lived for. His passion brought him before the public a little, and after a while he was made president of the Philharmonic Society.

But there came a time when the millionaire bachelor forsook his artist friends and retired more closely into the shell of his eccentricity. A railroad company obtained a franchise to lay a line of street-car tracks through Twenty-third Street. Mr. Schermerhorn fought them as vigorously as he could, but when the street cars, with their clanging bells, began to race by his door he closed up the great house, left it in charge of his housekeeper and went to Newport. That was ten years ago. He lived there ever after. His house was on Narragansett Avenue, and in it he became each year more of a hermit. The grounds are surrounded with a tall stone wall, and the great iron gates are always kept heavily padlocked.

Very few persons ever visited them. Sometimes he would be alone with his servants for weeks without even a relative calling to see him. He seldom appeared in the town and never attended any social parties. His physician, when he called, was obliged to get in through the back gate, and even that entrance was guarded by a savage watch-dog.

And thus lived in solitude the millionaire, whom an unloving woman and rattling street-cars drove from the community of life. More than three score years had placed their weight on him before he left his Twenty-third-street home and ordered its shutters closed—as you have seen them, that forbidding facade near the gay, bill-boarded front of the Eden Musee—and so it is not strange that sickness came to him a few years after he shut himself up in Newport. He became afflicted with kidney trouble and grew weak. Last winter he was prostrated for several weeks with the grip, and about a month ago he caught cold and had to take to his room. He suffered alone in his bed, unless the attendance of a servant can be considered company. But did Edmund Schermerhorn care? Perhaps he did. Perhaps there came to him more vividly than before visions of the fair face of that girl whom in his rich youth he had loved, or he dreamt of the castles he had built upon her love for him. And then, perhaps, he heard again the crash of that dream castle of unreturned love, and with the echoes of its ruin fall there mingled the clatter of the hated Twenty-third-street cars. And he lingered, no one there, at least none of kin, to comfort or care, and lingering he died.

Although Mr. Schermerhorn was 74 years old, and although he had been quite dangerously ill for some weeks, his death was a surprise to his relatives. Whether his physician thought it best not to inform them is not known. The doctor, however, was there and so were some of the servants.

A neat bit of proverbial philosophy, said to be of Japanese origin, is: "Be like the tree which covers with flowers the hand that shakes it."

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

HOW TO BE POPULAR.

To be popular one must be agreeable. When with others, therefore, always talk of the subject which you find most entertaining—yourself. Make your accomplishments, your hopes, your achievements, a constant theme. In order to preserve that amiability which renders you a desirable companion, consult your own convenience in everything. It is no matter who is inconvenienced, if you are only satisfied. Do not put yourself out to consider other people's feelings. You cannot be expected to know what pleases them or what does not. If you want to say anything say it, no matter whom it hits. If Miss Jones is inclined to be plump, tell her that you adore slender women. When Freddy Brown, who has an impediment in his speech is in your vicinity, relate that exquisitely funny story of the two stammerers who after a brief interview simultaneously exclaimed, 'S sir, you are m-m-mocking m me!' Jeats which depend upon a personal blemish or peculiarity for their point invariably produce an effect, and should always be told in general company. It is not your fault when the cap fits. Talk continually. Fill all the pauses. It is wicker to suffer valuable time to run to waste. Interrupt always when you think best. It teaches people to avoid prostrateness. Why should they persist in talking of their stupid selves when you want to chat about the most interesting person in the world? If a man is telling an entertaining story, smile knowingly all through, and just as he has reached the *denouement*, exclaim: 'Oh, I heard that years ago!' It will prevent the narrator from feeling too important, and it is your duty to always cultivate a spirit of animosity in—your neighbours. If anyone narrates anything particularly striking, tell a better story, if you happen to remember one. You cannot afford to be outdone. Always contradict an assertion and talk loudly in support of your own belief. No matter if you are proved to be wrong, such a discussion cannot fail to amuse and instruct all who hear it. Toss over the books on the shelves and tables and laugh at your host's favourite authors: the remark that you seldom read trash is particularly soothing to his feelings. Never talk gossip: but when any individual whom you do not quite like is mentioned—heave a sigh, and smile faintly. Sighs in such a case speak volumes! We would rather anybody should preach our degeneracy from the house-tops than to sigh over us. When people begin to sigh over you, you are pretty nearly undone! Follow faithfully these few simple suggestions, and if you fail of being popular, one of two things is certain—you were either born too early or too late, and the world is not in a condition to appreciate the charms of your mind and character. It is impossible that the blame should rest with you.

HIGHEST AWARDS EVERYWHERE.



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Specially prepared for the Delicate Skin of Ladies, Children, and others sensitive to the weather, winter or summer. Imparts and maintains a soft, velvety condition of the Skin. 111

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Prevents Redness, Roughness, and Chapping.

DR. REDWOOD, Ph.D., F.C.S., F.I.C.—"I have never come across another Toilet Soap which so closely realises my ideal of perfection. Its purity is such that it may be used with perfect confidence upon the tenderest and most sensitive skin—even that of a new born babe."

PARLIAMENTARY SILHOUETTES.

(BY BIRD'S-EYE.)

THE Postmaster General is my subject to day, and a very agreeable one he is; agreeable for several reasons—first, because he is one of the good-looking men of the House; secondly, because his manners are, like his smile, very prepossessing; thirdly, because he has a nice voice which he can use in debate with excellent effect without ever overstepping the bounds of legitimate criticism; fourthly, because he is an able and successful Minister; fifthly, because he is a charming and popular member of society; sixthly, because he is a devoted husband and affectionate son; and seventhly, because, so far as appears, there is nothing objectionable about him.

(Owing, probably, to his happy combination of agreeable with more sterling characteristics, the Hon. Mr Ward has had the good fortune to attain to an eminent position in the very meridian of his days, for as he was born in 1857, his years now number only some thirty five, an age when most men who begin life without peculiar advantages are still grinding away at the foundation of their fortune's edifice. Mr Ward, on the contrary, appeared his as though by magic, and, apparently, was able to 'command success' from the outset, a result, however, not at all attributable to 'accident,' or 'luck,' but the outcome of superior business faculty, united with integrity of conduct, and, doubtless, aided by his pleasant manners.

I am sorry not to be able to claim Mr Ward, absolutely, as a compatriot, since he was born in Melbourne, but, as he was brought to New Zealand while still a small child, he is the very next thing to the genuine article, and, certainly, his career is one in which we may all take pride. He began it very early in his 'teens, when he entered the Post and Telegraph Department, in which he remained some three years, acquiring experience which has since proved useful, and gaining an insight into its working and drawbacks which has stimulated him, in his capacity of Postmaster-General, to introduce many needed reforms.

But in those days his enterprising spirit and mental activities found no field for their exercise in a department in which he necessarily occupied a very subordinate position; so, quitting the service, he entered a counting house, where for four years, he applied himself to garnering in stores of commercial knowledge, and to obtaining a practical acquaintance with the details of mercantile life. Five years later, while scarcely of age, we find the courageous future Minister established in business on his own account, in Invercargill as a wholesale export grain and produce merchant.

Fourteen years only have elapsed since then, but such has been Mr Ward's phenomenal success, that, besides owning extensive establishments at the Bluff, Gore, and elsewhere, his grain stores at Invercargill now cover an area of three-quarters of an acre: and he is on the point of erecting extensive warehouses in the Empire City, having, for that purpose, acquired a first class site adjoining Queen's Wharf. Various other commercial enterprises have received an impetus from Mr Ward's connection with them, and he has also, with a view to encouraging and developing Southland pastoral interests, established important freezing works at the Bluff.

Although Mr Ward's commercial faculties displayed such an early and rapid development, it must not be supposed that all his energies were absorbed in the accumulation of 'filthy lucre.' Nothing, indeed, could be farther from the truth, for his temperament was such as to dispose him to the full enjoyment of the pleasures and pastimes natural to unspoiled youth, and he therefore found time for field sports, and aquatic contests; for music, dance, and song. He is very fond of music, and sings very well indeed: his voice being a pleasant baritone. He is fond of dancing, and, indeed, of all social pleasures, and is excellent company; he excels in after-dinner speeches, his remarks being brief, pointed, and felicitous.

His public life began soon after his majority when he was elected to a seat on the Borough Council of Campbelltown, of which he subsequently became Mayor. He was also for many years a member of the Bluff Harbour Board, for a considerable part of the time filling the position of Chairman. In all local enterprises he was to be found taking a foremost part: the Invercargill Athenaeum, the Campbelltown Cricket Club, the Southland Rowing Club, own him as President; he is a member of the Invercargill Chamber of Commerce, and is also Captain of the Bluff Navals, a corps he was chiefly instrumental in forming, and which, at the time of the Parihaka troubles, proved its patriotism by offering its services unreservedly to the Government.

Mr Ward entered the House of Representatives in 1887, having successfully contested the Awarua seat. During that Parliament he displayed the judicious reticence of a wise and modest man, but the financial ability characteris-

passionately fond of music. Politically, she has no personal ambition, being quite content to gather laurel wreaths by proxy; the vote she thinks women are entitled to, but she feels no overpowering interest in questions of Woman's Rights, and regards with aversion any suggestion of the possibility of the weaker sex some day occupying seats in the country's legislature.



Wrigglesworth & Binns. photo. Wellington. THE HON. MR WARD.

ing his occasional speeches secured him an attentive hearing whenever he felt impelled to address the House. At the last general election his return to Parliament was unopposed, and, on the formation of the Ballance Ministry, he was offered a seat in the Cabinet. His acceptance of the portfolio of Postmaster-General was hailed with very general satisfaction, for his peculiar qualifications were widely known, and his courteous manners had made him popular with men of all parties. His management of his department has been such as to win him the esteem of all his subordinates, and many useful reforms attest its excellence, the greatest boon being his system of classification for the officers.

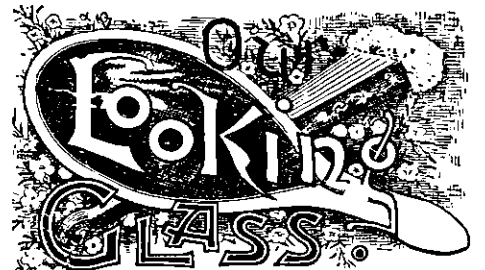
Mr Ward represented the colony with conspicuous ability at the Australian Postal Conference, where he did good service for New Zealand. Our Postmaster-General is very well-known in the other colonies over which he has travelled several times. In Sydney and Melbourne he has many friends his figure being almost as well known in those cities as it is in Invercargill.

Mrs Ward is, as Mr Ward's wife should be, a charming and graceful woman; her pretty slight figure is above the medium height, her features are good, complexion bright and



Wrigglesworth & Binns. photo. Wellington. MRS WARD.

clear, manners very agreeable, her fair hair is turned back from a smooth, open brow, her eyes are of a clear, soft grey, and her smile exceedingly winning. Like her husband, Mrs Ward enjoys society, and social pleasures, and is



In Auckland: Some pretty frocks were worn at the hunt lunch at Alberton. Mrs A. Kerr-Taylor looked charming in navy blue with gold and navy braid passementerie; Miss Kerr-Taylor wore black, with a white vest, which was exchanged for a black cloth habit with shirt front and collar, in which she looked very pretty; Miss Mildred was in becoming tomato-red braided with black; Miss Violet, in a similar costume; Mrs (Colonel) Dawson wore ruby, with fur boa; Miss Banks, navy dress, pale blue vest, three-quarter jacket with racoon fur, hat to harmonize; Miss Larkins was in grey, with black and gold bonnet; Mrs W. Rattray wore a dark cloth dress, cape lined with crimson, hat to match; Miss Scherrf looked well in her warm jacket, small brown and drab hat; Mrs Bloomfield's dark green habit and silk hat suit her golden hair to perfection; Mrs Ware looks stylish in drab, small Derby hat; Miss Bull wears a navy habit (all these have manish shirts visible at the throat); Mrs Ching looked well in black dress, cock's feather boa, and small black hat with a wing in it.—In Christchurch: The numerous friends of Mr and Mrs Pat Campbell were very glad to welcome them back from England after a two years' absence, a special welcome being accorded the little daughter. Piper McKay and several other friends went through to Lyttelton to be the first to greet them, and no doubt the strains of the bagpipes were quite intelligible to the returning wanderers who have been educated up to it. I was told (says our correspondent) he (the piper) was playing, 'The Campbells are Comin' and other appropriate airs, but I never can distinguish one from another. Mr and Mrs Campbell are at present staying at Warner's until they find a suitable house, which we hope will be in or near Christchurch. Admiral and Mrs Murray-Aynsley are also visitors at the same hotel. The Admiral is a brother of Mr Murray-Aynsley, Riverlaw.—In Dunedin: At Miss Dymock's wedding some remarkably handsome dresses were worn. A number of the new styles of bodices made their appearance, suiting some of the wearers admirably. Among these Mrs Morris wore a handsome silk dress, and carried a large yellow bouquet; Mrs A. Morris (junior), stylish costume of grey trimmed with grey silk, and large grey epaulets, grey hat to match; Mrs J. Roberts, handsome black silk with long coat body, black and yellow bonnet, large bouquet of yellow daffodils; Mrs Ridings, olive green silk; Miss Spence, pretty fawn tweed with zouave body, vest of brown velvet, black lace hat with yellow flowers and black velvet strings; Miss G. Neill, stylish costume of green and crimson with long coat bodice; Mrs Michie, grey dress trimmed with black lace and black and pink bonnet; Mrs G. L. Denniston, black and white silk with jet trimmings. Amongst those that have looked nice in the street lately are Mrs Turton, wearing a very handsome fawn tweed, the skirt, gauntlets, and collar edged with a narrow brown astrachan, black feather boa, and black bonnet; Miss Zein, brown check tweed, long black coat, black hat with feathers; Miss M. Williams, grey tweed, the bodice and skirt edged with grey astrachan; Miss Alexander, chocolate brown tweed, grey fur boa, and grey felt hat trimmed with grey feathers; Miss Gibson, stylish costume of fawn trimmed with brown; Miss Siewright, embroidered French grey cashmere, gauntlets and vest of white embroidered with silver, large black hat; Mrs W. Heslop, handsome brown tweed.—In Hastings: Mrs Cross was in town wearing a pretty blue grey gown, very pretty boa to match and stylish hat; Miss Barker wears a fawn gown, becoming little capote; Miss Tipping looks very stylish in a dark gown, black jacket, black Bond-street hat with broad cream band; Miss King-well is wearing a most becoming vieux-rose tweed gown, black net hat with ribbon bows to match the gown; Miss Gleeson looks neat in a fawn tweed gown, blouse, cut-a-way jacket, stylish hat.—In Napier: Mrs Jarvis wears dark red gown, small white sailor hat, with red band; Mrs Wells (Danevirke) is staying in town. She wears a very stylish dark costume, white waistcoat, stylish hat. Lady Whitmore is in much better health since coming to reside in Napier. She has a charming residence on the Esplanade, called 'The Blues'—a very appropriate name, as the house is sky blue. Mrs Fairfax Fenwicke has been laid up at the Masonic Hotel with a severe cold. She is about again, and is wearing a rich brown costume, becoming hat; Mrs Gore looked well in grey tweed gown (tailor made), small bonnet with yellow flowers; Miss Hamlin looked very charming in town, she was wearing a grey skirt, light blouse, grey jacket, exquisite hat with birds; Miss Carrie Sutton looks well in dark gown, blouse with frills, rustic hat. Miss Claudia Shaw has been on a visit to Wellington, she is looking very stylish in a new dark costume, becoming hat.

A man can hire a house in Japan, keep two servants, and live on the fat of the land, all for a little over £4 a month.

An insult from certain sources is a compliment. When an ass kicks at you he does so because he recognizes that you are unlike him.

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



REDWOOD—McGRATH.

At two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, September 24th, the Catholic Church of St. Mary, Blenheim, was crowded for the wedding of Miss Olive Redwood, daughter of Mr and Mrs Charles Redwood, of Riverlands, and Mr Maurice McGrath, the ceremony being performed by Archbishop Redwood, the uncle of the bride. The bride looked so young and pretty in rich cream bengaline, simply made in Princess style, with long train coming from each shoulder *à la* Watteau, and meeting at the waist, large sprays of orange blossoms on her dress, and a half wreath in her hair under a long tulle veil. She wore a pearl and diamond bar brooch and bracelet, the gifts of the bridegroom, and carried a graceful nosegay of white carnations, anemones, snowflakes and maidenhair fern. Her two youthful bridesmaids were Miss Cissie Redwood, sister, and Miss Nessie Redwood, cousin of the bride, who looked so nice in fine white Indian muslins tucked and embroidered, buttercup sashes and gloves, plain tulle veils caught up at one side with three stars of white jessamine, posies of white and yellow narcissus, and foliage tied with yellow ribbon. Mr Frank Redwood, brother of the bride, acted as best man.

MRS CHARLES REDWOOD looked exceedingly nice in black stippled silk, becoming black bonnet with cream ostrich tips and ribbon, cream strings; Mrs Grimston (grandmother of the bride) wore handsome black silk, pretty black lace bonnet, cream Indian shawl; Mrs Thomas Redwood, bell-trope satin, pretty black lace mantle, becoming black bonnet with yellow; Mrs Coulter, navy blue gown with silk vest, charming light fawn bonnet with wreath of blue forget-me-nots round the face, pale blue bow at her throat, fawn gloves, blue and white posy tied with blue ribbon; Mrs Vavasour looked very well in black with pale blue sash, pretty large black transparent hat with pale blue; Mrs Felix Ward, cream flowered delaine and bonnet to match; Mrs Austen Ward, black dress and bonnet with lilies of the valley and white veil; Mrs Joseph Ward (junior), black striped dress, black and pink bonnet; Misses May and Nellie Redwood looked pretty in pale pink frocks and cream hats; Mrs Clouston was very stylish and pretty in a biscuit-coloured costume bordered with velvet of a darker shade, saquee back coat with full sleeves, small hat to match with lovely feathers; Mrs Hodson wore a handsome black striped moiré, dolman richly trimmed with jet, black bonnet with pink; Mrs Thompson wore a becoming shade of French grey and bonnet to match.

AFTER the ceremony the wedding party drove to Riverlands, where Mrs Charles Redwood was 'at home' to her friends. The house was tastefully decorated with choice spring flowers. Light refreshments were partaken of, and the handsome wedding cake (from Mrs Scott's) cut. About five o'clock the bride and bridegroom left for Picton amid showers of rice and good wishes, the bride looking charming in a peacock blue Princess gown with Eton coat over a full white front, large white picture hat with lovely ostrich feathers. The presents were handsome and useful, and many of the costumes worn by the wedding party came from the establishment of Mr Girling.

SPEED—HOWARD.

QUITE a fashionable crowd filled Holy Trinity Church, Picton, on Wednesday afternoon (28th September) to witness the marriage of Miss Flora Speed to Mr Henry Howard, only son of Captain Howard, of Quenton, Essex, England, and manager of the Colonial Bank of New Zealand, Blenheim, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. G. Aitkens.

THE bride looked very handsome in a rich Duchesse cream satin petticoat bordered with two small fills, the long train being of cream brocade. The bodice of the same material was made with a full front and Medici collar, and was profusely trimmed, as were also the full sleeves, with lovely cream silk Maltese lace, showing the Maltese cross in every pattern, which was brought from Malta for a wedding present with two handkerchiefs of the same pattern. Sprays of orange blossom were on the neck, and also on the cuffs of the sleeves. The veil was of tulle, and was thrown carelessly over a wreath of orange blossom, and covered the bride's face. The bouquet, which came from Abbot's, in Christchurch, was composed of white carnations, snowflakes, lilies, white heath, and *adiantum album*. The bridegroom, reversing the order of the day, was the recipient of a handsome pair of gold sleeve links and a sovereign case, presents from the bride.

THE only bridesmaid was Miss Marion Speed, gowned in apple green surah silk figured in white with demi train, finished with two narrow fills all round, gathered bodice with corselet trimmed with guipure lace, and quantities of velvet ribbon of a darker shade than the dress. Miss M. Speed also wore a Duchess of Devonshire hat of cream fancy straw trimmed with long ostrich plume and bows of cream satin, a turquoise ring presented by the bridegroom, and carried a large, carelessly-arranged bouquet of climatis. The best man was Mr Harry Sharp, solicitor, of Blenheim.

THE church was beautifully decorated with arm lilies and foliage by young lady friends of the bride, two of whom had floral shoes to throw good luck after the happy pair. The service was semi choral, Miss K. Seymour presiding at the organ.

MRS SPEED, who gave her daughter away, was gowned in black satin trimmed with black silk guipure, and wore a mantle of black lace with moiré and jet passementerie, with a shoulder cape of lace, and Watteau pleat of rich Lyons silk, and a bonnet of jet passementerie trimmed with black lace, ribbon, and spray of salmon-pink roses, and velvet strings. An account of some other dresses appears in the Picton letter.

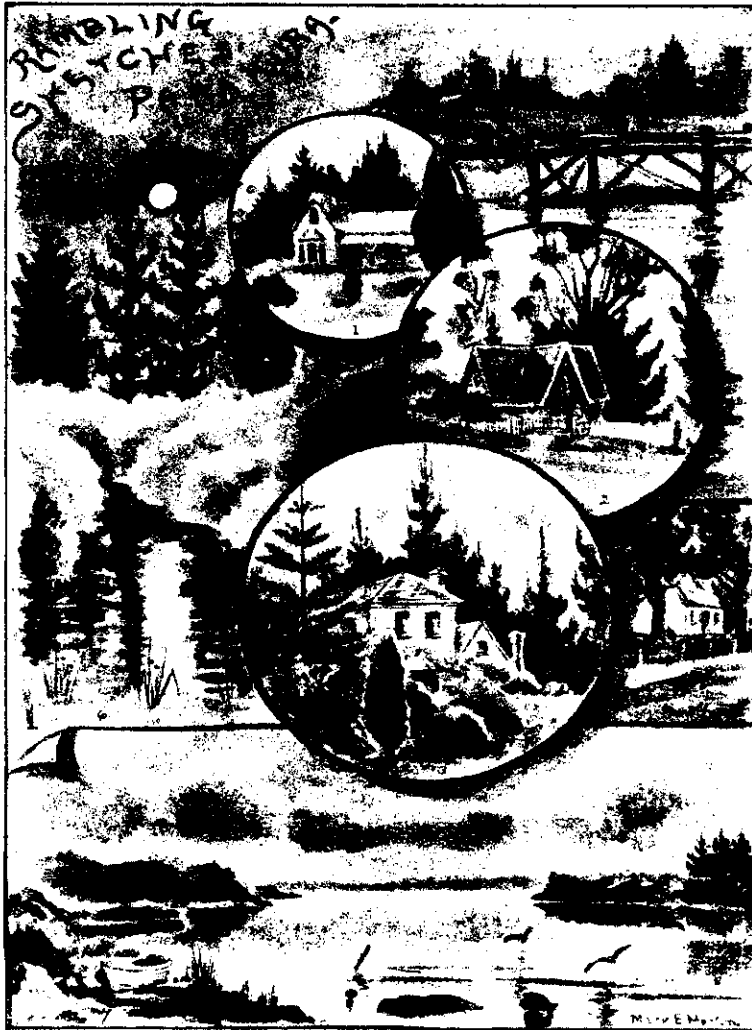
THE bride was gowned in a lovely bridal dress of cream bengaline trimmed with chiffon, the front of the gown being beautifully embroidered with pearls. The usual veil, wreath, and bouquet completed the costume. The bridesmaids were four—two sisters of the bride, and two of the bridegroom. They were all dressed alike in charming light grey dresses made with Eton jackets and vests of soft white silk, fastened with loops at the side; large white straw hats trimmed with chiffon and feathers.

AFTER the ceremony and the usual rejoicings and congratulations, the happy pair left for their honeymoon. The bride's going-away dress was a stylish fawn checked tweed, Empire style, with vest and sash of brown silk, handsome plush jacket with beaver fur, brown and pink trimmings. The presents were remarkably handsome, and embraced almost every ornamental article mentionable.

DAVIE—ANDREWS.

A VERY quiet and early wedding was celebrated at St. Luke's Church, Christchurch, when Miss Edith Davie was married to Mr H. D. Andrews. The wedding party consisted of the immediate relatives only. The bride wore her travelling dress of grey cloth, beautifully made and trimmed with silk, hat to match, and carried a lovely posy. In the Church were Mrs Davie in a dark tweed dress, bonnet with light flowers; Miss Davie, navy blue costume; Mrs Mande, fawn coloured cloth, cloak to match, and dark green bonnet; the Misses Andrews and Tripp. After the wedding breakfast, the bride's brother drove the happy pair to Akaroa, where they spend the honeymoon. They were the recipients of a large number of handsome presents.

SKETCHES ABOUT PAPAOKURA.



OUR pictures of Papakura almost sufficiently explain themselves. This charming little village is twenty miles south of Auckland, on the Great South Road which was constructed for the transit of troops during the Maori war. It has often been said that Papakura is so Englishlike in outward and scenic appearance, that were an unsuspecting Britisher suddenly transplanted from some Hampshire village he would scarcely realize he had left Home. The houses, the gardens, above all, the church, are extraordinarily English, and the frog-pools or meres have a singularly homelike appearance in the evenings to an expatriated Englishman. Fruit-growing and farming are the principal pursuits of the inhabitants, who are like all New Zealand's country people—hospitable to the verge of recklessness. There are cattle yards and gumfields—in fact, all New Zealand's industries are well represented. The Masonic Hall attests the presence of that mystic brotherhood, and the Orangemen are strongly represented. A famous breeding establishment, that of Mr W. Walter's, is one of the show places of the district. For the rest the bits of picturesque Papakura chosen by our artist will, as we said at first, explain themselves.

SWEEEPING SKIRTS.

FEW men can understand the affection a lady has for a train to her frock. It is amusing to see tiny girls wrapping a shawl round their waists, and looking over their shoulders with immense complacency as it sweeps the floor. But why grown-up, presumably sensible, women can still retain this childish feeling of pleasure in the *train* of their sweeping skirts, is, to the average male mind, an insolvable problem. In this colony, the ladies have kindly swept our pavements for the last few months, and have carried all kinds of disgusting filth into their own houses. It is nice of them to help the City Councils, but hardly wise. In Berlin, the question of reform in the women's train line is being properly discussed. About two hundred ladies, we hear, assembled the other day, when one of them gave a brief review of the origin and history of the train. She could not exactly begin with Mother Eve, to whom the train was unknown, but was able to tell her hearers that the prophet Isaiah was said to have preached against the trailing evil in question. After the various reasons—*aesthetic*, sanitary, and common-sense—why the train should not be tolerated had been given, various proposals were made for its abolition, and one lady outdid the others in the very drastic nature of her suggestions. There were extremists who wanted purposely to tread on—and so tread off—very train in the streets; others who suggested that the roads should be closed to them by the police. Healthy common sense, schoolmasters, doctors, and indeed, all men; the press, the theatre, and the authorities were summoned to co-operate, and finally a resolution was passed asking the police to issue an order forbidding the wearing of a train in the streets.

He: 'I don't believe in original sin.' She: 'Nor I. It's utterly impossible to select any pet sin that somebody else hasn't worn threadbare.'

DYMOCK—MORRIS.

It was intended to have had a large wedding for Miss Dymock, daughter of Mr Dymock, the general manager of the National Bank, held in the church, but owing to a recent bereavement in the family the invitations were recalled, and only a few of the very closest of the family friends were present at the house when the ceremony was performed, Dr. Stuart officiating. The bridegroom was Mr George Morris, son of Mr A. W. Morris.

An Innocent Chaperon.



MAKE so bold as to call myself an innocent chaperon, because I feel sure that anyone who will take the trouble to peruse this plain, unvarnished tale will require no further proof of my innocence. Of course, such a reputation is not precisely what one covets; still, as my husband once said, in a brilliant flash of inspiration to his constituents: "Since you can't give me to be a knave, you might at least allow me credit for being a fool. My husband, really don't know whether that has anything to do with it or not. It is a conscientious Liberal Unionist. It is in the above modest character, therefore, that I make my appeal for public sympathy—which will hardly, I think, be denied me when I add that, out of motives of pure benevolence, I undertook to see 140 nieces of mine through a London season.

Some people might say—indeed, if I remember rightly, George once said—that I was bound to do so. I don't for a moment admit that; only, blood being thicker than water, I think one might, if one can, to prevent one's nearest relations from marrying below their proper station in life, and when my only sister, Lucy Meadows, died, I did naturally feel anxious to do what I could for her children. Lucy herself had made rather a poor sort of marriage, having chosen to unite her fortunes to those of a Liverpool merchant who thought fit to drop down dead of heart-disease one morning before he had realised the wealth which one is accustomed to associate with Liverpool merchants. He left her with a comfortable competence and a couple of daughters; and then, after a good many years, during which I neither saw nor heard much of her, she, too, succeeded, somewhat suddenly, to an attack of inflammation of the lungs, poor thing. Well, perhaps I ought to have seen more of her, and perhaps I felt a little guilty about it; at all events, as everyone knows, nothing is more difficult than to obtain even occasional glimpses of people who don't happen to be in one's own set. Anyhow, I wrote to these two girls, telling them how glad I should be if they would come to me as soon as we moved up to London in the spring, and if they would consider my house as their home for four or five months. It didn't seem such a very imprudent offer to make, considering that I have no daughters of my own, and that my boys are still at school.

Lydia, the eldest, sent me a very grateful and prettily expressed reply. She informed me that I already knew what she had inherited three-fourths of her mother's money, as well as the house in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, which was endeared to her by the memories of childhood, and which she proposed to retain as a permanent residence. She went on to say that her personal tastes inclined her rather towards study than towards gaiety and society; but that, recognizing her position with regard to her younger sister as being virtually that of a parent, she did not feel justified in refusing dear Nancy the opportunities which I had so very kindly placed at her disposal.

Lydia had been educated at Girton, and, as I dare say, a student of Arts, or something of that kind. I had seen her once, and had not been particularly fascinated by her smart hair and her nose; but still she was not at all the sort of girl who would be likely to give one trouble; and in any case she had been anxious not to say rather nastily provided for. Probably she did not want a husband, and, if she did, would prefer to choose one for herself. My interest was much more powerfully excited on behalf of poor little Nancy, who, as I had been told, was pretty, and for whom I hoped to be able to secure some rather better matrimonial alliance than she could expect to make in her own part of the world.

So the girls arrived, bag and baggage, in time to be presented at the second Drawing-room; and very decent girls they seemed to be, after their respective fashions. I confess to a hearty derision of superior women, and Lydia, with her pedantic assumption of knowing all about everything and her solemn political dispositions, which made George laugh, altogether failed to amuse me; but Nancy was a dear little soul—dark haired, blue eyes, round-faced, and, like a creature, as they say on the other side of the water, with that particular style of beauty is rather more common there than it is in our own island. I had been sure from the first that I should like Nancy, and I did like her. For the matter of that, I like her still; though I must say that her conduct has not shown quite that simplicity of character which I was inclined to attribute to her at the outset.

Now, there is one thing as to which I am convinced that all mothers and chaperons will agree with me: I don't appeal to men, who are untried to give an opinion upon such points, and that is, that in endeavouring to arrange a suitable alliance for a girl in whom one is interested, one must take the rough with the smooth. You can't find the ideal husband any more than you can find the ideal cook, and if you choose to wait for the former to turn up you may remain single all your days, just as you will probably have to go dinnerless if you refuse to be satisfied with anything short of the latter. I say this because I am not concerned to deny that the Right Honourable Samuel Hampton is a tedious and rather vulgar-minded personage. Against those demerits, which are not so very important, you have to set the solid facts of his respectability, of his eminence in political life, and of his wealth, actual and prospective. I forget what his father was—I rather think he was a mine of some sort, but it doesn't much signify—what was certain was that the Right Honourable gentleman was well off, that he had attained to Ministerial rank, and that, somewhere in the northern counties, he had an aged uncle Peter who was reputed to be enormously rich, and whose riches it was understood that he would inherit ere long. It was not I who asked Samuel to dinner; certainly it was not I who suggested to him that he should pay attention to Nancy; but George was pleased to invite him, and he did devote himself to the girl,

and I should have neglected my duty if I had not smiled upon him. I really haven't a supply of millionaire young dukes at my command.

Your niece is charming, Lady Jerome," he said to me after dinner, in that patronising tone which he is wont to assume upon what, to my own seem to me to be insufficient grounds—"positively charming."

I replied that I was glad to think any niece of mine had been so fortunate as to charm him, and inquired to which of them he alluded.

"Oh, to the younger one," he returned promptly. "The elder, no doubt, is also very accomplished and agreeable, but there is a freshness and girlishness about Miss Nancy which is all the more delightful because it is so rare in these sophisticated days."

He signed as he spoke and tried to look like a *Man* man of the world. Mr Samuel Hampton is a tall, narrow-shouldered man, approaching middle age. He has a snub nose; he takes a good deal of trouble about his dress; he wears an eyeglass and a flower in his buttonhole, and betrays his origin in every word and look. I had a small and early reputation, for which he was kind enough to remain, and I noticed that he was most assiduous in his courtesies to Nancy, who received them with apparent gratification.

"Sir George tells me that you are going to take your nieces to Lady Portera's ball to-morrow night," he remarked, on shaking hands with me before his departure, "and he says I ought to be there. Well, I must try to manage it; for the hope of meeting you all is certainly a powerful inducement."

George, it will be observed, had invited the alliance of this worthy and distinguished *London* in terms about as plain as a person could make 'em. I spoke to him subsequently upon the subject, he denied—so like a man—that he had done any such thing, and declined all responsibility for Nancy's matrimonial prospects.

"If she likes to marry Hampton, by all means let her do so," said he. "I shouldn't myself like to marry him; but then, I'm not a woman, thank God. These schemes are women's affairs, not mine, and I'll be hanged if I'll be mixed up in them."

Lydia was much less cautious and cowardly. She declared in the frankest possible way that she thought Mr Hampton very nice indeed, and would be delighted to see her sister engaged to him. She was not so silly as to affect ignorance of the obvious fact that he was smitten with Nancy, nor did she consider disparity of age any serious obstacle in the way of their ultimate union.

I mentioned just now that I do not especially love that type of modern young woman of whom Lydia was a fair representative. She studied blue books and interested herself in social and political problems (although, unlike the generality of her species, she held Conservative views), and she was altogether too self-satisfied for my taste. Yet I am bound to say that she won my respect by her readiness to efface herself in favour of her sister. She said in so many words that she felt a great deal too old to play the part of a *debutante*; that she had not come to London with any ideas of seeking for an old fortune, and that her one wish was to find a good and kind husband for Nancy, if that could be contrived. That being so, and Mr Samuel Hampton being, to the best of my knowledge and belief, both good and kind, I took the girls to Lady Portera's ball with an easy conscience.

Lady Portera's balls, as all the world knows, are magnificent affairs. Her husband earned his enormous income and his title by the sale of intoxicating liquors, and I daresay that he deserved both, though one would hardly suppose so to look at him. At all events, he spent his money lavishly, and I don't know that one has any right to ask more than that of him or his wife. I have arrived at that time of life when dual decorations and supper—especially supper—acquire a greater importance than good doors and good music; so that I quite enjoyed myself under the roof of these hospitable people, and was almost as much pleased with their superb oysters as I was with their champagne and a particularly meritorious aspic, which somebody was thoughtful enough to recommend to me. Furthermore, I noticed with satisfaction that the Right Honourable Samuel skipped round the room several times with Nancy, and I also saw him dancing with Lydia, which I thought very good-natured of him.

It was quite late in the evening that he sought and obtained my gracious permission to present his half-brother to me. I had not previously been aware that he was blessed with any brothers, either half or complete, but I had no objection in the world to making acquaintance with the nice, clean-looking, fair-haired boy whom he led up to me, and whom he addressed as "Teddy"—an appellation which sounded suitable somehow. Teddy was not shy. He sat down beside me, began to converse in an easy, colloquial fashion, and by the end of a quarter of an hour had obligingly told me all that there was to tell about himself. He was a great deal younger and a very great deal poorer than the eminent Samuel; he had failed to pass the requisite examinations for the army, and was not quite sure as yet which trade or profession he should eventually adorn; but he supposed he would have to do something.

"Because I'm an absolute pauper, you see. My old Uncle Peter, who might have felt it his duty to provide for me, one would think means leaving everything to Sam. He says he doesn't see the fun of handing over any of his hard-earned money to a fellow who can't earn money for himself. As if earning money was such an easy thing to do! So I expect it will end in my working my passage out to Australia and disappearing from refined circles."

Meanwhile, he was evidently bent upon getting all the enjoyment that he could out of the refinements produced by fashion and beer. He seemed to know everybody, and I suppose his half-brother must have introduced him to Nancy; for I saw them dancing together more than once after he had quit my side. To my mind, there was no harm, nor any danger, in that. Regarded in the light of a potential sailor, this poor youth was a mere southerly,

and he was so candid and straightforward that I was sure he would not be guilty of anything so unworthy as flirting with a girl towards whom he could not possibly have serious intentions. Personally, I liked him a great deal better than the eligible Samuel, and I felt no hesitation about asking him to come and see me when he accompanied us downstairs and secured our wraps for us.

He had likewise, it appeared, been privileged to gain the approval of Lydia, who was loud in his praises on our way home, and who said:

"I am so glad you asked him to call, Aunt Eleanor. Of course he isn't clever like his brother; but he is delightfully young and unspoilt by the world. His way of talking rather reminded me of Nancy."

"Thank you, dear," responded Nancy from her corner; "I have always been afraid that I talked like a goose, and now I am sure of it."

I don't know what anonymous speeches Teddy Hampton may or may not have made to my younger niece; but I do know that it is quite possible to be a goose and, at the same time, to be an extremely entertaining companion; and this was what he proved himself to be when he came to tea with us on the afternoon of the girls' presentation. He had duly left his card at the door before that, and I had invited him, together with some other people, to look in upon us after the Drawing-room, because I thought they might like to inspect our frocks. Samuel also was of the party, having come on from the palace to lend an air of distinction to the scene by his Ministerial garb. It is unquestionably a distinguished thing to be a Minister in full fig; only, in order to do justice to the character, one ought to have legs, and poor Samuel had no legs—to speak of. That was what made him look slightly ridiculous, and it was well that ground that his cheeky young brother chaffed him unmercifully.

Well, I must say for the good man that he stood chaff unmercifully well. Perhaps the House of Commons had inured him to that kind of thing, or perhaps he may have felt that, with respect to all essential points, the laugh must always be on his side against his tormentor. Anyhow, he kept his temper; and if he was not consoled by Lydia's outspoken admiration of certain recent delinquencies of his upon the Irish question, it was none the less kind of her to her best towards consoling him. He subsided at length into a chair close to her elbow, while Nancy and the rest of us were kept in fits of laughter by Teddy, who, I am bound to say, was an amusing youth. I am not sure that he displayed the best possible taste by mimicking his half-brother's impressive method of public oratory; but his mimicry was irresistibly comic, and if the eminent statesman did not object to it, why should we? When he had exhausted Samuel, he was pleased to make fun of Lydia and Nancy, entreating them to repeat, for his benefit, the graceful performances of which they had just acquitted themselves in a more august circle and sticking out his hand for them to kiss, while he adaciously impersonated the Sovereign of these realms. I need scarcely mention that they did not kiss his hand—I should never have thought of allowing them to do such a thing—but they lent themselves to the tomfoolery by means of which he contrived to entertain the rest of us, and although this does not sound like a particularly worth providing exhibition, it was so really. There are people who cannot succeed in being funny, however hard they may try, and there are others who can send you into convulsions by simply looking at you.

All the same, a joke ought not to be kept up too long, nor ought a very young man to monopolise the entire attention of his elders and betters for more than half an hour or so. I can't tell whether it was his intuitive sense of the fitness of things, or the gentle snub which I felt it right to administer that caused Teddy Hampton to withdraw at length into the background; but, at any rate, he did withdraw, and as I had other visitors to talk to, some little time elapsed before I noticed that he had not only withdrawn in a literal sense, but had taken Nancy with him. I was somewhat annoyed when, on inquiring what had become of the two young people, I was informed they had betaken themselves to the back drawing-room where they were out of sight; but the placid unconcern of the Right Honourable Samuel reassured me. After all, what did it matter so long as he was not jealous?

"I won't say good-bye, Lady Jerome, I will only say *au revoir*," he remarked, as he rose to take his leave; "for we shall meet again in a few hours at Mrs Lightfoot's ball. And will you, please, remind Miss Nancy that she has promised to keep two dances for me."

That was all very well, but Miss Nancy ought to have been upon the spot to assure him that she had not forgotten her engagement, instead of giggling in the back drawing-room with an impertinent detrimental; and so I made bold to tell her, as soon as the company had dispersed. I said:

"My dear child, I am quite sure that you don't mean any harm; but the great thing is to avoid the appearance of meaning harm, and it really isn't wise to conceal yourself behind the furniture in the company of any young man. Moreover, it isn't wise to presume too much upon the goodnature of any old—or at least elderly—man, like Mr Samuel Hampton."

Nancy opened a great pair of wondering eyes, looked rather as if she meditated bursting into tears, and faltered out that she didn't know what I meant. Lydia, taking her by the arm, led her away in a kindly protecting fashion, and afterwards said to me, somewhat reproachfully:

"Don't be too hard upon the poor child, Aunt Eleanor; I don't think you quite realise how very young and inexperienced she is."

Lydia's habit was to stand up for her sex, in season and out of season; and of course it was only creditable on her part to stand up for her sister. She gave me to understand that Nancy's heart was in the right place; in other words, that it had been bestowed upon the rich brother, not the poor one; and her hint that a mock flirtation with the latter might be the best way of bringing the former to book sounded plausible enough. He was not, however, brought to book during the ensuing three weeks, in the course of which we saw a great deal of Hampton Brothers; nor, notwithstanding his bland imperturbability, did he appear to me to be altogether pleased with the way in which Teddy conducted himself. Some ambiguous remarks which he let fall made me feel a little uneasy on Nancy's behalf, because an underbred man is like an underbred horse; you can never be sure that he won't turn sulky and give in at the very moment when he ought to begin trying.

And so, what with one thing and another, I was quite glad, in my capacity of chaperon, when the time came for

us to pay a brief visit to our place in the country for the purpose of presiding at a great gathering which was to be held in the park under the auspices of the Primrose League. I say that I was glad as a chaperon, because, of course, I could not expect to derive much personal enjoyment from such a festivity. I don't belong to the Primrose League. I think I have already mentioned that we are Liberal Unionists; but I dare say I shouldn't hate its ways of going on any the less if I did. It may be, as George declares it is, for the good of my country that I should watch large numbers of unwashed persons playing kiks in the ring under the windows; that I should affect to take an interest in some absurd performance, dignified by the name of athletic sports; that I should present myself to the winners in these ridiculous contests, and that I should finally seat myself upon a rickety platform and listen to dreary political speeches. I sincerely hope that all this is in some mysterious way beneficial to the country; for it certainly isn't beneficial to me, or to the grass either. However, I was comforted by the thought that it might very probably prove beneficial to Nancy, inasmuch as the great Samuel had consented to honour us with his company and his oratory upon the occasion, and had likewise insinuated that this act of condescension was a tribute to her charms rather than to ours.

In point of fact, I shrewdly suspected that Samuel meant to propose, as soon as he should have exhibited himself in his most becoming aspect, to the girl whom he hoped to make his wife; and I was therefore not a little vexed when it appeared that George, without ever taking the trouble to consult me, had invited Teddy Hampton to join the house party. That is the sort of stupid thing that George is perpetually doing. He only laughed at my remonstrances, as he always does, and assured me that it would be all right. Well, perhaps, George may sometimes, though not often, be in the right—indeed, I should think he must be, since we never agree upon a single point, and since it does seem unlikely that any rational being can be invariably in the wrong—but I thought at the time, and I think still, that he made a sad error in judgment when he asked that facetious young man to take part in what, by his own account, ought to have been regarded as serious proceedings.

And, of course, as I had anticipated would be the case, Teddy lost no time in playing the fool and turning the whole thing into ridicule. Heaven knows politics and political demonstrations can be ridiculous enough upon their own hook, and stand in no need of anybody's help to make them more so. Still, I do think it is very bad taste to laugh at people whose hospitality you have accepted; and after we had all retired to our bedrooms on the evening before the meeting, I sought a nocturnal interview with Nancy for the express purpose of pointing this out to her. I said:

"It is very easy, and I dare say you may think it very amusing, on young Mr Hampton's part, to make fun of stump orations; but you must remember that the people are now our masters, and that statesmen can get at the ear of the people in any other way than by mounting a platform and shouting at them. Statesmen know what the people are too ignorant and ill-informed to understand; they see the fatal consequences of—in short, of doing whatever it is that the Opposition want to do; and surely it is more dignified to stand up and say so than to remain in the background, sniggering and making faces, like a clown at a circus."

My readers, I am sure, would not be grateful to me if I were to enter upon a detailed description of scenes with which most of them must be unhappily familiar. We were spared the added horror of bad weather, and I suppose the preliminary portion of our *pic* was a success, since everybody called it by that name. The man who was to have performed upon the tight-rope got drunk, and couldn't be brought up to the scratch; but that, as George coincided to me, was a blessing in disguise, because he had never performed upon a tight-rope before, and one would have been sorry if his *act* had been rendered conspicuous by his demise. In other respects everything went off quite tidily, and I distinguished the prizes with my customary grace and affability. Then we and the other magistrates scrambled up upon a platform, which was too small to accommodate us with any sort of comfort, and proceeded to business. George stammered and stumbled and made feeble jokes, as he always does, and was vociferously applauded, as he always is. He was followed by a ponderous old person, during whose laboured harangue the attention of the audience appeared to wander a good deal. Mine did, I know—and for good and sufficient reasons. Our great gun, Mr Samuel Hampton, was to speak next, and there was as yet no sign of him. He had withdrawn some little time before, explaining to me that he wished to consult his notes, which he had prepared with great care; but I began to be horribly afraid lest he should have made some mistake about the hour. A pretty *fit*, we should achieve if we were unable to produce him when wanted. My anxiety was shared by those about me. The local celebrities were growing fidgety; George whispered to me that this really wouldn't do as if I was responsible; and I was becoming hot and cold all over, when Lydia very kindly volunteered to run off in search of the missing orator.

She slipped over the back of the platform and trotted away with great celerity and no disturbance; but, alas! neither she nor Samuel returned, and for the very first time in my life I found myself wishing that a political speech might be injudiciously prolonged. Unfortunately, everything in this world must have an end—even the loquacity of a bore who has no ideas to start with, and no language in which to conceal their absence—so at length the awful moment came when old Sir Digby Bunderhead

I have forgotten the man's real name, concluded his declamation by sitting down noisily upon his hat. It was Teddy, I presume, who had had the forethought to place it upon his chair in readiness for him; but I was incapable of being either amused or annoyed by such trifles at such a time.

Imagine my feelings when George rose and announced with perfect composure that the Right Honourable Samuel Hampton would now address the meeting! Imagine—but no; I don't believe anybody's imagination can be equal to that strain—what my feelings were when my husband resumed his seat, chucking audaciously, and when Teddy coolly advanced to the front of the platform.

"Don't excite yourself, George whispered to me behind his hand; it's all right. None of these good folks know Hampton by sight, and that young beggar has cheek enough to carry off anything."

Assuredly it was not from lack of that valuable quality that Teddy was in danger of coming to grief. I was furious

you will be good enough to swallow down your merriment, instead of shaking and bubbling in that indecent manner. We may possibly escape detection."

He nodded and repeated once more, in that irritating way of his, that it would be alright. But a terrible shock and surprise was in store for us; for when that eloquent but unprincipled young man had been declaiming for nearly an hour, and had wound up with a magnificent peroration, what will it be supposed that he did? He did not retire, bowing and smiling, and seat himself either upon his own hat or upon somebody else's—not he! On the contrary, he advanced a step, and, as soon as the deafening applause had subsided, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have a few words to add; they are in the nature of a personal explanation. While thanking you, as I do most sincerely, for the indulgence and the approbation which you have been pleased to extend to me, I cannot but feel that you may have been, in some degree, induced by the name which I have the honour to bear, and it seems only fair to tell you that I am not the man whom you take me for. My name, it is true, is Hampton, and I certainly I do not yield one jot to my elder brother in devotion to our Sovereign, our country, and our present Government; still, the fact remains that Samuel Hampton is my elder brother, and my only excuse for having addressed you in his stead is one which I trust that you may deem sufficient—namely, that he is not here to speak for himself."

This announcement, as may well be believed, produced a profound sensation. There were some discordant cries, there was a little hoooting; but I think, upon the whole, laughter was the predominant sound in the hubbub which ensued. After a pause Teddy resumed imperceptibly:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have done my best to act a fraternal part; I have, at least, expressed my brother's sentiments, though I cannot pretend to his elegance of diction. If I have presumed too far upon your good nature, I am ready to descend amongst you and to turn limb from limb. Yet, before I die, I should like, if you will permit me, to plead my poor brother's cause with you. There are occasions, ladies—especially ladies—and gentlemen, which claim all our sympathy and all our leniency; and when I tell you that Mr Samuel Hampton is at the present moment engaged—I say *engaged* in the fullest sense of the term—I do feel that I may appeal to you with some confidence to pardon his temporary absence from the post of duty. When I ascended this platform I saw at no great distance from me a certain lovely and accomplished lady. I look in vain for that lady now; I look in vain for my brother. Ladies and gentlemen, need I say more?"

But he did say more, that shameless young wretch! He said every acquaintance and indiscreet thing that it was possible to say, and what vexed me to an even greater extent than the vanity of the general public was to see Nancy joining in it. It was as clear as daylight that the whole thing was the result of a premeditated and most selfish and unworthy plot.

"I am astounded at your impudence in approaching me, I said to the culprit, who ran up agonised, while we were all walking back towards the house, and put forward what he was pleased to call an explanation, together with an entreaty for forgiveness. "I quite believe that, as you say, you delivered your brother's speech; I quite believe that, knowing his inability to speak without his notes, you picked his pocket of them in order to play a heartless practical joke; but not for one moment do I believe that you acted upon a sudden impulse. No, my dear sir! You have chosen to make us the laughing stock of the county, not to say the country; you have placed an innocent man in a position out of which I'm sure I don't know how he is to escape without ignominy, and you have seriously compromised a girl who, I hope and trust, is as innocent as I be. If you think I am going to forgive all that at once, you must have strangely misconceived my character."

"In no, dear lady, during he answered in a perfectly unashamed manner: "I haven't missoverged you a bit. I know there are no bounds to your kindness and goodnature, although your powers of discernment may be limited. You wanted, as we are all aware, to marry Samuel to Miss Nancy; but then, you see, she doesn't want to marry him, and, if she did, she wouldn't be at all the proper sort of wife for him. Now, Miss Lydia, who, by the way, is as innocent as the driven snow—and so is everybody except me, I will set him down to the ground. She went off in absolute good faith to search for him; she will have found him, somewhere or other, buzzing about distractingly; she will have consoled him; and, let us hope, the natural consequences will have ensued. If they have not—well, I venture to entertain some modest confidence in the effects of my little speech upon his mind and here."

If you will believe me, the young rascal was right. Hardly had I retired to my chamber to slumber when in came Lydia, bustling and stammering as if she had any business to blush and simmer at her age, with the announcement that Mr Samuel Hampton had asked her to be his wife and that she had accepted him.

"Dear Aunt Eleanor," said she, "I am afraid you will think me a dreadful traitress—"

"That is exactly what I do think you, I interrupted. "Yes! I was afraid you would. But really, though I haven't liked to say so, I don't see for a long time past that Samuel and Nancy could never be happy together. Their tastes are not the same; she is, I am sure, capable of appreciating him at his true worth—"

"Now, look here, Lydia," I interrupted; "it grieves me to be vulgar; but may I ask in plain language whether this is a put-up job? I only inquire for the sake of information." She drew herself up with a fine assumption of offended



with him and with George when he started; but I don't mind confessing that before he had spoken for more than a minute or two I began to feel grateful to them both. For really what he said was quite admirable, and was delivered with a solemnity and a sense of responsibility which could not have been beaten by the eminent politician whom he had supplanted. He was not in the least jocular; he appeared to take himself and his party every bit as seriously as the absent Samuel would have done; his exposure of the unworthy tactics of the Opposition was quite crushing, and he elicited loud cheers from his listeners when he imperatively called upon them to decide, once for all, whether England should or should not continue to be a nation.

"If only there is no wretched London reporter in the crowd," I remarked under my breath to George, "and if only

fortunately nobody was hurt, so all's well that ends well. It appears that Mr Archie McLean was driving with very good horses...

PICTON.

DEAR BEE, SEPTEMBER 29. The dresses worn at the Picton spinners' ball... were described. Miss Hay wore her pretty pink nun's veiling which was so much admired at the Bachelors' dance...

THE WEDDING.

Here are some additional frocks. Mrs E. Rutherford, sister of the bride, wore such a lovely gown, in which she looked remarkably handsome...

MISS SPEED'S HANDSOME TROUSSEAU

I noticed a lovely dress of smoke-shaded surah silk figured in white, the skirt made with a demi-train with two little frills, bodice with a V-shaped frilled front...

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, SEPTEMBER 29. What is the use of pretty spring frocks, hats, or bonnets, new and beautiful, when it is possible to be extremely fashionable, but as extremely ugly if a genuine sea is adopted...

The final AFTERNOON 'AT HOME' OF THE LIEBOWITZS was wet and raw, and few new frocks were to be seen. Some of the new frocks were Miss Armstrong's, Mrs. James M. Gardner, F. Graham, W. D. Moores, A. Gilbert, Greenwood, Hacon, C. Cook, J. Walcott, Wood, J. B. Fisher, Mathias, R. Snow, J. Aiken, Matson, C. Matson, Kennedy, Misses Parridge, L. Hardy Johnston, Robinson, Taylor, Hicks, Haynes, Downer, Mr and Mrs G. Roberts, Mr and Mrs H. Hale, Mrs and Miss Campbell, Misses Turner, Mrs C. J. Merton, Mrs J. S. Guthrie, Mrs Waymouth, Mrs Baber, Mrs Martin, Mrs Embling, Mrs Ewen, Mrs Harley, and many others.

THE A. C. STEELCHASE was run at Litterton, beginning at 3 p.m. A goodly number found their way out there, but it is rather a long way for the majority of those who wish to see the races, though the surroundings are prettier than any other course round about Christchurch. I noticed on the stand Mr and Mrs and the Misses Cunningham, Mrs Stranger, Mrs Thompson, Mrs Toddhunter, Mrs Williams, the Misses Garrick, Cuff, Turner, Way, Graham, and others. Tennis players had some excellent play to witness in the final match for the championship between Mr F. Wilding and Mr K. Harman at the Crumpler square courts, resulting in favour of the latter after a very hard four sets game.

DOLLY VALE.

DEAR BEE, SEPTEMBER 27. I must not forget to tell you of the costumes worn at Mrs Hoskings and Mrs Woodhouse's theatricals.

DUNEDIN.

upon the same evening was held in the Choral Hall in return for a Leap Year dance given a few weeks previously in St. Paul's schoolroom. The secretary was Mr Aiken, and he is to be congratulated upon the success of the evening.

ANOTHER DANCE

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 25. I have often thought that I would send you a contribution for your Society Column from this out of the way place and think you will agree with me that a better opportunity may never occur again than the present one.

APIA, SAMOA.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 25. I have often thought that I would send you a contribution for your Society Column from this out of the way place and think you will agree with me that a better opportunity may never occur again than the present one.

MAUDE

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 25. I have often thought that I would send you a contribution for your Society Column from this out of the way place and think you will agree with me that a better opportunity may never occur again than the present one.

The Latest From Wellington.

(BY TELEGRAPH.)

DANCE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

LADY GLASGOW'S 'At Home' last Thursday was most enjoyable. Dancing was indulged in from nine till twelve. It is said that this is the last to be given this season. These fortnightly dances will be much missed. The decorations were elaborate and beautiful.

The Earl and Countess received together in the drawing-room. Lady Glasgow wore a lovely terra-cotta velvet bodice and long train, over a petticoat of pinks; pink crepon, beautifully embroidered with silver, the bodice and elbow sleeves were trimmed with jewelled embroidery.

Amongst the guests were Mrs Casteniyk in a lovely white satin, brocaded with pink and green raised velvet flowers, trimmed with white feather edging; Mrs M. Heath, beautiful English gown of palest blue brocade, trained, full puffed sleeves of white silk, brocaded with gold, and trimmed with wide white lace and ribbon; Mrs Hutchinson, black lace, trained, trimmed with black velvet; white white silk, trained; Mrs Holmes, black velvet, long train; Mrs Williams, black velvet; Mrs Walter Johnston, black satin trimmed with white and jet; Mrs Mantell, black lace; Mrs Brown, crimson plush, Watteau train over petticoat of pink silk; Mrs James Mills, bronze net, with bronze moire sash, bodice trimmed with variegated grass; Mrs E. Read, black and yellow; Miss Hadfield, pink Liberty silk trimmed with chiffon; Miss A. Hadfield, pretty white silk; Miss J. White, silk, trained; Mrs Holmes, black and yellow satin; Miss M. Studholme, pink silk trimmed with moss green velvet; Miss Williams, pretty black velvet, basque fringe of jet, trimmed with wide white lace, trained; Miss Hilda Williams, white tulle, trained, corselet bodice embroidered with gold and jewels; Miss Pym, yellow silk with flowers; Miss Krull, black and white striped dress trimmed with white bebe ribbon; Miss Grace, white net with pale blue ribbons; Miss Alice Graham, white and cerise; Misses Ida and Hilda Johnston, black satin and velvet, with diamond pins; Miss Gore, cream striped gauze, broad cream silk Watteau bow; Miss May Gore, pale green gown trimmed with black velvet and jet fringe; Misses Ella and Lillian Lard, pretty white silk gowns, trained; Miss Menzies, turquoise blue silk, trained; Miss F. Menzies, old gold and blue brocade; Miss Halse, cerise silk; Miss C. Halse, black and pink; Miss E. Halse, blue gauze; Miss Langard, blue feather net; Miss Colborn, white silk; Miss Kemphorne, pale grey brocade; Miss Hawkins, handsome white silk, trained; Miss MacGregor, white silk, with silver fringe; Miss Fairchild, pale blue, with crimson Watteau bow; Miss Nina Fairchild, mauve silk, white Empire sash; Miss McKellar, lemon silk, Watteau train; Miss Douglas, white; Miss Reid, tomato red net trimmed with black velvet; Miss Willis, ruby shawl silk; The Messrs Walker, C. and W. Johnston, Hutchinson, Wilson, Brown, Kebleck, Mantell, Hanna, O'Loke (Auckland), Montgomery (Wanganui), Fankiner (Napier), Richmond, Bittell, Studholme, Mills (two), Barton, Custons, K. Halse, Miller, Trigg, St. Hill, Gore (two), Cooper (two), Anson, Gardiner, Woodridge, Turnbull, Butterworth, Leckie (two), Hubson, Hartmann, Baldwin, Baillie (Blenheim), Hamie, Medley, Sir Kenneth Douglas, Commandant Fox.

The Countess of Glasgow and the Hon. Walter Johnston danced the first set of Lancers. The Earl, who has not quite recovered from his accident, did not dance. The Foursome Reel was danced prettily, Captain Hunter-Blair playing the bagpipes for it. Two strangers were present. One wore a quaint loose pink flowing gown, and the other was in white satin, with Watteau back of white net, white aigrette in the hair.

The Hunt Club sports are postponed till next Saturday on account of the bad weather.

JUBILEE OF OLD COLONISTS

who arrived by DUCHES OF ARGYLE, JANE GIFFORD, and other vessels. To be held in

THE CHORAL HALL.

MONDAY EVENING, October 10th, 1892. DR. J. E. CAMPBELL IN THE CHAIR. Concert, refreshments, etc., etc. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Tickets 2-nd class. To be obtained from any of the Committee. J. J. CRAIG, Hon. Secretary.

A PHOTOGRAPH of all old colonists of 50 or more years, will be taken in a group at the Choral Hall on MONDAY, AFTERNOON, the 10th, at 1.30 p.m. All those desirous of being taken must be present by 1.30.

A MOTHER'S SIN.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.



N a bright Sunday morning I stood lingering on the Pont des Invalids in Paris, and looking at the interesting view that lay to the eastward. Towering above the green and turbid waters of the Seine the walls of the Louvre stretched in grey perspective, while beyond was seen the dome of the Institute, the pointed turrets of that famous prison, the Conciergerie, the bulky towers of Notre Dame, the dome of the Sorbonne, and the sharp, serrated spire of St. Chapelle, each and all historical. Memory was very busy with the scene and the thoughts which it suggested, when suddenly I felt a hand at my pocket.

Turning suddenly, I grasped the arm of a lad at my side. He struggled for a moment to escape from me, but when he found this impossible he stood silent and sulky.

I knew not why, but as I regarded the little rogue I did not feel the least anger at his audacity, but watched him with not a little interest. He wore the inevitable blouse, coming half down to his knees, the type of the humble class of artisans, with a sloop hand, much the worse for wear. The fellow might have been good-looking, though it was difficult to judge upon this point, so thick was the coating of dirt upon his face. As I looked at his hands, his wrist being grasped firmly in my right, I observed that they were small and well formed; not those of one accustomed to labour, though in the matter of want of cleanliness they rivalled his face. He was rather tall, quite slim, and I should have judged not over seventeen or eighteen years of age.

Neither of us had spoken a word while I was making these observations, and I was rather surprised that the fellow did not show fight, or at least struggle to get away. But he saw that I was more than a match for him, and I kept a firm grip upon his wrist, determined not to let him go.

'You are hurting my wrist,' he said at last. 'Very likely,' I replied. 'You put it where you had no right to just now.'

'I didn't take anything.' 'No; I was too quick for you.' 'What are you going to do with me?' 'Hand you over to the police.' 'Don't do that, said he, drawing closer to my side. 'You are not a hard man—I can see that.'

'You deserve punishment.' 'Ab, but you will also punish those at home; they are not to blame, poor things.'

I was interested at once, and told the lad that I would like to see his home. If he would show me to it, and promise not to run away, I would let go his wrist and not hand him over to the police. He looked at me with a searching glance, and thought for a moment before he answered, then said:

'You have a right to make terms. I don't see what good it will do, but I promise, and you can follow me.'

I released his wrist and followed him across the bridge to the other side of the Seine. After crossing the boulevard St. Michael we struck into a labyrinth of streets that lie in this part of the city, the famous St. Giles of Paris, and finally stopped before a tumble-down house, into which my guide entered, and I followed him up a narrow flight of stairs to the garret. Here, taking a key from his pocket, he unlocked a door, and we entered a low room, in the middle of which, upon the floor, were a little girl and boy at play with some toy blocks.

My guide disappeared at once through a side door into what appeared to be an anteroom, saying he would be back in one moment, and I turned toward the children, both of whom had left their play to regard me with curious eyes. The oldest could not have been more than four years of age, a bright and pretty faced boy, while his sister was perhaps a year younger, and extremely beautiful. They were coarsely dressed, but were clean and neat in appearance. The apartment, which contained little or no furniture beyond a bedstead and two chairs, with a sort of bureau, surmounted by a looking glass, showed unmistakable evidences of poverty, but yet no want of neatness outraged the eye.

I had hardly made these observations when the door opened again, and there entered the room a young woman, scarcely more than twenty years of age. She was rather delicate in appearance, and quite pretty, not to say handsome; her dress, like that of the children, was coarse, but neat, and as she sat down upon one of the chairs, after placing the other for me, the two children ran to her knees with the instinct and affection of offspring of their tender years. I had looked at her but a moment before I discovered that the pickpocket of the Pont des Invalids was a woman!

'Did you not suspect my sex?' she asked, after a moment. 'I certainly did not.'

'It is my one resort,' she said, sadly, 'and never adopted until I am driven to it to fill those little mouths!'

'Dangerous business—you might have fallen into very different hands, as you must be aware.'

'True, but I work by instinct. I saw your face, and I said I must have money. He is not a hard man; if detected I may, perhaps, appeal to his mercy.'

'Why do you not ask for aid in place of being thus a thief?'

'That is a hard word, but it is merited. Do you not know that beggars are treated in Paris like thieves? The law punishes both nearly alike.'

'I fear that you speak truly. Are these your children?'

'Yes,' and she kissed them both tenderly. 'Are you married?'

'Monseigneur.' 'I mean no reproach.' 'I am a widow.'

'How did you lose your husband?'

'He was one of the Commune, was tried, condemned, and fell by the muskets of the soldiery.'

lowed by the intestine trouble. He was arrested with the Communists, and suffered the punishment of death. Since then she had lived and supported her children by selling off everything that would bring money; had got some work to do with her needle occasionally, but at last all seemed to fail her, and by means of disguising her sex she had successfully consummated several small robberies of money, and once or twice had made attempts similar to that which had failed in my instance.

'She reasoned with me very coolly, and said: 'If it were not for these dear children I should cease to suffer very soon, for,' said she, 'the Seine is always there with open arms.' She said, tenderly: 'My husband is in heaven, but he is my husband still, and I shall live and die faithful to him.'

Notwithstanding her noble sense of honour in this respect she felt no compunctions as to stealing.

'The world owes me and my children bread. I take nothing from the poor, only from such as can well afford to lose it.'

Honesty, as a matter of principle, she could not recognize.

'Have you no friends?'

'None here.'

'Have you any elsewhere?'

'I have a sister at Rouen, the wife of a farmer. If I could get there she would give me a home for myself and children in return for the work I could do for her.'

'You shall go there,' said I.

'Monseigneur.'

'I saw you shall go to your sister.'

'It will cost fifty francs.'

'Just about.'

'You will pay this for me, who would have robbed you half-an-hour since?'

'I will. But I exact from you one promise.'

She looked at me suspiciously for a moment.

'What is it?'

'That you will learn to be as honest and true in relation to the rights and property of others as you are with regard to your own honour.'

'I believe I understand you,' she said, thoughtfully, 'and I will promise to try and do as you have said.'

'That is all I can ask.'

She came toward me, now leading the children, and said: 'Monsieur, let them kiss you. I believe, after all, that there is disinterested benevolence in the world. I have been more than once offered assistance, but it has been coupled with conditions so hateful that I have felt insulted. Kiss him, Marie—kiss him, Gustave; he is good—good, like your papa.'

I had been surprised at the excellent manner in which she expressed herself, while, as she stood there now, her cheeks suffused with a slight colour, and her eyes lighted up by animation and a feeling of trust and gratitude, I thought that she was extremely beautiful.

'I am going to Havre to-morrow, by the way of Rouen,' said I; 'can you be ready so soon with your children?'

'I can be ready in one hour.'

'Pack up whatever is necessary for you to carry. Here is a key to get you a good-sized trunk. Be ready to-morrow at noon, and I will come for you.'

She attempted to thank me, but her lips quivered, and she turned away to hide the tears that coursed down her cheeks. As I passed toward the door she followed, and taking my hand between her own pressed it earnestly as she said:

'There is reward somewhere for such kindness.'

As I looked upon her now it seemed impossible that this was the pickpocket of the Pont des Invalids, the dirty lad in a blouse, whom I had detained by force.

Stopping over for a few hours at Rouen enabled me to witness the meeting of the young mother with her sister at the very comfortable Norman farm-house, as she had described. Pressing a purse of fifty francs upon her, I left the sisters together, both happy at the reunion which should make them share the same home together, even as they had done in childhood.

'Keep your resolve and the secret of the past,' I said to her, in a low voice.

'With Heaven's help, I will,' she said.

THE WORK CORNER.

INFANTS' CARRIAGE BLANKET.

ONE yard of white eider-down flannel one yard wide; paint a spray of wild roses a little at the right of the centre, and turn a hem two and a half inches deep for the top, overcast the bottom. Run a shirr next the hem, another two inches below, and one one inch below that. Place on the spray about three or four inches from the top. Place a cluster of three buds at the left, and a single bud below, at the right, having the effect of dropping from the spray; turn the edge in all round on the wrong side and baste it down. Line it with China silk, blind stitch or fell it on to the wool. Finish with a white silk cord; or, if you prefer, knot pink and green worsted fringe corresponding to the colours in the spray.

A PIANO LAMP SHADE.

FOUR a yard and a half of wide China silk twice, cut to make three pieces exactly alike. Sew two pieces together, and turn a hem two and a half inches deep for the top, overcast the bottom. Run a shirr next the hem, another two inches below, and one one inch below that. Place on the shade frame, and draw the top shirr string to fit the frame, allowing the wide hem to arrange itself into a graceful puff; draw the other shirr to fit the frame. Now take the other piece of silk and cut into exactly three parts for the ruffle. This allows a whole breadth extra to fall. Sew the three pieces together and 'pink' both sides. Shirr about one inch from the top, and sew to the bottom of the shade. A handsome spray of flowers, and a lace ruffle over the silk one, adds to its beauty, but it is very handsome without these. If the frame is not large enough, a small wire may be looped around it very easily, making any size desired.

THE Book of the Season: 'FRANK MELTON'S LUCK. Price, One shilling. All Book-sellers.

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.

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.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THE GENUINE IS SIGNED

W. L. de L. & Co. Ltd. Wellington, N.Z.

BROWN'S PATENT DERMATHISTIC CORSET.

ELEGANCE! COMFORT! DURABILITY!!

Advertisement for Brown's Patent Dermathistic Corset, featuring an illustration of a woman in a corset and descriptive text about its features and benefits.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

PRETTY CHILDREN'S FROCKS.

SOME of the newest designs for the little ones are extremely dainty. The first sketch shows a small girl's frock in old-gold bengaline. It is made in blouse shape with a very unique trimming of loose-petaled yellow velvet roses. This appears on the yoke, cuffs, and round the skirt. Clever fingers can easily cut out the velvet, and apply it, and work the connecting stems in chenille or brown cord. The second sketch is a charming cloak in pale green cloth, full shape, with yoke and collar edged with white Tinet lamb.

COSTUMES FOR LITTLE MEN.

The most startling innovation of all is the tendency, and a growing one it is too, to skip the kilt period for little boys, and put them directly into trousers. Just think of it! No half and half period for these little men, but knee breeches as soon as they leave nurse's arms, or when they are about three years old, if strong, healthy lads.

And such exquisite little suits as they are, too! Knee breeches, not over ten inches long, of some delicate coloured cloth or black velvet, a blouse of white wool, cambric, or silk, with a little colour in the deep turnover collar and cuffs, and a hatless jacket, with fronts sloped away toward top and bottom, the blouse collar falls over the jackets, and cuffs over the jacket sleeves. For street wear there are long leggings of suede or Jersey cloth, which button up the side and reach above the knee. Either short or long socks are worn indoors. Some kind of a cap forms the head covering, and for a 'top' coat the little lad can have either a reefer or cape ulster.

As the little boy grows older, his common clothes are made of Cheviot, and his dress suits of undressed worsted. The collarless jacket gives way to a double-breasted coat, with striped edges for common wear, and a Tuxedo or other coats for best suits. At the age of about nine he can, if he likes, have a bit of pleated shirt front show, and wear a straight collar and cuffs. His tie should be of bias silk. A Derby hat is also permissible. This knee-breeches period lasts until the boy is fourteen, or thereabouts, according to his style and size, or until he enters high school. Many mothers, perhaps the majority, still follow the old way, changing to kilts at the age of three and to knee breeches at about his sixth year.

Before I leave this part of my subject, I wish to describe the suits made for two little boys, one four, the other six, to wear at the seaside last summer. No less common materials than plain brown Holland and denim, light side out, was used. The Holland suits were made with waists, having broad front hems, deep sailor collars, and turn-back cuffs edged with narrow fern lace or frills of the same, and knee breeches ornamented at the side with three brown buttons. The denim suits were made by the same model, only white braid was used for trimming. White duck made the Sunday suits, with which black socks and patent leather shoes were worn.

The little boys could make mud pies or play in the sand to their hearts' content without fear of ruining their clothes, setting an example that should appeal to the good judgment of every mother, bidding her go and do likewise; make her little boys comfortable, happy, and pretty in every day suits that will bear an occasional renovation with good soap and water.

FAN LUNCHEONS IN PARIS.

AND SOME OF THE COSTUMES WORN ON THESE OCCASIONS.

An original out-door luncheon was given the other day at a chateau not far from Paris. The sixteen guests were seated at four willow tables, the tops of which represented an open fan. Over the tables were fan-shaped canopies of coloured silk. The menu was written on small paper fans, the sticks being of enamel and tied with ribbon. Blue was used at the forget-me-not table, pink at the rose-bud, green at the fern, and white at the daisy table. The individual ices were served in the form of small palm-leaf fans. The favours were silk surprise fans, the handles of each containing a souvenir. The gay colours of the odd-shaped tables resting upon the smooth grassy lawn made an effective picture. Here is a hint for the ambitious New Zealand woman who wants something new.

One of the most striking costumes noted was of black net over daffodil surah silk. The net was studded with gold stars and draped loosely over the silk skirt. Around the bottom of the skirt was a deep frill of lace edged with a cording of gilt. A belt of gilt ribbon had graduated loops which came to the bottom of the gown. The waist had a round yoke of shirred black net, each shirring outlined with fine gilt cord. A berthe of black lace fell from the yoke and extended over the shoulders. The sleeves of black net were full to the elbow. From the elbow to the wrist they were of wrinkle net. With this costume was worn a black net hat. The brim was of frilled lace, the hat being brightened by a gilt pompon.

Another pretty costume was made of sheer nainsook with a deep frill of embroidery about the bottom of the skirt. The bodice was plain, with a shirred yoke. The sleeves were arranged in a loose puff to the elbow, the costume being brightened with pink ribbons of varying width. These formed a belt and pert little bows on each shoulder. With this dress was worn a white mull hat, with pink roses scattered carelessly over the brim.

Another stylish costume was of old gold crêpon. The waist consisted of a full silk shirt of old gold, over which was worn an Eton jacket of black lace. The belt was of black moire ribbon, tied at one side, and with hanging ends. A large hat of black net with a butterfly bow of black lace was worn with the costume.

TWO-LEGGED HENS.—'Wife, what has become of the geese?' 'I suppose,' my dear, the hens picked them off,' was the reply. 'Hens—beats some two-legged hens off,' said the husband with some impetuosity; to which she quietly replied: 'My dear, did you ever see any other bird?'

GIRL BACHELORS.



HERE is something about housekeeping, if only on a small scale, with a good, congenial companion, that is very charming; there is that feeling of comfort and independence which one has only when 'under his own vine and fig tree.'

It is so much more preferable than boarding in many ways if, as I said, your companion be a congenial one; but if not, you might as well be burrowing at the North pole, or camping in the midst of the Sahara, for all the comfort you will get, for I speak from experience and think I can now understand why those of opposite sexes cannot always live happily together. But that belongs to another story which I will tell some other time if anyone would care to hear it, and go back now to my 'girl bachelors.'

It is so pleasant to have a home, where one's friends can be received. I remember how we used to combine sociability and improvement, and if there are any 'girl bachelors' who have their evenings they might get some ideas to improve upon from the way in which we conducted our society. There were five young ladies who used to visit us, and we became well acquainted, and liking each other's society were frequently together. Thinking we might do something for our improvement instead of spending our evenings in idle conversation, we concluded to form a little society of our own, yet not knowing how we would succeed, and not wishing to be criticised by our friends, determined to have it our very own way.

As all girls are of rather a romantic turn, and love mystery, we unanimously named it 'The Mystic Seven.' We seven girls were all of different vocations; there was a dressmaker, a teacher, an artist, a musician, a student, a milliner, and an elocutionist. A motley lot you will think, yet all congenial, and therein the secret lay.

We thought it best to have a few by-laws, which read something like this:

Article 1. This society shall be known as 'The Mystic Seven,' and shall have for its officers a president, secretary, and treasurer, to be elected every month, and shall meet once a week at the home of the president.

Article 2. The aim of this society shall be mutual improvement, and no gossiping, spiteful criticism or fault-finding will be allowed.

Article 3. The president shall appoint a committee for programme every week, each member in duty bound to comply with the directions of the committee.

Article 4. Any member failing to comply with the directions of the committee, or the rules of the society, will be liable to a fine of sixpence. Absence of a member makes her liable to a fine.

You may wonder in regard to the last article, but that was added after our first meeting, as the girls thought it pleasant to meet at our rooms, as they enjoyed our little 'coffee fests,' as they called them, as much as we did ourselves, and more than we should have done a more elaborate meal. So they thought it no more than right that they should help bear the expenses, and all fines were used in this way. But I will say, our treasurer was not entrusted with a very large amount from that source, as fines were never collected for absence, except in one or two cases of sickness, for all enjoyed the meetings so much, they made it a point to be present.

Our meetings commenced in the autumn, and continued through the winter into the summer, when we were broken up for the vacation, as some of us went to our homes.

Our programmes consisted of recitations, music, speeches, essays, stories told and stories read. Readings were taken up in Longfellow and Dickens, as they seemed to be the favourite authors. Our little dressmaker would often surprise us with her offhand speeches, while our milliner had such a store of comical and amusing stories, all her own, to tell, that we called her Baron Munchausen; our artist delighted us with her chalk talks, and sketches from life. Each showed some characteristic distinctly her own, and after the first timidity had disappeared, our members gained self-confidence, and showed an independence which the freedom of our meetings allowed and encouraged.

After our literary programme was finished, two small tables were brought out, covered with white cloths, and refreshments were served. These varied with the season. In the autumn we had our 'coffee fests,' which usually consisted of coffee, cinnamon rolls with butter, snowballs, and apples or bananas. Sometimes we had potatoes roasted in the ashes. Everything was so little trouble that I must tell you how we did it. Our baker supplied the rolls and snowballs, our grocer the fruit.

We were fortunate enough to have a large wood heater, one of those old fashioned ones with a deep hearth that we bought at a bargain. We managed to have a good bed of coals which we raked forward, and on which we boiled our coffee, cooked our oysters and roasted our potatoes. Such delicious coffee, oysters and potatoes I have never tasted since.

My companion was a capital coffee-maker, and also conceived the idea of roasting the potatoes in the ashes. They were washed clean and wiped very dry, so that no ashes would adhere to them. Ashes were placed in the hearth, then the potatoes, then more ashes, then hot coals, then more ashes. It requires more time to bake them in this way than in an oven, but try it and it will repay your waiting. Events that we had then we put them to roast before our programme, and they were generally ready to be wiped with a dry cloth and placed on the table when we were ready for them.

When the days grew colder, we had oysters instead of rolls and coffee. With them we always served pickles and celery, biscuits, and fruit. During the warm months we had something refreshing, either ice cream and cake or lemonade.

Many delightful evenings were spent in our bachelor apartments which some of our readers may remember, if they have not forgotten 'The Mystic Seven.'

CANNED MAGOON.

ART CRITICISM.

A MAN and woman stood looking at the paintings in the Exhibition Art Gallery.

'This picture is worth £60,' he remarked, consulting the catalogue.

'That's queer,' replied the woman: 'this one is much larger and is priced at only £35.'

'Well, you'll notice that the frame is not such a good one.'



PRETTY CHILDREN'S FROCKS.

QUERIES.

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

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

RULES.

- No. 1.—All communications must be written on one side of the paper only.
- No. 2.—All letters (not left by hand) must be prepaid, or they will receive no attention.
- No. 3.—The editor cannot undertake to reply except through the columns of this paper.

QUERIES.

VENTILATION.—I have been ordered to sleep with my window open, but there is such a draught. Can you suggest anything?—INVALID.

CHEESE STRAWS.—Will you be good enough to give a recipe for these?—MASLERTON.

SPINNING SUGAR.—Can you give a recipe for this?—BOPEEP.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

'Mother.'—I should think your boys would tire of roast rabbit. I have a recipe for another method of cooking bunny which I hope you will like. A young rabbit is best. Cut up, wash and dry it thoroughly, and put it into a stewpan with two ounces of dripping, two or three onions cut in small pieces, and about two ounces of bacon cut up in small square pieces. Fry these ingredients all together for a quarter of an hour, and then add a good tablespoonful of flour, a dessertspoonful of tarragon vinegar, and a pint of stock or water may be used, and a little extract of meat. The rabbit must simmer gently for about an hour, and then it should be neatly arranged on a dish and the gravy strained and poured over it. The appearance of the dish can be very much improved by sprinkling over it a little cooked ham finely shredded, and some parsley which has been picked into small pieces and blanched. Rabbit pie is good, also rabbits nicely stuffed and roasted like a hare. They can, further, be boiled down into excellent soup. Irish stew is excellent made of rabbit.

'Home Lovers.'—Many thanks for recipes.

RECIPES.

SAVORY MEAT.—A very nice luncheon dish may be made with steak or raw cutlets by placing two good Spanish onions, sliced, in your stewpan, then your pieces of meat. Make a seasoning of one cupful of breadcrumbs, parsley and thyme, pepper and salt; sage may be added if liked. Mix all with a piece of butter. Place this seasoning over the meat; see that it is covered with a well-fitting lid. Put at the side of your stove where you will be sure it will cook slowly for two hours or more, if you think it is required. Do not remove the lid until you are sure it is cooked.

CUP PUDDINGS.—Take two eggs and weigh them, using the same weight of flour, butter, and sifted sugar. Beat the butter to a cream with your hand, add the sugar to it, and when they are well beaten, add the flour and egg alternately, a little of each at a time, until both are used up. Put in a few drops of flavouring, according to taste. Drop some of the mixture into well-buttered cups, allowing room for it to rise, and bake in a moderate oven.

ANGELS' FOOD CAKE.—Take a half tumblerful of granulated sugar, a tumblerful of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Sift the flour four times; then add the cream of tartar and sift again; but have the right measure before adding the cream of tartar; sift the sugar and measure; beat the whites of eleven eggs to a stiff froth; then add the sugar lightly, a little at a time; then add the flour in the same way; then the vanilla. Do not stop beating until the pan is put into a moderate oven. Bake for forty minutes, and do not open the door for the first fifteen minutes. Try, and if not done, let it stand for a few moments longer. The tumbler used must hold two and a quarter gills. Great care is necessary to make the cake as it should be made, and therefore the foregoing directions must be strictly followed.

COOKERY COMPETITION.

THERE are so many excellent amateur cooks and notable housewives in this colony, that it has been deemed advisable to give them an opportunity of exhibiting their skill in the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC:

A FREE COPY

of 'his paper will be sent for

THREE MONTHS

to the lady who prepares the best and most suitable

MENU FOR A CHRISTMAS DINNER

for twelve persons (comprising the home circle and two or three guests), with recipes for the various dishes, and a brief description of the table decorations.

RULES.

- 1. The recipes must have been tried by the sender.
- 2. A *nom de plume* must be sent with the menu, whilst the real name and *nom de plume* must be sent in a separate envelope.

envelope addressed to 'The Lady Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC Office, Auckland,' the words 'Cookery Competition' to be written in the top left corner of the envelope.

3. All menus must be written on one side of the paper, and must reach the office by November 14th.

MOTHER'S COLUMN.

A GOOD-NIGHT MELODY.

SLEEP, my darling, while I sing,
Free from care and sorrow;
Nestled close in mother's arms,
Waiting for to-morrow.

When the morning rises fair
Early you will greet it,
Six o'clock will see you up
Quite prepared to meet it.

Now the busy play is done,
Little feet are weary;
White lids drooped o'er sunny eyes
Hide their glances cheery.

May no harm come near my boy,
While I sleep beside him;
To the tender Father's care
Fearless I confide him.

WHEN THE LITTLE ONES ARE ILL.

THE young mother who is far from a physician may remember for her comfort that a child very seldom really requires medicine. What it needs is what she can give without danger—proper food, pure air, cleanliness and rest. Most of the disorders of children, particularly of infants, arise from some derangement of the digestive tract. The food is not of proper quantity or quality. It is not assimilated; that is, taken up by the blood for the nourishment of the tissues, and the child suffers. It is pale and fretful, throws up its food in undigested masses, and does not thrive as a healthy child should. The first thing to be done is to change the food. Add a tablespoonful of lime-water to each six of food; if this does not succeed, try using one-fourth cream instead of all milk with water. Vary the strength of the food by adding more or less water. If still unsuccessful, try some of the artificial foods until one is found that does agree with the baby.

WITH older children an error of diet is very apt to be followed by feverishness and restlessness. High temperature does not mean as much with children as with grown persons. A child may have a temperature of one hundred and three or one hundred and four degrees at night and yet be comparatively well in the morning. A simple enema of soap and water given with a syringe such as should be in every household, is the safest way of producing a movement if there is constipation. A child two years old may have half a teaspoonful of spiced syrup of rhubarb or a teaspoonful of liquid citrate of magnesia, if there is reason to think that indigestible food is the cause of the attack. When this acts there will probably be an immediate improvement.

AN ailing child should be kept in a pure atmosphere and have fresh air to breathe. This does not mean that the windows must be thrown wide open and the little body chilled with draughts. The temperature of a nursery should never fall below sixty-five degrees, and in illness be kept at from sixty-eight to seventy degrees. Fresh air must be admitted and enough artificial heat supplied to keep the temperature uniform. Of course, in extremely cold weather the window must be closed and the room aired when the child is asleep. At this time it can be covered from head to foot with a blanket, the face protected and the window opened for a few minutes. The extra covering must be left on until the thermometer again registers sixty-eight degrees. In ordinarily mild weather, the window can be lowered from the top about two inches and a strip of flannel tacked over the opening to prevent a draught. If the window does not open at the top a piece of board two inches wide and exactly fitting the window frame can be put under the lower sash. The child should be kept away from the window.

A warm bath is always grateful to a sick child. The water should fully cover the person and feel pleasantly warm to the hand. As the little patient is lifted out wrap it in a warm blanket and dry it under that with a warm towel. Put on a flannel night dress, or jacket, over the cotton night-gown. If the attack is the beginning of an eruptive disease, the bath will help to bring the eruption to the surface. An ailing child should not be allowed to sleep in the room with other children.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVILL

PROJECTING EARS.

MANY children's ears stand out too far from their heads. A good idea is to sew a band of tape running right round the head to one across the head, coming down over the ears and tying under the chin. This should be put on carefully each night. Whilst the ear is soft it will soon go back into its proper position. Every mother should see that her baby does not sleep with its ear tucked forward.

NOT SO MYSTERIOUS.

MEDDLING with a bottle has got many a man into difficulty.
"Mamma," said Tommy, "is this hair oil in this bottle?"
"Mercy, no! That's muceilage."
"Well," said Tommy, "I expect that's why I can't get my hat off!"

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

AT HOME WITH THE LADY EDITOR.

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

THERE is but little room this week except for replies to various questions. To one point only would I direct the attention of my fair readers. It is stated in an English paper that: 'It is no longer fashionable for women to kiss one another. That women who kiss one another before a drawing-room full of men and women are guilty of "bad form" is no news, but now even the inter-feminine kiss in the sanctity of the boudoir is forbidden, and the same women, who affect the aerial shake of the hand, now say to one another, "Consider yourself kissed." This saves much straining of the collar and corset, and a possible obliteration of artificial beauty from the lip or cheek.'

This is very welcome news to most of us, for, on the whole, kissing women are usually gushing women and gushing women are not always reliable. There are many good-natured ladies, who will kiss anyone of their own sex on the slightest provocation. Unless one is really fond of some one else, kissing is disgusting and objectionable. A woman doesn't kiss a man unless she really likes him—whether he is her husband or not—and why should she have to submit to most offensive salutations of this nature from women for whom she does not care twopenny? As for the kisses liberally bestowed by the kissing woman on poor, inoffensive little children, it is nauseous to reflect. "Helpless little innocents! Wouldn't you scratch the faces of mamma's kissing visitors if you only could! Will all my women friends who want to kiss me kindly consider the operation finished for a couple of years at least!"

'La Tosca' writes: 'It isn't a query for some culinary formation this time. What I want to know is, can't I take some means to compel my unmusical neighbours to play the piano when I am not at home? At least can't I have some legal protection against their playing it all night?' Yours is by no means a solitary complaint. It ought to be against the law for anyone who cannot pass a certain musical standard to practise on any musical instrument within a radius of a mile, say, from any human dwelling, save their own. I fear there is no other way of abating what is fast becoming an intolerable nuisance. Why can't some mothers recognise that their daughters will never play or sing well enough to be courted but bored in a drawing-room when they attempt to perform? Every girl has a talent for something. Let her spend her time developing what she really possesses, not trying to attain the impossible.

An amusing trial for the possession of a dog was lately heard in an R.M. Court. To convince the court that the dog was hers, the defendant stated that if she would sing a certain song the dog, in response to his training, would join in with her in his dog fashion and voice and sing the song through. This she did and at the first words of the song the dog leaped for joy and fulfilled his part of the duet to the astonishment of the spectators and the court. No further evidence was taken and the dog returned home with the lady. Think, dear 'La Tosca,' if you had this establishment next door to you. Truly, you would indeed feel dogged and morose.

'A Widow.'—No, it is not at all the correct thing to invite people with whom you have mere business relations to call upon you socially. Very possibly, this might be done under certain circumstances, and pleasant friendships might be formed in that way. But as a rule, it is better to keep your business acquaintances and your social friends distinct. Some women are extremely troublesome when, being friends of their lawyer, rent-collector, land-agent, etc., they insist on wasting his precious business hours with a long dissertation on their gardens, their neighbours, their servants, or their children. A business man's time means his money. You have no right to waste either the one or the other.

'Son-in-law' writes a pathetic epistle: 'What would you advise me to do to get rid of my wife's mother? She came to visit us when my little boy was born—four months ago to-day. There is no occasion for her to remain; my wife and the baby are perfectly well. As a matter of fact, I hardly ever see my wife now. The two women are forever fussing over that little morsel of humanity. "Its teeth" are just coming, or have come, or something of that kind, and "its" fretful," so they "never leave it to the nurse." These are the answers I get to mild requests to my wife to come down to dinner before it gets quite cold, or to entreaties to go to the opera—there's an excellent one on now; or to take a ride or drive with me on Saturday afternoon. Please caution all young men about to marry, lest they, too, meet with such hard luck as mine.'

I am really sorry for you. Let me see, can you not suggest a trip for change of air with your wife, nurse, and baby, and find out just at the last minute that there is no room for the mother-in-law? Or why not have a serious talk with your wife? Tell her that she is willfully throwing away her happiness and yours. Tell her that her duty is to you now, and that she is bound not to neglect you. Be gentle, but above all, be firm. Hint that she will drive you from her if she so utterly ignores your wishes, etc. I suppose it would be no use speaking to the elder lady? Can't she take hints?

AN ALLOWABLE CONSTRUCTION.

TOM: 'What was that you heard Sheldon say about your voice?'
EDITH: 'That it is perfectly heavenly.'
TOM: 'Heavenly?'
EDITH: 'Yes. At any rate, Mr Sheldon said I had an unearthly voice.'



STEPPING-STONES.

I COUNT this thing to be grandly true ;
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and broader view.

J. G. HOLLAND.

CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

DEAR COUSIN KATE—I have a cat and her name is Spot (Opposum) ; and a dog, and his name is Lieutenant-Colonel Sir hewi Maniopoto Cook.—Your loving cousin, W.R.

[How long does it take you to call your dog to come when you want him? I should think both he and the cat find their long names very tiresome when they write letters.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have made out the picture puzzle in the last GRAPHIC and I only hope my solution is correct. It is: 'When is an egg underdone like an egg overdone?' Answer: 'Before the shell is broken.'—Yours truly, G. PROUDE. Bombay.

[You are the first to guess the riddle, and you have been very quick about it. Yes, you are quite right. I hope you will write again.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I hope this will please some of your little readers.—Your loving cousin, IVY.

AN ANXIOUS DAY.

A funny little incident happened in a friend's house in Auckland, that I think the little folks of the GRAPHIC would be amused at. The lady has four boys, and a short time ago, their hats being slightly soiled (even for boys), four new caps were bought, but not for ordinary wear at all once. Strange to say, the day after the caps came home the hats could not be found anywhere. Now, if one, or even two of them, were missing it would be nothing new, but for all four to have gone at once was too much. Of course, mother and auntie said it must be a planned thing, for obvious reasons, but the boys should not have the new caps to wear if that was their idea, so old ones were looked up, and the boys despatched to school. Auntie said when they came home they must be made to confess (no one thinking for a moment they were 'Young George Washington'). There seemed no doubt of their guilt.

The youngest arrived first. He was promptly ushered into a room, questioned and cross-questioned, but he only protested his innocence. He was left in his room to reflect, and with various promises as to what he might expect. As the others came home they were each treated in the same manner. To give them a last chance they were allowed to go out and look for the caps, and they were to bring them home if only for their sakes, as they were told 'This thing is going to be sifted to the bottom.' Soon after the boys were let loose, and four anxious young faces might be seen peering into most fearfully-impossible places for four straw hats. Mother meanwhile went into the garden for some flowers, and under a tree were four hats which proved, on careful scrutiny, to be the lost treasures. A view lolloa from four young throats, and a sudden remembrance of the evening before. A school had been held under the tree, where, of course, all heads had to be bare. The hats had been carefully laid aside by the teacher (a girl a little older than her scholars) and forgotten. The next ten minutes was a high time for the boys. Mother and auntie said nothing, feeling very much out of conceit with things; but the look on the boys' faces was good to see.

[Thank you very much, Ivy, for your nice little tale. I hope you will write again.—COUSIN KATE.]

TOD MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

'I'm glad I'm not a fish,' said Georgie, as he gazed at his goldfish. 'It can't be much fun to be in baibin' all the time.'

TOMMY'S JOKE.

'How much is 2 - 2 = 2 - 2?' asked the teacher.
'Oh, that's too many!' cried Tommy; and everybody laughed at the joke he didn't mean.

THE OLD PINE TREES, AND WHAT THEY SAW AND HEARD.

(BY JEAN.)

AMONGST other things the Maories talked of amongst themselves, and with a view of handing down their legends to their children, were the moas, great big birds, they said, as high as trees, and as big as Mabel Island.

Well, you know, we thought that could not be true, and it was a long, long time before we left off shaking our heads over such a dreadful story. But they stuck to it, and said that when the earthquake tossed up Maoriland, it tossed up moas and many other strange creatures, most of which were exterminated by the oldest residents for food, but the moa being so very big, they were afraid of it, and so it outlasted all the other strange creatures.

When the moa was first cast up, it was covered with scales, but time and change of climate caused them all to fall off, and feathers grew instead; and they laid eggs as big as a porpoise, one of which lasted the first inhabitants for a whole moon.

The moas talked too—in fact, the first inhabitants forgot their own native island language and took to moa—which is short for Maori—quite naturally.

The Maoria could never tell how the birds got to Maoriland, so I asked a kaka one day if he remembered.

'Well,' he replied, 'I remember my great-great-great-grandfather telling me that his great-great-great-great-grandfather told him that his great-great-great-great-grandfather—'

'Bother your great-great-grandfathers,' I cried, impatiently. 'Can you not remember anything yourself?'

'Of course I do,' said red-beard. 'Remember everything that has happened in this century. I am nearly a century old, and all my respected ancestors lived for a century, and all my descendants would live for a century if it were not for the new race of mortals who have come to our shores, with a curious limb of one of your species, which they point at you and down you go. It's a kind of magic they call a gun. I came here to be out of the way of it. There are a good many of them on Te An Island.'

'But about the moas,' I asked, interrupting the loquacious bird. 'Tell me about the moas.'

'Well, you see, I lived a century, my father lived a century, my grandfather lived a century, my great-grandfather lived a century, my great-great-grandfather lived a century, my great-great-great-grandfather lived a century. Wait a bit, let's count up how many centuries that makes before we go any further, because you see I haven't fingers enough to count more than eight at a time, and that makes—'

How many did I say? I really believe I shall have to count them all over again. Now, while I count on my fingers you must check me by calling out one, two, etc. Be ready now. I live a century.'

'One,' I called out as the kaka held up one claw.

'My father lived a century.'

'Two,' I cried, marking time with a cheerful nod to the two claws held up.

'My grandfather lived a century.'

'Three.'

'My great-grandfather lived a century.'

'Four.'

'My great-great-grandfather lived a century.'

'Five.'

'My great-great-great-grandfather lived a century.'

'Six.'

'My great-great-great-great-grandfather lived a century.'

'Seven. We're getting at it now, kaka. What a genius you are! 'Go on.'

'And I am hanging up by one claw. What am I to do when I hold that one up? Oh! I know, I'll catch hold of you with my beak. Well, here goes. My! No, that's not it. Your—no that can't be it either, because trees never had any ancestors. His—ah! that's it. His, that is my great-great-great-great-grandfather's grandfather lived a century.'

'Eight,' I cried, joyfully. 'Go on.'

'Num, num, num,' mumbled the kaka, trying to speak with his mouth full and hold on at the same time—a feat no one can do properly—and so, as a matter of course, he fell to the ground, and lay there too exhausted to come back and finish the list of centuries his people had lived in Maoriland.

When I came to think of it I had obtained little or no information about the moa, from kaka. Talkative people never do give you any information except about themselves so I stood to consider, whom next to consult.

If only I could travel, and find out for myself, but I was rooted to the spot. I looked round for other means, I saw a weka, and a kiwi, but alas, I couldn't stoop to them, neither could they fly into my arms. They were wingless, and just the kind of bird to answer my purpose, having been in Maoriland before ever the birds had learned to fly.

Whilst I consulted with my friend about what was to be done, a great hawk sailed along in the air, and swooped down upon the kiwi, and before I had got over my horror, there he was coolly sitting on one of my limbs.

I thrashed myself backwards and forwards till he was forced to drop his prey, which I kept and fed, and nursed till she was able to reply to my enquiries about the moa.

'Well you know,' said the kiwi, 'when the moa, the weka, and myself, were thrown upon dry land, we were

quite out of our natural element, and after a time all our scales fell off, and feathers grew instead; but as there were no trees in those days for us to fly into, we did not require wings, so they never grew. But centuries afterwards, when the trees had grown, and birds were made with wings, we three, were so unlike other birds that we were shy of appearing in public, and only came out at night when all the other birds had gone to bed. There are plenty of people who say that the moas are all dead and gone, and that the wekas and kiwis are dying out too, but that is not true. If these people were to go into the interior, and keep watch by night, they would find plenty of moas, and of our species too.'

'Dear, dear, I thought that my ancestors were the oldest inhabitants of the world, but even those queer creatures who cover themselves up at night with our branches, were here before us, at least they say so.'

'Can you sing?' asked the kiwi, 'because that is a test of ancient lineage. People who can sing may always assure themselves that their ancestors were dwellers on the earth in some form or other ages ago.'

'I'm afraid I'm too wooden,' I replied, 'but I'll try.' And I did try my very hardest, tried till my voice cracked, but it was no use, not a note could I raise, and I gave it up in despair, and asked the kiwi to favour my relations and myself with her national anthem, and would you believe it, she straightway opened her long beak and sang:

'Kiwi, kiwi, kiwi, I'm perched up high in a tree,
How I'll ever get down, without breaking my crown.
It's not in my nature to see,
Kiwi, kiwi, kiwi, come along as you listen to me.
Beware of a hawk, who goes out for a walk,
And flies with you up on a tree.
The wekas and moas and me are not made to fly up a tree.
We haven't a wing, so we only can sing
Kiwi, oh! kiwi, oh! kiwi,
Oh! wekas and moas look out, and just mind what you are about.
Just mind what I say, don't go out by day,
And search all the bushes about.
Kiwi, kiwi, kiwi, up here I am on a tree;
There lies the sting, for I haven't a wing.
Kiwi, oh! kiwi, oh! kiwi.'

I didn't bargain for kiwi singing forth her complaint to the world, so I just dropped her gently down, from limb to limb, and she ran into the bushes to hide away from all the other birds and daylight.

WRITING ON A CHIP.

How many of you can write! Hands up! My! I did not think so many of you could write. Why, there are ever so many men and women in different parts of the world who cannot even write their names! These poor people live where there are no schools, even no books, so there is no one to teach them how to write. Once an Englishman visited these people, and he sent one of these men to carry a chip to another Englishman. He wrote on the chip, 'Send me an axe.'

The man did not see what good it would do to just carry a common chip from one man to another. He did not know there was any writing on the chip, in fact, he did not know that there was any such thing in the world as writing.

Well, he carried the chip as he was told, and he was greatly surprised when the second Englishman took the chip and gave him the axe to carry back. He did not hear the chip speak, and he did not see how it could tell that an axe was wanted. He was almost afraid of the 'talking chip.'

But you may put your hands down now, and all who are glad that you live in a country where every one who wants to can learn to write may see how neatly and correctly you can copy this story on your slate, tablet, or a sheet of paper.

DISOBEDIENCE—A FABLE.

BY M. H. MATHIEU.

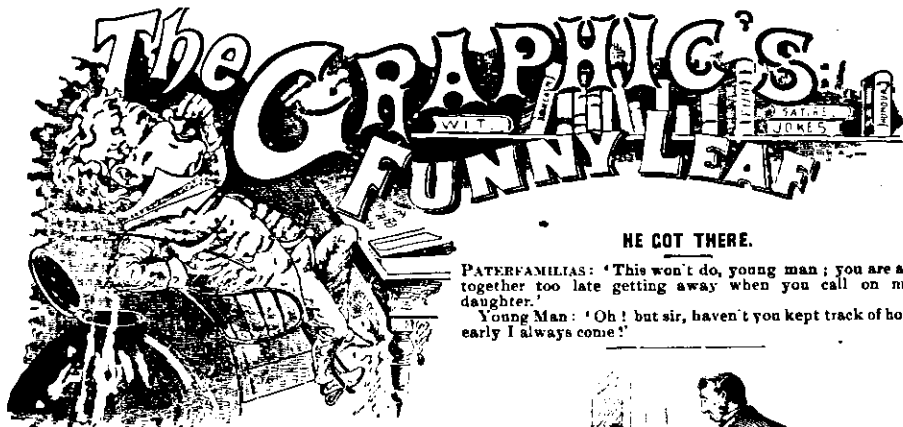
Said a goat to her kid one day :
'Too near the brink you skip and play,
Beware lest thou thy footing miss
And headlong fall in the precipice.
Ab, careless child! think of my woe
To see thee dashed in the pit below—
To see the ruffian birds of prey
On thy mangled corpse their hunger stay!
But kiddy laughed at words of fear,
And agonized her trembling mother
With here a leap and there another.
The slippery, fatal edge quite near,
When, lo! she stumbled—helpless hung
From a ledge to which she'd blindly sprung;
And now with frantic efforts clung,
Giving at last her piercing cry,
Once more she met her mother's eye,
Then lost her hold, and whirling fell,
In abyss where Death and darkness dwell.

In vain the dam, in wild despair,
Call'd back her brood, so white and fair!
A while she sent in mortal fear,
A yearning gaze through the chasm drear,
Then, leaping from th' overhanging rock,
Dropp'd far below with maiming shock;
Crawled, bleeding, to her mangled child,
Her shrieks resounding deep and wild,
And fought, repulsed, and held at bay
The feathered foes who craved their prey,
Till strength, not courage, began to fail,
And shrieks gave way to plaintive wail.
At last on the corpse she lifeless lay—
The crows had a splendid feast that day!

BALL PROGRAMMES, ETC.

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

NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC PRINTING WORKS,
SHORTLAND STREET, AUCKLAND.



THE EDITOR.

Under no hoary chestnut-tree
The editor's sanctum stands.
The od, a wondrous man is he
With large and grasping hands
And the muscles of his purse's
string
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is black and lank and
long.
His face is like a pin.
His brow is wet with eager
sweat
As he scoops a new joke in.
For the old ones have graced his
inky page,
Till they're pale and worn and
thin.

Week in, week out, from morn
till night,
You can read his aged pun:
You can hear him clipping some
tottering tale
For the humorous heading
'Fun.'
Like a wounded soldier who
grasps for aid
When the battle is grimly done.

The poet maids with poems
armed
Look in at the open door,
And ask in a tone of passionate
prayer,
'Can't you see the editor?
And when they see him they are
so glad
They never saw him before.

He goes on Sunday to the
church,
And vainly seeks to find
A plot for some new paragraph
Of a slightly humorous kind.
When the plate is passed his
purse strings still
Are the 'blessed' ties that
bind.

Clipping, joking and punning,
Onward through life he goes:
Each morning sees some tired
pun.
Some joke at evening's close,
From the modern girl to the
plumber-man,
And the toper's ruddy nose.

STARTERS FOR STORIES.

FOLLOWING THE PREVAILING LITERARY FASHION.

A BRIGHT, glowing fire, a cheerful room, books everywhere,
what more did Herbert Vane need to be happy?
'No!'
The speaker was a fair pale girl of some nineteen
summers.
The birds were twittering sweetly that morning in leafy
June, when Clara Mowbray—
On a sultry day toward the close of August, 18—, the
heir of Jaglaurest lay dying.
Only a gin-mill's daughter, and yet how fair—how won-
drously fair she was!
Yes, it was very hard for us all to part with Lillith Jane;
but—
Born of humble parents, John Gray grew up to man-
hood—
Geoffrey Marmalade had been a bachelor for many years.
It was a beautiful afternoon toward the close of August.
It was Herbert Deancey's twenty-first birthday.
A dull, drizzling day on the Cornish coast.
The son was rising on a perfect day—
It was night—night on the lonely downs.
It was night—night in the great city.
'Push the eglantine aside, Hester.'
I first saw the light of day—
Slush, slush, slush!

THE FINEST WOMAN.

'He's the finest horse in the colony,' said the owner to the
group admiring a noble animal. 'And to my mind the
finest horse in the colony is next to the finest woman.' And
at that the woman who was patting the horse's nose blushed
and inwardly thought the owner of the horse was the finest
judge both of horse and woman.



CHAPPIE (in front of monkey's cage at Central park):
'Jovialiter, I don't take any stock in this twash some of
these beastly old scientists invented about these cwetaws
being our gwandfathaws.'
'You dem'd much expression for a gentleman's gwand-
fatbaw, don't chew kaws.'

HE GOT THERE.

PATERFAMILIAS: 'This won't do, young man; you are al-
together too late getting away when you call on my
daughter.
Young Man: 'Oh! but sir, haven't you kept track of how
early I always come!'

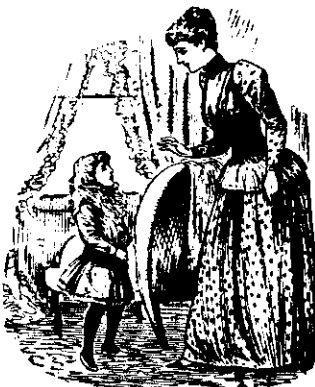


GOOD GROUND FOR UNBELIEF.

FATHER: 'Come, Johnny, take off your coat this instant.'
Johnny: 'You ain't goin' to lick me, are you?'
Father: 'Certainly I am. Didn't I tell you this morn-
ing I would pay you off for our behaviour?'
Johnny: 'Yes; but I didn't think you would. You told
the grocer and the butcher you'd pay 'em off last week,
and you ain't done it yet!'

WANTS TO BE PERFECT.

MAMMA: 'No, Bobby, four pieces of cake are quite enough.'
Bobby: 'You're always saying I don't eat properly, and
yet you never let me practise long enough.'



THE LITTLE ONE'S VIEW.

MAY: 'I'm afraid I'm naughty, mamma, because I've got
an awful ache in my tummy.'
'It was the pie you ate, I think, May.'
'Oh, no, mamma; the pie was much too good to behave
like that. It must be me.'

THE BULLDOZING BULL.

ONE evening, as a calf was passing the Hotel de Veal in a
small French town, he descried his relative, the papal bull,
hurriedly leaving a china shop and departing hastily in an
opposite direction.
'Whither away midst falling dew,' asked the calf.
'Falling due exactly describes the situation. I have a
note to meet, and I have at last rehypothecated the securi-
ties; so I am going to Cowes,' said the papal bull, 'for the
benefit of my shattered health, and to restore my nerves,
unstrung by the worry of business.'
MORAL.—Did you Heifer?

Science demonstrates that a man who weighs one hundred
and fifty pounds on the earth, if transposed to Jupiter,
would weigh twenty-two and one-half tons. This seems
plausible enough; but we have our opinion of the man who
would go to Jupiter to have himself weighed, and then re-
turn home and lie about his weight down at the corner-
grocery—offer to take an affidavit that the last time he was
weighed he tipped the beam at forty-five thousand pounds.
He would be mistaken for the man who composes circus-
posters.



STERN PARENT: 'You love my daughter, eh?'
Lover (passionately): 'Love her! Why I would die for
her! For one soft glance from those sweet eyes I would
hurl myself from the highest cliff, and perish a bruised and
bleeding mass upon the rocks below.'
Stern Parent: 'Tha'll do. I'm something of a liar my-
self, and one is enough for a small family like mine.'

TRY TO SMILE.

A BIRD in the hand may be worth two in the bush, but
we'll take our chances on the bipeds in the shrubbery, every
time.

A youth at school in Invercargill, who lacked musical
talent, and whose voice consequently jarred during the
singing lesson, was always allowed a holiday on singing
days. His mother paid a visit to the school to inquire into
the matter. In answer to her query as to why her son was
sent home on such occasions, the teacher said, 'Why, be-
cause he has no ear.' 'What?' she exclaimed, 'nae ear?'
Did onybody ever hear the like o' that? 'Nae ear? Why,
he has a tug like a saucer, mon.'

'I'll hie me,' said the boy,
And his bosom swelled with joy;
'I'll hie me to the woods, and there I'll shoot.'
And he hid, slack! slack!
Now he's lying on his back,
And he knows when he gets out of bed he'll
only need one boot.

FALSE PRETENCE.—'I want my money back,' said the
square-jawed woman. 'This stuff ain't what it's cracked
up to be, by a heap.' 'No?' ventured the druggist. 'No,
indeed. Doesn't it say on the bottle that three applications
to the hair will convert the most pronounced brunette into
a charming blonde.' 'I guess it does.' 'Well, it doesn't
work with me. I'm blonde enough, but I don't seem to
charm a ha'porth. He's gone and married that pug-nosed
widdier in Wakefield-street.'

WHAT MEN WILL FIGHT OVER.

FIRST MAN: 'Your wife and my wife don't seem to get on
very well together.'
Second man: 'Well, it's undoubtedly my wife's fault.'
First man: 'It's nothing of the sort, sir. My wife is en-
tirely to blame.'
And after a few more angry words they came to blows.

WRONG, BUT NO MATTER.

'THE census,' read Snifkins aloud the other evening, 'em-
braces twenty million women.'
'Happy mau!' commented Simkins, who had just awak-
ened from a doze in the corner.



IF I WERE YOU.

MRS KEENE: 'There are times when I wish I were a man.'
Mr Keene: 'For instance?'
Mrs Keene: 'When I pass a milliner's window and think
how happy I could make my wife by giving her a new
bonnet.'