

pellid o be ashamed of my father and mother. Is that not to be ashamed of me? And the secret cannot be kept. You know it cannot be kept, and I don't want it to be kept. I want to go home."

Her voice faltered and the tears welled into her eyes. Prescott was a little impatient.

"I don't see why you should feel this way," he said, after a moment. "Why won't you help me a little? All you have to do is to remain passive and be admired. This may all be a crazy scheme of mine, but let it be so; at least, now that you have started in on it for me, keep it up. You have nothing to lose."

"Not even my self-respect?" she asked, looking up at him.

"Ab, well," he replied, "you must not look at the matter sentimentally. We are dealing with very unsentimental and worldly people. They are maneuvering all the time for far more ignoble gain than we. In my whole knowledge of society here I have found but one sentiment, extreme pride—pride in wealth and family name, and in nothing else. I have grown to detest the whole body of them, and it pleases me now to amuse myself with them. I have taken their breath away, dazzled them—and I have done it with—"

He stopped, and she took up his words:

"You have done it," she said, "with a girl from a Bowery saloon."

There was reproach in her tone. She was chilled by Prescott's manner. It indicated such utter indifference to the motions that were so violently oppressing her. She was the creature of his caprice, of a caprice unrelieved by sentiment or affection, and he thought of it and of her lightly and coldly. She had lent herself to the deceptive scheme at first impetuously and confusedly. Now, in her quieter moments the realisation of her mean position and of Prescott's slim but contemptuous attitude toward her struck like a knife to her heart. She was unhappy, feverish, abused, and wanted to go back to the wretched saloon.

Prescott saw the contraction of her brows and the yearning look in her eyes, but did not understand their meaning.

"Margaret, do take things more lightly," he broke out. "You are all right, I'm sure. My aunt wants you to remain with her now because she is fond of you. It is no longer any scheme so far as she is concerned. You are her protégée now, and no matter if society should find out your story they would have to take you if Aunt Louise insisted. Now, be happy. I've got my plans for you. You are going to be married some time to the very best catch in New York. Perhaps we may even get an English duke for you. Why, Margaret, there is no end to the triumph that you are to have."

Every muscle in the girl contracted, all her blood seemed to leap to her face at the last words of Prescott. He seemed to be branding them into her brain. The humiliation that had been weighing her down before, now fairly crushed her to the earth. It was with difficulty that she kept from fainting. She rose to her feet and hastily tied her heavy gray veil about her face to hide her emotion from Prescott, who noted her agitation, but did not guess its intensity. She stammered a few words of farewell and left the room, hurrying to her carriage and asking to be taken to Miss Prescott's. A tumult of emotions tortured her breast. Little hard, dry sobs broke from her throat, and she held her temples with her hands as she awayed to and fro.

"Ah, what a fool I've been," she moaned, "what a poor, miserable little fool. It's too hard, too hard. I was not to blame—a woman is not to blame for loving." She swiftly pressed her hand over her mouth to stifle the word. Then in a whisper: "I love him—I love him—and I am nothing to him, nothing but a puppet. Why did he not let me alone, in the old dark life? It was cruel, cruel."

Upon reaching the house Margaret went immediately to her room. She had resolved to see Miss Prescott at once, and tell that lady of her purpose to return to her downtown home. She put aside her wraps, and was bathing her eyes when her maid came in bearing a large bunch of white roses, which she placed on the dressing-table. Margaret sent the maid away, saying she would not need her at the moment. Presently she crossed to the dressing table and read the card attached to the roses, "Richard Curzon." She stood twisting the card listlessly in her fingers and contemplating the flowers. A strange light came into her eyes; the colour faded slowly from her face, and she turned and looked at herself in the glass. As she gazed at her reflection a change passed over her. Her lips became set, her nostrils dilated and she clenched her fists viciously. For a moment she stood thus, and then her features and her form relaxed. She broke a rose from the bunch on the table and fastened it at her throat. And then, looking back at her image, she smiled, and murmured softly: "I'll not go home—not yet."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ROSE, SHAMROCK AND THISTLE.

HERE'S to the Rose, the queenly Rose,
For a royal Rose is she;
And three times three for the noble hearts,
Of her sons, where'er they be.

We'll twine the Shamrock near her heart,
To show the world she is true;
With Scotia's Thistle upon her breast,
And her banners, Red, White and Blue.

The snow may beat on her castle walls,
And her cot upon the wold;
The sun look down on her Austral crown
Jewell'd and gemm'd in gold.

The waves may dash on her granite rocks,
That guard her from the foe;
Her sons may roam from the Mother home,
Yet bless her where'er they go.

Then we'll raise a cheer o'er worlds so wide,
True brothers in love are we,
Here's nine times nine and one beside
For our friends beyond the sea.

And yet one more for the dear old Rose,
And Thistle and Shamrock;
One for the Shamrock, dear little Shamrock,
And another, old friends, to you.

W. H. WILLS.



TODD-HAY CHAPMAN.

A GRAY, gloomy, and threatening morning merged into a gloriously fine afternoon on Thursday last.

The sun shone bravely from a blue sky of the true New Zealand depth and brightness, so that a certain couple united in marriage at St. Barnabas' Church, Auckland, had the happiest auguries for their future. The bride was Miss Eva Alice Hay-Chapman, daughter of the Rev. William Hay Chapman, rector of All Souls' Church, Langham Place, London, and the bridegroom Mr Thomas Niven Todd, son of Mr Thomas Todd, of London. The wedding, though quiet, was exceedingly pretty, and all the arrangements were of the most perfect description. St. Barnabas' Church was well filled with friends of the bride and groom. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr Johnston, and both bride and groom may be complimented on their apparent freedom from nervousness. As is not unusual, however, the bride's responses were more audible than those of the bridegroom. As the bridal party entered the church the organist played the inevitable 'Voice That Breathed O'er Eden.' During the ceremony the hymn, 'Lead us, Heavenly Father, Lead us,' was sung. This was a welcome change from the conventional wedding hymn, and the beautiful hymn was singularly appropriate to the occasion.

The bride wore a handsome heliotrope travelling dress made in the latest fashion, Empire sleeves of heliotrope velvet, and the 'bell' skirt trimmed with velvet rollettes, a most becoming hat to match with lovely ostrich feathers, and a large and most artistically-arranged 'shower' bouquet of white blossoms and ferns completed an elegant toilette. She was given away by her brother, Mr Frank Chapman.

The bridesmaids—Miss Mary Stewart, of Epsom, and Miss Elsie Douglas, of 'Balverne,' Mount Eden—were prettily gowned in becoming dove coloured costumes, relieved with Empire sashes of canary silk, and hats to match. Each wore a gold brooch with 1895 set in pearls, the gift of the bridegroom. The best man was Mr J. Phillips, of Auckland, who performed all the duties falling to his lot with great aplomb.

The guests were bidden to the wedding by Mr and Mrs Rowley Hay-Chapman, Mr Chapman being the bride's brother. And, however, Mr and Mrs Chapman are not residents in Auckland, they availed themselves of the kindness of Mr and Mrs J. Douglas, who most courteously placed their house, 'Balverne,' Mount Eden, at their friends' disposal, and to their hearty co-operation much of the success of the affair was due.

The reception following the ceremony was, indeed, of the most cheery and enjoyable character. Mr J. Phillips proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom in an amusing little speech. Another toast, honoured in bumpers of champagne cup, was that of Mr and Mrs Douglas. There was a sumptuous spread of dainty and tempting edibles of every description, and, *cyrene*, a fragrant occasional whiff from the verandah announced that the gentlemen were enjoying themselves in their own fashion. Mr and Mrs Todd are spending their honeymoon at Takapuna.

The bride's sister-in-law, Mrs Rowley Hay-Chapman, looked very *distingue* in an exceedingly handsome costume of electric blue, with piquante hat to match; and Mrs J. Douglas wore a stylish dress of green relieved with gold.

AMONGST those present were Mrs McLaughlin, slate silk with black lace; Mrs Walker, black silk; Mrs Fendall Currie, wine coloured dress, with *chapeau* to harmonise; Mrs Ernest Forbes was a study in grey; Mrs (Dr.) Lindsay looked very well in apricot-flowered silk and becoming bonnet; Miss Anderson, light electric blue with silver braid; the Misses Stewart (three) were in black; Miss Thomas, seal brown costume; Miss McLaughlin, check silk blouse, with navy blue skirt; Miss Kate Anderson, grey costume with velvet trimmings; Miss Pearce, very stylish navy blue costume trimmed with tartan; Miss Walker, grey; Miss Forbes, grey dress with white vest. Miss Linda Douglas in navy blue and crimson dress and hat.

HALLIDAY-JOLLY.

News has come from Naseby of a very interesting wedding which took place at St. George's Church, the contracting parties being Mr C. C. Halliday, of Balclutha, and Miss Mand Jolly, the eldest daughter of Mr D. A. Jolly, J.P., of Cromwell.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. S. Hawthorne. Although the wedding was performed at the early hour of eight a.m., a large crowd of people had assembled, and

punctual to the minute the bride arrived, attended by her brother, Mr William Jolly, and her bridesmaids, Miss Marion Brown, of Naseby, and Miss Amy Courtayne, of Auckland, the best man being Mr Hilton, of the Bank of New Zealand, Naseby. The service was choral.

The bride wore a beautiful dress of a soft white serge striped with silk, with a lovely wreath and veil, her only ornament—a gift of the bridegroom—being a beautiful diamond bangle. The bouquet was of white chrysanthemums and ferns. Miss Brown was dressed in white cambrie trimmed with heliotrope silk, and a pretty toque of marguerites; Miss Courtayne, dress of pale pink cashmere, Gainsborough hat with ostrich feathers.

SHOWERS of rice greeted the happy pair upon leaving the church. The wedding breakfast was held at Mr S. M. Dalgleish's residence, after which the newly-wedded couple left for Dunedin en route for Auckland and Australia. On leaving the house the path to the carriage was literally strewn with roses. The wedding presents were very lovely, and were sent from many places.

ENGAGEMENTS.

THE latest engagement is that of Miss Elsie Rhodes, Elmwood (Christchurch), to Captain Hunter-Blair, brother of Lady Glasgow. We heartily congratulate the young couple.

SMART RECEPTION AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WELLINGTON.

THERE was a grand reception at Government House on Saturday night (9 till 11 o'clock) in honour of his Excellency Admiral Bowen Smith. A number of officers from H.M.S. Orlando were present. Altogether it was a brilliant assemblage. The decorations were extremely elaborate, a large amount of greenery being interspersed with fairy lamps, and all the gas globes shaded with pink. The conservatory was lit with Chinese lanterns. King's band was stationed in the drawing room, and light refreshments were served in the dining room. The Earl and Countess received together, and then introduced the guests to the Admiral who stood with them. All the officers, etc., were in full dress, the very handsome uniforms having a pretty effect.

Lady Glasgow wore a magnificent pale green satin, brocaded with a large pattern of dark green and trimmed with green cord and lovely lace, trained, a wreath of pink flowers in her hair, diamond ornaments. The Ladies Augusta and Alice Boyle were dressed in pale pink; Lady Dorothy, white muslin; Miss Hallows, white brocade; Miss Wauchop, pretty white silk with turquoise velvet belt and Watteau train; Miss Holroyde, yellow silk. In attendance were Col. Boyle, Capt. Hunter-Blair, and Capt. Clayton.

Of the guests Lady Campbell wore a lovely pale green brocade trimmed with old gold silk and embroidery; Mrs Fitzgerald, black moiré; Mrs Richmond, black brocade; Mrs Hart, black; Mrs Pharaon, handsome moiré; Mrs Newman, sage green moiré long train; Mrs Castendyke, black with mauve sleeves; Mrs Fancourt, black; Mrs Van Staveren, handsome black silk trimmed with jet; Mrs C. Johnston, black velvet; Mrs Patterson, brown moiré; Mrs Spratt, black and mauve; Mrs Rhodes, black velvet, ruby and diamond ornaments; Mrs Levin, lovely crushed strawberry shot satin, brocaded with large white flowers; Mrs Beetham, handsome heliotrope figured silk, trimmed with dark velvet edged with bronze beads; Mrs Williams, black velvet; Mrs Maxwell, green brocade; Mrs Barclay, black and grey brocade; Mrs Moorhouse, black; Mrs Pharaon, black; Mrs Wilson, black; Mrs Adams, black; Mrs Atkinson, white and yellow silk; Mrs Stowe, black; Mrs Parritt, black; Mrs Wardrop, crushed strawberry silk trimmed with jet; Mrs Gore, black brocade; Mrs Adams, black brocade; Mrs Reid, sage green trimmed with yellow crepe; Mrs Traversa, black and white; Mrs Brown, ruby plush trimmed with pink; Mrs Harding, black; Mrs Edwin, brown satin trimmed with lace; Mrs Brandon, white and mauve silk; Mrs Barron, black and white; Mrs Field, ruby velvet; Mrs Biss, white and yellow; Mrs Fitzherbert, Mrs Gillon, Mrs Willis, etc. Miss Haddfield, white and yellow; Mrs sister, pink and green; Miss Richmond, brown velvet; Miss Dunthie, black and blue; Miss Douglas, white; Miss Duncan, grey satin with pink roses; Miss Johnston, brocade trimmed with steel; Misses (Walter) Johnston (three), white silks; Miss Izard, white; Miss Stowe, cream; Miss Tolhurst, pink silk; Miss Grace, pink and green; her sister, white and yellow sleeves; Misses Williams, lovely white 1830 style of frock; Miss Harding, blue and black; Miss Gore, pink moiré; her sister, cream silk; Mrs Brown, cream with brown velvet sleeves; Miss Barron, white; Miss Patterson, white; the Misses Hart, Blair, Barclay, Brandon, Willis, Gillon, Duncan, Graham, Fancourt, Chaylor, Wilson; Sir P. Buckley, Colonel Fox, Colonel Newall, Hon. W. P. Reeves, General Schayer, Sir K. Douglas, Hon. Van Hart, Hon. R. Pharaon, Dr. Newman, Dr. Grace, Hon. Van Staveren, Hon. T. Spratt, Mrs Patterson, Dr. Gillon, Captain Johnston, Baker, Longman, Traversa, Duncah, Brandon, Chapman, Tolhurst, Reid, Moorhouse, Parritt, Pearce, Keblett, Stowe, Wilson, Barron, Gore, Gardiner, Irton, Richmond, Woolridge, Turnbull, Leckie, Haddfield, Field, Biss, Brown, Brook, Smith, Symon, Hodgson, Young, Cooper, Izard.

OPHELIA.

DRESSMAKING ROOMS, WELLINGTON

MRS WINFRED MALE,

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

Having secured rooms in the **ATHEANEUM BUILDINGS, LAKEBOURNE QUAY**, is now prepared to execute orders in the **LATEST FASHION** and to receive the patronage of her former customers and the general public. **DRESSMAKING CLASSES** have also been started. Ladies can join at any time.