

MUSIC EVERYWHERE.

(BY INTERIM.)

There's music in the brooklet that meanders thro' the dell,
 Making all glad with its rippling song;
 Either murmuring low, or with rising swell,
 As each wicket chases the other along.

Music everywhere—it floats on the summer breeze,
 Or softly whisp'rs 'throught the covert's shade,
 Like seraph voices sounding 'mong the trees;
 The echoes answer o'er the grassy glade.

Liat! the wild bird's note, as it fills the air
 With varied measures so joyous and gay,
 Trilling sweet songs for its mate to share,
 While upward and onward it cleaves its way.

Music everywhere to which our hearts beat time,
 Melodies swelling so rich and clear;
 Angel songs, seeming with souls to rhyme,
 Making us feel that Heaven is near.

SO VERY HINKING.

A YOUNG man with a pale and anxious face presented himself to a French postmaster. 'A letter which I mailed day before yesterday is now in your post office,' he said. 'I have been travelling after it ever since I dropped it into the office in my own town. I want you to return it to me.'

'That is against the law,' answered the official. 'So I have been told by all the postal agents through whose hands it has passed. But you must take pity on me. I repented writing it as soon as it left my hands. I have not slept or eaten since. I shall never be happy again if it is delivered.'

'You see, the letter is to Jeanne Arnet. We have been friends ever since we were children. We were going to be married next month. When I wrote this letter I was offended about something, and I wrote so coldly, so unkindly, that she will think that I do not care for her at all. She will never believe that I loved her just the same when I wrote it. And we were going to housekeeping on such a nice little farm!'

The official was touched. Evidently the happiness of this worthy young couple was in his hands.

'I will give you the letter,' he said, 'but I must go through the formality of making sure that you wrote it. You may repeat to me the expressions with which you began and ended it. I will open it and see if it corresponds with what you say.'

'Of course this is painful to you,' he added. 'I see well enough that you are bitterly ashamed of the cruel and violent things that you have said. But you are young, and I shall not judge you too severely. Now, —' and he assumed an encouraging air of being prepared for anything.

The young man passed a moment in miserable reflection. How had he begun and ended his dreadful letter? 'Yes, I remember,' he exclaimed presently. 'It began, "My beloved friend," and ended, "Yours for life."

'Exactly so,' said the postmaster. 'Here is your letter, but I think she would have forgiven you. Pardon my smiling. Good by! How can you thank me? Invite me to the wedding.'

SANITARY CONDITIONS.

BECAUSE summer weather makes it possible to keep all the doors and windows open for the greater portion of the time, this is no reason why sanitary precautions of all sorts should be neglected. There is a very decided inclination on the part of careless servants and housekeepers to throw out all sorts of garbage and neglect the deodorizing and cleansing process upon which health, if not life, depends. It is often the case that in small towns and villages there is a lack of means for removing the debris of the household. This difficulty is readily overcome if one has a bit of yard space.

A few shovelfuls of earth scooped out from some out-of-the-way corner of the yard will furnish a dumping-ground for potato parings and similar rubbish.

As these accumulate, the earth may be scattered over them, when they will soon resolve themselves into dust, and will, also, make an admirable fertilizer for the garden. The practice of throwing upon the roadway all refuse of this sort is a waste of the good gifts of nature.

Young orchards are greatly benefited by having all of the parings and similar leavings from the kitchen thrown about their roots, and a compost heap in some out-of-the-way corner may be increased wonderfully by the addition of all the kitchen scraps. If the odds from wash day can be thrown over the heap, so much the better. This adds to its value as a fertilizer and hastens the disintegration, which puts it in the best possible condition for use upon the plants.

Disposing of waste matter in this way is one of the best sanitary movements imaginable. Left about the house, dumped into some corner by the back porch or put into barrels by the kitchen door and left for any length of time, all garbage becomes prolific of disease germs and a source of danger and death.

Drain-pipes of all sorts should receive unlimited attention, and the slightest symptom of unpleasant odours should be the signal for the most thorough investigation and cleansing.

Cuppers, sal soda and potash are among the most valuable of disinfectants. The former should be purchased in crystals, dissolved in boiling water and thrown wherever there are disagreeable or musty smells perceptible. Lime is excellent for use in damp localities, especially in cellars or under houses which are built without the cellars extending all the way underneath.

All of these articles cost but a trifle if purchased in quantity. Lime may be bought by the barrel, but must be kept in a perfectly dry place, or it will burst the barrel. There are few sets of hoops strong enough to hold in the staves of a lime barrel, once dampness finds access to it.

Sal soda and potash are invaluable for sink and drain-pipes; the latter should be used with caution and not permitted to stand any length of time in lead pipes, as it is likely to eat through them and cause leaks. Soda, while less effective is not specially injurious to plumbing, and

strong solutions of it are recommended for continual use. Potash may be safely employed when large quantities of water are allowed to flow through the pipes and wash it down, but the first and foremost of all sanitary precautions is the avoidance of masses of decomposing animal or vegetable matter.

To avoid the cause is much safer than to attempt to remove the consequences, and absolute cleanliness about the house and yard is of untold value as a health-preservative. If there are odours about the place which it is impossible to get rid of in any other way, a handful of sulphur thrown upon a dish of hot coals and left to burn slowly away will be found an effectual remedy. But an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure in sanitary matters as well as in almost all other things in the world.

AN ECCENTRIC ARTIST.

TURNER'S landscapes were radiant with poetry and power, but the artist himself was a riddle.

A brother artist, Mr Richard Redgrave, who knew him well, wrote in his 'diary,' that Turner's advice to artists was worth much, if understood, but usually it was so mysteriously given as to be an enigma. It would be conveyed to the artist by the wave of a hand, or by a poke in the ribs and a significant pointing to some part of his picture, with 'Humph! Why did you do that?'

During his active life, his dress and the furniture of his house showed that he despised show. But when he was about to leave the world he expressed the desire to be buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, and carried there in regulation hearse, followed by mourning coaches filled with artists.

The funeral was in midwinter, the hour nine o'clock in the morning, and the artists came to the house expecting—what is usual in England under such circumstances—that a luncheon would be provided for them.

They were shown into a dingy, dirty room, Turner's gallery, covered with a fusty matting, hung with stained draperies which did not conceal the broken plastering patched with newspapers.

But not a biscuit, nor a glass of water, was offered to the hungry mourners. Turner had never been known, when alive, to feed anyone in his own house, and it seemed as if he was determined that no one should be fed there when he was dead.

The gallery was empty of everything except pictures painted by himself. Some of them, wonders of art, were drooping from their canvases. Turner had valued one of these so highly that he always declared that he would be wrapped in it when he was buried. One day he asked Chantrey, the sculptor, if as his executor he would carry out his wishes on that point.

'No doubt,' he bluntly answered, 'I shall bury you rolled up in your picture, if it is one of the conditions of your will; and take you up the next day and unroll you.'

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.

'EVEN in the happiest choice, where favouring Heaven Has equal love and easy fortune given, Think not the husband gained, that all is done, The prize of happiness must still be won; And oft the careless find it to their cost, The lover in the husband may be lost. The graces might alone his heart allure, They and the virtues meeting must secure. Let e'en your urgence wear the pleasing dress Of care for him and anxious tenderness. From kind concern about his weal or woe Let each domestic duty seem to flow. The household sceptre, if he bid you bear, Make it your pride his servant to appear, Endearing thus the common acts of life, The mistress still shall charm him in the wife; And wrinkled age shall unobserved come on Before his eye perceives one beauty gone. Even o'er your cold and ever-sacred urn His constant flame shall unextinguished burn.' Domestic World.

THE BRAIN OF AN ANT.

THERE is an old puzzle question which asks, 'What is smaller than the mouth of a mite?' The answer is, 'What goes into its mouth.'

Although an ant is a tiny creature, yet its brain is even tinier. But although it is necessarily smaller than the ant's head which contains it, yet it is larger in proportion, according to the ant's size, than the brain of any known creature. This we can easily believe when we read of this insect's wonderful powers. The quality of instinct or sagacity does not fully explain some of the stories told about them. The best writers upon ants—those who have made the astonishing intelligence of these little insects a special study—are obliged to admit that they display reasoning ability, calculation, reflection and good judgment. Such qualities of brain show a more than ordinary instinct, and we are not surprised to hear that the ant's big brain carries out our idea that he possesses a higher intelligence than is shown by other workers of his size.

Peace and happiness cannot exist in the vicinity of an individual who has a mania for setting everybody right. He is generally unjustified for the office, being one of the exasperating people who are continually saying what they would do, while really doing nothing at all. It is usually the sluggish or idler, who stands about and watches others work, who can suggest a dozen ways in which they can do better.

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