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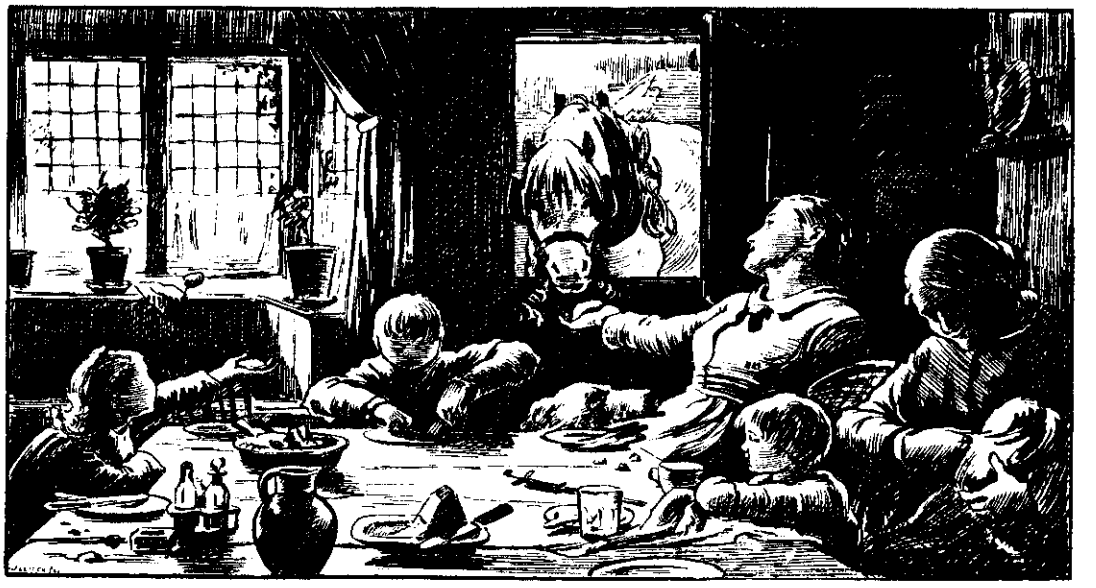

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

'HE WILL NOT STAY THE SIEGE OF LOVING TERMS
NOR BIDE THE ENCOUNTER OF ASSAILING EYES.'—SHAKESPEARE.

Topics of the Week.

SOCIETY'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE Vice-regal party have apparently had a good time travelling round, and to have given great satisfaction to those good people who delight to honour the Queen's representative. A capital account of the gubernatorial visit comes from my clever Picton correspondent—a very treasure amongst contributors—who delivers thusly:—Monday last will long be remembered as a 'white letter' day in the annals of Picton, for on that occasion the representative of Her Majesty, Earl Glasgow, Governor of New Zealand, paid an official visit to our port and town. The Mayor (Mr Fell) and the City Fathers had arranged an elaborate programme of events which were to eventuate in a picnic and lunch at Torea Bay, but 'the best laid plans o' mice an' men gang aft agley,' and the gubernatorial dictum combined with the irascible disposition of Jupiter Pluvius upset all His Worship's arrangements.

AT quite an early hour all Picton turned out in holiday attire in defiance of the rain to welcome the Vice-regal party—for Picton is nothing if not loyal—and were met with the announcement that the Hinemoa had not left Nelson. Dire consternation reigned in the bosoms of our city fathers, and the faces of all the city mothers—and children, who were to take a very prominent part in the reception—visibly lengthened.

PICTON folks, however, have a very happy knack of casting off an incubus, and it was very quickly resolved to make the best of everything and welcome His Excellency when he *did* come just as if our lamps were always burning. At 6 p.m. again the wharf was crowded, when the Hinemoa steamed up. The Public Hall was taken up with arrangements for the banquet, which should have been the lunch if the picnic had come off, so the goods shed on the wharf was transformed into a reception room, where the Vice-regal party were received by the Mayor and Council, and a beautifully illuminated address from the corporation was read and presented to His Excellency by the Town Clerk. The Borough school children, arranged on a raised platform, sang 'God Defend New Zealand,' 'God Save the Queen,' and 'Ring out, wild Bells,' very nicely, the headmaster, Mr Howard, being congratulated by His Excellency and Lady Glasgow on the success of his teaching.

THE children presented bouquets to Lady Glasgow, the Duchess of Buckingham, the Ladies Augusta and Alice Boyle, and Miss Hallowes, also copies of Mr Howard's poems, 'On Queen Charlotte Sound,' and 'Captain Cook,' lately published in the Christchurch *Weekly Press*. The copies were printed on white satin. The Councillors and a few ladies were then presented to His Excellency and party, and all those fortunate enough to obtain tickets adjourned to the Public Hall, where about sixty people sat down to an excellent repast. Amongst the ladies were Lady Glasgow, Lady Augusta Boyle, Mrs (Lieut Col.) Baillie, Mrs Allen, Mrs Sedgewick, Mrs Rutherford, Mrs Fitzgerald, Mrs White, Mrs Younger, Mrs Philpotts, Mrs McIntosh, the Misses Hallowes, Baillie, Greensill, Allen, Speed and Philpotts. Amongst the gentlemen were His Excellency the Earl of Glasgow, the Mayor of Picton (Mr Fell), the member for the district (Mr C. H. Mills), Lieut.-Colonel Baillie, Mr Gillington, Mr Clayton, the Hons. J. McKenzie and Cadman, Mr Buick, M.H.R., Mr Chaytor, Rev. Mr Sedgewick, Mr Christopher, Mr Rutherford, the Town Clerk (Mr Younger), the councillors, and several prominent citizens. The proceedings terminated at an early hour (10 p.m.), the visitors being tired after a very rough passage from Nelson.

A FEW short speeches enlivened the proceedings, the Mayor dilating on the 'what might have been' had Picton been chosen instead of Wellington for a settlement in those days gone by, which are fast becoming history. His Excellency declared himself delighted with the port and scenery, and gave a *resumé* of his own views in regard to populating the country, which seemed to amuse his hearers, who think the country is being populated quite fast enough. Mr Chaytor and Mr Clayton also made speeches, but, alas! for all the other brilliant flashes of wit and wisdom so carefully prepared, they remain in the possession of the authors till the arrival of another party of distinguished visitors gives them an opportunity of being aired.

THE vice regal party proceeded to Blenheim by special train at 10 a.m., returning at 3 p.m. The Picton ladies were anxious to entertain the visitors by taking them to the Maori pa at Waikawa, but the Mayor decreed otherwise and entertained them himself at his own house. The Hinemoa left for Wellington at midnight.

IF 'brevity is the soul of wit,' Mr Clayton, the Governor's private secretary, is to be congratulated upon being Toparch in that line. At the banquet, given by the Picton folk to the Vice-regal party, Mr Clayton's name was coupled with the toast of 'The Army.' In rising to return thanks he said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you all for drinking my health. That's all,' and he sat down.

A SOUVENIR of his visit to Picton was presented to the Governor on his departure by Mr R. Cragg in the shape of a frozen lamb. Experts say it was a very fine specimen of the genus lamb and likely to give his Excellency a very good idea of the quality of the local produce.

THE illuminated address, presented to His Excellency the Governor on his arrival in Picton, was executed by Mr G. A. White of the Railway Department, who is undoubtedly *facile princeps* of Marlborough art. The words are done in old English text, and the address is surrounded by a bordering of views of Picton, the entrance to Queen Charlotte Sound, the old 'Endeavour' rounding Jackson's Head, a modern cruiser, nikau palms, fern trees, wingless birds, and other pretty things which make it a thing of beauty, and, it is hoped, a joy forever.

AT Blenheim the weather was also unsatisfactory, but the Vice-regal party were well received, and held an informal *levee* in the Court House. As may be seen by a letter from my Blenheim correspondent, this function was unexpected of the fair sex, who feel that being unprepared they did not show to the best advantage. There was in all probability no cause for regret. Doubtless everyone looked better than if specially prepared for the occasion, especially as the day was wet, for even a man's temper will suffer in these hard times under the consciousness that his best hat is being ruined, and that his frock coat will be none the better for its damping. While for the women, but there, they would smile and look pleased though their tortures should be those of the Inferno.

SOCIALLY there is little going on at present in Wellington, but everyone hopes for brighter times next week. There is a little entertaining going on—several tennis parties given by Mrs Brandon, Mrs T. C. Williams, and Mrs W. R. E. Brown; a very small dance by Mrs Quick, at which were the Misses Quick, Miss McRae, of Nelson, Miss Babbington, Miss Henry, Miss Friend, and Messrs Hartmann, Wratt, Andrews, Withers, etc. A small *musicale* and dance at Mrs Richmond's, and also one at Mrs Fulton's make up the list for the week.

LADY KINTORE passed through Wellington the other day accompanied by her two daughters, and was the guest during her short stay of the Hon. Charles and Mrs Johnston. The distinguished visitors were shown the local sights, and were also taken over the Government House grounds before leaving by train for the North.

VERY representative indeed was the gathering of professors, clergy, and laity with their wives, sisters, and daughters, as the case might be, who assembled at Bishopscourt, Auckland, in answer to Mrs Cowie's invitation to meet the members of the University Senate. The members were there in full force, and were by no means wrapt up in abstruse problems, scientific theories, or classical quotations. Instead of an 'At Home' the evening might aptly have been termed a conversazione. There was, very wisely, little music. *That* can be enjoyed at any party, but one does not have the opportunity of hearing really clever men talk every night. Still, when Mr Towsey played, everyone listened, and Mr Hartwell also gained a fair audience.

THE dining room was transformed into a second drawing-room, made attractive by books of all kinds, illustrated papers, etc. The balcony afforded a delightfully cool retreat where the magnificent view of the Waitemata Harbour, calm and smiling in the soft moonlight, with Rangitoto, the dark, stern, extinct volcano, outlined against the sky. Refreshments were served in the Cathedral library, the large room being taxed to its utmost capacity. It is a good sign of the liberal, healthy, Christian feeling existing amongst our clergy, to see an Anglican bishop welcoming representatives of all denominations in his own house, as equally interested with himself in the education of the young colony. Archbishop Redwood, Monseigneur MacDonald, the Rev. D. W. Runciman, M.A., most of the Auckland clergymen, Rev. David Ruddock, late Melanesian missionary, with the representatives of every form of learning and many leading citizens, made up a most interesting assemblage, who gracefully expressed their thanks to Mrs Cowie for a very pleasant evening.

THE good people of the Empire City are delighted to have the Vice-regal party back again, for Government House looked very gloomy during their absence. There was a large crowd on the wharf to witness the arrival of His Excellency, Lady Glasgow and suite, who were accompanied by the Dowager Duchess of Buckingham, and Miss Wolfe-Murray. The Countess of Elgin and her daughter, Lady Marjorie Bruce, arrived the same day from Home by the Rimutaka, and are to be the guests of Lord and Lady Glasgow during their stay.

THEIR Excellencies Lord and Lady Glasgow were especially delighted with the magnificent scenery of the West Coast Sounds, eight of which were visited, a landing having been made by some of the party at each.

PROFESSOR AND MRS THOMAS gave a large garden paryt at their charming residence, 'Trewithiel,' Mount Eden, to meet the members of the University Senate. About one hundred and fifty guests were present, including Sir John Thurston (Governor of Fiji) and Lady Thurston, the Hon. W. Rolleston, Archbishop Redwood, Bishop Cowie, and other members of the Senate. The house is prettily situated on a knoll, the grounds surrounding it are covered with native shrubs, through which pretty little paths are made, furnished with rustic seats. The band was placed among the shrubs and gave some delightful music during the afternoon. Professor and Mrs Thomas received their guests in the house; they then passed out for a stroll down their pretty paths. Delicious tea, cakes, fruit of every description, and ices were provided for the visitors from tables artistically arranged within the house and on the verandah. The afternoon was pleasantly bright and cool, and the time sped all too quickly.

LORD AND LADY HOPETOUN and party spent a few days at the Levels Station, seven miles west of Timaru. Their object was chiefly to see the country, and their excursions were planned accordingly. Timaruvians, therefore, did not see very much of them.

IT was announced in a certain Ponsonby Sunday School on Sunday, that the collection should be devoted to the increase of the Queensland Relief Fund. The intimation met with a variety of youthful comment and criticism. 'Supposin' ' argued a sturdy reason of eight, with eloquent force—'Supposin' the floods goes on and gets bigger an' bigger an' our money's all drownded, w'ot then?' Another mite was heard to instruct, with severe solemnity, a smaller edition of himself—'Stick to your copper, Bill, they ain't no good over there, or God would ha' sent them a Noah's ark, for sure.'

MRS STEPHENSON gave a most successful dance at her residence, Conisborough, Dunedin, to celebrate the *début* of her youngest daughter, Miss K. Stephenson. Over a hundred guests were present, and a great many were strangers. Everyone looked exceptionally well. Large velvet sleeves were the most noticeable feature of the evening dresses, nearly every girl having large sleeves of a contrasting shade. The rooms were a little crowded but it did not seem to take from the spirit of the entertainment.

MISS KEMPTHORNE, Brighton Road, Remuera, gave a large afternoon tea to all her girl friends. Their house is prettily situated on a knoll which overlooks the bay, and a splendid view of the sea is gained. Music was the chief amusement, those who contributed being Misses Kempthorne, Hay (two), Jones, Worsp, Coleman, Gorrie, Buddle, etc. During the afternoon the girls wandered about the garden, and partook of the delicious tea and cakes provided by their charming hostess.

THE Auckland Liedertafel Society, assisted by the Orchestral Society, intend giving a moonlight excursion by the s.s. Eagle on Friday evening at eight o'clock. As moonlight picnics are perhaps the most popular form of summer entertainment in Auckland, when Sunday-school fêtes and currant buns and merry-go-rounds have ceased to delight, this little social endeavour of the Liedertafel Society will probably receive a large amount of patronage. Amongst the orchestral pieces to be given are Dankler's 'Au Bord de la Mer;' gavotte, 'Pas de Fascination;' gavotte from 'Mignon;' 'Panditteastruck,' and other pretty *morceaux*. Part songs by Sullivan and others will be sung by the Liedertafel.

BY THE AUTOCRATIC IDLER.

A Benevolent Barber.

I knew no more about him, at first, than that he lived in Tory-street—and the very name of that street I can't abear, although I sometimes have to go along there, to attend the meetings of the Liberal Association of Wellington who, with a nice regard for the eternal fitness of things, meet monthly in Tory-street to discuss the Radical programme, and to describe the happy world this world will be when the State will do so much for a working man that very little will be left for a working man to do for himself: very little indeed, except to go on toiling just as usual, and looking forward, hopelessly, to the time when he will be quite old, and perhaps crippled, and may be blind, and anyhow, altogether useless; and overpowered with a constant sense that, on the whole, it would be as well to be dead—and then the State will give him a pension so as to enable him to continue to exist for ever so long longer. A pole, painted with serpentine streaks of red white and blue, and a Highlander in Stuart tartan with a bagpipe painted green, occupied conspicuous positions on the front of his premises, and the name of the barber and tobacconist was painted over the doorway. I never heard it mentioned anywhere else—nor am I going to mention it now. But for two years or more he regularly visited the Wellington Hospital three times a week, and took the greatest delight in lathering and shaving the poor fellows lying ill there; and powdering and puffing the jaded jaws of the sick men as tenderly as a mother does her baby! In his pockets he carried—along with his razors and strops—a plentiful supply of little allowances of tobacco for those patients whose pipes were clean out; and the queer thing is that when he returned to Tory-street and to trade, after his visit, he felt a happier man, and a better man in every way, although no penny the richer. 'I never took any money from any of them but one man, all the time,' he said, 'but he was a toff, and had plenty of money.'

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A Philanthropic Baker.

Just about the time that I was beginning to think what a queer world I was born into (without any consultation whatever, and without having done anything good or bad up to that moment—or since—to merit the strange fate that has kept me steadily in view for close on fifty years), the famine came to Ireland, and I was a school boy on a holiday when the Hunger broke out there. I have never forgotten those terrible times! There was a baker in the city of Cork who resembled the Wellington barber in benevolence. At first he gave starvation one loaf of bread for every two or three loaves that he sold, but this generosity hadn't the slightest effect on the ravenous maw, jaw, claw, of the famine; and the hunger of the people around his store appeared to increase more and more; and the poor baker couldn't keep pace with it nohow. The clamouring crowd got larger every day; and the piteous appeals of gaunt men, and of famishing mothers with little children crying, in Irish, for something to eat, became too much for the tender-hearted man of dough. He threw loaf after loaf to the populace. Finally, one evening, just as night—black night—was closing in, he gave every loaf away: there was nothing to be seen in the shop but bare shelves, a counter, and an account-book chock full of hopelessly bad debts. Then he went upstairs, and did a thing which Irishmen do very seldom, and which some people think is the most awfully courageous act a man can perform, while others think it the most cowardly deed a weak human being can commit. He took a pistol and blew his brains out.

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Pity in Pitt-street.

Thus one meets an odd man in a million, who is 'all heart' (like a red pine log in a West Coast harbour work); a greater number, who wear their heart on their sleeve, to be seen of all men (just as cherry stones grow on the cherry trees in the silent bush of Australia); while others, again, have hearts to be sure—but no one would ever know it, only for the discovery of the stethoscope. One often wondered, going down Pitt-street, Sydney, a year or two ago, where the heart was of the vast aggregate of wealth that one saw around Farmer's shop every afternoon. This was an immense mart, with a facade in Pitt-street, very much resembling the front of a church, only that the windows were larger, and the most luxurious samples of the world's luxury were displayed therein. For hours the carriages of persons whose wealth was enormous, rolled up all the afternoon, and out of London it would be difficult to find more elegant equipages; fatter horses, plumper coachmen, or more refined occupants. You could enter the shop at Pitt-street, and pass through to George-street, and see, in an hour, much of the vast prosperity of the wealthy people of New South Wales. I noticed, month after month, a blind child singing by a verandah post at the shop entrance. She was led about by a younger sister; and both were cleanly, and rather pretty children, and interesting children, too, and just listen to what the eldest child—and, poor thing, she had not much more voice than I have—was singing in that rich and dazzling crowd:

> What means this eager anxious throng,
> Which moves with busy haste, along—
> These wondrous gatherings, day by day:
> What means this great commotion, pray?
> In accents hushed the throng reply,
> 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'

What one wondered at was, that some of these wealthy people did not take pity on those children, and think of the wretched existence they were living in the streets of Sydney; and see what better could be done for them? But nobody seemed to mind them, or to see them, or to catch the words of the song they were trying to sing.

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What Money Can do.

And I hope you will understand that this present writer is not upbraiding wealth, as mere wealth, nor yet envious of it, as those persons generally are, who revile wealth. But he does know that we look to the rich to do things that we expect no other persons to do—simply because the rich are able to do what other persons cannot do. Something of a human heart should beat beneath every waistcoat; and if, the rich man's heart is not bigger than yours or mine—his purse, anyhow, is bigger, and longer and perhaps even too heavy to carry comfortably in his fob! For, surely, everybody knows now, that the most miserable and unhappy creature in all America was, for years, Jay Gould, with fourteen millions of money!

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The Last Man.

The last man who will recognise the fact that the shortest verse in the Bible may logically resolve itself into more than three parts, and the longest verse into less than three: to hear music in the swelling notes of a church organ; to let a smile steal over his face, on a Sunday; or to allow a city toiler to obtain a breath of pure air, or get a shadowy glimpse of Heaven (before the proper time) by seeing the blue sky and green fields of the country from the windows of a railway train on the seventh and only day available—that last man will, undoubtedly be a Presbyterian minister. One does not mean to say that all these divines are as rigid as Calvin, or as austere as John Knox; and, in fact, there are, in that community, as liberal men as one could, possibly, find in any other. Still, the last man to give way in any of the above-mentioned matters—and some others not specified—will be a clergyman of the Kirk of Scotland. If one wants to know the exact width of the groove that this last man will leave this world in, he has only to attend any Presbyterian Assembly, and some one reverend gentleman or another is almost sure to enable him to guage it, before the close of the proceedings. The grant of £500 to the Magdala Asylum afforded the instance at such an assembly yesterday. This grant was strongly objected to, first of all, by Dr. Emslie, of Christchurch—a very distinguished Doctor of Divinity. The Rev. G. Webster also objected; but he seemed to be almost willing to allow the grant to pass, 'Only' said he, this 'was the thin end of the wedge,' and what he was afraid of was that 'the Government would next be making a grant to the Anglicans.' Awful people those Anglicans! It took a Wellington Presbyterian to put these reverend brothers in a different train of thought. One likes to hear the ring of such a voice! 'Was,' he asked, 'the establishment of an institution by the Roman Catholic Church for the purpose of rescuing unfortunate females from a life of vice a destruction of the principles of religious equality? He was astonished to hear such a thing. It was not a question of religious equality, but of helping poor suffering humanity, and trying to bring those who had strayed from the path back again to virtue and prudence. He was very glad to hear that the Church of England were proposing to follow the example of the Roman Catholics, and he hoped that the Government would grant them what they asked for; and he would like to see the Presbyterian Church engage in such charitable work and put itself in a position to ask for a grant. In a case of this kind they should lay aside their Church and think only of the cause of poor suffering humanity, and try in some way to restore their peace and happiness, and mend broken hearts and ruined lives.' The Rev. Mr Ogg, evidently, is keeping up with the times in which he lives; and the last man to object to such a purpose will more resemble the Rev. Mr Webster. Presbyterians throughout New Zealand ought to be proud of Mr Ogg.

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The Magdala Asylum.

This institution—the cause of the Presbyterian trouble in the Christchurch corner—is, perhaps, not as well-known as it deserves to be. It is an extensive thing for this colony. A poor Irish priest named Father Ginnaty reared the building, almost entirely by unaided effort. The purpose for which it was founded is stated very exactly in Mr Ogg's remarks above quoted. The establishment is situated within five miles of the city of Christchurch on the Lincoln road, and has been doing much true good there, since 1886. At the present time there are, I believe, about 80 inmates, and they told me years ago that, if they had room and money, they could as easily have 300. The ages of the rescued ones range from 15 years upwards, and they come there from every part of New Zealand. No one asks them what creed they call themselves—no one reminds them of past errors. No one, either, tries any other force than the force of gentleness and kindness in carrying out the work of reformation, which is done by some twenty Sisters of Charity or of the Good Shepherd, or nuns, (really I don't know the difference, if any) assisted by the clergy. All these sisters are accomplished ladies: if they were not so—the results would not be the same. The inmates wear a distinctive dress; they have good plain food, and as much work as enables them to forget many things, which, poor creatures, they don't care to remember. One person, in another colony, I know is now in a highly respectable position earning £40 a year after learning to work and to forget at this asylum. There are scores of cases which could be mentioned. It is almost impossible to do so, owing to the fact that such mention would lead, here and there all over the colony, to identification, and this present writer says no more. After staying the prescribed time—two years I think—in the Asylum, and learning to wash, to mend, to rear flowers, to make clothes, boots, and even to grow potatoes; to follow rules, to live regularly, and—poor things!—to sing, they are fit to go out into the world again—and you perhaps know what that is? Well, now, when you find people doing work of this kind, and doing it so well, and so long, and so quietly, why stop and ask what creed the people who are doing the work belong to? And why grudge them £500, more especially as they want it, and are, I am sorry to say, in debt? This narrowness reminds me of what occurred on the West Coast, some years ago. One Sunday morning the people there woke up, and found that a most terrible murder had been committed during the night. A man was apprehended; and then a considerable number of people were very anxious to know what country he was born in, and what church or chapel rather, he went to? The real question was 'Did he commit the deed?'—and here with regard to the Magdala Asylum grant the question is, not 'who started it or who keeps it going?' but—'has it done £500 worth of real honest work for this country?'

WELLINGTON POST OFFICE ARTICLE.

ON page 196 is continued the post office article commenced last week, and the interest in which has been unexampled. There was an error in that instalment which must in fairness be pointed out. It was Mr Mitchelson not Mr Ward who introduced and passed the Classification Act of 1890. Mr Ward in the following year brought in an Amending Act with the object of improving the same. The mistake was made through consulting somewhat hurriedly a notice of Mr Ward's life already published. Mr Mitchelson will doubtless pardon us as readily as the public.

PROGRESSIVE WELLINGTON

THE POST AND TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENTS.—PART II.

ON Thursday, 28th of April, 1887, there broke out that fire which will long be remembered in Wellington as one of the most disastrous that ever visited the Empire City. It was a little after half-past four when a charwoman, going to clean up, rushed down into the street and gave an alarm that set the firebells clashing and roused the excited people from their beds. The bells clanged and rang wild alarms for half-an-hour without ceasing, and the whole populace assembled on the hills, wharves, and in the streets to witness the conflagration. An immense body of flame ascended from the roof in the rear part of the building and showed that wherever it originated the fire had obtained a strong hold. According to a spectator, the firemen appeared to be anything but smart in getting their appliances to work, and for some minutes only one jet appeared to be in play in Panama-street. The flames then burst through the top storey windows fronting that thoroughfare, and immediately the whole of the middle floor, which is devoted to telegraph operating, and other rooms, were seen to be on fire. The flames broke through the whole seven or eight windows fronting the street before a second jet was brought to bear. The telegraph wires stretching from the roof were by this time burnt through, and one by one the wires forming a vast network were burnt through and snapped like threads, falling amongst the spectators and causing the greatest alarm. Still there appeared to be very little water directed against the fire, and the flames burst through each of the windows of the front part of the top storey, until fifteen apertures were belching forth their volumes of fire and smoke. A couple of additional jets were then brought to play from the street, and the effect was at once noticeable around the window, but it was seen that the fire had obtained a great hold in the interior of the building. The flames gradually extended to the tower until they surrounded the block, and then enveloped the summit of the tower, and ascending still higher into the darkness of the night, presented a magnificent spectacle and lit up the whole of the surrounding scenery.

By this time the whole interior of the telegraph end of the top storey was in flames. The firemen could do little with their comparatively weak jets of water, and although they extinguished the flames in the vicinity of most of the windows, the fire swept the brick walls clear of all woodwork and consumed the heavy roofing as if tinder. The clock tower fell rapidly, the hands moving dutifully till they were melted off the face, the dial and bell falling with a heavy thud soon after half-past five. The fact that the building was of brick kept the fire from extending to the adjoining premises, and enclosed it almost as an oven would. The neighbouring premises, however, were all saturated with water. Despite the strenuous efforts of the firemen, the flame now extended to the southern part of the building occupied by the post office, but time had been given to enable the removal of letters and other property.

The Post-office officials collected their letters and mails and started business in the street with wonderful promptitude. During the morning, arrangements were made for the use of the F. shed on the wharf. Very soon a counter was fitted up there, and the officers of the department became assimilated so well to their new premises that letters were distributed and posted soon after lunch time.

Wrigglesworth & Binns, photo., Wellington.

MR JOHN HOGGARD,
Chief Clerk Circulating Branch, G.P.O.

The Telegraph authorities had a rather more difficult task. The instruments having all been destroyed, new ones had to be fitted up. Communication with the Wellington office was, of course, cut off for a time, but early in the day an operator was dispatched to the cable station at Lyell Bay, where messages were sent and received, though only in small numbers. Meanwhile the new instruments were fitted up in the premises of the National Mutual Life Association, on the spot where 'Noah's Ark' used to be. Communications were also despatched by mail to Masterton and Featherstone and wired from those places. All the press work was done via Masterton. Many were the theories of how the fire originated. It was never clearly shown.

The cost of restoration after this disaster, including new fitting and inspection charges was £17,632 7s 10d, while the clock added another £812 10s to the total. During the time of reconstruction temporary offices were occupied in Brandon-street, the period being from 28th of April 1887 to the 28th of April, 1889. So much then for the buildings of the Post Office. Let us now look back to the business of the early days. In his interesting reminiscences on the subject Mr Cook says :—

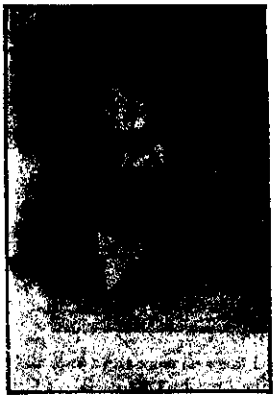
'It is strange how history repeats itself. My first recollection of a mail notice was over the signature of John F. Hoggard, chief clerk. Up to 1852 Mr Hoggard had no assistant. About that date he was granted an assistant, and Arthur Knowles obtained the appointment. He resigned in 1854 and was succeeded by R. Kirton, the present Chief Postmaster at Christchurch. The work up to this was light, the hours being from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. The inland mails were so arranged to arrive and depart during those hours. There were three inland mail services—one daily to the Hutt by Death's Van, one weekly to the West Coast as far as Wanganui, and one weekly to Wairarapa and Masterton. The mail to Wanganui was first carried on foot by Thomas Scott, of Rangitikei, who used to walk the whole distance, occupying a fortnight, but in 1857 we had a weekly mail by horse, a native being the carrier. He used to wrap the mails together in a package, somewhat resembling a digger's swag ; this he passed over his shoulders and it was strapped to his person. He thus literally carried the mail and the horse carried him. Up to 1856 there was no regular communication by sea. About that date the Provincial Government chartered two schooners, the Marchioness and Active, for a monthly service to and from Australia, taking and bringing the United Kingdom's mail, which was then monthly. Prior to that mails were despatched as opportunity offered. There was, however, a regular trader (the schooner Lucy Jane) to Kawhia and New Plymouth, and to Auckland and Nelson the Government brig Victoria, or man-of-war Calliope. The first letter-carrier was appointed in 1857. With the advent of steam and Cobb's coach, and later—in 1865—removal of the seat of Government, the office rapidly rose in importance. The regular hours—10 a m. to 4 p.m.—were often transposed to from 4 a.m. to 10 p.m.'

Here, too, perhaps, may most fittingly be given the recollections of another veteran, Mr Kirton. He also tells how the first postmaster worked alone and without assistance, and how the work was easy as a rule. 'As a matter of fact' he says :—

R. Herrmann, photo., Wellington.

MR GEORGE GRAY,
Accountant, Government Post Office.

'The work was concentrated into those days on which an English mail arrived or was made up, and such occasions were looked upon as important events, not only by the officials but by the public. On the arrival of an English mail it was sorted immediately, day or night, and a notice was posted in front of the office, indicating when the delivery at the window would commence.



Kinsey, photo., Wellington

MR R. J. GOODMAN,
Chief Clerk, Government Post Office.

'When the appointed time arrived a large crowd would be waiting, and there was always a frantic rush for precedence, for in those days there were no letter carriers. In such cases the sequence of names called out sometimes was very amusing : "Any letters for Duck ?" "for Drake ?" "anything for Love ?" or "for Hate ?" "any letters or papers for Death ?" The window was flush with the street, which was very narrow, and a passing cart cleared the crowd away, as there was only just room for it to pass. On one occasion, a man calling for letters, only escaped being crushed under the wheels of a drag by throwing himself convulsively amongst the horses.'

In 1856 a messenger (E. Cooke) was added to the staff, and on September 3rd, 1857, a second clerk. In October 1857 the Chamber of Commerce put up thirty-seven private boxes, the money being subscribed by the merchants ; thirty six of these, being the first in the colony, were at once let. The messenger carried out a daily delivery throughout the principal parts of the city in 1861. Between August 1862 and following March the money order system was introduced throughout the colony.

The importance of this branch of the work is clearly shown by the following figures additional to those given in our last issue, which showed the amounts received and forwarded during 1892. We will first go back twenty years from that date to the year 1871, when 4,349 money orders were issued, amounting to £19,171 18s 3d, giving the country a commission of £302 8s. There were paid in Wellington district that year 3,214 money orders, valuing £14,509 4s. Next come on to 1887, when you shall find that no less than 25,194 orders were issued, worth £82,086 7s 6d, and giving a commission of £1,317 10s 4d. ; those cashed—paid is the correct word—were 19,753 in number, of the value of £72,410 13s 5d. In 1888 there was another rise, 26,056 orders were issued worth £85,921 11s 2d, increasing the revenue by £1,321 15s 2d. During the same time 21,795, value £81,773 3s 3d were paid. In the next twelve months 28,461 orders, value £98,556 18s 11d were issued, and 24,399, amounting to £91,647 9s 7d paid. While coming to the year 1890, the cool hundred thousand in cash is sent, the exact figures being 28,814 orders, worth £101,845 13s 1d issued, the Government making £1,406 3s 4d out of the

Kinsey, photo., Wellington.

MR JOHN GRUBB,
Assistant Inspector of Post Offices.

transaction. The figures for 1891 have already been given when describing the general prosperity of Wellington.

In the year 1865 the seat of Government was removed to Wellington, which more than doubled the work of the office in all its branches. In consequence of the important additions to the district duties, a third clerk, J. Hoggard, was appointed in January 1864, and a fourth, Mr Morrow, in the same month of 1866, and in December 1869 there were employed altogether 1 chief postmaster, 4 clerks, 2 letter carriers, and 1 messenger. Prior to July 1855, when postage stamps were introduced, all letters, papers, etc., were prepaid in money, the amount collected being marked on each article in red ink. Prepayment of inland letters, however, was optional until 1862.

Mail communication was, as has been said, kept up between Wellington and the Hutt from the first, and this soon developed into a daily mail, probably extended to the Taita after the native troubles in 1848. In 1848-49 a weekly overland mail by horse was established with Wanganui (subsequently extended to New Plymouth), and this service, varied to meet the increasing requirements of the settlers, went on uninterruptedly either by horse or coach, until replaced by the Railway. The same remark applies equally to officers in the Wairarapa district, with which mail communication was opened up a year or two later.

In 1860 the service overland to New Plymouth by horse was terminated in consequence of native troubles, and owing to the same cause the weekly service which occupied a fortnight in transit between Wellington and Auckland, via New Plymouth, also ceased.

In 1841 and for some years afterwards mails were conveyed at irregular intervals between Auckland and Wellington by the Government brig Victoria, Captain Deck, but it frequently happened that mails were received via Sydney at Wellington, and in 1848, when Dunedin was established, mails were frequently received at Wellington from thence either *via* Sydney or Melbourne.

Very soon after Wellington came into existence, schooners such as the William Alfred, Cheetah, etc., commenced to ply between that place and Sydney, and these, together with the sailing vessels constantly arriving from England, kept the settlers in touch with the outer world.

In 1856 the passing of the 'Local Posts Act,' empowering superintendents of provinces to levy rates, caused the Provincial authorities to take a certain amount of interest in postal matters, and in that year Dr. Featherstone, superintendent, arranged with the owners of the schooner Marchioness and the brigantine Active, then running between Wellington and Melbourne, to leave the latter port monthly on the arrival of the European and Australian Company's steamers with European mails, and convey a mail back for Europe to be forwarded by the following month's steamer. The subsidy paid was either £1,200 or £1,500 a year.

This arrangement was superseded at the end of 1858 by one made by the Department with four steamers, the Lord Worsley, Lord Ashley, Airedale, and Prince Alfred, to convey mails between New Zealand and Australia and between Auckland and Dunedin for a subsidy of £24,000 a year, £14,000 of which was paid by the Imperial Government. The White Swan was at the same time engaged to keep up regular communication between Dunedin, Wellington, Manukau, and Auckland for £6,000. From this time forward there was a continuous and marked improvement in the means for conveying mails by sea, and in 1862-63 steam subsidies cost the colony £65,300.

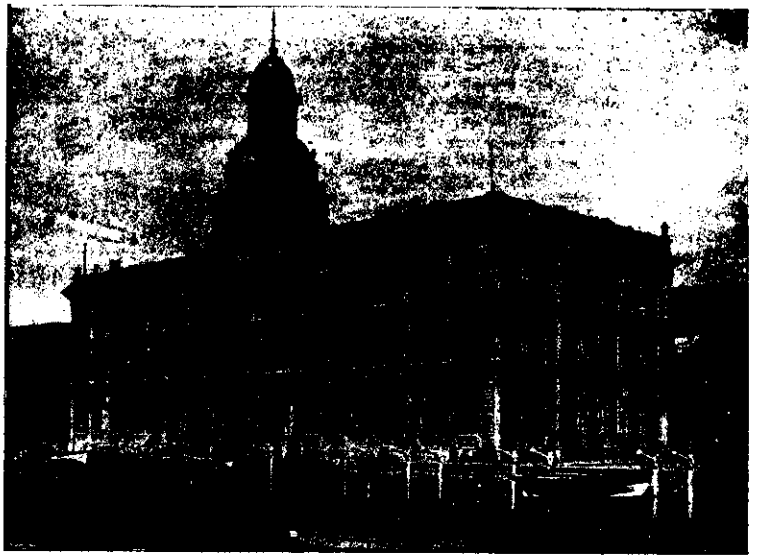
In 1857 the course of post was from London to Melbourne 54 days, to Sydney 57 days, and allowing 10 days for the journey to Wellington would make the time occupied between London and Wellington either 64 or 67 days. In 1866 the service to London, via Panama, began and continued in operation until 1868. Soon after its discontinuance the service to San Francisco was inaugurated and still exists.

The first mercantile screw steamer to enter Wellington Harbour was the Ann. She arrived from Sydney, via Nelson, on 3rd September, 1853, and sailed for Lyttelton. In June, 1854, the Nelson began running from Manukau to Lyttelton, via intermediate ports, but she was recalled to England because this service did not pay. The Zingari, Tasmanian Maid, Wonga Wonga, and Storm Bird, were, however, soon plying on the coast; and from that time onwards the boats have been increasing and improving in speed, and have finally culminated in the magnificent fleet of the Union Company, and the new vessels of the Huddart-Parker line.

In conclusion of this week's instalment a word on our portraits. Mr Hoggard, were he known for no other reason, would be famous for his father's sake, but indeed he does not depend on that, and is one of the most faithful and energetic officers in the department. Mr Hoggard joined the service in January, 1864, and in 1871 was made Chief Clerk of the Hokitika Post Office. In 1874 he was promoted to the position of Chief Clerk at Wellington.

Mr George Gray joined as a clerk in the Telegraph Department on July 24th, 1857. He was appointed senior clerk, accountant's branch, General Post Office, January 1st, 1881, and Controller Money Order and Savings' Bank and Accountant, General Post Office, July 1st, 1891.

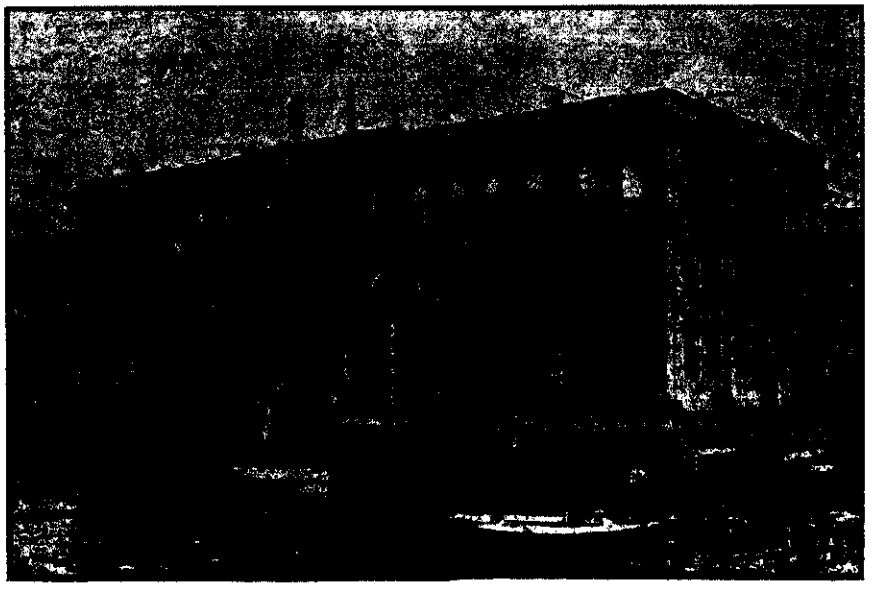
Mr R. J. Goodman, who until quite recently was at Wellington, joined the service as a clerk in the Christchurch Post Office in 1863. He was made agent on the Panama service till it terminated, when he took up the duties of chief Money Order and Savings Bank clerk in Dunedin. He subsequently held the post of chief clerk at the post offices of Dunedin, Christchurch, and Nelson. He was appointed chief clerk, General Post Office, Wellington, May 1st, 1881. (Since this was in print Mr Goodman has been promoted to be Chief Postmaster at Timaru.)



THE PRESENT WELLINGTON POST OFFICE.

Mr John Grubb entered the service as stamp clerk at Dunedin on the 1st of August, 1863. In August, 1866, he was appointed Postmaster and Telegraphist at Clyde, Otago. In November, 1868, he was made chief clerk, and afterwards Sub-Commissioner of Annuities at Christchurch; besides being for some time the Acting Chief Postmaster. In October, 1871, he was appointed chief clerk at Chief Post Office, Wellington. On the initiation of the Government Life Insurance system, at the request of the Hon. Mr Gisborne, the then Commissioner, he travelled for a time making known the benefits of the national system of life insurance. In 1873 he was appointed Chief Postmaster at Napier; and in December, 1885, Assistant Inspector of Post Offices.

(TO BE CONTINUED).



AFTER THE FIRE, 1887.

STRANGE NAUTICAL CUSTOMS.

THE custom of having an old broom attached to the masthead of a ship for sale or hire originated, according to Brand, from the ancient practice of putting up boughs upon anything that was intended for sale. It has been contended, however, that the custom dates from the period when Van Tromp and the Dutch fleet hoisted a broom indicative of an intention to sweep the ships of Britain from the seas. To repel the insolence the British Admiral exhibited a horsewhip, equally significant of his intention toward the Dutch. The pennant which the horsewhip symbolised has ever since been the distinguishing mark of British men-of-war. A game formerly practised on board ship was called 'hoop.' To run the hoop was an ancient maritime custom. Four or more boys, naked to the waist, having their left hands tied fast to an iron hoop and in their right hand a rope called a 'nettle,' waited the signal to begin. This was given by a stroke of the cat-o'-nine tails administered by the boatswain to the back of one of the boys, who struck at the next to him, and so on, until all became engaged in what can scarcely be called an amusing game; for although the blows were at first gently administered, each boy, irritated at the strokes of his neighbour, at length laid on lustily, and the play became earnest. This custom was practised when a ship was windbound. This boy-flogging brings to mind a practice of the French seamen in former days, who believed that the spirit of the storm would be propitiated by thrashing unfortunate middies at the mainmast. 'Cob,' or 'cobbling,' was a punishment formerly inflicted on seamen for petty offences and irregularities. This consisted in striking the offender with a cobbing-stick or pipe-staff. The number of strokes was usually a dozen. At the first stroke the inflictor repeated the word 'watch,' on which all the persons on board took off their hats on pain of like punishment. The last stroke was given as hard as possible and was called the 'purse.' 'Keel-hauling' was a barbarous punishment in the navy; but the following account of a 'keel-raking' was a refinement on such cruelty. It is described in 'Six Dialogues about Sea Service (1685).' If the offence be foul, he (the seaman) is also drawn underneath the very keel of the ship, and thus being under water a great piece is given to fire right over his head as well as to astonish him more with the thunder thereof, which proveth much offensive to him, as to give warning to others to look out and beware.

ATHLETICS.

ALTHOUGH there was rain as late as eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, yet it held off during the afternoon, and cricket was proceeded with as usual. A heavy shower which fell in Parnell, and even in the outer Domain, luckily missed the cricket ground altogether. The wickets, of course, were very heavy, although they improved considerably as the day wore on, and the grass, although cut during the week, was still very long. Scoring was consequently a slow business, and bowlers had rather the best of it.

THE Parnell v. United resulted in a win for United by 61 runs. The former on the previous Saturday had scored 60 in their first innings, while United had one wicket down for 44. The latter increased their total to 121 before the innings closed. Parnell scored 54 for the loss of 4 wickets in their second innings.

C. HARVIE was the mainstay of the United batting. He increased his score from 18 to 41 last Saturday, by very careful and patient play, his favourite leg stroke being of great service on the slow ground.

C. HAY batted very nicely, and had the satisfaction of being not out with 12 to his credit.

MACCORMICK rapidly hit up 12, and then attempted an impossible run and paid the penalty.

HAWKINS started well, and had bad luck in being caught off a good drive, Brown effecting a fine catch.

STEMSON, who scored much more slowly than usual, equalled Hawkins with 10, making the seventh double figure on the United side.

THE Parnell bowlers divided the wickets very evenly amongst them, Carson, Holle, W. and I. Mills each getting two, and Lawson one.

W. MILLS (18), Holle (not out, 15), and King (14) all scored freely in Parnell's second innings, while D. Hay was successful in capturing all 4 wickets that fell in this innings.

THE Auckland-Gordon match was rather exciting for a time, Moresby, Meldrum, and Goulstone all being dismissed very rapidly; but the tail, aided by a fair share of luck, were equal to the occasion, and Gordon finally won by 30 runs. In their second innings Auckland, batting four men short, were dismissed by Kelly and Kallendar for 34.

F. V. KELLY was responsible for a very useful 14, but was badly missed off Neill at the start of his innings. This mistake probably cost Auckland the game. Kelly got 5 of the 6 Auckland wickets in the second innings.

A. WILLIAMSON, who has been promoted from the Second Eleven, shaped very well indeed, and his innings of 12 was the best on his side.

KENDERDINE as usual was not out. He is now in the remarkable position of having an average of about 20, while his highest score is only 17.

R. NEILL is nearly always very destructive against the Gordon batsmen, and the present occasion proved no exception, as he captured no less than 7 wickets.

HARKNESS pegged away steadily at the other end, and was responsible for 2 wickets, while T. Neill, who made his first appearance as a match bowler, secured the remaining one.

THE batting of the Auckland Club is going from bad to worse, a result which is attributable to the members, with the exception of Harkness, having apparently given up practice altogether.

THE junior matches with one exception proved uninteresting. The exception was the Pitt-street Mutual v. Belmont, which resulted in a win for the former, who batted one short, by two runs. There was another protest lodged during the game by Belmont over the vexed question of substitutes. This is the third on the same question which has come before the Association Committee during the past three or four weeks. The rule of cricket relating to substitutes, and Rule 32 of the Association as to the mode of deciding protests, are so clear that it seems strange any mistakes should occur, but as one of the Committee remarked on Saturday, 'Captains of junior teams don't trouble to read the rules, but they consider that they have every right to be angry if they lose a protest on account of a breech of them.' One disputant confessed at a recent meeting that 'he knew nothing about the rules except what he had been told,' but he was very angry when his protest was dismissed because he had not complied with the said rules. Saturday's protest resulted in Pitt-street having to bat one short. However, they just managed to beat Belmont's total of 87 by 2 runs.

EDMONDS (27) and Wilkinson (23), who were not out the previous Saturday, continued batting well, and undoubtedly pulled the match off between them.

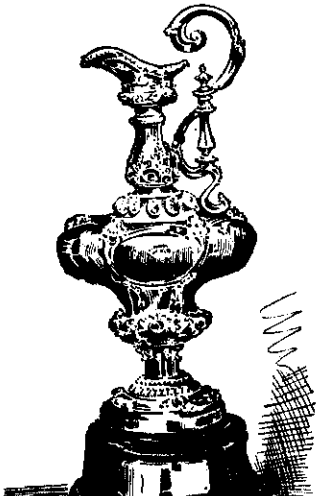
PARNELL II. easily beat Auckland II. The former had scored 157 the previous week, while on Saturday, Auckland II. who, following the bad example of their seniors, were two men short, were dismissed for 42, O'Keefe (12) being the only double figure.

GORDON II. maintained their advantage over North Shore, and won by 31 runs, the match being played right out. Gordon's second innings resulted in a total of 70, while the Shore responded with 71.

W. HOWARD with 17 was top scorer for Gordon, while Chapman (23) and Jones (14) were the mainstay of North Shore.

As the result of Saturday's play amongst the First Juniors, Wanderers, Pitt-street Mutual, Gordon II. and Parnell II. will compete in the second round, North Shore, Belmont, and Auckland II. dropping out.

THE acceptance by the New York Yacht Club of Lord Dunraven's challenge on behalf of his yacht, the Valkyrie, is a reminder of the curious history of the famous trophy, the America Yachting Cup. The cup was originally an English one, being won at Cowes in 1851 by the yacht America. Her owners gave the cup, six years later, to the New York Yacht Club, with a deed of gift regulating the terms under which it was to be offered for competition. In 1867, Mr G. Schuyler, the only survivor of the five owners, took back the cup and re-conveyed it to the club in a document making such severe stipulations as to the conditions to be observed by any club challenging the holders of the cup that no match has taken place since. Mr Schuyler has since died, and the New York Club, in their anxiety to arrange an international match for the year of the Chicago Exhibition, have agreed to waive certain conditions. As with most compromises, each side is accused by its more vehement partizans of having backed down, but there is no doubt the match will come off, though it is doubtful whether the Valkyrie will win.



THE AMERICA CUP.

MR WILLIAM REID, the Hawke's Bay athlete, winner of the mile at the recent Championship meeting, was welcomed at Napier by the Hawke's Bay Athletic Club, who gave him a rousing reception at the station and subsequently entertained him.

POLO in Auckland was continued on Saturday. The chosen teams to play at the coming tournament were:—First team. Messrs O'Rorke, Lockhart, Captain Hunter Blair, Dr A. C. Purchas. Second Team. Messrs Wynyard, Whewell, Stewart, and Forbes. Dr Forbes received a nasty blow on the forehead, but he pluckily continued play.

ONE of the most important Timaru events is the annual meeting of the South Canterbury Amateur Athletic Club. It is usually held in May. This year it came off in February with the result, says my correspondent, that the meeting was a decided failure. The sports themselves were very good so far as they went, but the competitors were much fewer than usual, and the number of spectators was lamentably small. Consequently the whole thing was very slow, and as one lady wittily remarked, it was like attending the funeral of the old sports. The ladies did their very best, and there were many lunch parties on the ground. We were all very glad that the ladies' cup—the blue ribbon of the meeting—was won by a Timaruvian.

TENNIS.

THE last rounds of the Onehunga Tennis tournament have been played off as follows:—Third Round: Miss E. Gibbons and Mr A. Suttie were beaten by Miss C. Frost and Mr C. Suttie; Mrs L. Frost and Mr L. Zinzan beat Miss B. Banks and Mr L. Noakes. In ladies' singles Mrs L. Frost was beaten by Miss A Singleton, Miss A. Bassett by Miss M. Frost. In gentlemen's singles Mr L. Zinzan beat Mr A. Suttie, and Mr C. Suttie beat Mr V. Frost. Fourth Round—Mixed Doubles: Mr C. Suttie and Miss C. Frost were beaten by Mrs L. Frost and Mr L. Zinzan.

A VERY pleasant afternoon was spent by the members of the West End Tennis Lawn on Saturday, at their pretty little lawn in Jervois Road. Tea equalling the nectar of the gods, and dainty golden morsels that melted almost before they touched your lips, were served by the Misses Owen, Butters and Barrie. The amount of wind allotted to us by Captain Edwin was certainly somewhat of an overdose, but that did not prevent several exhibitions of very good play. Continuing the ladies' single handicaps, Miss F. Cook defeated Miss E. Russell; Miss A. Caldwell won her set with Mrs Coe; and in the two matches played off between Miss Bastard and Miss Button, Miss — Bastard and Miss Main, the respective winners were the Misses Bastard.

THERE was a very large gathering on the Epsom and Eden lawn on Saturday, when Mr Hooper met and defeated Mr Stevenson, who did battle with him for the championship. Unfortunately the list of frocks worn is crowded out.

THE Misses Helmore have had a small tennis party. Among the players were the Misses Cox, Loughnan, Campbell, Beswick, Gray and others. Mesdames Hennah, Malet, and a good many more were looking on.

THE HASTINGS FIRE.

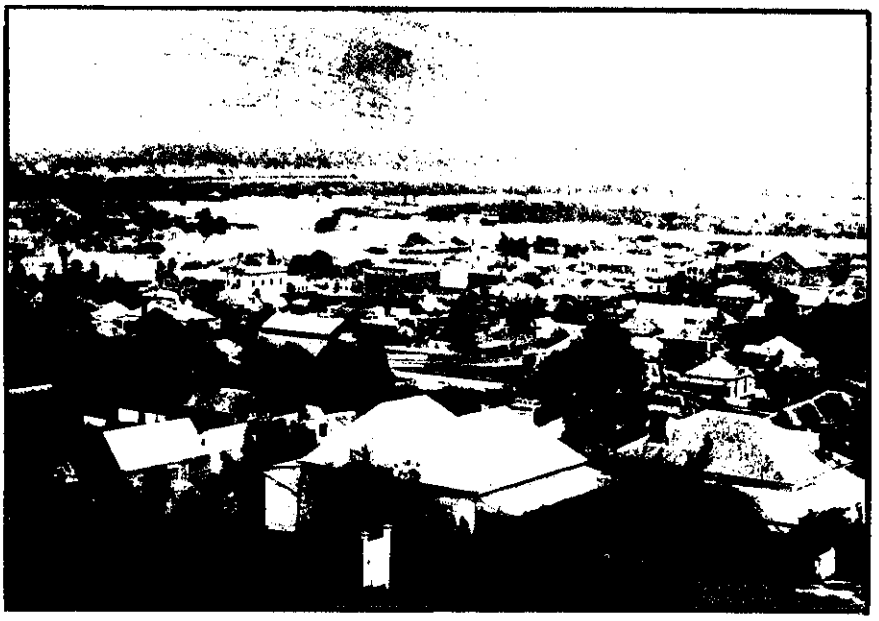
(To the Editor of the GRAPHIC.)

SIR,—I am sure your clever special, Miss Rees, did not intend to do any injustice to the Hastings firemen when she penned the last paragraph of her clever report, but the statements are entirely wrong, and if uncontradicted would lead the world to suppose that the brigade did not take advantage of a supply of water which they might have done. I am aware others besides your correspondent have been misled in the same way. Here are the facts. It took the best part of half-an-hour to pick through the several inches of road metal which cover the opening to the sewer. The Council strictly forbid any person to turn the overflow from an Artesian well into the sewer, and the sewer does not carry off any surface drainage whatever. It took a man half-a day to go round and turn the nine wells into the sewer which supplied the Napier steamer with two moderate-sized jets. The only ordinary supply in the sewer is one three-inch well at the head, the contents of eight or ten back premises, and a small quantity of drainage which finds its way into the sewer, presumably by percolation through the brick work, so that the charge made against the firemen of not using this supply effectually is doing them a great injustice. The river of clear water is a pure myth as far as present arrangements go. As to the steamer it was running at a low pressure, throwing two jets on the embers, and at that just about keeping pace with the supply which had taken hours to prepare. The fire required at least eight or ten jets to be effective, and how would that have affected this imaginary gigantic river of clear water? A manual supply could not lift the water from the depth. As to the complete extinguishment of the embers, let me remark that the local men have had to turn out several times since to deal with the embers, which are, even now, nine days after the fire, burning briskly in places. I might remark in conclusion that a tank close to the fire which was supposed to have had at least six feet of water in it, had two feet and a half, and no supply running into it, and that before the engine could be got to this a fireman had to climb over a high fence and remove the fastening and other obstacles from the gateway leading into it, notwithstanding complaints had been made to the council about the state of the well. There is no thought whatever of attaching the slightest blame to your correspondent for the statements made.—I am, etc.,

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

THE QUEENSLAND FLOODS.

LITTLE need be said here with regard to the terrible floods in Queensland, of which we have all read such harrowing accounts in the daily cablegrams. The suffering and devastation have appealed strongly to the sympathies of all sections of the community, and the subscription lists have shown that sympathy knows how to express itself in practical form. All over the colony the response has been spontaneous and warm, and our cartoonist has surely struck the right nail on the head in calling this true federation.

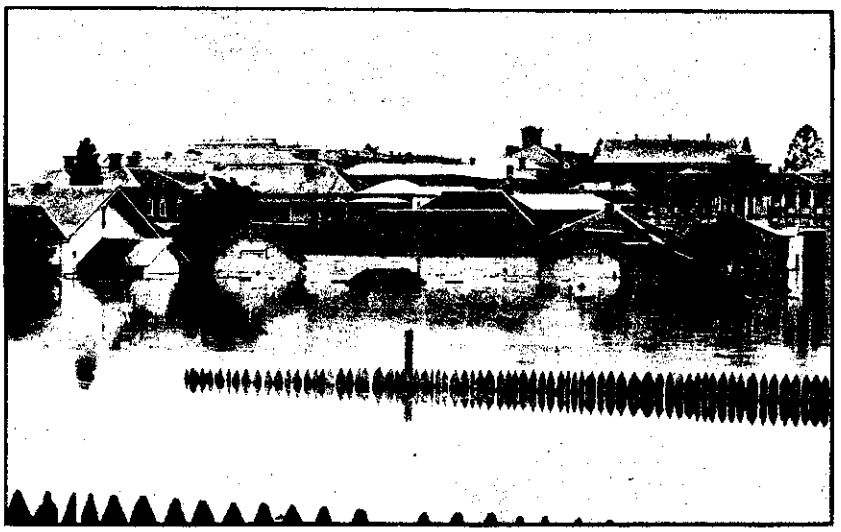


A GENERAL VIEW OF BRISBANE IN FLOOD.
(From a photo lent by Mr D. Goldie).

THE LILIPUTIAN OPERA COMPANY.

A SPLENDID OPENING IN AUCKLAND.

WHAT promises to be a tour of exceptional brilliance was opened in Auckland on Monday evening with the pantomime 'Aladdin,' which may be briefly and truthfully described as the most magnificient ever put on New Zealand boards. The scenery by Brunton is superb, and the dresses are exceedingly rich and handsome. The Market Place in Pekin is a beautiful set, and the crowds of children in gaily-coloured dresses who throng the stage cheering and singing and cutting capers, make a remarkably fine picture. A brigade of soldiers in silver armour is a distinct feature of the show, and show off their splendid dresses to the fullest advantage in the graceful manœuvres and evolutions through which they are put. The drilling, grouping, and training of the children are excellent, and reflect the highest credit on Mr Tom Pollard, who is solely responsible for it all, as indeed he is for the entire production. The Cave of Jewels in the second act is another lovely set, and will make many a New Zealand child's eyes glisten and glow in a fashion that shall put the rarest jewels into the shade. The *finale* to this scene is very effective—Aladdin on a horse in mid-air, and heaps of red fire and glory on every side. The burlesque itself is excruciatingly funny, Master H. Quealy, as Widow Twankey, keeping the audience in a perpetual roar when he is on the stage. Alf Stevens, too, was as comical as ever as the monarch, and his song on 'Relics' will cause many people to hold their sides as he journeys through the colonies. Needless to say 'Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay' makes its appearance, and is rapturously hailed, but how, when, and where it comes in we will leave readers to find out. Go to the pantomime they must if only to see how greatly the children are improved since their last visit. Marion Mitchell, of Wellington, has developed into a very charming little actress, and sings beautifully. Most strongly we recommend GRAPHIC readers all down the coast to save up some odd shillings for the Children's Opera Company. The skirt dancing and the transformation scenes alone are worth going to see, and the rest of the pantomime is a continual feast of pretty sights and tuneful ditties.



A MAIN THOROUGHFARE, BRISBANE.
(From a photo lent by Mr D. Goldie.)

WESLEYAN CHURCH, BRISBANE, UNDER WATER.
(From a photo lent by Mr D. Goldie).

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE.

MR EDWARD PEARCE, of Wellington, who is about to pay a long promised visit to the Old Country, was entertained at dinner by some fifty or sixty members of the Wellington Club, the Chief Justice, Sir James Prendergast, being in the chair, and making an excellent farewell speech, to which Mr Pearce replied in his usual happy way. The proceedings, of course, were of a private nature.

DUNEDIN people are much engrossed with the races. Amongst smaller entertainments a dance given by Mrs J. M. Ritchie, at her residence, Balbraid, must be chronicled because the guests were limited to a very comfortable dancing number. In consequence, it was greatly enjoyed. Mrs Gibson gave a pleasant tennis party, and Mrs E. J. Spence had a charming dinner party.

THE anniversary of Mr and Mrs Jowitt's wedding was celebrated by a party given to the bridesmaids and groomsmen by the still happy pair. Mr Wright, who had acted as best man, proposed the health of the host and hostess. Mr and Mrs Jowitt are now settled in Dunedin, having paid a long honeymoon visit to England.

THE Misses Banks and Bailey (Auckland) gave a delightful picnic at East Tamaki, the evening being spent in dancing in a large barn.

THE PIBROCH.

(COMPOSED AT REQUEST OF A GAELIC MUSICAL FRIEND)
BY REV. CHARLES R. CURREY.

LAND of regal Bruce and Wallace, deathless Freedom's home,
Scotland's patriots built in strength, upon False Tyrant's throne;
Won with flashing, dread claymore; wielded by heroes' hands
The Union Jack triumphant waves, e'er many wide spread lands.

Sound with glee the ancient Pibroch, Highland cherished lay,
Thrills the soul of Scotia's sons, though wanderers far away;
From their misty home of childhood; heather, hill and glen,
Bands of leal and canny ones; brave, sturdy, British men.

Blaw the rousing, genial strathspey; wake the martial strains,
Mountain songs, the tunes of love, the welcome old refraine;
Which warm the heart, an' stira the bluid, o'ilka Scottish man,
Of every name, through every clime, frae monie a noble clan.

Chant and skirl your level best beneath the Southern Cross,
Sporran, dirk, and fillibeg, still grace the Tartan host;
Whose courage, thrift, and loyalty; with manly, moral tone,
Shine fair and bright—a nation's pride—in bonnie Scottish home.

Auckland, New Zealand, February 15th, 1893.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A LAZY man steals from himself.

Entrancing music—The clink of gold.

Subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will.

Avarice is always poor, but poor by its own fault.

A man's idea of Heaven is a place where every one is as good as he is.

When you begin to argue with a man and he talks loud, walk off and leave him. You can't convert him.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part; there all the honor lies.

Never ask an idle man to do anything for you. It is only the busy man who can find time to do anything more.

Treat all men and women considerate and you will be surprised at the dividend that will come to you, daily and yearly.

Swearing is a superfluity of naughtiness, and can only be considered as a sort of pepper-rent, in acknowledgment of the devil's right of superiority.

Perfection consists not in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things extraordinarily well. Neglect nothing; the most trivial action may be performed to God.

The common daphne grown in flower gardens is one of the most deadly poisons known to the botanist. Three or four of the berries will kill a man as quickly as strychnine, and one has been known to kill a child in half an hour.

HEALTH HINT.

The safest way to health, say what you will,
Is, never to suppose we shall be ill.
Most of the ill that we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous—a spirit of sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

MANY TAKE TOO MUCH OF IT.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

CAMELS IN SOUTH WEST AFRICA.—A German paper states that the camels which were introduced into German South West Africa last year have proved most valuable as a means of keeping up communication between distant places, as well as for long journeys into the interior of the country. The power of these remarkable animals to travel for an entire week without food or water has been put to the test again and again. They are said to stand the climate well, and are not subject to many fatal diseases which attack both horses and cattle in that part of South Africa. Speaking of the camel as adapted to Australia, a recent article says: 'The camel is a rational beast. He can find his own living wherever he may be. Forms of vegetation which other animals pass by, the camel thrives on—thistles are one of his luxuries. Above all his ability to do without water for lengthened period marks him out as the true beast of burden for the Australian interior.'

ATTAR OF ROSES.—Attar of Roses is generally spoken of as the most extravagantly costly perfume in the world, but when the trouble and expense of raising the roses and securing the essence is taken into account it is really very reasonable in price. If the delicious perfume were produced in this country and the lowest wages in the land paid for labour it could not be retailed at even three times the existing prices. Nearly all the attar of roses in the world comes from the portion of Europe which used to be a part of Turkey, but which is now under Russian influence. To secure a pound of essence it is necessary to have an entire acre of ground covered with roses, and to have a good crop even then, and then the cultivators cannot rely on receiving more than £16, or £17 a pound. The labour of cultivation is very arduous, and plucking the roses is even more so, the work being done by women, whose hands are torn all to pieces by the work, and whose pay barely suffices to buy food. Roses have been cultivated in other countries for a similar purpose, but the return is nowhere so large as in the neighbourhood of the Balkans, where the soil and climate appear exceptionally adapted for the purpose. It may be added that the sweet smell of a genuine Turkish cigarette is the result of adulterating the tobacco with the refuse from the rosebuds and stalks.

THE WOMAN WHO FASCINATES.—The day of the doll-faced shallow woman has passed away. A merely pretty woman cannot hold her own beside the interesting woman who fascinates. Who attracts the cleverest men at a social function? Not the beautiful woman or the dancing woman, but the woman who can talk, charm, interest, and fascinate. Let us not undervalue the worth of beauty. A fascinating woman may have beauty; she must have brains. Beauty is a powerful adjunct to the empire of mind, but beauty without wit, cleverness and magnetism no longer rules. The woman who poses on a pedestal, who makes a parade of amiability, whose virtue constitutes a sort of star attraction, is unquestionably very tiresome. One quickly wearies of the woman who recites the carefully prepared speech which sets forth her admirable attributes, or who declares the way in which she repulses audacious admiration. And while all the world knows that very bad women are often very fascinating, at the same time a man of clear brain and manly instincts avoids such women as he would a pestilence. The woman who is not too good for human nature's daily food, who understands life and its responsibilities, who possessing a strong vein of sentiment, can yet conceal it under a mask of graceful cynicism, who, holding lofty ideals, has yet a spice of Mother Eve in her composition, will not prove unattractive to the prince of cynics who finds a 'goody' woman insipid. The woman who would fascinate must be interested as well as interesting. She must study the man she wishes should study her. She must listen to him a part of the time not monopolise the conversation. There is one quality without which all the fascinations of women are futile. Beauty, grace, wit, erudition are in vain without that undefinable something we call magnetism. This mysterious influence has never been dissected by science. Its source is unknown, its extent unlimited. The lack of it repels us from many estimable people, and it is the strongest weapon a woman can wield.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

BLONDIN.

THERE are plenty of New Zealanders who remember Blondin's visit, and these will be interested to hear there is a report of another visit this year. Blondin is now 68 years of age, comfortably retired on his professional earnings at Ealing, but he comes out of his retirement to perform at the World's Fair. His most famous performance was on the 19th August, 1859, when he carried a man upon his back over Niagara Falls. It is said that the Prince of Wales visited the Falls during Blondin's sensational performances there, and the tight-rope walker offered to carry H R.H. across the rope on his back. The Prince's guardians, however, vetoed the hazardous exploit, and the life so valuable to England was never dependent on the surefootedness of Blondin for its preservation. Even now the old performer can astonish some of his younger imitators. One of his last performances was at Manchester, where, on a rope 5½ inches in circumference, 188 feet long and 88 feet from the ground, he walked with his head in a sack. He took a stove halfway across, cooked an omelette on it, and afterwards crossed the rope on a bicycle.

THE theatrical exhibition which is being held in London must have been, a correspondent writing says, very interesting to lovers of the English stage. The collection is a comprehensive one. Shakespeare's chair is here, and there are such relics as Mario's sword, buckles once belonging to Mrs Siddons, Kemble's rings, mementos of Garrick, Edmund Kean, Macklin, and Macready. One exhibit of pathetic interest is the dress worn by Fred Leslie in 'Rip Van Winkle.' Theatrical prints and showman's bills abound. Among the pictures there is one of Mrs Siddons, lent by the Earl of Warwick, the same nobleman lends 'a contemporary portrait of Shakespeare.' The playbills are of varied interest, many of them being more than a hundred years old. Much of the history of Covent Garden and Drury Lane is written in them, as well as the history of poor players who have strutted and fretted their hour upon the stage. One playbill announces that for the benefit of Mr M. W. Balfe, Mdme. Balfe will make her first appearance in England at the Theatre Royal English Opera House, in the part of Amina in 'La Sonnambula,' Balfe himself being Rodolpho. The collection includes also the counterfeit presentiments of many famous players, from Macready to Mr Irving as Charles the First. The latest pet of the music halls, too, may be seen in all the glory of 'pearlies.' Among interesting old books, one notices "All for Love; or the World Well Lost." A Tragedy, as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane and Covent Garden. By Mr Dryden.' The volume was printed in 1778 for J. Wenman, No. 144, Fleet-street.

MELBA, writes a London correspondent, is very angry with some American newspaper for saying that she failed to come up to expectations as a 'draw' at Covent Garden lately. The bold, bad correspondent asserted that, on the last occasion when she appeared, only three stalls were sold. This is not accurate, but it is undeniably true that she did not cram the house when she sang. People are beginning to discover that, though undoubtedly a fine singer, she is not yet a Patti or a Nilsson, at all events as concerning the treasury. And, speaking of Melba, reminds me that it is said that Marchesi resents Melba's insinuation that she did not learn much from her, inasmuch as she was a 'born singer.' Of course, I don't say that the Australian 'diva' (as she is called) ever said anything of the kind, but the statement certainly appeared in print, and no doubt, was brought to Marchesi's notice by some good-natured friend. At all events, Marchesi is more than ever determined to boom pretty Frances Saville, who, by the way, created quite a *furore* in 'Romeo et Juliette' at the Theatre de la ———, in Brussels.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

ELECTRICITY VERSUS GAS.

THE adoption of electric light in place of gas in the London Post Office gives valuable testimony to its healthfulness as compared with that of the rival it has displaced. Calculation shows that the average amount of sick leave per head has been reduced by two days in the year. The amount of money thus saved the post office amounts to within a few pounds of saving the cost of lighting the department by electricity for the year.

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AN INGENIOUS MACHINE.

An ingenious device for giving notice of the immediate departure of trains has been fitted up in several stations in Boston, Mass. It is put into terminal stations and adjusted so as to strike a gong twice, say, two minutes before every train leaves and once as a starting signal. At midnight on Saturday it automatically discontinues the weekday schedule and brings into action the Sunday table, which at midnight on Sunday gives way in turn to the regular week-day time table.

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FIBRELIA.

The new produce from common flax straw, named Fibrelia, is regarded as likely to have an important bearing on textile interests in the future. By the new process of manipulation, such straw is reduced to a short staple, very closely resembling cotton or wool, and when mixed with either is found to add materially to the value of the product in beauty and strength. Twenty-five per cent. of Fibrelia mixed with 75 per cent. of wool is said to make a broad-cloth superior to that of wool alone.

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USES OF COMPRESSED AIR.

If Engineer Robert Gillham, of Aldrich Court, be correct in his observations, compressed air will shortly be in the field in opposition to electricity, as one of the revolutionising forces of this century. He has returned from an extended sojourn in Paris, where he made a thorough study of the compressed air system of that metropolis. The stories Mr Gillham brings back border upon the marvellous. The new dynamic agent, according to his report, has within an almost incredibly short time, fairly revolutionised many lines of industry at the gay French Capital. It is at this moment propelling surface cars with unequalled ease, furnishing motive-power for a multiplicity of uses, running 10,000 clocks about the city with absolute simultaneity and preserving meats of all kinds.

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TESTING THE DRAINS.

Perhaps you do not know that where drains run underneath a house (a condition of things much to be deprecated, but which, unfortunately, prevails extensively in towns and old houses) there is a way of finding out whether they are defective which you might adopt on your own account. If disposed to experiment in this direction, you should buy of any good druggist sixpennyworth of the strongest oil of peppermint procurable. Now look carefully round the walls of the house on the outside, and in some convenient out-of-the-way place you will be sure to find a square hole with a trap, which is the opening of the drain. Pour the peppermint down the drain outside the house, then go inside the house and shut the doors. If after a few minutes there is a smell of peppermint in the house there is reason to believe that the drainage is imperfect, and that there is a defect somewhere. Where the odour of peppermint can penetrate, sewer gas can penetrate, and though the one is harmless the other is poisonous. This test is rather a rough one, but it is tolerably certain. If the peppermint can be smelt inside the house a minute or so after it has been poured into the drain outside the house, there is abundant cause for uneasiness.

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A NOTABLE FRENCH INNOVATION.

The production of steel by the process of Walrand and Legenisel promises to result in a considerable reduction in the price of castings and other similar articles of manufacture. This method has been worked in Paris for more than twelve months. A remarkable point of the new installation is that neither blast engine nor boiler is to be seen connected with it other than those furnished as a reserve apparatus. Compressed air is employed as motive power. It is furnished to the converter through a conduit at a pressure of 11 pounds. The air, however, expands before entering the converter, where it works at a pressure of from 1½ to 2½ pounds, according to the phases of the operation. This is believed to be the first application of compressed air, furnished from a central station to the manufacturer of Bessemer steel, and it seems a considerable reduction in the cost of a first installation for, according to the original Walrand Legenisel estimates, the blast engine and boiler are half the expense of the installation.

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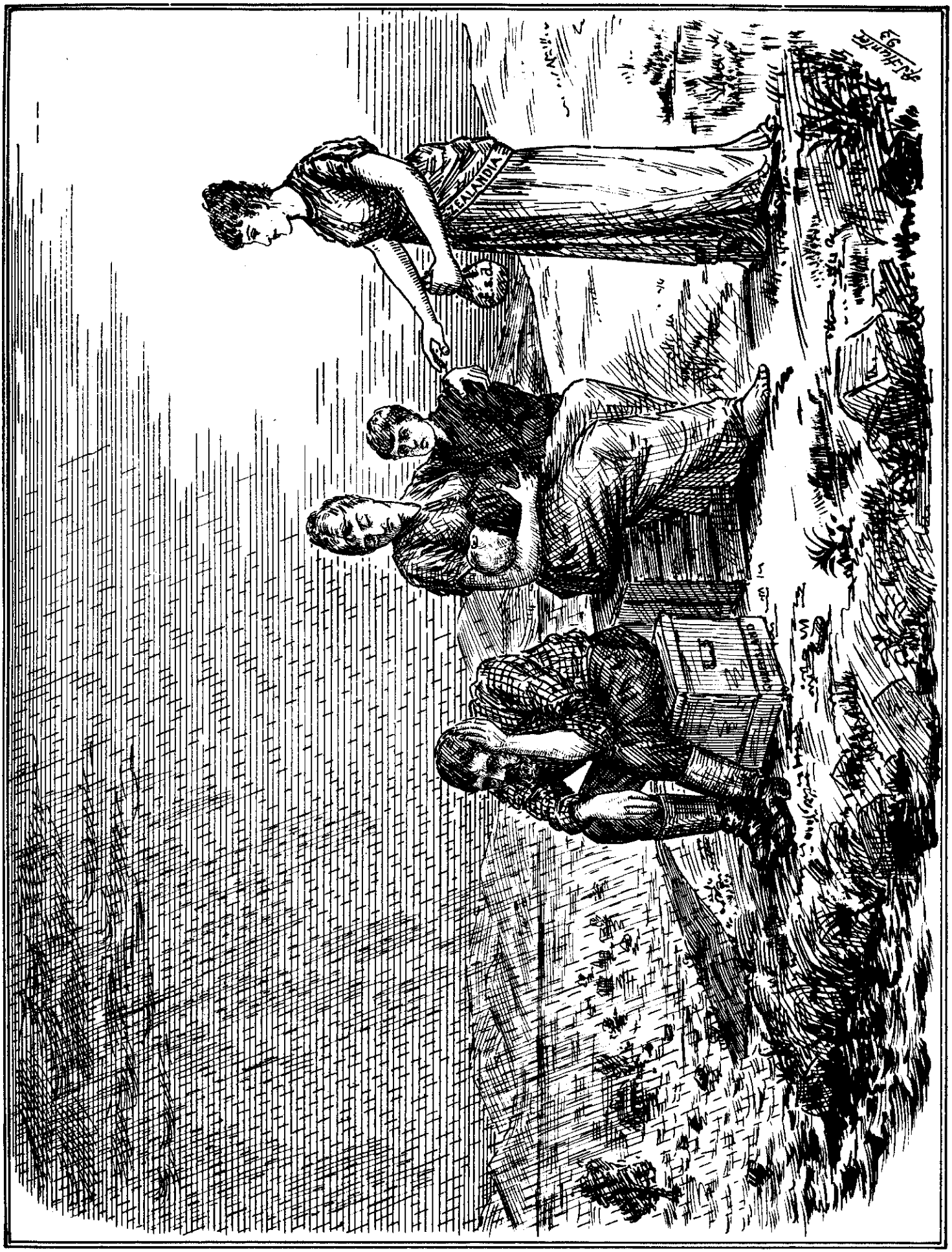
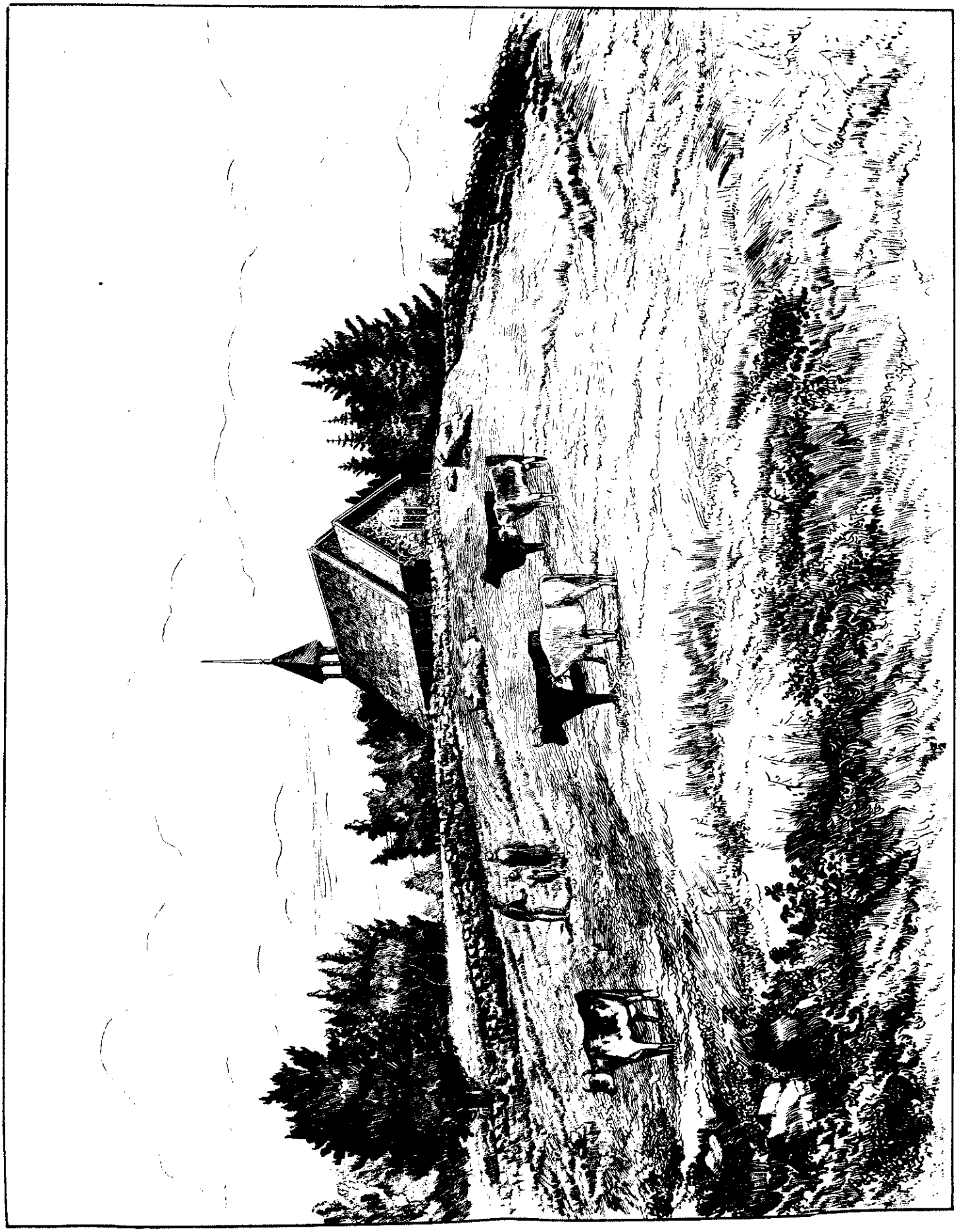
A PHOTOGRAPHIC MIRAGE.

M. Gaston Tissandier has recently drawn attention to what he calls 'photographic mirage,' a term which, says an English contemporary, is not quite suitable to the phenomenon. 'Three years ago,' it states, 'M. Paul Roy photographed his young son in the open day, and on developing the picture found to his surprise a vague image of himself in the background, as he stood in the act of removing the cap from the lens to take the photograph. As a matter of fact, his image had been formed on the atmospheric haze, and although invisible to his eyesight, it was strong enough to affect the plate. Another instance occurred to M. Le Corbeiller, member of the Photographic Club, of Paris, who, in developing a view he had taken of the statue of David by Michael Angelo, at Florence, discovered that a gigantic shadow of the figure had been projected on the clouds behind, after the manner of the Spectre of the Brocken. He saw nothing of this shadow while taking the view, but it was strong enough to affect the gelatine-bromide plate. Occasionally spectral images of the kind on photographs have been traced to 'double poses' that, unknown to the operator, have been caused by a small hole in the dark chamber of the camera.



TRUE FEDERATION.

MARCH, NEW ZEALAND.



THE OLD CHURCH, EPSOM.

RECENT EVENTS.

EARTHQUAKES AND TIDES.

INTERNATIONAL MALICE.

It is a curious and not altogether agreeable task to read the English Conservative or Union newspapers, and perceive the ill-disguised pleasure they take in the troubles of Russia. They regard their great eastern rival as hampered in respect to military movements, as in danger of bankruptcy, which will be certain should the harvest fail the next season; and the hope that they will fail seems to be the thought uppermost in their minds. It is true there are occasional famines in Ireland, where the scenes witnessed are not excelled in horror by anything to be witnessed in Russia at the present moment; that there is a local famine in India, and a greater one in prospect owing to the want of rain, but it makes an awful difference whose animal is gored, you know. It is also true—at least we have it on the authority of some of the London newspapers—that 40,000,000 of the inhabitants of India exist in a state of starvation bordering on famine, but the English press do not in general discuss this topic, it being far less agreeable than the misfortunes of the Czar and his subjects. It is no exaggeration to say that for unfairness, meanness, vindictiveness in their treatment of foreign affairs, the Tory and Unionist journals do not find their parallel in any country in the world. It is equally true that England has become the bond-slave of the triple alliance, by whose permission, or rather under whose high protection, it carries out its plans, and keeps the diplomacy of the world in a chronic state of anxiety and irritation.

England—and we say 'England' instead of 'the English,' for it is the fault of its external politics rather than of its people—is the most unloved country in the world, no matter in what quarter of the globe you take your data. Among the native newspapers of India there is not one, as the London *Times* itself confesses, that has a kind word to say about their rulers. A few years ago the *Times* gave a great quantity of pertinent extracts to prove the assertion. The assertion is now revived without the extracts, as in the present condition of international sentiment it would not be discreet to publish them. In Persia the feeling among the people is bitter, as shown by the priests forbidding the use of tobacco furnished by the British monopoly, which was obliged to resign the privilege in the interior but still allowed that of exportation. This did not satisfy the priests, who continued the interdict. There have been riots hostile to the English, and it looks at present as if the company would be obliged to quit the country. Even the London newspapers do not venture to assert that the Persians entertain similar sentiments toward the Russians.

British diplomacy meets the same oppression in Afghanistan, which the English have for some years past been looking on as a conquered country. They placed the present Ameer on the throne, and have paid him, as London newspapers assert, as the price of his friendship, 1,200,000 rupees; that is over half-a-million dollars. These same newspapers also inform us that the Afghans are all for Russian trade, which is not surprising when we consider that Russian territory is so near, and that the Ameer is on the point of concluding a commercial treaty with the Czar. This, nevertheless, does not change the intention entertained by the English of using the Ameer and his country to aid them in settling the question of the Pamir at the conference to be held at St. Petersburg in the spring. The fact is the English have no right whatever to the territory in that debatable land claimed by Russia, and can only accomplish their purposes by means of Afghanistan and China, which, no more than England, have any rights at present or have ever exercised any in that desolate region. China, English newspapers say, has already been induced to declare that if Russia takes the part of the Pamir it claims some of her trade routes to India will be closed. The influence that elicited this wonderful avowal was, of course, obtained by pressure exercised or promises made at Pekin, and the Chinese envoy to the St. Petersburg conference will be expected so to express himself to that assembly. What the Afghan envoy is expected to declare or what claim he will be expected to put forward to territory to which the Ameer never had and never pretended to have the slightest title, has not yet been stated in the London newspapers, though they have divulged the fact that an army of forty thousand men is being collected on the north-western frontier of India with liberal supplies of provisions and ample means of transport. This army is doubtless to be held ready for any contingency, that is, to overawe the Ameer into playing the part of a pliant tool of England at the Pamir Conference, or to hurry forward into the debatable region should circumstances seem to favour such a movement. Another million rupees will probably be squandered on the Ameer, though this liberality will have slight effect in modifying the deep and vindictive hatred of his people toward the English. Here we see British diplomacy in its true light, deliberately equipping an army for war, while if Russia simply moves a regiment from one part of the country to another for the convenience of its maintenance or because her system of strategic railroads, owing to the extent of her territory, is more inconvenient than that of her neighbours, all the newspapers of the British Isles unite in a howl of execration at Muscovite treachery and the intention of the Czar to bring at once upon Europe all the horrors of a general war.

It is interesting to note that all English writers are not agreed on the propriety of pushing the frontier of India farther out into the mountainous regions of the Pamir to meet the Russians. India has all about it on the north hill tribes, who, friends of India like the learned Dr. Leitner, think should be placated instead of subjugated, that they may act as a buffer against invasion. Lord Salisbury and the Indian Government seem to think differently, in defiance of that sound American maxim which counsels the over-greedy person never to bite off more than he can chew. There are even Chauvinist English newspapers that advise the annexation of Afghanistan in spite of the dislike with which the English are held by the people of that country, and the certainty that there would be continual rebellions which would necessitate the presence of a large army and the expenditure of untold treasure. It is impossible to see just at present what British diplomacy will not be tempted to do from hatred, or rather fear, of Russia. As a specimen of petty malice, however, the open opposition to any contributions for the purpose of relieving the starving Russian peasants is most characteristic of the sentiments of a certain class of English people. Such a movement has been set on foot by Mr Knowles, editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, and has elicited from the London *Chronicle* bitter opposition on the ground that the money contributed would, by checking the ravages of the famine, indirectly aid in augmenting the military resources of the Czar and still further endanger the Indian empire. In other words, let Russia be depopulated, no matter by what means, so that India is safe. To this degree is British diplomacy gradually reducing the natural generosity of the English character.

A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

THREE locks of hair in my hand I hold
As I sit in the firelight's glow,
One black, one brown, and one like gold—
They are relics of long ago.
And where are the girls who owned them now,
The brown haired, half-brunette,
The beautiful blonde with the snowy brow,
And the maid with the braids of jet?

The first was true till a rival lied
About me, and him she wed;
To-day to her apron string he's tied,
And they're happy, I hear it said.
I quarrelled with her of the snowy brow,
And she married another, of course,
She is living in South Dakota now,
Where she's trying to get a divorce.

And the dark-haired maiden, where is she?
I thought her affection sure,
But she wouldn't desert her home for me,
For her father was ill and poor.
So I gave her up and went away,
Declaring she used me ill.
That was years ago. I returned to-day,
And I find she is single still.

No lover she's had since I went away,
Though her father's long been dead;
She teaches school, so the neighbours say,
To earn her daily bread.
I've wealth enough—she can have it all—
Me with it. I think I'll write;
No, it isn't late. By Jove! I'll call
On the dark-haired girl to-night.

THE ✣ LATEST ✣ ROYAL ✣ WEDDING.

INTERESTING CEREMONIES.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

BEFORE morning broke over the little town of Sigmaringen sleepers were awakened by the ringing of the church bells, followed shortly afterwards by the thunder of cannon. The sound was echoed and re-echoed from the walls of the castle and the encircling hills. The gray dawn had not yet fully mastered the darkness of the night, but many people were already in the streets. It was scarcely an ideal bridal morn. A fine rain was falling, and when the day fully broke it was seen that the crisp frost had disappeared, but the temperature was still below freezing point, and the rain froze as it fell upon the streets, which were soon covered with ice, making walking difficult, not to say dangerous, to those unaccustomed to the steep thoroughfares of the town.

Within half an hour of the firing the streets were thronged with townspeople and visitors. Most of these made their way to the old castle wall and gate to watch the arrival of the deputations from Hohenzollern and Sigmaringen, who had been charged to convey the congratulations of the subjects of Prince Charles. The deputations were received in the fine Gothic hall of the museum by the bride and bridegroom. All the members were clad in their local gala costume, and there were some attempts at allegorical display. Some curious flags have been shown in Sigmaringen as English, and the local idea of the British national colours is evidently rudimentary, as

A LITTLE MAIDEN REPRESENTING BRITANNIA

was gorgeously clad in blue, red, and yellow, which was supposed to be a typical British tricolour.

At half-past twelve the bride and bridegroom drove down from the castle to the Prince of Hohenzollern's palace, and were cordially cheered by the people, although to English ears the salutations of the crowd sounded somewhat sedate. Shortly afterwards the German Emperor and the Duchess of Edinburgh drove to the Palace, where, at one o'clock, a *déjeuner en famille* was served. The other guests breakfasted in the new hall at the castle, and while that meal was proceeding a few privileged persons were permitted to inspect such of

THE WEDDING PRESENTS

as had already arrived. These were laid out in the Red Room, a charming apartment, hung with fine landscapes and one large sea piece, beneath which is a striking bust of the old Kaiser Wilhelm. Alongside of this is a cabinet filled with the silver wedding presents of the Prince and Princess of Hohenzollern.

In this room, at two o'clock, the civil marriage took place before Herr von Wedell, minister of the household of the King of Prussia. This was entirely a family affair, and the ordinary guests were not called upon to be present.

As soon as the civil ceremony had been completed the guests assembled in the Ritter-hall in the castle, whence they proceeded down the red carpeted stairway, hung with pictures of sacred subjects, to the gallery, which led over the roadway from the castle to the church.

By half-past two all the guests and others privileged to witness

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY,

except the various royal personages, had taken their places. At a quarter to four there was a stir at the entrance of the doors, and simultaneously the bells of the church clashed forth a marriage peal, the organ commenced to play, and the cannon outside boomed a tremendous salute to announce the coming of the bride and bridegroom. A few minutes later the head of the bridal procession entered the church. Among the first to enter were Major-General Sir John Cowell, Master of Queen Victoria's Household, and Sir Edward Malet, her Majesty's Ambassador in Berlin. Immediately afterwards followed

A DAZZLING GROUP OF EXQUISITELY-DRESSED LADIES

of the Roumanian and Hohenzollern Courts. Most of them wore white or light-toned furs, which they threw open as they entered the warm church. The ladies were followed by an even more brilliant crowd of officers, wearing a variety of uniforms, and several members of the Diplomatic Body, including the Roumanian Minister to Germany. The ladies ranged themselves on the right of the church and the officers and diplomats on the left, and then the hum of conversation was again heard, but almost drowned at times by the joyous ringing of the bells.

Time wore on till it was considerably past four o'clock, the time appointed for the marriage ceremony to commence. Suddenly there was

PROFOUND SILENCE,

and all heads were turned towards the great door, through which entered the Abbot Walter Placidus and two soberly-clad Benedictine fathers. Then came three priests in the ordinary ecclesiastical attire of the Catholic Church, and quickly following them the German Emperor entered the church, escorting the Duchess of Edinburgh, who wore a superb coronet of diamonds. Next came the King of Roumania, with the aged Princess Josephine; and in quick succession and in order of precedence the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, Prince Alfred of Edinburgh, the Countess of Flanders and her son, Prince Albert of Belgium; the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, the bridegroom, escorting his mother; several of the Princes of the House of Hohenzollern, and finally the Duke of Edinburgh with his daughter

THE FAIR YOUNG BRIDE,

looking very earnest and somewhat pale, clinging to her father's arm. The Princess's train was borne by one lady only. She looked an ideal bride in her superb dress. It was made in London, and was of rich white *poult de soie*, a thick-ribbed kind of silk, embroidered in pearl, crystal, and silver. It was Empire in style, the plain skirt edged by festoon-patterned embroidery, dotted with fine pearls and silver. The train was outlined by orange blossoms and white cord, small bouquets of the bridal flower having been cunningly introduced here and there amidst the embroidery. The bodice had an Empire corselet with lines of pearl, crystal and silver running round it in double rows, cut low, the *décolletage* being edged with fulled white velvet, which likewise formed the puffed sleeves. A band of white ribbon tied round the waist in a bow, and long ends served to hold the bouquet, long veil, with diamonds sparkling from her head and neck, the soft ruby plush forming an exquisite foil.

The bride and bridegroom took their places before a *prie-dieu*, Prince Ferdinand wearing his Jäger uniform, with the German Emperor on one side and the King of Roumania on the other, each clad in full uniform and glittering with orders and medals.

A BLARE OF TRUMPETS

from the gallery was followed by the opening strains of the marriage service, the choir singing the 'Benedico Vobis' by Stehle in a splendid manner. Then the Abbot, in full canonicals, stepped before the altar, supported by the two Benedictine monks, and commenced an address in a clear voice to the bridal pair.

THE ABBOT INVOKED UPON THE BRIDAL PAIR ALL THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE AND HAPPINESS.

The echo of his last words had scarcely ceased when a choir of eight voices commenced the 'Bene Jesu' by Witt, which was sung with grand effect. Then one of the priests, proceeding to the altar, invited the young couple to prayer. As the Prince and Princess knelt at the altar the priest said a short prayer, and then, in a very distinct voice, put this question to the bride, 'Do you, of your free will, take this man to be your wedded husband?' to which she replied in clear tones, 'I do.' A similar question put to the bridegroom was similarly answered, and then the rings were placed on the fingers of each as a visible sign of the bond of matrimony.

It was noticed that after the placing of the rings

THE YOUNG PRINCE HELD HIS BRIDE'S HAND

in his until the ceremony had concluded. They were now man and wife, and the priest delivered a short address dwelling upon the fact, and upon the solemn duties and responsibilities attaching to it. This exhortation was followed by the sweet strains of the 'Laus tibi, Domine,' sung in a perfect manner by the small choir. The benediction, pronounced by the Abbot, concluded the marriage ceremony. The now radiant bride, holding to her husband's arm, led the way out of the church, smilingly acknowledging the congratulations of her royal relatives and guests, who formed a lane down which the young couple passed to the door. It was an impressive and brilliant spectacle, upon which the eye would willingly have rested at length. But the church speedily emptied, for there was yet another ceremony to be performed, that of the Protestant marriage, in the great dining room at the castle, towards which all the royal personages now hurried. The dining-room had been converted during the afternoon into a chapel, a communion table, brought specially from England by the Rev. Mr Lowe, being placed across the end of the apartment and arranged as it would have been in an English church.

ALL THE PEOPLE OF SIGMARINGEN TOWN

and country side had apparently assembled along the route from the church to the castle, although they must have known perfectly well that they would not be able to see much, as the bridal procession and the royal visitors passed, as they had come along the covered way through the

THE BRIDE—PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.

THE BRIDEGROOM—PRINCE FERDINAND OF ROUMANIA.

galleries already described. The Hohenzollern family and all the royal visitors assembled in the great hall, and there received the bride in the customary German way. The German Emperor was the first to offer his congratulations, and he also had the privilege of escorting the bride into the dining room, into which were also crowded as many of the family and visitors as it would hold.

The bride and bridegroom stood before the white and gold communion table, and near by stood the German Emperor, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Grand Duke Alexis, Prince Alfred of Edinburgh, the King of Roumania, the Princess Josephine, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and Sir Edward Malet. Immediately behind the bride sat her three sisters, the Princesses Victoria, Alexandra, and Beatrice of Edinburgh, who acted as bridesmaids. The Rev. W. V. Lloyd, private chaplain to the Duke of Edinburgh, then proceeded with the Church of England marriage service. As was the case in the Catholic church the responses of both bride and bridegroom to the customary questions were loud and clear. Compared with the elaborate ritual of the Catholic Church, the Protestant service seemed extremely quiet and simple, and it had the advantage of being much shorter, as there was no music whatever. Princess Marie, leaning upon her husband's arm, led the way into the new hall, where the wedding dinner was served. The scene in the hall was a most brilliant one when all the royal and distinguished company had been seated. The bride and bridegroom sat in the places of honour at the centre of the chief table, and they were faced by the German Emperor and the aged Princess Josephine and the Duchess of Edinburgh. The Duke of Edinburgh, in accordance with the German custom, was placed at his daughter's right hand, and at the same table sat the King of Roumania, the Grand Duke Alexis, and the other royal and princely guests.

The

TABLES WERE LADEN WITH COSTLY AND BEAUTIFUL GOLD AND SILVER PLATE,

silver candelabra, and many quaint old flagons of wonderful design. On a great sideboard immediately behind the bride stood the enormous wedding-cake specially sent from England. After dinner the Prince of Hohenzollern rose, and in a short speech tendered his thanks to the illustrious princes who had honoured him by being present in person or by deputy upon that auspicious day. Especially, he said, he owed a deep debt of gratitude to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the parents of the dear young bride, and to her revered and illustrious grandmother, Queen Victoria. He raised his glass and begged to drink to their health and to the health of the German Emperor and all the princely guests. The toast was drunk in hearty German fashion, and all eyes instinctively turned to the Kaiser, who, it was hoped, would respond. But his Majesty drank, and smiled, and bowed, and remained silent, save to speak to his charming neighbour.

The dinner was over comparatively early, and at half past eight the bridal pair drove off in a closed carriage for the quiet country house at Krauchenwies, where they will spend

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE HONEYMOON.

Their drive, although the house was only a few miles distant, was not a pleasant one, as it was freezing hard and bitterly cold. The roads after the rain which had fallen, were like glass, and the horses had to be driven with much caution. Everything passed off smoothly, pleasantly, and well. The only disagreeable feature was the weather, for the sun had not shone upon the English bride who will descend the Danube stream to her new home.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

WOOD-BRETT.

MOST of us may profess to be free from any sort of superstition, but few will deny that they like the sun to shine on a bride, though it may not in the least affect her future happiness. At any rate the many friends of the pretty bride of February 22nd rejoiced in the fineness of the weather on her wedding-day. St. Peter's Church, Lake Takapuna, was tastefully decorated for the occasion. A horseshoe wreath of white flowers was suspended from the centre hanging lamp; an arch of foliage and flowers formed a sort of canopy as the happy pair knelt at the altar rails, and tall fronds of nikau adorned the pillars.

THE Rev. H. S. Davies performed the first part of the ceremony, the Rev. C. M. Nelson, M.A., completing the service. Mr J. R. Williamson officiated at the organ, the choir rendering the two hymns and psalm *con amore*.

THE bridegroom was Mr Walcot Wood, of Kaikoura, Christchurch, and the bride Miss Amy Laetitia Brett, second daughter of Mr Henry Brett, Te Kiteroa, Lake Takapuna. She looked lovely in a very handsome dress of ivory corded silk, with broché velvet *bouffant* sleeves à l'Empire ending in silk cuffs, long train with a border of velvet edged on either side by a deep ruche of silk. On the corsage was a delicate spray of orange blossoms made entirely of fine feathers, unique and valuable.

A VERY becoming arrangement of orange blossoms round the coiled hair was covered with a deep tulle veil. The gown fitted to perfection. The bride carried an exquisite bouquet, and wore the bridegroom's present of a handsome pearl and gold bangle and spray pearl brooch. A second bar brooch with crescent in pearls was the gift of one of the bridegroom's brothers, whilst the dainty silver bouquet-holder was presented by the best man, Mr Peter Cunningham, junior, of Christchurch.

THERE were three bridesmaids, who made a charming group round the bride, the Misses Ada and Emily Marion Brett, her sisters, and her cousin, little Miss Tenie Porter. Miss Brett looked exceedingly nice in cream China silk, the train edged with a twisted fold of moss green velvet, the same trimming appearing on the bodice. Her hat was a pretty confection of cream feathers, and moss green velvet on a cream foundation. She carried a handsome bouquet of fragrant flowers in a silver holder, the gift of the best man. The two others also wore cream China silk, with wide sashes of salmon pink, picture hats trimmed with silk and feathers. The tasteful baskets of flowers, chiefly consisting of water lilies from the Lake, which these two held in their hands were much admired. Nearly all the wedding bouquets had a quantity of delicate maiden hair fern. Miss Emily and Miss Tenie wore two gold bar brooches with the initials of the donor, P.C., in pearls, one on each brooch. The bridesmaids also wore spray pearl brooches, the gift of the bridegroom. The two groomsmen were Messrs Harry Lloyd and Alfred Hallows Brett.

THE bride's mother wore a very handsome dress of true réséda green corded silk, the train and edge of the skirt finished with folded bands and small frill of silk, the bodice being trimmed to match. The bonnet was distinctly becoming, of réséda silk relieved with tips a shade lighter, a lovely bouquet completed her stylish toilette.

AFTER the ceremony the very large wedding party drove to Te Kiteroa, Mr Brett's pretty residence at Lake Takapuna, where Mrs Brett was 'At Home' to a fashionable assemblage of invited guests. A charming idea was the stationing of the bride and bridegroom in the drawing-room where they received the hearty congratulations of their friends, who then passed into the spacious dining-room, to inspect the numerous and extremely handsome presents. Refreshments were provided of a varied and delicious character, from champagne and wedding-cake to tea, trifle, and fruit of all kinds. The string band on the lawn meantime discoursing sweet music. The band, indeed, was quite a feature of the entertainment. Mr Eady conducted, and the best orchestras in Auckland were represented—the number of the performers being thirteen. Arrangements from 'The Gondoliers,' 'Marjorie,' 'Princess Ida,' 'Paul Jones,' and other operas were given, the selection from 'The Gondoliers' being specially appreciated.

SHORTLY before five o'clock Mrs Walcot Wood donned her travelling dress of vieux rose, with pale blue silk stripe, trimmed with pale blue silk covered with cream lace, hat *en suite*, and made a dash for her carriage. The rice-throwing ordeal was terrible; the guests lining the path, and simply deluging the couple with that hard, but time-honoured grain. Mr and Mrs Walcot Wood are spending part of their honeymoon in the Waikato.

So many pretty dresses were worn that it was difficult to notice them all or their wearers. Amongst those observed were:—

Mrs Porter, who looked very well indeed in a tabac gown trimmed round the trained skirt with white watered ribbon, this was skilfully used in the decoration of the bodice and below the puffed velvet sleeves, and cream lace epaulettes, her hat was chiefly composed of tabac and crab feathers; bouquet; Miss Moon, pretty costume of myrtle-green silk relieved with coloured silk embroidery, bonnet to match with cardinal flowers and dark foliage; Mrs C. Williamson had a handsome dress of ardoise satin, bonnet to match relieved by salmon pink roses in the form of a wreath; Mrs J. Flower (Kaikoura), stylish ficelle gown with brown silk vest, guipure lace yoke and epaulettes, bonnet *en suite*; Mrs T. W. Leys laid aside her mourning out of compliment to the bride, and wore a very pretty pale sea-foam green dress, with vest, jacket revers, cuffs and sash of darker ottoman silk, black lace bonnet with touches of salmon pink in flowers and narrow velvet; Mrs John Henderson, nankin coloured costume, striped yellow silk yoke veiled in black lace, fonce ribbon in the black lace bonnet; Mrs C. Wood (Canterbury) was charming in a peach-coloured gown with cream sash falling across the side of the skirt, pale straw-coloured hat with feathers; Mrs MacDonald, spotted pale lilac, black and lilac bonnet; Miss Ross, (Wellington) very stylish sycamore corded dress with handsome white silk yoke and cuffs embroidered in gold thread, finished with brown velvet across the yoke ending in streamers; Mrs T. Peacock wore a very handsome black silk with lace flounce, jet beads *en cascade* from the yoke, and bodice with black lace trimming, bonnet to correspond relieved by a touch of white; Mrs Cotter, stylish silver grey silk with black lace zouave trimming and flounce, very becoming black lace bonnet with tinted roses, lovely bouquet of roses, maiden-hair, etc., tied with ribbon; Mrs Whitney looked charming in Tuscan silk with mousse green velvet sash crossed carelessly on one side of the skirt, the bodice relieved with the velvet, hat in two shades of green to match, sunshade of green lined with coquelicot; Miss E. Moon, cream delaine figured with blue, pretty tuscan coloured hat; Miss MacDonald was pretty in a drab dress, with silk corselet bodice, hat to match, with brown velvet strings; her sister wore a dress made in the same style, but of a grey shade, white hat; Mrs Blyth, tasteful white *crêpe* and hat; Miss Henderson, écu de nil flowered costume, fraise écraisé ribbons, drab hat with flowers; Miss M. Henderson, delaine with *vieil or* trimmings, hat to match in colouring; Mrs Graves Atkin, black silk spotted with white, and finished with narrow steel gimp, small bonnet with grey tips, beautiful bouquet tied with yellow ribbon; Mrs Page, fluffy checked summer tweed with black lace revers, black bonnet with a touch of colour; Miss Carr, Indian yellow muslin, softened with white yoke; Miss Reeve, figured muslin with bands of velvet arranged *en corselet*, cream hat; Miss Tilly, pink, corselet belt; Miss Boyd, lilac pink, white vest, becoming white hat; Miss Mair, cream Liberty silk, hat to harmonise, yellow bouquet; Miss Ashton, sea-de-nil with a grey tone, handyked gold trimming, gold braid bonnet with cardinal flowers and foliage; Mrs Lundon, flowered cream delaine with salmon ribbons, hat *en suite* with flowers; Mrs Anseune (senior), rich ruby satin dress, black lace mantle, bonnet composed chiefly of green foliage; Mrs W. Rattray, fawn silk with navy stripe, white hat with flowers; Mrs Mitchelson, pink muslin, flowered cream hat; Miss Mitchelson, Alicante silk with a drapery of cream lace across the front of the skirt, lace yoke, cream hat; Miss Brown, spotted delaine, large white straw hat trimmed with white silk; Mrs Donald, pretty striped dress, the stripes meeting in the gored back, fraise relieving her bonnet; Mrs John Anseune, picturesque pink flowered muslin, feather hat with fraise ribbon; Miss Houchin, dark steel grey spotted dress, black hat; Miss Hauif, cream delaine flowered with brown, large cream hat with feathers; Miss Williamson, pretty white llama with silk stripe, cream hat, and lovely bouquet; Miss Halyday, fawn with green silk trimming, becoming cream hat; Miss M. Gorrie, mauve flowered costume, new shade, hat *en suite* with feathers; Mrs James Anseune, black dress, black hat relieved with blue cornflowers; Mrs Joseph Anseune, dove-coloured costume, hat *en suite*; Miss Helmore (Christchurch), spotted white muslin, mauve silk corselet bodice veiled with cream lace, hat to harmonise of cream and mauve; Mrs Nelson, stylish black costume. Other invited guests were the following, some of whom were unable to be present:—Miss Cameron, Miss Binney, Mrs Fenwick, Mrs Kenderdine, Miss Boyd, Revs. C. M. Nelson and H. S. Davies; Messrs John, James, and Joseph Anseune, Williamson, Hanna, Halhbone, McDonald, Reeve, Page, Cotter, Leys, Peacock, Aickin, Porter, Flower, C. Wood, J. Vigor Brown, Fenwick, Whitney, Halyday, Crombie, Coates, Mitchelson, Blythe, Kenderdine, Mair, Binney, Houchin, Alderton, Wilson.

A delightful dance pleasantly wound up the evening.

HARDING-ASTLEY.

A QUIETLY pretty wedding was solemnised at the Mount Albert Wesleyan Church on Saturday afternoon between Miss Margaret Astley, youngest daughter of Mr Astley, 'New Windsor,' Avondale, to Mr Alfred Ernest Harding, son of Mr John Harding, of Mount Vernon, Napier. The Rev. Joseph Berry performed the ceremony, the musical part of the service being undertaken by Mr George Warren.

THE bride, who looked extremely pretty, was given away by her father. She wore lily white cashmere, *en traine*, trimmed with silk ruching, long veil, and wreath of orange blossom arranged on a small chignon, lovely white bouquet. The three grown-up bridesmaids were her sister, Miss H. Astley, Miss Harding, and Miss Henton. All were tastefully dressed in ivory crêpon, slightly trained, with Watteau backs, cream ribbon streamers. Each carried a bouquet, and wore a spray of white jessamine in the hair, and looked extremely well. The pretty little niece of the bride, Miss Gladys Astley, acted as fourth bridesmaid and train-bearer, daintily dressed in Tuscan embroidered cashmere, drawn silk hat to match.

THE bride's mother wore navy merveilleux, black lace mantle, lace bonnet relieved with Gloire-de-Dijon buds and ribbon of the same shade; Miss Astley looked charming in black lace, with an elegant black lace and jet bonnet trimmed with reversible bebé ribbons of salmon and lavender-blue; Mrs Schnackenberg wore a black dress, with very handsome jetted mantle and bonnet to match; the Misses Schnackenberg wore pretty cream gowns, one cashmere with silk vest, the other openworked material with corselet bodice; both had becoming black picture hats with black and cream ostrich feathers, white bouquets; Mrs Close was in a rich steel grey silk, with dark sultan silk trimmings, black lace and jet mantle, bonnet of black and gold; Mrs Wallace, black costume; Mrs J. E. Astley looked very well in white cashmere with paon blue silk trimmings, black hat relieved with salmon; Mrs Maurice Harding, stylish ficelle barred costume and gold passementerie, silk vest, hat to match with ribbon trimming; Misses Henderson, one in écru, hat to match, lovely pink bouquet; the other in a sea green delaine figured with acajou, ficelle hat with guipure lace and flowers, pink bouquet; Miss Brown, royal blue dress, white flowered hat.

THE bride's brothers (Messrs W. and Malcolm Astley) and Messrs E. Harding and J. Brown acted as groomsmen. Amongst the guests were Messrs J. Astley, J. Harding, Maurice Harding, Wallace, Close, Mansel, Walton, etc.

MORRISON-SCOTT.

SIMPLE and quiet, but exceedingly pretty, was the ceremony which, on Tuesday afternoon, at the bride's residence, in Shelly Beach Road, united Miss Scott, eldest daughter of the late Mr Andrew Scott, to Mr Morrison, of the Caves Farm, Waipu. Miss Scott was given away by her uncle, Mr W. J. Rees, and looked charming in a travelling dress of navy blue serge, with hat to match. Miss Mabel Scott, attired in a pretty grey check material, acted as bridesmaid to her sister, while the *rôle* of best man was ably fulfilled by Mr W. George. Mr R. F. Macnicol officiated. At the conclusion of the ceremony the happy couple departed amid showers of rice and good wishes to spend a short honeymoon before proceeding to their home. A number of handsome and appropriate presents have been received that will gladden the bride with pleasant memories in her new life.

THE VICAR'S SECRET.

THE windows at the rear of Acton Chase, an old house in Worcestershire, look out on a quaint garden with plane trees, gravel paths, a fountain which played merrily long ago, but which had become useless from disuse. The Chase has long been a Roman Catholic house, and up this track dead and gone squires, debarred from much converse with their neighbours, have gone to hunt mornings innumerable; so that, even to day, people sitting in the garden toward evening are constantly seeing them come trailing home, their horses jaded, and themselves calling for the black jack.

Our story, however, is not of these, but of two men who strolled down this path on an evening no further back than last August. They seemed, outwardly at least, ill-matched. The one, a young fellow under thirty, fair-haired and pink-cheeked, and somewhat prim-looking, was of middle size. He was dressed as a clergyman—more neatly and trimly perhaps than the average country clergyman dresses. The other was probably the tallest and thinnest man ever seen outside a show—a man whose very clothes, his worn jacket and shrunken knickerbockers seemed to share his attenuation. He looked like a gamekeeper, but was in fact the squire's son-in-law, Long Jim Foley.

'I really cannot make you out,' he said, as the two sighted the house; and, shifting his gun to the other shoulder, he took occasion to glance comically at his companion. 'What do you do, old boy? You never kill anything, unless it is a trout now and then. Now, I could not live without killing. Must kill something every day!'

'And do you?'

'Seldom miss,' rejoined the long man, cheerfully, 'except on a hunting day when we draw blank. Rats, rabbits, otters, pike, sometimes a hawk, sometimes, as to day, a brace of wood-pigeons. And game and foxes in their season. Must kill something, my boy.'

His companion glanced at him askance, looked away again, and sighed.

'I say, what is that for?' Foley continued, in the tone of an aggrieved man.

'I was only thinking,' replied the other dryly, 'what a lucky fellow you were to have nothing to do but kill, Foley. That is all.'

The tall man whistled. 'I say,' he said, 'for a man who is going to be married in a week or so, you are in roaring spirits, ain't you? I will tell you what it is, my boy; you do not take very kindly to your bliss. I can see Patty flitting about in the garden like a big white moth, waiting, I have no doubt, for a word with your reverence; and your step lags, and your face is grave, and you incline to be cynical? What is up?'

The younger man laughed, but not very merrily; and there was a touch of sullenness in his tone as he answered, 'Nothing! A man cannot always be grinning.'

'No; but *pâte de foie gras* is not a man's ordinary meat,' retorted Jim imperturbably. 'Jones!'

'Well?' said the other snappishly.

'You are in a mess, my boy—that is my opinion! Now don't take this amiss,' Jim continued with dry patience. 'I am within my rights. I am one of the family, and if the squire is blind and Patty is inexperienced, I am neither. And I am not going to let this go on until I know more, my boy. You have some tie or other which weighs on your mind, and of which they are ignorant.'

The young clergyman turned his face to his companion, and Jim Foley, albeit a very cool personage, was taken aback by the change which anger or some other emotion had worked in it. Even the clergyman's voice was altered. 'And what if I have?' he said, hoarsely, stopping short so suddenly that the two confronted one another. 'What if I have, Mr Foley?'

Jim deliberately shut his eyes and opened them again, to make sure that the tragic spirit, so suddenly interposed between him and the pleasant landscape, with its long shadows and distant forge note, was no delusion. Satisfied, he rose to the occasion. 'This,' he said, outwardly unmoved. 'You must break it—get rid of it. That is all, Jones.'

'And if I cannot?'

'Will not, you mean.'

'No, cannot, cannot!' replied the clergyman, with vehemence.

'Then,' Jim drawled, 'I am not a moral man, don't mistake me for a moment, but I belong to the family—your majesty must go else for a wife! And a little late to do so!' he continued, a hard ring in his tone. 'What! are you not coming to the house?'

'No,' cried the other violently. And without more, without a word of farewell, he turned his back and strode away through the lush grass to a point a little higher up the stream, where a plank bridge gave access to the Chase outbuildings, and through them to the village.

Foley stood awhile looking after him. 'Well,' he said at last, speaking gently as if rallying himself on some weakness, 'I am afraid—I really am afraid—that I am a little astonished. I should know men by now, and yet I did think that if anyone could show a clean bill of health it was the Vicar. He is smug, he is almost a prig. The old women swear by him, and the young ones dote on him. They say he is on foot from morning till night, and not one blank day in a fortnight! And now—pheugh! I wonder whether I ought to have knocked him down. Poor little Patty! There is not a better girl in the country—except the Partridge!'

He looked down almost pathetically at the gardens below him, but, seeing that the chimneys of the house were smoking briskly, bethought him of dinner, and strode down to the gate with his usual air of perfect *insouciance*.

Meanwhile the young clergyman gained the side avenue, and walked on rapidly toward the village, his eyes dazzled by the low beams of the sun which shone directly in his face, and his mind confounded by the tumult of his own thoughts. A crisis which he had long foreseen and dreaded, and as often postponed, was now imminent, the power to control it gone from his hands. He looked on the past with bitter regret, and forward with shame as great. That which had once been feasible—nay, as it seemed to him now, almost easy—time and he had rendered impossible. He stood aghast at his own feebleness, not considering that the routine of parish work and the satisfaction accruing from small duties done—the doing of which had after all been no self sacrifice, no effort—had weakened his moral fibre, even as the peacefulness of the life about him, and the transparent truthfulness of those among whom his lot was cast had made the task of disclosure more formidable. He had fallen—no, he had not fallen, but he had put off the act which honour demanded so long that, though the day of grace was still with him, there could be no grace in the doing of it.

The rooks, streaming homeward in some order of their own, were cawing overhead as he opened the gate and entered the vicarage garden, where the great hollyhocks stood in rows, and the peaches, catching the last rays of the sun aslant, were glowing against the southern gable. To the stranger—to the American in particular—who looked in as he passed, it seemed a paradise, that vicarage garden. But—for peaches are not peace, nor hollyrocks either—its owner passed through it with compressed lips and cheeks still tingling. He entered the porch, where one or two packing cases told of coming changes, and then stood irresolute in the cool, silent hall, remembering that he had intended to dine at the chase, and that probably there was nothing prepared for him here. Not that he had any appetite, but dinner was a decent observance, and it seemed to him just then that not to dine at all would be to lose his hold on his present life and fall into unknown abysses before his time.

It is well, when we are badly off, to consider how much worse off a minute, a few seconds may see us. A faint sound at his elbow caused him to turn toward the dining-room. The door was ajar, and through the opening a face was looking out at him. The young Vicar did not start, but he drew a deep breath, and seemed to stiffen as he gazed. A minute, and his lips—while the other face, with a shifty smile, half mockery, half shame, returned his look—formed the word 'Father!'

HIS FATHER.

It was not audible two paces away, but as it fell the clergyman glanced round with a stealthy gesture of alarm, and at a single stride was in the dining-room and had shut the door behind him. The other man, a shambling bent creature, grey-haired and blear-eyed and unwashed, with a beard of a week's growth on his chin—fell back to the table and leaned against it. His rusty black clothes and his boots, broken and dusty, seemed to partake of, rather than to impart, the look of decay and misery which marked his person. The Vicar, with his back against the door, looked at him and shuddered, and then looked again, his face hard and his eyes gloomy. 'Well,' he said, in a low, stern voice? 'What do you here?' You know our agreement. Why have you broken it, sir?'

The old man pursed up his lips, and with his head on one side, contemplated his questioner in silence. Then he said suddenly, 'Blow the agreement!'

The Vicar winced as if he had been struck, but he found words again.

'If you can do without money,' he said, 'so much the better, but——'

'Blow the money!' cried the old man, with the same violence. Notwithstanding his words, he seemed to stand in awe of his son, and to be trying to gain courage by working himself into a passion. 'What is money?' he continued. 'I want no money! I am coming to live with you. Oh, yes, you are going to be married. I heard of it, though you kept it close, my boy! I heard of it, and I said to myself, "Good; I will go and live with my boy, and his wife shall take care of my little comforts."'

The younger man shivered. He thought of Patty, and he looked at the old man before him, sly, vicious, gin-sodden—and his father! 'You do not want to live with me,' he answered coldly. 'You could not bear to live with me for a week, and you know it well. Will you tell me what you do want and why you have left Glasgow?'

'To congratulate you!' the father answered, with a drunken chuckle. 'Water Jones and Patty Stanton—third time of asking, you know! Oh, I heard of it! But not through you. Why,' he continued, with a sudden change to ferocity, 'would you not ask your own father to your wedding, you ungrateful boy?'

'No,' replied the Vicar, sternly and almost loudly, 'he being such as he is, I would not.'

'Oh, you are ashamed of him, are you? You have kept him dark, have you?' replied the old man, grinning with wicked enjoyment as he saw how his son winced at each sentence, how the colour came and went on his cheek. 'Well, now you will have the pleasure of introducing me to the squire, and to daughter Patty and all your friends. It will be a pleasant surprise for them. I dare say you said I was dead.'

'I have not said you were dead.'

'Don't you wish I was?'

'God keep me from it!' the Vicar moaned.

On that, silently, the two men stood looking at each other, the one so neat, clean-shaven, conventional, the other vile with the degradation of drink. Though the windows stood open, the room was full of the smell of spirits, and seemed somehow itself soiled and degraded. Suddenly the younger man sat down at the table and, burying his face between his hands fell into a storm of weeping.

His father shifted his feet and, licking his lips nervously, looked at him in maudlin shame, and then from him to the sideboard, in search of his supporter under all trials. But the sideboard was bare, the doors closed, the key invisible. Mr Jones grew indignant. 'There, stop that foolery!' he said brutally. 'You make me sick.'

The rough adjuration restored the young man's nerve, and in a minute he looked up, his cheeks wet with tears that were not altogether unmanly, for this tragedy with which he was brought face to face was one not to be got rid of by manliness, or indeed by any help of men. 'Tell me what it is you want,' he said wearily.

'More money,' his father snarled. The liquor with which he had primed himself was losing its effect. 'I cannot live on what you give me. Glasgow is a dear place. The money ought all to be mine.'

'You have had two hundred a year, one half of my private means.'

'I know. I want three now.'

'Well, you cannot have it,' said the son languidly. 'If you must know, I have agreed to settle one half my income on my wife at once and the other half at your death. Therefore it will not be in my power to allow you any more. You have spent a fortune of your own, and you have no claim on my mother's money.

'Very well,' Mr Jones answered, his head and hands trembling with rage and weakness. 'Then I stay with you. I stay here. You father-in-law that is to be will be glad to meet his old friend again, I have no doubt. We were at college together. I dare say he will acknowledge me, if my own son is too proud to do so. I shall stay here until I am tired of the country.'

The young man looked at him in dumb despair. Supplication or argument he knew would avail him nothing, and the only threat he could use—that he would stop his father's allowance altogether—would have no terrors, for he could not execute it. To let his father go to the workhouse would be to increase the scandal a hundred times. He got up at last and went out. His housekeeper had come in, and he told her, keeping his burning face averted the while, to prepare a bed and get supper for two. He shrank—he whose life at Acton had been so full of propriety and convention—from saying who his guest was. Let his father proclaim himself if he would; even so it would be less painful. The truth must out. Once before, at his first curacy, the young man, younger then and more hopeful, had tried the work of reformation. He had brought his father home to him and done what he could. And the end had been hot-flaming shame, and an exposure which had driven him to the other end of England.

When he went out next morning, though his mind was made up to go to the squire at once and tell him all, he lingered on the white, dusty road, and again under the limes outside the lodge. As he stood, the sunlight fell about him in dazzling checkers. Save for the humming of the bees overhead and the whirr of a reaping machine in a neighbouring field, the stillness of the August noon hung with the haze over the landscape. His eyes, despite his resolution, filled with angry tears, as he looked around and contrasted the peacefulness of nature with the tumult of shame and excitement in his own breast. There was the school that he opened with prayer four times a week. Between the trees he caught a gray glimpse of the church—his church. As he looked his secret grew fouler, more formidable.

He turned with a huge effort, to enter the gates and saw Patty and her sister, Mrs Foley, coming down the avenue toward him. They were yet a long way off, their light summer frocks and parasols flitting from sunlight to shadow and shadow to sunlight, as they advanced. The young man halted. Had Patty been alone he would have gone to her and told her all, and surely, surely, though he doubted it himself at this moment, won comfort—for love laughs at vicarious shame. But the Partridge's presence frightened him. Mrs Foley, round and small and plump as she was, and in all things the antithesis of her husband, had yet imbibed something, if the expression may be used, of Jim's dryness. The Vicar feared her under the present circumstances, and turned and fled down the road. He would let them pass—probably they were going to the vicarage—and would then slip up and see the squire.

He was right in supposing that they were going to the vicarage. Their purpose was to inquire after him; and presently, as they went in that direction, they came upon a strange, dissolute old man whom they eyed with wondering abhorrence, and to whom they gave a wide berth as they passed. They had not gone by him long before a third person came slowly through the lodge gates and slowly sauntered after them. This was Jim Foley, come out, with his hands in his pockets and a one-eyed terrier at his heels, to smoke his morning pipe. He, too, espied the old drunkard, and at sight of him took his pipe from his mouth and stood still in the middle of the road, an expression of immense surprise on his features; while Mr Jones, becoming aware of him rather late—for his faculties were not of the sharpest in the morning—also stood still by some instinct, and looked, with dull apprehension and a growing sense of unpleasant recognition, at his lanky figure.

'Hullo!' said Jim. Mr Jones did not answer, but stood blinking in the sunshine. He looked more blear eyed and shabby, more hopelessly gone to seed, if that were possible, than he had looked in the vicarage dining-room.

'Hullo!' said Foley again. 'My old friend Wilkins, I think!'

'My name is Jones,' the wretched man muttered.

'Ah, Jones, is it? Jones, vice Wilkins resigned,' Jim replied, with ironical politeness. 'Come down to Acton upon a little matter of business, I suppose. Now look here, Jones, vice Wilkins,' he continued, pointing each sentence with a wave of his pipe, 'I see your game. You have come down here to get a ten-pound note, or whatever it may be, from me, by threatening to tell the squire some story or other of my turf days. That is it, is it not?'

Mr Jones opened his mouth to deny the charge, but thought better of it; either because of the settled scepticism which Foley's face expressed, or because he saw a ten-pound note looming in the immediate future. He remained silent.

'Just so,' Foley went on with a nod, replacing his pipe in his mouth and his hand in his pocket. 'Well, it won't do. It won't do, do you understand? Because, do you see, old boy, you have not accounted for the last puny I sent you to put on Paradox for the Two Thousand. And I will just trouble you for it and three to the back of it. Three to one was the starting price, I think, Mr Jones.'

Mr Jones' face fell abruptly, and he gazed at his tormentor. 'It never reached me,' he muttered huskily.

'You mean that you are not going to refund it,' said Jim. 'Well, you do not look as if you had got it. But I will tell you what you will do. You will go back whence you came within three hours—there is a train at 2.40, and you will go by it. You have caught a Tartar, do you see?' Jim continued sternly, 'and though you may, if you stay, give me an unpleasant hour with the squire, I shall give you a much more unpleasant hour with the policeman.'

'But the squire——' the old man began——'the squire ——'

'No, policeman!' Foley retorted sharply. 'Never mind the squire. Keep your mind steadily on the policeman, and you will be the more certain to catch the train. Now, mind,' Jim added, pausing to say another word after he had already turned away, 'I am serious, my man. If I find you here after the 2.40 train has left, I give you in charge, and we will both take the consequences.'

Jim strolled on then toward the vicarage, congratulating himself on his presence of mind, and chuckling over the skill with which he had foiled this attempt on his pocket. While Mr Jones, though his appetite for a country walk was probably spoiled by the meeting, tottered onward too, in the opposite direction, rather than seem, by turning at once, to be dogging his late companion, who had inspired him with a very genuine terror. The consequence was that the next turn in the road brought the old man face to face with his son.

'Walter, I am going back,' he said, quavering piteously. The interview had shaken him. He seemed less offensive, less of a blot on the landscape; on the other hand, more broken and older. It is not without a sharp pang that the man who has once been a gentleman finds himself threatened with the handcuffs and forced to avoid the policeman.

The Vicar had been passing him in silence, but these unexpected words brought him to a standstill. What if his father should indeed go? To explain him in his absence seemed now an easy, almost a normal task. Yet he feared a trap, and he only answered, 'I am glad to hear it.'

'I am going by the 2.40 train,' the old man whined, 'but I must have a sovereign to pay my fare, Walter.'

'You shall have it,' said the vicar, his heart bounding.

'Give it me now; give it me now!' his father repeated, eagerly. 'I tell you I am going by the 2.40. Do you think I am a liar?'

Reluctantly—not because he grudged the money, but because he feared that, the coins once obtained, his father would indeed prove a liar, the young clergyman took out £2 and handed them to him. The old man gripped them with avidity, and, thursting them and his hand into his pocket, turned his back on the donor, and hobbled away mumbling to himself.

THE CHURCH AND VICARAGE.

The Vicar remained where he was, standing irresolute just at the turn of the road, which brought the lodge gates into view. Looking at his watch, he found it was a quarter-past twelve. He wondered what Patty was thinking of him, and his sudden strange avoidance to her; and what his housekeeper was thinking of his miserable guest, and whether many people had observed him. The drowsy stillness of a hot summer day brooded over road and fields, and he felt himself suddenly homeless in a familiar scene. He should have been moving to and fro about his business; instead, he was here hovering stealthily upon the outskirts of the village, dreading mens' eyes, and prepared to fly from the first comer. By going straight to the squire he might put an end to this intolerable position, but the temptation to postpone his explanation until his father should have left overcame him, and he turned and walked steadily away from the village.

He long remembered that miserable tramp in the heat and dust. Throughout he was weighed down by a feeling that he was an outcast, and that people who met him looked strangely at him, and that while he so roamed aimlessly his duty called him home. Presently his soul was vexed by a new fear, that his father would not keep his word, and his own dreadful position would be prolonged; the consequence of which was that half an hour before the train started he was lurking about the tiny fir-plantation at the back of the station-house, peeping at the platform which lay grilling in the sunshine, and tormenting himself with the suspicion that his watch was wrong.

But presently the station woke up. One or two people arrived, and sat on a barrow in a shady place. The station-master labelled a hamper and gave out a ticket. And then someone else, who was by no means welcome to the Vicar, appeared—Jim Foley. He did not enter the station, but the Vicar, uneasily peeping, was taken aback at the sight of him standing on the bridge which carried the road over the railway. What was more, Jim Foley at the same moment discovered him, and visibly started.

Jim looked elsewhere at once, but he had his suspicions. 'So, so,' he muttered. 'Friend Jones grows more of a riddle than ever. I suppose he has had dealings with Master Wilkins too, and has an equal interest with me in seeing him off. I hope he has got rid of him as cheaply. But it is odd. He always seems mild enough. I shall tell the Partridge and hear what she says. She likes him.'

He forgot, however, all about his wife a few minutes later, when the train had steamed slowly in, and stood and steamed out again, and the two people who had come by it had passed him where he stood, and even the Vicar slowly and perforce—for this was the only way home—had crawled up to him on the bridge. He had found something else to consider by that time. 'I say,' he exclaimed on the impulse of the moment, meeting the clergyman open-mouthed, 'this will not do, you know.'

Jones was dazed, struck down, and prostrated by his heavy disappointment. 'What?' he said, feebly—'what will not do?'

'He has not gone!' Foley protested indignantly.

'No!'

'The old buffer! I guessed what was up as soon as I saw you hanging about. Did he get anything out of you?'

The question seemed brutal, but the clergyman answered it. 'Yes,' he said, his face dark with shame, while he looked down at the end of his stick, and wondered how the other had found it all out. 'Two sovereigns.'

'By Jove! Well, what is to be done now. That is the question.'

'I shall go to the squire,' Jones said mechanically.

'What? And tell him this?'

'Yes.'

Jim shrugged his shoulders. 'Well,' he said, after a pause, in which he tried to calculate the extent to which this course might commit himself, 'I dare say it is the best thing you can do. You will not wait and see if the old fellow goes by the 6.10?'

'No.'

'Right; it is your own lookout,' said the tall man rather grudgingly. 'And while you are telling other things perhaps you may as well throw this in—not that I care a jot for it. Make it straight for Patty if you can, my friend—and I am with you.'

Jim strolled away toward the Acton Arms, after making this handsome concession, very much puzzled in his mind by the new light which events were shedding on the character of Jones. The mere discovery that his future brother-in-law had done a little betting in old days would not have surprised him much. But that, taken in conjunction with the entanglement, to which as he fancied, the Vicar had owned to the day before, did seem to testify to a character so different from that of the model propriety he had hitherto known that he—well, his mind dwelt upon it. 'And he never kills a thing,' Jim thought, turning it over and over fruitlessly. 'You would not have thought he knew what sport meant.'

The village policeman was loitering outside the inn and Foley, who like most men of his class bred in the country had a word for everyone, stopped to speak to him, and finally bade him come in and have a glass of ale. The road in front of the Acton Arms is separated from the chase only by a sunk fence, and Jim, casting a glance behind him as he entered, could see not only the windows of the great house flashing in the sunlight, but the vicar pounding along the avenue toward them. He went in, the constable at his heels, and turned at once into the cool, fireless tap-room, which for a moment he took to be empty. His first noisy summons, however, undeceived him, for his stick had scarcely rung on the oak table before a man, who had been sitting unseen on the settle, his head on his hands and his senses lost in a drunken stupor, leaped up, and supporting himself by the table, glared at the two intruders.

'Ah!' said the squire's son-in-law, dryly. 'So you are here, Master Jones vice Wilkins, are you? I might have known where to find you?'

It is probable that the wretched man, recognizing him, and seeing the policeman with him thought that they had come to arrest him, the wholesome terror with which Foley had inspired him in the morning working in him now. Roused thus abruptly from his tipsy slumbers, bemused and drink sodden as he was, he saw in a flash the hand of the law stretched out to grasp him at last and an old and ungovernable terror seized upon his shattered nerves. 'Keep off! keep off!' he gasped, clawing at them with his trembling hands. 'You shall not take me! I will not be taken! Don't you see I am a gentleman?—the last in a feeble scream.

'Easy, easy, old fellow,' Jim said, surprised at his violence, 'or you will be doing yourself a mischief.'

But the words only confirmed the poor wretch in his mistake. 'I won't be taken!' he cried, waving them off. 'My son will pay you. I tell you,' he cried, his voice rising in a shriek which rang shrilly even on the road outside, and startled the house-dog sleeping in the dust and sunshine—'I tell you my son will pay you!' One of his hands as he spoke overturned the empty glass before him, and it rolled off the table—on such trifles life rests. The policeman instinctively started forward to catch it. The old man misunderstood the movement and fell in a fit on the floor.

Instantly there was a great commotion. The inn was roused from its afternoon slumber, and the policeman dispatched for the doctor; and with one thing and another half an hour elapsed before Foley left the house and slowly made his way to the Chase, thinking a great deal more seriously than was his wont. As hard as nails some of his friends called him; but there is a very soft spot in these men who are as hard as nails, if one can only find it. Approaching the house, he caught sight of his sister-in-law, and shrugged his shoulders and shook himself as if to get rid of unpleasant thoughts. Patty was a great favourite with him, and, seeing her loitering idly round the sweep before the house, he guessed that she was waiting to intercept her betrothed and learn the cause of the vicar's strange avoidance of her. Jim said a naughty word under his breath, and, with the current of his ideas completely diverted, went to her as if he had something to say. But, reaching her, he listened instead, as a man must when a woman has a mind to speak.

'What is it, Jim?' she broke out. Poor Patty's brown eyes were full of trouble, and her usually pale complexion was just a shade paler. 'What is the matter with Walter? He did not dine here last night, though he promised to do so. And when we went to learn the reason this morning he was out. He was still away at luncheon time, and the school had never been visited. And now, when he came here at last, he told Robert not to call me, but said he would wait in papa's study until he came in.'

She stopped breathless. 'He is here now?' Jim asked.

'Yes, papa has just come in, and they are in the bowling-green.'

'I will go to them,' he volunteered. There was a rather ugly expression on his plain features.

'But, Jim, what is it?' she repeated, speaking with a little quaver in her voice; and, laying her hand on his arm, she detained him. 'Tell me, is there anything the matter?'

Jim looked down at her. She was one of those soft, plump, feminine women who seem made to be protected—whom to have hurt seems as wicked as wantonly to harm a child. 'The matter?' he said. 'Nothing that I know of. What should be the matter? But I will go and see them.'

He escaped from her, and entering the hall, of which the front and the back doors were open, found that she was right. The young vicar, the dust still on his shoes, and an unwonted shade of ill luck and depression darkening his person, was walking up and down the sward with the squire—a little man, as choleric as he was kind-hearted, who passed two-thirds of his waking hours in breeches and gaiters. Jim Foley strode toward them, a distinct purpose in his mind. These lanky men, commonly so cool and dry, can be very nasty when anything moves them. The vicar, but just embarked on his confession, found it ruthlessly broken in upon and interrupted—made a thousand times more difficult.

'Jones has come to explain matters to you, I hope, sir,' Jim said, his voice as harsh as his face.

The clergyman winced. 'He has come to turn my brain, I think,' said the squire, angry and suspicious. 'I cannot make out what he would be at.'

'I was telling you, sir,' the vicar answered, with some impatience—he could not refrain from that slight show of wounded pride—'that my father——'

'You had better leave your father alone, I think!' Foley struck in with a manner like the snapping of a trap, 'and just explain to Mr Stanton the little matter you mentioned to me yesterday.'

'I was explaining it?' rejoined the clergyman in a chill heat. 'I was saying that my father—he was at school with you, sir, you remember?'

'To be sure,' said the squire, his little gray whiskers curling with impatience as he looked from one to the other. 'And at college.'

'He lost money in later years after my mother's death,' the young man continued, 'and went at last to live in Glasgow.' In his dreadful shrinking from the disclosure he had to make, his voice took a rambling tone as he added, 'I think I told you that, sir.'

'To be sure! To be sure! Twice, I think.'

'But I did not tell you,' the clergyman replied, driving his stick into the ground and working it about there while his face grew scarlet—'and I take great shame to myself that I did not, Mr Stanton—that my father was much—'

'Good heavens, Jones!' Jim broke out at this, his patience exhausted, 'what on earth has your father to do with it? You gave me to understand yesterday that you had some entanglement which weighed on your mind. And I thought that you had come here to make a clean breast of that and everything. Instead of which—for heaven's sake, man, don't make me think that you are not running straight.'

The Vicar glared at him, while the squire gazed at both in wonder. 'But that old man,' Jones said at last, almost at choking point by this time, 'whom you saw this afternoon was——'

Jim struck in again, savagely. 'We do not want to know anything about him either. As for him, he is——'

'My father!'

'He is dead,' Jim persisted, raising his hand for silence, and determined to keep his man to the point, and to have things straightened out. 'We do not want to hear anything about him. We want——'

'Who is dead?'

The question was the Vicar's. He wheeled round as he put it, his face white, his voice changed. The squire, who, like most listeners, had learned more than the talkers, saw

his tremendous agitation, and, grasping some idea of the truth, tried to intercept Foley's answer. But it was too late. 'The poor old fellow we went to see off,' Jim said, almost lightly. 'He is dead. Died in a fit half an hour ago. I tell you.'

'Dead!'

'Yes, dead. At least the doctor says so.'

The Vicar put his hands suddenly to his face and turned away, his back shaking. The others looked at him. 'He was—he was my father!' he murmured—softly, almost under his breath. And even Jim, his eyes as wide as saucers, understood now.

'Fetch some wine, you fool!' muttered the squire, giving him a nudge. And he put his arm around the clergyman and led him to a seat in the shade. There, I think, Walter Jones prayed that he might not be thankful. Man is weak—conventional man very weak.

Once a gentleman always a gentleman was the squire's motto. There was no attempt at concealment. The poor man, whose life had been so unlovely, lay at last in the best room at the vicarage, and was presently, with some tears of pity shed by gentle eyes, laid in a quiet corner of the churchyard. There was talk, of course, but the talk was confined to the village, where the possession of a drunken father was not uncommon or uncharitably considered. The worst of the dead man was known only to Jim Foley, and he kept it close even from his wife; while any Spartan thoughts which might otherwise have entertained, any objections he might have been led to raise to his daughter's match, were rendered futile, seeming, and quixotic by the strange mode in which the denouement had been reached in his presence. He consented, and all—after an interval—went well. But the Vicar will sometimes, I think, in the days to come, when prosperity laps him round, wander to the churchyard, and recall the hot summer noon when he walked the roads, haunted by that strange sense of forlorness and ruin.

Lands and Survey Department,
Auckland, Feb. 18, 1893.

IT IS HEREBY NOTIFIED that the Lands enumerated in the Schedule hereunder, being Immigrant and Military Land Order Selections, having by virtue of non compliance with the conditions of the Acts under which the selections were made, reverted to the Crown, will, unless claimed within 30 days from the date hereof (i.e. 20th March, 1893), be offered for sale or selection at the office, on a date due notice of which will be given by public notification.

GERHARD MUELLER,
Commissioner Crown Lands.

WHANGAREI COUNTY.

TAURAROA PARISH.

Section.	Area. A. R.	Selector.	Date of Selection
Adjoining 50	60	Wm. Nicholl	June 5, 1868
Adjoining 128	80	Thos. Roberts	Dec 11, 1869
Adjoining 156	260	A. et W. Lascelles	Dec. 22, 1868

LAND TRANSFER ACT NOTICES.

Notice is hereby given that the several parcels of Land hereinafter described will be brought under the provisions of "The Land Transfer Act 1885," unless caveat in the meantime be lodged forbidding the same in each case on or before the 23rd March, 1893.

ARCHIBALD CLEMENTS.—Allotment 292, Parish of Hauraupu, containing 60 acres, uncoupled. 3013

MARIE PLACE.—Allotment 9, Parish of Wairau, containing 80 acres, unoccupied. 3014

Diagrams may be inspected at this office.

Dated this 18th day of February, 1893, at the Lands Registry Office, Auckland.

THEO. KISSLING,
District Land Registrar.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 27.

We much enjoyed

MRS THOMAS'S GARDEN PARTY.

She is, as you know, the wife of one of our University Professors, and we met quite a collection of learned men that afternoon. Our hostess wore a handsome crushed strawberry dress with art draperies round the edge of the skirt, bonnet en suite; Lady Thurston was handsomely gowned in olive-green silk; Miss N. Russell, stylish brunette and white striped muslin trimmed abundantly with black ribbons, black hat; Miss G. Russell, pretty pink muslin; and her sister wore terra cotta; Mrs Cowie, handsome black gown, bonnet with a touch of white ribbons to relieve; Miss Owen, pretty blue and white muslin; Mrs Bull, handsome black silk gown, bonnet en suite; Mrs Peacock, black silk with handsome bead trimmings; Mrs Ware, black lace, black bonnet with red poppies; Miss Haultain, gendarme green with white vest; Miss F. Kissling, light mode grey with white vest; Miss Devereux looked chic in dark slate, white vest, hat with flowers; Mrs Payton, electric blue with guipure lace trimmings; Mrs Hardie, wore an extremely stylish gown of grey shot with Egypte red, and Egypte red trimmings, covered with Mechlin lace, bonnet with trimmings to match; Miss Blezzard, a becoming dress of spruce with handsome embroidery trimmings; Mrs (Dr.) Wilkins, wore a handsome black lace, black bonnet; Miss Stevenson (Remuera), fawn with brown ribbon trimmings; Miss Barstow, bright royal blue, extremely striking and stylish dress with hat en suite; Mrs Hugh Campbell, pretty navy, flowered with daisies; Miss Coleman, grey dress with white vest; Miss Towsbury, pretty grey print; Mrs A. Carrick, handsome ardoise grey with parasol to match, and gem hat with white ribbons; Mrs Nelson, handsome black gown and black hat; Mrs Upton, light mode grey with a white stripe and white lace trimmings, lovely white tulle bonnet with white feathers, black velvet bows. Mrs McArthur, steel grey, with white lace, grey bonnet; Miss Kerr-Taylor, simple navy gown; Miss Colbeck, cream silk; Miss Puckey, crushed strawberry flowered muslin, with black lace, black lace hat with flowers; and her sister looked nice in white; Mrs Conolly, fawn dress, black lace mantle, bonnet trimmed with bouton d'or ribbons, and her daughters wore grey and cream respectively; Mrs Cheeseman, prune-coloured gown covered with black lace, black lace bonnet with pink roses; Miss Heather, grey trimmed with silk, white hat; Miss Campbell, black (mourning); Miss Blezzard, grey and pink; Miss Alexander, black relieved with white, pale grey hat trimmed with feathers; Mrs Street, black; Miss Rooke, red plaid trimmed with red silk; Mrs Browning, handsome black dress.

We ladies take a good deal of interest in polo, perhaps because we cannot, as yet, play it ourselves. I must, however, only describe the ladies'

DRESSES AT POLO.

Mrs O'Rorke, striking gown, with red vest, white gem hat; Mrs (Dr.) Purchas, grey dress, white hat; Mrs Younghusband, extremely stylish gown of black alpaca, with grey trimmings, black hat with grey feathers; Mrs Colgrove, navy with blue; Mrs (Dr.) Bews, grey, black feathered hat; Mrs Bilborough, striped grey and black; Miss Dolly Scherff, navy; Miss Worsp, navy and her sister in brown; Mrs Ireland, heliotrope; Miss Ireland, green; Miss Colenso, grey; Miss Rooke, navy, white blouse; Miss Forbes, dark green; Miss Hay, lovely pink and white stripe; and her sister navy; Miss Bursill, grey; Miss Power, cornflower blue; Miss Lawford, navy, with manly shirt; Miss Firth, black and white; Miss Dunnett, grey; Miss Percival, red and white; Mrs A. Clark, grey; Miss Young, fawn; Mrs W. Bloomfield ('The Prince') looked extremely well on Kary, her last year's hunter, and wore green skirt, white blouse, gem hat; Mrs Buddle looked chic in grey silk check, white sailor hat.

We have enjoyed greatly

MAX O'RELL'S LECTURES.

Amongst the interested audience I saw Mrs Shirley Baker, old gold brown, with a fawn shawl; Miss Laird, black; Miss Rose Laird, black skirt, grey silk blouse; Mrs Bloomfield, dark bronze moyen gown; Mrs Lucas Bloomfield, navy skirt, Egypt red blouse; Miss Hay, black; Mrs Blair, brown, toque with pink flowers; Mrs Walnutt, biscuit-coloured gown; Miss MacDonald (Ponsonby) navy, with handsome bands round waist; her friend wore a stylish fawn silk; Miss Phillips, grey skirt, white blouse, gem hat; Mrs Niccol, black; Mrs Coleman, black; Miss Coleman, cream figured silk; her sister wore a lovely pink silk; they both wore handsome white opera cloaks; Mrs Thomas, black trimmed with grey; Miss Thomas, black; Mrs Challinor Purchas, grey; Miss Pierce, black spotted gown; the Misses Hesketh, shrouded in opera cloaks; Mrs Gorrie, black silk; Mrs T. Morrin, neutral tinted barred costume, yoke and epaulettes of rich guipure lace; Mrs Arthur Nathan, black with azure silk cuffs and yoke covered with black lace; Mrs Col. Burton, black; Mrs King, dark evening dress; Mrs. H. King, white gown, crimson plush cloak; Mrs Stevenson, black; Miss Stuart, dark evening dress; Mrs A. Clark, white evening dress; Mrs Kilgour, black with lavender vest; Miss Kilgour, lilac evening costume; Mrs Butt, black, palmleaf fan; Mrs Logan, tabac dress.

EN PROMENADE.

I have noticed Mrs Flower, and her daughter, Mrs Wood, in stylish grey costumes of different shades and material; Mrs Martin, in stylish black; her daughter, grey and lavender blue with becoming hat to match; Miss Rookes, cream tussore silk, white vest, gem hat; Miss Forbes, navy, white vest, gem hat; Miss Power, navy skirt, white spotted blouse, hat with green ribbons; Mrs Wilkins, black: Miss Wilkins, blue delaine, pretty hat with blue flowers; Mrs John Roach, black with white vest, gem hat with mourning ribbons; Mrs Hardie, flowered muslin, black dolman, black bonnet; Mrs Cohen, black skirt, white blouse, pretty hat with roses; Miss Ireland, white; Mrs Alfred Buckland (junr.), black (mourning); Miss Anderson looks chic in navy skirt, cream blouse, and scarlet ribbons round neck and gem hat; Miss Buddle, navy skirt, white blouse, gem hat; Miss Nashelski, terra cotta skirt, rose coral blouse, hat with flowers; Mrs Cotter, navy skirt and Eton jacket, Mexique blue vest; Miss Sellers, beige gown and hat with chartreuse green.

Max O'Rell [Monsieur Blouet] was the guest of

MRS THOMSON, GREEN LANE,

Remuera, on Friday afternoon. Excellent refreshments were provided, but as I was not present I can only give you a faint idea of the proceedings. The hostess was gowned in a handsome pale green silk with long train. Amongst the guests were Mrs Moss-Davis, Mrs Arthur Nathan, shot silk; Mrs Arthur Taylor, Mrs Archdale Taylor, lovely white muslin flowered with gray and trimmed with gray silk, hat to match; Mrs R. Browning handsome black; Mrs Gus Coates (who sang very sweetly), Mrs A. P. Wilson, looking very stylish in black silk grenadine; Miss Kilgour, the Misses Hay, Mrs Pritt, Mrs Tom Morrin, Mrs Sherrs, ruby silk; Mrs Reed, Mrs and Miss Law, Miss Coates, and Mrs Hunter.

DRESSES AT MISS KEMPTHORNE'S AFTERNOON TEA.

Mrs Kempthorne, striped black broché; Miss Kempthorne, simple white embroidered gown, blue silk Empire sash; her sister wore a pretty red spotted muslin; Miss Kempthorne (Nelson), grey, *en traine*; Miss Stevenson, pretty pink and white striped canbric trimmed with pink ribbons, black lace toque with pink silk trimmings; Miss Buckland, steel grey with white silk trimmings, hat with feathers; Miss Pellers, fawn cashmere trimmed with fawn silk; Miss Jones, white muslin with cream sash; Miss Coleman, black, with white vest, and white hat with feathers; and her sister wore cream nun's veiling with black Zouave jacket, white hat with feathers; Miss Worsp, flowered muslin, green Empire sash; and her sister, pretty white spotted muslin, silver belt; Miss Hesketh, cream delaine flowered with grey, hat with white silk trimmings; Miss Hay, red delaine; and her sister, navy skirt, white blouse, gem hat; Miss Buddle, stylish crinkly apricot and white striped zephyr, with orange Empire sash, and black lace toque covered with yellow roses; Mrs Gould, slate grey trimmed with velvet; Mrs Munro, simple white embroidery, hat with feathers and ribbons; Miss Tilly, terra cotta delaine; Miss Upton, pale grey with passementerie trimmings, and pretty hat with grey feathers; Miss Johnson, ardoise grey; Miss Gorrie, steel grey, white vest and cuffs embroidered with gold braid; Miss Ireland, lavender flowered muslin, gem hat trimmed with flowers, and her sister wore a green electric trimmed with yoke and cuffs of absinthe green velvet, hat with feathers; Miss Conolly, grey skirt, white blouse; her sister wore simple grey; Miss Bankart, crinkly striped zephyr of a pale lavender shade; her sister wore pink striped zephyr trimmed with black velvet ribbon; Miss Chambers, simple white gown, hat covered with ostrich feathers; Miss Pearson, navy delaine; Miss Kerr-Taylor, blue; and her sister, white; Mrs Whitney looked pretty in cream silk; Miss MacMurray, white; Miss Kirkwood, apricot gown trimmed with fawn lace, white straw hat; Miss Laishley, cream spotted gown, pretty hat with feathers.

I must hasten to give you some idea of the very numerous

GUESTS AT MRS COWIE'S 'AT HOME.'

Our hostess looked so nice in black, with soft white chiffon berthe, and one of the pretty caps we all admire; Miss Cowie was simply and prettily frocked in a grey skirt with white bodice. I cannot give you the visitors in any sort of precedence or order, but must jot them down as they come into my head. Besides the members of the University Senate whose names you, of course, know, there were present, Rev. C. M., and Mrs Nelson, the latter looking very well in black; Mrs Goring, very distingue in grey with black lace; Mr. and Mrs O'Rorke, in lovely rose coral nun's veiling, en traine, with satin front being a work of art, embroidered birds with gold thread; Mr. and Mrs Ware, in black lace; Mrs Dargaville, handsome bouton d'or silk, covered with black lace; Miss Dargaville, white; Mr. and Mrs Shirley Baker, slate grey; Miss Baker, rose coral pink bodice, the corselet and skirt of black net; Miss Ella, dark green satin; Mr. and Mrs Colegrove, lovely white trained dress (her wedding gown); Mr W. Goodhue; Archdeacon Dudley, Mrs Dudley wore black; Miss Dolly Dudley, Coquelicot red net; the Hon. H. de B. Devereux, Miss Devereux, in maize coloured lace; Mr. and Mrs Shera, crimson velvet; Mr. and Mrs Butt, black; Miss Coleman, pretty pink nun's veiling; Miss Freda Kissling, pretty mode grey with white trimmings; Mr. and Mrs Bloomfield in lovely white gown, Elizabethan collar, bouton d'or sash, handsome gold trimmings on edge of skirt; Mr Edward Russell, Miss N. Russell, handsome black velvet with white lace trimmings; Captain, and Mrs Worsp in black lace; Miss Worsp, heliotrope with white trimmings; Professor Pond, Mr, and Mrs T. Morrin in terra cotta gown covered with black lace; Miss White, Mexique blue; Mr Baume, Mrs and Misses Kerr-Taylor, Col. Haultain, Miss Haultain, Mr, and Mrs Upton, black; Miss Upton, white; Rev. F. Larkins, Miss Larkins, handsome black lace with lovely roses round the V-shaped corsage; Mrs A. Taylor, celery green and pink evening gown; Miss Kilgour, black lace with white Empire belt, her sister wore white with green ribbons; Mr Towsey, Messrs Hooper, Misses Hooper, pretty pink dresses; Miss Anderson, cream delaine; Mrs Carr, black, her daughter wore a lovely white richly trimmed with fur; Mr. and Mrs Whitney, yellow flowered muslin; Mr, and Mrs Thorne George, black; Miss T. George, blue; Mrs Dawson, black lace; Miss Binks, pale green; Mr, and Miss Shrewsbury, white muslin; Miss Morrison, dark green; Dr. and Mrs Kenderdine, black satin and pink ribbons; Miss Kenderdine, white muslin with red sash; Rev. J., and Miss Chew, pretty white muslin; Miss Dudley, white net; Mrs Robertson, black; Mr and Mrs A. Clarke, the latter very pretty in Honiton lace and silk; Mr, and Mrs Thomas Wood in black lace; Mr, and Mrs James Russell in black with yellow trimmings; Rev. George, and Mrs McMurray, black; Rev. J. Marshal, Rev. John King Davis, Mrs Davis wore black with heliotrope; Dr., and Mrs Hassell, rose-coloured silk edged with darker velvet; Mr, and Mrs Theo. Kissling black silk; Miss Kissling, black; Mr Batger; Mr. and Miss Churton, black; Dr., and Mrs Purchas, black; Miss Purchas, white; Rev. P. S. Smallfield; Mr, and Mrs Bourne, black lace; Miss Russell, white and pink; Mr Thomas Buddle, Miss Buddle, cream delaine; Mr and Miss Alexander, Mrs Hugh Campbell, Miss Bull and her sister, white; Monseigneur McDonald; Mr, and Mrs Cheeseman, black lace; Miss Keesing; Mrs Moss, black; Miss Moss, royal blue velvet; and her sister wore rose-coloured cashmere; Mrs Tisdall, black; and her daughter, black lace; Rev. R., and Mrs Coates, black lace; Rev. D. W. Runciman, Miss Runciman, white muslin, Miss Von Sturmer, white, with roses; Rev. I and Mrs Richards, Archbishop Redwood, Mr Wilson, Mr and Mrs Brett, Dr. Laishley, etc. I really cannot remember even a quarter of the people who were present.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE ON MONDAY

I saw Miss Reeve, in white flowered delaine; Mrs Whitelaw, in black, with her younger daughters in white; Miss Joey Reeve, in white; Miss Turgusson, in fawn costume, white waistcoat; Mrs Hyman, fawn costume; Mrs Airey, black; Mrs Alfred Nathan, handsome gown of black and dark blue silk; Miss Geddis, pale blue; Miss Porter, blue and grey; Mrs Porter, brown silk and lace.

MURIEL.

ONEHUNGA.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 25.

Our tennis tournament has finished at last. You will find a list of the winners under the head of 'Athletics.' Owing to Mrs Banks giving a picnic to-day there were not so many visitors on the Club Lawn as usual. However, the tea and cakes which were provided by Miss Dickey and another, were highly appreciated. Amongst those present were Mrs Zingan, wearing a becoming lavender bonnet and black dress; Mrs Symonds and her daughter, Mr Nathan, both dressed in black; Mrs Scott, who looked well in a small brown hat, brown check skirt and Eton jacket with pink silk front; Mrs Frost, small hat, light blouse, and fawn skirt; Miss A. Bassett, white costume, brown hat with red flowers; Miss E. Bassett, very pretty spotted navy dress, black hat trimmed with white; Miss C. Frost looked very nice in brown striped skirt and flannel blouse; Miss M. Frost, pale blue flowered blouse, grey skirt; Miss R. Gibbons, navy blue skirt, spotted navy shirt blouse, large white hat; Miss E. Jackson, shirt blouse, dark brown skirt, small white hat; Miss Dickey, dark skirt, light shirt blouse; Miss N. Singleton, navy skirt, striped navy blouse, white hat trimmed to match. The gentlemen present were Dr. Scott and the Messrs L. A. and C. Suttie, V. Frost, Zingan, E. F. Battley, R. Burns.

Auckland seems to have felt Thursday's gale more than we did, though it was bad enough here. I did not hear of any damage done here except a few branches of trees blown down and flower gardens knocked about a little, but at the Manukau Heads two of the beacons were blown over.

The Horticultural Society held their annual meeting in the stone schoolroom on Tuesday evening. The affairs of the Society were pronounced to be in a flourishing condition, though the greatest part of the hard work has fallen on to the shoulders of a few 'willing horses' who deserve great credit for the success of the Shows. The chairman (Mr Fleming) hopes that the public will come forward and take more interest in the work, as they evidently enjoyed the Shows by the way the hall was crowded on each occasion.

SENEX.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 23.

As you doubtless know, this week has been very dull down here. You will find some news in the 'Topics,' for I sent one or two to the Editor.

In the afternoon of the day of their arrival, I saw Miss Hallowes, accompanied by Miss Wolfe-Murray, driving about town in the pretty little pony carriage which His Excellency bought for his daughters.

The

ART LOAN EXHIBITION

is to be opened by the Governor next Saturday in the Society's new building in Whitmore-street. The proceeds of the exhibition are to be devoted to the building fund.

On the following Saturday the Star Club's Swimming Sports are to take place.

The

TRUDA BROTHERS

are giving a concert to-night in the Opera House, and I hear have decided to give up street-playing and go in more for chamber music in future.

MISS FISHER'S FAREWELL CONCERT,

at which we shall hear Madame Bahnson, Mr Jackson, Mr Prouse, Mr Williams, and of course Miss Fisher, should certainly be one of the best concerts ever given. As soon as Madame Bahnson's season is over, Miss Fisher is to accompany her to Melbourne, there to study under her for the profession. Miss Fisher will, I feel sure, carry with her the best wishes of her Wellington friends, who will watch her progress with much interest.

RUBY.

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 21.

I did not telegraph to you the

DRESSES WORN BY THE GUESTS AT MISS ORMOND'S WEDDING,

so will describe them to you now. Mrs Vallance, sister of the bride, wore a lovely dress of brown silk with fine blue stripes, and a pretty little bonnet of forget-me-nots; Mrs Webster (Geraldine), sister of the bridegroom, wore claret silk trimmed with black lace, black lace hat trimmed with yellow flowers; Mrs Garrett, lovely heliotrope silk trimmed with velvet, mantelette bodice; Miss Reynolds, fawn and electric blue silk, hat to match; Mrs Stephenson, very handsome black; Mrs Ogston, very handsome brown and green costume; Miss Martin, stylish red; the Misses Farquhar, black and terra-cotta, with hats to match; Mrs W. H. Reynolds, black silk trimmed with jet; Miss Reynolds, electric blue shot silk, bodice and skirt bordered with a darker blue, the bodice being trimmed with lace epaulettes; Mrs MacNeil, handsome olive green silk with long train lined with crimson, hat to match; Miss McNeil pale eau-de-nil silk trimmed with bands of black velvet, large black hat; Mrs Finch, stylish olive green silk trimmed with pale blue, large epaulettes of green and blue, and handsome jet trimmings, little bonnet of pale blue forget-me-nots; Mrs Stephenson, black silk, and black jet bonnet; Mrs Pearson, black silk with white vest, and trimmings; black and white bonnet; Miss Moffat (Invercargill), white and green delaine made with green Empire sash and lace epaulettes, large white picture hat trimmed with feathers; Mrs Ogston, green costume with large sleeves, and large black hat; Miss Martin, red costume with yoke of black lace, and black hat; Miss Nevill, pretty delaine; Mrs Chamberlain, black silk; Mrs Tennant, black and white silk, black bonnet. Mrs Kennedy, pretty white cloth dress trimmed with lace, and large white hat; Mrs Stock, purple satin. Other guests were the Misses Macassey, A. Maclean, Mr. Mrs and Miss L. Mackerras, Mr and Mrs Woodhouse, Mrs Dowling, Mr and Mrs Hazlett, Mr and Mr. Chamberlain, Mr Richardson, Mr Mason, Mr Howell, Mrs Garrett, and Mr Edwards.

I must describe the

PRETTY GOWNS AT MRS STEPHENSON'S DANCE.

Miss Kate Stephenson's dress was a very handsome one, and she looked very well. The dress was of a rich white corded silk with a long train, the edge being handsomely trimmed with white feathers; the bodice was beautifully finished with white embroidered chiffon, and she carried a lovely white bouquet; Mrs J. Mills, handsome olive green silk, with lace trimmings; Mrs H. McKenzie, yellow silk trimmed with black velvet ribbons, and long ends at the back; Mrs J. Ritchie, lovely pale green silk vest with olive green velvet corselet and trimmings; Miss Stephenson wore a handsome black brocade with large pink velvet sleeves veiled in black lace; Miss Tottie Stephenson, a pretty white silk and chiffon with balloon sleeves of scarlet velvet; Mrs H. S. Valentine (Waimea) wore a stylish black lace costume, with trimmings and sleeves of green velvet, and jet ornaments; Mrs MacDonald (Sydney), wore cream coloured brocké with olive green velvet sleeves; Mrs Sinclair Thomson, handsome black and pink striped brocade and pink sleeves; Miss Stuart (England), handsome white satin with green velvet sleeves and beautiful lace; Miss McHardie, white silk; Miss Moffat (Invercargill), white crépon with large silk sleeves and sash; Miss Gibson, black and blue striped brocade with large blue sleeves; Miss Dymock, white silk with yellow trimmings, and large velvet sleeves; Miss Neill, white and pale blue; Miss Kenyon, white silk with yellow sash. There were a great many more. Amongst those present were Mesdames Hosking, Finch, Moore, Misses McNeill, Roberts, McCassey, Reynolds, MacKerras, Farquhar, Cargill, Williams, Cutten, etc., etc.,

A LUNCHEON PARTY.

On Thursday Miss Dymock entertained a number of her friends to luncheon. Amongst those present were Miss McHardie, Miss Stewart, Miss Hicklings (Brisbane), Miss Gibson, Miss Wright, Miss Roberts, Miss Neill, Miss Spence, and several more. After luncheon most of them adjourned to Mrs (Judge) Williams', where had her usual Thursday afternoon tennis, but which was spoilt owing to the bad weather.

MRS J. M. RITCHIE'S DANCE.

Mrs Ritchie wore a handsome pale grey broché; Mrs Mills looked well in black handsomely trimmed with jet; Mrs Ferguson wore black and blue striped broche with pale blue ribbons; Miss Backhouse (Sydney) wore white with a black velvet corset and ribbons of black; Miss Calder (Melbourne), pale pink surah with gold-coloured slippers; Miss Wanless (Melbourne), white muslin; Miss Kate Neill, pretty white dress with sleeves and trimmings of green checked silk; Miss E. McLaren, black lace over white; Miss Dymock, pale grey; Miss Tottie Stephenson, black lace, the bodice being handsomely trimmed with jet; Miss Gibson, white grenadine spotted with pink and blue, the bodice being stylishly trimmed with pink and blue passementerie; Miss Sise, pale pink surah; Miss F. Spence, black with pink velvet. Also present were the Misses Williams, Reynolds, Roberts, Sise, Stephenson, Mrs H. S. Valentine, Mrs Hosking, Mrs S. Thomson, Mrs McKenzie and a number more.

At the party for their

ANNIVERSARY WEDDING

Mrs Jowett wore a fawn skirt, handsome pink satin blouse bodice; Mrs Hales, black figured silk trimmed with lavender and jet; Miss Carew, grey dress trimmed with grey silk; Miss Quick (Wellington), black silk with pink silk sash; Miss Tui Stephenson, pink and green silk; Miss Kate Stephenson, fawn gown; Mrs Bothemly, black merveilleux; Miss Macassey, pink Liberty silk; Mrs Macdonald (Sydney), handsome black trimmed with silk; Miss Amy Roberts, handsome black trimmed with red; Miss Broad (Wanganui), lavender gown; and also Messrs R. Williams, Hales, Burns, Wright and Mason.

MAUDE.

BLENHEIM.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 22.

Our small town was quite in a commotion yesterday when we were honoured by

A VISIT FROM HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR AND THE COUNTESS OF GLASGOW.

Her Grace the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, the Ladies Augusta and Alice Boyle, Miss Wolfe Murray and Miss Hallowes, Colonel Pat Boyle, Mr E. Clayton, A.D.C., and Mr George Gillington. Our distinguished visitors arrived at 11 a.m. by special train from Picton, where they were received by the Hon. Captain Baillie, who introduced the Mayor (Mr Bythell) and the councillors, etc., who were in waiting on the platform, and the Town Clerk (Mr Neaworthy) read the address. The chairmen of several local bodies and other leading townspeople were on the platform, while outside were the Blenheim Rifles under Captain Rogers, the Blenheim City Rifles under Captain Griffiths, the Marlborough Mounted Rifles under Captain Chaytor, the School Cadets under Captain Lucas, and the Garrison Band under Bandmaster Nancarrow were all drawn up in line outside the station, leaving a space for the Vice-regal party to pass to their carriages. As they emerged from the station the Volunteers presented arms and the band played the National Anthem. The procession was then formed, the Mounted Rifles forming a guard of honour to His Excellency. In the first carriage were the Governor, Lady Glasgow, the Mayor, and Colonel Pat Boyle. In the second, the Duchess of Buckingham, Capt. Baillie and others of the party, and so on, then carriages containing representatives of the various local bodies, then came the Garrison Band, the volunteers, and the Blenheim volunteer fire brigade with Captain Snodgrass in charge of the Fire Queen. Upon the arrival of

THE PROCESSION

the school children, who were drawn up in line, sang 'God Save the Queen,' which was, however, drowned by the energy of the Garrison Band, who could not be induced to stop and give the poor children 'a show!' The square now looked very gay and animated, and if yesterday we could only have had the weather of to-day, how different everything would have been! His Excellency then replied most ably to

THE ADDRESS

presented by the Mayor and burgesses of Blenheim, but unfortunately he and the Countess had to stand on the steps of the Government Buildings in the rain. Mr Gillespie, Secretary to the Marlborough Lodge of Oddfellows, then read their address, to which His Excellency replied most suitably. After repeated cheering the party retired to the Court Room, where

A VERY INFORMAL LEVEE

was held and a great number of us were presented to Lord and Lady Glasgow. The only flowers presented to Lady Glasgow were a pretty posy of dahlias, etc., given her by a tiny little Miss Compton, who received a kiss from the Countess, but did not like to wish to give up her flowers. But, Bee, I must tell you that the Blenheim ladies, until we actually saw the Countess and other ladies, had no idea that any of the ladies intended to honour us with their presence, nor had we the faintest idea that any levée would be held, otherwise in spite of the wet and muddy morning we would not have put on our old clothes, but would have tried to present a better appearance. The people of our town. We would also have provided bouquets for the ladies, and comfortable chairs and lounges for them during the levée, and had they only known a great number of our leading ladies would not have been conspicuous by their absence. The Countess and other ladies then adjourned to the Criterion Hotel to rest until luncheon.

THE LUNCHEON.

A luncheon was held at 1.30, in Ewart's Hall, when Miss Dircen, of the Club Hotel, served an excellent repast. The tables were set out with great taste, the plants and flowers being very prettily arranged, which together with the coloured glasses made a very effective whole. There were only about fifty present, which was mainly owing to no time being advertised, while up to the last moment very few could ascertain whether ladies were expected to be present or not. The ladies of the Vice-Regal party were, of course, there, but very few Blenheim ladies, as we did not know we were wanted. At the close the Mayor proposed the health of the 'Queen and Royal Family' in a very nice little speech; indeed, Mr Bythell is to be congratulated on having got through the duties of his position so well. In spite of evident illness he most creditably sustained the honours of the town. Mr Horton then proposed 'His Excellency the Governor,' in very able and well-chosen terms, and did not forget to allude most happily to Lady Glasgow. The Governor replied, and his remarks were most interesting to us all. The party then proceeded to the Club Hotel, and from thence were driven to the station and left by special train at 2.30, for Picton.

And now, dear Bee, as to

THE DRESSES.

Well, the Countess wore fawn tweed with short double-breasted coat, and hat with fawn feathers, and an old rose silk tie in a bow under her chin; the Duchess of Buckingham (who is a beautiful woman) wore fawn cloth with three-quarter coat to match with revers of silk, the whole edged with cord, and a becoming black felt close-fitting hat with black tips, which set off the finely-plaited coil of her truly golden hair; Miss Wolfe Murray, heather tweed travelling dress and brown felt hat; Miss Hallowes, white blouse, dark skirt, sailor hat; and the Ladies Boyle in simple light frocks and sailor hats with narrow bands of red velvet. About our dresses, dear Bee, the less said the better, for we were not proud of our appearance yesterday.

BLACKBERRYING EXPEDITIONS

have been the order of the day here lately. Blackberries are very abundant and are in great request this year owing to the scarcity of other fruit. Blackberry jam is most delicious if made as follows:—Weigh the blackberries, put them in the preserving pan and when they boil add just half their weight of sugar and boil slowly for three-quarters of an hour. It is not, perhaps, generally known that by boiling the jam up first, and then adding the sugar, you avoid your jam becoming hard or lumpy which so often spoils blackberry jam. If properly made, this jam is fit to rank with the best preserves made.

SINCERITY.

TIMARU.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 18.

As you probably know, one of our great events is the

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE S.C.A.A.C.

Though coming in the middle of the season, there was not so much to notice as in May, when every lady donned her new winter costume. Mrs Postlethwaite, who presented the ladies' cup to the fortunate winner, was gowned in heliotrope cashmere and large black hat; Mrs Luxmore, exceedingly handsome black merveilleux, black lace cloak, and bonnet with heliotrope; Mrs Hamlyn, brown check tweed, large black hat; her sister, Miss Ashton, olive green trimmed with passementerie; Mrs R. Rutherford (Mount Nessing), blue serge Eton dress with cream vest, black hat; Mrs Harry Le Cren, stylish petunia figured silk trimmed with Irish point lace, small bonnet to match; Miss White, heliotrope figured muslin, floral bonnet to match; Misses Archer, brown tweed, white hats with feathers; Miss Mendelsohn, pretty dress of striped white delaine, white hat; Miss G. Cooper, blue striped crépon, large white hat with feathers; Miss S. Cuff (Christchurch), brown cloth, white hat; Miss Mayne, pink Eton dress, pretty white hat; Misses Mee (three), most becoming costumes of white serge with white feather trimming, white hats to match; Miss Chisholm, dark blue with bands of black velvet; Miss Nantes, dark red. There were many other ladies there—Mrs C. Miles, Mrs Kimbley, Miss Le Cren, Misses Cuffley, Rutherford, etc.

THE BALL

was held on Thursday evening, and was attended by only about fourteen couples. I was not one of the unfortunates, so can tell you nothing about the dresses. However, I heard that those who were there enjoyed it immensely, as it was really like a pleasant little private dance, but I pity the poor Committee, on whom all the expense will fall.

We were all looking forward to a dance that was to have been given by Mrs Luxmore on the following Tuesday, but it had unfortunately to be put off on account of the very serious illness of her niece, Miss Effie Woolcombe. I am glad to say, however, that she is now out of danger, and I hope on a fair way to recovery.

Mrs E. T. Rhodes has also, I am sorry to say, been laid up for some weeks. I believe from some injury to her foot. I trust she will be quite restored before long. She is one of our kindest and most hospitable entertainers.

The Hon. Carr Glyn has been visiting Timaru, accompanied by his wife and daughter. They were the

GUESTS OF MR H. LE CREN, OF CRAIGHEAD.

Mr Glyn went south with Mr Le Cren, while the two ladies remained at Craighead with Miss Le Cren. Unfortunately the weather was wretched during their stay, incessant wind with the inevitable clouds of dust, making driving very unpleasant, and frequently preventing it altogether.

MRS AUBREY WITHERS, OF BRISBANE,

is at present staying at Grasmere, the residence of her parents, Mr and Mrs J. W. White. She has her two little children with her, but must have suffered great anxiety during this disastrous time, as her husband is still in Queensland, to say nothing of all her worldly belongings.

ESTELLE.

STOP DRINKING.—If you want to quit the liquor or opium habit; if you want to quit smoking, take No 1 R T. Booth's Golden Remedy. It absolutely destroys the craving and all desire for stimulants and narcotics. Read the startling testimonials of cures in New Zealand. At all chemists.—(Advt.) 1

NAPIER.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 19.

Not much news again from this quarter of the world. Perhaps we all think the fire at Hastings quite enough excitement for a hundred miles round. Mrs Horace Baker gave another of her

POPULAR TENNIS PARTIES

and as usual a great number of people assembled on the pretty lawn, including Mesdames Logan, Hamlin, Turnbull, Hoadley Bamford, Tyler, and Misses Cotterill (three), Taylor, Rhodes, Hamlin (two), Shaw, Lascelles, Chapman, Rees, Lyndon, and Messrs Cotterill, Gooch, Jack Hughes, Rees, Rees, Kennedy Dasent, and lots more. The courts are looking very green and pretty. Miss Baker, in a cool cream gown, and Empire sash, large cream hat was much admired, as was Miss Rhodes in tailor-made skirt (navy), pretty light blouse, sailor hat.

LE BEAU MONDE.

Mr and Mrs A. Gore and family leave Napier shortly for Clive, their house is being enlarged, papered, painted, etc. I noticed Mrs Gore in town wearing a black gown elegantly made with slight train, small black sailor hat, hair done low in a sort of bun.

Mrs Green and her daughter, Miss Maud Green, have returned to Napier after a very long lapse of years. They are at present living in Lady Whitmore's pretty blue house on the Marine Parade, but I believe their final destination is to be Hastings. Miss Green purposes giving music lessons. Both Mrs Green and Miss Green are looking very well, and their many friends in Hawke's Bay are glad to welcome them back again.

Mrs Hargreaves and Mrs Von Dadelszen are settled at the Athenæum and seem to enjoy the change from Auckland. The latter lady has only recently arrived from Melbourne where she has enjoyed herself immensely.

Madame Bahnson gives her first concert next Monday. We are looking forward to a great treat and are sure we shall not be disappointed

The

NAPIER OPERATIC SOCIETY

are busy rehearsing 'Rip Van Winkle,' which they intend producing at an early date.

Miss Flo Peacock is at present staying at 'Clivedale,' the residence of Mr and Mrs Lascelles.

Mr Tennyson Smith recited last evening to a crowded audience. He gave the late J. B. Gough's famous oration, 'For the Sake of Others.' The Bishop of Waiapu occupied the chair, and Dean Hovell a seat on the platform.

Mrs Pasley has returned from England, and is looking as well as one might expect after such a great and sad loss. Much sympathy is felt for her.

Another of our girls has gone from us, Miss Ida Tiffen. She was married very quietly at Taradale to Mr Lysnar, of Gisborne. The Rev. C. L. Luke performed the ceremony.

GLADYS.

HASTINGS.

DEAR BEE, FEBRUARY 19.

The fire still furnishes lots of material for conversation, as well indeed it may. An inquiry has just been held into the circumstances attending the breaking out thereof, but the whole affair seems wrapped in mystery. Mr McEwan was away at the Wairoa when it occurred, and his manager, Mr Gibson, affirms that all was right when he left the shop thirteen hours before the fire broke out. After the foreman had twice returned to court to confer with the coroner, they returned the following verdict:—'That the jury are unanimously of opinion that the fire originated in the premises of A. J. McEwan, and commenced in either the fitting-room or the show-room, but how it originated there is no evidence to show.' The jury added as a rider that in their opinion the Fire Brigade should be provided with better appliances for the extinction of fire.

Building will shortly be in full swing, and what a time the carpenters will have; the fire will certainly benefit them. A grand new hotel is about to be erected, Mr Brenman is putting up three new, fine shops, the Bank of New South Wales is to be a very fine structure, so that really I firmly believe our town will be finer than ever when all the new buildings are finished, besides which the street is to be widened, which will greatly add to the appearance of the busiest part of the town. Mr and Mrs Galwey (of the Bank of New South Wales) have found kind friends. They have been staying at Frimley with Mrs J. N. Williams, and now are located at Waikoko. Mr McKilligan (Bank of New Zealand), I believe, leaves here shortly for a six months' holiday; on his return he will doubtless see a fine new building on the site of the old one. Messrs Beck and Maddison seem to have saved a great deal of their stock. The railway line runs, or rather did run, close to their stores; on the night of the fire there chanced to be three empty trucks on the line, those were made use of by Messrs Beck and Maddison, and were quickly filled with goods and rolled out of danger.

Mr

E. TENNYSON SMITH

has been reciting in Hastings all this week to crowded audiences. His elocutionary powers were displayed to the greatest advantage by the subjects chosen, and from time to time his audience were moved first to laughter then to tears. The united choir rendered some very attractive music. The Rev. W. A. Sinclair occupied the chair.

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE

seems to be becoming the rage again. I have heard of several parties about to be given; doubtless during the coming winter it will become quite as favourite a pastime as it was last winter, we girls simply love the game. Mrs J. N. Williams gave a euchre party; a large number of tennis players stayed to dinner and afterwards indulged in this most delightful game. Some of those who were there were Mesdames Williams, Fitzroy, Nelson, Wickerman, Galwey, Beamish, and Misses Nelson and Williams (Te Aute), Beamish, Gleeson, Williams and others. I don't know, Bee, why we should like euchre so much, for it is not at all a flirting game, there is simply no time for flirting, and we generally like time for that. I only know there is a fascination about 'euchre' as it is played now, but I cannot tell whore it comes in.

Mr and Mrs Thomas Tanner go to England next month for several months. During their absence Mr and Mrs Ernest Tanner will occupy Riverslea, they having given up their house to Mr and Mrs C. Loughnan, who have bought the house and grounds. Mrs Loughnan is at present at Waipawa, staying with her sister.

The

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTISTS

have pitched a tent in our midst, and numbers attend.

A very

ENJOYABLE LITTLE ENTERTAINMENT

was given at Maraekakaho by Mr Andrew Purves, the well-known Scotch vocalist. Mr Donald McLean occupied the chair. Mr Purves quite took the room by storm, and succeeded in quite captivating his audience with his variety of songs, humorous anecdotes and recitations. During the intervals Mr Cameron gave some heart stirring tunes upon the bagpipes in his usual good style.

Mr Ellis, our worthy Mayor, has disposed of the brewery business to Mr Newbiggin, who has taken possession. Mr and Mrs Ellis are now living in the pretty new residence in Market-street.

Mr Harold Russell has returned from the South, and is enjoying Flaxmere all by himself, as Captain Russell, Mrs Russell, and the Misses Russell still are away at the Sounds, and are, no doubt, enjoying the trip immensely.

DOLLY.

HETTY'S REBELLION.

BY MRS E. BURKE COLLINS.

WILL not! I am willing to do anything within the bounds of reason; but to make a slave of myself to your idle whims is more than I will consent to do, John Rutherford. When I promised to be your wife I did not at the same time give away my entire freedom of thought and action. I deny your right to dictate to me in everything!'

Hetty Dean's blue eyes were flashing with angry light, her head was erect, and her face had grown pale with anger. John Rutherford's dark eyes wore a sad expression as they gazed upon his rebellious little betrothed, and the grave look deepened upon his face.

'I am sorry if you misunderstood me so wofully, Hetty,' he returned. 'I only spoke for your good, and without any selfish motive at all. Miss Darcy seems a very agreeable young lady; but, at the same time, there is something about her so different from yourself that I cannot see why you should be so greatly attracted by her. Be careful, Hetty; she is a stranger here, and I have reason—Heaven knows I would sooner die than wilfully and wantonly falsify a good woman—but I have reason to believe that of her which, if you knew it, and were convinced of its truth, would make you shrink from the very thought of Miss Eva Darcy.'

Hetty's head was crested proudly. She lifted her hand with an angry gesture.

'Stop! John Rutherford, I would not have believed any one who might have ventured to assert to me that you would utter slanderous words against a woman; but, Heaven help me! I have heard you with my own ears. I cannot doubt the evidence of my own senses. John, I do not believe a word against Eva Darcy. She is my best friend, and a woman should always defend a sister woman.'

'Very true—whenever it may be feasible,' returned John Rutherford, gravely; 'but, Hetty, dear, I only ask you to suspend judgment for the present. I cannot now prove my assertion, but I shall soon be able to do so. Miss Darcy is a stranger here in Mayfield; you ought at least to make inquiries.'

Hetty shook her brown head eagerly.

'I will not! It would be treason to my friend, and I will not do it! I love Eva; I believe in her; and if you insist upon interfering in a harmless friendship between your intended wife and a sister woman, why, John, I do not believe we would ever be happy if we were married, so I—'

'Wait, Hetty. Think it all over before you give me my *congé*,' intervened John, hastily. 'But I am so certain that the truth will come to light, that I am willing to withdraw my claim upon you as my betrothed wife if you do not find my words to be true, and that before Christmas-time.'

'Very well. If I find out to my own satisfaction, remember, before Christmas Eve, that Eva Darcy is unworthy my friendship, I will acknowledge myself in the wrong, and will cheerfully submit to your rule hereafter. Ah! Eva is coming now; I see her. Shall you remain, John?'

'No; I will call to-morrow. Good-bye, darling. Keep your eyes open, and you will find that I am right.'

'Provoking boy,' muttered Hetty, half angrily, as the door closed behind her lover. 'He is so easily prejudiced, and he has taken a violent dislike to Eva, although he has never seen her. Dear, dear! I never cared so much for any woman before. She is a little older than I, and is so easy and graceful; such an accomplished woman of the world that I feel quite ignorant beside her, and I feel that her friendship is a great help to me in many ways. Ah! good morning, Eva! How glad I am to see you, dear!'

The door of Hetty's pretty sitting-room had opened to admit a tall, showy young woman with black eyes and jet-black hair, and very red cheeks. She was dressed in the latest fashion, and was exceedingly stylish and agreeable, in an off hand, careless way. She kissed Hetty's cheek and embraced her with effusion.

'So the dear girl has just had a call from her *fiancé*?' she exclaimed. 'And the dear Mr Rutherford does not like me.'

Hetty's face flushed.

'How did you know? Why do you think such a thing, Eva?' she asked, in a confused way.

'Because a little bird told me so. Ah, well! we can not have everything we want in this world, and if I have my friend Hetty, I am content. And now, my dear, I have called this morning to deliver an invitation. We are going to give a little dance at home. You know mamma and I are quite strangers here, and I want you to help me in getting it up and arranging for the guests.'

'Very well. I will do so with pleasure.'

Hetty knew in the depths of her heart that John would be terribly annoyed, but then there was no alternative. She could not refuse the small favour asked, and so she went to work to make out a list of names of her own friends, to whom Miss Darcy was delighted to send invitations.

The conference over, Miss Darcy took her departure. She had scarcely left the house when Hetty saw a folded paper lying upon the floor near where her visitor had been sitting. Involuntarily she stooped and picked it up. It was a letter, minus envelope, and her heart bounded madly as she recognised the handwriting of her lover, John Rutherford. Good heavens! what did this mean? Why, he had made Hetty believe that he was not acquainted with Miss Darcy. Trembling like a leaf, Hetty opened the letter and read these words:—

'MISS EVA DARCY.—Because you have won the friendship and confidence of the woman I love, I will agree not to expose you publicly on one condition—that you leave Mayfield at once and forever before the week is out. Refuse to do this, and all the world shall learn the truth—that you are an impostor, a woman whose life will not bear inspection. Ever since I saw you standing in the prisoner's box in a certain court room in York, three months ago, and knew that you were a guilty wretch, who managed to evade punishment through a quibble of the law, I have known that you are unworthy the notice of a good woman. Because Hetty loves you, I give you one last chance. Leave Mayfield at once, and I will say nothing; remain, and I will—because it is my duty to do so—hold you up to the public in your true light a woman who has been guilty of more than one crime.

JOHN RUTHERFORD.'

Trembling like a leaf, Hetty turned to the door just as it opened from without, and Eva Darcy stood before, pale and defiant.

'You have found my letter!' she gasped hoarsely. 'Very well. You know the worst now. Hetty, pity me! I am all that that letter tells you—a thief, a criminal accused of various crimes of which I am compelled to plead guilty. But I love John Rutherford, though he was the lawyer who opposed me in a case which, had I not gained it, would have sent me to prison for a term of years. Strange to relate, I learned to care for him, and, with a mad hope of winning his love, I came to Mayfield. The woman with whom I live is not my mother. I am false—all false—all a sham! Hetty, I would have taken your lover from you if I could; but John Rutherford was true and loyal to his love for you, and I have failed. I am going to leave Mayfield at once; there is no alternative. Good-bye, Hetty. May you be happy!'

And so she was gone; and Hetty stood alone, gazing after her with dazed, bewildered eyes. She was aroused by footsteps, and a moment later John Rutherford had entered the room and clasped her in his arms.

'Hetty, darling, you see that I was right,' he whispered; 'but let us never refer to the subject again. You have been deceived, but not harmed; for you were too pure to suffer from contact with such as she.'

Hetty was sobbing like a child, with her head upon his breast.

'John, John, you were right, and I have been a miserable, rebellious girl,' she whispered; 'but I shall always trust you hereafter, and we will be happy and contented in each other's love and perfect trust.'

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO READERS.

THOSE unfamiliar with the enormous amount of work entailed in the production of Christmas Numbers of illustrated papers, will doubtless be surprised, and perhaps a little amused that the Editor should, a full year in advance, announce the arrangements for

CHRISTMAS, 1893.

and invite contributors to send in stories for the COMPETITION PRIZES. Experience has taught that it is next to impossible to be too far beforehand.

The enormous number of MSS. received have each to be carefully read and judged by five judges, who independently record their opinions on paper absolutely without reference, or in fact knowledge, of the opinion of any of the others. Illustrations have to be designed and executed, a work of considerable time, and all this must be done in conjunction with the usually heavy work of bringing out a weekly illustrated paper equal to the best European productions of the same class. The leading English illustrated papers invariably commence work on their Christmas issues very early in the year.

Determined to take time by the forelock, the Editor of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC has pleasure in announcing

THE NEXT CHRISTMAS

COMPETITION PRIZES.

FIRST PRIZE ...	...	...	£5 0 0
SECOND PRIZE	...	...	£3 0 0
THIRD PRIZE...	...	...	£2 0 0

The stories must not be less than 4000, or more than 6500 words in length, and free from anything unsuitable for all classes of readers. A short outline of the plot (about 500 words) should be attached for the assistance of the Editor.

It will be seen by Rule 7 that the broadest scope is allowed. So that the scene of the story is laid in New Zealand, the choice of subject is unlimited.

Many new writers entered last year, and the Editor hopes for further introduction to new hands in the next competition. Absolute attention to rules is imperative.

RULES.

1. The GRAPHIC reserves the right to publish any story sent in other than the prize stories.

2. MSS. will not be returned before the result is announced, and applications before that date will not receive attention. After the results of the Competition are made known, the Editor will post unsuccessful MSS. to those who *then* make application enclosing stamps.

3. The Editor cannot undertake to answer inquiries having reference to the treatment of the stories in detail. The particulars given are sufficient for the purposes of the Competition, and everything else is left to the judgment and discretion of the competitors. The award of the judges will be published as soon after the close of the Competition as possible, and no information respecting the award will be given to any competitor before this publication.

4. Each MSS. should be prepaid, and if left open at the ends will be carried at book post rates. It should be addressed to the 'Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Shortland-street, Auckland.'

5. A motto instead of the writer's name must be written under the title of the story. The author's real name must be enclosed in an envelope addressed to the editor,

BEARING THE MOTTO AND THE WORDS, 'STORY COMPETITION' ON THE TOP LEFT CORNER.

This envelope must not be placed in the MSS. packet, but must be posted separately. It must also contain a declaration that the work is original and entirely the sender's own.

6. All contributions must reach the office before June 15th.

7. Choice of subject rests with writer, but the scene must be laid in New Zealand, and be of special interest to New Zealanders. It may deal with any subject, natural, supernatural, love, heroism, adventure, life on the gumfields, gold mines, or country search for treasure, fighting or peace, in fact anything bright and interesting, and free from anything unsuitable for family reading.

8. Write clearly, and on one side of the paper only. In cases of equal literary merit, preference will be given to stories lending themselves to illustrat .

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.—BRIDAL AND TROUSSEAU DRESSES.—SEE PAGE 214.

QUERIES.

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

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

RULES.

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

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

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

QUERIES.

CARAMELS.—Can you tell me how to make these?—NANNIE.

RIPE CUCUMBER PICKLE.—Will you kindly give recipe for this?—MRS H.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

'COOKIE.'—Your request is a little late in the season, but I have much pleasure in giving you the recipe for bottled plums. Wash and drain, weigh, and allow from one-third to one-half pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Spread plums on a large platter and pour the sugar over them. Prepare only enough on each platter for about two glass jars, let them stand until morning, then put in porcelain kettle, enough for two jars; cook slowly so as to keep the fruit whole; when soft, dip into bottles; or you can make a syrup by dissolving sugar with a little water; prick the plums with a fork; when the syrup is hot, put them in, cooking them slowly; put into bottles. To preserve egg plums: Pour boiling water over them, cover, and let them steam, uncover and pour water off, rub the skins off the fruit, weigh, and put into a stone jar; make a syrup allowing one pound of white sugar and half a teacupful of water for each pound of fruit; let it boil and skim well, then pour syrup over the plums. The next day pour all in a kettle and cook slowly ten or fifteen minutes; return the fruit to the jar and let it stand until cold, then fit on the lid, carefully filling up with syrup.

Another correspondent kindly sends the following:—I have frequently and most successfully bottled fruit in this manner. Put the bottles containing the plums, or whatever you wish, in the oven full of cold water, with no sugar, no covering. Cook until the water sinks a little, and until globules show in the liquor. Place on the table, fill to overflowing with boiling water; carefully break all the globules with a silver spoon so that no air remains; whilst overflowing screw on the lid.

'Violet.'—I have just received the following:—Tomato Jam: The small round ones are the best for this purpose. See that they are red. Cut off stalks and wash them, then cut each fruit in half and squeeze to extract the watery matter and the pips. Cook for twenty minutes or half-an-hour; with a wooden spoon press the whole through a sieve; place again on the fire and reduce until the consistence of thick pea-soup. To each pound of this purée add 12oz. of Cossipore sugar, flavour with essence of lemon and almond; place again on a quick clear fire in a copper pan and cook for twenty-five minutes, stirring it well from the bottom. The exact time for boiling is impossible to give, but at the end of twenty-five minutes try, by dropping on a cold plate, and if the drop preserves its shape without much spreading and is firm in a few minutes it is done, and should be poured into hot vessels at once for for keeping. A piece of shingle paling, cut in the shape of a child's spade, but with the handle twice as long, will be the best thing to use, as you can stand at a distance to avoid the splashing of the hot liquid, which always happens when quickly and properly boiled.—(Many thanks).

RECIPES.

PICKLED CUCUMBERS.—To pickle cucumbers, wash them very clean; make a pickle of salt and water, sufficiently strong to float an egg, and pour it over them. Put a weight on top of the vessel to keep the cucumbers under the brine, and let them stand nine days; then take them out and wash them in fresh water. Line the bottom of the kettle with green cabbage leaves, put in the pickles, and as much vinegar and water, mixed in equal quantities, as will cover them. Put a layer of cabbage leaves on the top. Hang them over a slow fire; let the water get hot, but do not allow them to simmer, as that would soften them. When they are perfectly green, take them out and let them drain. Wipe them dry, put them in jars with some allspice, cloves and a few small onions. A small piece of alum in each jar will keep them firm. Cover the pickles with the best cider vinegar; tie them close and keep them in a cool, dry place.

BOILED DUCK.—Dress duck and season with salt and pepper, truss and tie it in shape. Take one-half pound of flour, one half pound of butter, out of which make a paste in which put the duck, tie cloth around it and boil two and one-half hours or until quite tender. Be sure to keep it covered with boiling water. When done place on a hot dish and pour the gravy round it. Make the gravy by stewing the chopped giblets until done, then put in a lump of butter, a finely chopped onion, let it cook a few minutes, then stir in a tablespoon of flour and a cup of the water in which the duck was boiled. Barberries are nice with boiled duck.

CARAMEL CUSTARD.—1 quart milk, 5 eggs, ½ cup sugar. Boil the milk, keeping out one cupful; beat the eggs and add them to the cold milk. Stir the sugar in a small frying-pan until it melts and begins to smoke, then stir it into the boiling milk, add the beaten eggs and cold milk, and stir constantly as it begins to thicken. When cold, serve in glasses.

COSMOPOLITAN PUDDING.—Line a pie dish with nice rich crust, cover this with a layer of very nice preserve, on this place a good large handful of raisins and currants, grate a little nutmeg over all, make a nice custard, sufficient to fill the dish, flavour with vanilla or any essence preferred, cover all with a thin layer of very nice short paste, brush over with an egg (I brush *all* pastries with egg as it gives a much nicer appearance), let this cook in a brisk oven for an hour or less if the pudding is a small one.

BLACKBERRY SHERBET.—One quart of blackberries, three pints of water, juice of one lemon, one tablespoonful orange flower water, three-quarters of a pound of white sugar. Crush to a smooth paste the berries, add all of the ingredients except the sugar, and let stand for three hours. Strain it over the sugar and stir until the sugar is dissolved; strain again, and set in ice for three hours before using.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

BRIDAL AND TROUSSEAU DRESSES.

(SEE ILLUSTRATIONS PAGE 213.)

A GIRL is apt to think that her wedding gown is the most important one she will ever wear. Perhaps she is not far wrong. For good or ill, her marriage alters her whole life. But here we only talk of fashions, and the cut of this ideal dress is what must occupy this column. The illustration will be a great help in describing the bridal gown. It is made in rich white moiré antique, handsomely embroidered in silver. The bodice, fastened at the back and the fulness in front, was drawn into a belt, also embroidered, and which, with the bodice, was edged with silver fringe. Long tulle veil and spray of orange blossoms.

The trousseau dresses are No. 2, ball toilette of azure-blue silk. The skirt is trimmed with narrow puffings of the silk edged with gold. The Court bodice is draped with turquoise net, which forms a berthe over the shoulders, and is edged with gold fringe. The sleeves could be made even fuller for a tall person, the added breadth being fashionable.

No. 3. Dinner Toilette Skirt of dark green broché, of handsome design, trimmed with a full ruche of narrow falling ribbons in black and a pretty shade of moss-green. The bodice, of black point de Venise, had large full sleeves of velvet of the same shade of green, and the basque of the bodice was finished off with a sash of satin ribbon.

No. 4. Going Away Dress in light fawn Bengaline, striped with pale blue, and tucked veiling. The Empire belt is of handsome Indian embroidery; the full vest of shot blue and fawn silk, is finished off with ruffles of the same. The hat, which matches this costume, is of fawn chip, trimmed with wide shot ribbon and beautifully shaded ostrich feathers, likewise of the same happy combination of colours.

* * * * * *

It is considered lucky for every bride to wear as a sign

'That this step she will not rue,
Something borrowed, something blue.'

The something blue, let me whisper, is generally a blue silk garter!

* * * * * *

The two colours most liked this season are magenta and violet. Perhaps, of the two, magenta is the more favoured; from the crown of our heads to the hem of our dresses we are to be clad in magenta. Every pretty little French hat which comes over shows magenta roses on it. Toques, which Englishwomen never seem to adopt with enthusiasm, are abounding in number for the winter, and upon them all magenta roses, mingled sometimes with aigrettes, but more often with fur. Pretty little toques, too, are made of rosettes of magenta velvet ribbon resting on a band of sable. Nearly all the fashionable coiffures are now below the neck, the large loose eight-shaped knot, whose pretty possibilities are so conclusively proved by Mrs Langtry, seems to be an absolute necessity as an accompaniment to these little toques. If you wish to look really nice—and which of us does not?—you must wear round your neck some ruffle, frill, collar, or boa to match your toque, the more picturesque the better. I had almost written the more extreme, for, in truth, the huge ruffled collars of velvet are extreme, perhaps even more extreme than pretty.

* * * * * *

It can hardly be expected that the season will come and go without some modification of the Russian blouse into an outside garment. In this line there is a garment of cloth with velvet collar, very deep-pointed yoke, close-fitting sleeves and belt of velvet. The body of the garment and the plaited skirt are of cloth. The skirt covers a little more than half of the length of the dress skirt, the sleeves fall in cape fashion to the elbows. This makes a very pretty and comfortable 'between-season's' garment, and is liked by young ladies and young and slender matrons.

There is a jacket of cloth or velvet which promises decided popularity. It fits the back quite closely and is somewhat short, tapering to long points at the sides of the fronts. The collar is very wide, the revers are turned back over the sleeves and extend to the waist-line. From this point the front of the garment is sloped back, so that the lower points of the fronts are some distance apart, although the jacket has an inside strap and button and will meet at the waist-line; the sleeves are full at the tops and taper with the arms to very wide, slightly flaring cuffs. The edges of the jacket and the pocket lids are bound with bright braid or cloth of a different colour. If the jacket is of velvet, a binding of fancy velvet ribbon is sometimes used.

* * * * * *

Some of the new bonnets have wings, Mercury-fashion, as a trimming. They are set nearer the front than is usual in the figure, but have a very similar effect. Whether or not they are becoming doesn't seem to matter in the least with some people.

The wrapper has gone out of date entirely, except for morning use, in the retirement of one's own household. The elaborate wrapper of the past, with ribbons and ruffles, frills and furbelows, no longer exists.

Ladies who wear very long hose or the new pantallas declare that they do not feel the need of the gossamer drawers usually worn. On very cold days a second pair of hose gives all the warmth required.

Sealskin remains the popular fur. Of course, the long wrap is the favourite with those who can afford it. Following this, the jacket, cape and any number of natty mantles and mantelets are worn.

* * * * * *

Sleeves are growing shorter. The elbow sleeve is the prescribed length for advanced designs from which some of the spring importations are to be made.

For mid-winter, long cloaks of all sorts, with the most elaborate trimmings of fur feathers, passementerie and embroidery, will be the correct thing.

The long velvet cloak, the three-quarter fitting or half-loose garment of a quarter of a century ago, is again in demand.

Empire dresses are gradually increasing in popularity, and all ladies who fancy them may wear them with propriety.

The stout woman with the short shoulder-cape and high collar is one of the features of metropolitan promenades.

Longer gloves are to be worn; eight or ten buttons will be the rule for semi-dress for the coming season.

Persian lamb is in great demand, and ermine is coming into favour again, after many years of disuse.

Dark-coloured, well-fitting gloves make the hand look much smaller than any of the light tints.

The box coat is tolerated, not liked, and is used only for the most informal occasions.

Gloves in pearl, gray, tan and black are most popular.

Gold and white satin brocades are again fashionable.

Fancy stamped leather cuffs are shown on new gloves.

Do not wear very light-coloured shoes on the street.

HOW TO CURE TYPHOID FEVER.

DR. CHARLES PAGE, in the *Arena* for September gives the 'true method of curing typhoid fever.' Immerse the patient in a comparatively cold bath when the temperature reaches 101° Fahr. to 103° Fahr., according to circumstances. The bath is given about 65° Fahr., the patient being immersed to the chin if the size of the bath admits, if not he sits in the water, which is dashed over the exposed parts, and he is actively rubbed all the time by an attendant, as an essential part of the treatment. He remains in the bath fifteen to twenty minutes. The bath may be required every three or four hours. The cold pack is employed meantime, or whenever the patient's temperatnre is over 101°. The pack consists of two ply of coarse linen wrung from ice water, with two ply of the same, dry, outside, to be freshened every two or three hours according to judgment. Instead of mustard plasters, a thickly-folded towel, wrung tightly from cold water, to be placed on the chest. Food, he says, is a harmful drug. The patient needs rather to fast.

WOMEN'S DRESS REFORM.

MRS JENNESS MILLER has the following suggestions for an improved style of feminine attire:

For a perfect business dress for an ordinary climate:—

Next the body a ribbed woollen union garment, high-necked, long-sleeved, with legs reaching the ankle.

Second, a well-fitted boned waist.

Third, equestrienne trousers ending at the knee, where they should meet the outside gaiters. Made from the same material as the dress.

Other writers urge that women should wear a gymnastic dress in the house till they get used to it.

A PROTEST—WHY SHOULD WE WEAR OUR HAIR LOW?

TO THE LADY EDITOR.—Fashion says the hair is coming down, but it is not quite down yet, according to an English paper, and whether it will come right down and rest on the collar is for our lady friends to decide. We can make a stand against it if we like, and why not do so? It is a dirty fashion, and makes the collars of our dresses in such a mess. There is a natural grease, as everyone knows, in the hair, and this comes out on to our collars, and looks so dirty. It is a trying fashion, too, and not one woman in a dozen looks well with the hair low. I have already heard it remarked that Miss So-and-so does not look nearly so nice as she did. This remark was made by a gentleman, who knew there was a difference in the young lady's appearance but couldn't see what caused it. We are terrible slaves to fashion, and it is a pity we cannot wear our hair in the mode most becoming to us. I noticed in THE GRAPHIC last week that the hair was still worn fairly high, so why the girls are rushing to wear it low I know not.—DOLLY.

[Alas, I fear protests are of no avail. There are many recent plates from Home, showing the descent of the very becoming top arrangement of the hair. The knot or plait is gradually falling, till, no doubt, we shall, as you say, be again condemned to grease our collars, and incur extra laundry bills. All we women, like sheep, will go astray in this respect, and blindly follow a stupid fashion. But it is not quite low yet.—LADY EDITOR.]

FAMOUS AUTOMATA.

BY JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.

AUTOMATON means a self-moving machine, and is derived from the Greek words *autos*, 'self,' and *mao*, 'to move.' Curiously enough, considering how much more we think we know to-day, the Greeks more than two thousand years ago perfected some of the most wonderful automata ever made.

While 'automaton' may mean anything which moves itself, the word is applied only to self-moving machines constructed on the pattern of man or beast. Homer, three thousand years ago, spoke of the automatic tripods Vulcan made; and Dædalus who must have lived almost as long ago, and was a Greek of the royal house of Erechtheus, built a cow for Pasiphæ, Queen of Crete, tradition says, which looked so like others of its kind that they fed side by side with it. Dædalus made the first flying apparatus, and got away from Crete with his artificial wings. We gleam from vague allusions to them that he also made statues which danced and walked through the meadows.

Before his time, however, the gigantic statue of Memnon, the son of Tithonus and Aurora, had been erected along the Nile near Thebes, an automaton in one respect only, that it saluted the rising sun and lamented the departure of the orb of day when his first and last rays fell upon the statue's lips. The perfect climate of Thebes may be inferred from the failure of Memnon's historians to speak of his silence in cloudy weather. He was reputed to utter his melodious sounds with unfailing regularity morning and evening, but only as his stony lips were warmed by the sun's rays.

Apollonius of Tyana, that wonderful man of Asia Minor, was believed to work miracles, to hold converse with fairies, and to be able to see events that were then happening thousands of miles away. The particular source of his inspiration was declared to be a wooden figure, which he had so artfully put together that it walked and talked and answered questions.

Virgil, one of the most famous of Latin poets, has, curiously enough, had attributed to him by writers in the Middle Ages the gifts of magic which enabled him to contrive images so litelike that they moved. A fly of brass he put over one of the gates of the city of Naples lived there for eight years, and during that time kept out mosquitoes and noxious insects. He also made a brazen trumpeter, and set him upon a hill near Naples; whenever the north wind blew, the trumpeter emitted such a blast that it drove away all the smoke and cinders from the volcano near by. Virgil also built a magic fire along the road-side near Naples, which never needed fuel, and by which all the travellers were welcome to warm themselves. A brazen archer, with an arrow drawn to the head on his bowstring, stood guard over the fire, with this inscription: 'Whoever strikes me, I will let fly my arrow.' There are always some foolish people who boast that they 'won't take a dare,' so a foolhardy Neapolitan struck Virgil's automatic archer one day, the arrow was immediately discharged into the fire, and the fire, which the automaton had so long tended, went out at once.

Another marvellous automatic group said to have been made by the poet consisted of a set of statues called 'The Salvation of Rome.' Each of these brazen figures corresponded to one of the various nations who at that time were subjects of the Roman Government, and when signs of revolt appeared in that particular nation or tribe, the corresponding statue would instantly ring a bell and point with the forefinger in the direction of the danger. Friar Bacon's brazen head has been esteemed a prodigy of human skill, and will be described hereafter, but Virgil's automatic head of brass, made as a diversion by this gifted poet, whom his contemporaries never thought of otherwise than as a man of letters, actually predicted the future, and kept its master, mediæval records say, well informed of all that was to happen for centuries after the poet died and was buried at Mantua.

Regiomontanus is another of the early artificers whose skill history merely mentions. Tradition says he made at least two automata—the one an eagle, which, whenever the Roman Emperor approached, would fly outside the city gates to meet him, circle about his head, and then return within; the other, an iron fly, which droned and walked along the ceiling after the manner of its kind.

A long interval comes now in the development of human ingenuity; and how much ingenuity, wasted in all these past ages, is now directed into shapes of usefulness to mankind, researches such as the study of automata demonstrate in a notable degree.

The problem of aerial navigation, which the Germans and French are said, in 1892, to have at last come near solving in their war balloons, must have been on the verge of solution in the time of Dædalus and Regiomontanus, and even so far back as that of Archytas, whose wooden dove so accurately counterfeited the motions of the real dove's wings.

It is not until the thirteenth century that any other famous automaton is heard of. Albertus Magnus, the great Dominican, who was born in 1205 A.D., made a servant of human size and features. Thirty years were required for the completion of this automatic man of brass—the material all these old time artisans seem to have found most to their taste. Not motion alone, but actual speech itself, was his master's gift to this strange creature, which at last became so talkative that Thomas Aquinas, another very wise man, who was studying with Albertus, flew into a passion one day, and seizing a hammer, beat the automation to pieces.

When Albertus saw the fragments of his thirty years of labour, he is said to have exclaimed, 'Periit opus triginti annorum!' (the work of thirty years has perished.)

All learned men talked in Latin in those times, and for hundreds of years thereafter, even when they were in great distress, and spoke on the spur of the moment.

One of the most interesting characters who ever lived was Roger Bacon, a contemporary of Albertus the Great. He was a Franciscan friar, wrote Latin, Greek, and Hebrew grammars, ascertained the true length of the solar year, and, some say, invented gunpowder.

Friar Bacon's brazen head may be set down as his greatest achievement. The arts of magic were not believed to have anything to do with it; its maker had mastered the principles of natural philosophy. One of the first books printed in England, as seen now in the British Museum, is the 'Tale of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungy,' in which the construction of the brazen head is described. The devil is said to have informed these two wise men that if they would make a fac simile without and within of the human head, it would eventually become an oracle and reveal to them the mysteries of nature. For several years they toiled, and at last the head was finished, and set on a pedestal until the time should arrive when it would begin to talk. They waited and waited, but heard nothing. Then tired nature gave out, and they lay down to sleep, telling their servant to call them the instant the image began to speak.

The hour arrived, and the head openedite eyes and began to mumble. The clownish servant did nothing, but waited. The head spoke: 'Time is!' The servant only stared. The head, after a while, spoke once again: 'Time was!' The servant stared and waited. For the third time the brazen head opened its lips, and this time, in tones of agony, exclaimed, 'Time shall be no more!' At that instant a frightful clap of thunder sounded, and the head was shivered into a thousand pieces.

KENNIBOY'S WATERING-POT.

WHEN Kenniboy was about three years old he received two presents that he liked very much. One of them was a little brother, and the other was a watering-pot. For a time Kenniboy couldn't tell which he liked the better, the watering-pot or the baby, but at last he decided in favour of the watering-pot, because it wasn't so easily hurt as the baby was, and even when it was hurt, it didn't cry; and besides, the watering-pot helped him with his flowers, which the baby did not. The watering-pot made the flowers grow, but, as far as Kenniboy could find out when the summer was over, all the baby had done was to pluck the flowers and tear them to pieces.

Once or twice when his little brother had torn a pretty rose or a verbena or a pink to pieces, Kenniboy felt badly about it, and was quite willing that his mamma should spank little Russ for doing it; but his mamma had said no, she couldn't do that, because little Russ was too little to know any better, and, of course, if he didn't mean to do wrong, she couldn't punish him.

'Well, he ought to grow big and learn better,' said Kenniboy; and then he went out into the garden, and raked the bed, and watered the flowers again.

For some time he thought about the trouble he was having with his flowers, and the more he thought about it, the more he made up his mind that something ought to be done to keep little Russ from tearing them up. Finally he decided what he should do, and tried the plan.

One morning he was left alone in the nursery with his brother for a few minutes. Little Russ was sleeping very peacefully in his crib when Master Kenniboy crept to the bath-room, and filled his watering-pot with water. He then tiptoed back into the nursery, and was just about to empty the water over his little brother when his mamma came in.

'Why, Kenniboy!' she cried. 'What are you doing?'

'I'm waterwin' Wussell,' he said, with a bright little smile.

'But you mustn't do that,' cried mamma, grasping the watering-pot from Kenniboy's hands. 'You'll get him all wet.'

'But I want him to grow, mamma,' said Kenniboy. 'I want him to grow big enough not to spoil my flowers, so I'm waterwin' him.'

But mamma wouldn't let him water the baby any more, and Kenniboy wanted to cry very much, but he didn't; and when his papa came home that night, both mamma and Kenniboy told him all about it; and papa said he'd write to Father Time right away, and have him hurry up and make little Russ big enough to understand that he mustn't spoil Kenniboy's flowers.

He must have kept his word, too, for little Russ soon began to lengthen out, and is now almost big enough to have a little garden of his own, which makes Kenniboy very happy, for he likes other little boys to have toys and nice things of their own.

PAPA'S BIRTHDAY.

PAPA'S birthday and the Queen's birthday came the same day.

'We will have no school to-morrow,' said the teacher; 'can any one tell me why?'

'Because it's papa's birthday,' answered Mildred.

FOR INKY FINGERS.

A LITTLE girl I know has made a wonderful discovery, which she thinks all other little school boys and girls should know too.

'It's so useful, mamma,' she says. 'Every boy and girl gets ink on their fingers, you know.'

'Surely they do, and on their clothes as well,' said her mother.

'I can't get the spots out of my clothes, but I'm sorry when they get there,' responded the little girl. 'I try very hard not to. But I can get the ink spots off my fingers. See!'

She dipped her fingers into water, and while they were wet she took a match out of the match safe, and rubbed the sulphur end well over every ink spot. One after another she rubbed, and one after another the spots disappeared, leaving a row of white fingers where had been a row of inky black ones.

'There!' said the little girl, after she had finished. 'Isn't that good? I read that in a housekeeping paper, and I never knew they were any good before. I clean my fingers that way every morning now. It's just splendid!'

So some other school girls and boys might try Alice's cure for inky fingers.

THE NEW MOON.

MRS FORESTER: 'Look at the new moon over there, Kendall.'

Kendall: 'Is that really a new moon, mamma, or is it the old one made over again?'

THE BALLAD OF THE GOATS' MILKMAN.

BY VALENTINE ADAMS.

THE goats' milkman, the goats' milkman came piping thro' the lanes,
And all the children joyful ran to hear his mellow strains;
His can was brightest burnished brass, but oh, his heart was gold;
Did he not fill the children's cup as full as they could hold?

No wonder, then, the good townsfolk gave him adoring looks!
His blouse was coarse, but very clean, like those you meet in books;
He milked his goats upon demand; he never heard, I wis,
Of wily milk examiners and their analysis.

One morn, I know not why, the dog that ever watch did keep
Upon the gamesome, gleeful goats fell suddenly asleep.
The greatest rogue in town was there, and stole some milk and ran;
But soon was caught: men liked him not, they loved the goats' milkman.

The rogue would fain his act explain; the people cut him short;
Said they, 'Bring goats and dog and can, we'll take the case to court!'
All entered court with greatest awe—except, indeed, the goats,
Who blandly ate up eight stray tomes of valued 'Legal Notes.'

The Judge, who knew more when asleep than most folks when awake,
Put on his gown, his legal frown: 'What's the defence you make?'
A glib excuse the rogue began, all based on the assumption
That he had need of goats' milk fresh, to cure him of consumption.

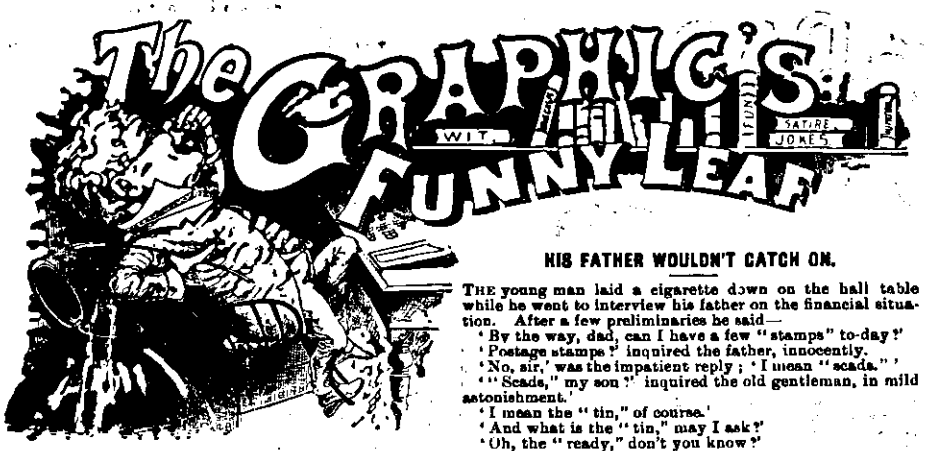
The crowd demurred; the magistrate maintained a calm position;
'His tale I shall investigate; call in the High Physician!'
The High Physician grumbling came, 'Just at the point,' he said,
'Of finding out a method to make bullets out of bread!'

He gruffly bade the rogue stand forth, and show (and hold) his tongue;
He gave him prods professional about the northeast lung.
'I see,' said he, 'twixt you and me, consumption's signs; I think,
Consumption, the old-fashioned kind, of victuals and of drink.'

Thereat the rogue, whose game was up, in brazen speech did tell
That, after all, he stole the milk just for a *little sell*!
(I blush full red to use such terms e'en to my nearest friend;
I do it merely as a means to reach my story's end.)

'If this be so,' the Judge replied, with magisterial ease,
'Give him a *little cell* at once, as little as you please!'
The men-at-arms, who stood at hand, then thrust the rogue in chains,
Whereby he had imprisonment, with labour, for his pains.

The goats' milkman, in simple phrase, expressed his satisfaction,
The good dog wagged his tail both ways, at close of the transaction.
And all were glad to leave the court, especially the goats,
Who said 'How juicy old boots are compared with "Legal Notes!"'



SUCCESS AT LAST.

A GRAY-HAIRED, broken-down old man
With sunken eye and cheek,
Climbed up the steps one winter's day,
With humble mien and meek.

He rang the bell, and a woman came
And stood in the open door,
And a smile spread over his wrinkled face
As he saw his wife once more.

And the old glad light shone in his eyes,
And his husky voice grew clear,
As he said, 'It almost knocked me out,
But I matched that ribbon, dear.'

HIT HIM BADLY.

HE: 'I like smart women well enough, but I would not care to marry a woman who knew more than I did.'

She: 'I see, and so you have been forced to remain single?'

AT THE COMMERCIAL LAW EXAM.

PROFESSOR: 'What is a commercial bill?'

Pupil (after a long think): 'I don't know sir.'

Professor (pensively): 'Lucky fellow!'

A YOUNG DIPLOMAT.

MRS BROWN: 'I'm afraid to let you have a bicycle.'

Little Johnnie: 'Don't feel that way, ma. Even if it did kill me, remember that it would be the last thing I ever asked you for.'

GIVING HER WINGS.

ENFANT TERRIBLE: 'Ma, dear, have angels got wings?'

Mother: 'Yes, dear.'

Enfant Terrible: 'And can they fly?'

Mother: 'Yes, dear.'

Enfant Terrible: 'Well, pa told our new governess she was an angel—and she can't fly.'

Mother: 'Indeed! But she *will* fly—soon!'

HIS FATHER WOULDN'T CATCH ON.

THE young man laid a cigarette down on the hall table while he went to interview his father on the financial situation. After a few preliminaries he said—

'By the way, dad, can I have a few "stamps" to-day?'

'Postage stamps?' inquired the father, innocently.

'No, sir,' was the impatient reply; 'I mean "scads."'

'"Scads," my son?' inquired the old gentleman, in mild astonishment.'

'I mean the "tin," of course.'

'And what is the "tin," may I ask?'

'Oh, the "ready," don't you know?'

'No; I don't know.'

'Don't you know, "spondulix?"'

'I can't say that I do. Who is he?'

'Aw, come off, Guv. What I'm out for is the "stuff."'

'What stuff?'

'Why, the "soap," of course.'

'The "soap"? Are you in need of a bath?' and the father looked over his specs inquiringly.

'No, no,' impatiently. 'I mean the sugar.'

'Oh. Sugar and soap? Going to make a plaster, are you?'

'Plaster nothing. I want the "chink."'

'"Chink"? What's chink, pray?'

'Why, it's "dust." Anybody knows that.'

'Oh, yes, excuse me. Got the brush over here?'

'Tisn't that kind I want. It's "rocks."'

'Well, there's dust in rocks, isn't there?'

'Won't you ever catch on?' exclaimed the young man. I want the "duff," the "wherewithal," don't you know; the "rhino," the "boodle," plain, ordinary, everyday cash, dad; that's what I want.'

'Oh,' exclaimed the father in a greatly relieved tone, 'here's a pound,' and that's all the young man got.

HE UNDERSTOOD.

MISS MAMIE (as her father returns from the office): 'Oh, there you are at last, you dear, sweet old thing?'

The Dear, Sweet Old Thing: 'No you don't, Mamie. You had a new £3 hat only two days ago, and now you've got to wait awhile.'

HER FATHER: 'Look here, young man, you are paying marked attention to my daughter, what are you intentions?'

Jones: 'Aw—marriage.'

Her Father: 'But how are you going to support her in the style she is accustomed to?'

Jones: 'Well, we thought we'd live with you!'

THE HUMORIST.

I.

'WHO is that man?' I heard him say;
'What makes him look so sad?
Why don't he smile like other folks?
Or is he feeling bad?
Can he not see the genial sun
That's shining in the sky?
Could he not smile on this fair day
Just once if he should try?'

II.

'Oh, no!' the other man replied,
'He is not made that way;
He writes jokes for the newspapers,
And yet he's never gay.
His jokes cause other folks to laugh,
Yet solemn still is he;
If joking spoils a man like this,
Then just deliver me!

III.

'They say that in his family, too,
He's always cross and sour;
He gazes into vacancy
Many a weary hour.
And if his children speak to him,
He angrily retorts;
They seldom dare to interrupt
The current of his thoughts.'

FRANK MARION.

WOULD COME OUT SOME DAY.

MRS VERMONT BROWNE: 'Why on earth don't you get your husband to cut off his whiskers?'

Mrs Smiffian Jones: 'I wouldn't have him do it for the world. I want him to let them grow and get them all out of his system.'

TRY TO SMILE.

FORENSIC ELOQUENCE.—Judge: 'Prisoner, do you acknowledge your guilt.' Prisoner: No, my lord. The speech for the defence has convinced even *me* of my innocence.'

* * *

HARD TIMES.—'These are hard times!' sighed the young collector of bills. 'Every place I went to-day I was requested to call again, but one, and that was when I dropped in to see my girl.'

* * *

PHILOSOPHY.—Master (hearing a tremendous noise on the stairs): 'Hallo, Pat, fallen downstairs?' Pat: 'Yis, sor: but it's no matter at all, sor. Oi was coming down anyway, sor.'

* * *

NOT THAT KIND.

He isn't a thief whose act we deplore,
Or a man whom the honest would shun,
Who says when he's taking farewell at the door,
'I've made up my mind to steal one.'

* * *

Doctor: 'Troubled with sleeplessness, eh? Eat something before going to bed.' Patient: 'Why, doctor, you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed.' Doctor (with dignity): 'That, madam, was in 1889. Science has made great strides since then.

* * *

A GUIDE TO MATRIMONY.

The right kind of lollies; the right kind of nerve;
A carriage kept handy; good menus to serve;
A theatre party; the jeweller's gold;
A mien blithe and hearty—a trifle too bold;
The right kind of chaffing; the right kind of sense;
The joke that sets laughing; the ardour intense;
With these little trifles any man can
Win love—if he's really the right kind of man.

* * *

A MIS-NOMER.—Mrs Fitz-Candle: 'Ah me! there *was* a time when you always called me "Daisy," now it's "Mrs Fitz-Candle," as if I were the merest stranger to you.' Fitz-Candle: 'Found out my mistake, my dear. Daisies shut up at night. You don't.'

* * *

FETCHED THE PHYSICIAN.—Doctor: 'Why, how is this my dear sir? You sent me a letter statingyou had been, attacked by measles, and I find you suffering from rheumatism.' Patient: 'Well, you see, doctor, it is like this, there waan't a soul in the house that knew how to spell rheumatism.'

* * *

THE WHY.—Tommy: 'What's that bird, papa?' Papa: 'That my boy, is the toucan; but we call it the "millinery bird."' Tommy: 'Why, papa?' Papa (who had been there many a time): 'On account of the size of its bill.'

FADDLE: 'I'll sue you for damages, you scoundrel! You've drawn the wrong tooth.'

Dentist: 'Don't grow so excited about a little thing of that kind. It will cost you only £1 to have a new one inserted.'