

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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BLACK BUT COMELY.

Topics of the Week.

SOCIETY'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE earthquake on Sunday morning appears to have been felt pretty generally all over the island, and caused not a little alarm in those districts where the shocks were most severe. It was without doubt responsible for the fact that the church attendance that day was the highest known for many a long Sunday, and that a number of grey if not black sheep appeared to be considerably more alive to the value of repentance than usual. Man accustoms himself to all dangers, for in this as in everything else, familiarity breeds contempt, but without doubt earthquake is the peril which best holds its own, and which, provided it be a little more severe than usual, will strike terror into almost every heart.

THERE is something desperately uncanny in feeling the earth, the foundation of all things, heave, tremble, and billow like unstable water. It leaves no refuge, no place whither to fly, and seems a fitting prelude to the end of all things. But the terror of the earthquake does not come with the first shock usually. Wonderment swallows up fear; but when, after one or two premonitory shakes of the sort we get in this country, there is a deafening roar and the whole earth billows and shakes, the most lion-hearted men appear to catch the infection and shake in their shoes. The deadly nausea which is the almost invariable effect of really severe earthquakes is no mean ally of the initial fright, and serves as much as anything to completely subject the usually fearless.

HAPPILY New Zealand earthquakes are not to be called severe as a rule, though they are not of infrequent occurrence. Sunday's appears to have been the most severe that has taken place for some time. The reputation of the Empire City for earthquakes is indeed scarcely deserved, for they visit other places with the same disregard for the feelings of the inhabitants. On this occasion Nelson would appear to have suffered most severely, the damage, even before the shops were opened, being assessed at £4,000. Naturally many people were very badly scared, and there were a good many white faces at breakfast. The quake will indeed furnish matter for conversation for some time in that little township, and probably my correspondent there will supply reams of copy anent the occurrence next week.

WELLINGTONIANS also received a considerable shaking up and doubtless this whim of nature will cost poor humanity some considerable sum of money there too—for a number of windows were broken and damage of a general character done. The Free Library has suffered, and the chimneys of several peaceable citizens have fallen about their ears, but there has happily been no very serious loss of property and none of life.

BLLENHEIMITES were particularly unfortunate for they not only felt the morning shocks severely, but also suffered two minor quakes in the afternoon. Everyone will commiserate with the unfortunates whose glass and crockery have been wrecked.

APROPPOS of the earthquake a good story comes from Wellington, and if not true is at least *ben trovato*; but there is every reason to suppose it is true. A gentleman of rotund person and considerable avoirdupois was enjoying a shower bath at the time of the shock, and the bottom of the bath being somewhat slippery, the shock caused him to lose his equilibrium and fall with a fearful crash to the floor or rather to the bottom of the bath. So great was the 'fall thereof,' that a whole shelf of crockery in the adjoining room was thrown down with a terrific clatter. Dazed and half stunned by the fall, the crash of the breaking china seemed to herald the falling of the house, and catching up a towel the unfortunate gentleman fled out of the house, the front door slamming behind him. Like Mr Winkle on a certain memorable occasion, our hero regained his senses, when he found himself naked and very much ashamed in the street with quite a number of people wending their way to 'early service.' He made frantic endeavours to regain the friendly refuge of the house, but the door held firm, and he finally in despair threw his full weight against the French windows which, breaking inwards, let him sprawl his length on the drawing room carpet. (Of what he 'said' my correspondent wires not, but one can imagine it would be forcible.

SEVERAL somewhat belated Picton events have come to hand, and must therefore go through the condenser. This is unfortunate as regards Mrs Beauchamp's excellent picnic, as the full description, had it arrived earlier, would have been of interest. The *rendezvous* was the historic spot known as Bottles Bay. Few gentlemen turned up, the picnic having been postponed in consequence of bad weather, but the ladies bent to their oars with a will, arriving at their destination in capital condition for a good breakfast. Three adventurers, I hear, reached the top of the trig station, a tremendous climb, but resulting in a splendid view. The names deserve to be recorded—Mrs Allen, Miss Mary Seymour and Mr Anderson. The same two ladies pulled from Mr Beauchamp's pretty place, Arrikiwa, back to Picton, a distance of eight miles. In addition to those mentioned and Mrs and the Misses Beauchamp, the party comprised Misses Isabel Seymour, E. Waddy, A. White, S. Philpotts, M. and E. Greenhill, F. Western, M. Linton, N. Allen, and Mrs Waters. I hear Miss Duncan's afternoon tea and a ladies' picnic were also successfully carried out.

THE Dunedin Amateur Boating Club held their second Ladies' Day on the Regatta afternoon, a number of ladies taking advantage of the invitation to visit the sheds, which were made bright and pretty for the occasion. The afternoon tea and its attendant delicacies were very acceptable. After these refreshments an impromptu concert was given, Mrs Angus and Miss Lily Cameron both singing, Miss Cameron also contributing a pianoforte solo. Dr. Fitchett, President of the Club, thanked the ladies for their attendance, and spoke of a bazaar which they intended getting up, with a view to building a substantial boat-house.

A THOROUGHLY enjoyable garden party, and one of the best of the Christchurch season, was given by Mrs Cowleslaw at Chatterton. The place was looking so green and such masses of lovely flowers in the garden, that when all the guests had assembled in their pretty summer costumes, the day being fine and warm, the scene was a very festive one. Refreshments were served in all the nice little nooks. Tennis was played on courts in the pink of condition, and was very enjoyable. Tennis has been brisk in Christchurch lately.

SEAVIEW, AWITU, was last week the scene of an extremely enjoyable entertainment followed by a dance, the host and hostess being Mr and Mrs E. P. Lodge. The weather turned out most satisfactory, and the *s.s.* Manakau conveyed a large number of guests to this hospitable home-stead. An excellent tea was served to one hundred and forty people in what is known as Lodge's Hall, a large and most suitable building. Then the hall was arranged for a performance by Lodge and White's minstrel troupe, who delighted their large audience by their excellent songs, local hits, break-down dance, etc. Messrs George Brook (Auckland) and John Pye, junior, provided the music (organ and violin). A dance followed, Mr Clayton acting efficiently as M.C. As the day dawned, the genial host and hostess were conducted to the centre of the hall whilst the whole company sang 'Auld Lang Syne,' and amidst many congratulations and thanks, the party reluctantly broke up.

THE expeditions round the Sounds have been as successful as usual. The second trip made by the Tarawera was signalled by perfect weather, only one day being wet. But this was not regrettable, as the mountains are then seen in dim vapours which surround them with mystery, and a hundred little waterfalls appear leaping into the sea, where, in dry weather, there may be only one. The day of the regatta was, as usual, a day of intense excitement, four crews starting in the ladies' race. The race was very interesting, the finish being a close one. The winning crew were Miss Buchanan (stroke), Miss Roberts, Miss Chapman, and Miss Gilkison, with Mr H. J. Williams, cox, representing New Zealand. In the evening a grand display of fireworks and the Regatta Ball was held, the regatta prizes being distributed by Mrs J. C. Roberts. These are to the ladies, usually, silver or brooches, and I believe they are the same this year. Arriving at Milford Sound, six ladies joined the party to the Sutherland Falls, an expedition of great beauty, but demanding much pluck and stamina. The party returned next day, all being well.

CHRISTCHURCH polo was played on Friday afternoon, as the Summer races occupied Saturday. The players turned out in goodly numbers, but not so many spectators as usual.

THE Dunedin Regatta was held in the upper harbour on Saturday afternoon. There was a strong breeze blowing, but not too strong for the yachting which was the most prominent part of the regatta. The U.S.C. Penguin made a good flagship, but most of the spectators were on the wharves. The Kaitorai Brass Band played excellent musical selections during the afternoon, and had the weather been warmer a very enjoyable time would have been spent. Mr Parvo made a good starter, Captain Thomson, and Mr J. B. Thomson acted as judges, and Mr E. B. Hayward as secretary.

A GOLF CLUB of married ladies has been formed in the City of the Plains, so we may expect to hear of matches between the newly arranged one and the girls of last year.

TWO Picton girls have distinguished themselves at the Wellington Girls' High School during the last year. Miss Nellie Allen and Miss K. Stanton have each taken one of the Governor's Scholarships, and their names figure in the list of successful candidates for matriculation at the late New Zealand University Examination. I heartily congratulate these young ladies, with the other fortunate candidates, on their success.

WHAT might have been two tragedies are reported from Picton. Little Miss Jeannie Seymour quietly walked into a deep hole in the river with the idea of coming out on the other side. Fortunately a companion saw two tiny hands fluttering in the water and promptly rescued the daring little mortal from her perilous position. The other, a small boy, walked over the end of the little wharf in the dark. One or two persons on the wharf—the boy's father included—saw a dark object in the water and thought for a time it was a dog. The idea was almost fatal to the little chap who was pretty well exhausted when rescued by Mr Howard Greensill.

QUITE a number of Picton residents, friends, and parishioners of the Rev. Mr Sedgewick congregated on the wharf on Wednesday to welcome their pastor back. There was quite an exciting little scene—people reaching over the steamer rails to shake hands and welcome the travellers back after their long sojourn in England. Mr and Mrs Sedgewick both look remarkably well. They have enjoyed their visit Home immensely, and yet seem delighted to get back to 'dear old Picton.' Mr Sedgewick will preach in Holy Trinity Church on Sunday, and then go on to Nelson for a week with his wife, to see their relations and Bishop Suter, ere settling down to parish work. On their return they will be properly welcomed by the Picton folks.

THE Hon. Mr Reeves, the Minister for Education, and the Rev. Mr Habens were in Nelson a few days ago, the object of their visit being chiefly to arrange for the housing of the different school children, two of the largest schools having been burnt down. It is a question of what is to become of the children. The local school committee want to build one large central school, and it was to see and consider the ways and means, etc., that the Ministers paid the visit. Mr and Mrs Reeves were the guests of the worthy Mayor and Mrs Trask.

THE Wesley Hall Blenheim, was crowded to hear the Choral Society perform the 'Rose Maiden,' by Cowen. The cantata itself is not particularly pretty or taking, but it was capitally rendered, and from first to last, was well worth hearing. Mrs McIntosh with her solo, 'Bloom on, bloom on, my Rosea' again took the palm, her voice being clear and sweet as a bell, while Mrs Lucas also sang beautifully but her part was a trifle high for her. Mrs Snodgrass sang sweetly, and Miss Clark particularly well. Mr J. B. Green sang nicely and with great expression. Mr Snodgrass was, as usual, first-rate, and Mr Orr sang with his general taste and feeling. Indeed, all did well, and Blenheim must be congratulated upon the number of really good singers it possesses. Mr Penney has the makings of a good singer if he could be induced to open his mouth and pronounce his words clearly.

THE orchestral accompaniments of several of the solos were far too loud, and I won't say that some of the violins were actually out of tune, but they were very decidedly sharp, and the effect they produced even at the back of the hall was by no means agreeable. The great attraction of the concert was perhaps the exquisite violin-playing of Miss Lamont Kebbell (Wellington). It is seldom that Blenheim people have the opportunity of hearing such finished playing, and although Miss Kebbell good naturedly gave a long encore, even then her audience did not think they had half enough. I must not forget to mention Messrs Lucas and Cheek, and Miss McCabe, without whose efforts the concert would not have been as enjoyable.

CHRISTCHURCH people did not, I hear, turn out in large numbers to witness the summer races at Riccarton, from a society point of view that is to say. Unfortunately for those who occupied the stand, a keen east wind set in during the afternoon, for which discomfort even Freeman's delicious afternoon tea failed to make amends. Some very pretty frocks were worn by fair visitors, which are elsewhere described.

It was not intended to give the Victorian Governor and his suite anything partaking of the nature of a public reception in Dunedin, but quite a crowd of welcoming spirits

hospitalities have all been of a modest nature. The Earl and Countess of Hopetoun and Lord Northesk drove to Glen Falach to afternoon tea with Mr and Mrs Philip Russel on Saturday. On Sunday they lunched at Woodhead with Mr Hugh MacNeil, with whom they travelled from England. After lunch they made afternoon calls on Mrs H. W. Reynolds, Mrs James Mills, and Mrs Oliver. The Countess wore on this occasion a very handsome black silk dress relieved with white about the bodice, and a stylish black and white hat.

ON Saturday morning Lord and Lady Hopetoun, Lord Northesk, and Mr Ralston visited the Roslyn Woollen Mills, over which they were conducted by Messrs Ross and Glendensing. Later on a call at the Town Hall was made, where those in office did the honours. At night the members of the Fernhill Club entertained the Governor and the gentlemen of his party at dinner, about sixty guests being present. This club also entertained Lord Glasgow when he was in Dunedin.

ON Monday morning the visitors left for the North, to proceed as far as Tolara and Elderslie, near Oamaru, after which they intend to work their way northward principally upon horseback.

THE weather being so favourable, the Onehunga Tennis Club was attended by quite a number last Saturday, and some very interesting games were played off to finish the first round of the tournament. The afternoon tea was dispensed by the Misses E. Browne and Suttie and proved very acceptable. Among those present were Miss P. Mulgan and Dr. Scott, both looking very well after their trip home to the old country.

QUITE the nicest day, in point of weather, that has favoured Auckland this year was vouchsafed to Mrs A. Kerr-Taylor for her very pleasant 'At Home' last

Thursday. Never had the pretty grounds of Alberton been seen to better advantage, the deluge of the previous day having, apparently, only added fresh green to the lovely foliage, without spoiling the late summer flowers. The fountains plashed and sparkled in the sun, and the guests—who were extremely numerous—wandered down the gardens into the attractive orchard, or congregated on the terrace or verandah, listening to the music, or were still more agreeably engaged, chatting. The Women's Franchise question was much to the fore, Mrs Kerr-Taylor being an eloquent and enthusiastic supporter of the movement again on foot to

petition Parliament to grant the suffrage, 'as a matter of justice.' Several interesting discussions took place, which served to divert the ladies from the earnest contemplation of each other's frocks, fads, and fancies.

THE dining-room opens on to the verandah, and a most appetizing tea was served thence to the visitors, the hostess and her daughters sparing no trouble to attend to their material wants. Tea and coffee, a wide variety of cake, with delicious black and white grapes and numerous other fruits, proved most acceptable to all, especially to those who had a long distance to drive. Alberton is sufficiently far from town and possesses enough mountain air to produce a keen appetite in its visitors. During the afternoon tennis and croquet were played, the two lawns being in excellent condition.



OUR VICE REGAL VISITOR, GOVERNOR HOPETOUN OF VICTORIA.



LADY HOPETOUN.

A PICTURE is given of the famous Cheviot Estate, of 84,222 acres, recently purchased by the Government, concerning which there has been so much written of late in the daily papers. The purchase has really been made under the Land Tax Assessment Act which empowers an owner to compel the Government, in cases of disputed valuation, either to reduce the assessment to the owner's valuation or to take over the property at that price plus 10 per cent. The land tax assessors valued the estate at £304,826, while the trustees placed the value at £260,220. The Board Review sustained the Government valuation, and the trustees then took action under the clause above quoted. The Government, after consideration, accepted their offer of the estate for £260,220. It is intended to cut up the land at once for settlement. It is intended to give facilities for special settlement, village homestead, and co-operative associations. The object of the Government was not to make a profit, but to simply recoup the Treasury the cost of the land, including roads in the way of cash or rental equal to 5 per cent. The Government are confident that the purchase will be a profitable investment financially for the colony, besides making these lands, now chiefly devoted to sheep, the home of many prosperous families.

MESSES WRIGGLESWORTH AND BINNS, of Wellington, must grant us their pardon. They have been of the greatest service to this paper in several ways, and we regret extremely that their name did not appear on the excellent photographs of the Ballance Ministry. The photograph came up remounted with no name written at the back.

congregated upon and round the railway-station. The City Guards and Garrison Band were stationed upon the platform, the Guards forming a guard of honour. Lord and Lady Hopetoun, accompanied by Lord Northesk (aide de-camp) and Mr Ralston (private secretary), were met by the Mayor (Mr C. Haynes) and the Hon. Downie Stewart, and welcomed to Dunedin. The band played the National Anthem, and a salute of seventeen guns was fired.

THE visit was a very quiet one. No public reception was held, but private calls were received and returned, but the



From a Sketch.

THE CHEVIOT ESTATE.

THE YEAR WE'VE LEFT BEHIND US.

It may seem rather late to review the year of 1892, but pictures and photos of the 'mighty dead' and celebrated people take time in collection and execution, and it was not till the last 'Frisco' mail that we received the final instalment of portraits and materials which enable us to put before our readers a complete and profusely illustrated review of the year we have left behind us.

So far as it has sounded any dominant note, 1892 must be classed as a year of disappointments. Opening for the nation in all the sunshine of the hopes and generous aspirations awakened by the recent betrothal of the Prince of Wales' heir to one of the most popular of English princesses, the year was to see those aspirations blighted and those hopes darkened by the sombre hand of Death. In the arena of public affairs the year commencing found two great parties girding up their strength for the struggle which summer must bring.



THE DUKE OF CLARENCE. PRINCESS VICTORIA OF TECK.

This year has been rather conspicuously fatal to the aristocracy, and three dukes appear in the year's obituary. The Duke of Marlborough was a great landlord and a good one, and a somewhat prominent amateur man of science. He had figured in the Divorce Court, and was not on terms with all his relatives, but on the Blenheim estate he is understood to be deeply lamented. The sudden death of the Duke of Manchester, following, as it did, hard upon



DUKE OF SUTHERLAND. DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH. DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

the marriage of his mother, lent a further halo of melancholy romance to that circumstance. But a romance is somewhat appropriate to a Duchess of Devonshire, which title the lady in question acquires by her union with the quondam Marquis of Hartington, a marriage popular in all circles, for the public adores a lovmatch. The late Duke of Sutherland represented that county (of which his family are almost the landlords) in Parliament from 1852 to 1861, and is succeeded by his son, the Marquis of Stafford.

Abroad, while the war-cloud has hung less imminent over Europe, and General von Caprivi declares that he will not brandish the sabre, the ingenious self-revelations of his predecessor will not, as showing the power of a single high-placed and unscrupulous politician to 'let loose the dogs of war,' tend to strengthen the hopes of those who wish for peace. The hopes of the faction in France, which sees in every disturbance of public life an opportunity or a hope of

subverting the Republic, have, as usual, risen to a grotesque height over the squalid scandal of the Panama bribes, which



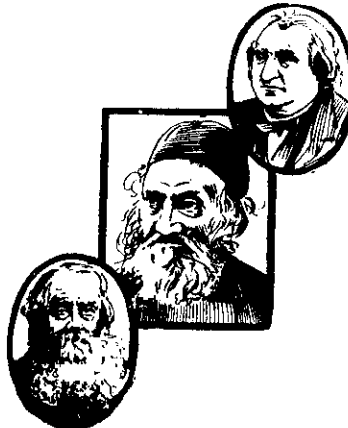
M. DE LESSEPS.

threatens to crush with its obloquy poor Ferdinand de Lesseps, *le grand Francais* as he is affectionately called, whose health has given way under the pressure of his many anxieties, and whose son has already been arrested as a party to the malpractices alleged against the promoters of the Canal. Meantime, political feeling in America shows a tendency to taking up the Canal. General Harrison, the retiring President, was handsomely beaten in November by Grover Cleveland, and may be said to have owed his downfall in a great measure to the intense hostility towards England, of which he vainly endeavoured to make party capital. The McKinley Bill was unquestionably directed



MR CLEVELAND.

against the manufactures of that country; but far-seeing politicians of both parties in the United States saw from the first its suicidal tendency. Labour troubles have been much in evidence in the land of the free and the home of the brave.



M. ERNEST RENAN. PROF. OWEN. PROF. FREEMAN.

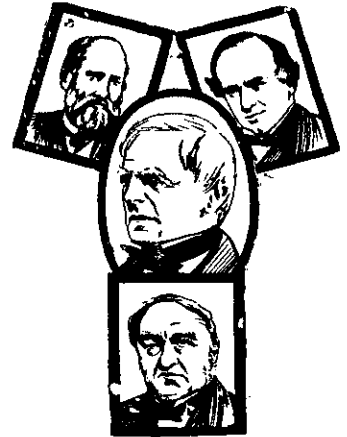
M. Ernest Renan, who wrote the *Life of Jesus*, esteemed chiefly by people who have not read it a very wicked book (it is, as a matter of fact, a very beautiful, and though heretical, a very reverent one) was, with the exception of

Lord Tennyson, the most remarkable man of letters who died during the year under review. He was something as different as possible to the militant sceptic of convention, a conversationalist of the old school, and a very great man.

Professor Freeman is chiefly remembered by most people as the historian of the Norman Conquest. He was, however, a voluminous writer, and was exhaustively learned on many historical questions.

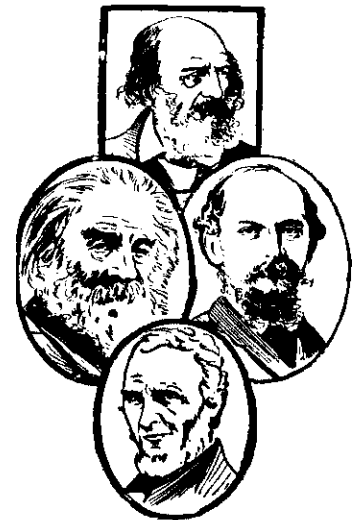
Professor Owen's popular reputation rested mainly on his restorations, on the *ex pede Herculeum* principle, of extinct animals from insignificant remains, but his claims on the gratitude of those who know how to appreciate his industry and learning are of a wider, if less sensational, order.

The most important event of the year, as affecting the course of politics and the destinies of the nation, was of course the General Election, which overthrew the administration of Lord Salisbury and placed Mr Gladstone in office, with a majority of forty-two, in the House of Commons. Rumours of disagreement, associated with the name of Lord Rosebery, were contradicted by the appearance of that nobleman as Foreign Secretary, and in matters colonial Lord Kimberley's services were secured, as in Mr Gladstone's second administration. The return of Lord Ripon to the Cabinet did not excite the quasi-religious objections raised on his first assumption of office some years ago. Sir George Trevelyan's complete re-identification with the party from which he had been for some little time estranged in



SIR GEO. CAMPBELL. LORD HAMPDEN. LORD SHERRROOKE. LORD BRAMWELL.

'86, was marked by his assumption of office. The younger element is well represented in the new Government, the Home Secretary (Mr Asquith, Q. C.), being, at forty, one of the very youngest Cabinet ministers on record. Mr Arnold Morley (Postmaster-General), and Mr A. H. D. Acland in the Cabinet, and, in the outside ministry, Sir Edward Grey (Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office), Mr Sydney Buxton, celebrated as well by his successful attack on the late Government on the 'half-timers' question as by his political handbooks, Lord Sandhurst, Mr George Russell, Mr W. A. McArthur, Mr T. E. Ellis, Mr G. Leveson-Gower, and Mr Herbert Gladstone, can none of them be accused of belonging to what has been contemptuously termed 'the old



LORD TENNYSON. MR WALT WHITMAN. MR A. C. SWINBURNE. MR J. G. WHITTIER.

gang.' Lord Houghton, son of a man better remembered as Monckton-Milnes, poet and society man, than as a politician, was raised unexpectedly to what his personal attractions would alone justify our calling an ornamental post, as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. But of course the responsibility of Irish business rest with Mr John Morley, the only possible Chief Secretary. Since the religious difficulty debars him from the Woolack, Sir Charles Russell resumes also his old post of Attorney-General, Mr James Bryce's appointment to Cabinet rank was popular, despite Mr

Disraeli's well-known remark that the House of Commons hated professors. Mr Shaw-Lefevre, Sir William Harcourt, Mr Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Herschell, and Mr Mundella have done yeoman's service in former Governments, and may be ranked as old friends on the Treasury benches. Mr Arthur Balfour will make, on the other hand, a splendid fighting leader for the Opposition, and will be seconded by some of the best debating talent in the House of Commons in the efforts of Mr Chamberlain, who runs his leader close as the best debater there, Mr Goschen, Sir William Hart-Dyke, whose able management of the Free Education Act delighted all parties, Sir John Gorst, another of the clever men of the old Fourth Party, Mr 'Jimmy' Lowther, and Sir Richard Webster—the last hardly as great a success in Parliament as 'Mr Ex-Solicitor General' Sir Edward Clark. Lord Salisbury will be assisted in the Lords by the Duke of Devonshire, whose marriage to the Duchess of Manchester, though often predicted, created some little surprise, following an early his accession to the title.

Lord Sherbrooke, best remembered as 'Bobby' Lowe, had hardly been a power in politics since he left the House of Commons in 1880. He was the originator of numberless expressions which came to be the proverbs of politics, achieved a high place, both in power and in the estimation of his

of the best 'Law Lords,' but a lawyer of a school which had almost become extinct in his time.

Lord Hampden, better known as Sir Henry Brand, who died in March, went to the Lords in 1884 on resigning the speakership of the Commons, which he had held with universal respect for twelve years.

Lord Tennyson, after writing on the Duke of Clarence and Avondale one of the noblest of his elegiacs, has himself

bishopric of Winchester at the same time, was, perhaps, a greater divine, but though not less unwearied in well doing than the brother prelate whom he has joined in rest, he had hardly Bishop Phillpotts's exuberant energy. Like the latter, he had been Vice-Principal of Lampeter. Of the late Bishop of St. Andrews, one of Dr. Boyd's (A.K.H.'s) rather numerous 'outstanding' men, it is hardly possible to say anything that his episcopal brethren and clerical subordinates would think worthy of Dr. Wordsworth. There is little doubt that much higher preferment was well within his reach had he desired it.

The people's cardinal—Manning—leaves a gap which a greater would not easily fill. We missed Newman, but Cardinal Manning's death takes away more. The many are poorer for it; the very few only, perhaps, could be said to have missed Cardinal Newman a year earlier. Manning played the man in our midst, he might have said to his brother in dignity, as one king said in ancient Israel to the other, 'I will disguise myself and go into the battle, but



CARDINAL VAUGHAN.
CARDINAL MANNING.

CARDINAL HOWARD.

MR SPURGEON.

REV. DR. PIERSON.

passed 'to where beyond these voices there is peace,' and has been lamented in prose and song by nearly every writer of note, and by quite every minor poet in the Kingdom.

In the land of shades James Greenleaf Whittier and rugged, sturdy Whitman are his fellows, both having died this year. Mr Swinburne has been much talked of as a possible next laureate, though it came to be known that Mr William Morris, without receiving an actual offer of the post, had been approached, naturally without success. To many people the bard of Atalanta or Calydon would seem an only less impossible laureate than the ex-editor of the *Commonweal* and the beloved of many demagogues.

Dr. Philpott, ex-Bishop of Worcester, who resigned the see to Dr. Perowne, in consequence of advanced age and impaired health in the month of October, 1892, has passed peacefully away. Dr. Harold Browne, who resigned the

put thou on thy robes,' save that his own life was lived without disguise amid the battles of the poor. Many of us found the installation of Cardinal Vaughan, his successor, less impressive than the lying in state of the man around whose bier a crowd fled continuously for three long days. Cardinal Howard, who in early life was a lieutenant of the 2nd Life Guards, and who became a prominent figure in the Church of Rome, also died during the year.

Mr Spurgeon, who died after a lingering illness last



BISHOP WORDSWORTH. BISHOP PHILPOTT.
BISHOP CLAUGHTON.

fellow-commoners, in the teeth of almost insuperable physical disabilities, came near to enriching the official language of his country with something very like a pun, '*ex luce lucellum*,' the motto proposed for the ill-fated match-box stamp, and was foiled in this favourite administrative scheme by the energy of a parcel of factory girls and other East-end workers; we had (in his own words) 'educated our masters' to some purpose.

Sir George Campbell, excellent man, was abhorred rather for his speeches than his opinions in the House of Commons, which will tolerate almost anything rather than garrulity. Dead also is Lord Bramwell, the famous 'B' of *Times* letters, and a frequent speaker in the Lords. He was one



MR A. J. MUNDELLA. SIR GEO. TREVELYAN. MR G. J. SHAW-LEFEVRE. MR JAS. HUYCE.
LORD ROSEBURY. LORD HERSHELL. LORD KIMMERLEY. SIR WM. HARCOURT.
MR CAMPBELL BANNERMAN. EARL SPENCER. LORD RIPON. MR JOHN MORLEY.
MR ARNOLD MORLEY. MR H. H. ASQUITH. MR H. H. FOWLER. MR A. H. D. ACLAND.



MR A. J. BALFOUR. SIR M. HICKS BEACH.
LORD ZETLAND. MR G. J. GOSCHEN. LORD GEO. HAMILTON.
LORD ASHBOURNE. LORD HALSBURY.
LORD KNUTSFORD. LORD SALISBURY. MR H. MATTHEWS.
DUKE OF RUTLAND. LORD CRANBROOK. LORD CROSS. LORD CADOGAN. MIE STANHOPE.
MR W. L. JACKSON. SIR J. FERGUSON. MR H. CHAPLIN. MR G. T. RITCHIE.

spring, was called by those qualified to estimate these high matters, a great organiser rather than a great preacher. He has found a successor from across the Atlantic in the Rev. Dr. Pierson, not without a rather unseemly controversy, arising out of the very natural desire of a section in the church that the deceased pastor should be succeeded by one of his sons, and stimulated by the visit of one of these sons (from New Zealand), who proved to have many of his father's peculiarities, and who certainly showed no anxiety to avoid a 'call.' The proceedings did not terminate without a visit to the police station, and perhaps the person who comes out of the whole transaction with most credit is Dr. Pierson himself.

No, amid the distasteful echoes of the election courts, though it is pleasant to note that members of Parliament even when unseated, have been exonerated from all personal reprehension, the year has flickered to a close. Taking from us the greatest poet of the century, and the most popular of our younger princes, it would be impossible to pretend that it has given us anything very worthy in return. Certainly it has given, and could give us nothing which we would have willingly taken in exchange for these irreparable deprivations. But sombre as its prevailing hues have been, it is pleasant to be reminded that, after all, 1892 was a year of peace and of steady progress towards

'That which once was the far off horizon,
But which is now become the middle distance,'
with a fair hope that when we have reached it, it may
'In faithful promise be exceeded only
By that which shall have opened in the meantime
Into a new and glorious horizon.'

DR. SCOTT has returned from his trip to Europe. The names of Dr. Erson and Mrs Erson appear in the passenger list of the s.s. Talune from Melbourne, which is due in Auckland immediately.

CITY HALL. MISS ESSIIE CHEW'S FAREWELL CONCERT, Thursday, 23rd instant.

Tickets at Wildman and Lyell's, Box Office at Mr A. Eady's Music Store.

MAX O'REILLY OPERA HOUSE, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20th, AND FOUR FOLLOWING EVENINGS.

'A stream of laughter from start to finish.'—'Melbourne Argus.'
'The most charming entertainer that ever visited these shores.'—'Catholic Times.'

THE FIVE FAMOUS COMEDY LECTURES will be given in the following order:—

- 1—JOHN BULL: THE ENGLISH AT HOME.
- 2—JONATHAN AND YANKEEDOM.
- 3—HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WOMAN.
- 4—SANDY: THE SCOT AT HOME.

*Max O'Reilly's entertainments are a joy and a pleasure. He is the most popular foreigner that ever visited the colonies.'

Prices: 4s, 2s 6d, and 1s. Transferable course tickets to reserved seats.
R. S. SMYTHE.



Lands and Survey Office,
Auckland, February 9, 1893.

IT IS HEREBY NOTICED that Sections 1, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 27, 28, 36 and 37 of Block II, and 1, 2, 3, 13, 14, 15, 16, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, and 33 of Block III, and 1, 2, and 3 of Block V, Whangape Survey District, advertised to be opened for sale or selection on Wednesday, 22nd February, 1893, are withdrawn from sale or selection.

GERHARD MUELLER,
Commissioner Crown Lands.



District Lands and Survey Office,
Auckland, 22nd December, 1892.

NOTICE is hereby given that the under-mentioned Town and suburban LANDS will be offered for sale by public auction, at the Land Office, Tauranga, on WEDNESDAY, the 8th day of March, 1893, at 11 a.m.

SCHEDULE.

TOWN OF OPOIKI.—Lots 148, 149, 235, of Section 1, each containing 1 rood; upset price, £7 10s each lot.

TAURANGA COUNTY, Maketu S.D., Block II, (suburban):

Lot 57, containing 12a 3r 30p; upset price £19	
Lot 58, .. 3a 0r 5p	£15 15s
Lot 59, .. 3a 0r 30p;	£9
Lot 60, .. 9a 3r 22p;	£50
Lot 61, .. 12a 2r 31p;	£39
Lot 62, .. 1a 1r 4p;	£45 10s

These lots are situated at Te Puke, on the main coach road near the township. Lot 60 will be offered subject to £15 for improvements, consisting of clearing, grassing, and fencing.

TERMS OF SALE:

One-fifth of the purchase money to be paid on the fall of the hammer, and the balance with Crown grant fee of £1, within 30 days thereafter, otherwise the part of the purchase money paid by way of deposit shall be forfeited, and the contract for the sale of the land shall nevertheless be null and void.

There are no liens or restrictions incumbent on purchasers of lands at public auction.

GERHARD MUELLER,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

ATHLETICS.

CRICKETERS had again a very pleasant day on Saturday, and notwithstanding the very heavy rain in the middle of the week the wickets were in good batting order. The grass, however, was terribly long, although the machine had been over it the day before. The machine is now almost useless, and a new one is an imperative necessity.

THE United v. Auckland match was the centre of interest, and it produced the best contest of the season, the former eventually suffering their first defeat by 9 runs. At the conclusion of the previous Saturday's play Auckland had scored 127, and United had lost 1 wicket for 9 runs.

WHEN the latter resumed their innings on Saturday wickets fell very rapidly at first, and 5 were down for 14 runs. Stenson and McPherson improved matters considerably, and the score was 45 when the former retired. The total, however, was nearly 52 for 8 wickets when MacCormick, who was last man, owing to Miller's absence, joined D. Hay. The United captain made a desperate effort to save the game and aided by Hay's steady play took the score to 118—an addition of 56 runs. At this stage, however, McCormick was caught at cover point and the match thus terminated in favour of Auckland. The losers were, no doubt, unlucky in not having Miller's service with the bat, but the good fielding of Auckland was a great factor in winning the match, several very good catches being made.

MACCORMICK, who had previously failed to come off this season, played a free and determined innings, scoring 40 out of the 56 made while he was in. He gave an easy chance of stumping about the middle of his innings.

D. HAY stone-walled with the coolness of a veteran and showed really capital defence, being not out at the finish with 13 to his credit.

S. MCPHERSON, as usual, showed himself a first-class batsman and his useful contribution of 21 was made in good form.

STEMSON rapidly put together 19, which included some fine hits, before he was splendidly caught by Arneil off his own bowling.

YATES and Lynch who were expected to do most of the scoring entirely failed to come off, their joint efforts only producing five runs.

J. ARNEIL bowled with most success for Auckland, taking 3 wickets for 16 runs, whilst he caught Stenson off a very hot drive from his own bowling. R. Neill also took 3 wickets for something over 40 runs, and was responsible for 2 smart catches.

D. CLAYTON was tried when things were looking very bad for Auckland, and was successful in getting MacCormick caught off him.

HARKNESS got two good wickets early in the day, but was unsuccessful afterwards, and was bowled far too long.

THE Gordon-Onslow match proved very uninteresting. The Gordon innings ended for 257, Moresby and Kenderdine being absent. The Onslow batsmen failed to make any stand, and were dismissed for 29 and 52, Gordon winning by one innings and 176 runs. The extraordinary spectacle was witnessed in this match of several men batting in the second innings who did not bat in the first. No doubt this was good nature on the part of Gordon, but it is simply making a farce of the game.

LUNDON (12) was the only double figure scorer in Onslow's first innings, and Grierson and G. Robinson (11 each) were the chief contributors in the second.

J. V. KELLY performed a remarkable bowling feat in Onslow's first innings, capturing 6 wickets for only 19 runs.

W. HOWARD, after missing an easy catch, brought off two very difficult ones in the out-field.

THE Wanderer-Belmont Junior Match was a foregone conclusion for the former, who finally won by 67 runs on the first innings. Belmont scored 77 in their first innings, Wanderers having previously batted for 134. The latter in their second innings put up 138. The result of this match leave the Wanderers' Cricket Club winners of the First Junior Championship for the season, they having gone through the programme without losing a match. The

winners are to be congratulated on their fine record. Morrison fought hard for Belmont, taking out his bat for 27 after a good innings. He took 3 wickets in Wanderer's second innings.

A. MACDONALD, who formerly played for Auckland, made his first appearance for Belmont, and scored 16 in good style, while he dismissed 6 of the Wanderers in their second innings.

W. SMITH made the good score of 42 in Wanderers' second innings, and H. Thomas again batted well for 28.

J. MILLS was the most successful bowler for Wanderers last Saturday, and he disposed of 3 out of the last 4 wickets.

GORDON II. ran up 238 against Pitt-street Mutual, winning by 171 runs. Pitt-street scored 53 for 4 wickets in their second innings.

BIGLAND performed the unusual feat amongst juniors of scoring a century, his total being 109. Bigland, who is far too good to be playing junior cricket, played a fine innings for his runs. He was well seconded by R. D. Kelly, who scored 36 (not out) by very patient play. Crag 20 and Holdsworth 16 (not out) both batted well for Pitt-street.

PARNELL II. defeated Auckland II. in one innings, the latter collapsing in their second innings.

IN the Second Junior matches Grammar School just managed to beat Belmont II. The School had an advantage of 34 in the first innings, but Belmont ran up 109 for 3 wickets in their second innings which they then closed. The School, however, kept their wickets up till the bell rang and thus won in the first innings. Kydd (37), Cromwell (36), and Parker (34), all scored heavily for Belmont, while Turner 39 not out, and Sloman 14 did best for the winners.

ROLLER MILLS now lose for the Second Junior Championship, but should they lead their match with Belmont, these two and Grammar School will all tie for first place and will have to play off.

THE United v. Waitohi match, played in Picton on Wednesday, 8th February, resulted in an easy victory for Picton, who won by a whole innings, and some thirty or forty runs. Rutherford, who has been practising indefatigably of late to recover lost laurels, kept the United team running all over the field hunting the leather. He proved a complete sticker, and 'slogged' for 60 runs. The spectators became greatly excited, and had there been a bay-tree handy, the brows of the doughty champion of the willow would have been crowned by some of the ladies on the scene. The visiting team arrived early in the day, and left again by drag at 7 p.m. amidst the cheers of the Waitohis. A congregation of small boys gathered to see them off, and jubilantly stood on their heads and performed all sorts of acrobatic feats in delight at the result of the match.

THE Wairau and Koromiko match was played on Nelson Square, Picton, and went the way of all cricket victories of late, to the credit of the Wairaus. Great expectations were indulged in from the combined efforts of the Neal family, but the sequel went to show how fallacious are the hopes based upon uncertainty. The Wairaus ran up a score of 92 for their first innings, W. Carter wielding the willow for 45, and gaining applause all round. For the second innings the Wairaus made 68 runs, total 160; Cawte making 16 runs, and Webb 16 not out. The Koronikos' score for first innings was 46, and second innings 57, total 103; F. Neal getting highest score, with 17 runs. The pitch was in splendid condition, and the Wairau team had a good day's outing. They left for Blenheim at 8 p.m. in a drag.

A MATCH between Nelson and Marlborough representatives has been arranged for, the match to be played in Picton on Easter Monday.

THE Onehunga Tennis Club played off the first round of their tournament during the last fortnight. In the mixed doubles Miss A. Singleton and Mr V. Frost received a bye from Mrs Scott and Mr L. Suttie; Miss E. Bassett and Mr P. F. Battley were beaten by Mrs C. Frost and Mr C. Suttie; Miss A. Bassett and Mr B. Noakes were beaten by Mrs L. Frost and Mr L. Zioan; Miss E. Banks and Mr T. Bassett were beaten by Miss M. Barnes and Mr A. Elliott; Miss A. Banks and Mr M. Wynyard gave a bye to Miss M.

Frost and Dr. Scott; Miss E. Gibbons and Mr Archie Suttie received a bye from Miss Dickey and Mr Alick Suttie. Miss B. Banks and Mr L. Noakes were byes from the first drawing. In the Ladies' Singles Miss Dickey was beaten by Miss E. Bassett; Miss C. Frost by Miss M. Frost; Miss M. Barnes by Mrs L. Frost; Miss E. Banks received a bye from Miss N. Singleton; Miss A. Bassett received a bye from Miss B. Banks; Mrs Scott was beaten by Miss E. Gibbons; Mrs A. Singleton received a bye from Miss M. Browne; and both Miss A. Banks and Miss E. Browne withdrew. In the Gentlemen's Singles Mr

successful in the 120 yards event in 16 4/5th secs, and ran second to his club mate, D. Matson, for the 440 Yards event, which was cut out in 61 4/5th secs.

C. G. REES, the popular Christchurch runner, ran at last claim a championship, having won the One Mile run almost without a struggle in 4min 41 3/5th secs. Rees afterwards ran in the Three Mile event, when he suffered a defeat from W. J. Burke, the Danedin veteran. The distance was covered in 16 min 15 3/4th secs.

THERE was considerable excitement over the aggregate for the banner just prior to the start of the Hurdles, which was the last race on the programme. Wellington had a lead of eight points from Canterbury, but as the points (counting 5 for first, 3 for second, and 1 for third) would allow the latter to win, provided they filled the places, Pownall was started on Wellington's behalf, Darcy, the other local nomination, having gone back to Wairarapa. Good, of Wanganui, and Martin, of Auckland were also running, and it was trusted by the Wellingtonians that one of these would get a place, and thus make Canterbury tie with Wellington, in which case the latter would win, having more firsts. Good led for half the journey, when he rapidly tired, and being caught by two of the Canterbury men, the hopes of the local men fell, and Canterbury, getting the desired places, won the banner by one point.

THE following are the total points for the banner:— Canterbury Athletic Club, 48 points; Wellington Amateur Athletic and Cycling Club, 48 points; Dunedin Amateur Athletic Club, 28 points; Manawatu Amateur Athletic Club, 4 points. The events finished at six o'clock, and the trophies were presented to the winners by Mrs Bell, wife of the Mayor.

MORE ABOUT POOR QUINTON M'KINNON.

SOME INTERESTING PORTRAITS.

LAST week we gave some sketches taken on the search for poor Quinton M'Kinnon, the guide to the Sounds, and one of the bravest and most fearless souls who ever drew breath in the beautiful South Island. Our picture is an excellent reproduction of a life-like photograph, and shows M'Kinnon as his friends and comrades always found him. He was, says his firm friend, Mr T. Mackenzie, M.H.R., of whom we also give a photo, a man of iron nerve, great courage, would always take—if permitted to—the heaviest part of the work, and, like Mark Tapley, was cheerful under the most depressing circumstances. He was, indeed, such a man as the colony can ill spare. One of the volunteers to accompany the search party sent under the charge of Mr Mackenzie to try and find some trace of poor Professor Mainwaring Brown, who was lost December 1888, between Manapouri and West Coast Sounds, he was a man whose public service was as real and true as it was unostentatious.

A view is also given of the pass discovered by M'Kinnon. It is from a photo taken in September, 1888, when the pass was discovered, a most notable event here. M'Kinnon is pointing back to the pass, Mr W. S. Pillans is sitting on his

swag with a Maori hen and billy in his hand, Mr Mackenzie, M.H.R., is standing up with a kakapo in his belt and a billhook or axe in his hand. Great interest has been taken in M'Kinnon's loss, as he was so widely known.

TENNIS AND POLO.

THE usual ground was occupied, so the Auckland Polo Club played last Saturday at Ellerslie, in Hunter and Nolan's accommodation paddock. An excellent game was enjoyed, the ground being in capital condition. Dr. Purchas, Messrs Gilmore and Dixon, with Dr. Sharman, op-



Coxhead, photo., Dunedin & Invercargill.
THE LATE QUINTON M'KINNON.
(The Guide and Explorer of Te Anau.)

L. Suttie was beaten by Mr L. Zinza; Mr T. Bassett by Mr Archie Suttie; Mr P. F. Battley by Mr V. Frost; Mr B. Noakes by Mr A. Elliott; and Mr C. Suttie received a bye from Dr. Scott. The byes from the first drawing were Messrs Alick Suttie, M. Wynyard, and L. Noakes.

ANNUAL CHAMPIONSHIP ATHLETIC MEETING.

The Fourth Annual Championship Carnival of the amateur athletes of this colony was held at Wellington on Saturday last, and like the previous gatherings, proved very successful. The sports were held on the Basin Reserve, the track being in fine order, but a strong wind somewhat retarded the winners, and no doubt had a telling effect on the times in the long distances.

WE generally look for a few fresh records at these now popular gatherings, but on this occasion none of the records for the winning events were endangered. One fresh record was, however, made in the Long Jump, when R. Gore, of Wellington, leapt 21 ft. 7in., which beats the fresh record recently made by J. Talaroa at the South Canterbury A. A. C. Sports.

W. L. GURR, of Wellington, accomplished the best performance at the carnival by winning the half mile in 2min. 4sec., and the quarter mile in 53 4/5th secs. Gurr ran very pluckily in each race, and was deservedly cheered for his dogged perseverance.

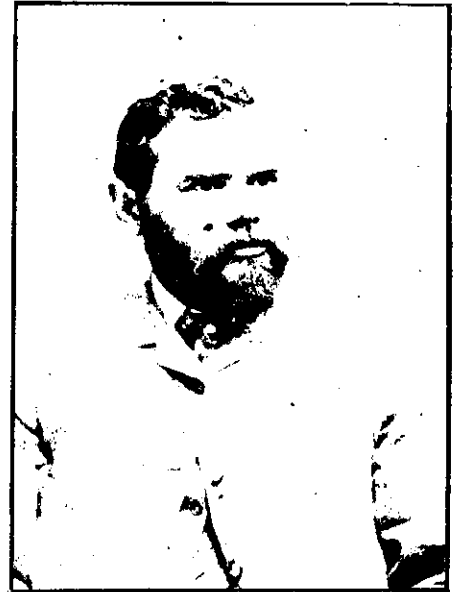
O. McCORMACK, of Wellington, also scored a double victory by annexing the gold medals for the throwing the 16lb. hammer, and putting the weight 16lb. He had very easy wins in each event. He threw the hammer 88ft 7in., and put the weight 37ft. 7in.

ANOTHER Wellingtonian was successful, as R. Gore, after establishing a record for the long jump, tied with F. Meyrick, of Manawahi. Both cleared 5ft. 5in., but failed to get any higher.

OF course Hempton had an easy win in the 100 yards, beating his club mate, P. J. Nathan, by two yards in 10 2/5th secs. Hempton did not start in the 250 yards.

In the walking events, R. W. Thomas, of Christchurch, gained the gold medal in the one mile, but had to take second place in the three-mile event to G. Galloway, of Dunedin. The times for both events were slow as compared with those registered by A. F. Burton and H. S. Cocks at the championship meeting last year.

In the Hurdle Race, W. J. Moir, of Christchurch, proved



Morris, photo., Dunedin.
THOS. MACKENZIE, M.H.R.

posed Messrs Buddle, Lockhart, Ansenne, and Dr. Forbes. Two goals were secured by Mr Lockhart and his party; the others, one, time being called before any other score was made. Two of the players left, but the remaining members had some excellent play before separating.

THE West End Lawn, Ponsonby, was very attractive last Saturday. An unusually large number of prettily dressed and fair spectators were present to divide the attention of the sterner members of the club between themselves and the very interesting tennis matches. The gentleman's handicap singles were the features of the afternoon, and the really excellent play of Mr J. Paterson evoked enthusiastic admiration. Mr Cook was his opponent, and though the Secretary tried his level best 'twas all in vain. Mr Paterson was victorious, the games being 6-1, 6-1. Afternoon tea, provided by Miss Bustard and Miss Atkinson, was greatly appreciated, both on account of its excellence and the heat of the weather. It is the end of the season, nearly, and few new summer gowns are now made. Amongst those present were Mesdames Paterson, Littler, Billington, the Misses Main, Morrin, Gentles, Caldwell, etc., etc.



PASS DISCOVERED BY M'KINNON.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The lazy man aims at nothing and generally hits it.

No man can cultivate an optimistic mind on a pessimistic stomach.

The most deadly sin is the one we believe it will be safe to commit.

The more anyone speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of.

The mitten of a girl has knocked out more men than the prize fighter's glove ever did.

The more one endeavours to sound the depths of his ignorance the deeper the chasm appears.

The world has a million roots for a man, but only one nest.

The short man has this advantage over the tall man: No right minded young lady will draw the long bean when she can possibly avoid it.

Human beings cling to their delicious tyrannies, and to their exquisite nonsense, like a drunkard to his bottle, and go on till death stares them in the face.

Not only study that those with whom you live should habitually respect you, but cultivate such manners as will secure the respect of persons with whom you occasionally converse. Keep up the habit of being respected, and do not attempt to be more amusing and agreeable than is consistent with the preservation of respect.

What is grief? If it be excited by the fear of some contingency, instead of grieving, a man should exert his energies and prevent its occurrence. If, on the contrary, it be caused by an event, that which has been occasioned by anything human, by the co-operation of human circumstances, can be, and invariably is, removed by the same means. Grief is the agony of an instant; the indulgence of grief the blunder of a life.

MURDER IN THIBET.—Thibet is the most prolific country for murderers on the face of the earth. If you dislike a man you just go and cut him to pieces. There is scarcely a man in this sanguinary land who has not sliced somebody up. The fine inflicted for committing a murder is the forfeiture of a certain quantity of tea, which explains to no little extent the free use of the knife.

SUCCESSFUL NOVEL WRITERS.—According to the *Author*, there are at this present moment fifty writers at least who, by their literary labours, and especially by their novels, are commanding great popularity, and an income which, even in the profession of the law, would be called considerable. In six years, however, it is estimated that 700 novel writers, who have once published, have not been encouraged to proceed further. Taking a backward glance over the last eighteen years, there are about 2,600 writers who have failed or have not succeeded much in fiction, to eighty who have succeeded well, and to perhaps 120 who have succeeded tolerably.

Mr Henry Russell, the veteran composer and singer, was interviewed the other day. Mr Russell is now eighty years of age, and still in vigorous health, yet it is fifty years since he was the most successful single-handed entertainer of his day. Everybody even now knows his songs. Most of us have attempted in our time to join in 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer,' and other of his songs which were favourites in the days of the youth of the oldest among us. For the copy-right of that song he received £3. That was the song sung by the Guards when they started for the Crimea, and is to day played by the fife and drums on the departure of a regiment. He asked the publisher one day how the song was selling. 'We have now nineteen presses going,' said he, 'we can't keep pace with the orders.' The publishers afterwards sent Mr Russell a £10 note.

THE BIGGEST BABY FARM IN THE WORLD.—The biggest baby farm in the world is said to be the Moscow Foundling Asylum, a Russian Imperial institution, founded by Catherine II., and kept up to-day by a tax on playing cards. It costs £100,000 a year and receives 14,000 babies, and it has a branch at St. Petersburg which makes provision annually for 8000 more. Since its foundation, this institution has sent out into the empire more than 2,000,000 infants. The Moscow asylum lies within a stone's throw of the Kremlin, and is one of the best and most carefully arranged establishments of its kind in existence. According to an article in the *Englishman*, of Calcutta, about 50 infants are received on an average daily and all are taken, no questions being asked. They are sometimes left on the steps of the institution, but more generally brought by the mother or some friend. Each child has a number, and on being registered the mother or her friend receives a corresponding card, a round tag of bone with the number being tied round the neck of the child. If the parent wants to take back her baby, she can do so at any time up to the age of 10 years, on producing the card. The foundlings are only kept a few weeks in the above establishments, nurses taking charge of them afterwards in their own homes, but being continually under Government inspection. In European Russia alone, 4,000,000 infants are born every year, which gives an increase on the death roll of 1,500,000, so that well regulated homes for helpless infants prevent unspeakable misery and crime.

MEDICINE AS A CONVERTER.—An eminent lady missionary in Burmah recently gave an instructive but somewhat startling chapter of her experience. In one of her tours she came upon a village where cholera was raging. Having with her a quantity of a famous painkiller, she went from house to house administering the remedy to the invalids, and left a number of bottles to be used after the had gone. Returning to the village some months after, the missionary was met by the head man of the community, who cheered her and delighted her by this intelligence: 'Teacher, we have come over to your side; the medicine did us so much good that we have accepted your God.' Overjoyed at this news, she was conducted to the house of her informant, who, opening a room, showed her the painkiller bottles solemnly arranged in a row upon the shelf, and before them the whole company immediately prostrated themselves in worship.

BOOKS AND BOOK-MEN.

LIKE Lord Beaconsfield Mr Justin McCarthy has given considerable attention to literature and authorship; but unlike the famous Tory statesman his literary productions will be read and renew his fame long after his political life and actions are clean forgotten. The author of *Coningsby* will in future generations be remembered as the man who obtained for England the control of the Suez Canal, the smartest, most brilliant, and perhaps least scrupulous politician of his time; but Mr McCarthy's leadership of the faction of the Irish party will be all but forgotten when the 'History of Our Own Times' has become the most valuable text book of a past century. 'England under Gladstone' and the short history are both too well-known and have been too widely read to need praise in this column. Like all histories they show the views of the



MR JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P.

author's politics to some degree, but they are certainly far less prejudiced than Macaulay or Froude. In light literature Mr McCarthy has also made a name for himself, 'Dear Lady Disdain' being one of the most delightful novels ever written.

MRS FRENCH SHELDON has evolved a big and somewhat pretentious book out of her experiences as 'Bébé Bwana'—lady master—of a caravan in East Africa. The interest, however, lies less in the positive experiences than in the fact that they befel a woman; and in this age of the inversion of the sexes this is an interest of scarcely sufficient strength or novelty to support so large a book. Mrs Sheldon deserves, and will doubtless receive from all who read her book, all admiration for her indomitable pluck, her concentration of purpose, and her remarkable powers of organisation and leadership, but—she has not written a good book.

THE frank revelation of some of the incidents of the journey leaves rather a nasty taste in the mouth. The story on page 306 of the mutilation, carried out by the author's own hands, of the corpse of the Masai woman for the purpose of obtaining the ornaments from her legs and arms is particularly ghoulish. But Mrs Sheldon is not a lady of squeamish tastes. She discusses questions of morality with frequent and complete outspokenness. She penetrated the arena of the harem of the Sultan of Zanzibar, and the ladies of the establishment moved in procession before her, and each presented her with a jewelled ring.

THERE is a certain interest, other than statistical, in the fact that at the close of the procession Mrs Sheldon's jewellery was augmented by one hundred and forty-two rings! Moreover, she visited and revisited the wild moon dances of the utterly nude El Moran or warriors of Taveta, a ceremony from which the women of the tribe were excluded. Her sex, in fact, though frequently a protection, was never a deterrent. The most interesting part of her experiences to the author herself was her sojourn in Taveta and her circumnavigation of Chala, the crater lake on the north-eastern side of Kilimanjaro, over three thousand feet above the sea level. She claims to have been the first human being who ever disturbed the surface of this eerie lake, and the event evidently made a deep impression on her mind, and is, in a degree, transmitted to the reader.

THE book is curiously ill-written. The illustrations are only less profuse than unsatisfactory. Almost all are reproductions of photographs, and whether the fault lies with the original sun pictures or with the process, certain it is that the result is never good, and in many instances is superlatively bad.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

DRESSSES may be rendered incombustible by dipping them in a solution of tungstate of soda, one pound in two gallons of water. The most delicate colour will not be affected by it.

SALT AND LEPROSY.

The excessive consumption of salt, notably in the shape of salt fish as a general article of diet, is stated to be conducive to the production of leprosy, and at the Pau Congress some evidence in support of the statement was given. In the Antilles, for instance, the blacks have salt fish—cod from Newfoundland—as a daily article of diet, and leprosy is more prevalent amongst them than amongst the whites and half-breeds.

THE LARGEST NEWSPAPER.

The largest newspaper ever printed was published in New York, July 4th, 1859, and bore the extraordinary title of *The Illuminated Quadruple Constellation*. It contained portraits of President Buchanan, Henry Ward Beecher and Elizabeth B. Browning. It was only issued once, and considering that the 23,000 copies printed contained enough paper to turn out 6,000,000 copies of an ordinary-sized newspaper, this may be fairly considered to have been quite enough, for some time.

BUILDINGS OF SAWDUST.

Extensive experiments have been made in Germany with sawdust that had been treated with acid. The action of the acid is to convert the fine particles of wood into a material that can be moulded into blocks or other form, having an extremely hard surface, and being practically non-combustible. The material is said to be stronger than timber and much lighter than either iron or steel, while in point of cheapness it is superior to either wood or metals. Arrangements are being made to manufacture the material on an extensive scale.

A NEW MINERAL.

A new mineral, not unlike asbestos in its properties, has been discovered in immense deposits in the United States of Columbia. It is stated to be 'the colour of amber, perfectly transparent, and incombustible. Experiments made at Bogota indicate that it will be of great value for the manufacture of bank-note paper, for fireproof and waterproof roofing tiles, and for suits for fireman. A white varnish can also be extracted from it, says our informant. The substance has been named 'Cucaramaquina,' and it is expected to prove of greater importance than asbestos.'

EDIBLE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

It appears that the Japanese do not raise chrysanthemums as ornamental plants, but cultivate them as edible ones. It is the flowers that are employed by amateurs. Those are eaten as a salad after being steeped in water and then boiled. In Japan the flowers of the chrysanthemums constitute a truly popular dish, and during the months of November and December bunches of them, washed and carefully displayed, may be seen in the stores of all the dealers in vegetables. Almost all the varieties are edible, strictly speaking, but those to which preference is usually given are the ones with small deep yellow flower heads, and which are not so pretty as the varieties cultivated for ornament. The Japanese also eat lily bulbs.

HANDY RULE TO FIND SIDEREAL TIME.

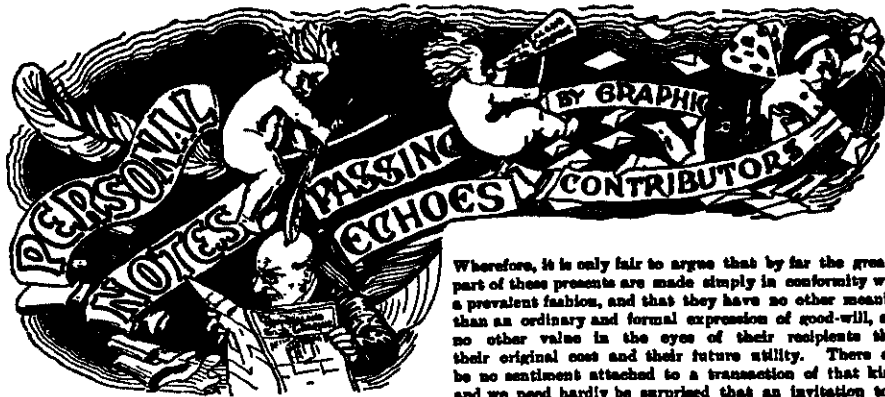
The number of Sidereal days in a year is necessarily one in excess of the number of Solar days. Sidereal time at noon on any given date is expressed by the same proportion of a day that the interval between the date and the previous vernal equinox bears to a year. This relation between the fraction of a day and a year is easily ascertained, as their subdivisions bear a very simple relation to each other, there being 12 months in a year, and 24 hours in a day; there are also 60 minutes in an hour, and (about) 30 days in a month. Thus Sidereal time can be ascertained approximately by a short mental calculation according to the following rule:—Subtract 3 months and 22 days from the date (increased by 12 months if needful). Call each month of difference 2 hours and each day 4 minutes. Example: To find Sidereal time when it is noon on August 30th. August 30th is 8 months and 30 days, subtracting 3 months 22 days leaves 5 months 8 days, allow 2 hours for each of the 5 months and 4 minutes for each of the 8 days = 10 hours 32 min. To find sidereal time at noon on February 15th = 2 months 15 days, add 12 months = 14 months 15 days = 3 months 22 days = 10 months 23 days 21 hours 32 minutes Sidereal time.

THE SENSE OF TOUCH IN BATS.

Bats have an extremely keen sense of touch, probably (says a contemporary scientific journal), the most delicate of any creature, and they are guided in their flight chiefly by this sense. They have been blinded for the sake of experiment, and then let loose in a room where an intricate network of string had been arranged. This network, however, was not touched once by the bats during their flight. In other experiments it has been noticed that they wisely gave a wider berth to such things as a man's hand or a cat's paw, than to harmless pieces of furniture. They can also fly along underground and in quite dark passages, avoiding the sides, even when a turn or twist comes. Their wings and other membranous expansions are peculiarly sensitive to touch, but they are comparatively small in the fruit-eating bats, for it is the insect-eating bats which have to be on the alert in order not to starve, and which need this excessive keenness of the sense of touch. Sight is useless in the gloom, and it appears to be by the minute changes of pressure in the atmosphere that they recognise the approach of their prey.



'I SAY "DAD" DON'T YOU THINK ME AND YOU OUGHT TO INTERFERE?'



The New Zealand Graphic

AND LADIES' JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1899.

SOME little time ago there appeared in the columns of a London paper, the *Times* in point of fact, an article entitled 'The Social Demands Insurance Company,' in which a modest proposal was made for the relief of a good many people who find the demands made upon their fortunes by our social customs somewhat oppressive. The writer recommended that we should look upon all such demands in the same light as we do the other misfortunes of life—losses by fire or by accident, for instance—and insure ourselves against them after the same fashion. We are all liable to certain sudden and unexpected calls upon our generosity. Subscriptions for the relief of sufferers by some great catastrophe; for raising testimonials—statues, painted windows, pictures—to the worth of some distinguished friend; for the maintenance of families left destitute by the death of some distant acquaintance; for the carrying on of good works; for the formation of cricket clubs; for schools, hospitals, charities, and a thousand other objects, all of them, no doubt, extremely deserving of our money, but none the less irksome in their importunity. These demands, we must confess, are easily and not infrequently avoided by the comfortable excuse that money has already been given to some similar object, or by the more simple expedient still, of ignoring the appeal, for, in spite of printed lists, there is little or no odium attached to the man whose name is not to be found in the catalogue of benevolence. Other claims, however, there are upon our purses which, although they do not make themselves actually heard, we dare not ignore, and from which we cannot excuse ourselves. How can any man find a decent excuse in the matter of wedding-presents? or who is there brave enough to refuse compliance with the social regulation which expects him to honour the marriage of friends with a gift? Without exaggeration, we would place the rate of demand upon an average person at no less than five wedding presents in the course of a year. Add this to the many other joyful occasions which he is expected to honour in a similar manner, and it will be seen that friendship is a luxury upon which society has placed no light tax. If it were only our intimate friends who expected these gifts from us, we should not grumble; but nowadays, even our new acquaintances think themselves entitled to the same consideration; and modern visiting-lists are long. The writer of the article to which we have alluded, takes it for granted that our chief aim is to fulfil this social duty as cheaply as possible, and suggests that, whereas it is difficult for the individual to allow himself to appear stingy, no one would be able to resent the economy of a company. Wherefore, he would have an Insurance Company, to which individuals should subscribe at the rate of so much a year, and which would in turn fulfil all these and like obligations for them at the cheapest possible rate. The conceit is not a particularly brilliant one, but there is a good deal of truth underlying the satire.

The value of wedding presents and similar gifts from a sentimental point of view can be fairly accurately gauged from the fact that we do, as a general rule, really desire to acquit ourselves of the obligation to give them as cheaply as possible. That, for the most part, is the spirit in which we make wedding presents to our acquaintances; and the spirit in which our acquaintances receive them is in no degree less matter-of-fact,—we would not like to say sordid. It stands to reason that it must be so. An average list of wedding presents numbers no less than a hundred of these pledges of attachment. It is reasonable to believe that any young married couple, however rich in friends, possess a hundred friends of whose friendship they would care to preserve a tangible memento? A hundred friends, whose gifts would be acceptable, not for their intrinsic value, but as souvenirs of a tender affection, and be treasured for the sake of the giver alone! The thing is incredible. Ten, perhaps, or even twenty; but a hundred is beyond all human capacity.

Wherefore, it is only fair to argue that by far the greater part of these presents are made simply in conformity with a prevalent fashion, and that they have no other meaning than an ordinary and formal expression of good-will, and no other value in the eyes of their recipients than their original cost and their future utility. There can be no sentiment attached to a transaction of that kind, and we need hardly be surprised that an invitation to a wedding is looked upon by a good many people, not rich in this world's goods, as a positive calamity. They know that their fellow-guests will give wedding-presents, and they have not the courage to attend empty-handed, or even to accommodate their own gifts to the measure of their affection or the scantiness of their means. To do them justice, it must be confessed that it is not pleasant to be invited to an inspection of these tributes, arranged for public view and neatly ticketed with the names of their respective donors, and to know that their own name is entirely unrepresented or is painfully conspicuous by the meagreness of the present which it accompanies. What a peculiarly disagreeable custom it is of parading all these presents with the names of the givers attached to them, as if it were a part of the wedding ceremony, and—what is still worse—of publishing a full and complete list of these afterwards in half-a-dozen newspapers! For whose sake are provided these columns devoted to an inventory of the newly-married couple's goods? The barbaric display of these gifts themselves is sufficiently out of place in our Western civilisation; but not even the most remote East would be guilty of that other vulgar ostentation. What is the meaning of the custom? 'Know all men by these presents what a highly-considered couple we are, and how well provided with wealthy friends!' It cannot very well mean anything else; and yet that can hardly be said to be a proclamation which reflects much credit on the part of those who issue it. And if the giving of presents is a heavy tax, the receipt of them is just as often a nuisance. 'What!' cried an unfortunate *fiancee*, 'another set of salt-spuns! That makes the tenth set of salt-spuns, and another letter of thanks to write.' It is difficult to be grateful for four more silver salt-spoons when one already possesses forty, or for an electroplated mustard pot, when sufficient silver mustard pots have been lavished upon one to furnish an hotel. The wish to combine economy with a gift which is at once useful and showy, naturally suggests the purchase of silver mustard-pots, cream-jugs, salt-cellars, and sugar-basins, and the number of these articles which find their way into second-hand silver shops is something surprising—indeed, there are many of these shops whose windows are filled with nothing else, for that is the ultimate destination of a good many wedding-presents. If anybody doubts it, he has only to consult the advertisement-sheet of the newspaper, and he will find several silversmiths who openly advertise the purchase or the exchange of wedding-gifts. Here, for example, is another kind of advertisement, cut from the first newspaper which we have taken up at random:

WEDDING-PRESENT (announced).—Silver-mounted CARVERS, W with stag-horn handles, in lovely case, comprising meat-carvers, game-carvers, and fitted steel; most elegant present; cost £4 4s; accept £2s; approval free.—Write Mrs., etc.

'Rich gifts,' we know, 'wax poor when givers prove unkind.' How very unkind must the giver of this 'most elegant present' have proved, to have brought down the value from four guineas to twenty-five shillings! It is more charitable to suppose that dire necessity alone compels the grateful recipient of the 'lovely case' and its carvers to part with them for ready cash. Observe that the gift is unused—alas! of what use are meat-carvers or game-carvers when there is no joint to carve, much less a pheasant? Far better would it have been in such a case if the wedding-guest had made a present of the four guineas at once. Indeed, we are inclined to think that the substitution of cheques for useless and costly articles—a practice which seems to be gradually growing in favour—had much better be universally adopted, not only for the sake of the bride and bridegroom, but also for that of their more distant acquaintances, who can hardly offer money, and will, therefore, feel themselves free from any obligation to give at all. As it is, the attitude of the newly-married ones towards their presents is a purely mercenary one—they look upon them, as Mr Wemmick did, as 'portable property,' and value them accordingly; and the feeling of their acquaintances is generally one of simple annoyance at having to disburse money upon an occasion which interests them little or nothing. If only people would have the moral courage to resist claims of this kind, the nuisance would speedily cease; but there are few people who are sufficiently courageous to brave public opinion and the possible reputation of stinginess. It is curious to note that only very rich people can bring themselves to behave shabbily on these occasions, and that while

the poor man devotes half a week's income in the purchase of a pair of silver candlesticks, the millionaire will complacently present a bride—who may even be a near relative—with the princely gift of a silver thimble.

But wedding-presents are but one form of the social demands to which we are liable. The disagreeable question, 'How small a sum can I decently give?' is one which we are perpetually asking ourselves. There seems to be a race of busybodies who occupy themselves solely in getting up subscriptions for the fulfilment of projects in which we are supposed to be concerned, but which do not at all appeal to our cheerful generosity. The head-master of the school which once had the honour of educating us retired, and straightway one of these gentlemen starts into activity, and fires off a series of letters to all his old schoolfellows. 'Dr. So-and-so, whom we all loved and revered, is about to relinquish his duties, etc. It is proposed to present him with some testimonial of the affection of his quondam pupils in the form of a full-length portrait in oils. Will you kindly inform me of the amount of the assistance which we may expect from you. It has been resolved to limit the individual subscription to ten guineas.' Ten guineas! Our first thought was to send ten shillings—a sum which far exceeds the love which we bore the revered doctor. Then, after more mature reflection, our resolution fails us; we dare not have the courage of our opinions, and we are by no means cheerful givers of the cheque which finally swells the list of the doctor's admirers. Why should we have given anything at all? Why should we weakly accede to the request of a friend who solicits aid on behalf of an institution for decayed Punch-and-Judy men? We may have no interest in these unfortunate gentlemen; we may even regard their exhibition as an extremely immoral one; and yet we give, simply because that friend who importunes us on their behalf is one who will not be denied. Nobody but a very rich man likes to be considered illiberal, and it is a cowardly disinclination to incur that charge which prompts our generosity in most of these instances. Certainly it would be a great comfort on these occasions to be able to refer the applicants to a 'Social Demands Insurance Company,' and to inform them that all our charity is done through its agency,—for there would be no need to give them any further information as to whether our yearly subscription to the said institution was fifty pounds or fifty shillings. Unfortunately, the facetious suggestion of the writer in the *Times* is not capable of realisation; though we admit with sorrow that it is just as likely to be realised as a change in our way of thought. Society will still go on levying blackmail, and we shall still continue to pay it meekly, however much we may grumble at the infliction.

AT THE REGATTA.

ELDERLY MAIDEN (out rowing with a possible suitor and a little sister, who is frightened by the waves): 'Theodore! if you are so nervous now, what will you be at my age?' Little Sister (meekly): 'Thirty-seven, I suppose.'

WEY

EMPIRE TEA CO.'S

BLENDED TEAS

ARE

SUPERIOR:

THEY ARE FRAGRANT

THEY ARE DELICIOUS

THEY ARE OF UNIFORM QUALITY

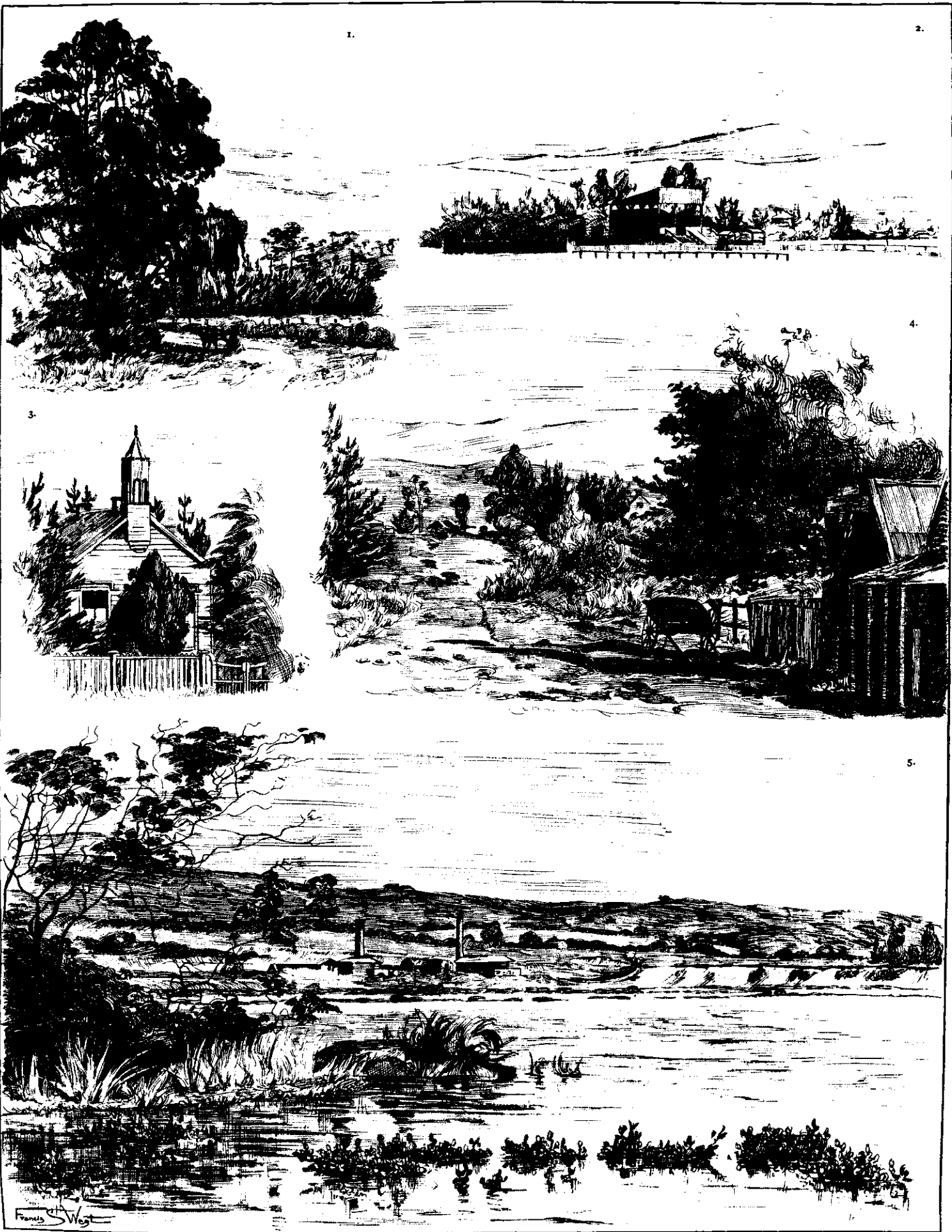
THEY EXCEL IN VALUE

YOU CAN ALWAYS DEPEND ON THEM.

EMPIRE TEA COMPANY.,

W. G. TURNBULL & CO.,

PROPRIETORS, WELLINGTON.

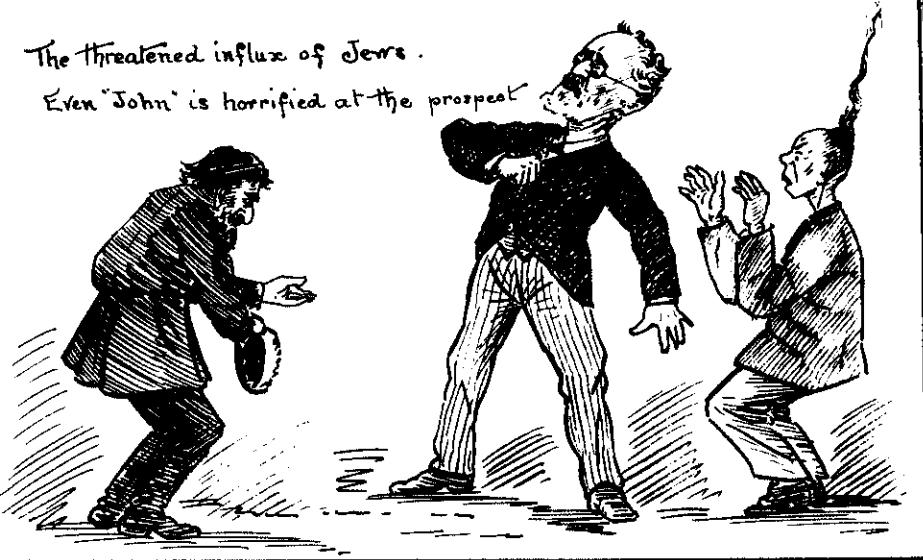


SKETCHES AT AVONDALE.

1. Rosebank Road. 2. Racecourse. 3. Presbyterian Church. 4. A Country Road. 5. The Whau Creek.

Francis West

The threatened influx of Jews.
Even 'John' is horrified at the prospect



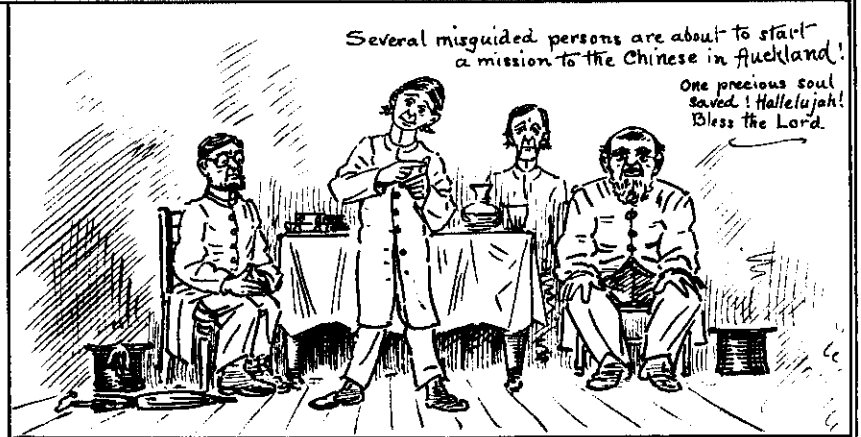
H'm: evidently from Reeves!



H'm: from Rolleston, evidently!!

SEVERAL
DAYS

Several misguided persons are about to start
a mission to the Chinese in Auckland!
One precious soul
saved! Hallelujah!
Bless the Lord.



HER FIRST



HER LAST



We don't often blow.
But by jingo when we do.
We have the lungs, we have the tongues.
And we have our audience too.
(After reading the Ministerial speech at
the Thames)



ON THE BRAIN.

'Our Girls' Ashley Hunter '93

INTERESTING TO PHILATELISTS.

WHAT is expected to be the finest lot of postage stamps ever issued is now being prepared by the American Bank Note Company for the United States Government. The new issue will be a complete set of fifteen different values to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. The designs used were nearly all taken from celebrated paintings. The two-dollar stamp is, however, after a painting by Lentze, an American artist, who has painted several pictures for the Capitol.

The following technical description of the new issue was given by United States Postage Stamp Agent Thomas A. H. Hay:

One-Cent.—'Columbus in Sight of Land,' after the painting by William H. Powell. On the left is an Indian woman with her child, and on the right an Indian man with headdress and feathers. The figures are in sitting posture. Colour, antwerp blue.

Two-cent.—'Landing of Columbus,' after the painting by Vanderlyn in the rotunda of the Capitol of Washington. Colour purple maroon.

Three-cent.—'Flagship of Columbus,' the Santa Maria in mid-ocean, from a Spanish engraving. Colour, medium shade of green.

Four-cent.—'Fleet of Columbus,' the three caravels—Santa Maria, Pinta and Nina—in mid ocean, from a Spanish engraving. Colour, ultramarine blue.

Five-cent.—'Soliciting Aid from Isabella,' after the painting by Brozik in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Colour, chocolate brown.

Six-cent.—'Columbus Welcomed at Barcelona,' from one of the panels of the bronze doors in the Capitol at Washington, by Randolph Rogers. On each side is a niche, in one of which is a statue of Ferdinand and in the other a statue of Boabdilla. Colour, royal purple.

Ten-cent.—'Columbus Presenting Natives,' after the painting by Luigi Gregori at the University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Ind. Colour vandyke brown.

Fifteen-cent.—'Columbus Announcing His Discovery,' after the painting by R. Balasa, now in Madrid. Colour, dark green.

Thirty-cent.—'Columbus at La Rabida,' after the painting by R. Maso. Colour, sienna brown.

Fifty-cent.—'Recall of Columbus,' after the painting by A. G. Heaton, now in the Capitol at Washington. Colour, carbon blue.

One-Dollar.—'Isabella Pledging Her Jewels,' after the painting by Munoa Degrain, now in Madrid. Colour, rose salmon.

Two-Dollar.—'Columbus in Chains,' after the painting by Lentze, now Providence, R. I. Colour, toned mineral red.

Three-Dollar.—'Columbus Describing His Third Voyage,'

after the painting by Francisco Jover. Colour, light yellow-green.

Four-Dollar.—Portraits in circles of Isabella and Columbus, the portrait of Isabella after the well-known painting in Madrid, and that of Columbus after the Lotto painting. Colour, carmine.

Five-Dollar.—Profile of the head of Columbus after a cast provided by the Treasury Department for the souvenir fifty-cent. silver piece. The profile is in a circle, on the right of which is the figure of America represented by a female Indian with a crown of feathers, and on the left a figure of Liberty, both figures being in a sitting posture. Colour, black.

We also learn that M. S. Chapman, of the United States stamped envelope works in this city, has been in conference during the week with the Postmaster-General in regard to a complete exhibit of stamped envelopes at the World's Fair. The Government is anxious that an exhibit shall be made, and arrangements will be effected as soon as practicable to carry out this desire.

The Columbian stamp for the envelopes that will be issued in 1893 was also the subject of conference with the Post Office authorities, but the details of the dye have not been decided on. The change of dye will involve a large expense, but must be made by the contractors at the request or order of the Postmaster-General.

LOOKING BEFORE AND AFTER.

ALL is not lost, though much is changed and dimmed
Though tamed the eager torrent of desire,
And sobered, dashed, or dead the hopes that rimmed
The morning hills of time with magic fire.

The loyal love that wears not custom's rust,
The faith still firmest found when hardest tried,
The calm, the charity, the judgment just,
That fail not as the years that sadden glide;

The afterglow of youth's pure faded dream,
The holy hush of memory—these we keep;
Sunset benignly lingers, and life's stream
Is rosy as it wanders to the deep.

Sweet still earth's air to taste, heaven's light to see,
Still smiles o'er-tost, o'er tranquil main, the moon,
As glad it is in Spring to breathe, to be,
As kind the comfort of the river's tone.

Still gentle Robin sings a soft 'Good-night'
From a mimosa-branch above the lawn,
Untired the Blackbird shouts an anthem bright
Through his lone kingdom of the twilight dawn.

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

A BATTLE ROMANCE.

'I fell in love with the young lady I afterwards married while the battle of the Wilderness was raging,' said Major Dan Thomson, a member of the Reminiscence Club, that was in session at the Southern. 'During the first day's fighting the Confederates charged us across an old ditch and were driven back with terrible slaughter. We advanced and took up a position in the ditch and for a few moments the roar of battle died away, with the exception of a Confederate battery far to our left, which kept snaling viciously. Right in front of me lay a young Confederate who had been shot through the hips. He was a handsome boy, not more than seventeen, and was evidently suffering terrible agony. He was trying bravely to be a man, but the tears would rise to his eyes and in a few moments he was sobbing bitterly. I asked him what I could do for him, and he took from his pocket a portrait of his sister and asked me to give it to her when I reached Richmond. He evidently believed that because his regiment had been driven back the cause was hopelessly lost, and that nothing remained for the Federal troops to do but march into Richmond with colours flying. I had the youngster carried to the rear and cared for, and put the picture of his sister in my pocket, where it remained to the end of the war. Her brother recovered and was finally exchanged. A few days after the capitulation of Richmond I called on the young lady to deliver her picture according to promise, and—well, it was another case of "Held by the Enemy." The brother and I are in business together in Baltimore.'

HE HIT HARD.

LADY (to little boy): 'What are you crying for, my little man?'

Little Boy: 'My fa—father has bin bea—beatin' me!'

Lady: 'Well, don't cry. All fathers have to beat their little boys at times.'

Little Boy: 'But my fa—father ain't like other fa—fathers. He's in a brass ba—band, and bea—beats the big drum! Boo-hoo!'

PERFECTLY SAFE.

MISS MAUDIE (to instructor in languages): 'Professor, with our knowledge of French, do you think sister and I could safely venture upon a trip through France?'

Instructor: 'With perfect safety, my dear young lady. You and Miss Mabel could go anywhere in France and speak your minds in entire freedom, in French, without giving the slightest offence.'

Pears' Soap

INDISPUTABLE
EVIDENCE OF SUPERIORITY

DR. REDWOOD, Ph.D., F.C.S., F.I.C.

"My analytical and practical experience of PEAR'S SOAP now extends over a very lengthened period—nearly fifty years—during which time

"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."

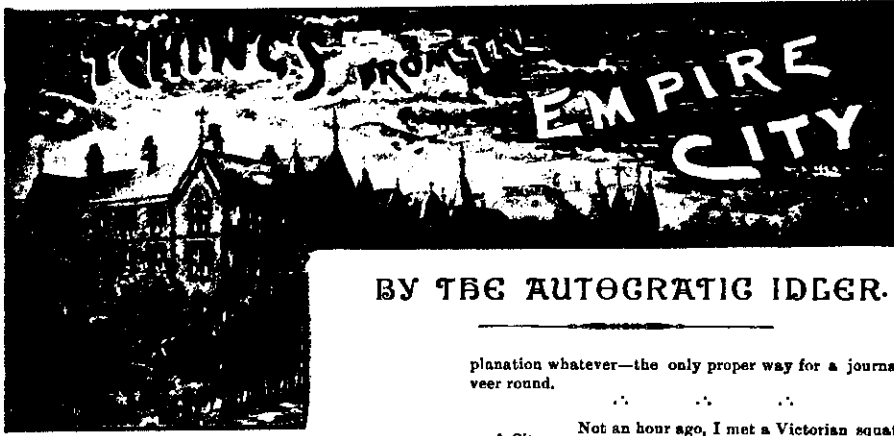
I have found it matchless for the hands and complexion

Lillian Potts



Since using Pears' Soap I have discarded all others.

Lillian Potts



BY THE AUTOGRAPHIC IDLER.

The Wellington Post is—like Gladstone or myself —an authority on any and every subject under the sun. One perplexed individual (who has resided for a year in this land of squalls, in which it seems to be always a March afternoon) asks the editor 'Which are the summer months in Wellington?'—one of the most recondite questions ever submitted even to the Post gentleman, who, however, replied in the usual guardedly editorial manner, without committing himself to anything definite, by referring his correspondent to the calendar. I dare say there are summer months in the calendar. But there aren't any summer months up Willis-street, nor yet along the Tinakori Road. Another gentleman would be greatly obliged if the Post would inform him what were the maiden names of two ladies who may have been married twenty years ago and who, probably, have quite forgotten their maiden names themselves by this time. A commercial traveller would esteem it a favour to be told by the Post where he can go, on Sunday, to hear a good plain sermon. Naturally enough, the leading journal hesitated about indicating the particular steeple the bagman was in search of—especially as there doesn't happen to be in the city any such steeple. If anyone wants a plain sermon, he can get it: awfully plain; drearily plain; plain as a willow pattern plate, and quite as common and as inartistic. But a good sermon, or even a good plain sermon, is quite another thing. We had, in former days in the colonies, and I believe also at Home, more pulpit eloquence than we have now. Perhaps ministers feel that a great proportion in number, and I think I might say the nearly whole of the intelligence, of the audience, is incredulous: sceptical: utterly weary of the old old story. That, anyhow, was the opinion of the Rev. Charles Clarke even a decade ago; and congregations are not what they were ten years ago in matters of belief—they believe less now than they did then. I heard the Rev. Charles preach before this truth dawned upon him: before, in fact, he became the exponent of Dickens; and indeed I happened to be present at his first Melbourne sermon in the Baptist Chapel in Collins street, when he assumed charge, (for no long period as it turned out) of that enormous and most cultivated congregation. There was not one vacant place in the building on that summer morning: all the best reading people, thinking people, wealthy people, most fashionable people of the Victorian capital were assembled together: the very air was pervaded by sweet rustle of silks, and a most delicious scent of opopanax and piety—and the Rev. Charles, looking like a clerical Hamlet, and sparkling with brilliant, stepped forth. I remember the young man's sermon perfectly well, even now. Very little of theology was there in it; but ever so much of what we like so infinitely better! He drew beautiful word pictures of spring, and of summer (but not in torrid regions) and touched the red leaves and sheaves of autumn with the pencil of an artist—but he took care to leave winter just where she ought to be—out in the cold! These sort of preachers—these preachers, who can fill churches, however vast, with a melodious voice, and with eloquence from which all trace of anything suggestive of an unpleasant Hereafter is rubbed out—are rare; and the Post knows very well—although it would never do to say so—that we have no such divine amongst us at present. Yet one admires the Post in spite of its occasional evasiveness, for it speaks out very plainly on occasion, and never pretends to believe that untenable theories hold water, or even milk and water. It is truly consoling to observe that even so influential a journal can be desperately hard up, sometimes, like ordinary folk. Such is always its condition when it feels called upon to attack the Government. Something about a rifle range, or the female franchise, or a hospital subsidy, is the length of its tether, in this direction. Latterly, indeed, the Post has become decidedly Liberal; and one of these mornings it may perhaps follow the frequent example of its great London prototype, and veer quite round, without any ex-

planation whatever—the only proper way for a journal to veer round.

A Clean Country. Not an hour ago, I met a Victorian squatter, just arrived, who had not seen Wellington for a decade, and who was greatly surprised at the alterations that had in the meantime taken place in the city. 'And I understand,' he said, 'the country is quite clean!' 'Oh, bless you, yes,' I remarked: 'it has always been so: it has been clean from the very commencement; Stafford or Weld or Grey, or Atkinson or Stout or Ballance—all the same: always, anyhow, clean!' A confused look stole over the face of the pastoralist, who was all the time thinking of sheep. All at once he began to think, not of sheep, but of men who weren't at all like sheep, and who, moreover, were not at all clean. When I thought he had got a proper hold of a fair number of these men, and that several prominent public individuals were then passing in review before him, I told him that the bottom had fallen out of Victoria because the men he was thinking of weren't clean; and that New Zealand was prosperous because our public leaders had invariably been pure and clean. However, he did not seem to care to hear more on this rather delicate subject, and presently he recurred again to sheep. He had heard of the Cheviot purchase, and seemed sorry that that splendid property was to pass away from so many sheep, to a lesser number of men. Nothing so jars the feelings of a squatter as to see anything in the way of the cutting up or the subdivision of runs.

The Premier. The health of the Premier is said to fluctuate a good deal, while, on the whole, improving considerably. I understand that the malady from which he suffers is simply chronic indigestion, or gastritis—an ailment not readily giving way to treatment, and most distressing and depressing while it holds possession. There are countless persons here who would be intensely pleased to grasp Mr Ballance by the hand, to look him in the face, and to feel sure, and to say so, that he was again in good health. These persons have the sense to know that sickness likes to be left alone; that the greatest kindness one can show an invalid is not to worry him, even with attention. Sometimes this is not remembered. On Saturday afternoon a man who said he wanted a passage to Lyttelton, forced himself into the Premier's residence at Tinakori Road, and demanded to see Mr Ballance. The Post tells the rest of the story as follows:—'As there was no messenger available on the premises, Mrs Ballance, not knowing how to dispose of the man, who made himself quite at home, sent him to the residence of a Government officer. The man went there, and without more ado marched into that gentleman's drawing-room, to the blank dismay of the official's wife, seated himself comfortably, knocked out the ashes of his pipe on to the carpet, and had a quiet smoke while the male members of the household were being hunted up. On the arrival of the official himself he sent the man on to an officer of the Labour Bureau, and when he got to the residence of the latter, without a word of explanation, he marched straight for the drawing-room, where he made himself comfortable, to the alarm of an invalid lady. Finally he was persuaded to go away from there, and has not been heard of since.' A man to be a Cabinet Minister should set out, in the first instance, with a frame of iron. Even then what he has to do, and to suffer tells upon him. I noticed, lately, that the Post expressed a very decided opinion to the effect that £800 a year didn't count for much in the way of remuneration for the labours and endurances of a Minister of the Crown.

Why he fled. There is a youth in this city who filed his schedule the other day, and why he did so nobody can understand. The Chief Justice, who presided yesterday, in Court, when the young man came up for discharge, said he gave it up, as quite beyond legal grasp of intellect. The insolvent went, of course, to the Post, with an explanation, but the Post only made the puzzle denser by the following notice:—'The matter you re-

fer to is a purely personal one. On the facts stated we do not see that anything unusual or improper has been done. You should have employed a solicitor to appear for you. Magistrates cannot be supposed to attend to telegrams.' He says there is nothing of human nature in the Post. I assured him that a man who expected to find human nature in a newspaper would find anything else there except what he expected; but that I would submit his explanation to the GRAPHIC and perhaps that journal (whose circulation in Wellington alone is very great) might see that something more than a 'purely personal matter' was involved in it. At all events he wrote as follows. 'On the 15th June, 1892, I got a summons to appear at a place called Notown, in the other Island, at 11 a.m., on the 16th May, 1892. The "16th May" had been partly obscured by a faint line and June inserted after May, but this didn't mend matters a bit as nobody could get to Notown under double the time, as there is the Pacific and the Southern Alps between here and there. I telegraphed to the Clerk of the Court to say that I did not owe the money claimed in the suit, that I was entitled by law to defend the case, if I so desired; that I do so desire; and that yet not being an angel, or Union Company express boat, I couldn't be there notwithstanding. I heard no more of the matter for many months, but going home one afternoon I found a strange-looking man in my house, and I found, then, that a judgment had been obtained behind my back for this debt which I did not owe—and I don't think anybody did owe it. Everybody told me that I had anyhow better settle the claim, and therefore I filed in preference, for if all the world were to say these proceedings were right and in order (as the Post says) I would still say that they were altogether wrong and highly disorderly. And although His Honor the Chief Justice seemed to think I had acted unwisely, and although everybody else tells me the same, I would take precisely the same course in the morning again, under similar circumstances. Furthermore, although the Chief Justice seemed to intimate that I could not obtain discharge from the Court until this debt (which I do not owe) is paid, I am quite prepared to go into the next world without a certificate, sooner than pay it, and see what Justice will say to the matter there!' The curious part of this queer case is that the victim to this remarkable set of circumstances doesn't owe a shilling in the city where he has resided for a year and a half past, and owes nothing to speak of anywhere else!

Do you want a better appetite? Do you want to eat well, sleep well, and be well? Then take No. 2 R. T. Booth's Golden Remedy. This great tonic is for the brain, nerves, and blood. It cures dyspepsia, neuralgia, and weakened energy. It gives tone to the whole system, and is the best tonic on this earth. At all chemists.—(Advt.)

Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer

Quickly changes gray or faded hair to its natural colour. A perfect hair dressing, delicately perfumed.

It is not a dye.

"KEATING'S POWDER."
"KEATING'S POWDER."
"KEATING'S POWDER."
"KEATING'S POWDER."
"KEATING'S POWDER."

KILLS BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, MOSQUITOES.

HARMLESS TO ANIMALS,
HARMLESS TO ANIMALS,
HARMLESS TO ANIMALS,
HARMLESS TO ANIMALS,

but is unrivalled in destroying FLEAS, BUGS, COCK-ROACHES, BEETLES, MOTHS in FURS, and every other species of insect. Sportsmen will find this invaluable for destroying fleas in the dogs, as also ladies for their pet dogs.
The PUBLIC are CAUTIONED that packages of the genuine powder bear the autograph of THOMAS KEATING. Sold in Tins only.

"KEATING'S WORM TABLETS."
"KEATING'S WORM TABLETS."
"KEATING'S WORM TABLETS."
"KEATING'S WORM TABLETS."

A PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETMEAT, both in appearance and taste, furnishing a most agreeable method of administering the only certain remedy for INTESINAL, or THICKHEAD WORMS. It is a perfectly safe and mild preparation, and is especially adapted for Children. Sold in Tins by all Druggists.
Proprietor, THOMAS KEATING, London.

THE FIRE AT HASTINGS.

(FROM OUR 'GRAPHIC' SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

THE chief topic of conversation is the fire which caused such destruction at Hastings early on Thursday morning. The pretty little township presents a mournful appearance, two large squares having been swept by the devouring element. Shops, banks, stores, business places, and one large hotel have disappeared, leaving a wilderness of blackened and broken fragments from which rise a scattered forest of chimneys in various stages of dilapidation. The sufferers have lost no time in recommencing business. Great placards and strips of white canvas, announcing in large black type, the temporary location of banks and tradespeople, add to the air of conscious importance which the place wears. Groups of fantastically-dressed Maoris give colour to the same, and the number of visitors, insurance agents, merchants, country settlers, and mere sight-seers make business brisk.

A wonderful contrast was presented throughout the fire by the heroism, clear-headedness, and untiring efforts of a few, and the apathy and laziness shown by the great crowds who flocked into the streets to share in the excitement. Hearing praises from all quarters of Miss Caulton's energy and thoughtfulness I went to see her. She very kindly gave me a graphic account of her experiences. When awakened by the first alarm no flames were visible, but a dense cloud of smoke was borne by the wind into her room from McKwan's shop directly opposite her father's hotel. For a moment terror overmastered her, but quickly rallying, she and the rest of the household set to work carrying valuables to a place of safety, fetching blankets to hang from all the windows, and constantly drenching them with water. At this fatiguing labour women worked as hard as men, some of whom were stationed on the roof. Time was lost by the man who filled the buckets having also to carry them up a ladder. Miss Caulton went to the crowd of idlers thronging the footpath, and asked for one volunteer to stand in the gap and pass the buckets on, but her request met with no response, and she had to turn away and call her brother from some other duty. At the same time the firemen, instead of being free to fight the flames, were pumping for the manual and getting very little assistance, although ten shillings an hour was offered to outsiders. Two firemen were brought fainting to the hotel, their helmets fused by the heat, in which it was only possible to work when drenched with water. They had been forced to slide down the sides of the ladder which had caught fire.

Then Miss Caulton thought of an errand of mercy, and commenced carrying jugs of beer out to the parched Fire Brigade. She describes the heat where they were working as being like a furnace; the glare was blinding, but the general effect superb. The flames leaped into the clear blackness of the night, and paled the steady light of moon and stars. Great sheets of galvanised iron curling up and flying into space burned with starlike flashes of coloured fire, blue, green, and red. Burning grass-seed kept up a steady volume of flame.

Jull's Hotel caught, flared fiercely, and blazed out in fifteen minutes. The small jets of water which could be thrown seemed an insult to the conflagration. Ultimately water was utilized more to prevent other buildings catching. The wind was light, but variable, and with each change came fresh alarm to some; unlooked for hope to others. Property removed to what appeared a place of safety would in a few minutes be reduced to shapeless heaps of ashes as the long tongues of flame swept by a sudden gust leapt round them. Buildings some distance away caught fire, and instant aid was needed to extinguish the flames. Isolated telegraph poles stand charred monuments to the fierce heat.

In most cases people had time to dress, and there were fewer irregular toilets than usual on such occasions. One excited individual, however, disported himself among the crowd in a garment which is generally reserved for the privacy of a bedroom. There was little of the inevitable lowering of feather beds and reckless hurling of glass and china from upper stories. It is said that one gentleman wandered aimlessly about with a sieve under one arm and a pair of socks under the other.

The loss of property is very great. One man has lost the savings of thirty years; another had barely commenced business in an elaborately furnished restaurant. Great sympathy is felt for Mr and Mrs Galwey, of the New South Wales Bank. They have not long been married, and all their tasteful knickknacks, a great number of wedding presents, and even their clothes are burnt. Mr Galwey was so busy looking after the Bank's interests and getting out the safe through a hole cut in the wall that he had no time to save his own property.

There is no truth in the statement that the water supply was inadequate. Hastings is supplied by artesian wells, the overflow from which, together with the surface drainage, escapes by the sewer. There is thus a river of clear water under the town supplying over four hundred gallons a minute. This was not effectually used by the Hastings brigade, who, finding they were pumping air, concluded the water was low, while, in reality, the connection must have been defective; the hose itself burst in seven places. The 'tanks' from which the water was chiefly drawn are large cisterns, each acting as a reservoir to one artesian well. One of these was exhausted by the continued pumping, and an unavoidable delay occurred in moving the manual to another. When the steam engine came from Napier the sewer supplied much more water than was required to completely drench the smoking squares. The fire lingered obstinately, and when daylight faded the whole surface glowed with red light. The steam engine stayed till the last train left for Napier, and after its departure some of the local brigade watched till daylight. On several occasions they had to extinguish reviving flames.

L. REEN.

[Our picture of Jull's Hotel, Hastings, before the fire is from a really excellent photograph by Valentine and Co., perhaps the most famous firm of photographers in the world. Owing to bad weather, the present reproduction, though it gives a most excellent idea of the part of Hastings represented, scarcely does the photograph fullest justice. One of the new series of New Zealand scenery, the photograph, like all its companions, is a marvel of artistic workmanship. Each photograph in the hands of Valentine becomes a picture, the greatest care being

taken in the working up and development of each negative. Their specimen books are well worth looking over, as showing to what artistic perfection photography may be brought.]

THE WHITE (LIVERED) COMPANY.

A NONSENSE BALLAD OF NEW PLYMOUTH FLUCK.

(Humbly dedicated to the eighteen men of New Plymouth who allowed the pseudo red-coated highway man to scare bluff their number and escape from the rest.—See daily papers, Monday 15th.)

TELL you the tale of our robber?
Well, sir, I don't know as I dare,
For my legs still tremble with funk, sir,
And the stiffness ain't out of my hair.

We was only eighteen to one, sir,
And the clank of his sword was enough
To stiffen at least half a dozen,
For New Plymouth livers ain't tough,

But milk-white, and tender like chicken,
And shake at the sight of a mask;
While to face a red-coat, it would sicken
The bravest to dream such a task.

So we let him march inside the bar, sir,
Scare the girl and do just as he willed;
First he pocketed fifteen and sixpence,
Then a lot of good whisky he swilled.

My God! I can scarce tell the story!
Two pistols he drew from his girth;
We knew that his purpose was gory,
And took our last glimpse of the earth.

Thus we stood, sir, it might be ten seconds,
It seemed like ten hours to be true,
When we saw a small chance of escape, sir,
We were six—and he covered but two.

There were four other men in the room, then,
Mind, men and not cowards, I say,
But we thought 'twould be cooler outside, sir,
That place was too hot for to stay.

Hiding behind one another,
We managed to crawl to the door,
And each one ran home to his mother,
Noble! brave!! courageous!!! four.

What? Didn't we try for his capture
Lord, no, sir; why, what do you mean?
Why, somebody's skin had got hurt, sure;
He was one, wind, against our eighteen.

Such a course would have been most foolhardy,
And our chaps, sir, ain't built on that plan;
It wasn't a child or a woman
To tackle we'd got, but a man.

No, we let him get right clean away, sir,
And nobody ventured pursuit,
For the bravest New Plymouth man trembled,
Remembering the robber could shoot.

To the State we now cry for defence, sir,
A policeman for each and wet nurse,
To protect us from naughty highwaymen
Who menace our skins and our purse.

W. G. RATHBONE.

February 14th, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

MISS ESSIE CHEW is sure to command a numerous and appreciative audience for her farewell concert to be given in the City Hall, Auckland, on Thursday, the 23rd. This young lady has so willingly contributed voluntary items to help others, that many people will be glad of this opportunity of testifying their gratitude, and at the same time enjoying once more her excellent music.

EVERYBODY is looking forward to Max O'Rell's comedy-lectures in the Opera House next week. The witty Frenchman is a novelty in the way of platform entertainers. Most of the European celebrities whom Mr. R. S. Snythe has introduced to colonial audiences—scientists, war-correspondents, explorers—have represented the sombre side of life. This is the first time that the much-travelled manager has brought along a humorist. The author of 'John Bull and his Island' could not have arrived in Australia at a more opportune time. In their great depression the people of Melbourne naturally welcomed a humorist who would lift them out of their surroundings; and when every theatre in Melbourne was closed Max O'Rell was giving his comedy-lectures to overflowing audiences. In New Zealand he has been equally successful. His Australasian tour, which has lasted ten months, will finish at Auckland. His final lecture here will be his last appearance in this part of the world.



A VIEW OF HASTINGS, BEFORE THE FIRE, SHOWING JULL'S HOTEL.

HER LAST SAIL.

A YACHTING STORY.

BY W. E. A.



It was old Joshua (Goff's) cottage as used to stan' by the water's side a mile or so from Gosford, Kincaumber way. That was the white patch with the green behind it as all of us chaps knew when we were lads; an' you could see it from most places round Brisbane Water.

I remember as old Josh had it built after his missis died, when he gev' up goin' to sea to look after his little gal. He found it a hard job to quit his old ketch that he'd sailed so long, and when Sam Doubleday took charge and wanted to buy the vessel off him old Josh spoke up right sharp as he'd never sell that ketch as long as he lived. 'There ain't a smarter craft on the coast,' he said. 'She's made me a livin', and she'll make a livin' for my Maggie when I'm gone; so there's an end on it. Let me here no more about buyin' and sellin'. She's carried me in good weather and in bad—me an' mine. Why, when her as is dead an' gone was a thin slip of a gal, an' we was first married, that vessel was our first home, an' I kep' her like a yacht; an' you, Sam Doubleday, if you want to keep charge o' her, you must keep her like a yacht, too. I know the kind o' seaman you are, for I larned ye myself, or I'd never let ye stan' at the tiller. I'd rather lay her up on the beach in front of the house, an' let her go to pieces in the sun, than see her driftin' about, with them sails onny half set, and the riggin' full of Irish pennants, like most of the vessels as sails this coast. So jest you see to it, Sam Doubleday, and say no more about buyin'.'



'SHE'S CARRIED ME IN GOOD WEATHER AND IN BAD, ME AND MINK.'

I was a rough lout of a lad when Josh first came ashore. He went in for timber contractin' then, and afore the down on my chin was long enough to turn round your first finger, he began to get on a bit. You see he was a reliable sort o' chap and was pretty well known, an' he never sent no poor stuff away from his sawpits.

The first thing as he did when he found as he got along ashore was to whitewash the cottage outside and paper it inside; for Maggie, tho' she was only a bit of a gal then, liked to see things nice. Afterwards he made her a flower garden in front, an', my word, she kep' it neat. That was all right, but Mag wanted fruit trees, so Josh planted a bit of an orchard, an' what with improvements inside and outside the place got a pretty nice sort of a home.

It was built of slabs, howsoever, and by-and-bye the white ant got into it and at it away, an' that is why the old place, as everybody knowed when I was a lad, ain't there now. It's a good while ago, an' I'm turnin' 76, but lor, bless yer, that's nothin' in these parts where men lives to be 100 an' over sometimes. Yes, an' old Josh's ketch, the Dairy Maid, gone too, an' I'm a-goin' to tell you how she was lost. She might a bin afloat to this day, so strong an' sound was she if it hadn't a bin for that damned villain Lionel Lonsdale—God forgive him.

Well, Maggie she grew up a fine gal, an', my word, I don't know whether the old man was proudest or fondest of her. She was straight and shapely as a spar, she had black hair an' lots of it, an' a forehead white and smooth as mother o' pearl. Her cheeks was rich an' brown, with the red showin' through, an' all round her lips an' nostrils an' about her ears there allus seemed to me to be a kind o' tawny under the skin, makin' it a shade darker, just like you see the dark points on a good beifer. It's a sign o' good stuff in most animals, I notice, to see dark points, an' I think it's just the same in wimmen.

Anyhow, the young chaps about the district—sawyers, sailors, fishermen an' setch—was fair mad about her. But

she would ha' none o' them. Not as she was proud or any-thing o' that sort, becuz when Jim Oaks got capized in a 'buster', in the Broadwater an' was brought ashore more dead than alive, didn't she have him carried up to the house and nurse him and look after him until he got over it? Poor Jim had better a bin drowned after all. You never see a man so cut up as he was afterwards when she wouldn't have him.

Old Joshua was a bit of a cure, too. He used to slap his thigh, an' swear as no man should have Maggie but he as was fit to sail the Dairy Maid.

'When that man comes,' says Josh, 'Mag and the ketch 'll go together, each bein' the best o' her kind. Me an' the missus begun life that way, an' there ain't no better way. With care the Maid 'll last 'em long enough, and if no better luck serves 'em they can build a house with the stuff as in her, by-and-bye, when it's time for 'em to come ashore to live.'

It was downright amusin' to see the young chaps ketchin' to the water like ducks, hopin' to catch the old man's eye. It was that struttin' fal-de-lal Lonsdale as used to come up here a fishin', and a shootin', and sich like, as first caught the gal's eye. He was a gentleman born and educated, more shame to him; an' though some folks considered him a bit 'looney,' or have-brained, or somethin', he allus know'd enough, drunk or sober, to hold his tongue about himself.

It might a bin as a kind o' offset to Lonsdale that old Josh first took up with young Hal Stephens. Hal was a likely lad, smart, handy, and spirited. He came from Bathurst way not a month before, and ha'n't never seen the sea. The chaps thought to chaff him a bit at first, but they soon found out as he was one too many for 'em, and after a while there wasn't a more popular chap in all Brisbane Water than Hal. I'm blowed if he didn't learn to row inside of a fortnight, and lick the head off 'o' Mackerel, as they used to call Joe Sadler, the fastest man in the district. That got Hal's name up, I can tell you.

But Hal was clean gone the minnit he clapt eyes on Maggie. I see it myself. This is how it was: I was a sittin' on the wharf mindin' my nets one day when Hal fust come. Him and me was havin' a bit of a yarn. He wanted a job, an' I was tellin' him how I made a livin' a' catchin' an' dryin' and smokin' fish an' sellin' 'em—some to the Government, some to the deep sea ships, and some to the men-o'-war. While we was talkin' Maggie and little Clara, the obbing gal as lived with 'em, come rowin' past in a light skiff. They often used to go out together when the work was done up at home. Yes, and sail too. My word, I recollect it as well as anything. Mag was pullin', an' as she swayed backwards and forwards as graceful as could be, she looked up at the wharf an' give me a nod an' a smile. I see Hal looked at her pretty hard, and he went to the edge of the wharf an' kep' his eyes on her until they was out of sight.

'Who's that?' he says after a while, when he came slowly back with his hands in his pockets.

'Maggie Goff,' says I, 'the prettiest gal an' the best gal in all the district.'

'My word, you're right,' he says, 'an' you might just as well ha' said in the whole colony. I never see such a face and figger before. I see her yesterday in the town.'

Then he arst about her an' old Josh, an' I told him all, an' as how the chap as wanted her 'ud have to satisfy the old man as he was fit to sail the Dairy Maid, which happened to be lyin' off the wharf at the time. He didn't say nothin' for some minutes, but kep' his hands in his pockets, and his head down, thinkin'. I could see right enough what was in his mind. After a bit I says—

'That's the Dairy Maid lyin' over there—not the black one, but the grey one with the black bulwarks an' taut riggin'.' Aint she a beauty? I reckon as the chap as gets her, and Mag, too, 'll be in it. Now, I s'poe you think a smart chap might easily learn to sail her?'

'Well,' he says slowly, 'men has learned more'n that.'

'Right you are,' I says; 'but how long do you think as it'd take you now?'

'Couldn't say. May be a year or so if a fellow give his mind to it.'

I burst out larfin' in his face.

'What're you larfin' at?' he says quite hot.

'At you,' I says; 'it's easy seen as you come from the country, an' I larfed again.'

'Knock it off now, knock it off,' he says, for he didn't like bein' larfed at. 'I'd like to see you amongst the cattle on Bathurst Plains, an' see if you'd be so mighty knowin' then.'

'Well,' I says, 'every man to his trade, but don't you come for to think as you can learn to sail that craft so as to satisfy old Joshua Goff in a year, or anythin' like it. You might learn to steer a bit an' set sails an' handle cargo, but that ain't seamanship. That ain't about the bar, an' the tide, an' the winds, an' the sandbanks, an' the 'southerly busters,' an' the coast-line, an' the wear an' tear, an' the paintin' an' 'copperin', an' the pointin' o' toin, an' the dockin' an' repairin', an' seawin', an' splicin', an' riggin'.' That ain't about handlin' her when she's flyin' light, an' when she's over deep loaded. That ain't about leadin' marks, an' hauldin' in gales o' wind. That ain't about caulkin' an' kedgin', an' warpin', an' moorin' an' esterer. To say nothin' on luffin', an' shootin', an' esterer boards, an' doctorin' sails, an' a hundred more things. No, I says, 'It takes some of the best years o' your life to larn it all, so it's like second natur. You're a likely enough lookin' chap,' I says, lookin' hard at him, 'but you ain't agoin' to win her that way, mind me.'

'Well,' says he, 'you're a strain for 'ard spoken chap, an' so am I, an' I don't mind tellin' you as I'm agoin' to try my luck. Yes,' he says, 'if it takes years, as you say, it'd be worth it to win a gal like that. It only happens once in a

lifetime, an' it's all the difference between a happy life an' a wretched one. I don't care if you blab it about, becuz it's bound to come out afterwards. Anyhow the sooner the better, so we all understand one another. I got a good eye for a woman, an' I can see as the man as wins Maggie Goff 'll have the greatest blessing a man can get in this world. Now, you're a old hand about the sea, for your years that is, can't you tell us how to make a start?'

I looked at him smilin' a bit an' I says, 'The devil! How do you know I ain't got a eye that way myself?'

He turned round sharp, an' looked me hard in the face, an' thin he larfed a bit an' said: 'Not you, old boy; you wouldn't have no show.'

'The devil!' I says, pretty wrothy. But I was over it agen in a minit, for I couldn't be wrothy with him, somehow; there was somethin' so nateral an' manly an' open about him. 'You're right,' I says, 'I got no show, so I give it up long ago. But look here,' I says, 'you ain't got much more of a show, I can tell you that now. If you take my advice you'll clear out, an' git over it as soon as you can.'

'No, I'll not go,' he says; 'you didn't clear out, did you?'

'No,' I says, 'I didn't.'

'No, you didn't,' says he. 'Nammorell' I.'

'Well, but you ain't got no show, I can tell you that. I see her listenin' to that Lonsdale,' I says.

'No matter,' says he; 'tell me how to start, an' that'll do for me.'

I never seen such a straight ahead chap, an' such a one to get round the soft side o' you. So I jest told him all I could, an' advised him to go an' see old Joshua an' arst for a job at the sawpits, as it was no good his goin' to sea.

I'll be blowed if he didn't walk right off there an' then, an' arst for a job on the ketch; but as there was no openin' aboard of her at present, he took a job at the sawpits, an' after workin' there hard all day he'd go for a four mile pull as hard as he could lick, jest as if sawin' all day was nothin'.

After he'd licked 'Mackerel,' as I told about afore, old Josh begun to take notice of him, and to think as he was a pretty likely sort of a chap.



Well, this 'ere Lonsdale, to give the devil his due, wasn't bad lookin', and was wonderful insinuat' with gals. I could see as Mag was a bit took with his fine manners, and neat clothes, and such at first, an' the best of gals is up to a bit o' fun or flirtin' sometimes, you know; but she soon found him out for what he was, and wouldn't have nothin' more to do with him. He seemed to ha' gone clean crazy after her. You never see a chap so stirred up. He ran after her at all times of the day, beggin' an' prayin' an' threatenin' like a loonatic. He worried the life out of the gal, an' she couldn't go a step, or for a pull, but he'd turn up and drive her back into the house. Old Josh didn't know what the devil to do, an' at last he arst Hal to the house, thinkin' perhaps it was some protection to have a young chap like him about the place sometimes.

Hal soon got to know how things was, an' when he told us we held a meetin' one night, I mean a few of us young chaps as had sisters, as Mister Lonsdale'd made rather too free with, an' we settled to nab Mister Lonsdale an' tar and feather him. An' I don't think we did more'n he deserved, nor the half of what he deserved for that matter, becuz he was a real bad lot. An' when we set him on an old horse facin' the tail and started him off on the Peat's Ferry-road we all thought as we'd seen the last of him. Such a site as he looked, for mind you we all knew how to tar a vessel's bottom, an' we give him a good coat an' lots of feathers.

Lord, how old Josh did laugh and clap his thigh when he heard on it; an' he sent for young Hal an' gave him charge of the sawpits there an' then.

It must a bin nigh a couple of months after that when Sam Doubleday come up from Sydney one mornin' with the Dairy Maid, all taut and trim as usual. I happened 'be on the wharf, an' was talkin' to old Josh, when Sam come ashore in the boat.

'Sam,' I says, 'what craft is that down Blackwall way lyin' at anchor with the mainsail set? You must a passed her.'

'Well, I'm blowed,' says he; 'you've got eyes like a hawk. What do you think she is?'

'Blest if I know,' says I; 'I never seen her up here before, but it looks like one o' them big Sydney yachts.'

'Right you are,' he says; 'It's the old Mischief. But that ain't all. Lonsdale's bot her. She was sold at auction the other day, an' he got her dirt cheap—a reg'lar throw in. She's a dashed fine craft; must be all 20 ton. They must have had a scrape gettin' over the bar; she can't draw much less than nine feet o' water.'

'Well, well, well!' says old Josh, 'who'd a thought as he'd a come back here agen! Is he aboard, Sam?'

'I don't know,' says Sam; 'I didn't see him. He might a bin below. They crossed the bar a couple of hours before us. I could see 'em in the moonlight. However, somebody aboard knows the bar pretty well.'

'She's getting under way,' I says, 'I shouldn't wonder if he's agoin' to have us up for assault. Not as it's much use, for we was all masked an' never spoke a word.'

'Well, we never took no more notice, an' after old Josh an' Sam had a yarn about business, Josh he went out to the pits.'

It was about noon when they heard a horse gallopin' full split along the road, an' little Clara come thunderin' along in a cloud o' dust without no hat on, and her hair all finterin' in the wind.

'Oh, Mister Goff, Mister Goff!' she was a hollerin', 'Mister Lonsdale's come ashore from that ship, an' he's bin and carried off Maggie, an' her in a dead faint!'

It didn't take long, I can tell you, for old Josh to pull the gal off an' jump on himself, an' he was off like a rocket. Hal started runnin' too, an' bested the horse for a bit, but he couldn't keep it up.

When Joshua got nigh home he met Andy Jacobs, the publican, ridin' fast towards him.

'You're too late, Joshua,' he says, pullin' up. 'You must get the ketch an' go after him, the cutter's bin runnin' for the bar these 10 minits, there ain't no time to lose. He's makin' for the islands I think. You go aboard an' I'll rouse up a crew in a few minits; Sam's drunk at my place. Courage Joshua, it's only a bit o' a cutter, an' you'll soon run her down.'

'Come on,' says Joshua, turnin' his horse, an' they galloped back to Gosford.

I happened to be passin' Jacobs' place when I see Hal come runnin' towards me, an' from 't'other way came gallopin' Josh and Andy.

'The ketch! the ketch!' hollered Josh in a voice that made me think the vessel was a-fire, a-sinkin', or somethin'.

'Come aboard and Andy'll send Sam.'

I run down to the wharf with 'em, wonderin' what the devil was up.

'That damned villain Lonsdale has carried off my Maggie,' says old Josh over his shoulder to me as he ran. 'Come an' get the ketch under way, we must give chase.'

'Certainly,' I says, 'I'm your man.'

We'd hardly got aboard the vessel when down comes Sam an' two smart lads runnin' like anything, and Andy brought 'em aboard.

'I'll send a few men round on horseback to the bar,' he sings out from the boat. 'They might be in time to put a charge of shot into him, and bring him up with a round turn as he sails past.'

'Do,' says Josh, cuttin' the cable and runnin' up the foresail with his own hands, while we an' the others was loosin' the mainsail an' gettin' in the boat.

There was a tearin' nor'-easter blowin', an' the foresail began to bring her head round while we was settin' the mainsail.

Old Josh took the tiller, an' before the peak was up her head was round, an' she was beginnin' to slip through the water nicely.

Next we set the jib, an' she felt it at once, an' when we set the topsail we was out of the lee a bit an' she was heelin' over an' bowlin' along, makin' a wash like a steamer. Then up went the mizzen, and we was gettin' the breeze a bit more free, an' she went surgin' ahead in fine style.

'Set the squaresail,' said Joshua, an' tho' we was out of breath an' drippin' with sweat we run it up like winkin'.

We was opinin' out Kincumber, an' the wind came sweepin' down very gusty, bendin' us amost lee side under.

'Sam,' says Joshua, 'get up a spare sail from below and set a raffer.'

We had all the sail as Sam an' me thought we could stagger under, but we got up a tarpaulin an' fixed a yard to it and sheet and tack and sent it aloft. By gosh, I thought it'd whip the topmast out o' her. But didn't she travel through the water!

The cutter'd got a good start an' was goin' through the banks when we got away. When they see us we was comin' they set a squaresail which drew until they was off Blackwall, an' then they had to take it in.

It was pretty plain as we was comin' up on 'em fast.

All of a sudden, when we was off the Sugar Loaf, the squaresails flapped and threw aback, an' we had to take 'em in an' set a jib topsail instead. But it wasn't many minits before the windin' of the channel brought the wind aft, and up went the squaresail agen.

An' so it was see saw in an' out, up an' down, until we was off Blackwall, and fair in the doldrums. All the time we kep' on drawin' up on 'em, an' they was only half the distance ahead as they was when we started. It were a treat to see the old ketch sneakin' up an' sneakin' up on the cutter, between the puffs, an' old Joshua handlin' her like a dirgey. First it was 'all sheets flat aft,' then it was 'all sheets free,' then 'flat aft agen,' an' so on, until we was all ready to drop.

Hal wanted to get on the boat when we was off Cox's Point, thinkin' we could catch 'em by rowin', but Josh knew better. Poor Hal didn't understand what doldrums was, an' while we was in 'em he was cursin' an' swearin' dreadful at the wind.

When we rounded Cox's Point an' got the wind steady on the beam for a bit, so as we could all take a spell, we went aft and sat down and watched the cutter.

'What do you think Sam?' says Joshua. 'Will we catch him at the bar?'

'No, I'm afeared not, the wind's steadier now, an' see how the cutter is walkin' along. I'm wonderin' whether we'll catch her before she hails her wind round Cape Hawke. Once he gets us goin' to wind'ard in a breeze like this, with a smooth sea, I'm afraid he'll just walk right off our weather bow. I'm hopin' he sticks on the bar; there ain't much more'n nine feet now, we're drawin' seven.'

'God grant as he does!' says old Josh. 'But there'll be a "buster" afore sundown, an' I'm goin' to try a little dodge on him. I know there's a buster comin', tho' you can't see it yet, an' I'm goin' to keep to the south'ard of him, so I'll have him under my lee when it comes. But, my God, I don't know what's goin' to happen then; but it's moonlight, an' he'll have a job to give me the slip. Stand by, there. Ease the sheets, here's the wind dead aft agen. Set the squaresail; lively now!'

I name buzzin' down in black puffs, an' we swooped along for a while as if we was goin' to run right atop of the cutter. But it was only a puff, and presently the cutter got it when it passed us, an' drew away agen a bit, an' passed over the bar a quarter of a mile ahead of us.

We were still pretty well under the lee until we opened out Cape Three Points, an' the cutter kep' as close in as she dared without losin' the wind, so as to get the weather gauge of us when we cleared Cape Hawke. But Joshua kep' well out, heading more for Barrenjoey, an' havin' a freer wind, we were makin' better headway than the cutter. He must a larfed when he see us givin' him the weather gauge so liberal. The sea was pretty calm inshore, but when we began to get out a bit it was jumpin' with a kind o' underswell comin' from the sou'east.

We opened out Cape three points together, the cutter well inshore; an' when we hailed our wind she was somethin' less than a quarter of a mile dead to wind'ard of us. They flattened in their sheets, an' I'm blest if that cutter didn't seem to sail right in the wind's eye. Josh sweated up his halcyards till the sails stood like boards, but we couldn't point near as high as they did. Besides, you know a vessel as ain't got a yacht's draught won't sail with the sheets too flat aft. We stood on for an hour or so like this, rompin' through the water very lively; but it wasn't long before we see as the cutter was drawin' away from us steady.

Poor Hal didn't know what to make of it at all. He got seasick going over the bar, an' that didn't make him feel any better.

'Why,' he says with a kind of a moan like, 'she's gettin' away from us now. Can't we do somethin'? Ain't there a gun aboard?'

We hadn't no gun. Nobody'd thought of it in the hurry of gettin' away. We all looked blue, and was silent, watchin' the cutter drawin' further and further away.

'How did it happen, Sam?' I says, goin' up to him as he was leanin' with his arms on the rail for'ard, lookin' at the cutter.

'That's more'n I can tell you,' says he. 'Little Clara come runnin' like a hare into Andy Jacob's bar, an' said as Lonsdale had come ashore from that vessel and carried Maggie off in a faint. First he locked Clara in a shed; but she slipped a loose plank or two, an' bolted. There was a couple of nags tied up at the trough belongin' to some nien in the bar when she came in, an' she got on one an' went to the sawpits, and Andy got on the other and went to 'banus' place.'

'Hup!' I says, 'What do you think o' this racket. He's gettin' away pretty fast now; but that "buster's" comin' up; I see it this half-hour or more.'

'Yes,' says he; 'I bin watchin' it too, an' Joshua's got his eye on it. See how light the wind's gettin'; we'll have it in a quarter o' an hour or so.'

All o' a sudden, while we was speakin', it fell dead calm, an' the vessels stood upright, with booms swingin' about fit to burst the sheets.

'Take in topsail, jib, topsail, jib, and mizzen!' shouted old Josh with his hands to his mouth, an' turnin' agen to watch the line of scud that was spinnin' up from the south'ard.

While we was takin' in sail we could hear the beat of the surf on the beach as plain as could be. It wasn't long before we was under full mainsail and foresail—a big press of canvas to stand a buster in, certainly; but old Josh was at the tiller.

'Wall I'm blowed!' says I, when I got time to look round agen. 'They must be mad or drunk aboard the cutter. They're not goin' to shorten sail—no even take in topsail.'

We all looked on wonderin', with one eye on the comin' buster an' the other on the cutter.

After a bit a cat's paw or two come down, darkenin' the water in patches. Then another swishin' along a bit faster, an' we felt it, an' begun to move ahead. Then come another, an' another, flyin' over us towards the cutter, an' the sea to wind'ard was all black, with flecks of white on it. Then, with a hiss an' a hum, an' a gust fit to knock you down, come the buster itself, chuckin' the ketch over on her side and blowin' the water into the air like rain. Joshua put the tiller hard down, an' the vessel come up to the wind shakin' herself like a big dog as is knocked down by a wave on the beach.

We was all right then, an' we got time to look at the cutter. She was layin' over all, standin' near flat on the water, and the spray must a bin drivin' very near over her masthead. While we was lookin' the topsail sheet was let



OLD JOSH.

go, or carried away, an' with a report like a gunshot the sail tore to smithereens, leaving scarce a shred. She righted a little then, and tried to come up, in the wind. She jumped high forward as she came up, an' then plunged in, showing her bowsprit and the foot of her jib into a green sea. The bowsprit broke like a carrot, and the jib blew away to leeward. That eased her a whole lot, and they got up the tack of the mainsail a bit, an' stood on fair out to see, layin' over down to the hatches, an' making such headway, with the spray flyin' over her that we could hardly hold her, tho' we was sailin' a good rap fall.

We were expectin' to see the cutter go about every minit and run back for shelter.

'She can't keep on long like that,' says Joshua at last. 'When the sea gets up it'll smother her, an' it's gittin' up now.'

He was right, the cutter was jumpin' half out of the sea, an' pluggin' in agen nearly up to the mast, an' the effect was as the speed was bein' knocked off of her.

Old Joshua watched her mighty keen for some minits without sayin' a word, an' then he seemed to make up his mind all of a sudden.

'Stan' by the main sheet,' he hollered, and we sprang to the ropes.

'Ease away,' says he, puttin' the tiller hard up. 'Steady.'

We flew away to leeward, thunderin' the foam under our bow and spoutin' it up under the counter like a creek in flood. We shot past the cutter's stern and Josh put the tiller hard down, shoutin' 'Aft mainsheet.'

We brought up just to leeward of the cutter, flappin' and jumpin' an' drenched with spray.

'Go about!' hollered Joshua, wavin' his fist to Lonsdale, who was sittin' in the cockpit steerin'.

'Go about!' we all hollered.

But Lonsdale sat still and steered with the water hiss'n' all round him, as cool as a cucumber, an' never took no notice. He must a bin drunk, I believe, or mad.

'Go about, you villain!' yelled Hal, pickin' up a oar and shakin' it at him. But he didn't take no more notice than if we was a phantom ketch.

But we was drawin' ahead of him a bit, an' Hal run aft yellin' to Lonsdale to go about. Josh didn't quite know what to do for the minit, an' we all stood still undecided.

'Head him off, carn't yer?' Head him off, hollered Hal. 'He'll give us the slip. Head him off! Head him off!'

You see, it seemed to Hal something like roundin' up a steer on Bathurst Plains.

We'd fallen a bit to leeward of him though we drawn ahead a length or so.

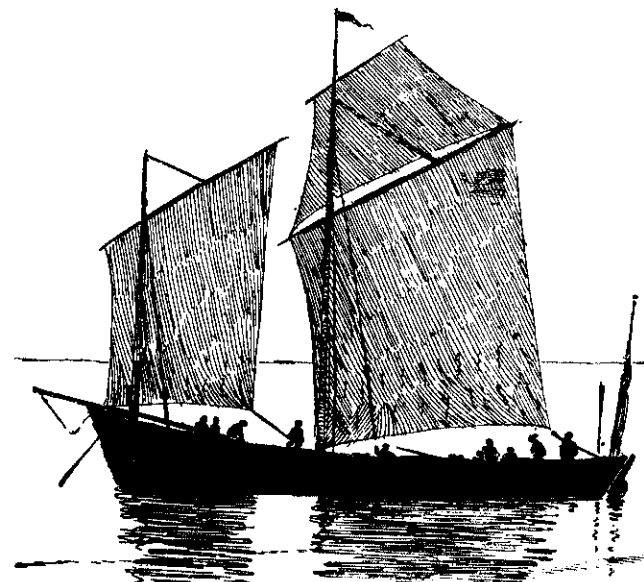
'Head her off, carn't you?' roared Hal, runnin' up to the tiller; an' afore we knowed what he was up to blowed if he didn't jam the tiller hard down, sendin' old Josh head over heels into the lee scuppers.

'Look out!' we sang out, rushin' aft. 'What're you up to, Hal? Hard up! Hard a starboard for God's sake!'

It was too late.

The ketch come up to the wind shootin'. She rose a top of a big sea as if she were agoin' to poke her bowsprit into the sky, an' the next minit down she come, right aboard the cutter, a treadin' on her deck amidships with her fore-foot an' squashin' it in like a eggshell. The cutter's mast and sails come aboard of us with a crash, an' we was locked together, bumpin' awful for a couple of minits or so. It was somethin' terrible. Our bowsprit an' topmast was gone an' the cutter's mast was through our mainsail. It was a reg'lar tangle up, an' I see two men from the cutter climb aboard of us over the weather bow.

It seemed we was hangin' together for a long while,



THE DAIRYMAID, KETCH.

and bonnet: Mrs C. Turrell, handsome black costume; Mrs...

day. Miss Huddleston left by coach this morning for Nelson...

her room. She is, however, much better, and I hope will be all...

STYLISH FASHION AND WAKARUA

Miss Luckie looks very nice in a dark gown, black band-street...

were very numerous, and unusually handsome, such as diamond...

NELSON.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 8.

There was A PROMENADE CONCERT held last Friday at the 'Cliffs'...

There was another TENNIS MATCH last Saturday between the Nelson and Brooke Lawn Tennis Clubs...

Our girls and boys have all been most successful in THE RECENT EXAMINATIONS...

Among the crowded audience on different nights I have noticed...

Miss Morgan has returned after a year's absence in England and...

THE BEAU MONDE. Miss Morgan has returned after a year's absence in England...

PHYLIS.

HASTINGS.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 8.

Hastings has been just a little bit more lively this week...

ROMAN CATHOLIC BAZAAR has been going on for five days in the Princess Theatre...

upon the Hastings Local Option Society. This meeting was well...

MRS DR. POTTS has been here all the week, and what a treat it has been to listen...

A WEDDING took place during the week at the Maori Church at Waiwaka...

THIS WEEK has brought a number of strangers about, and the...

MOVEMENTS OF SOCIETY PEOPLE. Mr G. St Hill is up from Wellington again...

The Latest From Wellington.

(BY TELEGRAPH.)

THE CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING.

THE New Zealand Amateur Athletic Association's fourth Championship Meeting...

The grandstand and grounds were crowded, between 4,000 and 5,000...

The meeting caused quite a stir in Wellington, all the vehicles...

THE PRIZES were presented on the ground at the close of the sports by Mrs H. D. Bell...

DRESSES AT THE MEETING.

Mrs Bell wore cream crepon, with brocade sleeves trimmed with narrow black velvet...

DRESSES AT THE COWSLIP-HAW'S GARDEN PARTY.

The day was beautifully warm and fine, and the light and pretty gowns worn added very much to the pretty scene...

DRESSES AT THE RACES.

Mrs Willis's gown was noticeably pretty and very becoming, of reds and green and white lace...

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 8.

A lull has followed the whirl of a fortnight ago, to be followed by a revival of excitement at race time.

I noticed in the account telegraphed to you of Lord Glasgow's visit that...

TO 'OLCAHNS.' the residence of the Hon. Mr and Mrs Oliver, had got twisted into a very funny name indeed.

The Steen-Smith Company have opened their season in Dunedin, and are causing the same sensation that they have caused elsewhere.

The Jubilee Singers on their return gave two nights which were anything but well attended...

The Saturday night entertainments are increasing every night in popularity...

This concludes my scanty news for this week. In my next letter I shall have more.

MAUDE.

BLENHEIM.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 9.

AT THE TENNIS ON SATURDAY Mrs Howard was wearing her beautiful copper coloured silk gown with sailor hat...

CHORAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT. which will, I think, give you a good idea of the affair.

PERSONALIA. Miss Waddy left on Monday for Nelson, and we shall be glad to see her here again soon...

RUWY.

THE FIRST TERM will begin on WEDNESDAY, the 1st of March. The first lecture in each course is open to the public...

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

The First Term will begin on WEDNESDAY, the 1st of March. The first lecture in each course is open to the public...

ROBT. KIDD, Registrar.

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PRESSE & LUBIN PERFUMERY FACTORS. SWEET SCENTS. L'OXOTIS OPOPONAX FRANGIPANNI BORONIA.



THE LATEST FASHIONS IN BABY CLOTHES.

SEE ILLUSTRATION PAGE 155.

No. 1, robe in China silk. The front consists of silk embroidery, lace insertion, and tucks. When the infant is carried downstairs it wears a cape of washing silk, with hood both trimmed with swansdown.

No. 2, christening robe. The novel point in this robe is that the rows of lace insertion alternating with muslin tucks surround the skirt and mount up to the waist, instead of only forming a tablier. Lace cap with ribbon bows.

No. 3, frock for child of one year old. The frock is composed entirely of perpendicular rows of lace insertion, through which baby ribbon is run, thus dividing the lines. A lace fringe edges the skirt. The sash is satin.

No. 4, first short frock. White muslin ornamented with tucks. Two tucked frills edged with lace border the skirt. The full bodice has a fringe round the neck, and two frills form each sleeve.

No. 5, short silk pelisse, made in basket silk specially woven for the purpose. It has two rows of swansdown round the edge, also round the cape. The hat is edged with swansdown.

No. 6, a long cashmere cloak edged with yak lace, and two rows of ribbon gathered in the centre. The short cape is trimmed in the same manner. This cloak is also made in sprigged cashmere, and trimmed with silk Irish lace.

DRESSMAKING ROOMS, WELLINGTON.

MRS WINIFRED MALE,

(LATE DRESSMAKER AT THE D.I.C., WELLINGTON).

Having secured rooms in the **ATHENEUM BUILDINGS, LAMBTON QUAY**, is now prepared to execute orders in the **LATEST STYLE**, at **REASONABLE CHARGES**, and solicits the patronage of her former customers and the general public. **DRESSMAKING CLASSES** have also been started. Ladies can join at any time.



LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS—SEASONABLE COSTUMES AND MILLINERY.—SEE PAGE 166.

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 'Answers to Queries,' and in 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.

TOMATO JAM.—Can you give me a nice recipe for tomato jam?—VIOLET.

[I cannot find a recipe for this which I fancied I had in my book. Perhaps some kind reader will send a good one.—LADY EDITOR.]

*Fils P.—Thanks for recipe, it sounds very useful. I have read the essay; it is very fair, though hardly new, as I recollect several reviewers calling attention to the improvement in heroines of fiction. But you will see it in the paper presently. Many thanks for it to its author. I am sorry it was unnoticed for some days. I was away at the time.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

TWO WAYS TO PREPARE TOMATOES (Freda).—Fried Tomatoes: Select medium-sized solid fruit. With a sharp knife, cut out the stem and blow-ends and cut in about three slices. Dip these into beaten egg, then in prepared crumbs, and fry in very hot butter, seasoning with salt and pepper. Turn them repeatedly, but with great care, and let them cook for half to three-quarters of an hour. Lift them carefully into a dish, press the crumbs which have fallen from the pieces into little round balls and place them around the edge of the dish among sprigs of parsley. This is one of the most delicious ways in which tomatoes can be prepared.

STEWED TOMATOES.—Select about six good-sized, fully ripened tomatoes. Put them in a dish and pour boiling water over them, to remove the skin. Cut them in pieces, place them in a stew-pan with one small onion shredded, season with pepper and salt, cover closely and cook slowly for about two hours. Serve with a garnish of parsley and lemon sliced as thin as a sheet of paper.

The red of the fruit with the yellow and green of the garnish makes a very attractive dish. Besides, tomatoes cooked in this way are specially healthful, and may be eaten even by invalids with perfect impunity.

RECIPES.

A BREAKFAST.

I HAD given teas at five and six, lunches at one, two, and three; so I wanted to have something different. One morning when I was racking my brain in vain for something new, my sister, who was spending the holidays with me, said, 'Why not give a breakfast at six a.m.? That will cause a sensation.'

We put our thinking caps on to make out the bill of fare. When I invited the ladies, I told them to wear their tea-gowns and breakfast caps. I knew they all had pretty tea-gowns, and never wore them to tea; so we will call them breakfast gowns.

Breakfast was set for nine o'clock. As we had no greenhouse in our small town, I had to do the best I could for decorating with my own flowers. I have two large bow windows on the south and east, upstairs and down. I had them full of flowers, one mass of bloom, geraniums, petunias, pelargoniums, begonias, carnation pinks, violets, primroses, and a large window-box of balsam, one perfect mass of white blossoms.

I took the flowers all out of the windows, and in the centre of each I put a large round flower-stand. I had but one, and had to make one of a low bench and boxes, one smaller than the other, to have the same effect as the flower-stand of wire. I then put the flowers on, and hid the stands by the flowers.

I had the curtains put up as high as they could be, to let in all the sunshine possible, and put out all my pretty bags, drapes, etc., of every colour, to make everything as bright and gorgeous as could be.

As only sixteen ladies were to be there, including myself, I only had one table. In the centre of the table was a large dish of balsam and pale pink geraniums and leaves; at each plate, I had a little bouquet of flowers tied with long loops and ends of baby ribbon for each guest. On the table I placed all the bright and pretty dishes I possessed. It seemed as if my china had been painted for the occasion. On each plate, cup and saucer, a different flower was painted. On one, pansies, another wild roses, daisies, forget-me-nots, etc. (On a small table near, I had a darning-work scarf worked with red wash silks, a large bowl of red geraniums, two finger-bowls, d'oylies, etc.)

By nine the ladies were all there, and they did look pretty in their tea-gowns and little lace caps. You had no idea how much prettier a little cap makes a plain woman look, and how much prettier it makes a pretty woman look, until you try it.

My two nieces waited on the table, one was dressed in pale pink the other in pale blue. I had the fruit already on the table, a large fruit dish at each end piled up with oranges, bananas, white, purple and red grapes, also a pretty plate with lemon, grape, plum, and apple jelly on it, at each end of the table.

The first course was fruit and lemonade; the second, hot muffins, fried oysters, sliced ham, French fried potatoes, olives, jelly, mixed pickles, and cocoa; the third, fruit

salad with whipped cream, fruit-cake, sponge-cake, and coffee.

HOT MUFFINS.—One quart of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two-thirds cupful of butter or lard; put on the stove to melt without getting hot, beat two eggs in a bowl, add a little less than a pint of milk, stir into the flour a little salt, add the butter last, have irons quite hot and fill even full; bake in a hot oven.

FRIED OYSTERS.—Drain, salt and pepper the oysters, then dip in beaten egg, roll in cracker crumbs, set away an hour, and then fry in hot butter and lard mixed.

FRENCH FRIED POTATOES.—Peel and cut lengthwise good-sized potatoes, let stand in cold salt water two hours, fry in hot lard as you do doughnuts.

LEMON JELLY.—One-half a box of gelatine, soaked in one-half pint of cold water one hour, add one pint of boiling water, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, juice of three lemons, stand on stove until boiling. Strain into moulds, set in a cool place till ready to serve.

COCOA.—Six tablespoonfuls of cocoa to each pint of water, as much milk as water. Rub cocoa smooth in a little cold water; have ready on the fire a pint of boiling water, stir in cocoa paste, boil twenty minutes, add milk, boil five minutes, stirring often, sweeten in cups to suit the different tastes.

FRUIT SALAD.—Put a box of gelatine to soak in one pint of cold water for one hour. Add one pint of boiling water, two cupfuls of granulated sugar, juice of three lemons and three oranges, let it come to a boil and when cooler pour over layers of sliced bananas, white grapes, and pineapple, first a layer of fruit then of the gelatine, till your dish is cold; set it away to cool. Whip up sweet cream, season with sugar and a very little pineapple; when ready for the table, put the whipped cream on the salad.

FRUIT CAKE.—One pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of flour, ten eggs, two pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, one-fourth pound of citron, mace, cloves, nutmegs, level teaspoonful of soda. Bake one and one-half hours. Other fruit could be substituted for the grapes, peaches, strawberries, etc.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

SEASONABLE COSTUMES AND MILLINERY.

(SEE ILLUSTRATIONS PAGE 164.)

THE fashions of the hour are sufficiently variable to meet the requirements of all forms and personal peculiarity. To dress well one must first acquaint themselves with the limitations of their own figure and complexion, and select styles and colours accordingly. If one is in doubt what would be becoming in colour, it is always reliable to depend upon the colour of the hair as an indication. A woman with brown hair can wear almost anything. A sallow brunette should avoid fawns and browns.

The illustrations this week are very chic. The first is a costume in blue cloth; the collar, deep cuffs, skirt and corselet are braided in silver.

No. 2. Jacket in Arab Venetian cloth, edged with black and lined with silk; a Watteau back; deep revers of black silk, falling pelerine and collar of fine Cluny black guipure. Togue in drab, trimmed with white moire ribbons, crown covered with white guipure; brim stuffed with black jet sequins; black ostrich plumes.

No. 3. costume in biscuit vienna. Skirt shaped and edged with narrow beaver fur and gold galon. Blouse bodice à la Russe, fastening at the side and trimmed with fur and gold galon; waistband in gold; full sleeves. Hat in fancy mottled straw to match. Tam O'Shanter crown with band of maroon velvet; biscuit feathers and gold colour velvet bows, narrow strings, and biscuit coloured lace.

No. 4. costume in thin summer cheok in grey. Plain-shaped skirt; revers, collar, and waist-band in blue grey cashmere; very full sleeves; vest in cashmere—white embroidered in silver, with silver military buttons. The deep cuffs are in blue-grey cashmere with ornamental buttons to the elbow. Togue in fancy straw to match, diamond-shaped crown, with full blue-grey velvet puffed edge; bouquet of tea roses and small oranges.

People who may be supposed to know predict that before long we shall have a revival of the crinoline. M. Worth is known to be working hard to bring about the bulky iteration, and skirts are being made so full that means of expansion will have to be adopted just now if ladies are to walk in any comfort. Besides, the present fashion in bodices, with its wide sleeves and sloping shoulders, is very much like that which accompanied the crinoline in the early sixties. It is possible, however, that we may be spared the reappearance of crinolines in all their ugly inconvenience. The moderates of the mode are talking of some arrangement of whalebone, or a single hoop.

The days of the blouse really seem to be numbered. 'Tis true, 'tis pity, for they were easy, airy, elegant, and everything else that is agreeable. But it is ever the same—*tout passe, tout laisse, tout passe*—and since the law of contrasts holds never more good than in what is very curiously called 'the world of fashion,' a tight-fitting bodice is to succeed the loose and nonchalant-looking blouse. The material of the sleeves belonging to this garment are to be of the colour of the skirt, and the bodice itself must be of a different colour, harmonising or contrasting. For instance, a tartan skirt and sleeves—big sleeves of course—in which bottle green is the predominant colour would look well with a bodice of bottle-green velvet or very dark red cloth.

High collars of rich passementerie extend around the sides and back of the neck, and continue in long points down the front of the waist. A space of about three inches between the edges of the collar and fronts is filled in with some diaphanous material. The edges of the passementerie are held in place by stick-pins.

A becoming costume for a miss is of cashmere, the edge finished with embroidery and a very fine bow pleating of silk to match the material. A corselet and deep cuffs are also of embroidery; the collar wide, pointed, each belt, and a band across the front at the upper edge of the corselet, are of watered silk or ribbon.

A few costumes in combination materials are shown. A stylish dress is of black faille. The sleeves and a full gathered ruffle at the waist are of brocade with alternate stripes of plain black and fancy colour. Blue ruffles of

black, bound with the fancy material, make a deep finish around the lower edge of the skirt.

The waved bang still continues in favour. The parting in front is shown in the best styles and if the hair is natural it is impossible to arrange the false front so that the artificiality of it is not apparent; therefore in false waves most of the bangs are continuous across the forehead.

A handsome costume of striped camel's hair is made with the collar and waist in a continuous section. The stripes run up to the edge of the collar, which is lined with silk and interlined with heavy canvas or buckram.

Pretty and stylish coats cover one-third of the length of the skirt. They are closely fitted at the back, slightly loose in front, and have very wide lapels faced with silk or velvet and turned-over collars.

A stylish and pretty neck finish is made of a band of ribbon or silk, to which is attached a deep frill of lace which falls over the shoulders. A ribbon bow is placed at the closing.

A good many years ago ladies wore bands of ribbon tied around the back hair and knotted in a bow at the crown of the head. This fashion will again be in favour.

A cape-wrap of black silk as a deep collar with four rows of twisted cord set on, giving the effect of four capes. A wide turned-over collar also has an edging of the cord.

The bag coat is a thing of the past; indeed, its present was so short that one might wonder why such an absurd fashion was ever started.

New passementeries are made of three or four kinds and colours of braid, arranged in true-lovers' knots and arabesque figures of all sorts.

Young ladies wear a straight, high, linen collar and four-hand tie, with a cutaway, double-breasted vest jacket.

The double skirt seems to be increasing in popularity, and there are new models with three skirts.

A waist of mull or fine lawn has a collar made of a wide band of shirring, edged with a gathered ruffle.

Parasol handles are shown in natural wood and in all sorts of eccentric shapes.

Very large fans are fashionable. The Japanese fan in tints is best liked.

It is said that large sleeve-buttons are coming into favour. Plain linen collars and cuffs are again fashionable.

HOW TO BE AGREEABLE?

EVERYBODY wants to be popular. And to be popular, one must be agreeable.

How shall it be accomplished?

In the first place, never forget yourself.

Bear always in mind that you are first, and other people second.

Take care of No. 1.

Consult your own convenience in everything.

It is no matter who is inconvenienced, if you are only satisfied.

Don't put yourself out to consider other people's feelings. Let them keep their feelings out of the way if they don't want them trifled with.

In society, always take the lead in conversation.

If you want to say anything, say it—never mind whom it hits.

They needn't take it if they don't deserve it.

It doesn't matter who else is talking, just you say your say; you have as good a right to talk as anybody.

If you have an idea, promulgate it at once—if you let it alone too long it might get lonely and depart forever, and the world would be the loser.

Talk continually. Fill all the pauses.

It is wickered to suffer valuable time to run to waste. Interrupt always when you see fit. It teaches people to hurry up and not be too long-winded.

If a person is telling an interesting story, smile knowingly all through, and just as he has reached the *denouement*, exclaim:

'Oh, I heard that story years ago!'

It will prevent the narrator from feeling too important, and it is your duty to always cultivate a spirit of due humility in your neighbours.

If any one tells anything particularly striking, just you go to work and tell something a little more so. Try and not be beaten.

Toss over all the books and trifles on the table—it will keep somebody out of idleness to set them to rights. Put your feet on the ottomans.

If your boots are dirty, never mind; somebody will dust things in the morning, and they might as well have something worth while to do.

In conversing of absent friends, never permit yourself to descend to mere gossip.

Let others thus demean themselves, but do you keep silent; and when any individual whom you do not quite like is mentioned—draw down your face, smile faintly, and leave a sigh.

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 or two things is certain—you were either born too early or too late, and the world is not in a condition to appreciate you.

For which, blame the world—but never yourself! Never!

FIVE HELPFUL HINTS.

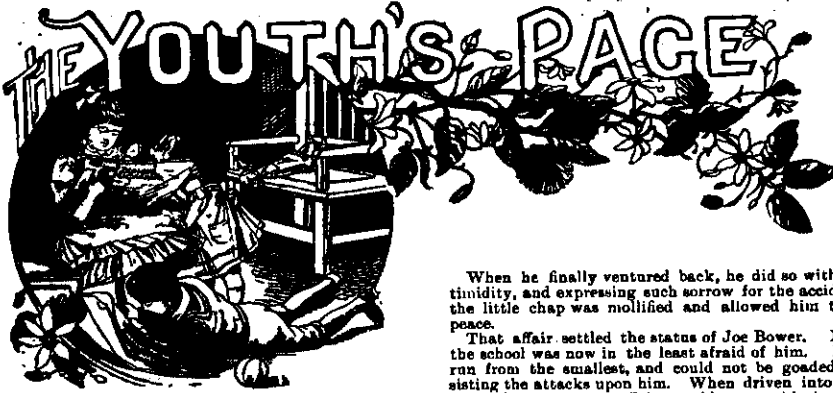
PURE beeswax and clean, unsalted butter make an excellent substitute for creams and balms.

Sage-tea, or oat-mel gruel, sweetened with honey, are good for chapped hands or any sort of roughness.

A slice of apple or tomato rubbed over the hands will remove ink or berry stains.

Ingrowing nails, if serious, should receive the doctor's attention. In the first stage they can be helped by raising the edge and slipping a bit of raw cotton under the nail. Sometimes a drop of tallow, scalding hot, will effect a cure.

Whenever a nail gets broken into the quick, wear a leather stall over it until nature heals the breach.



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I hope all the cousins are having as good holidays as I am. We had two picnics last week, one to the beach, when we had a good paddle. My little brother Jim put his socks and shoes too near the sea, and a wave came and carried them away, and we never knew until they were nearly lost. Papa said a little mermaid would have liked them. I hope this is good enough for the GRAPHIC.—Your loving cousin, ELLEN S., Cambridge.

THE LOST KITTEN.

SHE has wandered away, my dear little gray kitty ; She's lost in the night in this lonely, great city. My heart is near breaking with grief and with pity. Please help me to find her, pray !

She came from the country, a poor little stranger, O'er all the home fields, such a gay little ranger ! What knew the poor pet of the town and its danger ? Please help me to find her, pray !

Out in the streets there are dogs to chase her, Cruel boys to affright and race her, Nobody ready to gently place her. Help me to find her, pray !

Oh, there's a policeman with a kitty, Found on his beat in the cold, white city ; He has a heart that is full of pity. Thankyou, kind man, to-day !

THE COWARD.

THE cruel way in which schoolboys sometimes torment an unfortunate playmate, laugh at his mishaps which ought to arouse pity, and engage in a hundred little meannesses, is sure to occasion regret and sorrow to those boys in after years if they have conscience enough to remember it. And yet I suppose that there is more of thoughtlessness on the part of these lads than there is of downright cruelty, as a rule.

The old Ashland school was a fair type of the house of rudimentary learning some time ago. It was of wood, one story high, with desks arranged around three sides, and capable of accommodating twenty boys and girls, provided they were crowded a good deal.

One crisp morning in autumn a new boy came straggling down the long hill near the school-house, his Webster's spelling-book under his arm. We found that his name was Joe Bower. His parents had just moved upon a small farm about a mile from the schoolhouse. The new boy, with a shy smile on his very broad face, stood silently waiting us as we played tag and threw the ball until the bell rang for school to open. Then he followed and dropped into the seat nearest the door to wait until the teacher was ready to assign him another place.

He was a boy of singular appearance. Although only twelve years old, he was larger than any boy of fifteen that we had in the school. Moreover, he was at the period of most rapid growth. His parents must have been at much expense to keep him in clothing, for he outgrew all his garments before he could wear them out.

Joe had large, gray eyes, a big mouth full of sound, handsome teeth, a high forehead, and wore his hair in what was known as a 'topknot'—a fashion which is now rarely followed. It was parted on both sides, and the hair between the parts was turned into a roll, after being wetted, by the deft fingers of the mother or elder sister.

Although Joe was the largest boy in school, he had less knowledge than most of the pupils of two-thirds his years. He could barely read words of two syllables, stumbled sometimes over words of one syllable, and could not add a column of figures without making laughable blunders.

Joe was so good-natured that, if there had been a spark of chivalry in our composition, he would have won our friendship from the start. But the first man thought that inspired us was to take his measure; that is, to find out whether he would fight. Nothing was clearer than that if he chose to exert his natural strength, he could do with us as he wished. He was unusually strong, even for his size. In some games, forgetting himself, he flung us easily this way and that.

But no schoolboy ever seemed to his companions a greater coward than Joe. One day a boy scarcely more than half his size became angry because Joe accidentally ran against him in play, and wheeling about, assailed Joe like a catamount. We expected to see the daring archer throw down and whipped; but the big fellow turned and ran off in such panic that he did not stop to pick up his cap.

When he finally ventured back, he did so with so much timidity, and expressing such sorrow for the accident, that the little chap was mollified and allowed him to rest in peace.

That affair settled the status of Joe Bower. No boy in the school was now in the least afraid of him. He would run from the smallest, and could not be goaded into resisting the attacks upon him. When driven into a corner, where flight was cut off, he would put up his hands, bend down his face and meekly take whatever blows his assailant chose to give to him.

One day, when we were alone in the woods together, I challenged Joe to a friendly wrestling bout.

'This isn't in earnest, Tom, is it?' he asked, hesitating, and making a little movement as if to run away.

'No; it's in fun. I won't be angry no matter how many times you throw me.'

'All right, then; here goes!'

I struggled as hard as I could, but Joe flung me to the ground as fast as I could rise. All the time he watched my face closely to discover the first signs of resentment.

Suddenly I pretended to be angry, and while lying on my back, clenched my fists and told him to let me up, that I might punish him.

He sprang from me, and started off at frantic speed. He would not return until I shouted, again and again, that I was only in fun; and he held himself ready for several minutes to dash off on the first signs of hostility.

'Joe,' said I, 'why don't you have a little sense? You can handle any boy in school, and yet you are afraid of the smallest. When you had me down and thought I was mad, all you had to do was to keep me there, if you were afraid, until I promised to let you alone. If you will turn on the next fellow that attacks you, he will never try it a second time.'

'I don't like to fight,' said Joe, with a sigh.

'You wouldn't have to fight more than once, for you can master any two boys in school at the same time.'

It was useless to argue with him. He couldn't be forced into resistance. We always called him 'The Coward,' and I must say he had earned the name. It was hard to understand his character, in the light of what I have to tell.

Joe was a wonderful swimmer and diver. I never knew a boy who could surpass him. His performances in the water often held us in admiration, and did much to lessen, though they did not end, the petty persecution to which he was subjected.

But though his skill as a swimmer roused something like respect for him, the name of The Coward stuck to him as long as he remained in the school.

'Some time,' I whispered to the group on the shore, who were watching his exploits in the water, 'he may turn on us, when we are out there with him.'

'Gracious!' gasped a playmate. 'He might drown somebody; he could drown us all!'

One Saturday in the late autumn of Joe's second year in school, he, Jim Hartley and I went on a nutting expedition in an expanse of forest through which wound a broad deep stream.

That autumn was one of the driest known for years. For many days the atmosphere had been filled with a haze that obscured the light of the sun. The smoke lay so thick in some sections that it became oppressive. The scent of burning leaves and wood was in the air, and there could be no doubt that extensive forest fires were raging over a vast area.

We plunged into the wood early in the forenoon, and when we sat down on the bank of the river to eat our lunch, were near the middle of the stretch of woods.

We had tramped so far that it was delicious to lounge on the bank of the stream before starting on our long tramp homeward. We loafed and talked about nothing in particular, as three indolent schoolboys love so dearly to do.

We had noticed that the smoke was denser than usual, but gave it little attention until it shut out the opposite shore, and we began to cough.

'I believe that fire is somewhere around here,' said Jim, whose eyes were red from the vapour and a recent fit of coughing.

'I wonder if these woods are on fire,' remarked Joe, with a scared face, as he rose hastily to his feet and stared around.

The next moment he called out in a terrified voice:

'Why, the woods are burning all around us!'

Up-stream, on our side, the woods were certainly all on fire. Joe made a wild dash along the bank down-stream, with us at his heels; but before he had gone a hundred feet he stopped short. We seemed to be ruzzing into a roaring furnace.

Joe stood for a minute like a wild animal at bay, glaring about him, and then sank to the ground, as limp as so much putty.

'I'll all be burned to death,' he moaned.

'I don't see any need of that,' said Jim. 'The river here can't burn up.'

Neither Joe nor I had thought of that. The big, honest face of The Coward lighted up with his expansive smile. The smoke lifted so that we could see the opposite bank, perhaps a hundred yards distant. There was no fire there, and a little opening gave us a chance to escape.

'That's good,' said Joe, rising to his feet; 'we'll swim across.'

'But I can't swim a stroke,' said Jim.

'And I can't swim more than twenty strokes,' I added.

'That don't make any difference,' said Joe, cheerfully; 'I'll take you both across.'

'Both at once?' I asked, beginning to feel nervous, for the heat around us was increasing fast.

'Of course. It's coming too fast to leave one of you here.'

We knew how well Joe could swim, but when it came to holding up two persons and swimming with them to the other side, we might well doubt whether he were equal to it.

Just then a drift of wind dropped several hot sparks on our heads. That ended all hesitation.

'Come, boys, I'll take care of you.'

As he spoke, Joe waded out in the river, sinking at the third step to his shoulders.

'Now each of you lay a hand on my shoulder,' he explained, 'and sink as low as you can; don't catch hold of me, nor do anything but float right along; we'll come out all right if you do as I tell you.'

The water was icy cold, but we did not mind that. Obeying the orders, we were soon moving slowly and steadily toward the other shore.

It was inevitable that Jim and I should grow frightened when we knew we were beyond our depth, and that our lives were in the hands of The Coward. I was partly sustained by the belief that if anything happened I could swim back to shallow water; but when the shore receded so far that it was beyond my reach I was on the verge of a panic.

It was almost impossible to resist the impulse to throw my arms about the neck of Joe and cling frantically to him.

I believe I should have done so had not Jim anticipated me.

'I'm drowning! I'm drowning!' Jim suddenly called out, thrusting his arm forward so that it closed round the neck of Joe.

'Tom,' said Joe to me in a quick, earnest voice, in which there was not a tremor, 'you can swim a little!'

'Yes, but not much.'

'Keep your self afloat for just two minutes, and you'll be safe. I must fix Jim.'

The next moment I was swimming awkwardly, but the peril of the others gave me a self-possession that was beyond my reach a moment before, and I husbanded my strength as best I could.

For a few seconds there was a fierce struggle just beyond my reach. Joe was striving desperately to unloose that fatal grip around his neck. He was twice as powerful as Jim, but the smaller boy's embrace could not be shaken off.

The two went down, still struggling, but quickly reappeared; and then what did Joe Bower do? Why, the only thing that could save himself and his companion.

He struck Jim a blow directly between the eyes with such force that he was knocked senseless. Unable to struggle longer, Jim would have sunk like so much lead had not Joe caught his hair in one hand and held his mouth and nose above the surface, while he swam with the other hand.

'Tom, how are you making out?' he called to me.

'I think I can swim about six inches further,' I replied, faintly, feeling that my strength was fast departing.

'All right; put your left hand on Jim's shoulder and I'll tow you both.'

And The Coward did it! When Jim revived and began to struggle again we had reached shallow water, and it did not matter. We soon emerged, none the worse for our chilly bath.

'Jingo!' exclaimed Jim, rubbing his forehead. 'That was a good crack you gave me, Joe, right between the eyes.'

'I—I—hope you ain't mad, Jim,' replied Joe, with his old timidity, looking furtively around him, as if about to dash off.

'Mad! Well, I guess not! You saved my life!'

'And mine, too,' I added. 'I began to cry a little, and Jim's eyes filled with tears, too. So did Joe's.'

'Joe,' said Jim, with a waggish look in his face, 'the next time anybody tries to whip you will you do me a favour?'

'I will—if I can; but what is it?'

'Just imagine he's drowning at your side, as I was, and the only way to save him is to serve him, as you did me. He'll let you alone after that.'

'But, boys, I don't like to fight,' replied The Coward, with the same faint sigh, and a far-away look.

All this was a good many years ago. When Joe Bower became a young man he drifted south. Jim and I were in the war. The Coward whom we met during the course of the fight had won the rank of Captain by conspicuous bravery in the field.

EDWARD S. ELLIS.

THE REASON WHY.

'I REALLY don't see,' said the old gray mole
'What pleasure there is aboveground,
I would much prefer to live in a hole,
Where plenty to eat can be found.'

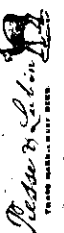
And two little robins up in a tree,
Laughed so hard that they couldn't fly;
'Of course, they twittered, 'a mole can't see,
For he's blind—that's the reason why.'

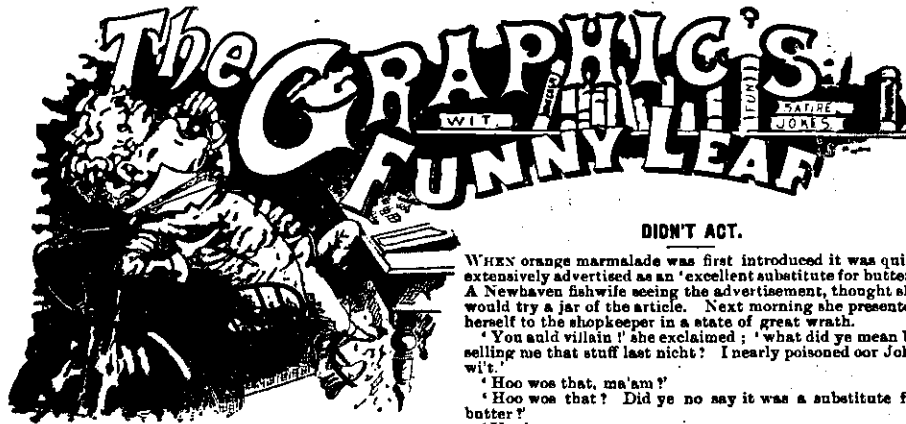
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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THE GENUINE IS SIGNED





TWO OLD CROWS.

Two old crows confabulous sat perched upon a tree, And all their talk lugubrious was overheard by me. Said one old crow to t' other, and doleful dropped its jaw, Things aren't as they used to be! Caw, caw, caw.

Said t' other crow to this crow, there's the devil to pay; Things get worse and mixed every mortal day! New corn is mouldy on the stalk, it sours in my craw, Alas, the world's degenerate! Caw, caw, caw.

Said this crow to t' other crow, when you and I were young, Sweeter far than mocking birds--no crows so tuneful sung; But now the times are out of joint, crows' throats have got a claw, Brouchitis, asthma, or la grippe? Caw, caw, caw!

Said t' other crow to this crow, alas, aday, alack, We never see a white crow now, ev'ry crow is black! Crows as white as daisies were plentiful as straw! Oh, dear, what are we coming to? Caw, caw, caw!

Said this crow to t' other crow, the great crows are all dead; Crow oratory, statesmanship, and virtue, too, have fled; We've fallen on an evil day; a crow's but a jackdaw! We have no crows of genius now! Caw, caw, caw!

Said t' other crow to this crow, suppose we take a fly; Ah, would that the whole race of crows were as you and I! Then those crows went sailing off, till I no longer saw The flapping of their wings, but heard caw, caw, caw!

R. J. ROBERTS.

TOO MUCH FOR HER.

IT was at a dress reform meeting. After a beautiful little talk upon the immense advantages which a woman who dresses healthfully possesses, over her sister who does not, the President said:

'Why, ladies, a woman who dresses hygienically has ten chances of long life and good health against one with a woman who wears corsets, tight collars, belts, and bands. And now,' added the speaker, 'we shall be glad to hear a few words upon this subject from any one present. Will not some one give us her experience?'

A sad-faced little woman rose in the back of the hall. 'I am a firm believer in dress reform,' said she. 'Five years ago my mother being in poor health, took off her corset and wore health waists instead. At the same time she learned to suspend all her akirts by straps which she hung over her shoulders, and she threw away all her stiff white collars and put little ruches in the neck of her dresses. Her garters she threw away because garters stop the circulation of the blood. There was nothing close or confined about her dress anywhere. It was the very pattern of healthfulness.'

A murmur of applause ran around the meeting, while the president nodded a smiling approval. 'And what kind of health is your mother enjoying now?' queried she sweetly and with the look in her face of one who sees a coming triumph. 'She is in heaven,' said the sad-faced woman.



GIGANTIC LADY (who is very timid): 'Can you see me across the road, policeman?'
Policeman: 'See yer across the road, marm? Why, bless yer! I b'lieve I could see yer 'arf a mile off!'

DIDN'T ACT.

WHEN orange marmalade was first introduced it was quite extensively advertised as an 'excellent substitute for butter.' A Newhaven fishwife seeing the advertisement, thought she would try a jar of the article. Next morning she presented herself to the shopkeeper in a state of great wrath.

'You sould villain!' she exclaimed; 'what did ye mean by selling me that stuff last night? I nearly poisoned oor John wi't.'

'Hoo woa that, ma'am?'
'Hoo woa that? Did ye no say it was a substitute for butter?'

'Yes.'
'Weel, then, I used some o't to fry a bit of fish wi', and it made us a' as sick as cuddies!'

A GOOD POINT IN HIS FAVOUR.

O'BROWN: 'They tell me Ziggsby once saved his mother-in-law from drowning!'

Kerzogg: 'Yes, it was a noble act, and if he ever gets into any serious trouble it will be a great help to him.'

O'Brown: 'How so?'

Kerzogg: 'Why, he can plead insanity.'

ROUGH.

CHARLES: 'I am trying as hard as I can, darling, to get ahead.'

Clara: 'Well, the Lord knows, Charles, you need one badly enough.'



HORRIBLE THOUGHT.

HOFMANN HOWES: 'Did you know that Willy Weevles buys his clothes weady-made?'

HOWELL GIBBON: 'Oh, Hoffe, don't! Why, the same things he weahts might fit some common, awdinawy pabson just as well. It's howwible to think of!'

SHE CONFESSED ALL.

HE looked troubled as he took his accustomed seat in the parlour, and finally he blurted out:

'Maude, have you deceived me?'

'I!' she exclaimed. 'I! Reginald, how can you even think of such a thing?'

'No, no,' he said. 'It cannot be true. And yet--and yet--Maude, do you remember that man who sat just ahead of us at the theatre last night?'

She gave a barely perceptible start as she asked: 'That dapper little fellow with a waxed moustache?'

'Yes,' he replied, gravely. 'I heard him talking familiarly of you between the acts.'

'Of me?' She was nervous; even he could not help noticing that.

'Of you?' he reiterated. 'He said you had one of the smallest waists in the city.'

'He dared?'

'He did. He said it had changed an eighteenth of an inch in eighteen months. When he last put his arm around it it was the same perfect--'

'Did--did you strike him, Reginald?' she asked, anxiously.

'No, he replied. 'Why should I make a scene, and drag your name into--'

'Thank heaven for that,' she exclaimed gratefully.

'Maude! Maude!' he cried wildly, 'he is something to you!'

'Nothing, I swear it!' replied the beautiful girl.

'But his words! his words! Are they true?'

'Alas, Reginald, they are.'

'His arm has been around that waist?'

'Within the week,' she admitted reluctantly. 'But hear me, Reginald--'

'Unhappy woman!' he cried, as he rose to leave. 'Thus do I--'

'Hear me! hear me!' she pleaded. 'I swear--'

He stopped in the doorway.

'I will hear you,' he said with determination. 'I will hear his name. Give it me that I may ask him out. Who is he?'

'My habit-maker,' remarked the beautiful girl, blushing.

'He is making a travelling dress for our wedding tour now.'

A MILDEN TORTURE.

BARBER (testing the razor): 'Do I hurt you, sir?'

Baird: 'No; not so badly as the last man who had me in his chair.'

Barber (highly gratified): 'Who was that?'

Baird: 'The dentist.'



THIS COBBLER SHOULD STICK TO HIS LAST.

LADY CUSTOMER (to cobbler): 'You've made these soles too thick. I can never wear them.'

Cobbler: 'If you willonly put them on and try them, ma'am, your objection will gradually wear away!'

TRY TO SMILE.

THERE is nothing more tantalizing to a man than to go home with something in his mind he wants to scold about, and find company there and be obliged to act agreeably.

Old Lady: 'Oh, policeman, I've lost my dear little dog.'

Policeman: 'What kind of dog, mum?'

Old Lady: 'A sweet little pug. I fear he'll never turn up.'

Policeman (facetiously): 'Well, mum, anyway, his nose will!'

MR SNOODGRASS WAS IN.—Ardup, did you apply to old Snodgrass for a loan? 'I did.'

'How did you come out?'

'Head first.'

AND SHE SNEEZED.

'Where are you going, my pretty maid?'

'I'm going to sneeze, kind sir,' she said.

'Whom are you sneezing at, my pretty maid?'

'I'm going to sneeze—a-chew!' she said.

NEW ZEALAND W(H)INES.—Fond Mother: 'What business had darling baby better follow when he grows up, John?'

Distracted father: 'Oh, something in the liquor trade. He seems to understand all about whines!'

Wanted, a servant up-to-date. A late riser preferred. The master cleans his own boots and answers the door. Assistance given every day to do all the dirty work, one hour allowed each day for practising and the loan of the piano or violin. An 'At Home' day once a week, and a not-at-home day when it suits. Everything else found—but the place.

MODERN CHIVALRY.—Young Pippin (who thinks no end of himself, to new acquaintance): 'I say, that's a very pretty girl speaking to young Stubbs. I shall go in for her. I'll lose you which of us two mashes her, (suiting the action to the word). New Acquaintance: 'No, thanks. That lady is my wife!'

CLASSICAL ITEM.

'HAVE you got a copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost"?' asked Gilhooly of Hostetter McGinnis, who is not one of the most educated men in the world.

'What in the world is that?' replied McGinnis.

'It's a book,' responded Gilhooly.

'No, sir. I have not got such a book. Whenever I find anything that is lost I return it to the owner. When did Mr Milton lose his book? What reward is he offering for its return?'



POLLYWAG (to his wife): 'I am writing the history of my life, and I've just finished a sentence in which I call you the sunshine of my existence.'

Wife: 'Oh, John, am I really that?'

Pollywag: 'Yes, my dear; I refer to you as the sunshine of my existence because you make it hot for me.'