

# The New Zealand Graphic

## And Ladies' Journal.

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FLOWERS FOR EASTER.

A SKETCH IN AN ENGLISH VILLAGE.

# Topics of the Week.

## SOCIETY'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS

**HIS EXCELLENCY** the Governor and the Countess of Glasgow were warmly welcomed back to Auckland on Saturday. They arrived by the s.s. *Te Anau* from Napier, after rather a long passage. There was no official welcome, but a good deal of quiet satisfaction was expressed at their return—though only for a brief period—to the bright northern city. Colonel Pat Boyle, Lord Glasgow's private secretary, with the Ladies Augusta, Alice and Dorothy, and the Hon. John and Allen Boyle were on the wharf to receive their Excellencies. Despite the sea-voyage, Lady Glasgow, with the Governor and the various other members of the Vice-regal party including the Countess of Hopetoun, drove out early in the afternoon to Potter's Paddock. Here they watched the sports which concluded the polo tournament. The Countess presented the victorious Christchurch team with the Savile Championship Cup, which they had won at the last round on Friday.

SUNDAY was quietly spent by the Government House party. His Excellency and Lady Glasgow, with their family and visitors, attended divine service at St. Mary's Church, Parnell in the morning. In the afternoon a stroll in the beautifully wooded Domain was indulged in.

THE Duchess of Buckingham was unexpectedly able to be present at the polo sports on Saturday afternoon, owing to the little accident which delayed the mail-steamer's departure for some hours. Her Grace expressed herself as delighted with the performance, and said she would not have missed the amusement for a good deal. She took away with her one of the needles used in the needle-and-thread race as a memento. The Duchess and Miss Wolfe-Murray, with Baron Luttwitz, left Auckland by the *Frisco* boat. It may be generally known that Her Grace is a widow, and, having no children, the title of Buckingham and Chandos will become extinct when she dies, or will sink into oblivion if she re-marries.

THE Auckland Polo Club has been anxious to show all possible courtesy to its Southern visitors for the tournament. The correct form of entertainment is supposed to be a ball. Accordingly the members elected a committee, consisting of Captain Hunter-Blair, Messrs W. R. Bloomfield, J. Coates, A. E. Gilmore, E. Dennis O'Rourke, J. C. Hanna, J. H. Philson, J. Noble, D. H. Stewart, H. Wynyard, and Drs. Lewis and Purchas, with Mr J. F. Dixon as secretary. With such names the affair ought to have been an even greater success than it was. There were no decorations, as the committee gallantly concluded the distinguished visitors and fair citizens would sufficiently ornament the hall without the aid of natural flowers. The music was perfect, and was supplied by Eady's string band. A Polo Polka, specially composed by Miss Forbes, was amongst the items. The floor, unfortunately, was somewhat heavy, which was hard for those who had been working at play all the afternoon. The stage was tastefully arranged as a drawing-room, whence the chaperones could comfortably watch their charges. The night was rather warm, and the throwing open of the corridors and gallery was a great relief. Perhaps it was on account of the heat that some of the gentlemen did not dance, or were they not introduced to partners? Mrs (Colonel) Dawson received the distinguished visitors, wearing a charming dress of ivory silk crepe made with a train, chiffon trimmings and Watteau bow, diamond ornaments.

HER GRACE the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos was much admired in a lovely shot grey silk dress with purple velvet sleeves, and a ruche on the skirt of the same. The bodice was trimmed with old white lace. From her golden hair, neatly plaited, hung a black lace veil fastened with diamond stars. The Countess of Hopetoun looked exceedingly handsome in a rich black striped moiré trimmed with old pink and gold brocade and white lace. Her raven black hair was circled with cardinal ribbon and diamonds; ornaments, pearls, sapphires, and diamonds. Miss Wolfe-Murray—a noted London belle—was charming in a lovely white silk and satin striped dress, with pale green brocade belt and sleeves. Miss Hollowes looked well in black net, with a scarlet ribbon in her hair. Miss Holroyde, trained boston d'or silk trimmed with black lace.

THE Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, accompanied

by Miss Wolfe-Murray, Baron Luttwitz, and Colonel Pat Boyle, accepted the courteous invitation of Mr Lawrence Nathan to Whitford Park on Thursday afternoon, to see the eutiches. The drive there and back was pleasant, and the afternoon was altogether enjoyable.

THE Countess of Hopetoun is staying at Government House. After the Polo Tournament on Thursday, Colonel Pat Boyle escorted Lady Hopetoun and Miss Wolfe-Murray to visit the famous race horse, St. Hippo, at Ellerslie. The trainer, Mr Wright, took particular pleasure in exhibiting the horse on the race course to the ladies.

SLOWLY but surely, woman is elbowing her way to the front, and so deftly, and withal in so lady-like and charming a fashion is it being done, that men are beguiled into admiring and praising the new departure. Miss Shaw, the lady journalist who has been touring the colonies, left New Zealand by the *Frisco* boat on Saturday en route for Canada. Tall, graceful and womanly, with a grand intellect, and marvellous grasp of her subjects, it is little to be wondered at that even the *London Times* selected Miss Shaw to visit Australasia and contribute to that paper her impressions and ideas on the political and industrial position of the colonies. This lady speaks well of New Zealand, and we trust we shall be favourably mentioned in the influential London paper to which she belongs. Whilst in Auckland, Miss Shaw lunched at Government House, meeting there the Duchess of Buckingham and Lady Hopetoun.

'AT LAST,' song with violin obligato, words by Edith Grace Levy, music by George Garry, published by J. H. Kingsley, New Plymouth. This is a pretty little song which should have a large degree of popularity in colonial drawing-rooms. The melody has a decidedly distinctive and catching sweetness, and the accompaniment is easy. It is written in the key of D sharp and the voice compass is from F to G. The words are fairly musical, and breathe the blameless if somewhat inane sentiment so characteristic of this popular kind of drawing-room song.

MRS KESING gave a large afternoon tea at her pretty residence, 'Akarana,' off Symonds-street, Auckland, which overlooks the gully and the Waiatana Harbour. During the afternoon songs and pianoforte selections were rendered by various ladies. Trifles, cakes, and fruits of every description were handed round.

EMINENTLY dainty and artistic are the very pretty specimens of hand-painted china now on view at Mr Gregory's studio, Queen-street. Auckland has certainly taken the lead in this respect, and the Countess of Glasgow, in declaring the exhibition open on Monday afternoon, made some very complimentary remarks on the enterprise and skilful conduct of such an undertaking. Mr and Mrs Burcher are much to be congratulated on the really beautiful work shown by the students. The painting is executed in special mineral colours, and the firing is performed at the studio in Parnell. Quite a smart crowd of well dressed ladies were present, and Lady Glasgow's pithy and capital remarks were listened to with the greatest attention. The *New Zealand Graphic* prize—'The Early History of New Zealand'—was won by Miss Lizzie Law for an excellent view of Auckland Harbour.

It has been a matter for general surprise among those who attended Miss Burvett's musical recitals that the audiences were not larger. It could certainly not be that the public were unaware of the lady's talent, for the high encomiums passed on her playing by the Home Press have found their way into our newspapers; nor is it that we are incapable of appreciating good music. We are all more or less fond of music, but we all love variety, and this is what Miss Burvett has neglected to give us. A glance at her programme will at once show that we do not refer to the pieces she played, but to the instrument she played them on. The piano has certainly been a boon to humanity—although some have found it a curse—but it would require a Paderewski to keep an ordinary audience without a shade of weariness passing over them during a two hours' recital. Miss Burvett is an excellent out of the common. She has a marvellous command of the key board, displaying in the more difficult passages a

dexterity with her fingers that few can hope to attain. But she is more than a mere mechanical power. She has a very clear appreciation of the beauties of the pieces she chooses for recital, and has no little success in revealing them to her audience. We should advise all to hear her, but we should also advise Miss Burvett to vary her recitals with vocal or other music besides that of the piano.

UNFORTUNATELY the Wellington Orchestral Society were compelled, owing to a mistake, to hold their concert at the Theatre Royal this time. Unfortunately, says my correspondent, because the place is simply not fit for habitation, and I do not think any amount of renovating will ever make it so. The position is central, and I hope very soon to see the whole concern pulled down and rebuilt. The members of the orchestra on this occasion looked very cramped on the small stage, and altogether the concert did not seem to me to go off with the usual spirit, probably owing to the dismal surroundings. Mr Alfred Hill was conducting, and Mr Hotop leading the orchestra. 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' was chosen as the overture, and remarkably well it went. The Hungarian Dances were also a great success, but the remainder of the programme was hardly up to the mark. Mrs Miller, a new singer from Australia, made her *début* in the Empire City at the concert, and first gave 'I Will Extol Thee,' and afterwards a pretty little composition of Mr A. Hill's, called 'A Slumber Song,' and on being encored gave 'Love is a Dream,' this, in my opinion, being her best effort. Her soprano voice is very powerful, and her execution brilliant. Miss Medley played a concerto and also a rondo with great success.

WHAT is described as a 'jolly little dance' is chronicled from Napier. Miss Rees gave it, and enthusiastic party-goers assert that it delightfully varied the monotony of Lent. The two sexes were adjusted in sufficient proportions to ensure that no wall-flowers bloomed or wilted for lack of partners. There were no new gowns, as these 'tween season dances do not usually require any large expenditure in the way of fresh frocks. Hence, they should be popular with papa.

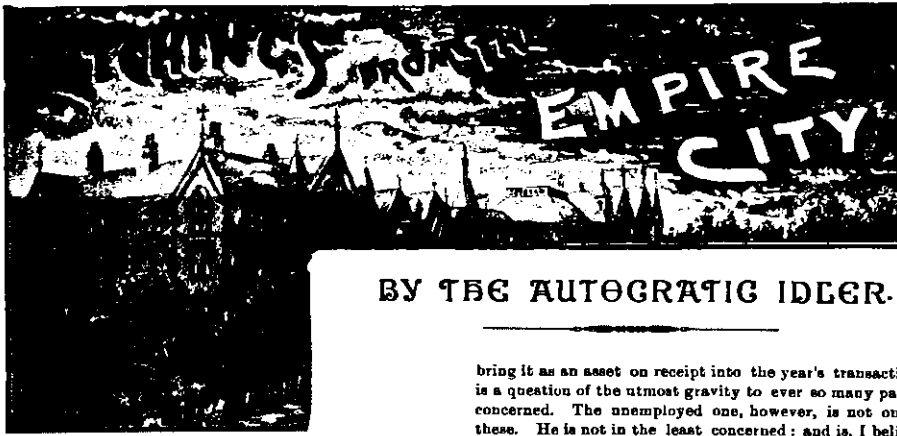
FROM Dunedin very little news comes. My correspondent says that a heavenly calm seems to have followed the races, and the ladies are chiefly busy selecting their winter clothes. The inference from the first sentence he who runs may read—and, let us hope, profit by it. The theatre is closed, but this has nothing to do with the celestial nature of the calm, as many excellent divines are willing to admit that properly-selected plays have an elevating tendency. The Roman Catholics relieved the stagnation by a grand concert in the Garrison Hall, the members of the Cathedral choir assisting to make it a success, and the audience was a very enthusiastic one.

Two pleasant little luncheon parties, however, were discussed by Dunedin Society. One was given by Mrs B. C. Haggitt at Wychwood, Anderson's Bay. The table was very artistically decorated with large white lilies. Among the guests were Mr and Mrs Tolmac, the Hon. Mr and Mrs Oliver, Mrs Catten, Mr and Mrs Michie, Professor and Mrs Sale; Mrs and Miss Millar (Sydney), Dr. and Mrs Hocken, Mrs Perston, Mrs Wright and others.

THAT 'great wits will jump' was proved on Thursday when so many Picton residents jumped to the conclusion that the day was a perfect one for picnic parties, and went out to have afternoon tea and enjoy the *dolce far niente* on the beach, and inhale the ozone from the salty South breeze. All the little bays around were occupied by merry parties, and boats dotted the harbour, some fishing, others careering along under canvas, made up of the girls' many-coloured dresses held so as to catch the wind, and looking like Chinese junkies, and when the Torea came steaming along with quite a procession of Sound boats in tow, the scene was such a pretty one that most people were glad they had been so liberally endowed with the wits which had jumped to so pleasant a conclusion.

THE Picton Presbyterian Sunday-school *fete*, held up Eason's Valley, would have been a great success but for that *bête noire* of journalists and picnic parties—the weather. The morning was a perfect though delusive one, and all Picton as well as visitors from the country came out in pretty summery clothing, and made a scene amongst the manuka and birch trees for a painter to exult in, but a change came over the spirit of the them—scene, and a misty cloud floated down from Eason's Nightcap and enveloped the valley in its folds. Some fled to the shelter of their homes, and the rest, with a lively remembrance of former Presbyterian tea and cakes, took shelter under the trees, and awaited the good time. Financially the affair was a great success, and the children enjoyed themselves later on when the clouds lifted and they could indulge in games.

To be a Scotchman is to be in the fashion nowadays. So evidently thought the city father who amiably addressed Lord Glasgow during his recent visit to Picton. 'We're brother Scots,' said that astute councillor, expecting a warmer handshake on that account. 'Ah, yes!' replied his Excellency, 'there seem to be a good many of us knocking about New Zealand.'



## BY THE AUTOCRATIC IDLER.

bring it as an asset on receipt into the year's transactions, is a question of the utmost gravity to ever so many parties concerned. The unemployed one, however, is not one of these. He is not in the least concerned; and is, I believe, now trying to arrange an unemployed demonstration somewhere in Canterbury. Much time is not left to adjust this matter. Everyone for his own.

'The night is starry and cold, my friend,  
The new financial year quite bold, my friend,  
Comes up to claim his own.'

I have pleasure in informing the rising generation, and more especially the female portion of it, that a new art which promises to provide occupation of a remunerative and truly delightful kind for fair fingers has been discovered. The *modus operandi* can be better explained when one has more leisure, but in the meantime it may be said that a leaf or slab of kauri timber is the new canvas, and fire supplies all the necessary and requisite lights and shades from purest white to an eternal blackness. The Venetians produced pictures by burning into the wood these outlines and shades. By the new process the procedure is reversed. Having charred the kauri to the depth required for the picture to be produced, the representation is evolved by the skill of the artist, who gets his light shades and lighter shades by cutting deeper and deeper with suitable graving tools into his kauri leaf. This present writer has no hesitation in saying that no more fashionable accomplishment has been invented by the ingenuity of man for half a century. Kauri, it may be remarked, appears to be the only wood entirely suitable for this artistic kind of carving. It is the only timber which gives all the desired shades from black to white. I have seen some of these beautiful pictures. In richness, in softness, and in mellowness, nothing can surpass them. In another few years the walls of great personages will be adorned with them, and they will supersede pictures done in oil except those done by the best painters. Mr Seddon showed me an old monk executed by this process. The old fellow looked as if he could walk out of the picture and be up to his old tricks at any moment. The Duchess of Buckingham wanted to secure this carving, but our beautiful Countess was too many for her and bought it before the former could make an offer. A picture of His Excellency as he appeared some ten years ago, before he knew how many Legislative Councillors made twelve, and many other excellent portraits found immediate sale. There is a small bit of this carving representing a black and white Newfoundland dog, gone to the Imperial Institute. The dog, I venture to say, will be looked at with much curiosity and admiration by thousands of men and women less noble and less faithful than the poor brute was. Lord Hopetoun greatly admired these new carvings and sat with Mr Seddon in the Minister's room talking about them and other New Zealand productions, including the labour bureau, for an hour. Lord Hopetoun had some difficulty in getting access there. Richard John had left word that no one was to be allowed to come in on any account except on business most urgent. Lord Hopetoun came along looking for the Minister of Public Works. 'Engaged,' said the Minister's man. 'Engaged thirteen deep.' 'Will he be long?' asked His Lordship. 'All day, probably,' said George. 'Would you mind telling him a gentleman desires to see him?' said the Governor of Victoria. 'No no use,' replied George, 'but I'll try anyhow. What name?' 'Well,' said His Excellency, 'I, unfortunately, haven't a card.' So George delivered his message and said, that a gentleman with no card was anxious for an interview. 'Show him in,' said the burly Richard, and he walked Lord Hopetoun, and there he sat as pleasant, as homely, as frank, and as manly a man as ever entered a chamber which in its time has re-echoed the voices of all sorts and conditions of men, some of whom will live in history and some of whom will live in the cemetery. The kauri timber artist, at present carving the beautiful works of art just referred to, and who is teaching it to pupils, ought to be mentioned. His address is W. H. Barrett, Palmerston North.

A New Industry. I am afraid the GRAPHIC people will think this is a rather long 'short telegram,' but I must say a word more about kauri, which

appears destined to play a very important part in industry as well as art. On Saturday I spent some hours with an inventor who has been experimenting, quite unknown to anybody, with kauri and other New Zealand timbers for the last eighteen months. The result is that he has patented and perfected a method by which New Zealand timbers will take the place of carpets, linoleums, and oil-cloths on all kinds of floors, as well as be substituted on walls for papers and panellings. The process was shortly described a day or two ago in the *Auckland Star*. I found the patentee full of intelligence, full of New Zealand timbers, and full of Seddon, to whom chance gave him a polite introduction a few days before. Seddon, he said, grasped the salient features of patent and its possibilities quicker than he could have believed of any man in this country. He went on extolling the capacity of Seddon and kauri, and said he had had business relations with Lord Clarendon, Her Majesty the Queen, the Duke of Westminster, and Archbishop of Canterbury, and that Seddon, in business aptitude, was quite equal to any of them. I said I had known Seddon for ever so many years, but always drew the line at the Archbishop of Canterbury, as I did not think even that wily Minister could hold a candle to that Archbishop, or any other archbishop, when a good stroke of worldly business was to be done. The most beautiful patterns of floor coverings made from New Zealand timbers—none of which were prettier than the old Greek patterns and borders—were shown me. In cleanliness, elegance, and tastefulness nothing can be superior to this new invention, and the day is not distant when poor Molly will no more lay a mat on the dining-room carpet, nor beat the dust and perhaps disease of twelve months out of the Brussels that covers the drawing-room floor. This inventor deserves also to be mentioned. I may remark that he is an educated man, a straight man, and a gent'leman. 'James Freyberg Percival, — street, Wellington.' That's his card.

## THE MARCH OF THE YEARS.

Do you hear the rhythmic beat  
Of the firm and forward feet

Of the years?

White with frost, and red with heat,  
Charged with gifts to all they meet  
On desolate world, in crowded street,  
March the years.

You may watch them as they go  
Through life's stages, while they grow,  
Into night.

First is Spring's imperial glow,  
Next the summer's dash and flow,  
Lastly age and Winter's snow,  
And long night.

Steady, regular their pace,  
Every movement full of grace,  
March the years.

Yet he runs a breathless race,  
And his forces he must brace,  
Who keeps step by step through space  
With these years.

They are charged with gifts for man.  
Let him wrest the best he can  
From the mass.

Shadow, substance, deed and plan,  
Honour's gold, dream's talisman,  
You may seize—but for a span—  
As they pass.

They can heal your heart, or break,  
They can mock your thirst, or slake;  
Smiles or tears

They can give and you must take;  
Yet they come for love's own sake,  
And true servants you may make  
Of these years.

Of their marchings to and fro  
The eternal God doth know;  
He is King.

Let them come and let them go,  
God is in each one, and so  
All is well. Come, seal or woe,  
God is King!

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

The greatest sum ever paid for telegraph tolls in one week by a newspaper was the expenditure of the *London Times* for cable service from Buenos Ayres during the revolution in the Argentine Republic. The cost of cabling from Buenos Ayres to London was 7s a word, and the *Times* paid out £7000 for one week's dispatches.

## BALL PROGRAMMES, ETC.

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

NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC PRINTING WORKS,  
SHORTLAND STREET, AUCKLAND.

Death of the Financial Year.

Tread softly and speak low for the old financial year lies a dying. In anticipation of this sad event the Department I know most of, which one need scarcely say is the Lunacy Department, has been so busy that no time is left us to prepare all our things, or do more than send a short wire to the GRAPHIC readers as to the financial year's departure. No one seems to be really concerned about it. He came in, on the first of April like a fool, and goes out on the thirty-first inst. full of wisdom, and, therefore, of unhappiness. The latter is caused also by the sad experiences of everybody who could lay hands on what he vulgarly called his 'sugar,' and appropriated as much of it as he could get at, so that he leaves the world to go. Wherever he went to, one of the first persons to mark ninety-one, ninety-two, for his own, was the Premier himself. Balance has eased the old fellow of many thousand pounds which go as a surplus to next year's credit. This is an excellent stroke of business from a financial point of view. Anyhow, it is a stroke no other Colonial Treasurer can make; and there is but one man in New Zealand who could make it. Indeed, one might go so far as to say that there is but one man in the country, at present, that we know of, who thoroughly understands and masters the abominably intricate mazes of figures which any colonial treasurer has to wade through. Sir George Dibbs has not done so well for New South Wales as our inviolated Premier has done for these islands; nor, for that matter, has the noisy Dibbs done much for himself during the twelve months, except to get knighted by the Queen, to curse Chicago, if that was any benefit to him, and to ask whereabouts in Sydney the insolvent court lay. It is a curious thing to see the Premier of a great colony making such an inquiry as this: however he is only following the example of Sir Henry Parkes who asked the way there once, and liked the locality so much that he could hardly keep out of it ever after. But how can anybody be surprised at the bankruptcy of Dibbs? A man with fourteen grown-up daughters—and slashing five girls, too—must in the end go to the bankruptcy court or to Bedlam. We don't do these kind of things in Wellington. For all that the close of the financial year finds us plenty of difficult matter. For instance, it is found the Lunacy Department owes quite a lot at the end of the year, and one sees no way of recovering the debt. Lands and survey find they have a claim on the public works. They send it in. Public works finds it has a claim against lands and survey and sends it in. In Canada they levy a duty of five cents per dozen on United States eggs. In the United States they levy a duty of five cents on Canadian eggs and so things go on in a charmingly reciprocal way, no one knowing, or, indeed, caring much which has the advantage in the egg line. Now and then, however, problems baffling all solution are presented, such as an unemployed agitator in the streets saying he can't get employment. The labour bureau came to his aid and says, 'We can find work for you.' 'I haven't got a cent to go to that place,' says the horny-handed son of toil. 'That's all right,' says the Railway Commissioners, 'we will provide you with a ticket.' 'But I ain't got no pick and shovel,' says this distressful son of Adam. 'Never fret about that,' says Public Works, 'we will lend you the tools.' So the man goes up there, and comes back again immediately. He didn't like the look of the work; he never did like the look of any work; but whether he wanted work or didn't, there was the railway fare of four and elevenpence to pay, all the same. The Railway Commissioners claim the same as part of the revenue of 91-92, and sent a bill into Mr Tregear for the amount. Tregear says the man was to have four and elevenpence deducted from his first earnings; but he hasn't earned anything. Where this four and elevenpence is, at the present moment, who really owns it, or can least claim it; or where it is to come from so as to

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A GOOD intention clothes itself with power.  
A man never forgets how good he is to others.  
Where there's a will there's generally a fight.  
Good intentions will not justify evil.  
A man is frequently known by the company he keeps out of.

How much easier it is to sit by the fire and resolve to do good than it is to go out in the cold and do it.

If you ever feel yourself getting conceited, just remember that the best people are all dead.

In these *fin de siècle* times the handwriting on the wall is generally the work of the street archin.

By a 'white lie' is meant the kind you see on tombstones.

Be choice in your friendships. You can have but few, and the number will dwindle as you grow older. Select minds who are too strong and large to pretend a knowledge and renounces they do not really possess. They address you sincerely.

THE NEWSPAPER 'AD.'—A neat illustration of the value of sagacious advertising was given at the Portland Young Men's Christian Association meeting recently, when General Secretary McDonald stated that he had some curiosity to know what method of advertising reached the most people. He had circulated thousands of little dodgers, giving notice of the meeting, and he asked those who had seen them and had been moved to come through that means, to rise. The hall was packed as full as it could hold, and of the entire number about fifteen arose. Then Mr McDonald asked all who had read the notices in the newspapers, and had been influenced by them to rise, and the crowd rose in a body.

HOW TO GROW OLD.—An essential to longevity consists in regular and temperate habits of living. In studying the habits of persons who have reached advanced age it is found that in the large majority of cases great moderation in eating and drinking has been the rule throughout life. Gluttony is an enemy to both health and longevity, while as to alcoholism we have the testimony of the president of one of the oldest life insurance companies that 'among persons selected with care for physical soundness and sobriety, the death rate is more profoundly affected by the use of intoxicating drinks, than from any other cause apart from heredity. Another rule which is found to be almost universal among very aged people is that they have all their lives been in the habit of going to bed and getting up early. They have also avoided dissipation and fast living in every form, as must every one who covets longevity, for these burn the candle at both ends, and cause it to be quickly consumed. Another requisite for reaching old age is healthful employment. Idleness is a greater foe to length of days than overwork. That occupation is to be preferred which gives exercise to both body and mind under the influence of pure air and healthful surroundings, without being extremely severe or involving too many hours of work. The final necessity for him who would grow old gracefully is a cheerful disposition and the habit of looking on the bright side. Passion strains the heart to its utmost, melancholy freezes the blood, and worry wears out the best years of a man's life. No one who habitually indulges these or kindred emotions has half a chance of reaching advanced life. It was the advice of a man of ninety not to worry. 'Don't worry about what you can't help,' he said, 'for it will do no good. Don't worry about what you can help, but go to work and help it.' Sound advice this for all who aspire to become nonagenarians.

ATMOSPHERIC ELECTRICITY.—The upper layers of air are more or less electrified, so as to have a potential differing from that of the earth; but how their electrical condition has been produced is not at present known. Condensation of water-vapour is known to produce electricity. It is found that there are greater differences of electrical condition at different elevations under a clouded sky than with a clear sky, and it is always clouded when there is a display of lightning. Lamont considers the atmospheric electricity to be a consequence of the earth's electricity. Close to the earth the air has little or no charge; the farther from the earth the greater the amount of electricity in the air. Many experiments prove that there is a difference of potential between the earth and points in the air above. In fine weather potential is higher the higher we go, increasing usually at the rate of twenty to forty volts for each foot. It changes, however, very rapidly in broken, windy, and rainy weather, and is even at times reversed, becoming for a time negative as regards the earth. The plan adopted to test the potential at any point usually consists in placing an insulated conductor at that point, and allowing for the discharge of free electricity from it, its electrical condition being tested by an electroscopie or electrometer. This discharge takes place when material particles are made to leave the conductor. Volta used a small flame at the end of an exploring rod. Sir William Thomson used an insulated water-can, from which water was allowed to drip, or an exploring rod with smouldering tannin paper at the end. He has also employed with success a portable electrometer, on the same general principle as the quadrant or divided ring electrometer. Peltier used an insulated pith ball electrometer with a metal donut, and means of connecting it for an instant with the earth.

## BOOKS AND BOOK-MEN.

A PRINCE OF NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

M DE BLOWITZ, the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, occupies the premier place among the men who from north, south, east and west, pour into the columns of the great English daily, the doings and sayings of mankind throughout the civilised, and sometimes uncivilised world. He has been everywhere and has seen everything—at least that is the impression his brilliantly written pictures and criticisms on European affairs conveys to his readers, who from him derive most of their information regarding a host of subjects which otherwise would never come within their ken. He was born a newspaper correspondent, although he was forty-three years of age before he had an opportunity of display-



HENRY GEORGES ADOLPHE OPPE DE BLOWITZ.

ing his talent. His entrance into newspaper life, or, at any rate, the beginning of his connection with the 'Thunderer' occurred in this way. In 1871, M. de Blowitz, who had, prior to that date, been schoolmastering among other things, came to Paris with a petition to present to M. Thiers. The Franco-Prussian war was just then coming to a close, and Lawrence Oliphant, the then Paris correspondent for the *Times*, by chance met the schoolmaster, who did the journalist a valuable service by accompanying him round the fortifications of the French capital, and procuring him some very important information. Oliphant, with his quick insight into men, detected the born journalist in his new friend, and gave the latter some work to do for the *Times*. Evidently Blowitz did it well, for a short time afterwards we find him acting as Paris correspondent for the paper.

It was not, however, till 1874 that the new journalist showed what he was capable of, and leaped into fame at once. About that time M. Thiers delivered a speech in the French Chamber of Deputies. The occasion was an important one, and the minister's speech contained matter of European interest. M. de Blowitz, ever on the alert to serve his paper, concluded that the speech was one that ought to be published in the *Times* with the least possible delay. He, therefore, telegraphed the whole of it, from memory, it is said, to headquarters. From that date the great journalist has occupied the place of prince of *Times* correspondents, and is accounted one of the most remarkable of the plenipotentiaries of the press. The value placed on his services may be gathered from the fact that the *Times* pays him a salary of £2,000 a year, besides allowing him £1,000 for expenses, and providing him with a private carriage.

The opinion of M. de Blowitz on his own profession, and especially on the future developments of journalism, are perhaps the best we could get on the subject. He has conceived the idea of revolutionising journalism, and, no doubt, if any one man could perform such a task, the energetic Frenchman is he. The manner in which he proposes to accomplish this revolution is set forth in an article in a recent number of the *Contemporary*, and is remarkably interesting:—

'PART of his scheme,' says a Home paper commenting on the article, 'is to catch a promising youth of eighteen, possessed of a collegiate education and "seriously grounded" in at least two languages besides his own. The aspirant will have to serve an apprenticeship of five years; and it might be thought he would then be free to undertake the direction of the public affairs of his country.

'BUT no. At the end of the five years he would be handed over to professors, who would cram him with all imaginable learning. He would be taught the history and literature of the world. "He would be initiated into the origin and tendencies of spirit of his most remarkable contemporaries in every country. He would be given a general idea of the political constitution, the ethnologic and climatic conditions, the products, the geographical situation, the means of communication, the armed forces, the budgets and the public debts of every nation. He would be given the documents necessary for consultation. He would be taught to draw both landscapes and human face. He would learn to box, to ride on horse-back, and to use a revolver."

'THEN he would be examined by some prodigies greater than himself, and if he failed, back he would go to his studies for twelve months more. As a wind up there would be three years of school or college abroad. Then this Admirable Oriehton would be let loose upon a helpless world. And the world (the *Publisher's Circular* remarks), with that sense of fitness which distinguishes it, might not improbably put him to report police court cases. But M. de Blowitz's young man will be very interesting when he arrives.'

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

LATEST ANÆSTHETIC.

The newest anæsthetic is named 'pental,' discovered by Professor Von Mering in Halle. It is a preparation of tertiary amyl-alcohol, and is for small operations only.

RAPID LETTER TRANSMITTED.

It is stated that a Spaniard, Senor Barbozo de Sousa, has invented an appliance for the submarine transmission of letters in pneumatic tubes of great length, by which a letter deposited in the tube at Rio de Janeiro would arrive in Europe during the same day.

NERVOUS CENTRES.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences a paper was presented by M. A. Chauveau, in which he gave reasons for believing in the existence of primary nervous centres for the perception of primary colours. Thus, if the light from the sky is allowed to shine on the closed eyes of a sleeper, the coloured object in the room will appear to him to be illuminated by a bright green light at the moment of waking from sleep. It is concluded that the green centres are those which first regain activity on the sleeper recovering consciousness. The experiment must be repeated many times with different persons before accepting this statement as a fact; and the question may be asked—Do not people perceive colours in dreams? Green, however, is the colour which would be supposed to be most actively perceived, whether wide awake or only just recovering from a dream.

AN ELECTRICAL BICYCLE.

An English inventor has projected an electrical bicycle with batteries which will weigh forty pounds when filled, the entire machine's weight having been computed at 155 pounds.

KNOWING ANIMALS.

Bortase tells a very interesting story of how a lobster got the better of an oyster. The lobster several times inserted his claws in the half-opened shell, but the oyster always closed in time to save himself. The lobster then seized a stone, and inserted it quickly into the cautiously-opened shell and devoured the oyster. Monkeys secure oysters by the same trick; but there is nothing so remarkable in that, as their intelligence is well known. Kirby tells of the bees, that after repeated raids of the 'death's head' upon their stores they build a sort of bulwark of wax about the hole of entrance to keep him out. Duges observed a spider which had seized a bee from behind, and thus hindered it from flying. The stronger bee, however, had its legs free, and walked off with the spider, which tried to drag her into his den. The struggle lasted some time, when the spider lowered itself with its prey by a thread. The bee's legs were useless in midair, and the spider clung to her until he had accomplished his full purpose.

## PARLIAMENTARY SILHOUETTES.

THE existing Parliament contains no more venerable figure than the subject of the present sketch—the highly-esteemed member for Selwyn, Alfred Saunders, Esq.—who, born in 1820, has reached the days when most men would prefer a snug armchair by the fireside to the draughts and dissensions which prevail in the Legislative Chamber. Mr Saunders, however, is not made of the stuff which shrinks from discomfort and pales at the battle call. Accustomed to rough it in the early days of colonization, the temperate habits and simple mode of living which distinguished him then have been maintained to the present day, with the result that, though failing somewhat physically, he is mentally as vigorous, and in will power as strong, as in his best days; while his devotion to principle, his unadulterated patriotism, his unswerving purpose to further such measures as seem to him good, and to thwart those he accounts evil, make him, if not indifferent, at least superior, to discomfort, and, to a wonderful extent, regardless of abuse and misrepresentation, of which, like most men of marked individuality and decided opinion, he has in his time had a pretty considerable share.

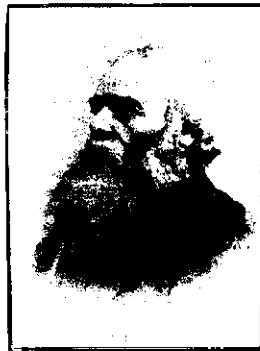
Mr Saunders was born at Lavington, Wilts, and until his fifteenth year was educated at Dr. Day's Academy at Bristol, after which he returned home, to follow, like his father and grandfather before him, the occupation of a farmer and miller. Saunders *père* was the owner of a considerable business connection in Bath and Bristol, and in his warehouses his son obtained an insight into business methods, while gaining at the same time considerable experience of city life. Reared in habits of thrift, conscientious industry and self-restraint, Mr Saunders from very early days manifested a pronounced repugnance to intoxicants, which endures to the present day. At the age of sixteen he helped to form, and became secretary to, the Lavington Temperance Society, and so zealous was he in his opposition to the drink traffic that in 1840, when scarce twenty years of age, he was selected by the Bath Temperance Society as one of its delegates at the great conference held that year at Bridgewater, an appointment which may be regarded not only as evidence of his early zeal for reform, and of the confidence reposed in him, but also as a proof of a decided *penchant* in the direction of public work.

That he should so early have exhibited this inclination is somewhat surprising, because of the plodding, industrious, unambitious character of his parents, who, in their uneventful retirement, could never have dreamt beforehand of the varied public careers which awaited each one of their nine children, all of whom in some way achieved distinction, and no less than six of whom became well known as English authors. Amongst these may be mentioned Mrs Bayley, authoress of 'Ragged Homes,' etc., and William Saunders, Esq., M.P. for Waltham, author of 'Through the Light Continent,' and several other works, while the subject of our sketch stands by no means the lowest in literary fame. His work on 'The Horse,' published in 1885, was alone sufficient to establish his reputation as an author, as may be judged from the encomiums of English critics. Says *Bell's Life* in London, "'Our Horses,' by Alfred Saunders, is in many respects one of the most charming books on equine matters, and all pertaining thereto, that we have perused for many a day. It is so admirably constructed that we experienced a feeling of regret when, after reading every line, we came to the conclusion of the twenty-fourth and final chapter.' Of the same work the *Field* says: 'Mr Saunders has achieved a far greater measure of success than has fallen to the lot of others who have trodden the same path,' and the verdict of the *Home and Colonial* is that the work 'combines theoretical and practical knowledge to a marvellous degree.' Two years previous to the publication of 'Our Horses,' Mr Saunders published 'Our Domestic Birds,' which also received high eulogiums from the English and colonial press. In 1890 Mr Saunders was the only successful New Zealand writer in Mr Cole's, of Melbourne, essay competition. The subject was 'The Federation of the World,' and the prizes offered numbered ten. There were five hundred and thirty-five competitors, and Mr Saunders had the gratification of finding himself placed second, a distinction of which he is justly proud.

As a settler Mr Saunders has borne a full share of the burden and heat of the day, and, during a colonial experience extending over half a century, has participated in many vicissitudes. Leaving England in the 'Fifehire,' in 1841, he arrived in Nelson on the 1st of February, 1842, and since the day of his landing his energies have always been *in evidence*, and always devoted to the furtherance of popular rights, and the public welfare. On the voyage out he inaugurated a Temperance Society which continued to flourish after arrival here, with, Mr Saunders contends, very marked effects upon the early statistics of the Nelson Province. No long time after his landing he was elected Secretary to the original Land Purchase Society, and took an active part in endeavouring to compel the New Zealand Company to carry out the letter and spirit of their promises to the settlers. But, as the original land purchasers soon acquired an undue share of political power which he considered to be too exclusively used in the interests of their own class, Mr Saunders eventually became their chief opponent, and a leader in the advocacy of extended suffrage, and other popular rights; for, as his years increased his views widened,

and his conviction that the many were not originally designed to be the slaves of the few, grew in force. In his character of champion of extended popular rights, he opposed Mr Jolly, the land purchasers' nominee, in his candidature for the first superintendency of Nelson, strongly supporting the successful candidate, Mr Edward Stafford. When Mr Stafford became Premier of the colony another candidate for the superintendency was nominated by the land purchasers, viz., Dr. Monro, who came forward as the representative of the wealthy classes of Nelson, and who was also the popular leader of the then Provincial Council. In various political conflicts Mr Saunders came into strong, though not personally unpleasant, opposition to Dr. Monro, but the result in this instance was one to be vividly remembered, for, having put up in opposition a highly intelligent mechanic, by name John Perry Robinson, he had the satisfaction of seeing him win that contest, and afterwards hold his own against all future opponents, ably discharging the duties of the superintendency until some eight years later he lost his life in the Buller river, after which sad event Mr Saunders was himself elected to that responsible office.

A very interesting episode of Mr Saunders' career which occurred a short time prior to his election as superintendent brought into strong relief his intrepid character and uncompromising integrity. Persuaded in his own mind that District Judge Travers had abused his official position by giving judgment in a case brought before him, utterly at variance with the evidence, and by furnishing the press with a garbled report of the same, Mr Saunders wrote to the *Nelson Examiner* boldly charging the learned judge with the offence. A criminal prosecution was immediately instituted, and the daring exposé of abuses was tried before Judge Johnston by a special jury composed exclusively of his political opponents. He was found guilty, and Judge Johnston punished his audacity by sentencing him to six months' imprisonment, to the payment of a fine of £150, and the removal of his name from the Commission



Wrigglesworth & Binna, photo., Wellington.

MR ALFRED SAUNDERS, M.H.R.

of the Peace. The transparent injustice and excessive severity of the sentence roused the indignation of the Nelson population, and a monster petition on his behalf was immediately addressed to the Governor, with the result that he was at once released from custody without reference to the judge. As a natural consequence District Judge Travers resigned his position and left the province, while, as a further proof of the public confidence in Mr Saunders, he was directly afterwards returned to Parliament at the head of the poll, previously to which his name had been replaced on the Justice's roll. His brief sojourn within prison bars was more like a continued fete than a period of punishment, for his friends vied with each other in efforts to make the hours speed pleasantly, and to this day the recollection of his course of action and its consequences is one of unalloyed pleasure.

Mr Saunders first entered the Nelson Provincial Council in 1855, and it is a proof of the estimation in which he was even then held in the political world that, soon after his entrance into the House of Representatives, he was offered by the Ministry of the day the portfolio of Colonial Treasurer. He, however, declined the position.

His superintendency of the Nelson Province was marked by prudence, foresight, and progress, and it was with deep and mutual regret that his connection with the Province was severed in 1867, in which year he resigned office for the purpose of visiting England. During his visit to the Old Country he was brought prominently before the public through a correspondence in the *Standard*, in which he stoutly defended the settlers of New Zealand from aspersions of ill-advised and hostile writers, who charged them with injustice and cruelty to the Native people. Mr Saunders also delivered lectures, and published pamphlets, on New Zealand with a view to disabusing the popular mind of false impressions, and of disseminating reliable information regarding the colony.

On his return to the colony, in 1872, he selected Canterbury as his place of residence, and a few years later was elected to Parliament as member for Cheviot, a constituency which he represented for some years. During the administration of Sir George Grey he was in opposition, and in the no-confidence debate which ended in the downfall of the Grey Government he was selected by the leaders of his party to make the speech in reply to the veteran orator, a compliment which supplies the best possible proof of the opinion then entertained of his oratorical abilities. Even now, though the creeping years must have stolen something of his eloquence, he is a clear convincing speaker. His voice is wonderfully strong, his articulation distinct, and his manner so deliberate that no word is lost, while his arrange-

ment is so good that his argument is especially easy to follow. He is concise, too, and thoroughly logical, rises only when he has something to say, and never wastes his own breath, or the time of the House in mere verbiage. In debate he is an opponent to be dreaded by all with a crook in their record, for he has an excellent memory for facts, and is pitiless in their production when they can be used with effect as political weapons. Needless to say that when he speaks full benches attest the general recognition of his skill in debate, as well as the high respect in which his character is held.

In the House of Representatives Mr Saunders has ever shown himself the sturdy advocate of Liberal measures and economical government. 'Live within your means' has been his admonition as much to ministers as to private individuals. To save the taxpayer, while at the same time ensuring efficient administration, has been the prime object of his political life. 'The Great Economist of the House,' he has been dubbed, and his long continued efforts in this direction have brought him no slight share both of obloquy and enmity. As far back as 1879, the Hall Government put him on a commission to enquire into the workings of the New Zealand Civil Service. As Chairman of that commission he drew up a report which advised radical changes and drastic economies, which, if carried out, would have resulted in savings to the extent of half-a-million in the annual expenditure. It goes without saying that such action caused deep resentment in the Civil Service, while the report, which he boldly and ably defended in the House, was met by the most strenuous and systematic opposition. Some of the recommendations were very partially carried out by Sir John Hall, but on his forced retirement through the pressure of ill health, his colleagues abandoned all attempts at reform. The enmity awakened by the report was, as it turned out, less easily stifled, and for several years Mr Saunders paid the penalty of his boldness by enforced absence from the House, a result secured by the combined and systematic efforts of those to whose interests he had run counter. Many a time since then has his uncompromising opposition to everything approaching extravagance, or even freeness of expenditure, brought upon his devoted head the jibes and sneers of the more lavishly inclined, but to these Mr Saunders is absolutely indifferent; strong in his own rectitude, and steadfast in his purposes, he pursues his way undaunted by opposition, unmoved by abuse. Too forceful of nature to be put down or ignored, he is a power which those in authority have to reckon with, and though personally unambitious of office, he fills a most useful part as an efficient check upon extravagance, and a perpetual menace to mis-government.

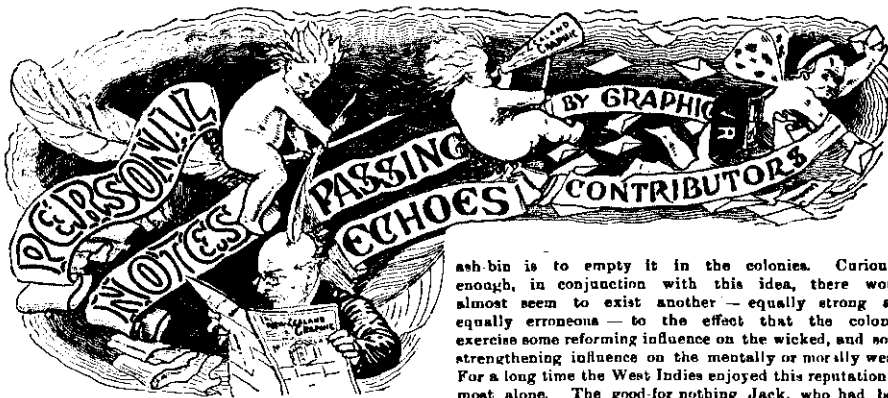
In his character of economist Mr Saunders stood alone in the House of Representatives in 1865, in opposing the first three million loan. He is one of the few who never for one instant subscribed to Sir Julius Vogel's financial policy which he regarded as unprincipled, and calculated to produce disaster. Contending always that every inducement should be offered to industry, he has consistently opposed all taxation likely to fetter the exercise of that virtue. In the Country Roads Bill he struggled unsuccessfully for the exemption of settlers' improvements, and on many other occasions did his utmost to equalise the burdens of taxation, and relieve the classes least able to sustain its weight.

Independent in character, and decided in his opinions, Mr Saunders holds himself free from the trammels of close party ties. To any Government whose policy is progressive, whose measures he esteems Liberal, and of whose good intentions he is persuaded, he will accord support, but any deviation from what he considers the path of rectitude he will unhesitatingly denounce. Thoroughly Liberal in his views, all his energies are employed to further Liberal legislation, thus to advance the cause and secure the well-being of the people, and he cares not greatly by whose agency these beneficial results are secured. Included in the Liberal party to day, he would, without compunction, turn his back on it to-morrow were he convinced that the leaders thereof contemplated subordinating the interests of the people to their own.

In the cause of education Mr Saunders has always been active. The records of the Nelson Provincial Council show that as far back as 1855 he proposed and carried many of the most important and distinctive provisions of our present Education Act. Free, secular, and universal education, combined with the inculcation of a high code of morality, has had his warm advocacy, but any suggestion in the direction of applying public money to the furtherance of denominational objects has met with his uncompromising hostility. When in Nelson he was several times elected Governor of the Nelson College; he also served as a member of the Nelson Education Board, and subsequently in the same capacity in the North Canterbury Board. He was also Governor of the Ashburton High School, and has worked zealously on several Education Committees.

Mr Saunders is a staunch supporter of the movement to enfranchise women. Every human being, he contends, has an inherent right to a voice in framing the laws by which he or she is governed, and therefore as a matter of right, women should be admitted to the political franchise, irrespective altogether of the consideration whether or not the concession would result in any beneficial change in the general machinery of government. So ardent is Mr Saunders in his advocacy of the measure that, like Sir John Hall, he is prepared to accept it on no matter what restrictions and disabilities, and his disappointment, when, at the close of last session, the Government refused to submit to the inconvenient provisions designed by the Council to render the law inoperative, was very openly displayed.

Mr Saunders is a strong supporter of the Hare system, which he would like to see operating in all elections. He is a pronounced opponent of compulsory vaccination which he considers a fertile source of disease unjustified in a country which is not, and is not likely to be affected by small pox. He is also strongly opposed to the importation of alcoholic liquors, contending that as long as their use is permitted at all they should be manufactured within the colony.



## The New Zealand Graphic

AND LADIES' JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1892.

ALL Fools' Day is far too important a date to be passed by in silence. Surely, not even the wisest of us can pretend that the anniversary is one in which he has no concern, for all must confess to have played the fool more than once in our lives. Then, welcome, bilious season, consecrated from antiquity to folly! We will not be so arrogant as to think we have a right to forget thee—we who have seen the first of many Aprils. In truth, we cannot afford to forget thee, thou harbingerest such a host of pleasing recollections. The innovating age would fain banish thee with good Bishop Valentine's Day to the limbo of useless puerile anniversaries, but, while we continue to tread the surface of the planet thou shalt not want for friends. It seems to us but yesterday that the first of April was as remarkable a day as any in the calendar, except Christmas. Then, and then only, was licence granted us to indulge a talent for practical joking, which was marvellously sweet to exercise, but which has since decayed for want of encouragement. Then, and then only, were we permitted to laugh with impunity at the ridicules we had been the means of drawing down on those older and wiser than ourselves. We cannot do such things now, for we have little relish in these degenerate times for recreations that used to delight our ancestors it is said, on the plains of Shinar, and for many a century afterwards tickled the fancy of their descendants. But we can laugh with pleasure—yes, even though there is a shade of envy mixed with it—on the young generation who derive exquisite amusement from sending their friends on bootless errands, while we ourselves speculate on the origin of this curious custom, which is not confined to Europe, but is found, so we are told, in full force even among the Hindoos.

Several theories as to how the observance arose have been offered, but none as yet have been satisfactory to our mind. It would certainly not be very difficult to assume that, by the celebration of this festival, our ancestors intended to convey some recondite allegory of life. We might then set to work to find a hidden significance in customs which now appear meaningless. Probably our ancestors, who were shrewd folk in their way, originally attached some deeper meaning to All Fools' Day than we do now. Perhaps, for instance, they intended to convey the lesson, which we all learn as we get older, that to be wise all the year round is not within the power of man, and that much of our life is passed in running fruitless errands. At least whether they meant to teach such a lesson or not, no one will deny the truth of it. Have we not all known some poor unfortunates whose advent even into the world was an April errand? Have we not met with scores in New Zealand whose journey to the colony deserved no other name? Often, in the case of the latter, it was the folly of well-meaning friends that sent these misguided ones on the fool's errand, from which they can never return. The senders were not to blame. They were not even guilty of a joke as April senders are. They were only the victims of another of those popular delusions which exist in the Old Country regarding the colonies.

We had one of these under our consideration last week. Suppose we examine this one. The transportation of British criminals to Australasian shores came to a very desirable end some fifty years ago. No longer do rogues and vagabonds figure, as it were, in the published imports of New South Wales and Tasmania, and the few who manage to smuggle themselves into these colonies are narrowly watched as dangerous, if not contraband, by the law. Yet, though the Home authorities have abandoned the convenient practice of shooting their moral refuse in remote corners of the empire, there seems to exist among certain classes of the enlightened British public, an idea that the proper method of getting rid of the contents of the family

ash-bin is to empty it in the colonies. Curiously enough, in conjunction with this idea, there would almost seem to exist another—equally strong and equally erroneous—to the effect that the colonies exercise some reforming influence on the wicked, and some strengthening influence on the mentally or morally weak. For a long time the West Indies enjoyed this reputation almost alone. The good-for-nothing Jack, who had been plucked at his exams four times running, and Fred, who had developed a cosmopolitan taste for liquor, were, in the novels always, and in real life pretty often, sent to join Mr Bob Allen and Mr Dick Swiveller on the salubrious shores of Jamaica. But Jamaica afforded to Jack and Fred other opportunities more in accordance with their tastes than that of reformation. Unfortunately, that most innocent article of consumption, sugar, is half-brother to rum: and raw rum, so dangerous as an acquaintance, and especially fatal in the tropics as a friend, proved too often the ruin of Jack and his companion. The colonization of the Australias seems to have opened to the British *paterfamilias* a new and large field for his scapegrace sons. Here, thought the perplexed parent, lies a country, far enough from his father's house to make it impossible for the prodigal to return thither, and yet holding out to him a promise of something better than herding swine and eating husks: a country, indeed, where, if he but reform, he may live to make his relatives proud of him, and where, should he continue his evil courses, he will be too far off to involve them in his disgrace. The fond British mother, who wept on the suggestion of Tom being banished to the swamps of South America, dries her tears when it is decided that her unredeemed pledge shall depart for the genial Britain of the South. With a lighter heart she prepares the dear boy's outfit, omitting nothing which her total inexperience of colonial life can suggest. Dreams of Tom, a new Tom, a Tom reformed through the action of some mysterious agency, which, poor soul, she would seem to believe is inherent in Southern latitudes, are her constant solace. She sees, with fond imagination, her boy working as he has never worked before, and developing in full blossom those qualities which she had always maintained, against the world, he possessed.

Meanwhile Tom is infected with something of his mother's enthusiasm. He, too, has his dreams, and the prospect of their realisation in some measure condoles him for the loss of his present forbidden pleasures. Australasia looms before him a gigantic playground, a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground, where gold can be had for the picking up, where work is almost a synonym for play, and where life is passed under the easiest conditions. Tom, who is at bottom really a good fellow, no doubt leaves his father's roof fully resolved to turn over a new leaf. Very probably he has promised reformation more than once before, only to break his word, but he feels that the vow is being taken under new and more auspicious circumstances. He believes—for he has by no means lost faith in himself—that he has reached the turning point in his career. Alas! it would require a stronger character than Tom has hitherto displayed to resist the temptations that assail him at the very outset of his journey. All confident, he sets out on what the future may prove to have been an April fool's errand. Let us, since we have followed Tom's fortunes so far, follow them a little further, for have we not chosen him to exemplify the fool's errantry on which so many a young lad is sent from the Old Country to the new. Tom's friends, if they have never made a lengthy voyage on an Australian liner, know nothing of the dangers that beset a friendless young man there. But those who have travelled much between England and the South Pacific do. They know that these oceanic steamers are very much the reverse of floating Bethels, and that the companies who manage them are not missionary syndicates, who are as careful for the moral as for the material welfare of their passengers. The amiable Tom is not long in making new friends. Very often these are of a class that he would have done well to avoid. But what can he do? He cannot repulse the friendly advances of such jovial fellows, and soon finds himself inextricably mixed up in their set. The enforced idleness on the sea, suggests many a way of passing the time that are by no means the best a young man could resort to. Tom weakly yields to allurements of doubtful character, one after another, even although his conscience pricks him all the time he is doing so. The salutary restraint, which the better part of his fellow passengers might exert is not exercised by them, and consequently Tom's faltering will suffers from the want of such avowed disapproval. Fools are leniently inclined on ship-board, and the young man is no son of

theirs. When our hero reaches his destination, he makes one more effort we will suppose to shake himself free of his congenial companions, that is to say, if he has not altogether forgotten the parting admonitions of his anxious relatives.

This is no easy matter, however. Those friends whom he made on the voyage are the only friends—if we can call them such—that he has when he is landed in the colony. Poor Tom, if he enters colonial life in their company, he enters it very often under perilous auspices. Not that they may not be decent enough fellows, though a little fast. But they are dangerous companions for Tom, who, when in their society, forgets his own weakness. They may have strong heads and robust wills, both of which we are supposing are lacking in Tom. To make a long story short, the outcome too often is that our friend falls back into the grip of old habits, and recklessly abandons himself to their guidance. Then for the first time it dawns on him with bitter clearness that the journey to the colonies has been—for him, at least—an April errand. His little capital is soon spent, and then he turns in search of work. But work for such as Tom is not easily procurable, even in the colonies. In the meantime he must live, and his outfit is called into requisition. In a very short time that wardrobe of his, so thoughtfully chosen and consecrated with a mother's tears, lies, a degraded parcel, in a niche of Mr Levy's shop. And his moral outfit! Where is it? The quarterly remittance, which we will suppose has been forwarded to him, is in the hands of the rapacious money-lender, and probably spent before it is received. All of a sudden Tom disappears from the city, and his well-known figure is absent from his favourite haunts. He has gone into the country; perhaps in order to find work; perhaps—for people of that class have many a bitter struggle—Tom's conscience has had one of its periodical awakenings, and he again in his heart vows reformation. But the public house and the billiard room are found in the country as well as in the city. In every little township of a few houses, Tom is pretty certain to find one of them a hotel. He is also pretty certain to enter it, and once there, we can imagine how all his good resolutions fall to the ground like a house of cards. Ten chances to one when Tom has progressed thus far on the downward road he will never return. His career, from that time forth, might be stereotyped to serve for a similar period in the case of scores of others like Tom, who loaf at street corners, earn a scanty livelihood on the gamfields, or haunt the bars of second-class hotels.

But why should we make the suppositious Tom the scapegoat of all this misery? Surely, in our own experience, we have met these Ishmaels of society? I can easily call to mind a dozen such. There was poor H—. What was mortal of him lies within sound of the Kaipara's thunder. I recollect him when, in all the glory of masherdom, he first came to Auckland. He lies forgotten by all now, even by his tailor. I think I see him still, high-seated behind his tandem, proud as Phasgon, whirling out to Newmarket; and in many other scenes, down to that which ended his strange eventful history. I have seen him play his part. Long after he had withdrawn from the town, I have stumbled on him in the hotel of some small country town. He had ceased by that time to play a leading rôle and was not above being grateful for a glass of beer. He had ceased, too, you might say, to be a remittance man. The hotelkeeper usually drew his money. But he still retained all his old amiability and could crack a joke at his own expense. The last time I saw him—curiously enough it was the first of April, and that, perhaps, accounts for his fate being my theme at this particular season—was at Helenevale. Never, never, shall I forget that scene. The dimly-lighted parlour of the hotel, smelling of stale beer, tobacco, and kerosene; James, the billiard marker and oddman, accompanying on a rattletrap of a piano, and poor H—, in character, trolling out to a well-known air in 'Patience' doggerel that, as far as I can remember, ran something like this:

When I go up to town  
My lawyer pays me down  
My weekly remittance,  
A beggary pittance,  
Exactly half-a-crown.  
I try to spin it out,  
And never hang about  
The public-house door  
With a dozen other fools,  
Except they mean to shoot.

A poor remittance man;  
A beggary pittance man;  
Who has worn out the parlour  
Of friends and relations,  
And lives on best he can.

Of course you'll see it's clear,  
One can't stand pints of beer  
On a limited screw  
Amounting to  
Just six pounds ten a year.  
One can't affect the swell,  
For people know, too well,  
A net-topper played out;  
And trousers, when frayed out,  
Are things which always tell.

By foosticking round the shops  
I got these patent-tops;  
These logs which embellish  
My limbs look quite swellish  
But tush! They're only slops.  
My watch I cannot lose,  
It went to square a dub;  
My ring must stop  
Where it is—pop—  
I can't redeem it yet.

and so on through half a dozen verses. Poor H— I thought had made too great a fool of thyself before for me to wonder to see thee on a first of April singing comic songs for the delectation of drunken loafers in an up-country hotel.

# ATHLETICS.

**L**AST Saturday was one of the most pleasant days cricketers have experienced this season—bright and sunny, though not too warm, while the wickets after a dry week were in first-rate order. A considerable number of spectators were present, and play was watched with much interest.

**C**HIEF in importance was the senior match between United and Gordon. The former won the toss, and of course decided to take advantage of the good wicket. A very inauspicious start was made, the first 6 wickets falling for 22 runs. MacCormick and D. Hay, however, doubled the score for the next wicket, but the total was only 55 when W. E. Harvie, the last man joined Carlton Hay. These two played up boldly, and added no less than 35 runs before Hay was caught, the innings closing for 90, a very small total on such a good wicket, but more than was expected after the collapse of all the best batsmen. Gordon made a much better start and had scored 49 for 1 wicket when time was called, so that the match looks a good thing for them.

**C. HAY** was top scorer for United with 24, made by capital cricket, when runs were badly wanted. Both his driving and cutting were first rate.

**MACCORMICK** played his usual fearless game, and his 16 included several brilliant strokes. He was the first batsman to play the bowling with any confidence, and his being run out when thoroughly set was a great misfortune to his side.

**W. E. HARVIE** came out of his shell at the right time, and was not out with 16 to his credit, obtained by very vigorous hitting.

**MCPHERSON** started nicely, and had put together 10 when he was smartly stumped off Kelly.

**KALLENDA** proved the most successful bowler for Gordon, taking 4 wickets for 31 runs. His pace was too much for the batsmen at first, but he seemed to tire very soon.

**KELLY**, though not quite so destructive as usual, dismissed 3 batsmen for 27 runs, while Moresby and Kenderine were responsible for 1 each.

**FOWKE** was in capital form behind the wickets, catching one and stumping two men, while he also very smartly ran MacCormick out. Just before the close of the innings Fowke received a very nasty blow on the leg, and was compelled to retire from the field. He will, it is thought, be able to bat next Saturday.

**NORMAN WILLIAMS** played a free and dashing innings of 30 not out for Gordon, but it was marred by at least two easy chances, C. Harvie in particular dropping a very soft one.

**ANSENNE** batted in his usual patient style for 12, before being bowled by D. Hay.

The other senior match between Parnell and Onslow did not attract much attention, but it produced some very good cricket. Onslow won the toss and batted most of the afternoon for 118, while Parnell had lost 1 wicket for 8 runs when the bell rang.

**GRIERSON** was the chief contributor to Onslow's total, his score being 44. He hit very freely, and made some very big drives and leg hits, one of the latter pitching over 100 yards from the wicket.

**J. WHELAN** also scored very fast, and his total of 22 was obtained by good free batting.

**RICK (17)** and **M. Foley (15)** both batted steadily and well for their runs, the former making some pretty cuts.

**GORDON II.** promise to have an easy victory over Wanderers in the final match of the supplementary round for first junior teams. Wanderers batted first for 56, there being no double figure scorers, while Gordon have 100 with 2 wickets down, so that it seems pretty certain that Wanderers will experience their first defeat of the season in this match.

**C. KISSLING** and **W. Howard** were responsible for Wanderers' small total, the former taking 5 wickets for 26, and the latter 5 for 29.

**BALL** scored 33 in good form for Gordon, and Kissling, Williamson, and Dr. Egan were each responsible for double figures.

**ROLLER MILLS** and **Belmont II.** started to play off their tie for the Second Junior Championship. Messrs Heaketh and Lankham (appointed by the Association) acted as umpires. Roller Mills batted first, but could only score 34, the bowling of Sparway and Gillespie proving too much for their batsmen.

**BELMONT** responded with 67 for the loss of 7 wickets.

**B. TOLMAN** played a capital innings of 27 for Belmont, and he was well seconded by Molloy (13 not out).

**BLEWDEN** was the most successful bowler for Roller Mills.

A CRICKET match which excited some interest among even the ladies was played last Saturday afternoon at Hobson-street, Wellington, between the boys of Mr Gardiner's school and a team got up by Mr W. Turnbull, which consisted of gentlemen who had not played for a number of years, the result being a win for the boys. Afternoon tea was provided by Messrs Gardiner and Woolridge, assisted by Miss Gardiner, of Hawke's Bay, who is visiting her brother, and among those present were Messdames Barron, Adams, Johnston, and Higginson, and Misses Barclay, Johnston, Henry, Harding, Izard, Pymont, Cooper, Fairchild, L. Williams, and Grace.

The ten-mile foot-race at the North Shore, Auckland, created a great deal of interest among running men. Nine athletes started, but before the twenty-eighth lap of 400 yards only Spraggon and Saunders were left to contest the race. Spraggon put on splendid speed for the last 200 yards, and reached the winning post a little over a lap in advance of his opponent. His time was 1hr. 6min. 38sec. The winner will receive the gold medal and clasp, and also a gold medal to become his own property. Next year the race will be extended to all clubs at the North Shore.

## POLO SPORTS AND RACES.

The polo players were singularly fortunate in their weather. All the time the tournament lasted bright skies and fresh breezes were the order of the day. On Saturday, the day set apart for the sports and races, the same favourable conditions prevailed, and large numbers of people found their way to Potter's Paddock. A large party from Government House, including Lord and Lady Glasgow, Lady Hope-ton, and the Duchess of Buckingham, were among the spectators. Looking at it from every point of view—except, perhaps, that of the points—the gathering was a most interesting and amusing one. With the exception of two slight accidents, which befell Mr Stewart and Mr Chapman, nothing occurred to mar the enjoyment of the afternoon. The injuries of these two gentlemen—Mr Stewart dislocated his shoulder, and Mr Chapman sprained his ankle—were at once attended to by Dr. Purchas. One of the most interesting events of the afternoon, although it had no place on the programme, was the presentation by Lady Glasgow of the Savile cup to the Christchurch team, who have again won it. After receiving the trophy on behalf of his club, Mr A. H. Rhodes responded in a suitable manner.

A VERY long programme of sports had been prepared, and in it were several novelties, the most picturesque of which was the ribbon race. In this competition the riders had to start with flowing ribbons, gallop round a post one furlong distant back to the starting point; there dismount and lead their ponies to their lady nominators who threaded a needle with the ribbon, remount again, gallop round another post a furlong distant, and thus home. The race, which reminded one somewhat of circus riding, was won by Mrs E. D. O'Rorke's pony Gimbo in the first heat; by Miss Kerr-Taylor's Bamboo in the second; and by Lady Hope-ton's Panch in the third. In the final heat Bamboo carried off the bracelet.

The Steeplechase was a splendid affair, the ponies clearing the obstructions in grand style. The distance was about one and a-half miles, and the order at the winning post was:—Mr J. G. Wilson's The Lion, first; Mr Harrison's Maori Girl, second; Mr Watson's Scroggins, third.

In the Hurdles Maori Girl took the first place, and in the

Polo Ball race, Mr R. H. Rhodes' Blazes carried off the trophy. (A prize of £5 was given by Colonel Dawson, the President of the Polo Club, to the winner of this race.) Bamboo, who was the winner of the Ladies' Bracelet, was equally successful in the Cup race. He was closely followed by Featherstone (Mr H. Cameron), and Fairy (Mr S. Williamson).

THAT amusing event, the Cigar and Umbrella Race attracted many competitors. The result was as follows:—Mr Riddiford's Tam, first; Mr O'Rorke's Gimbo, second; Dr. Purchas' Black Draught, third.

THE Tandem Race of four furlongs was won by Mr Riddiford's Tam and Ted, Mr R. H. Rhodes' Jack O' Lantern and Vitex coming second, and in the final heat of the Bending Competition Captain Hunter-Blair's Panch was the successful pony.

## TENNIS.

ONLY two matches were played on the Parnell lawn on Saturday, and in both the home team were successful. In the first match, Misses Atkinson and E. Laisley (P.) met and defeated Misses L. King and Picken of Auckland. In the second match Mrs Blair and Mr Rich of Parnell joined issue with Miss Ring and Mr Bagnall of Auckland, and won. On the Auckland ground an exciting match was played between Mrs Chapman and Miss Nicholson of the home club and Miss Mowbray and Miss Rookes of Parnell. The ladies of the home team proved too strong for their visitors, and won the game by 6 to 2. In the second set Parnell retrieved itself by scoring 9 to 7; but in the third set the strangers were again overcome, the result of the set being Auckland 6; Parnell 1. All the ladies play a remarkably good game. After the ladies had finished, a stiff contest was entered on by Messrs Gillies and Tempest (P.) and Messrs Goldie and Scherff (A.). In the end the Parnell men were victorious. The scores were 6-1, 6-3, 6-8, 6-3.

ON the Eden and Epsom ground Misses Paton and Spiers (E.) beat Mrs Gentles and Miss Bastard (W.E.). Messrs Elliott and Paton (E.) beat Messrs Macky and Paterson (W.E.), and Miss Hesketh and Mr Hooper (E.) beat Miss Paterson and Mr Haven (W.E.). On the West End lawn Misses M. Paton and Hall (E.) beat Misses Billington and Eva Russell (W.E.). Messrs Sykes and Upfill (E.) beat Messrs Ballantyne and Cooke (W.E.), and Miss C. Hardie and Mr Hall (E.) beat Miss Russell and Mr Russell (W.E.). The secretary of the Association was unable to supply us with the scores in these matches. The following is the result of these two inter-club matches so far:—Eden and Epsom: Won 13, lost 5; West End: Won 4, lost 14. The next round will be played on April 8, as the Easter holidays intervene.

THE Onehunga gentlemen players tried their skill against Newmarket on Saturday, sending in three doubles and one single. Out of these Onehunga won one double and the single, and lost one double. The evening closed in before the third double could be finished, so it was postponed till next Saturday.

THE West End Lawn was crowded on Saturday afternoon, and a most lively interest was manifested by the spectators in the three inter-club sets. Ponsobny was again doomed to misfortune, for the West End members suffered defeat both on their own and the Eden and Epsom Lawns, the match for Saturday being Eden and Epsom v. West End. Still West End need not be discouraged by its failures. The Club is a comparatively young one, and though strong in two or three of its members, requires time to organise itself into a 'crack' body. If tea is as effectual a consoler of life's disappointments as the advertisements affirm, Ponsobny will take its losses lightly, for the tea and cakes provided by the Misses Henderson were unsurpassable both as regards quality and quantity.

LORD DUNRAVEN'S letter, which accompanied his challenge for the American cup, appears to have stunned the committee of the New York Yacht Club. The terms which he has asked of the club are not what we should have liked proposed; but no doubt they are sufficiently satisfactory to meet the approval of British yacht clubs. This awkward *dénouement* is, however, promised: Should Lord Dunraven succeed in winning the cup (according to the *Standard's* correspondent), some members of the New York Yacht Club have determined to apply for an injunction to prevent the cup being handed over, on the ground that the challenge has not been made in accordance with the terms of the new deed of gift. This will be a very unpleasant situation, but we heard some time ago that it is one which is certain to occur if the terms of the deed are not complied with. The way out of the difficulty is to burn that deed. What we hope, however, is that Mr Carrall's cutter, which Herreshoff is building, will win the gold cup of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club. We will then be little troubled about the American cup, that much discussed trophy will once more sink into oblivion.

# The Waikomiti Poisoning Case.

THE trial of Alexander Scott is likely to rank as one of the most celebrated criminal cases in the annals of New Zealand Courts. The facts of the case are pretty well known throughout New Zealand, or at least the North Island, and have excited a great deal of interest. In Auckland the public have heard so much of it that they were almost beginning to get tired of the seemingly interminable recapitulation of evidence that was found necessary before the prisoner was finally committed to take his trial at the Supreme Court. When that stage in the proceedings had

was in attendance on the deceased, and had also purchased poisons at various establishments. Mr Tolo then said that the question for the jury to decide was whether Thompson

Throughout all the proceedings the prisoner has appeared perfectly self-possessed. He is well-dressed, and answered 'Not guilty, your Honour' in a firm voice when he heard the charge of which he stood accused. He looks in better health than he did at the time of the inquest. The incarceration he has lately undergone and the terrible anxiety that he must have suffered seemingly have had no bad effect on him. Every day during the proceedings a large number of persons have occupied that part of the court reserved for the public, and the ladies' gallery has had occupants on several occasions. The details of evidence have an attraction for a not inconsiderable class of persons, but the Auckland public, as a whole, have not, on this occasion, displayed any morbid appetite for sensational disclosures. It would be out of place here to make any comment on this celebrated case before the jury has returned its verdict. Throughout the trial the prisoner has been ably represented by his counsel, and he can have no complaint against the



Hanna, photo, Auckland.  
MR J. A. TOLE,  
Crown Prosecutor.



Martin, photo., Auckland.  
MR JUSTICE CONOLLY.



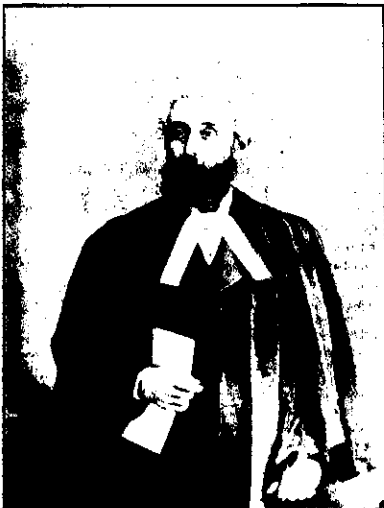
Hanna, photo., Auckland.  
MR THEO. COOPER,  
For the Prosecution.

been reached the excitement quite subsided, only, however, to awake again at the opening of the criminal sittings about a fortnight ago. Even then, however, the case did not come so quickly to a termination as had been expected. Owing to the illness of two of the jurymen, when the trial had proceeded some distance, the jury had to be dismissed, and a new one empanelled. This delay rather tended to augment the public interest in the matter, and up to the time of our going to press the accounts of the trial which have been published in the daily papers have been closely watched. The proceedings have necessarily been very lengthy, a large number of witnesses having had to be examined. In opening the case, the Crown prosecutor, Mr Tole, put the facts clearly and succinctly before the jury. He stated that it would be shown that the deceased William Thompson died from strychnine poisoning, and that it would be proved that the prisoner

died from poison administered by himself, or whether it was administered to him by Alexander Scott. The evidence of the various witnesses examined, most of which was made public some months ago, proves, beyond doubt, that Scott was a constant attendant on Thompson during the latter's illness; that, at that time, he purchased poisons from various shops, and that he was the only person with the deceased when the latter died. Clear evidence was also adduced of strong familiarity between the prisoner and Mrs Thompson, and letters that had passed between them were read in court.

just manner the case for the prosecution has been conducted. Whatever opinion may be entertained regarding his guilt or innocence by the outside public, we know that he will have full justice in so far as it is in the power of man to give him it. As the case, whatever the verdict may be, is likely to rank as a *cause celebre* in New Zealand, we give in this issue a carefully executed picture of the court taken during the trial. From this those of the public who have an interest in the matter, but have no desire to be spectators of the scene, will be able to form a clear impression of the appearance of the court's interior during the trial. The picture of Scott, who is represented sitting in the dock, is a very good likeness of the man.

The photographs of the counsel for the defence and prosecution were taken by Mr Hanna specially for re-production in the GRAPHIC. That of Mr Judge Conolly is from a picture taken some time ago by Mr Martin.



Hanna, photo., Auckland.  
MR EDWIN HESKETH,  
Counsel for the Prisoner.

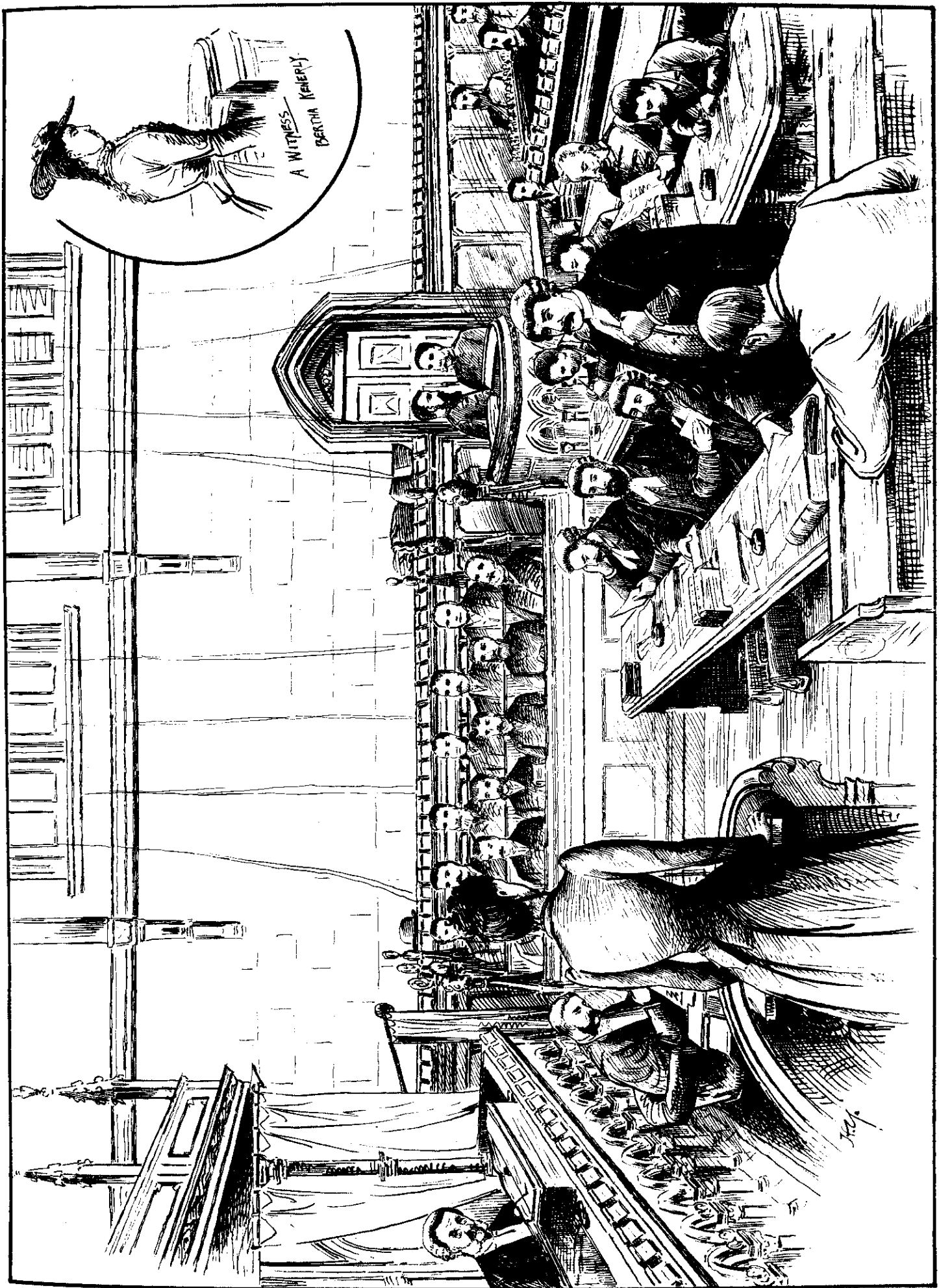


Hanna, photo., Auckland.  
ALEXANDER SCOTT,  
The Accused.



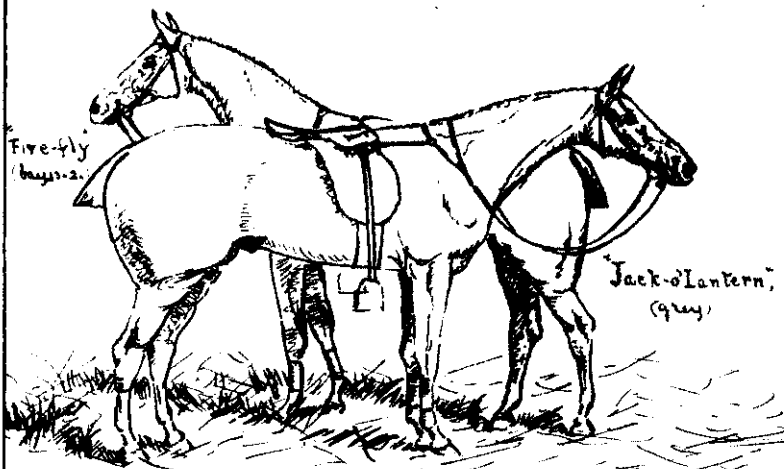
Hanna, photo., Auckland.  
MR S. HESKETH,  
Counsel for the Prisoner.



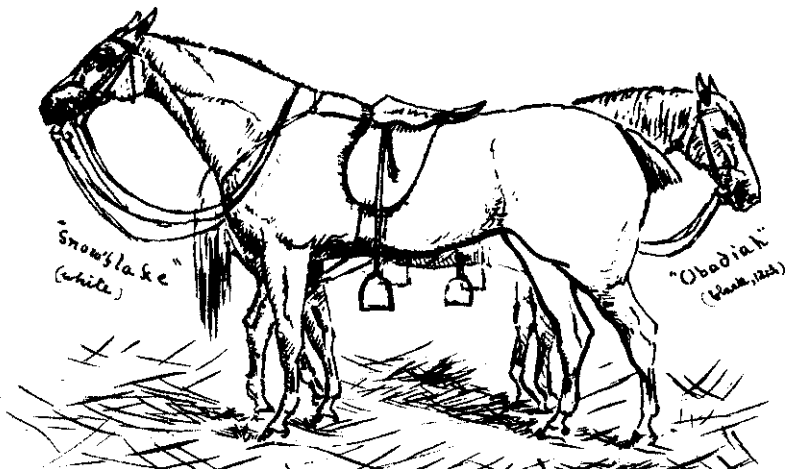


(SEE LETTERPRESS)

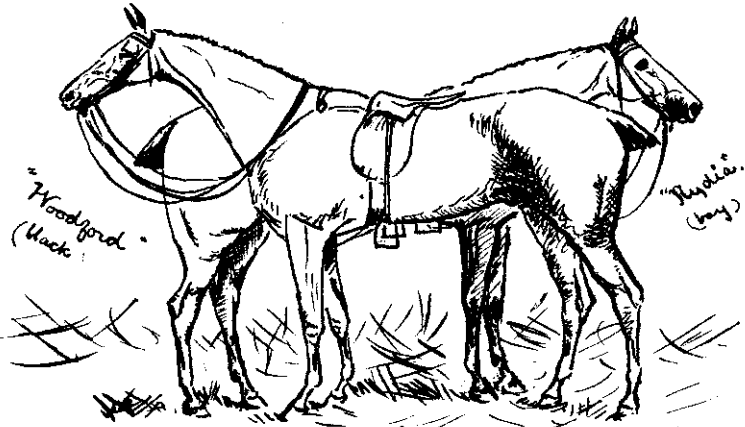
THE SCOTT CASE, MR. TOLE EXAMINING A WITNESS.



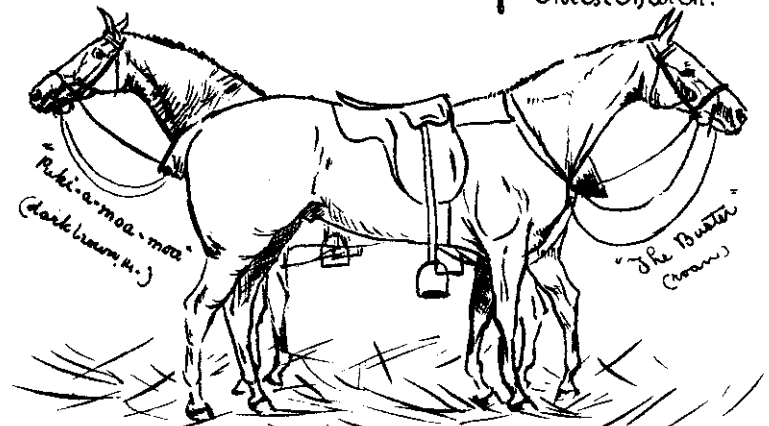
Mr. R. H. Rhodes. Christchurch



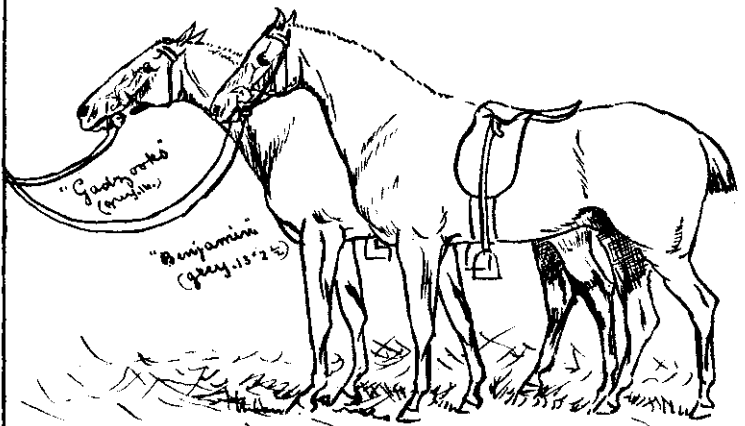
Mr. F. M. Buckley. Christchurch.



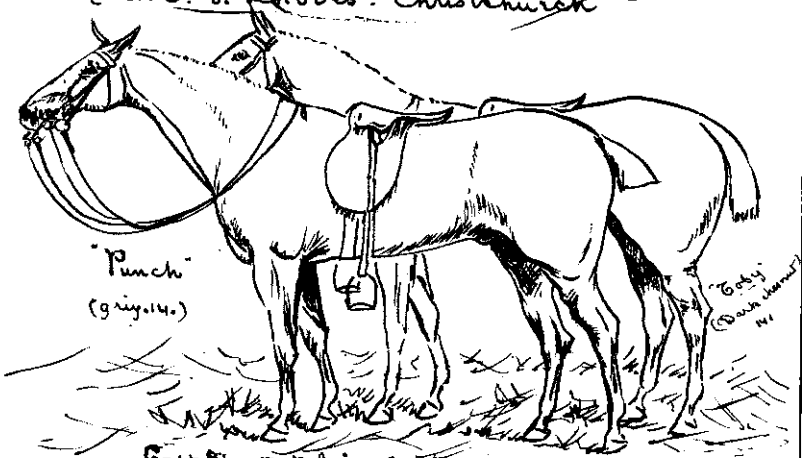
Mr. G. Palmer. Christchurch.



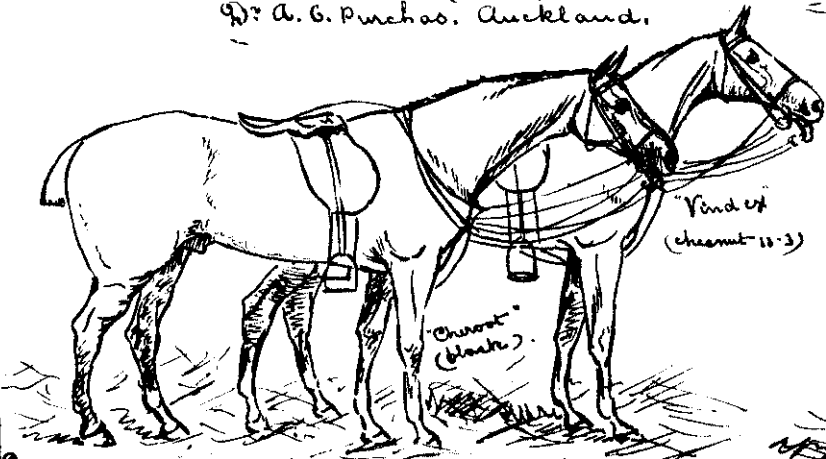
Mr. A. G. Rhodes. Christchurch



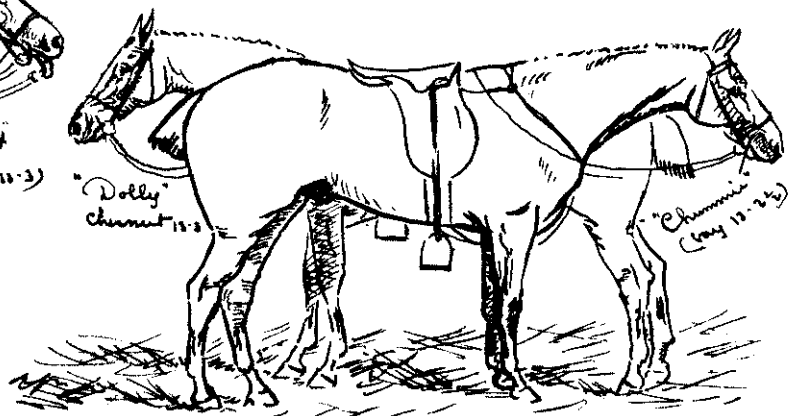
Mr. A. G. Purcho. Auckland.



Capt. Hunter Blair. Auckland.

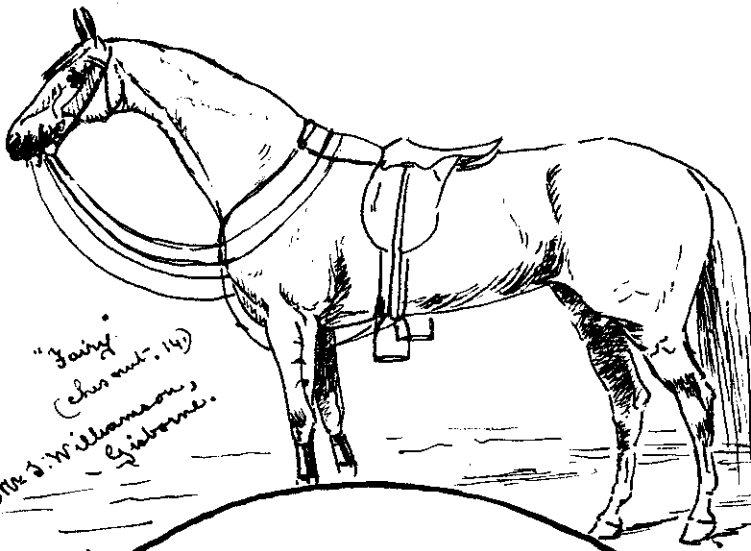


Mr. E. D. O'Rourke. Auckland

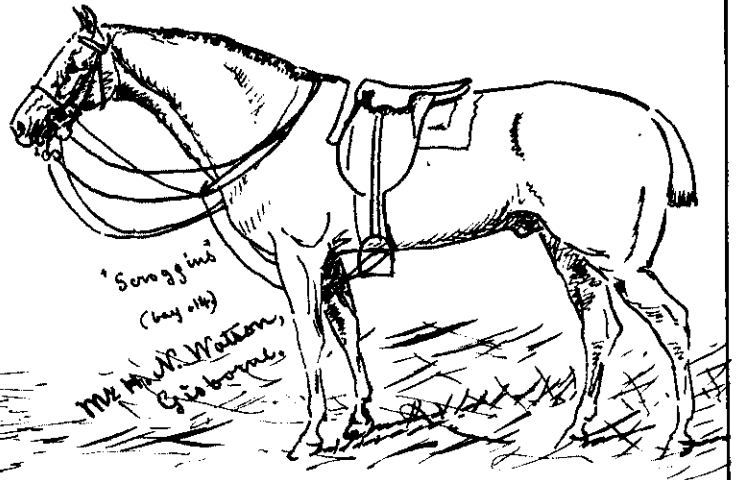


Mr. R. Lockhart. Auckland.

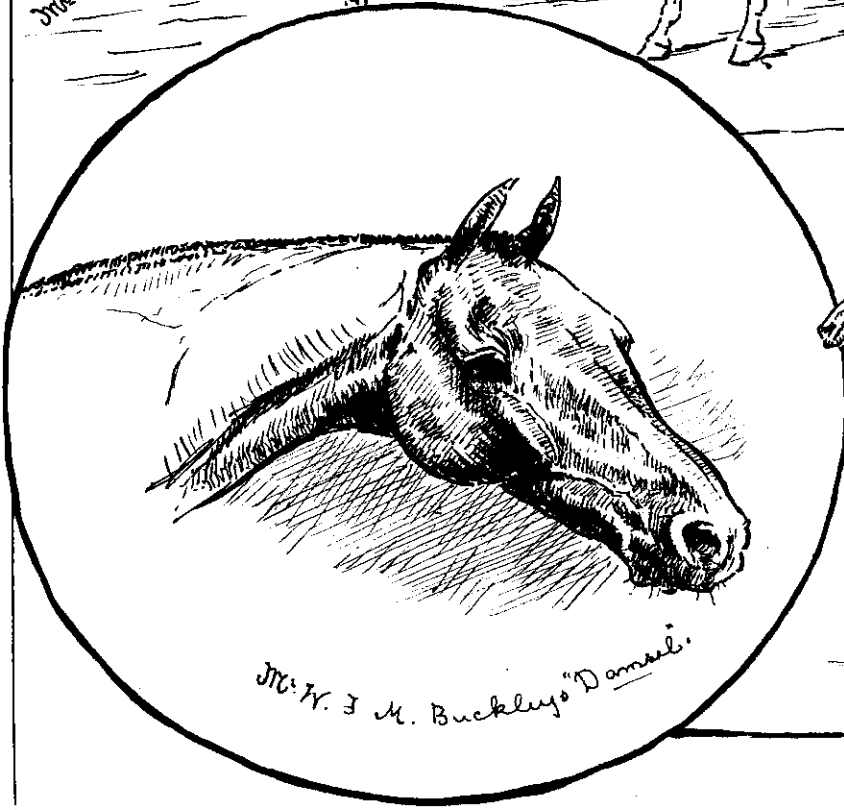
SOME OF THE PONIES AT THE POLO TOURNAMENT, AUCKLAND.



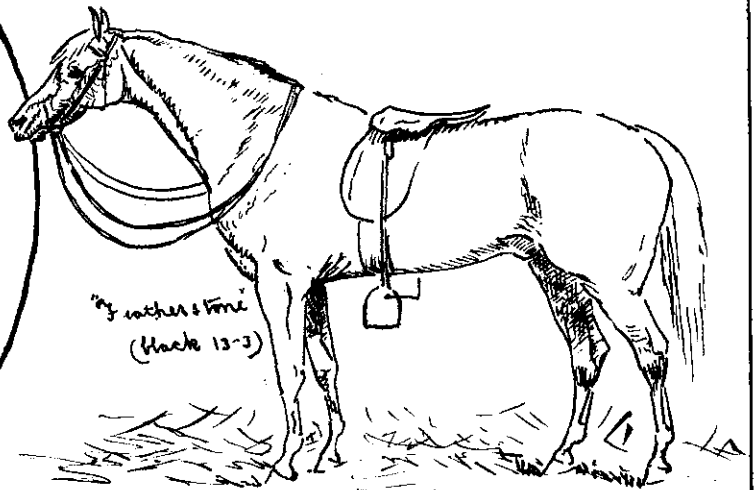
"Fairy"  
(chestnut, 14)  
Mr. J. Williamson,  
Gisborne.



"Songgini"  
(bay, 14)  
Mr. W. Watson,  
Gisborne.

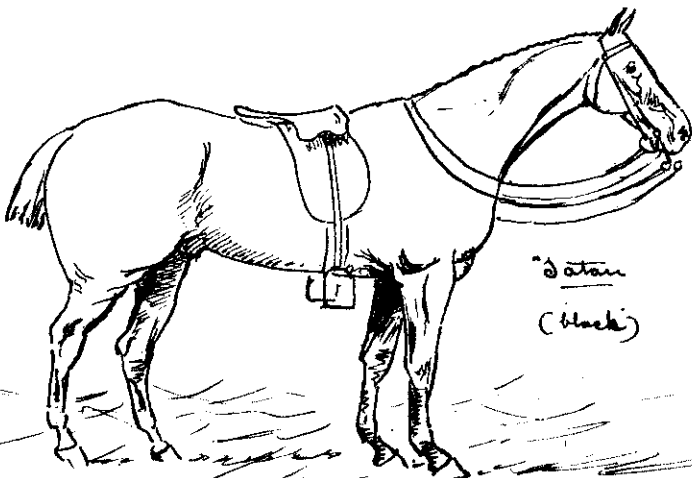


Mr. F. M. Buckley's "Damsel."



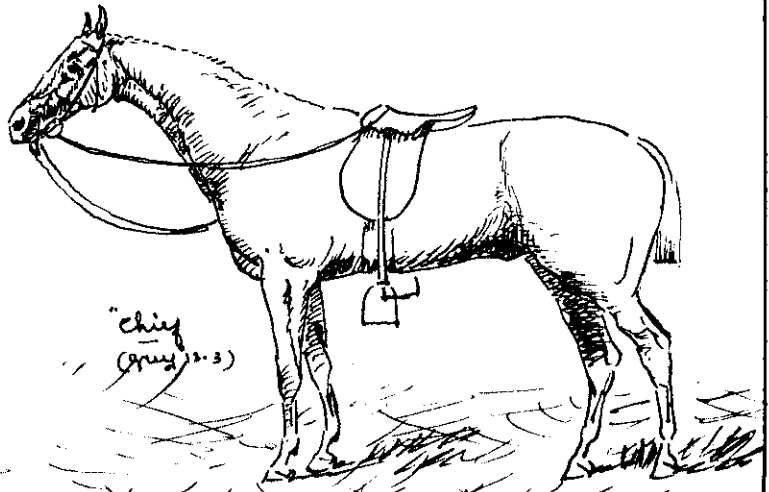
"Featherstone"  
(black 13-3)

Mr. J. Cameron, Warrengate.



"Satan"  
(black)

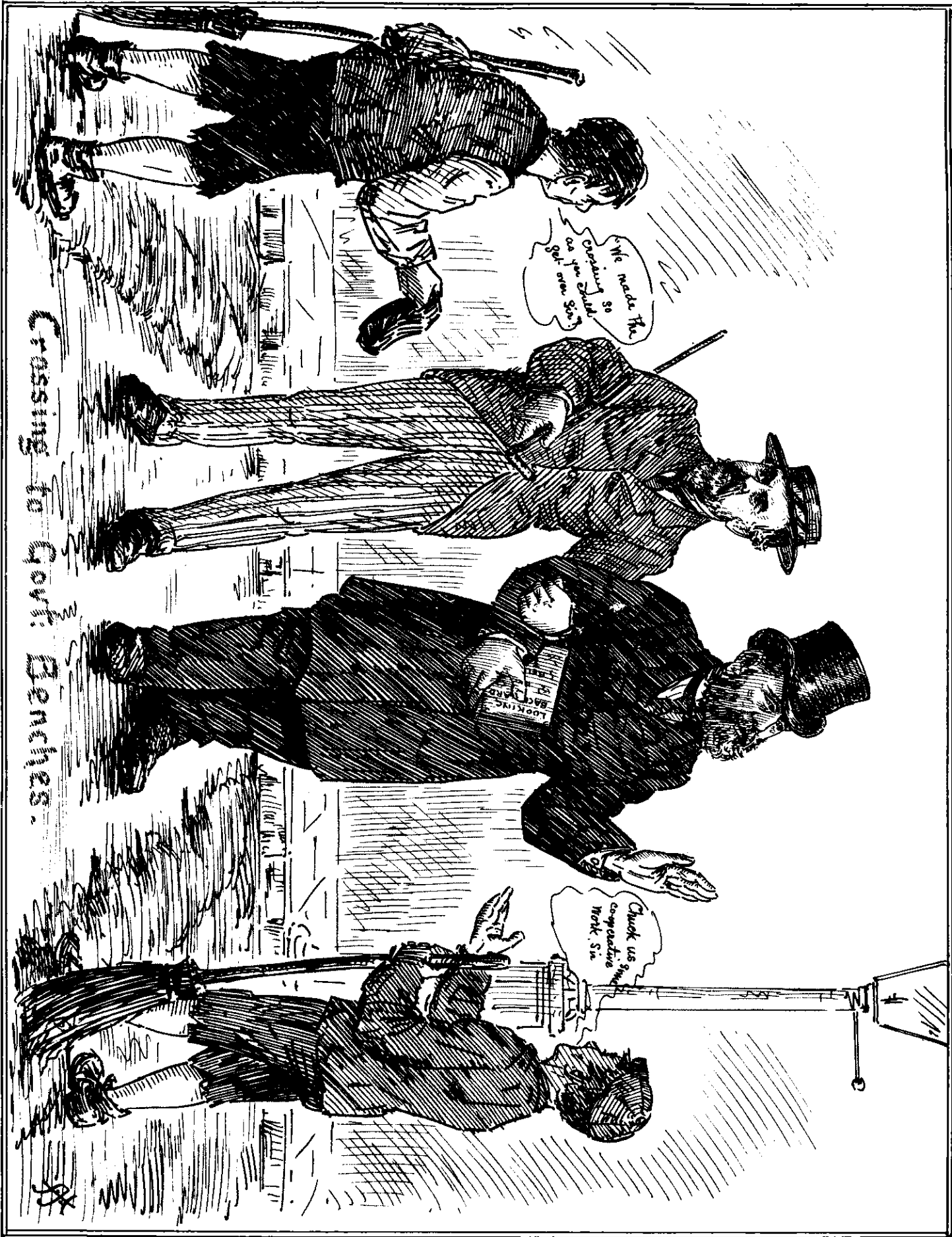
Mr. W. H. Tucker, Gisborne.



"Chief"  
(grey, 13-3)

Mr. G. Ferguson, Gisborne.

MEMORANDUM



Crossing to Govt. Benches.

“ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.”

THE CHRISTCHURCH UNEMPLOYED.  
An unemployed meeting was held in Christchurch when a resolution was adopted

**DREAMS THAT DID NOT DECEIVE.**

'We are such stuff as dreams are made of.  
And our little life is rounded by a sleep.'

ARE dreams visitations from an unseen world, or merely coincidences? Considering what the Psychological Society would fain have the world believe to-day, it is surprising that in all ages there has been a very considerable belief in the reality of visions seen in sleep?

**THE AMBASSADOR'S WARNING.**

In 1553, Nicholas Wotton, our ambassador in France, dreamed two nights in succession that his nephew, Thomas Wotton, then in England, was about to join in an enterprise which would result in the death and ruin of himself and family. To prevent such a catastrophe he wrote to Queen Mary, and begged her to send for his nephew, and cause him to be examined by the Lords of the Council on some frivolous pretence, and committed to the Tower. This was done; and on the Ambassador's return Thomas Wotton confessed to him that, but for his committal to prison, he would have joined the insurrection led by Sir Thomas Wyatt. It is also recorded of the same Thomas Wotton that he, being in Kent, dreamed one night that the Oxford University Treasury had been robbed by five persons; and as he was writing to his son at the university the next day, he mentioned his dream. Singular to relate, the letter reached Sir Henry Wotton on the morning after the robbery had been actually committed, and led to the discovery of the perpetrators.

**THE MOTHER'S DYING CALL.**

M. Boisjout, in a work on the subject of dreams, relates that a young woman who was living with her uncle, and whose mother was many miles distant, dreamed she saw her looking deadly pale, and apparently dying, and that she heard her ask for her daughter. The persons in the room, thinking it was her granddaughter she wanted, who had the same name, went to fetch her; but the dying woman signified that it was not she, but her daughter in Paris whom she wanted to see. She appeared deeply grieved at her absence, and in a few minutes ceased to exist. It was afterwards found that her mother did actually die on that night, and that the circumstances attending her death were precisely those her daughter had witnessed in her dream.

**REVEALED BY A DREAM.**

There is another instance which we remember to have read, but we are unable at this moment to refer to the book in which it was related. It is as follows: A man who was employed in a brewery suddenly disappeared, and nothing

could be ascertained respecting him. Years passed away without the mystery being cleared up, until one night one of the workmen, who slept in the same room with another, heard the latter muttering something in his sleep about the missing man. The workman questioned him, and elicited replies from him to the effect that he had put the man into the furnace beneath the vat. He was apprehended on the following day. He then confessed that he had quarrelled with the other, and that in the passion of the moment he had killed him, and disposed of the body by putting it in the furnace.

**HOW THE SHIP WAS SAVED.**

The author of 'Signs Before Death' tells of a certain Captain John Rodgers, who commanded a vessel proceeding to Virginia, that he one night left the deck and went to bed, leaving the chief mate in charge of the vessel. About three hours afterwards he woke, and heard the second mate asking the other officer how the vessel was going, and heard the chief mate reply that the wind was fair, and the vessel was sailing well. The captain then fell asleep again, and dreamed that a man pulled him and told him to go on deck. He woke, turned over, and went to sleep again, and again dreamed the same thing, and this repeatedly, until he could bear it no longer, but dressed and went on deck. The night was fair, and there was nothing apparent to excite alarm. He questioned the mate, and received satisfactory answers, whereupon he turned to go below; but, as he did so, he seemed to hear a voice close to him say, 'Heave the lead.' He asked the mate when he last took soundings, and what depth of water he had got. The latter answered, 'About an hour ago, and found sixty fathoms.' The captain ordered him to heave the lead again. The soundings were eleven fathoms, and at a second cast only seven fathoms. The vessel was put about immediately, and, as she wore round, she had only four fathoms and a half under her stern. The next morning they found they were within sight of the American coast, and that, had the vessel continued but one cable's length farther on the course she was steering in the night she would have gone ashore.

**A SHADOWY VISITANT.**

There is a singular dream, recorded in 'Warley's Wonders of the Little World,' of an Englishman residing in Prague. He was lying in his bed one morning, when he dreamed that a shadow appeared to him, and told him that his father was dead. He awoke in great alarm, and taking his diary, made an entry of the circumstance, with the day and hour when it took place. This book, with many other things, he put into a barrel and sent to England. Going from Prague to Nuremberg, he met at the latter place a

merchant who had come from England, and who knew his family well. This gentleman told him that his father was dead. Four years later he himself reached England; but before he would touch the barrel he had sent from Prague, he procured the attendance of his sisters and some friends, and in their presence opened the barrel, took out the book, and called their attention to the entry. To the astonishment of all present, the date was that of the date on which his father died.

**CURIOUS FULFILMENT.**

Sir John Pringle relates the following curious fulfilment of a dream. When a boy of fifteen he dreamt that he met with a strange accident—that he had fallen, in fact, into the crater of an active volcano, and was only rescued from his perilous position by means of ropes, with great difficulty, after many hours, it seemed, of duration. The dream was so vivid and circumstantial that it made a great impression on the boy's mind, and he mentioned it to several people. Years passed away, when Pringle chanced to be in Sicily, and here he joined a party of young Englishmen in making the ascent of Mount Etna. They attempted too close an examination of the crater. Pringle lost his footing, and was precipitated into a cup like depression, from which it was impossible for him to extricate himself. In this terrible predicament the recollection of his dream flashed upon him. For years he had never thought of it, but now the horrible nightmare was reproduced in all its fearful realism. After a long and anxious delay he was rescued by means of ropes, precisely as he had been in his dream. Sir John Pringle was a man of undoubted veracity, and, though a Scotchman, was not addicted to a belief in second sight.

**COMMON THINGS.**

Give me, dear Lord, thy magic common things,  
Which all can see, which all may share,  
Sunlight and dewdrops, grass and stars and sea,  
Nothing unique or new, and nothing rare.

Just daisies, knapweed, wind among the thorns;  
Some clouds to cross the blue old sky above;  
Rain, winter fires, a useful hand, a heart,  
The common glory of a woman's love.

Then, when my feet no longer tread old paths  
(Keep them from fouling sweet things anywhere),  
Write one old epitaph in grace-fit words:  
'Such things look fairer than he sojourner here.'  
C. L. M.

# Pears' Soap

**INDISPUTABLE  
EVIDENCE OF SUPERIORITY**

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

"My analytical and practical experience of PEAR'S SOAP now extends over a very lengthened period—nearly fifty years—during which time  
"I have never come across  
"another TOILET SOAP  
"which so closely realises  
"my ideal of perfection;  
"its purity is such that it may be used  
"with perfect confidence upon the  
"tenderest and most sensitive skin—  
"EVEN THAT OF A NEW BORN  
"BABE."

*I have found it  
matchless for the  
hands and complexion*

*Lucy Potts*



*Since using Pears' Soap I have discarded all others.*

*Lillie Partridge*

# The × Polo × Tournament × At × Auckland.

IT would be foolish to predict that polo was likely in the future to contest the supremacy with cricket or football among our colonial national sports. Many of its ardent devotees may entertain some such high expectation for it, and they have certainly more reason for their faith than would be the case if this were England instead of New Zealand. Here the one thing necessary for the game, the pony, can be had at a very moderate sum, and kept for a trifle, so that the number who may indulge in the sport is very much larger, in proportion to the population, than in the old country. The ruling passion of Australasia—the love of horse flesh—is also very much in favour of the realisation of the dreams of the enthusiastic polo player. But, with all the advantages it possesses in these colonies over what it has at home, it is most improbable that polo can ever take the place of our two great field sports. Even here, it must continue the game of a class only. It will be a considerable class, no doubt, but small in comparison with that vast army of athletes who own allegiance to the willow or the leather. Among that class, however, and among all sport-loving spectators, polo is certain to rise rapidly in favour. The presence of the horses is a guarantee of that.

From a utilitarian point of view the game may not appear at first sight so worthy of encouragement as some others of our sports. Compared with yachting, for instance, it may be less calculated to develop in the youth of a nation those qualities of fearlessness, hardihood, and quickness of resource which a life on the sea develops, and of course the game does not afford the maritime training that yachting does—a training which is of the utmost importance in a country situated like New Zealand. But polo has advantages of its own. To play it well requires a steady, fearless, and accomplished rider, and a well-trained pony with no mean powers of endurance. Perhaps to onlookers it might appear that the pony does most of the work, and that the rider has a rather easy time of it galloping over the field. Polo-players, however, assure us that this is not the case. It is hard work for the pony, they admit, but it is no child's play for the man. The game, when one comes to understand it, which only a few in Auckland now do, is full of capabilities, and calls for the possession of qualities in both horse and rider that the casual spectator never would imagine necessary. The propagandists of the game

said of the game, we all remember the references to the sport in the enchanting pages of the 'Arabian Nights.' That vision of our own which we had of polo, we have no doubt had to undo during the last week, but the impression left with us of the game is decidedly a favourable one.

Auckland has certainly been afforded an ample opportunity of judging of its merits. For three days both riders and ponies worked hard to gain the honours of the tournament before crowds of spectators. The contest is all over now, and Christchurch, which from the beginning was the favourite, will again return to the City of the Plains with the Savile Cup still in its possession. No one will grudge them the honour attaching to their victory. They have won the fight fairly and well, besides giving us an opportunity of seeing some of the best little bits of horseflesh in the colony.

To give an account of the various matches in full is hardly necessary. The daily papers have already done that, but a short account of each day's proceedings may prove of interest when accompanied by the pictures of the men and ponies, which were specially taken for the GRAPHIC.

The weather on Wednesday the opening day of the tournament, was perfect, and a fashionable assembly were gathered in Potter's Paddock to witness the sport. Among those present were the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, Lady Hopetoun, Ladies Augusta, Alice, and Dorothy Boyle, Misses Wolfe-Murray and Hallowes, Lord Northesk (A. D. C. to Lord Hopetoun), Colonel Pat Boyle, Sir M. O'Rorke, and Captain Hunter-Blair. The event of the day was the meeting of Christchurch and Auckland No. 1. The Christchurch Club team included A. E. G. Rhodes, No. 1; R. H. Rhodes, No. 2; W. F. M. Buckley, No. 3; and G. Palmer, back. To these Auckland opposed Dr. A. C. Purchas, No. 1; E. O'Rorke, No. 2; Captain Hunter-Blair, No. 3; A. R. Lockhart, back. The riders formed a picturesque group as they took their places in the field on their glossy, spirited little ponies. The freshness of the men and horses gave a cautious character to the play during the first spell, but, in spite of strenuous efforts on the part of the local men, when time was called Christchurch had scored 2 points to Auckland's nil. On the game resuming, by a more dashing style of play Auckland managed to hold its own better than it had done during the previous spell. Captain

Hunter-Blair, supported by E. D. O'Rorke, dealt some admirable strokes, but fate seemed against the local men. All of a sudden Palmer charged up the field with the ball. His comrades saw their opportunity, and dashing to his support the Southerners carried the ball right up to Auckland's goal posts. Here fortune favoured their bravery, for the running ball, striking a pony's hoof, glanced off, and found its way between the goal posts of the local men. After this disappointment Auckland worked hard, but with no winning result. A slight casualty occurred during this part of the afternoon. Mr R. H. Rhodes, after doing some hard hitting, was dismounted in a collision with Mr Lockhart. Neither the rider nor his horse were injured. This part of the game proved most interesting, although neither side scored. At first Auckland managed to keep the ball on the enemy's ground, till some hard hits from R. H. Rhodes forced the local team. The latter, however, quickly recovering itself, swept with the ball before them right up to within an easy distance of the Canterbury goal post. Here they managed to hold their position for a time, and O'Rorke, by some clever manoeuvring almost succeeded in making a goal. But the visitors turned the tide and were within an ace of scoring when Hunter-Blair came to the rescue and drove the ball back. Only for a moment, however, for Palmer quickly met the little white sphere, and returned it to Auckland ground. Captain Hunter-Blair again earned the thanks of his comrades by peremptorily evicting the missile and following it into Christchurch territory. At this point time was sounded.

The third spell saw some brilliant play on the part of the Aucklanders. With O'Rorke at their head they just missed scoring a goal before they had been very long in the field. But the visitors were obdurate, and after a little the local team had to retreat before them and do its utmost to preserve its goal against Palmer's fine play. After a little Auckland began to play a less defensive game, and the ball was kept in a more central position. But the home team were fighting as it were for their hearths and homes, and soon showed that they were determined not to retire from the field without a single point in view of all their fellow citizens. Great brilliancy characterised their play, though perhaps their efforts were too individual. They were successful, however, Captain Hunter-Blair caught the ball about half-way down the field and skied it towards the enemy's goal. The stroke was an excellent one, and when the missile fell, Dr. Purchas, who had followed up, guided it between the goal posts. Immense applause broke forth from the spectators congregated on the stand or outside the limits of the arena. Auckland had made its first score. But Christchurch was still two ahead, and, although O'Rorke, and Hunter-Blair did all

## NEW ZEALAND POLO TEAMS AT THE THE AUCKLAND TOURNAMENT.



Hanna, photo, Auckland.  
FIRST ROW.—A. EVANS, E. WILLIAMSON, E. KEILLER, C. WHEWELL. SECOND ROW.—J. BARKER, J. G. WILSON, W. F. M. BUCKLEY, D. G. RIDDIFORD, M. WATSON, A. McDONALD, T. CAMERON. THIRD ROW.—G. PALMER, A. C. PURCHAS, E. D. O'RORKE, R. HUNTER-BLAIR, B. LANE, W. CHAPMAN, M. F. HARRISON. FOURTH ROW.—H. CAMERON, D. H. TUCKER, J. F. DIXON, J. COLEBOYKOV, W. WYNYARD, T. FERGUSON, W. A. KEILLER.

hardly allow this claim to pass unchallenged, and it is very doubtful whether it can be established. We will not pause here to make comparisons, which would not be understood by most of our readers whose acquaintance with the new game is not very old or very close. The two games stand on a different footing. Polo is comparatively a new game to Englishmen, whereas cricket was probably played on English meadows before Wales was conquered, before Hanoockburn was fought. But in point of age our great national game is in its infancy compared with polo, which can be traced back to the year 600 B.C. In its home in the east it was therefore played, when the British Isles were a *terra incognita*, except to an occasional ship from Phoenicia that touched at their shores for the sake of the tin. This eastern origin gives to the game an exotic flavour, which has a certain piquancy for both players and on-lookers. Most of us had heard of it before its introduction into England by the officers of our Indian army. Even though we were ignorant of what Persia's epic poet or other of her bards had

they could to lessen the difference between the two scores, they managed to effect nothing when time was called. During this spell Dr. Purchase came a cropper, but fortunately neither he nor his mount were hurt. The fourth spell was characterised by some stiff play on both sides, but no scores were made for some time. At length, after a good deal of loose play, the ball got behind Auckland's posts, and almost immediately after it had emerged into the open field, it was struck by Buckley through his opponents' up-rights. When the match ended the scores read:

Christchurch	4
Auckland	1

During the same afternoon the Rangitikei and Warrengate teams joined issue, with the result that the match ended with Rangitikei first for 3, and Warrengate close behind with a score of 2.

On Thursday afternoon beautiful weather again favoured the players and the spectators, among whom the Government House party were again conspicuous. Two matches were played, and in both the contestants were more equally matched than on the previous day, when Christchurch defeated Auckland. The first conflict was between Auckland II. and Gisborne, and in it the local team to some extent retrieved the honour of the northern city. At first, indeed, the local team seemed to have it all their own way, but later on the strangers fought their way most manfully till its score was equal with that of the local team, which recorded three points. The latter, however, by the skillful play of Whewell and Wynyard managed to secure another goal before the final whistle sounded, thus securing a win by one point. The personnel of the two teams is as follows:—Gisborne: H. N. Watson (No. 1), G. Williamson (No. 2), W. H. Tucker (No. 3), and H. Evans (back). Auckland No. II.: H. Wynyard (No. 1), J. F. Dixon (No. 2), C. Whewell (No. 3), and J. Colegrove (back).

The next match was that between Christchurch and Rangitikei. The latter was composed of J. Hourke (No. 1), D. G. Riddiford (No. 2), J. G. Wilson (No. 3), and A. Keiller (back). Notwithstanding clever play on the part of Riddiford, Christchurch went ahead in splendid style, and had scored three when the Rangitikei had not made a point. The fortune of the Canterbury team then began to turn, and their opponents managed to have two points to their name when the match closed.

On Friday the contest that decided to which of the New Zealand Polo teams the Savile Cup should belong for the next twelve months, took place. From the first it was more than suspected that Auckland II. would be defeated, still that did not prevent a large concourse from finding their way in the afternoon to Potter's Paddock. The result proved that the skill of the Christchurch men had not been overrated. Auckland was beaten, and beaten most thoroughly. But the local men, although they played a losing game, played it in excellent style. Colegrove distinguished himself particularly, and he was well aided by his companions. But it was all to no purpose. The Christchurch team, flushed with previous victory, and confident of success, carried all before them, and when the match closed had scored 5 goals, while their opponents were nothing.

MARK TWAIN ON WOMEN.

At a public dinner Mark Twain was selected to return thanks for the toast of 'The Ladies.' Said he, 'Let us consider woman's ways. Her first is dress. In this there are two marked antipodal types—the savage and the cultivated daughter of high modern civilization. Among the Fans, a great negro tribe, a woman, when dressed for home, shopping, or for calling, wears nothing, but—her complexion. It is the legitimate costume, and its material is of the darkest. It has often been mistaken for mourning. It wears well, and it does not show the dirt; you need not send it to the wash to have it charged for, torn, or exchanged for other people's things. It always fits well, and is always done up. When you visit one of those Fan ladies and send up your card, her maid never says, "Please take a seat, sir, my mistress is dressing, and will be down in three-quarters of an hour or more." No, she is always dressed and ready for company. The Fan ladies do not go to church to see what bonnets other ladies have got on, and on their return home, describe and criticise them. On state occasions, though, they are more dainty—wear bracelets, earrings, and a belt, also stockings, but, with true feminine fondness of display, upon their arms. At funerals they put on a jacket of tar and awes; and at their weddings the bride significantly slips into trousers. There the dark child of savagery and the fair one of civilisation meet upon common ground. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Now, we will consider the dress of the other type. A large part of the daughter of civilisation is her dress. Some women would lose half their charm without dress, and some would lose the whole of it. The daughter of modern civilisation, dressed at her utmost, is a marvel of exquisite and beautiful art—and expense. All lands, climes, and art are laid under tribute to furnish her forth.' (Here the witty satirist went into details as to where her different articles of toilet come from.) Then he continued: 'Her hair—from—from—from—I do not know where her hair comes from. I never could find out—that is, her Sunday hair; I do not mean the hair she goes to bed with; it is that hair she twists and coils round her head, and harpoons with a hairpin. Well, you see what the daughter of civilisation is when she is dressed, and what the daughter of savagery is when she is not. Such is woman as to her costume.'

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE

MR AND MRS P. CUNNINGHAM and family, and Mr and Mrs W. D. Wood have booked passages for London per Tainui, leaving on the 22nd instant.

SIR JOHN THURSTON, Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, and Lady Thurston leave for Sydney on the 1st of April. His Excellency, it is understood, proceeds there for the purpose of conferring with the Admiral prior to his projected cruise among the Gilbert and other island groups, which have been recently annexed by Great Britain and laced under his jurisdiction. His Excellency will return to Auckland before his departure for the Gilbert Islands. Lady Thurston and family will remain here until his return from the cruise.

HASTINGS seems sorry to lose the popular Sergeant Pickering, who has gone to reside at Te Aute. Before his departure he was the recipient of a very gratifying mark of esteem from the citizens of Hastings, the present taking the form of a well filled purse. The Mayor made the presentation in a very happy speech, which was feelingly replied to by Sergeant Pickering. Mr C. A. Loughnan made a neat speech on behalf of the Bar, of whom there were several representatives. Mr A. L. D. Fraser also made a very nice speech. After all the speeches were finished the party adjourned to Mr Caulton's to drink the recipient's health.

A NUMBER of applications were received for the post of organist at the Napier Cathedral church. The selection finally fell upon Mr J. Morgan Barnett, at present organist of St. David's Cathedral, Hobart. This gentleman came to the colonies about three years ago on account of his health, and brought with him the testimony of some of the best judges of music that, 'there are very few in England who equal Mr Barnett as a pianist and organist.' The Dean of Hobart writes of him: 'We have never had his equal in Tasmania.' Hastings may therefore be congratulated upon having secured the services of such a capable musician.

MRS SINE (Dunedin) entertained at lunch a small party in her house of Mrs Randall McDonald, who is at present on a visit from Christchurch to her sister, Mrs Sinclair Thomson.

MR SALISBURY, of Ngakuta, Pieton, is a passenger by the Rimutaka for Home. It is forty years since Mr Salisbury left England, and he is taking a holiday and sea-voyage partly to recruit his health, and partly to see his only remaining relative—a sister.



"GRATEFUL RESULTS"  
Mrs. Lydia M. Tarbox, of Altoona,  
Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

A Life of Suffering and Misery, without Sleep, without Appetite, with Bowels always Out of Order.

Restored to Health by the use of  
**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**

"Last Spring, I was grievously afflicted with Biliousness and Liver Complaint. My mouth was in a terrible condition every morning, my tongue thickly coated, my breath was offensive; food did not seem to do me any good. At last I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and my bowels were always out of order. Sleep did not refresh me, nor did the many remedies recommended do me any good. After using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and my improvement began almost from the first dose. It relieved the distress about my liver, regulated my bowels, caused food to do me well on every occasion, cured my headache, improved my complexion, and restored my appetite. These unlooked for, but grateful, results were accomplished by only two and a half bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."  
—Mrs. Lydia M. Tarbox, Altoona, Pa., U. S. A.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**  
Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.  
Has cured others, will cure you.

HEART'S BLOSSOMS.

My heart is like a red rose tree,  
Reetarded with countless flowers of love,  
That freshly bud and bloom for thee,  
Whom I adore all things above.  
And every day I strip my tree  
Of every rose that really blows,  
To offer all my wealth to thee,  
Till there is left no single rose.

But lo! fresh blossoms bud and break  
On that poor tree that I stripped bare,  
New flowers of love for thy dear sake,  
Bloom on my heart's tree every where!  
So do I love thee more and more,  
And every day fresh roses start,  
In redder fragrance o'er and o'er  
Upon the rose-tree of my heart!

ETHEL M. DE FONBLANQUE.

From Dunedin we hear that quite a number of people are leaving for Home. Mr and Mrs Hitchcock and family depart for England by the P. and O. steamer about the middle of April, and a party of friends leave by the Morayshire, including Miss Walker, who has been on a visit to her nephew, Mr G. Deunston, Miss Butterworth is also going. Now has come that Mr and Mrs Manswell, who went Home some time ago, intend staying there indefinitely. Miss Neil has gone to Melbourne, and Miss K. Stephenson to Sydney for a stay of some weeks, and Mr and Mrs James Mills have also gone. Mrs Hubert Neil gave an afternoon as a farewell to her friends prior to leaving for Melbourne, so that, in addition to those who have already gone away there will be quite a loss in social circles.



NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS.

AUCKLAND SECTION.

EASTER HOLIDAYS, 1893.

FARES AND TRAIN ARRANGEMENTS.

FARES.

Ordinary Return Tickets, for distances under 21 miles issued March 29th to April 4th (both dates inclusive), will be available for return up to and including April 18th. Excursion Tickets at the following fares, available by any train, will be issued at Auckland, Newmarket, Onehunga, and Otahuhu to the undermentioned stations, and at the undermentioned stations (except Okoroire and Oxford) to Auckland, from Wednesday, March 29th, to Tuesday, April 4th (both dates inclusive), and will be available for return up to and including Tuesday, April 18th.

RETURN FARES.

	1st Class	2nd Class
Ngauruhia	18s	12s
Hamilton West	20s	13s
Te Awarunui	21s	14s
Cambridge	22s	15s
Morrinsville	22s	15s
Te Aroha	25s	18s
Okoroire		
Oxford	25s	18s

Holders of these tickets may break the journey (which must be commenced on the day of issue) at any stopping station after travelling twenty miles from the original starting station. These tickets may be extended for a further period of a fortnight on application being made to the station to which the ticket was issued before the date of expiry, on payment of the difference between an ordinary single ticket and half the excursion fare.

RACE TICKETS.

Auckland, Newmarket, and Onehunga to Race-course Platform, on April 1st and 3rd, single or return, irrespective of class (including admission to Course), 2s 6d; rail only, 1s 6d; Race-course to Auckland, 1s. Tickets available for day of issue only.

TRAIN ARRANGEMENTS.

THURSDAY, MARCH 30th.—TRAINS POSTPONED: The usual 3.50 p.m. train Auckland to Penrose, will leave Auckland at 3.15 p.m., and will run correspondingly later throughout. The usual 3.15 p.m. train Auckland to Mercer will leave Auckland at 5.40 p.m., and will run correspondingly later throughout. The usual 4.40 p.m. train Auckland to Helensville will leave Auckland at 6.20 p.m., and will run correspondingly later throughout.

GOOD FRIDAY, MARCH 31st.

The ordinary train services will be suspended. Trains will run between Auckland and Onehunga as on Sundays. For Excursion to Te Aroha, Cambridge, and Lichfield, see special posters.

EASTER SATURDAY AND MONDAY

On APRIL 1st a train will leave Helensville for Kawkapapa immediately after the arrival at Helensville of the evening train from Auckland (postponed), returning Kawkapapa to Helensville at once; the 5.0 p.m. train Auckland to Penrose and Otahuhu, and the 5.40 p.m. (postponed) train Auckland to Mercer will have connection with Onehunga, reaching Onehunga at 5.40 p.m. and 6.25 p.m. respectively. On APRIL 3rd, the 5.20 a.m. train Helensville to Kawkapapa, and the 5.48 a.m. train Kawkapapa to Helensville, will run as on Fridays and Saturdays; the 5.0 p.m. train Auckland to Penrose and Otahuhu, and the 5.40 p.m. (postponed) train Auckland to Mercer will have connection with Onehunga, reaching Onehunga at 5.40 p.m. and 6.25 p.m. respectively. A train will leave Helensville for Kawkapapa and back immediately after arrival at Helensville of the (postponed) evening train from Auckland; the 11.40 p.m. train Auckland to Onehunga will run as on Saturdays.

TRAINS CANCELLED.—On April 1st, 10.55 a.m. Auckland to Helensville, the 11.55 a.m. Helensville to Auckland, the 3.20 p.m. and 6.20 p.m. Auckland to Onehunga will not run. On April 3rd, the 10.0 a.m. Helensville to Kawkapapa, the 11.30 a.m. Kawkapapa to Helensville, the 10.55 a.m. Auckland to Helensville, the 11.55 a.m. Helensville to Auckland, the 5.20 p.m. Auckland to Onehunga, and the 6.20 p.m. Auckland to Onehunga and Otahuhu will not run.

TRAINS POSTPONED.—On April 1st and 3rd, as on March 30th, with this addition, that on April 1st the 7.40 p.m. train Helensville to Kawkapapa and back will run one hour and forty minutes later than usual throughout.

AUCKLAND RACES, APRIL 1st AND 3rd.

Trains will run to the Race-course Platform as follows: From Auckland at 10.45 a.m., 11.30, 12 noon, 1.10, and 2.10 p.m., returning at 8.5 and 9.0 p.m., and at intervals up to a quarter of an hour after the last race. From Onehunga at 11.5 a.m., 12.10 and 1.15 p.m., returning at 4.35, 5.20 and 6.0 p.m. The 5.40 p.m. (postponed) Auckland to Mercer train will stop at the Race Course at 6.0 to pick up passengers. The Auckland goods sheds will be closed on March 31st and April 3rd. They will be open on Saturday, April 1st up to 11.0 a.m. only.

BY ORDER.

# BY DEATH BELEAGUERED.

BY ALICE KENNY.

## CHAPTER III.

And death and destruction were left wherever their feet went by. And the smoke from ruined homesteads darkened the summer sky.

He felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown,  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who would that day be lying dead.

ALFRED walked home that night in a state of exalted and indescribable bliss, and the burden of his thoughts was 'she loves me.' When he reached home he found a note from his partner saying that he was spending the night at so-and-so's. He laughed as he read it. 'Tom's gone after his girl,' he said. 'Well, I wish him luck like mine.'

He was wakeful that night, and having no disposition to go to bed, he sat down by his open window and looked out into the night—the peaceful, fragrant night. The wind stole softly in at the window and flickered the candle where it stood. Alfred laid his arm on the sill, and leaned his head upon it. 'This is a first-rate attitude to think in,' he said, and proved it by falling asleep where he sat. The candle leaped up and then sank low, burned blue for a moment and then expired.

What was that? Alfred was sitting upright in his chair, wide awake. He was in utter darkness. What was that sound which had awakened him so suddenly? Without knowing why he was convinced that it was a shot—convinced beyond a doubt. He sprang up and leaned out of the window. To his astonishment he found that the night was nearly gone. A faint streak of light gleamed in the eastern sky, the stars were growing pale, and everything without looked grey and unfamiliar in the uncertain dawn light, and the air that rustled softly through the trees had a sweet damp smell. Though he listened several minutes everything was silent and still. 'I am certain it was a shot,' he said to himself, and his thoughts flew instantly to the Hauhaus, but he laughed at his own fears and murmured 'Impossible.'

Nevertheless he felt uneasy, and kept returning to the thought: 'Supposing by any chance they did come swooping down on the settlement, just in the grey light like this, what chance would the surprised, half-armed settlers stand for life? None at all.' And then he thought of Damaris, and it seemed to dawn upon him suddenly how ill defended they were, and how rashly the settlers were trusting to it being an idle threat that Te Kooti would come for them when the crops were in.

'It can do no harm to go and have a look round,' he said to himself, and he put on his hat and took down his gun from its place above the bed. Whistling softly to himself, he stepped out into the grey dawn, and closing the gate behind him, walked briskly down towards the river. He looked back once at the little homestead standing so peacefully among its trees, little guessing that when next he crossed the threshold it would be with the sky overhead and charred ruins for walls and floor.

As he reached the river bank he heard again the sound of a musket, clear and sharp, followed after a moment's pause by another and another. He stood listening. 'That's over at Matawhero,' he said. 'I wonder what's up.'

He did not wonder long, for as he stood undecided a figure came running towards him, indistinct in the half light. In another moment he saw that it was a lad.

'Hullo, there!' he shouted, and at his voice the boy uttered a cry and ran to him.

'What's the matter?' cried Alfred, catching him by the arm.

'The boy, whom he recognised as a little fellow employed by one of the settlers, clung to him with both hands, trembling and gasping for breath.

'What's wrong? What on earth is the matter?' cried Alfred, alarmed.

'The Hauhaus! the Hauhaus!' gasped the boy.

'The Hauhaus! Where?' cried Alfred.

'Up there! At the Major's! They've killed 'em all,' sobbed the boy. 'I ran away and they didn't see me. They've killed the Major! Oh! don't let them get me.'

'Up there? Killed Major Biggs? Oh! it can't be true!'

'It is,' cried the terrified boy, 'they've killed Mrs Biggs too. They're killing all the people. Hark! Oh! listen.'

Terribly distinct the sound of firing came to their ears, and above the trees a dark wreath of smoke was mounting, mounting into the pale grey sky, as though it would tell of the fearful deeds that night had seen.

Alfred turned towards the boy and caught his hand. 'Come with me,' he said, and dashed up towards Mr Luttrell's house. It was not far distant, but the few yards between it and the river seemed trebly lengthened then. How he ran, and ah! how changed that still grey dawn was already. The waking breeze that fanned his face brought a faint odour of smoke to him, and still that fatal firing went on. He threw open the garden gate and sped up the path to the house. The door was locked. He flung himself against it, and kicked and hammered with all his might.

'Mr Luttrell! Harry! he shouted. 'Oh, for Heaven's sake, wake!'

In another moment a light flashed in the house, and heavy footsteps came down the passage, echoing strangely at that silent hour. He heard the key grate in the lock, and the door was opened rather cautiously.

'It's only me,' cried Alfred, and as he spoke Mr Luttrell appeared on the threshold with a revolver in his hand. Harry stood immediately behind him, similarly armed, and holding a candle. Neither were fully dressed, and both looked considerably alarmed.

'What on earth is the matter?' cried Mr Luttrell. 'The Hauhaus—' cried Alfred, drawing his breath in with a gasp—'the Hauhaus have come!'

'What! what!' exclaimed Harry grasping him by the arm, 'Alfred, it's impossible.'

'It's impossible,' echoed his brother.

'It's the truth—the truth,' cried Alfred in an agonised voice. 'There is no moment to spare. Get them all out as fast as you can. They are murdering all the settlers, and burning— Look there! My mate's over there. Oh! poor old Tom. He went to see his sweetheart.'

After the first shock Mr Luttrell was very cool and quiet. 'The children, Harry. For God's sake hurry. Bring them all out here.'

'Hugh, what is it?' cried his wife in a frightened voice, and he hurried off to her.

Damaris was awakened by the loud voices, and hurriedly dressing she peeped into the passage with flushed cheeks and dishevelled hair. She heard Hugh speaking rapidly, and somewhere one of the children crying. The front door was open, and as she stepped into the passage to her surprise she saw Alfred standing in it with his musket in his hand. He did not hear her light step, and started as she laid her hand upon his arm.

'Alfred,' she said, quickly, 'is anything the matter?' He threw his arm around her as though to protect her, and answered, 'Dearest, the worst that can happen is the matter. Hark! and look where the smoke is rising. God help them over there!'

Damaris understood in a moment. She gave a startled cry and her face grew as pale as death, but in a second the colour rushed back.

'The Maoris!' she cried, 'then, oh, why is this delay? We must escape; and, oh, the poor people; can't we help them?'

She flew into the house calling on every one to wake. She roused the servant girl, and ran to Robin's room. The boy was sleeping heavily, but she caught him by the shoulders and shook him, crying, 'Robin! Robin, dear, wake up.'

Robin sprang up. 'What, is it time to get up, aunt?' he asked quietly.

'Yes, Robin, make haste! The Hauhaus have come. Oh, Robin, make haste, dear!' she cried, wringing her hands.

Harry's was a harder task, to wake those poor little innocent sleepers and to wake them to such a scene of confusion and terror. He carried and led three sobbing, murmuring little things out to the verandah. They were all there save Mr Luttrell and his wife and the baby, watching the smoke with terror-stricken eyes and clinging to one another. In a moment the others joined them, Mrs Luttrell clinging to her husband, and the baby wailing piteously.

'Are all here?' he asked, looking round, and Harry answered, 'Yes!'

Mr Luttrell took the baby in his arms, and said, 'Keep up your courage all and come.'

They carried the children between them and hastened across the garden and through the gate that faced the river, Harry leading the way with little Jessie in his arms, her hot hands clasped about his neck. Her head lay on his shoulder, and she was sleeping. After the first startled waking she had no fear, for were not Uncle Harry's arms around her. The servant girl was sobbing and crying with terror even as they fled, and the baby moaned and shivered in its father's arms and every sob went to his heart.

'God help me to save them all!' he prayed, as he looked at his wife, whose eyes were wide with dumb terror.

They went down the river to the lower ford, which was nearer the Wairoa track, and fled away, urged forward by the shots that still continued behind them—the death knell of the unhappy settlers, who but a few hours before had been sleeping, unconscious of the impending danger and death.

They crossed the ford, but had not gone far, when Alfred stopped suddenly, and cried: 'God forgive us! We have left the others to be murdered in their beds. We must warn them; it's not too late. God forgive us! they have wives and children too.'

He turned back as he spoke, and Damaris sprang to his side. 'Alfred,' she said, with quivering lips.

He caught her in his arms and kissed her. 'My darling, I must,' he said, and releasing her he ran back to the ford.

When Harry saw him he turned back too, and put Jessie into Damaris's arms. 'I will go too,' he said, with quiet determination. 'Push on to Te Wairoa, Hugh, Good-bye.'

He was gone, swiftly after Alfred, and Jessie stretched her little hands to his retreating figure, crying, 'Come back, Uncle Harry, come back to me.'

In a few strides he caught up to Alfred. 'Go back,' said Alfred, without pausing, but Harry seized him by the arm. 'No you must go back,' he said. 'Go back Alfred! Go back. Hugh needs help; it's no use both of us risking our lives.'

'No, no, I'm resolved to go on.'

'So am I. This is my duty.'

'No, mine, Harry.'

'You're life's more precious than mine now, Alfred. You will break her heart.' He groaned, and Harry said quickly, 'Go back; for her sake you ought.'

'No,' said Alfred, firmly. 'I can't. We will go together, Harry, and do what we can.'

And so they went back to warn their neighbours, who forgotten in their terrified flight, had been left to the awful fate which had already overtaken so many. A few moments' brisk running brought them back to the houses, and they went from door to door sounding an alarm.

Jack Deebie's house was the most distant, and thither Harry ran.

'Jack! Jack!' he cried, and struck on the door.

Instantly, before he could get his breath to shout again, the little window above his head was thrown open, and the muzzle of a gun appeared.

'Who's that?' said Jack with an oath. 'It's I, Harry Luttrell. The settlers are being murdered all round. If you want to save your wife and children, nun, you must make haste.'

The musket disappeared, and in another minute Jack stood at the door, fully dressed, and chewing tobacco as usual.

'The Hauhaus!' cried Harry. 'Fetch your wife and children, Jack.'

'The Hauhaus!' echoed Jack, glancing sharply round. 'Yes; my brother and all of them are off to Wairoa. Jack, there's no time to lose. All of the others are going over the ford, but I fear Major Biggs and all up that way are past help.'

'My God, my God!' said Jack Deebie, and he dashed into the house again.

In a little while he reappeared with his wife and two children.

'Come Jack,' said Harry, 'this way, the Toanga ford.' When they reached it, they found all the people crowding across it in terrified haste. Alfred was standing there musket in hand.

'Old fellow,' said Harry, going up to him, 'are you going with them? I can't bear to go away without doing something to save some of them. Will anyone come with me and try to save some of the people inland?'

'I will,' said Alfred unhesitatingly, and Jack Deebie said 'Wait a minute.'

He took his wife and children across the river, and leaving them in the charge of one of the other fugitives, came back.

'I'm comin' with you,' he said briefly, 'and if you will follow me I'll take you a shorter and safer cut to Smith's and Jones's farms, and McConnell's. Them's the nearest.'

'Come on,' said Harry, and Jack led them back past his house, and through some ti-trees by a narrow beaten path, all damp and edged with moss.

'This is the way I always goes to Smith's,' said Jack, and they followed him silently and watchfully across a narrow swamp edged with tall flax, and over several paddocks, some cultivated and some overgrown with fern and ti-tree scrub, and presently came in sight of the three houses, standing in the midst of cleared land, and young orchards all in blossom. There was not a sign or sound of life about them.

Harry was the foremost, and calling to his companions, 'Go on to Smith's and McConnell's, I'll look here,' he ran through the gate of the nearest house, and up the path that led to the door. The front door was wide open, and he stepped back with a cry of horror.

'Too late!' There was a dark red stain upon the step, and just within lay a woman and a child, face downward, and terribly mutilated.

He staggered back and put his hands over his face, sick and faint for a moment with the horror of it, but he did not forget what he had come to do, and turning away from that awful sight, he ran round to the back, shuddering at what he might see there. The back door, too, was open, and stepping inside, he cried, at first in a hoarse whisper, and then louder: 'Is there anyone here? We've come to help you! Is anyone here?' His voice came back to him with a faint echo, but there was no other answer. Pushing open an inner door, he saw the unfortunate owner of the house lying tomahawked on the floor. He turned away with a groan, right glad to leave that house of death, and met Alfred and Jack just returning from Smith's and McConnell's. The face of the former was deadly pale. He seized Harry's arm and said hoarsely, 'Oh, Harry, it's awful—awful! To think that we could sleep while this devil's work was going on! They are all dead—all dead! Harry, it was piteous to see her, McConnell's wife, lying with her hands spread over her baby, as if to save it, both dead and cold.'

'We can't do much more,' said Jack Deebie. 'They must have passed here first, and then gone on to Matawhero, meaning to take us by the river there last. There are a couple of chaps living away over there just out of sight, but there ain't much chance of them having escaped.'

'Let us go at any rate,' said Harry. 'We ought not to lose a chance.'

They raced across the rough ground together.

'They have been here,' said Jack, for as they came in sight they saw that one of the two cottages was burning, and as they reached them he cried, 'There's been a regular fight for it. The noise they made at Smith's must have woke these fellows. Look!'

It was evident that the two men had made a hard fight for their lives. A dead Maori, still grasping a bloodstained tomahawk, lay in front of one shanty, and the door had been literally smashed in. Forcing back the ruins Jack stepped inside. Amongst his thrown-down barricade lay a young man hacked and mutilated by a dozen tomahawks. The body of the other man had been dragged some distance from his burning home.

'Oh!' said Harry, 'if we only had a score of good, well-armed fellows here.'

'Well, we haven't,' said Jack, 'they're doing their devil's work at Matawhero now. We've done all we can, and we'd better get back if we want to save our own lives.'

'God help them!' said Harry, glancing back. 'Oh! if only we could have come sooner!'

Over paddock and swamp they retraced their steps as swiftly as they had come, awe-struck and silent with the horrors of the night, and plunged into the tall ti-trees again. As they emerged once more behind Jack's house they saw that the sky was covered with a rosy light to herald the rising sun, and a soft breeze laden with the sweet odour of the cabbage tree flowers came blowing over the river.

Alfred was the first, and as he reached the open he gave an exclamation of terror; and well he might, for the Hauhaus were before them. They had finished their cruel work at Matawhero, and on foot and horseback, had come down to Patawhi, murdering and plundering on their way, hoping to find the few settlers still sleeping.

'Get back!' he gasped, but it was too late. They were seen, and with a fierce shout the Hauhaus came running towards them, first sending a shower of bullets.

'The water, into the water,' cried Alfred, and set the example by plunging in. He was a splendid swimmer, and turning on his side swam with one arm only, with the other holding his musket out of water. In a few moments he reached the other side, and giving one backward glance to see that his comrades were following, he plunged into the friendly shelter of the bush that grew thick and close not a hundred yards back from the river.

When Jack saw the Hauhaus advancing on them he turned and fired with good effect, for the foremost went



THE SIZE OF THE UNIVERSE.

To us, puny dwellers thereon, the earth is a mighty object. Yet few have any really adequate idea of its size. The greatest travellers, whose lives have been spent in wandering to and fro over the earth, have seen only a very small part of its surface. Climb a lofty church steeple, and look at the landscape visible from it, and note that to see the whole earth 900,000 such landscapes must be viewed.

But 500 earths like ours, placed side by side, could be enclosed by Saturn's outermost ring; and it would take 1200 globes of the size of the earth, rolled into one, to form a single globe as large as Jupiter. The sun itself, if hollow, would hold 300,000 earth-globes, and to view its surface an eye capable of taking in hourly 10,000 square miles would require 55,000 years.

It is easy to say that the sun's distance from the earth is, in round numbers, 92,000,000 miles, but it is quite another matter to have even the roughest notion of what such a distance means. Illustration has been piled on illustration to make it a little more comprehensible. The oddest is that used by Professor Meudenhall, who says if we could imagine an infant with an arm long enough to reach the sun, and burn himself, he would die of old age ere he could feel the pain, as, according to Helmholtz and others, a nervous shock is communicated only at the rate of about 100 feet a second, or 1637 miles a day, and would need more than 150 years for the journey.

Neptune, the outermost member of the solar system yet known, is 30 times farther from the sun than the earth is, or 2,780,000,000 miles, and the tremendous line of its orbit, which circumscribes our small group of heavenly bodies, is so long that, though journeying at the rate of three miles a second, it takes him 165 years to complete one circuit.

Passing beyond the bounds of the solar system, the members and dimensions of which are known with some approach to exactness, its size sinks into insignificance—its entire extent becomes a mere atom in comparison with the immensity of star-studded space. Exact measurements fail us; approximations, often rough and uncertain, must take their place; but, with a wide margin for error, enough is known to stagger the imagination.

It is a tremendous leap from the outermost bounds of the solar system to the nearest fixed star, which is 200,000 times remoter than the sun, or 20,000,000,000 miles. Light itself, flashing with the inconceivable velocity of about 185,000 miles a second, takes three years to come to us thence. But most of the stars visible to the naked eye on a clear night send us their light from distances we cannot yet measure.

Billions of miles and light-years are but meaningless words. It is, however, possible to bring star distances roughly within our grasp by reducing them to scale with a sufficiently small unit. Taking the distance from the earth to the sun as the unit, and supposing it reduced to one inch, then, on this scale, the stupendous distance which light traverses in a year will be represented by one mile, and the distance of the nearest fixed star by three miles; and so with other known star distances a mile to a light-year.

The brightest stars are not always the nearest, else the problem would be much simplified. Sirius is one million times as far from us as the sun, and yet the sun, which is to us as bright as 20,000,000 stars each equal to Sirius, if removed to the distance of that magnificent star, would send us only about one-fiftieth part of the light Sirius now sends us. There are stars visible to us so inconceivably remote that the light by which we now see them left there a thousand years ago.

On a clear night 3,000 stars may be seen in England without a telescope. Argelander chartered 324,188 stars in the northern hemisphere, all visible in a telescope of 3in. aperture. Each increase in the power of the telescope multiplies the numbers visible, while the sensitive photographic plate shows the existence of stars that are probably beyond the reach of the most powerful telescope that can be made.

There are in the Milky Way at least 20,000,000 stars. Each is probably attended by 50 planets—a thousand million heavenly bodies in this one cluster, of which we are supposed to occupy an insignificant corner. But there are, beyond this, known to us some 3,000 star clusters, each representing a Milky Way like our own. If 2,000 of these are as large as our Milky Way, the number of stars mounts up to 40,000,000,000 or 2,000,000,000,000 heavenly bodies. To view these at the rate of one a minute would require 3,840,000 years.

WHAT WAR COSTS.

A GREAT amount of money is necessary in order to kill in proper manner, for each man slain costs about £1400. The continually increasing and multiplying taxes of all nations are never sufficient to pay for the butchery of human troops. Every year Europe spends more than £200,000,000 in shedding her children's blood; and in France alone £80,000 is spent every day. The war in America did not cost less than £800,000,000. Since the Crimean war down to that of 1870-71 the civilised nations of Europe and America spent in destroying one another £2,000,000,000 of the ordinary budget and more than £2,000,000,000 raised expressly for the purpose, making a total of £4,000,000,000. The wars of the last 100 years have cost the sum of £28,000,000,000, without counting the sorrow, the loss of men, and other deplorable results.

down, and then threw his musket in the river before him. 'I can't take it over,' he said, and drawing his 'pig sticker' from its sheath, he took it between his teeth and plunged into the water, followed by Harry, who made an attempt to carry his gun as Alfred had done, but finding himself unable, was obliged to let it go to the bottom and give all his strength to reaching the other side.

They had barely passed the middle of the river when the Hauhaus came up to the bank behind them, yelling like fiends and began firing on them as they swam, while a few ran up to the ford to cross and ran down and meet them with their tomahawks as they landed.

Jack reached the other side first, unharmed by the bullets that splashed around him, and grasping a flax blade above him, he swung himself all dripping up the bank, when Harry who was still some yards out, gave a sharp cry. Jack heard him, and he heard the Hauhaus give a savage shout of triumph. He looked back. Harry was swimming with short hurried strokes, and making but slow progress, for he was hit in the shoulder and the blood was flowing fast.

Jack glanced at the bush where lay comparative safety, and he glanced at the Maoris crossing the ford. How long would it take them to reach the spot where he stood? and he looked at the muskets across the river, and then at Harry's white face above the water.

'Hold up! he cried and dropped back into the water. With a few strong strokes he reached his young comrade's side. 'Catch 'old o' me!' he said, and Harry obeyed with a gasp, and a look in his eyes that said far more than words.

They reached the shore, and Jack dragged him up the bank. Oh! for a moment more, to reach the bush where there was some chance for hiding, or escape, but the Hauhaus were upon them.

'Run!' Jack shouted, as a dozen savage, half-dressed fellows dashed through the bushes.

The two young men sprang forward, but it was too late. Harry fell, mortally wounded. Desperate and heartsick, Jack closed with the foremost Hauhaus. With set teeth and his knife grasped in his hand, he uttered an oath as the other savages assailed him; and then a brief, fierce fight began.

With foot and hand he strove beside poor Harry, but he was only one against a number, and in less time than it takes to tell he lay full length, with his face pressed to the earth.

The murderers left them there, and went back to join the others at the ford, having pressing business on hand to pursue and overtake the settlers who had escaped them.

The two brave men lay still and silent side by side, with their life blood staining the young grass, but as the Hauhaus, voices grew more distant, Harry moved and then raised himself slowly to his knees supported by one hand. His face was ghastly pale; he drew his hand tremulously across his eyes.

In the distance, through the bushes he saw the Maoris crossing and collecting about the ford, and he saw another party come riding down from the direction of Matawhero, and he recognised Te Kooti in the chief at their head. He watched with strained eager eyes and saw them ride away inland. Inland! their Hugh and Damaris and all were saved.

'Thank God!' he muttered, and sank down again with his face on his arm. He turned his eyes towards his comrade. 'Jack,' he whispered, faintly, and stretched out one hand and touched him. 'Jack!' but Jack would never speak or move again on earth. When Harry realised that, he laid his face down on his arms and spoke no more.

And then the long day began, and the great world of nature went on just as it did before. The sun shone, and the

soft wind sighed through the open doors of silent desolated homes, and a blue river smiled back at a bluer sky, just as though earth's children had not risen up, one against the other, like Cain and Abel of old. And the buds of yesterday blossomed forth, and the sparrows flew from roof to roof, wondering, perhaps, that no voices or footsteps echoed below them.

And night came down—down on the river, bush, and sea, and down upon the ruined settlement and smouldering houses, and the murdered settlers, who but yesterday laughed and talked, and rejoiced in all the sights and sounds of spring. Night came down and the windows wont to shine so brightly were black and blank, and the ashes of last night's fire lay chill in the grate.

It was quite dark when a little creature came slowly over the ford—a little black and tan dog. He put his nose to the ground and began wandering up and down, to and fro seeking for his master. His search was rewarded for he found two prostrate forms lying on the grass already damp with the evening dew. That was not his master's, that pale cold face, with the open glassy eyes turned up to the heavens. He turned toward the other form, and laid his nose on that ice-cold hand—that loved hand which would never again strike or caress him. His search was ended, and he laid himself down with a little appealing whine, and began his long, long watch beside the dead.

It was twilight, that quiet, dreamy hour before the lamps were lighted, and Damaris sat by an open window with her chin in her hand, looking out across the bay. She sighed as she gazed, and thought of those days that seemed so long ago already, those quiet happy days before that terrible haunting night alarm, and the wild terror-stricken flight in the grey of morning. And she thought of that day when she stood amongst the bereaved and weeping women and children on the deck of the schooner that had brought them all to Napier, and waved her hand to one on the shore, one who was fighting now perhaps up there where their happy homes had been.

'Aunt Damaris,' said a little voice, and Jessie came softly into the room and mounting her aunt's knee, she leaned upon her shoulder and followed her eyes across the grey dreary sky and sea.

'Aunt Damaris!' 'Yes, dearie.'

'Why doesn't Uncle Harry come home?' said the little girl, with a sigh. 'I want him so much, so much.'

'Never mind, dearest,' said Aunt Damaris, gravely. 'Perhaps papa will be home soon, and Mr North.'

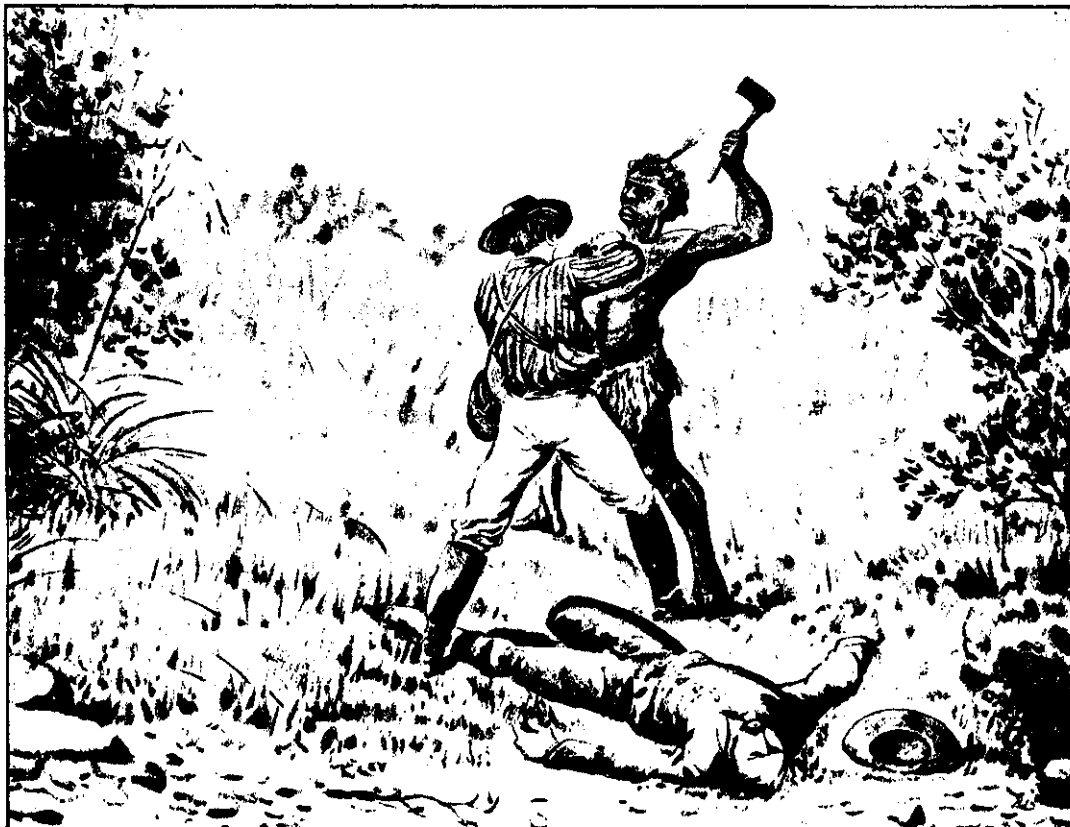
'I don't want papa much. I like Uncle Harry better. Auntie, when do you think he'll come?'

'I don't know, dear,' was all Damaris could say.

'When I ask mamma she says "to-morrow," and every night I come in here and have a long, long look over the sea, and some day I'll see him coming in a boat, and I'll run down to meet him, and he'll carry me upon his shoulder, and oh! we'll be so happy.'

Alas, for hope! Damaris turned away her head and looked across the sea. She knew when the boat of Jessie's hopes would come; when her 'to-morrow' would dawn, and as she looked, she saw through her tears a last red gleam from the sinking sun, brighten for a moment the leaden sea and sky. It seemed like, and it was, a true emblem of the brighter days coming, when peace was restored and the grass was growing over the graves.

ALICE KENNY.



'JACK CLOSED WITH THE FOREMOST HAUHAU.'





**A MYSTERY SOLVED.**

AN EASTER STORY.



**W**HEN papa made you refuse young James Madder because he was only a poor artist, he never thought you'd have to decorate pinushions and hair brush boxes for a living yourself, did he, Stella? Inquired volatile Jennie Pice, whom no trouble could make grave and silent. "Don't you wish now that you had married the banker, or baker, or butcher, or whatever he was, instead?"

"Good heavens, no!" ejaculated Stella, "not if we had come to worse than this little room and a kerosene stove. I belong to myself, at least, and—but you were really a baby at the time, and have no idea what love means even yet. Jennie, to be married to any one I hated as I did Mr Kimberly Knatchball, would drive one to suicide."

"Well, poor, dear papa probably knew that he was going to fail then," said Jennie, "and tried to do the best by you, and Mr Knatchball was very easily rebuffed. I guess he got an idea of it. Oh, Stella, when I was at school in Wellington we girls used to talk over our yet unknown "futures," and all of them declared that noblemen must be nicest, except Lizzie Post; for she wanted a highwayman, like one in a novel. As for me, I didn't want any one. I don't, I just hate the idea. Who would you have if you could?"

Poor Stella, she turned away to hide her tears from her little sister. There was but one man in the world to her, and she was parted from him forever; he must think her false and cold, and mercenary.

She had never been able to explain her conduct to him. "No matter about all that, Jennie," she said, with a break in her voice. "I try and suggest something about these pinushions and boxes. They are all returned on my hands, with the criticism "won't do." Now, why don't they do? Madame Touchup "finished" me in water colours, and Signor Dabble in oils. Can't I paint roses and Cupids for toilet-boxes after that, I wonder? There is something wrong with them, but what is it? Criticise them, dear, I must please Messrs Pinch and Penny, or we shall starve. They give me little enough for my work as it is."

"Well," said Jennie, placing her head on one side and regarding the squares of silk before her solemnly; "some are fady and some are cloudy. The edges of the flowers look like tin. The Cupids are crooked and have bad complexions—and—"

"You needn't go on," said Stella, "I suspected as much myself. I must try something else. Let us go the bed—and extinguishing the gas she left the little room, on the door of which the word "Studio" appeared, and led the way to the upper floor, where a small half-bedroom afforded the daughters of the late millionaire a resting-place.

Came to the colony with a shilling in his pocket, made a great fortune, failed and shot himself, was his record. No uncommon one—and his girls were left alone to support themselves on boarding-school accomplishments if they could.

Crying one's self to sleep at night is apt to lead to heavy morning slumbers. Therefore, Stella started awake in a desperate fright, to remember that the two Misses Plum came for their lessons at nine, and leaving her sister still in bed, hurried down to the studio after a hasty cup of coffee, to find them already there and examining the squares of decorated silk upon the table with admiration.

"I declare, Miss Price, they are too lovely for anything," Miss Meta Plum cried; "these cupids, now!"

"And these lilies," echoed Fanny Plum, "so soft—"

"Do you think so?" echoed Stella, doubtfully. Then she gave a little cry.

The flowers, which last night certainly were hard, now lay soft as real lilies across the white silk. The arch little Cupids appeared ready to fly, the birds and butterflies were charming.

In the night a transformation had occurred—her designs were unaltered, but they seemed to have finished themselves exquisitely.

Bewildered, excited, she could think of nothing else throughout the whole of the Misses Plums' lesson, and when those excellent girls had, with their usual exasperating deliberation, folded their painting aprons, packed their boxes, set each other's hats straight, and uttered their adieux, she instantly summoned Jennie to her presence.

"Are you a genius—did you do this?" she asked. "These things are finished up, and I never saw anything prettier."

"Why, Stella, so they are!" Jennie cried. "And I assure you that if I tried I could not do them as well as they were last night. You must have done them in your sleep. I've read of such things. You know there are no fairies now."

"There are angels, and I fancy they must have done it. But Pinch and Penny's people shall see them in their altered form!" cried Stella, hastily packing the squares of silk in a box. "They may take on their old, original ugliness if I delay. If I am a somnambulist, I may go on doing this in my sleep, but surely I never can in my waking moments."

The critic at the office of Messrs Pinch and Penny was much pleased with the new work. "If you can give us that sort of thing," said he, graciously, "we'll throw plenty into your hands, and we might advance the price, a little, too. We want some lovely designs for Easter cards and souvenirs. Now, if you will bring us a few by next week and they sell well, we shall be glad to give you regular employment on our staff."

Stella returned home, full of a grand enthusiasm. She would do something in the way of an Easter card which should eclipse any previous effort of any artist. Visions of angels holding shattered crosses in their hands, of lilies of all shapes, instinct with life, of early dawn creeping over a sleeping city, flitted before her mind, all exquisitely worked out on satin for these beautiful Easter cards.

No Stella set to work in joy and hope on a large parcel of silk. But, alas! the old defects were still plainly to be seen, and she retired with a heavy heart, but again in the morning, her work, retouched and improved, lay upon the table.

This went on for a month or more, and the first astonishment being over, the sisters accepted the somnambulist's

theory as the only possible one, and thanked Heaven in their prayers that it had been vouchsafed to Stella to do better work in her sleep than she could in her waking moments.

In fact, they had come to expect the miracle to happen as certainly as they did that the sun would rise—when suddenly it did not. Stella's designs remained in the morning exactly what they were at night, and the firm of Pinch and Penny sent their critic to bring back the last installment of work.

"You see there is no use deceiving me," he said, sternly. "You've had a superior hand helping you. Get her back and we'll take you on again, not else."

"He wouldn't have believed us if we had told him," said Stella, as he left. "What shall we do now, Jennie?"

At this moment there was a knock at the door. Both the girls started, and Stella hid the defective decorations under some blotting paper, while Jennie answered the rap.

A gentleman stood without, a tall, bearded man, who bowed profoundly.

"Pardon my intrusion," he began. "My name is Madder. I occupy the adjoining studio and am a painter. I—"

There he paused. For Jennie, always impulsive, uttered a cry.

"Madder—and an artist! Why, you must be the gentleman who came to see us long ago. I've grown so much larger that you'd never know me. But Stella—"

There she paused. Her sister and their guest stood facing each other.

"The man advanced, their hands met.

"Is it possible?" the man cried.

"Mr Madder!" cried Stella.

"Your old sweetheart!" cried Jennie, delighted at the romance lying open before her. "Oh! Mr Madder, it wasn't Jennie's fault; you must forgive her. It was all poor papa's doing. Then he failed and died—"

Jennie paused a moment, and added dramatically, "and here we are!"

"Thank Heaven, I have my explanation," said the young man. "Now for the art I came to offer, little guessing whom I should meet. My studio is in the room adjoining, though it opens on a different corridor and we use a different stairway. From my room I can often hear all that you say, and one evening I heard two girls—strangers as I supposed—talking over work that seemed to be defective. When they left the room for the night, I made use of a discovery of mine, namely, that there is in this partition a sort of sliding door. Long ago some one had hired both of these studios, perhaps, or friends who wished to speak to each other occupied them, but there it was. I had fastened this door, and now I pushed it back. The decorated silk lay upon a table under it, and I saw just what the work needed, only a few touches here and there, for the design was good. I spent an hour or so over them, and restored them to their place."

"The next day the discussion amused me, and I continued my retouching, until one night I found the aperture closed, something was against it."

"I pushed the old book-case there," said Jennie.

"And so my work was stopped," proceeded Mr Madder. "But I could still hear what was said, and knowing that some young ladies were in trouble, I resolved to call, confess, and offer my slight services, little guessing whom I should meet, for I fancied you a rich woman, Stella, probably the wife of a rich man by this time, and that you had forgotten our old friendship. I was abroad, no doubt, when your troubles occurred, for I lived in Europe several years, and heard nothing of all that happened."

"Strange that I did not recognize your voice. Your name I did not hear—Jennie always calls you "Sister."

"Ah, my voice is sadder than it used to be," Stella said.

"But you will be happy again," the young man whispered.

"Let it be my task to make you so."

"I don't believe I am wanted just now," Jennie said to herself as she slipped away.

Really she was not; but that Easter she made a very pretty bridesmaid at Stella's wedding. Happy Stella! she now looks with particular favour on Easter cards, and has learnt to adapt the lovely autumn New Zealand flowers and berries to their decoration.

**CATARRH,**  
HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.  
A NEW HOME TREATMENT,

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes.

Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these distressing diseases are rapidly and permanently cured by a few simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

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IS IT ANY WONDER PEOPLE BUY THEM?

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LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

It is a curious fact, says a writer, that the Empire style still exists in the Island of Martinique. The coloured belles still wear the costume much as it must have been in the days of Josephine, though whether the beautiful Croles carried with her the fashion of her native island when she went to grace the Imperial throne, or whether her compatriots adopted it in compliment to her, I cannot say.

A word on bonnets. The capote seems really the only original creation of the century. On looking back through times gone by, never has there been a head gear so infinitesimal, such an airy nothing, and it diminishes daily!

A hat called the 'Katinka' is most picturesque, rather in the François I. style, made in dark crimson velvet, and long flowing plumes most gracefully poised, fastened with a jewelled agrafe. A smaller one is the chapeau 'Marquis' in felt, a little in the Henri II. form, the edge fluted and bent about; it is ornamented with two velvet choux; from the centre of each rise an cigarette—of course, these can be made in black or any colour—but for full visiting dress and day ceremonials the capote holds its own, and is considered best taste to wear.

The first illustration represents a green velvet hat covered with black guipure, and trimmed with violet velvet rosettes and violet and green ospreys. Black velvet strings.



No. 1.

The second illustration is a tailor-made gown in fancy knickerbocker tweed. Skirt to clear the ground at the back. The collar and panel of canary-coloured cloth matches the silk knots in the material and stitched edges.

I recently saw a lovely dress, which I admired much, made by a French firm—of dark blue velvet, trimmed with sable. The skirt was cut in the same way as the above, but had three narrow rows of sable round, about an inch wide. The sleeves were also similar, but had a row of fur between each puff and round the wrists. In the front of the bodice a short full-plastron of Indian yellow crepon was introduced, which gave just the touch of colour required to relieve what otherwise might have been rather a sombre effect for the sable was of the darkest shade of brown. The Empire bustle was edged with fur. Sleeves seem the prominent feature in dresses for the moment; they are wide and bouffant, and generally of another material and shade than the dress.

Out-door winter garments are: Collets, straight cloaks, large kind of redingotes, with Watteau pleat at the back and loose in front; velvet peleries, with sable collars; also graceful Talmas (very long and full caped) in various shades of cloth, lined with ermine, and bordered with sable. In fact, fur is to be much used this winter, and sable is most in vogue. Those ladies who are fortunate enough to possess these furs are sending them to be rearranged and made up in different forms. The étols or stole will be a favourite shape; it is something like a short cape at the back, with very long flat ends in front continued from the cape.

EASTER NOVELTIES.

EASTER time is coming, and I will give to all our readers a beautiful illustration for a home-made Easter cross. The natural Easter cross is in imitation of rough granite.

The cross should, if possible, be quite large, from eighteen to twenty-one inches high. Fasten it to a solid block of wood; then arrange stones around it, in imitation of a natural wayside cross. The wood is then painted with three coats of granite-coloured paint, varnished and heavily sanded, and cut in imitation of irregular stones. The stones around the base are dipped in melted wax of the

same colour as the cross. The next step is to form the ice and snow. Take a quantity of pure wax, and melt it to the consistency of thick cream; then, with a small ladle, take up some of the wax, and proceed to imitate the ice, which has frozen upon the cross, and dripped down in long pendant icicles. This is done by pouring the wax over the arms and allowing it to drip slowly, one coat upon another, until the proper length and thickness are given to each icicle.

The wax must not become too cool, or it will form into lumps, though in some places the rippled appearance natural to ice looks well. A portion is also poured upon the top, and a little upon the stones. When cold, the wax portion is varnished with a very thin coat of dammar, and, before this is dry, is thickly sprinkled with diamond powder. The flowers suitable for this cross are two clumps of violets, a few snowdrops; and the ever lovely trailing arbutus, with its gorgeous leaves and delicate blossoms, forms the chief adornment, and is arranged to cluster thickly around the base, peeping out from the snow and ice about the stones, and fastened up around the body with long sprays, falling over the arms in long, graceful garlands. All these flowers should be made from wax, and if rightly made are beautiful.

ANON.

THE FOLLY AND WICKEDNESS OF TIGHT-LACING.—II.

UNDER the heading of 'The Sin and Scandal of Tight-Lacing,' the writer says:—Those women who have not been guilty of the folly and iniquity of tight-lacing, or, being free from it personally, have given no thought to the subject, will stand aghast at the widespread wickedness that is practised by girls and women who are addicted to this pernicious habit. By the time our readers have read, in the articles I am about to publish in this column, of the inhuman doings, even of parents and guardians, and the self-inflicted crimes, born of ignorance and folly, of which growing girls are guilty, they will be ready to side with us, and by every influence they possess help our crusade against this species of modern madness. I have been led to take this step because the hundreds of letters which have reached me from the young asking advice how to achieve a narrow waist, and from older foolish ones giving their experiences and describing their sufferings, all proved, what I had not previously imagined, that the tight-lacing habit had become

A SIN AND A SCANDAL.

I have been receiving these and similar letters for some time past, and even at the cost of being charged with betraying confidences, I give some of them in this first article (names and addresses omitted), because, did I not do so, my readers would probably imagine that I was romancing. A corset is a perfectly innocent and useful feminine requirement when not applied with that tension which strangles. Women may continue to wear them and exhibit a waist, although when this desire first began to exert itself is hidden in the mist of antiquity. That she recognised the possibilities in the days of the Greeks is certain, for did she not encircle herself round the middle with golden zones? And this became a practice which one need not reprehend, for there was no harm therein, but it was a beginning of more serious things. Still, we have to come down to the time when Gaul became Romanised to find the introduction of the corset, in the form of 'a corselet of thick stuff which woulded the form, rather than an instrument of torture which distorted its lines.' So says M. Robida in his 'Ten Centuries of Toilette.' We do not propose here to trace the various stages of folly through which the corset has been made to pass, to the detriment of woman's offspring. It would be a long tale, not without interest, certainly, but beyond the scope of these articles, which are designed to show the unquestionable evils attendant upon tight lacing.

We have only space for one or two of these foolish letters.

NO. I.

'I want to ask your advice about the easiest way to reduce the size of my waist. I live with a relative who insists that I must reduce my waist to 17 inches, as she says, "No man will marry a girl unless she looks smart." What would be the best sort of corsets, or would it be a good thing to wear a leather belt strapped on underneath them; or would it be better to sleep in a corset, and tighten it gradually day by day?'

NO. II.

'Will you be so kind as to tell me, when you have space in your interesting paper, if you have ever heard of anyone beginning tight lacing as early as this? A friend of mine has a wonderfully slender figure, which she says is the result of her mother putting a lannel band round her, when she was only a year old, to mould her soft bones. At six she wore a corded corset with whalebones, and at thirteen her mother had her tightly laced, making her waist only 15 inches.'

NO. III.

'My cousin wrote to you this week, but forgot to ask your opinion of this régime for a family of girls—the eldest nineteen, the youngest thirteen. She has a great desire for them all to have slim, pretty figures, and has a fixed idea that girls eat too much, so they are made to take an immense amount of exercise. They get up at 7; at 8 they have breakfast of milk, toast, and eggs, but no butter; at 9 they have a small helping of meat, toast, and no vegetables; and a good meal at 7 of soup, fish, and meat, but they have small appetites at night. As soon as they get up they are closely laced in beautifully-fitting stays that fit them like gloves, and for no consideration are they ever laced more loosely. At about 4.30 the three elder girls of seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen have to go upstairs to have their corsets tightened for the evening, which means that they come down in about half-an-hour with the trimmest and finest of waists confined in evening corsets laced with no sparing hand. All three have quite taken to lacing, and do not object to sleeping in well-laced corsets, about an inch larger than their day ones.'

'Is the following sensation usual amongst very tightly and continuously laced women? I feel very hungry before meal times, but at meals latterly I hardly care to swallow even the smallest quantity, as for hours after I have a horrid, bitter taste in my mouth, and sometimes even feel sick, unless laced in a very long, tight-fitting corset.—The Gentlewoman.

'ALL ABOUT THE HOUSE.

PUTTING CORKS IN BOTTLES.

THESE are few things that puzzle the average woman more than properly corking bottles. The corks never fit, and there is no end of bother about them.

When bottled goods are to be put up, select any corks which are of approximate size, throw them into a kettle of water, place the kettle on the stove and let the water boil for ten or fifteen minutes, frequently stirring it, and pressing the corks under water, although if tightly covered, this may not be necessary.

Then take out the corks and wash them thoroughly, rinse out the kettle and put them back in more hot water. After standing a few minutes they are ready for use. A cork two or three sizes larger than the bottle may easily be put



No. 2.

in by pressing the lower end with the fingers. Then insert in the neck of the bottle, putting in beside it a large-sized pin. Press it in a little way, then taking the bottle in the hands, crowd the cork against the door or casing or any solid object, turning the bottle round and round until the cork is pressed into place. Then, with a pair of small pliers or the edge of a dull knife, catch hold of the head of the pin and draw it out. After this, press the cork in again.

If the bottle is to be sealed, continue the pressing in until the cork is even with the top of the bottle; then dip in melted wax or other sealing material, and wipe off what runs down. Take a bit of partly cool wax, and with the thumb press it closely over the top of the cork. By frequently wetting the thumb the wax will not stick.

If the bottles are not, it is necessary to wait until partly or altogether cool before finally sealing them; then dip them into the wax two or three times, allowing them to cool between times. In this way a coating of the substance sufficiently thick to exclude all air will be formed. Great care is necessary in sealing, as oftentimes the finest air-hole or bubble causes the contents of the bottle to ferment.

Corks may be obtained of dealers in bottlers' supplies, or, what is much more accessible and convenient, they may be engaged beforehand from wine-rooms or restaurants where bottles of wine are frequently opened. Champagne corks are desirable, as they are almost always of very fine quality.

Once familiar with the steaming process, no difficulty will be experienced in putting up bottles of goodies of all sorts.

## 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.

## EASTER DISHES.

AN ancient writer explains the use of the egg at Easter as an emblem of the Resurrection as follows: 'An emblem of the rising up out of the grave, in the same manner as the chick, entombed as it were, in the egg, is in due time brought to life.'

There is scarcely an article of food which can be converted into so great a variety of delicious dishes as the egg. Some French cooks claim that eggs may be cooked in over five hundred appetizing ways.

The following recipes may prove new to some housekeepers.

**EGG SOUP.**—Cut into bits an onion, a head of celery, and two potatoes; place in a saucepan, with a teaspoonful of flour and a tablespoonful of butter. Stir occasionally until a yellowish brown; then add two quarts of water, two teaspoonfuls salt and a sprinkling of pepper. Boil gently until the vegetables are well done. Have six eggs well beaten. Remove the soup from the fire for a minute or so; mix a cup of it with the eggs; then add this mixture to the soup; return it to the stove or stir until it begins to thicken, but it must not boil or eggs will curdle.

**BAKED EGGS.**—Break as many eggs as desired into a well-battered dish. Sprinkle with pepper, salt, and bits of butter. Add half a tablespoonful of cream for each egg. Bake in the oven until sufficiently hardened. Serve hot.

**OMELET.**—Six eggs, with yolks and whites beaten separately; one tumblerful of new milk, reserving one-fourth, into which stir one tablespoonful of flour until perfectly smooth. When the milk boils add the thickening, also salt, pepper, and a tablespoonful of butter. Put aside to cool. Then stir in the yolks and lastly the whites. Pour into a hot, well-greased skillet, and cook in the oven.

### RECIPES.

#### A TENNIS TEA.

A TENNIS tea is a novel entertainment, and one that commends itself to the young hostess who wishes to entertain a few friends. Its arrangements are very simple, none of the dinner or luncheon decorations, not even souvenirs, being considered a necessary feature of the occasion. A tennis

tea lately given will serve for an example, and can be improved to suit the giver's fancy.

Invitation cards, decorated with a racket and ball, can be sent out, but this hostess invited her guests orally. She also told them the games would begin at four o'clock, with tea at six.

The host and hostess received on the lawn near the courts and, as the guests arrived almost simultaneously, the games were begun at once.

Only two courts had been prepared, but, as the losing side in each game gave way to other players, these were sufficient for the sixteen players. Near by was a stand holding rackets and balls, but this was not a necessity, as each player brought his own racket.

Hammocks were swung in all convenient places. Groups of easy chairs dotted the lawn, and rugs and gay-covered cushions were thrown down here and there, making a variety of comfortable resting places for players and on-lookers.

Tea was served on small tables, covered with pretty tea-cloths, arranged on the lawn near the house. The very simple menu, coming within the possibilities and means of nearly every person, was chicken salad; thin, buttered slices of brown and white bread; chocolate; peach float; white and sponge cake, baked in shallow pans, iced and cut in squares.

The refreshments were placed on a large, cloth-covered table on the verandah. The salad, garnished with lettuce leaves, with its plates and forks occupying one end; while the chocolate, with its cups, spoons, and pitcher of rich cream, claimed the opposite end. The foreground was taken by the d'oyley covered bread trays; and the background, by the saucers for the float. Over the centre trailed asparagus vines and sweet peas, making an oblong bed upon which rested the shallow dish filled with float. At each end of this centre-piece were the cake trays, one wreathed with delicate pink and white sweet peas, the other with nasturtiums, and, altogether, the table presented a very attractive and tempting array. The host and hostess served the refreshment, assisted by the little lads who had been in attendance at the courts, to return balls, etc.

After tea the games were resumed and kept up with much merriment, until the deepening twilight gave warning that another day was nearly done. Lemonade and wafers were then passed, and, to quote one of the guests again, 'this most delightful day, like everything else, is a memory of the past.'

Another good menu for a lawn tea, that comes within the reach of almost any person, is cold tongue, either pickled or served with sliced lemons, or stuffed tomatoes and sandwiches; bread or wafers; ice-cream; cake; tea, coffee, or chocolate.

**PEACH FLOAT.**—Add one cupful of white sugar to one quart of cold water, and let it come to a boil; thicken with four even tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, made into a paste with a little water. When cold pour over twelve large, juicy peaches, pared and cut in cubes. Cover with a meringue made from the beaten whites of three eggs and four tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Set on the ice, or in a cool place, for two or three hours before serving. Four peeled oranges and the juice and pulp of two lemons can be used in place of the peaches, and make a very toothsome dish.

**STUFFED TOMATOES.**—Select firm, not overripe, tomatoes, pare and set on the ice for two or three hours. Then cut off the stem end and take out the seeds, being careful not to break the tomato. Stuff with finely-shred lettuce, mixed with bits of cream and minced chicken, lamb or veal, and moistened with mayonnaise dressing. Pour a little of the

mayonnaise dressing over each tomato, and serve on a lettuce leaf.

DAMA B. STEVENS.

**TOMATO SOUP.**—Put the tomatoes (six or eight) in a saucepan with a sliced onion, a bouquet of herbs, and a little butter; simmer till done, then rub them through a sieve, add to the pulp sufficient stock to make a thick consistency, stir over the fire till hot, then stir in off the fire the yolk of an egg beaten up with a little milk or a gill of cream. If canned tomatoes are used, they will not require cooking.

## EASTER EGGS.

THE eggs are prepared by making a pin hole in each end, placing one end at the mouth and blowing with sufficient force to eject the contents through the opposite aperture. Of course this performance requires great care in order to avoid breaking the egg, and when the shell is empty, it is then ready for decoration. With the pen and brush they may be made to represent faces of varying expressions, from the trusting sweetness of babyhood to the serenity and calm of old age.

A piece of tarlatan or sheer muslin is pasted on the shell, covering the portion that is to be the back of the head. This makes a good foundation for fastening on the cap or fancy hat that usually ornaments the head. For one having the face of a young girl, make the cap of the palest of blue satin, stirred far enough in from the edge to form a full cascade-like fringe about the face and a deep cape at the neck. The edges are bordered all round with fine lace, and the ties of ribbon are arranged in a stiff bow under the chin.

One with the face of an old lady may have a cap of white satin, with a full cascade of lace falling carelessly about the face, the edges of the cap being gathered all round. A full bow of lavender ribbon is placed directly on top, and a similar bow appears to tie the cap under the chin. A Marie Stuart collar of deep lace forms a soft and dainty rest for each head, and under it may be fastened a circular-shaped jewel case, a pen-wiper, or any other suitable article. Some exceedingly funny faces may be depicted on the shells, and a clown's cap, a nightcap, or any odd-shaped hat may be glued on.

Another way is to paste a small gilt star over each hole in the shell; then sketch with pen and ink, or paint with oil or water colours, small landscapes, butterflies, birds, flowers, a squirrel eating an acorn or whatever one wishes on them. If one does not wish to take time to paint a design, use transfer pictures.

Children generally prefer the eggs coloured; if no poisonous dyes are used, the eggs may be boiled hard and eaten. Saffron will colour yellow, beet juice red, and the water that the outside layers of onions have been boiled in a yellow bronze. Anyone handy with pencil or brush might make a little pin-money by preparing eggs in different ways and showing them to dealers in such goods in their own towns a few weeks before Easter.

Another odd 'Easter egg' is made by painting a face (a child's is prettiest for this) on a shell, and set it in the heart of a full-blown rose. The rose may be made of silk, muslin, or paper; it is surrounded by leaves, and above it rises a soft pretty bud, the stems of which are tied together by ribbon the colour of the rose. The shell is emptied of its contents, and all of it may be used or only a part of the shell will do. If a paper rose is used the petals may be pasted carefully on the shell.

# Are You Fortified?

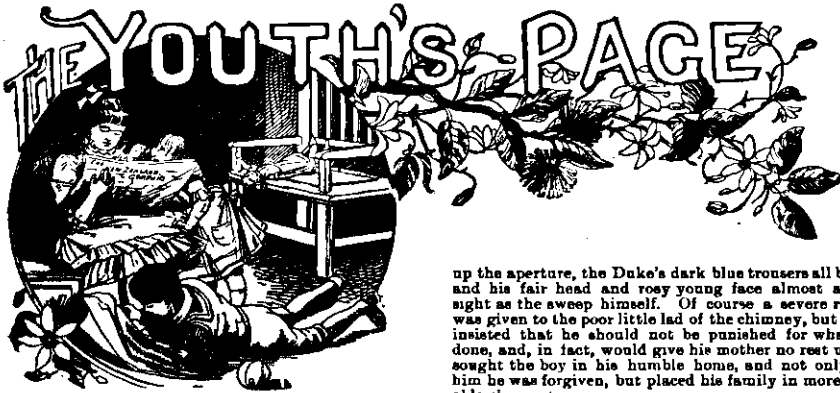
Your health is a citadel. The winter's storms are

the coming enemy. You know that this enemy will sit down for five long months outside this citadel, and do its best to break in and destroy. Is this citadel garrisoned and provisioned? The garrison is your constitution. Is it vigorous or depleted? How long can it fight without help? Have you made provision for the garrison by furnishing a supply of **SCOTT'S EMULSION** of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda? It restores the flagging energies, increases the resisting powers against disease; cures Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases (especially in Children), keeps coughs and colds out, and so enables the constitution to hold the fort of health. **Palatable as Milk.**

**SPECIAL.**—Scott's Emulsion is non-secret, and is prescribed by the Medical Profession all over the world, because its ingredients are scientifically combined in such a manner as to greatly increase their remedial value.

**CAUTION.**—Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-coloured wrappers. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Limited, 47 Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Sold by all Chemists.





**THE BUTTERFLY'S EASTER MORNING.**

The chrysalis lay in a cushioned box  
Through the dark, cold, wintry weather,  
And Bennie touched it with gentle hand,  
And we talked of it much together.

We longed for the day when the living thing  
Should burst its bars asunder,  
Till at last it came, and the butterfly  
We gazed at with joy and wonder.

As it rose on its bright and beautiful wings,  
Which were fit for a fay's adorning,  
Sweet Bennie cried, with his eyes a-shine:  
'Tis the butterfly's Easter morning!  
EMMA C. DOWD.

**A LITTLE PRINCE OF SWEDEN.**



EW countries are more interesting than the land of the Vikings, that region in the north whence set sail, centuries ago, men who landed on our own shores, and whose landmarks are to be traced to-day.

Not so very long ago Sweden was allied to Denmark. Now she is an independent country, and it is of the little boy destined, if the course of natural events runs smoothly, to be her future King that I wish to tell you. He is known as the Duke of Scania—in Swedish, Hertigen Af Skane—and he is burdened by the following list of baptismal names: Oscar, Frederik, Vilhelm, Olaf, Gustaf, Adolf, according to a custom popular among all royal families, the only reason for which is that a compliment is paid to those after whom the child is thus named. His father is the Crown-Prince of Sweden, and his mother, known popularly throughout the whole country as the 'Sweet Princess,' owing to her boundless charity and goodwill towards all the people, is the granddaughter of the old Emperor Wilhelm I. of Germany. At the age of nineteen, in 1881, the Princess Victoria, who had another sobriquet—the Rose of Germany—was married to the Crown-Prince, and all the quaintest and at the same time splendid customs of the Swedish country into which she journeyed were revived to do honour to a marriage pleasing on all sides.

The little Duke of Scania was born in 1882, and is consequently now eleven years old; but, like most of the young royalties, his mental and physical development is quite ahead of his years, since from the time he left his nurse's arms he has been trained with a view to the responsible position he must one day occupy. He is, as the picture shows you, a sturdy, fine-looking lad, with more of the Swedish cast of countenance than the German, but he has his mother's softness of expression in his eyes, and also a touch of her gay light-heartedness, which, close student and scholar that he is, his father encourages thoroughly, believing that wholesome good spirits and buoyancy are more necessary in his rank of life than in any other, especially if they be combined with a well-disciplined character.

The life of the little Duke is divided between the palace at Stockholm and the summer home at Drottningholm, seven miles from the capital. There are beautiful grounds, lawns, orchards, and wide grass-sown fields, where he and his younger brother enjoy themselves thoroughly. Strangers are chiefly impressed by the extreme simplicity of the lives of these Royal boys; but this is due to their mother's theory on the subject. While they are taught to maintain their dignity as princes, their daily lives are conducted on the simplest possible method. They meet their parents at breakfast in the morning, which is as informal a meal as possible, and the Princess herself conducts them to the school-room, conversing with their tutor for a time, looking over the lessons of the day, and hearing the report of the day previous. The military exercises are given during the morning, and again in the afternoon, and the recreation they like best is the drive with their mother later in the day, or horseback exercise with their father.

The old custom of employing chimney-sweepers is still maintained in Stockholm, and one morning while the Duke chanced to be left alone for a few moments in his dressing-room, the sound familiar to all those who have heard the little sweep at work came from the chimney near which he stood, and suddenly there appeared, in scrambling fashion, the soot-covered figure of the boy, who, as it turned out, had started on the wrong chimney. Naturally he was overcome with fright on finding himself in the young Duke's apartments; but with the natural feeling of kinship all small boys, whatever their rank, seem to have for each other, these two were presently on the best of terms. But the Duke insisted upon being shown how the sweep climbed the chimney, and when his attendant returned, he beheld to his horror the two boys laughing wildly as they scrambled

up the aperture, the Duke's dark blue trousers all blackened and his fair head and rosy young face almost as sorry a sight as the sweep himself. Of course a severe reprimand was given to the poor little lad of the chimney, but the Duke insisted that he should not be punished for what he had done, and, in fact, would give his mother no rest until they sought the boy in his humble home, and not only assured him he was forgiven, but placed his family in more comfortable circumstances.

The little Duke's tastes lie strongly in the direction of art, fostered by his mother, who is exceedingly talented, and has done some fine modelling and sculpture. Her studio in the Stockholm palace is a beautiful room, where she is fond of entertaining her especial friends, and it is the little Duke's delight to watch her at her work and to attempt something of the same kind himself. He enjoys nothing better than being present when his mother has a semi-formal reception, on which occasion he conducts himself with all the dignity of a young gentleman, yet with a sweet boyishness that makes his childhood so attractive to those about him.

Like his mother, he has the greatest consideration for the feelings of those about him, and will try to remember every face and every name. On one occasion two American boys were brought to see him by a gentleman in the diplomatic service. They remained but a short time, but were invited to renew the visit on their return from Denmark. Some months later they availed themselves of this invitation, and it so chanced that they met the Duke and his tutor in the grounds of the summer palace on their way thither. The little prince looked at them smilingly for an instant, but with a certain hesitation in his manner. In fact, he had forgotten their names, and the meeting was so accidental that no formal introduction passed. His instinctive tact, however, came to his rescue, for, holding out his hand, he said, cordially: 'Oh, you are American! I know you are American. That is enough.'

An old diplomat could hardly have managed the situation better.

When Charles Augustus, King of Sweden, died suddenly in 1809, Napoleon, whose word was law with the Swedes, was appealed to for a successor to the throne, and he chose his Marshal General Bernadotte. The great kindness this officer had shown all Swedish prisoners during the Pomeranian war inclined the people to welcome him, and he reigned successfully as Charles John XIV., leaving the crown to his son Oscar, who married the granddaughter of the Empress Josephine.

The King is passionately fond of art, poetry, and music, and the talent displayed by his little grandson delights him. A frequent occurrence is the assembling of the family in the studio of the Crown-Princess, when the King, with one of her boys on his knee and the others near him—there are three lads now—will read aloud or recite some stirring verses, or he will accompany the Princess with his violin to her piano, the little Duke of Scania also performing quite creditably on an instrument presented to him—one of the few genuine Stradivari's extant. Not long ago a society in Stockholm offered a prize for the best poem, to be submitted anonymously. Hundreds were sent in, and after due deliberation, the choice was made; but fancy the surprise on all sides when the beautiful and classic verses were found to have been written by King Oscar! In this happy home life, well cared for, loved, tutored, and disciplined, the little great-grandson of Bernadotte bids fair to become a wise and gentle ruler for the people who love him dearly now.

**THE LITTLE ONES.**

A LITTLE boy was recently promoted to the head of his class by the teacher for his originality in spelling the word cat—q-u-a-t-e.

A little girl in school said dessert was 'what you eat when you've got all done eating,' and an older pupil spoke of a skeleton as 'a man that ain't got any meat on.'

'Engene,' said one little fellow to the other, 'you hit me hard with your whip, then I'll cry as loud as I can. Mamma will give me a cake to make me stop, and then I'll share the cake with you. Go on.'

It is computed that at present there are at least 18 millions of girls in India of a school-going age.

DEAR COUSIN KATE—I am wondering whatever has become of all the little cousins who were so fond of writing to the 'Children's Column'? Everyone of them seemed to give up writing at once. I think it will be followed. I know I have been very remiss in not having written before, and I hope cousin Kate will forgive me. I think the little letters from the cousins gave the children's column such an interest each week. It is so long since I wrote my little story about 'Duckie' that I think I had better not try to make you remember him. Now isn't that a funny way I have written the last line! but never mind. I will tell you about our pretty pussy we have now. She is such a lovely creature; we have called her 'Pretty,' and she knows her name so well. She is so gentle as well as pretty it is quite a pleasure to have her, and so full of nice ways as she is. I wish you could see her of a morning trotting backwards and forwards after us until the milk comes, and then of course she has her milk. After she has drunk her milk she starts to wash herself, of course finding the very sunniest place to do so, which is right in the way where everybody can speak to her. As the boys pass her they stop and say, 'Hullo, you 'Pretty,' and if they stop to stroke her she gives them two or three gentle pats, which is her way of telling them she likes to be noticed and spoken to. We have not got a doggie yet, but a friend has promised us one, and his name is to be 'Jack.' I do hope he agrees with 'Pretty,' or won't it be sad. Now, dear unknown cousins, I do not wish to be the only cousin to send letters to this column, for if there is anything I do not like it is to be lonely, and that would be being very lonely. I hope you will all begin and write again.—I am your loving cousin, IVY.

**A SURPRISE.**

STANLEY OBER stood at the window looking across the meadow at the small evergreens that skirted the wood beyond, and wishing it were Christmas time again—for the tree had been such a delight; but it was nearly Easter, and there would be Easter eggs and Easter cards, and a small party, when all the cousins would be there.

'Mamma!' he cried, suddenly.  
'Well?' asked mamma.  
Stanley went nearer, and talked earnestly for several minutes; then mamma's face wore a smile, and Stanley was beaming and mysterious.

The party came off on Easter Monday, and all the cousins were there. A merry time they had of it with all sorts of Easter games, and then came tea, with pretty sandwiches and cakes and ices and fruit, and then a door was opened into another room, where stood a tree hung with the most charming of Easter tokens. Dainty baskets of flowers, one for each guest, painted eggs suspended by gay ribbons, beautiful cards and home-made trifles, and at the top of the tree were sprays of lovely Easter lilies that looked so pure and white against their background of dark green.

The Easter tree was a great success, and the cousins voted Stanley's Easter party to be the most delightful they had ever known.

GEORGIE: 'Miss Jessie, do you want me to come over to your house?'

Miss Jessie: 'Yes; you can come over any time you wish to.'

Georgie: 'Yes; but please ask me to come, 'cause mamma said she'd whip me if I came over without your asking me.'



A LITTLE PRINCE OF SWEDEN.



**THE GENEROUS ADVERTISER.**

I HAVE read no end of papers, and I more than ever find That the modern advertiser is exceptionally kind; He will lend you half a fortune on a simple note of hand; And will treat you for a trifle to a plot of lovely land. He is willing to assist you in the most good-natured way To a supplemental income of, at least, a pound a day; And a house that cost him hundreds he will even sacrifice For the paltry sum of eighty to the very first that buys.

He will send you information for a single penny stamp Of the way to banish bunions, and the quickest cure for cramp; For a very meagre payment he will introduction give To the most enchanting hearse that was ever known to live; And for half its normal value, just to prove it's not a fraud, He will sell a splendid business which he leaves to go abroad; While the multifarious bargains in pianos, old and new, Are enough to make you fancy that there never lived a Jew.

With a kindness unexampled in this very grasping age, He will introduce a novice, for a premium, to the stage; And assuring you are married, but suspect your wife of wrong, With detectives, male and female, he'll supply you for a song; While for eightpence in postals you may have a chance to win In an easy competition quite a pocketful of 'tin'; If you only read the papers you will very quickly find That the modern advertiser is exceptionally kind.

**SERVED HER RIGHT.**

ATHLETE'S WIFE (fishing for a compliment): 'Which of the many prizes you have won, Fred, did you feel the most pride in winning?'  
 Fred: 'I don't know, Maria; but I should think, by the way I have remembered it, that the penknife I won in my first school race seemed to bring me the most glory.'  
 Wife (a little disappointed): 'Well, after that?'  
 Fred: 'After that, my first championship.'  
 Wife (desperate): 'How about when you won me, Fred?'  
 Fred: 'Oh, a fellow never thinks so much of a prize that is won in a "walk over."'

**THE TEST OF REAL SUFFERING.**

FIRST PATIENT (in the hospital): 'We was warming the dynamite on the fire and that was the last thing I knew until some one asked me if I could pick my arms out of the pile. It's tough to go through the world without arms. Second Patient: 'I left my legs about four miles from Squeedonk in a railroad wreck. I laid there four hours before the doctor came. Third Patient (feebly): 'Have either of you gentlemen ever had the grip?'



DISCERNING CHILD (who has heard some remarks by papa): 'Are you our new nurse?'  
 Nurse: 'Yes, dear.'  
 Child: 'Well, then, I am one of those boys who can only be managed by kindness; so you had better get some sponge cake and oranges at once.'

**MADE HIM UNDERSTAND.**

HE entered the barber shop, and glancing about, stepped up to the nearest vacant chair. Before seating himself he addressed the barber in the following words:  
 'My dear sir, before submitting myself to your professional care I desire to call your attention to a few facts of considerable interest. I am fully aware that I am a victim to the dandruff habit and that it is rapidly sapping my reason, but singularly enough, I have come here with the fixed determination not to buy a bottle of your celebrated Dandruff Destroyer, and it will therefore be useless to continue the subject.  
 'I realise that my hair is rapidly becoming thin. It has been falling out in handfuls for twenty-five years, and there's just as much there as there ever was. And yet I am foolishly prepared to reject any proposition looking to the purchase of a case of your far famed hair restorer.  
 'I know that my moustache is thin and faded, and yet nothing can overcome a superstitious prejudice I have against investing in a box of your widely-known moustache invigorator.  
 'I have long nursed a shoeful of corns but no living man can make me consent to destroy them by means of your singularly efficacious Eradicator.  
 'I have long needed a bath but I have decided to put it off until next summer.  
 'In fact, my sole object in visiting you this morning is to get a plain haircut, shave and shampoo at your lowest prices. Do you apprehend?'  
 But the barber was dead.



**HIS MARK.**

POLLING CLERK: 'You make a cross against the candidate you wish to vote for.'  
 Intelligent Voter: 'No, I don't. I was educated, I was, an' I can write my name with anyone of 'em.'

**THE REFINEMENT OF IRONY.**

MAGISTRATE: 'What is your name, prisoner?'  
 Prisoner: 'John De-jones.'  
 Magistrate: 'John D. Jones? H'm! What does the D stand for?'  
 Prisoner: 'I beg your worship's pardon. I would have you to know I am not one of the common Joneses. I come of very refined antecedents, and our family name is De-jones—spelled with a De and a hyphen.'  
 Magistrate: 'I see. Have you ever been here before?'  
 Prisoner: 'Yes, once. I was fined forty shillings through a mistake on the part of the police.'  
 Magistrate: 'Just so. Well, taking into account your antecedents, and seeing that you come of a refined family, you may now consider yourself re-fined—spelled with an re and a hyphen.'

**BREAKING IT GENTLY.**

FOREMAN OF QUARRY GANG: 'It's sad news Oi hev fur yez, Mrs McGabarraghty. Y' husband's new watch is broken. It wuz, a foine watch, an' it's smashed all to pieces.'  
 Mrs McGabarraghty: 'Dearie me! How did that happen?'  
 Foreman: 'A 10-ton rock fell on 'im.'

**WHAT'S TRUMPS?**

'WHAT are trumps in the game of life?' I asked of all in the busy strife.  
 'Hearts,' said the maiden, shy and sweet, With happy eyes and blushes fleet.  
 The society belle smiled scornfully:  
 'Hearts for you, but diamonds for me.'  
 'Clubs,' drawled the blasé man of the world, Drifting down stream with his sail's all furled.  
 The grave-digger laughed, as he plied his trade:  
 'Spades are the final trumps,' he said.



MRS OLDBROY: 'Oh, you needn't talk, John. You were bound to have me. You can't say that I ever ran after you.'  
 Oldboy: 'Very true, Maria, and the trap never runs after the mouse, but it gathers him in all the same.'

**TRY TO SMILE.**

WHEN you get a pretty girl on one side of the net and a good-looking young man on the other, tennis 'singles' are apt to be 'doubles' before you know where you are.  
 Country parson (to bereaved widow of a doctor): 'I cannot tell you how pained I was to hear that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but now we shall never meet again.'

The great problem of the age is how to make a sailing vessel go when there is no wind. We have seen sail-boats go beautifully without any wind. They were put up at auction, and went for a mere song.

THE INVINCIBLE HOWLING SUCCESSOR.  
 A man may stop a foaming horse tearing down the street, May stop an enemy's advance amid the battle's heat; In fact, stop almost anything in situations trying; But not a single man alive can sit a baby crying.

ANOTHER KIND.—She: 'Why, Charlie, what a pile of letters. Billets doux, I suppose.' He: 'Not at my time of life, my dear. Billets overdue.'

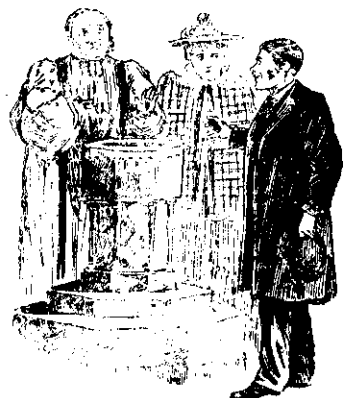
THROUGH WITHOUT CHANGE.—'Well, well,' sighed the wife as she finished exploring her sleeping husband's pockets without having discovered a cent, 'this is like one of those railway journeys, "going through without change."'

MRS FLAPJACK: 'You have been flirting with my daughter, and last night you even went so far as to kiss her. Now I want to know what are your intentions?' Boarder: 'My intentions are never to do so again.'

She: 'Darling, am I the first girl you ever kissed?' He: 'No, dearest, but you're the last one.' 'Oh, you don't know how happy it makes me to know that.'

**A GRATUITOUS LESSON.**

DR BLUFFINS: 'I am sure it is a great mystery to some of us, Professor, that a man of intellect can devote so much valuable time to a lot of horrid little insects.'  
 The Entomological Professor (blandly): 'Ah! perhaps it is; yet, if you care to know, the truth is that some of us find the study of the habits of insects infinitely more interesting than those of the "parasites" of society. There is one thing, moreover, that we always find, which is, that whenever we examine the "horrid little insects," as you describe them, they are always very busily engaged in minding their own business.'



**THE SHEER FORCE OF HABIT.**

CLERGYMAN: 'What name shall I give this child?'  
 Cabby (who is having his child christened): 'Oh, I'll leave that to you, sir.'