

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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NAPIER BOWLING CLUB.

THE present number of the GRAPHIC contains a photographic group of the Napier Bowling Club taken during an interval in the play on a recent occasion. The club now possesses one of the best and most commodious greens in the colony, there being in reality two greens, the largest of which is 120 by 110 feet, and the smaller one adjoining it 110 by 50 feet. Previous to the Wellington tournament of 1890, the Napier bowling green consisted of only three rinks, and the green itself was situated at a most inconvenient distance from the business portion of the city. After returning from that gathering, however, the Napier bowlers were convinced of the necessity of obtaining a larger ground, and arrangements were made with the Borough Council for the purchase of a piece of ground in a central position, which has since been converted into an admirable bowling green, surrounded on all sides by hop plants, creepers, and flowers of all descriptions. Although the green is only about four years old, the Northern Bowling Association tournament was held in Napier at Easter, 1892, and was a most pronounced success. The Napier Club was then in a position to place eleven rinks at the disposal of the Association for the tournament, which was attended by bowlers from Auckland, Wellington, Wanganui, Gisborne, New Plymouth, and Palmerston. At the present time the Club numbers over one hundred members.

MADAME STERLING'S NEW ZEALAND TOUR.

THE news that Madame Antoinette Sterling is coming to New Zealand will delight all lovers of music in this colony. The famous cantatrice will be assisted by Miss Isabella Webster, a soprano well-known as an interpreter of ballad and operatic music; Mr James Wood, who gained great success when he appeared recently at the concerts given under the direction of Mr Turner in the Jubilee Exhibition Building, and the favourite basso, Mr H. R. Holder. With commendable foresight the management have secured the services of Miss May Haggood as solo pianiste and accompanist, and it goes without saying that no more popular selection could have been made. Mr T. P. Hudson will take the general direction of the party during the tour, and that well-known representative, Mr L. J. Lohr, will assume the duties of business manager. With such a combination success will certainly be deserved and should accordingly follow.

MADAME STERLING was born in 1850 at Sterlingville, in the State of New York, U.S.A., and is descended from one of those families who left England in the historic Mayflower. Early in life she displayed the possession of a voice of remarkably fine quality, with an exceptional range. To this was added the natural musical feeling which led to her attaining the exalted position which she now occupies. She

went to England in 1873, and shortly afterwards proceeded to the Continent for the purpose of studying under the leading masters of the vocal art, amongst whom may be mentioned Madame Marchesi, Madame Viardot, and Signor Garcia. Her voice is acknowledged to be a pure contralto, remarkably flexible, sympathetic in character, and with an ample compass. While having gained the warmest encomiums from the most competent critics for her rendering of operatic and oratorio music, her special style is perhaps more suited to music of the ballad order, into which she infuses such spirit and feeling as to fairly entrance her audiences. Amongst her most successful songs may be noted 'The Better Land' and 'The Lost Chord,' the latter having been specially written for her by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Already the music-loving portion of the community is anxiously awaiting the opportunity of hearing the world-famed artiste, and the success of her season here is considered as thoroughly assured.

Mr Lohr, who will have been absent from New Zealand only a few months, will doubtless also receive a warm welcome. Madame Stirling may count herself an exceedingly lucky person in having retained the services of so able and popular an agent. Mr Lohr never brings anything but the best, and is possessed of a personal charm of manner that secures him the hearty co-operation of all those with whom his profession brings him in contact.



Hawley & Co.,

A GROUP OF BOWLERS, NAPIER.

photo., Napier

FIRST ROW.—R. D. SWEETAPPLE, G. P. MORLEY, H. SWAN, A. STUBBS, W. J. TARUTEAU. SECOND ROW.—J. BEATSON, J. L. LAROK, W. HODGSON, J. G. GILBEHD, W. C. YATES, E. KYANA.
THIRD ROW.—J. G. SWAN, E. HULL, G. FAULKNER, J. DINWIDDIE, M. APLIN, W. SMITH, H. OWEN, T. W. BALFOUR, J. HEHON, D. L. LAIRD, H. C. A. WINDHAM. FOURTH ROW.—H. BULL, T. HUMPHRIES, T. WATERWORTH, T. MORRISON, H. S. KUDDOCK, F. DINWIDDIE, J. B. FIELDER, L. LESSON, J. CERAK, J. HOLT, E. REYANS.
FIFTH ROW.—G. H. EDWARDS, A. V. LUCKIE, W. MILLER, DR. HITCHINGS.

Topics of the Week.

SOCIETY'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A BIG find has been made at Doom Creek in the Wakamata Valley, Marlborough, where the great rush was years ago, Flannigan and party having obtained 260 ounces of coarse gold. The creek is about the size of Cullensville, is densely bushed, and ten miles long, and, the party report, rich beyond measure like its parental valley, Wakamata. The drawbacks are many and serious in face of the coming winter, there being no tracks whatever, no pastoral country near, and provisions will have to be packed, therefore they will be very dear, and only obtainable for cash. Not a poor man's elysium by any means!

A WALKING party of ladies went out to Waikaw Pah, Picton. They camped for lunch on the Picton side of the river, and afterwards crossed the stepping stones and went through the Pah. Mrs Love, a late arrival from Wellington, received the ladies graciously, and showed them over her handsome new house, which was beautifully furnished, and contained a splendid new piano in bird's-eye maple, which one of the young ladies was asked to try. The house, which contains nine rooms exclusive of kitchen, etc., stands high upon a spur overlooking the bay, with a fine view of Big and Little Islands and a large part of the Sound. Mrs Love said there was no illness now at the Pah. Two Maoris suffering from influenza had been persuaded to go into the Picton Hospital, and were recovering. Mrs Love's European training and influence as a chief-tainess will, it is hoped, work wonders for the Maoris at Waikawa. The party had a look at the schoolmaster's (Mr McDonald) garden, where the borders were purple with violets and arum lilies and primroses in full bloom, and where the young ideas of Maoridom are also taught to shoot.

The skies have not smiled on the winter meetings of the Auckland Racing Club. Last Saturday a small blizzard did its best to freeze the ardour of the votaries of the turf. But the attractions of races are too potent in the colonies or anyone to mind even when the course is like a sludge channel in a moist golf field. Of course the important totalisator must be comfortably reached, and as it was surrounded by a sea of mud a pathway of boards was arranged from the grandstand to it. Still, when the planks were crowded, the eager gamblers waded through the mud, regardless of the dirty appearance they speedily presented.

QUITE a festive week has been celebrated, socially, in Onehunga. To begin with Mr and Mrs Browne gave a large dance on Monday evening, at their house, 'Belle Vue,' Norman's Hill, to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of their eldest son, Mr Ernest Browne. Everything was done to make the evening enjoyable. Those who did not care to dance found amusement in the card-room. Great pains had been taken with the ballroom floor, and it quite repaid them for their trouble. The garden looked like fairyland—Chinese lanterns of various colours hanging from the trees, etc. The supper was tastefully arranged in an adjoining room, and proved satisfactory in every way. Dancing was kept up with spirit till nearly two o'clock on Tuesday morning. The same host and hostess showed their hospitality to the juveniles in a dance for them on the following Wednesday, at which they all seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

GREAT was the fun at Mrs Thornton's, Nelson, when quite a number assembled to play 'Progressive Euchre.' The fun was fast and furious, and so exciting that play was continued until 11.30, when an adjournment was made for supper, which was of the most *recherche* description. The first prizes were won by Miss Broad, and Mr Cooke, and the booty prizes by Miss Meddings and Mr Woodward.

THE Petone (Wellington) Club Ball, the first ever given, was a great success, and was largely attended. The decorations were very pretty, and were chiefly carried out by the ladies. A few of the many guests were Mr and Mrs Clement Kirk, Dr. and Mrs Whitehead, Dr. and Mrs Parry, Mr and Mrs Wilford, Miss Wilford, Mr and Mrs Jackson (junior), Miss Hilda Jackson, Mr and Mrs Beatty, Mr and Mrs Dawes, Mr and Mrs Seaton, the Misses Robinson, Wilke, Irwin, Johnson, King, Mr and Mrs Lodder, Messrs Hickson, Hector, Jackson, etc.

The Maggie Moore Company are still drawing good houses at the Opera House, Wellington. Miss Moore, of course, takes the leading parts, and sings and acts beautifully. In fact, everyone who has seen her is charmed. One night Lord and Lady Glasgow, accompanied by the Misses Wauchops, Hallows, and Holroyd, Colonel Boyle, and Captain Clayton, were present, and were very much amused. They saw her in '49,' in which she is particularly good, the rest of the company supporting her splendidly. Lady Glasgow wore a handsome cream silk gown trimmed with lace, and Miss Hallows, Miss Wauchops, and Miss Holroyd all wore black, the last-mentioned wearing a red ribbon in her hair and a red opera cloak.

THE members of St. Peter's Choir, Wellington, met in the vestry a few evenings ago for the purpose of wishing good-bye to two of their members—Mr and Mrs Binns, who have for many years been connected with the church, and who are about to take up their residence in Christchurch. The Rev. Mr Waters, in bidding them 'good-bye,' asked them to accept a gift from the choir in the shape of a silver salver, handsomely engraved. Mr Binns was unavoidably absent, and Mrs Binns asked Mr R. P. Johnston to reply for her thanking the donors.

THE full cast for Messrs Jones and Bridge's new opera, 'The Monarch of Utopia,' has been made up as follows, and will take place in Wellington in August next:—The King, Mr W. D. Lyon; Bombastes, Mr A. E. Mabin; Fustus, Mr W. Ross; Duke of Cumberland, Mr J. Wilson; Lord Uaquebaugh, Mr W. Rumsey; Lady Yonnie, Mrs Carte; Lady Vinolia, Miss Ross; Lady Fleur de Lingo, Miss Cartice; Distaffins, Mrs Miller. The cast is an excellent one, and Wellingtonians may look forward to something very good.

THE Wellington sixpenny popular concert was again largely patronized, the performers being Mrs Miller, Mrs E. Queree, Miss Trehair-Osborne, and Messrs Cadzow, Wright, Glyn and Jenkins, with Mr S. Cemino as conductor. The shilling popular concert took place the following night, and was also full. Those taking part were the Misses Johnson, Dugdale, and Medley, and Messrs R. Parker, R. B. Williams, Prouse, Spackman, Hammetton, Maitland (late of Auckland), and Master Widdop.

IN Dunedin the Misses Stephenson gave a large afternoon tea to all Miss Tottie's friends, so as to give them an opportunity of saying good-bye to her. There were fully sixty girls present. During the afternoon several musical items were rendered. Miss Burns played one or two exquisite little pieces, as also did Miss Gwen Roberts. Songs were also given by Mrs H. S. Valentine, Miss Amy Roberts, Miss Tottie Stephenson, Miss Lulu Roberts, Miss Ziele, and Miss Lily Roberts. A recitation was capitally given by Miss Hawkins, of Wellington. The many and handsome wedding presents of Miss Tottie's were all in the drawing room, so that each had an opportunity of seeing them.

A LARGE and most enjoyable ball was given by Mr and Mrs A. W. Morris at their residence, Marinoto, Dunedin. Nearly two hundred guests were present. Mrs George Morris, from Napier, was there, and wore her wedding dress—a handsome white bengaline with zouave jacket, the front being white chiffon. Mrs Sargood, another bride, was also present. She also wore her wedding dress—a very handsome white brocade.

THE 'Okita Club,' Dunedin, gave one of their pleasant little dances in St. Paul's Schoolroom, which was charmingly decorated for the occasion. The supper table was prettily arranged with coloured silks and lit with coloured candles. All the arrangements were most satisfactory, and reflected great credit upon Mr A. Bagley and Mr Emerson, who were the chief promoters.

A PLEASING novelty, in the shape of a lady commercial traveller, has been touring New Zealand, and has taken up her residence in Auckland for six weeks or so. Mrs Sawkins is not at all the style of woman whom one would, at first sight, imagine a pioneer lady commercial to be. She has an attractive appearance, is tall and slender, her features are good, her eyes clear and intelligent, and

her complexion and golden hair all that could be desired by the most ardent beauty-worshipper. Mrs Sawkins became weary of an ordinary young lady's life in England, and entered the warehouse of a manufacturing chemist. Here she succeeded so well, acquiring an intimate knowledge of job lines and business matters, that she was entrusted with short trips, taking samples round to various firms. The sphere of her operations was speedily enlarged as her quiet determination, and ladylike, but business manner, gained many orders. Presently Mrs Sawkins made a tour through the States, Canada, etc., receiving 25 per cent. commission and all her travelling expenses. During a visit to Australia she met her fate in the shape of Mr Sawkins, then on the staff of the *Sydney Bulletin*.

MR MAUGHAN BARNETT gave his first concert in Napier, which was a tremendous success. Mr Barnett fairly took the house by storm; he is a splendid musician. He was assisted by Miss Iell, who hails from Christchurch. She sings most exquisitely and quite won all hearts. Mr Hill, too, who gave his services in an exceptionally good violinist, and soon established himself a prime favourite. There was a very fashionable audience, including several Hastings people, amongst whom were Mrs J. N. Williams and Miss Williams. There were also present the Dean and Mrs Howell, Mrs Ormond, Meadames Kettle, Baker, McLean, J. W. Carille, Balfour, Fraser, Misses Rhodes, Cotterill, Logan, Rees, Hitchings, etc., etc.

HUNTING is still all the rage in Hastings. The weather was about as bad as it could well be last week, and yet about thirty gentlemen put in an appearance and a number of ladies. The drag was laid from the Raukawa bush to Te Tahiki, the residence of Mr Maurice Mason. There were twenty-three jumps in all over a stiffish country. When the hunt was over the party was most hospitably entertained by Mr and Mrs Mason. The Master rode Wi Parata, and the whips, Messrs Jackson and Hassal, rode Royston and Explorer. Mrs Joe Rhodes was greatly admired for her fearless riding. She rode Arkwright, and kept to the fore from start to finish, her horse fencing in the most masterly style. Miss Miller, as usual, looked very charming on Desmond; Miss Groome rode as only she can, on Moe. There were also present Messrs Stewart Bridge, N. Williams, Hugh Campbell, A. Giblin, H. Carlyon, Burney, Johnstone, Hill, Hastie, M. Campbell, L. Skerman, G. Groome, Marshall, N. Mason, and M. E. Groome. These gentlemen were all well to the front.

AFTER their marriage and on their return to London, Mr Sawkins—who is well known as a Napier pressman—published three novels, 'Jack's Folly,' 'An Eye for an Eye,' and 'A Midnight Dream.' They were all successful—the first being exceedingly popular. Mr Sawkins is now writing a book on this colony. His *non de plume* is P. B. Clay. The family ménage at present consists of the clever husband and wife, a bright little son, five years old, a lady assistant, and Mrs Sawkin's maid. The women of New Zealand will be enabled to make themselves beautiful for ever, and things of joy to all who see them, if they only use some of the creams, perfumery, and toilet requisites which Mrs Sawkins is leaving at every large chemist and draper throughout the colony.

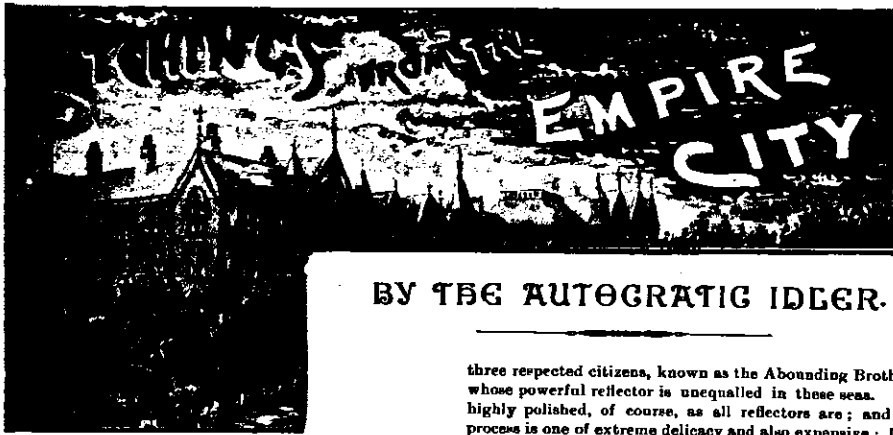
THE Rowing Club ball at Blenheim was unanimously voted an unequalled success. The Drill Shed was most tastefully and effectively decorated with racing boats, oars, and other aquatic impediments, and quantities of lycopodium, ferns, cabbage trees, etc. The floor and music (Mr Vannini's band) were capital, and the supper was excellent, in fact, the abundance and quality of the menu reflected the greatest credit upon Mr Shirley Hodson and the ladies on the Supper Committee, who had arranged the table with great taste. Messrs Shaw and Watson were a very effective secretary and M.C. respectively.

SAVING a somewhat surprising tendency to too much speechifying, the journalists of Auckland had a very pleasant social evening on Saturday, when a farewell supper was tendered to Mr Nolan, of the *Herald*, on his departure for Wellington. The Premier attended, sang a song, and said all manner of pleasant things of the Press. Almost all the members and M.L.C.'s resident in the Auckland district contrived to be present, and politicians and pressmen cordially enjoyed meeting each other unprofessionally.



District Land and Survey Office,
Auckland, June 7, 1893.

IT is hereby notified that the undermentioned SECTIONS, advertised to be open for Selection on and after the 5th July prox., have been WITHDRAWN: Section 79, Parish Te Kapa, and Section 675a, Whangamamao Parish.
GERHARD MUELLER,
Commissioner Crown Lands.



BY THE AUTOGRATIC IDLER.

The Minister and the Miner.

Mr Seddon, the Premier of this country, is not invariably to be reckoned on as accessible. If he was told that a lord was waiting to see him, he might say 'let the lord come in,' or he might say 'let the lord wait'—it all depended, not so much on who the lord in waiting was, as on the temper in which his lordship the Premier happened to be at the moment. If there be one man more than another, however, whom Richard John is always glad to see, it is some shaggy, labour-begrimed, and leaden-hued miner whose aspect tells, plainly enough, of hard work, for heaven knows how many long years, down below, or if not very much down below, at all events in a tunnel ever so many hundred yards in. At Westport the other day, Mr Seddon was informed that such an unkempt, uncouth, and perhaps not altogether sophisticated, ancient digger, wished to see him. 'Very well,' said the Minister, 'show him in.' And in strode the unvarnished son of the soil, carrying in his hand a rusty wire on which were strung countless bits of paper, coloured and stained with the smoke and dust that had pervaded the miner's hut decades ago. 'Hallo, Jim,' said the Minister, 'thought you were dead. How are you; what can I do for you?' The Miner: 'What, dead? No fear. Been in the gully all the time. Hard at work all the time; working for the Government. And now I want a job.' The Minister: 'A job, eh? What sort of a job? What's that string there, that you've got in your hand?' The Miner: 'You ought to know those things pretty well. Miners' Rights! Miners' Rights at twenty shillings and ten shillings each, and all for the Government! Oh the Government has had a tremendous lot out of me. This has been goin' on since 1865.' The Minister: 'Miners' rights, eh? There's a rare lot of them. But one can hardly establish a claim for Government employment on those sort of papers. Can't you do better than that?' The Miner: 'I was afraid you wouldn't think so much of these Rights as I do. I've got something better.' (Here Jim pulled out from his pocket a bag stuffed full of old papers.) 'Will that convince you that the Government has had a lot of my money?' The Minister: 'What; more Rights still? Are these Miners' Rights also?' The Miner: 'Not at all. Receipts for dams; for head races; receipts for tail races, water rights, hearings, rehearings—all good money paid into the Warden's Court since 1865—oh, the Government has had a whole heap of my money. All the gold that I've got for thirty years has gone to the Government—and now I want the Government to do something for me.' The Minister: 'Well, but Jim, the lot of it is rather a stretch—a pardonable little exaggeration. The Government didn't get all the gold you got?' The Miner: 'Didn't they? I thought you would say that. No they didn't—not exactly all.' (Here Jim put his hand into his breast pocket, and drew from thence a photograph of the Mine's Jim family—about a dozen children.) 'There,' says Jim, handing the photograph to Mr Seddon—'that's where the balance went!' The Premier (after looking at the photograph): 'Jim, say no more. That's enough. I can sympathise with you now.' (To his Secretary): 'Hamer, put Mr James Robertson's name down on the list!'

The Wellington Observatory.

The only planet at present favourably situated for observation is Saturn, whose widening rings may now be viewed all night long, by those fortunate enough to possess a good telescope. As my own glass was appropriated last September by the bailiff (whose respect for bad law is greater than his admiration for good science) and sold, under the strictest judicial procedure, to pay a debt which I did not owe, I asked a Wellington servant how I could get admission into the Wellington Observatory? He said the Professor came there regularly, and was to be seen every day, from 8.30 a.m., till 4 p.m. This celebrated Observatory, I may mention, has been brought to its present pitch of perfection by

three respected citizens, known as the Abounding Brothers, whose powerful reflector is unequalled in these seas. It is highly polished, of course, as all reflectors are; and the process is one of extreme delicacy and also expensive: Lord Rose spent £20,000 in the mere polishing of the Parsonstown glass. I may say at once that there is nothing in the whole scope of Creation which is too big, or too little, for the sweep of this reflector. The Professor, who directs the movements of this instrument, and who, in fact, has the control of it, is just such a man as one would expect to find in charge of it. But there are some things which he quite fails to understand, and when he finds this to be so, he says so plainly, and proceeds to take it for granted that nobody else can, or anyhow, ought to understand these things. One of the things he can't understand is, why the burly Jupiter wears the belt. He believes that this belt should be worn by Mr Rolleston or Captain Russell. It is quite needless to say that such an indefatigable observer has made many discoveries—so many indeed, that hardly anybody has discovered anything, but him, of late; and if it should happen that any professor or other individual should say he had just discovered something that was not known before, the Wellington Observatory professor would, the very next day, show, conclusively, that the alleged discovery was, in point of fact, no discovery at all, but that the fact, or circumstance, or object, so said to be discovered was known to the Ancients, and especially to the Chinese, and had been expressly mentioned by that great observer, Ma-tuan-in, or Bryan O'Lynn, 613 years before our era. The boldness with which our friend, who observes from 8.30 a.m. till 4 p.m., enunciates truths is only equalled by the readiness with which he totally ignores what he himself said, last week, when he surveys a thing from another, and a newer, point of view; thus again proving what all men are now beginning to see quite clearly—namely, that truth is progressive, and that a thing may be quite true to-day yet not quite true to-morrow, or a year hence. A very celebrated paper by the Wellington Professor on 'How to find Easter,' will, it is expected, be completely overshadowed by a later one, soon to be given to the Philosophical Society by the same author, entitled 'How to find Yesterday.' But it is on nebulous and meteoric discoveries that the undying fame of this astronomer will most safely and surely depend. He has solved or resolved many nebulous masses into galaxies of stars, all under the complete reign of Law; and has demonstrated that some of them are blue, some yellow, and a good many of them of the right colour. From the position of the observatory, there has latterly been noticed in the direction of the Government Buildings at Thorndon, some very strange appearances in the surrounding region, resembling, some of them, in shape, the sticks of rockets, and altogether such insignificant meteoric casuals that they quite escaped observation, or were thought too insignificant for notice. Not so thought our professor. He adjusted his glass, so as to take in the whole region referred to—a region, as he remarked, up to a recent period altogether occupied by certain fixed stars—and he saw a mighty number of these stray and straggling objects where before all was order and serenity. Such an intrusion on the eternal fixity of things was protested against in two or three papers, by our distinguished philosopher. He showed conclusively (1) Why the 'casuals' were there; (2) what they were doing there; and (3) how much better it would be if they were somewhere else. And he pointed out a remarkable peculiarity in these foreign bodies, to wit that while they were of all colours they were, at the same time, of one colour, namely, the 'right colour,' which was the most wrong thing about them. This is all I can tell you about this observatory at present—not being able to see Saturn's rings at the hours mentioned. Eight thirty a.m. isn't a good time for anybody except a professor, like our friend, to begin his survey of creation.

Policeman X on the Fair Secks.

Inspector Fender has amongst his gallant force a poetic policeman in receipt of 7s 6d per diem; who, notwithstanding his small earnings, has a considerable desire to be surrounded with such a family as the Westport miner afore-

said. The Inspector handed me the latest production of this poetic youth, and here it is:—

Oh ye Mewses, fair; and Graces
Three - and all so good and frail -
Hely me, with yer smiling faces,
While I tell my simple tale.

Mither Homer ye were kind to:
Also Hyram and Tom Moore,
If a peeler has a mind to
Court you, ye won't slane the door!

Hard to say bedad! For Mewses
Are but wimmen after all:
And they do just as they chooses
With Kings David or Saints Paul.

Let alone an ill-paid Bobby
With 'HN' upon his coat:
Which it is his constant hobby
On the fair sects still to dost.

Eve, they say, brought ruination
With an apple, on the world,
At the time of the Creation,
And from Paradise got hurled,

But methinks it was the cherry -
Cherry lips - of pouting Eve
Was the real tempting berry
That made Adam sin and grieve.

There is a good deal more of the same sort of thing. Anybody who wants more can have more. I prefer to present the effusion as a fragment. Tennyson's 'Break, break, break' is a fragment.

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE.

LIEUTENANT ANDREWS, whose photograph we reproduce, and whose marriage we chronicled last week, is the first colonial who won by competition one of the Commissions in the Queen's Service offered to colonial volunteer officers. He was originally a private, then Lieutenant in 1st Battalion Christchurch rifles (Syden-



A. Gadd, photo, Christchurch. LIEUTENANT ANDREWS. (1st. Lancers, Hyderabad Contingent.)

ham Company), Richard Linn, captain. Six years ago he won his commission and went to India a clever boy. He returned to Christchurch recently on leave, a smart well-set up officer with an excellent record. We look on him as a credit to the colony in general, and to the city of the plains in particular.

THE death, at the early age of forty-six, of Mr Claude Hearn, caused great sorrow in Wellington. Mr Hearn was so well and favorably known as the editor of the *Evening Press* that it is hardly necessary to say much about anything but his illness—bronchitis, which attacked him some three weeks ago, and Mr Hearn unfortunately took a walk sooner than he should have and caught a fresh cold. This resulted in a relapse, which terminated fatally the following day. He leaves a wife and family of two young children to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and father.

WELLINGTON has lost for some time M. and Madame Lestolat de Bechoué and family, who have left for a trip to Sydney for about six months.

MR AND MRS ARTHUR RHODES, of Christchurch, have taken their residence in Hawkestone-street, Wellington, for the session.

Famous & Beauties & of & the & World.

It is not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.

THERE are two things beautiful in life: women and roses,' says the tenderly flattering Persian, who beate her, tyrannizes over her, enslaves her, but wreathes her with flowers, sings to her, enshrines her, guards her, and worships at her feet. 'Shirin! Shirintar! and Shirintarin!' he cries in the ecstasy of his delight—Sweet! sweeter! sweetest! Only the velvet, perfumed richness of the rose suggests the subtle intoxication of her loveliness. The Oriental is franker and more imaginative, but all the world adores with him; and at whatever degree of latitude or longitude beauty condescends to exist, there is an altar set up, and there worshippers abound.

What it is—of what it consists—the ages, the poets and painters, and the concourse of all the nations have not been able to accurately determine or define. In the eye of the beholder? But by what laws that eye, without previous training, instinctively differentiates at a glance is not thereby explained. All peoples agree that beauty lies in health and proper vigorous proportion, to speak roughly: and yet women as fragile as thistle-down, and consumed with a wasting disease, have at times a beauty more potent than that of the rosiest young maiden. Helen, the daughter of the gods, was most divinely tall and fair, and Cleopatra was 'little and black,' it is said, and kingdoms were thrown away for both of them. There is one thing very certain: the amount of feminine beauty in the world has increased enormously since the days of Helen and the Serpent of Old Nile. Men do not leave their homes and fight ten years for even the most radiant beauty to day; nor do the great conquerors think the world well lost for any modern smile. In the days of Helen, and even of Cleopatra, beauty was very probably far more rare than now. Women in all but the wealthiest classes were illy protected from the discomforts that destroy beauty and harden and coarsen feminine loveliness. They did heavy manual labour, were poorly fed or protected from wind and weather, and like the peasants of many of the Latin nations to-day, while they may have had a certain *beauté du diable* in the first flush of youth, the radiance quickly died and left them ugly servants and beasts of burden. Therefore, when a woman arose who possessed the true beauty that age can not wither nor custom stale, men went mad after her, fought to possess her, and possessing her thought the world but a bubble in comparison. Selection of this sort was, of course, constantly at work improving the type, and the survival of the fittest, age by age, lifted up the general plane of beauty. As civilization grew, women no longer trudged with heavy burdens through rain and blinding heat after nomad husbands, and their feet grew delicate and lightly arched. The richer wives resigned the coarser labours to their servants, and used their fingers only to spin delicate threads, to make rich needlework, to

knit, to thrum the strings of mandoline and lute, to curl the silken tresses of their infants, and smooth the brows and bind the wounds of their lovers and warriors. The palms grew, like Desdemona's, moist and tender; the nails, no longer broken with coarse labour, gleamed like the delicate, transparent sacre of a shell. The skin, protected from sun and wind, grew fair and clear as rose leaves, the lips ruddy and soft. Their hair, carefully washed and tended, wound itself into vine-like curls, and took the smooth gleam of silk. Sufficient food gave rounded con-



THE PEARL OF SEVILLE.
(Carmenita.)

tours; long hours of soft slumber sprinkled the dew in the violets of their eyes, and the movements of dance and gay motion made their limbs slender and supple, and at last the modern beauty was evolved. Heine says that the sculpture and the women of Italy had a double reflective influence upon each other. The sculptor, living amid the statueque women, modelled divine ideals, and the women unconsciously absorbed impressions of beauty from the statues that reproduced themselves in their offspring.

Some vague consciousness of this process has taught the modern man to adorn his home with all the triumphs of art.

The Princess of Wales is one of nature's queens who seem born with regal grace and dignity of disposition as well as of appearance. Even while she was the young Danish Princess Alexandra, her beauty was famous throughout Europe, and when the Prince of Wales came to look among the marriageable princesses of Europe for a wife, he quickly fell in love with Denmark's favourite beauty. She was nineteen years of age at the time of the wedding in Windsor Castle, and had been only three days in England; but the whole of the English nation fell in love with her, and her position as the prospective queen of England is one which is gladly conceded by her future subjects. Her silver wedding was celebrated last year, but she is still one of the most lovely women in Europe. A few years ago she was made Doctor of Music of Oxford University, and our portrait shows her in the academical costume of that degree.

How much this care and tenderness (alluded to in the first part of our article) increases the sum of beauty is clearly exemplified in America, where it is notorious that women are more universally fed on the roses and laid in the lilies of life than in any other country, and where it is equally and famously certain that the women surpass all others in the flower-like delicacy and perfection of their loveliness. To make a list of only the most famous of these would leave no room for mention of the

women of other nations. Two, whose prominent positions upon the stage have made their beauty of world-wide fame, are Mary Anderson and Corn Urquhart Foster, who are both distinctively American in their type, though very unlike one another in features. Both are tall, exquisitely slim, with faces of flower-like softness and delicacy, and with a certain air of fine, keen brilliance and vivacity that is seen in the faces of no other type. Mary Anderson was born in Sacramento in 1859, and removed to Louisville, Kentucky, while still a small child, remaining there until her sixteenth year, when she made her first appearance on the stage in Albaugh's Opera House, playing for one night only in 'Romeo and Juliet,' to a business of forty-eight dollars. Her next appearance was in New Orleans, and the rest of her career is well known to the public.

A charming story is told of Mary Anderson's girlhood in Kentucky, *si non é vero é ben trovato*. Her parents were not rich at the time, and she sometimes went on errands that should have been the duty of the servants. One evening just at dusk she caught up an old hat and ran without a pitcher in her hand. Louisville is quiet enough on the more retired streets at that hour for one to hope that such an errand might pass unobserved. She was then a tall, angular girl of fourteen, desperately shy and conscious of her hat and dress, and when she saw coming around the corner one of the local young swells, she made a dash in the other direction, but like sweet Kitty of Coleraine her foot tripped, she stum'ed, the pitcher it tumbled. The young man gave one irrepressible laugh, and next moment ran forward and picked up the red, wretched, and discomfited maiden, who flung away from his inquiries and offers of assistance, and ran home in tears. Twelve or more years later, when the provincial swell had become a celebrated journalist, he was bidden to a reception in honour of the young actress who had conquered all the English-speaking people. When he was presented she held out her hand impulsively and cried: 'I have waited for this twelve years; it is one of my triumphs.' Then to his puzzled inquiries, she replied: 'Do you remember the little girl who fell down in Louisville one evening? I suppose not; but I went home and cried all the night, as only a girl of that age can weep over a *gaucherie*. I knew you by sight and reputation, and thought you a very splendid person, and I vowed then through my tears that I would some day revenge myself for that laugh by becoming famous enough to make you feel it an honour to meet me. And I have never forgotten the episode, because it was the first step I made on the road I have since travelled.'

The English ideal of female fairness is something quite distinct from the product of American environment,—more calm, less vivacious, more regular and staturesque, less bewitching and beguiling. Of the pure Anglo-Saxon type, Lady Londonderry is the very flower and crown. Tall as a daughter of the gods, slim as the legendary alder from which Odin made woman, dazzlingly fair, every feature perfectly modelled, and with the haughty repose that marks the daughter of a hundred earls, she is the highest possible result of noble Norman blood. It took many generations of chivalric ancestors—men on horseback—to give her such a poise of the head and shoulders; many hundred years of ease, luxury, the habit of command, training, and education to perfect such a type as this. Lady Londonderry is only a



THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Sea-king's daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us have in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!



MARY ANDERSON.
(Madame Navarro.)

little more than thirty years of age, having married in 1875 Viscount Castlereagh, eldest son of the fifth Marquis of Londonderry, who succeeded to the title in 1884. Lady Theresa Helen Talbot she was, daughter of the nineteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, a family as old as the Conquest. She has given her husband one son, the little Viscount Castlereagh, who was born in 1878. Lady Londonderry's youngest sister, Mariel Frances Louise, also a beautiful woman, is married to Viscount Helmshley, brother of that other famous beauty, the Duchess of Leinster.



A DAUGHTER OF THE TALBOTS.
(Lady Londonderry.)

Lily Langtry is, perhaps, the most famous professional beauty in the world, and has made her beauty of more pecuniary value to her than any woman alive. Her noted loveliness is said to be the product of the cream and brown bread, the peaches and sunshine of the island where she was born, and where she ran about a wild, tomboy girl until her fifteenth year. Her father, the Dean of Jersey, was said to have been the handsomest man in England, and her mother was also good-looking. The Le Bretons were rather an odd family. Each one looked out for himself and left the others to their own devices. 'The Dean's delightful daughter' was allowed to grow up pretty much as she pleased, and pleased to grow up extravagantly pretty. At seventeen she married an obscure London lawyer with very little money, and going to London suddenly found herself so great a rage that for the first years of her reign even royalty in its walks abroad attracted no attention if she was by. A colonial thus describes his first view of her: 'It was at a tea in the Tower of London, given by the Guards, and all the smart world was there. I was chattering away to my neighbour when I suddenly saw everyone craning necks and jumping up on chairs. 'Is it the Queen?' I asked. 'No; it's the new beauty, Mrs Langtry! Then I climbed up on a chair, too, to see this royal progress of loveliness. She was not more than twenty then, and was dressed in a plain little black silk frock and wide hat with feathers, that she wore everywhere, for she was very poor then. But such a dream of beauty! A skin of milk and roses, silken chestnut hair, blue eyes, and a dazzling smile. The people quite went out of their senses over her. But then the Londoners have always been far more enthusiastic about beauty than anyone else. Fancy respectable people in New Zealand waiting for an hour to see the most beautiful colonial that ever lived come out of her house and pass to her carriage. The English did that often for Mrs Langtry, and they tell even more wonderful tales of their enthusiasm in the past generation for the famous Ganning sisters.'

'When you dance, I would you were a wave of the sea,
That you might dance for ever.'

Shakespeare makes the young pines say to Perdita, and would have said it with twice the fervour had he happily lived to a green old age of two or three hundred years and

seen the fair Pearl of Seville—Carmencita, who has found a new expression for the fire and passion of youth, for the young joy of life, and the ecstasy of love. Born in Malaga, of Andalusian parents, nineteen years ago, instead of learning to walk the first year of her life, like the average child, she learned to dance. Not the tipsy pirosetta of the Italian or French baby, who is artistic and artificial by hereditary instinct, but 'like the wave of the sea,' like the tossing of fuchsia bells in the wind, like a wind-blown flame, a flashing, vivid bit of Spanish life, deep coloured as pomegranate flowers, full of the untamed, animal grace of a people who have touches of the wild desert blood in them, and perchance, somewhere, far away, a strain of the Zingari. At sixteen she was in full blossom of womanhood—the most exquisite type of Spanish beauty. Brought up on grapes—she says—the warmth and bloom of them got into her blood, and gave her a loveliness that was as intoxicating as wine. And she danced. No steps that masters could teach her. No wriggling on iron toes down the length of the stage with coarse exposures. She wore modest skirts to her ankles; she was slender as a reed, and her slim feet, under whose instep water would flow, were cased in satin slippers, whose high heels clicked with her castanets. When the heart runs over with the first joy of love, soul and body yearn for wild motion, to spread wings for the stars, to cry, to leap, to run; and it was that ecstasy of life and movement that Carmencita danced. Spain went wild over her, and Seville called her its 'Pearl.' She danced before the baby King, and he watched her with round eyes and clapped his hands when she was done—the most spontaneous applause she has ever had. Paris heard of her. For two years she danced before them, and they struck a gold medal for her. In the home of art, nature and genius were triumphant.

Lady Hermione Dancombe was the eldest daughter of the Earl of Feversham, an impoverished nobleman with three sons and four beautiful daughters, who have all married wealthy men of high rank. Lady Hermione is but twenty five years old, and in her twentieth year was wedded to the present Duke of Leinster, who was then Lord Kildare. In 1887 they succeeded to the title, and an heir was born. Her husband is premier, Duke, Marquis, and Earl in Ireland.

Europe has given encouragement to the culture of beauty by bestowing prizes at occasional contests. The most famous beauty show is that at Spa, Belgium, where beautiful women of all nations assemble every summer. Seven prizes are given, the first of five thousand dollars, awarded by a board of disinterested judges to the ladies who are pronounced the most beautiful; but none can enter the contest a second time. Many of the fortunate gainers of the prizes have become distinguished in society and on the stage.

Beauty shows are a favourite tribute of European taste to the reign of beauty, and an encouragement of its popular culture and recognition. Even the Paris Exposition was not complete without its awards to the most lovely women of all nations. There were twelve prizes, and six *prix de consolation* for those unfortunate dames who were deemed beautiful, but not quite beautiful enough to win the chief prizes. The crowd of ambitious ones was almost as great as that which besieged the Exhibition proper; but out of this *embarras* of female charmers the committee allowed only twenty-five to compete. Of these lucky ones, five were French, two English, one Irish, one American, two South American, one Algerian, two Russian, one Austrian, two Italian and one Romanian.



THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER.

But the types of beauty that have moved the world have not been such as would draw a prize at any posing contest. Instead of the calm, statuesque qualities that win there, they have been varied, brilliant and captivating. The great triumphs of beauty have however been in a moment, as when the old men of admiration of her forgave all her sins; or when the Troy gazed on Helen, after the wars she had caused, and Duchess of Cleveland looked from her coach door on the howling mob of London, who attributed to her all the burden of their taxes, and stopped their frenzy to exclaim 'Bless her handsome face!'

Talleyrand once skillfully extricated himself from a dilemma between allegiance to intellect and to beauty. The witty but plain Madame de Staël, and the beautiful but un witty Madame de Récamier were sitting with Talleyrand, and to embarrass him Madame de Staël abruptly asked, 'Suppose Madame Récamier and I both fell into the water, which would you save?'

'Madame, you know how to swim,' replied the imperturbable diplomat, thus adroitly complimenting her accomplishments, while maintaining his devotion to beauty. And so he showed the spell of beauty over the masses of men and women alike, though it must be conceded that the women who inspire the deepest emotions as a rule are not beautiful.



'THE JERSEY LILY,'
(Mrs Langtry.)

SPORTS.

PONSONBY V. GRAFTON.

A MATCH between these two clubs under the old club scheme generally used to result in a very close game, and on Saturday when they met under the district scheme a similar result was expected. Nor were the spectators who ventured out to Potter's Paddock, despite the wind and rain, disappointed. Grafton were heavily handicapped by the absence of Fred Gaudin, their crack three-quarter, who was suffering from a severe cold, whilst Ponsonby were minus the services of Green, one of their best forwards, who has left Auckland and gone to Taranaki to reside. Grafton, on the strength of their great tussle with City the previous Saturday, were if anything the favourites, and assisted by the 'heavy going,' had slightly the best of the game, and eventually won by 2 points to nil. This was the result of a try obtained by Bob Whiteside.

The greasy ball was all against Ponsonby's passing tactics, but they, nevertheless, got several good passing runs going. The collaring of the Black and Whites was pretty safe. The game ended in the dark, it being impossible at the finish to distinguish one player from another. This delay was occasioned by the bursting of the ball, and some time was lost in procuring another.

MR W. GARDINER officiated as referee to the satisfaction of all concerned.

CLAYTON, as fullback for Grafton, played a splendid game. He kicked and stopped rushes in fine style, and the way he grasped Masefield speaks enough as to his collaring abilities. If Clayton keeps playing in this position, and plays up to the form he displayed in this match, he will stand a show second to none—of representing Auckland as fullback in this season's interprovincial contests.

CARLTON HAY and Brady both played a sound game. The former kicked and collared well, and Brady made one really fine run, something like his old form when he used to play for the old Ponsonby Club.

BOB WHITESIDE was again very useful, and he made several smart dashes. The cheering was loud and prolonged when Bob fairly encircled the oval behind Ponsonby's goal, and scored the first and only try for his side.

In the Black and White's forward division McMillan was again to the fore. He proved himself to be beyond doubt the best forward on the ground.

TRACY, who has been playing very consistently this season, played another good game on Saturday, and was prominent in nearly every rush. He was ably assisted by Proberg and Laird.

PENNALLIGEN and Barton did great work in the scrums, but the former's 'toe' seems to have lost its cunning, as he failed at a very easy place at goal. Shortly afterwards, however, he made a splendid attempt from a mark just about the half way.

TED BINNEY was, as in the City match, a source of trouble to the opposing backs, and he had hard luck in not scoring. He also took a hand in the rush which resulted in Grafton's success.

SCOTT AND RAMSAY were the most prominent in the back division for Ponsonby, and the former, who seems to improve every Saturday, made the best run of the day, being within an ace of scoring.

MASEFIELD made several short spurts, but Clayton always prevented him from getting across the line.

CRUICKSHANK AND FLYNN were the best amongst the Ponsonby's vanguard, but were closely followed in order of merit by Langford and Drummond, the wing men. The latter started several good dribbles, but was not backed up by his other men as he should have been.

STICHBURY had all his work cut out, and on the whole he acquitted himself with credit. Throughout his defence play was excellent.

WANNACK distinguished himself more than once for his good all round play. His defensive work, especially his punting, could not be improved upon.

PARNELL V. SUBURBS.

THESE teams met on No. 2 ground, but the game throughout was very uninteresting. The ground was very heavy; in fact, it was almost unfit to play on. In the first spell Parnell got a try by a passing run between Elliott, Jervis, and Kialing, and in the second half of the game two more tries were secured, Parnell eventually winning by 6 points to nil.

SUBURBS were without the services of their best three-quarter, Marshall, and were greatly weakened by his absence.

JERVIS was again in good fettle, and his passing and kicking were up to his usual standard. He also scored a try but had no luck in his attempts at goal.

ELLIOTT played a good game, making several fine rushes, and always passing in the right place and time.

KISSLING did a great amount of useful work, collaring well. His punting was also commendable.

EDMONDS behind the scrum passed out nicely, and was very effective in stopping many rushes.

In the forwards of the Maroons it is hard to mention any individual, as they all worked hard and played well. Speight and Mellis were very noticeable in the line out play, and the former also did some good passing.

WRIGHT, although following up well, lost Parnell a couple of chances, in the first instance by kicking the ball too hard, and in the second case he picked up the ball when it was a few yards away from his opponents' goal line.

NOAKES Suburbs' full-back, was very safe, and played a sound game, his kicking and collaring being good.

SIDDLE and Absolum did some very serviceable work, their kicking being good, and their running and collaring cannot be overlooked.

THE most conspicuous was Rhodes. He made several fast dribbles, and had hard luck in not scoring.

AMONGST the forwards Rab McKenzie was by far the best man on the field, following and tackling very well. He was always foremost in all of Suburbs' rushes.

MAJOR and Jeffreys were all there. They worked very hard and followed up well.

JUNIOR FIFTEENS.

In the Second Fifteen contests there has been considerable interest taken, especially between Parnell II. and City II. On the first occasion these two teams met, City came off victorious, that giving them the lead for the Cup, but last Saturday, when they had their second combat, things were somewhat changed, and Parnell beat their opponents by 15 points to nil. Hall obtained the try and Mitchell converted. These two teams are now level for the Junior Championship, and I fancy the premiership for the season will result with one of these being at the head.

FOOTBALL AT THE THAMES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the weather was anything but pleasant a goodly number of the public witnessed the football match at the Thames on Saturday last between the City and City North teams, which, after a very close contest, resulted in a win for the former by two points (a try secured by Connors) to nil.

MR F. HOBBS, the crack fullback of Christchurch, who has been removed to Timaru, before his departure was presented with a gold Albert by the members of the East Christchurch Football Club, for whom he played.

HUNTING.

THE United Hunt Club's Hounds, Wellington, met and had a good run at the Taits last Saturday afternoon. At three o'clock the hounds were thrown off at Mr King's grounds, and after a splendid run of over a couple of miles they were checked at the back of Mr Clout's residence, but after an interval were again thrown off and got as far as Mr Mabey's, where another stop was

made. Mr Dick Roake (master) then proceeded to Mr Mellow's, and again threw off, having a splendid run of a mile and a half. Mr J. Hughes acted as whip, and among those riding were Mrs Hawk, on Moonlight; Miss Skerrett, on Ned Kelly; Mr J. Mills, on Top-tail; Mr Calder, on Kapiti; Mr Skerrett, on Hallicore; Mr James, on Prince; Mr Bradbury, on Jack the Ripper; Mr Woods, on Nimrod; Mr B. Skerrett, on Lazy; Mr Cudby, on Sweet Dream; Mr Cox, on Searchlight; and Mr Hogg, on Gladstone. About twenty-five in all followed, but as the weather was rather cold there were very few onlookers. Mr and Mrs Walter Johnston and family were driving, and a few others.

THE first meet of the Duedin hounds took place on Saturday at Ashburn Hall. It was dull weather but a glorious day for the sport. A smart ride or drive with such an exciting end in view made the blood tingle in the veins of those who left town. The run was over some capital hunting country on Mr Kedzie's property, stone walls, gorse fences, etc., all being taken with little mishap. A good many small turn outs from town were present. Mrs Walcot rode Star of the South, and Mrs Taggart, Tomshawk. A number of drags and buggies were filled with ladies, who seemed to enjoy themselves remarkably well.

ON Saturday there was a successful drag hunt at Grove-town, Blenheim. Mr Richardson followed on Kauri, and among the other horses following were Kohai, looking very fit, Mangama and Captain Bison. The pace was too fast for most people, and far too fast for the hounds, for contrary to the established order of things half of the pack brought up the rear! Miss Seymour was riding Mercury, and Miss Weber, The Imp. Mrs Richardson was driving, as were Mesdames Lucas and C. Earp, and Miss B. Horton, and the Master, Mr T. Gregory, was driving his family to see the fun.

PROMINENT NORTHERN COLONISTS.

ON the opposite page we reproduce, by courtesy of Mr Hanna, the large photographic shield which that sun-artist has produced and christened Prominent Northern Colonists. The severe reduction from its original giant proportions has, of course, had a somewhat unfavourable effect, but, all things considered, the picture as it is is both interesting and valuable. There are faces we miss which certainly ought to have taken precedence of several gentlemen who appear, and for whose appearance as prominent colonists one can offer no explanation save Mr Hanna's good nature, or possibly his sense of humour. The Queen sits occupies the centre of a large group of her subjects, though she is not a colonist. The original shield still occupies the attention of passers up and down Queen-street. It is certainly as fine a display of sun pictures as could be desired. Mr Hanna has our best thanks.

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WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A HEAVY purse is an excellent counterweight to a light heart.

He that is good for making excuses is seldom good for anything else.

It is no point of wisdom for a man to beat his brains about things impossible.

One of the most fascinating of occupations is watching other people work; but only a foreman can make it pay.

A mule would rather hear himself bray than listen to any other music. A good many people are made like him.

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil, and a scarred or crooked oak will tell the act in years to come. How forcibly does this figure show the necessity of giving right tendencies to the minds and hearts of the young.

Happy are those who have lost their relish for tumultuous pleasure, and are content with the soothing quiet of innocence and retirement! Happy are those whose amusement is knowledge, and whose supreme delight the cultivation of the mind! Wherever they shall be driven by the persecution of Fortune, the means of enjoyment are still with them; and that weary littleness which renders life unappreciable to the voluptuous and the lazy is unknown to those who can employ themselves by reading.

CURIOUS HABITS OF ROOKS.—Among the odd habits of rooks is the way that members of the same rookery have of inter-marrying generation after generation. The males always choose their wives from among their near neighbours; and if one should be so bold as to bring home to his rookery a bride from a distance the other rooks will invariably refuse to receive her, and will force the pair to build some way off. In the neighbourhood of big rookeries outlying nests of this kind may always be found.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—When ill, a man is peculiarly susceptible to kindness, and a pretty nurse is apt to become dangerous to his peace. Not long ago a young man with a broken leg and an attractive appearance languished in a city hospital. The demure, white-capped nurse began to take an annual interest in him; and, after a time, asked him if there was nothing she could do for him—no book she could read, no letter she could write. The patient gracefully accepted the latter offer, and the nurse prepared to write from his dictation. He began with a tender address to his 'dearest love,' and the little nurse felt slightly embarrassed. But she continued through the most ardent declarations of all-absorbing affection to the end, where he wished to be subscribed an adoring lover for all time. Then she folded the letter and slipped it into its envelope. 'To whom shall I direct it?' she asked. The wicked young fellow said amiably and even tenderly, 'What is your name, please?' They have been married a little more than a year now.

SPLIT ENGLISH PENNIES.—How many collectors of coins know anything about the curious half-pence issued centuries ago by English authorities, half-pence in the truest sense of the word, since they were nothing more than minted pennies cut directly in half? Specimens of these coins have been discovered frequently among the buried treasures which from time to time have been unearthed in Great Britain. In Lancashire in 1840 were found a rare lot of coins, among which were several pennies of the time of Alfred and Edward divided in this way. Similarly divided pence of the time of Edward the Confessor have been found, and in speaking of the discovery, in 1833, of a number of these curious half-pence of the time of William the Conqueror, an unquestioned authority states that they were probably issued from the mints in that form, since the whole collection had evidently been in circulation. In the British Museum in London are specimens of these divided coins issued under various monarchs from Alfred to Henry III., with the latter of whom the custom ceased. An eminent archaeologist accounts for the divided coins by saying that this doubtless arose from the scarcity of small change, which was in part remedied under the reign of Edward I. by the coinage of half-pence and farthings.

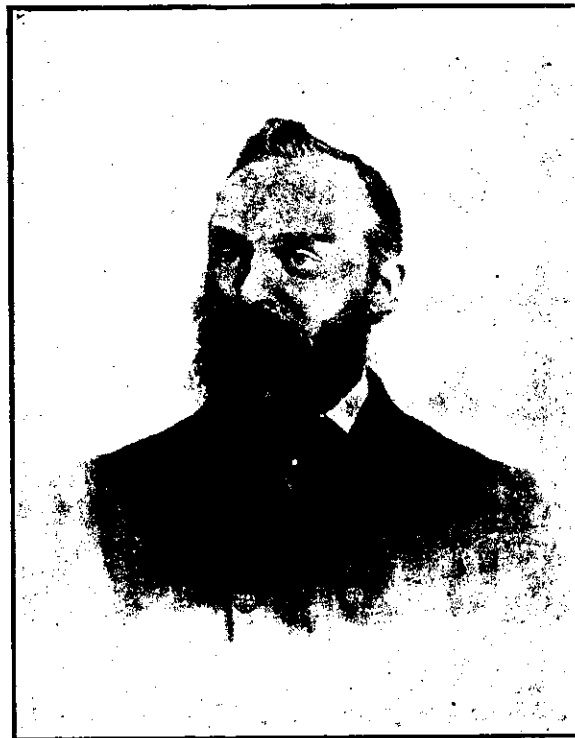
A DOG GOES INTO HYPNOTIC TRANCES.—All St. Petersburg has gone wild over something new, a dog which goes off into hypnotic trances. This remarkable animal belongs to M. Duroy, who was awarded a gold medal by the Paris Academy of Science for his original investigation and discoveries in the science of hypnotism as applied to animals and its effects upon them. Several tests have been made of the animal in the presence of no less a person than Dr. Afanasyev of the War Department. One of the tests consisted in placing several articles, as a pencil, cigar case, handkerchief, cuff button, etc., on the floor. Then the dog, having been thrown into a hypnotic trance by him, M. Duroy requested one of the audience, which consisted also of several other physicians of renown and some newspaper men, to think about something and what the dog was to do with it, then to write it out on a piece of paper and show it to the rest of the audience, excepting, of course, himself. This was done, and, the dog having been brought in, what was the astonishment of the whole assemblage to see the animal go up to the cigar-case, pick it up and bring it to the one who had been indicated in the wish. Another test consisted in laying several cubes with figures on them in a certain order in a closed box. At the same time several pieces of paper were put upon the floor bearing like numbers on each. The dog, as they called in and tried to place the pieces of paper in the same order as the cubes were laid in the closed and sealed box. This he did, to the astonishment of all assembled. The strangeness of the whole procedure is increased when it is remembered that M. Duroy knows no more about what is being done or wished than does the dog, and is, therefore, entirely unable in any way to prompt him.

NOTABLE PEOPLE

LIVER WENDELL HOLMES, the American Poet Laureate, says that there is no hard and fast rule by which a man can become a poet if he is born one. Sooner or later the world will know it; but whoever expects to make money by publishing poetry will be disappointed. The chances are a thousand to one against him. Verse is a drug in the market. The cause for this decline in the poetical market may be various. It is, however, clear that the public taste runs in an opposite direction. The poet finds his most formidable rivals in the modern novel, the cricket field, football, lawn tennis, racing, boxing, comic songs, and the opera comique, besides which the trend and spirit of the times is 'how to get money'; therefore we fear the poet will have to wait for better times.

The subject of our picture is Mr W. R. Wills, well known as a New Zealand poet. He was born at Bath, England, on January 21st, 1837, and was the youngest son of the Rev. John H. Wills, Wesleyan Minister. He came to this colony twenty years ago, and during the whole time has resided in the pretty township of Otahuhu.

In early life he showed considerable ability in the art of versification, and the divine passion grew upon him as years passed on—until he was able to publish his first volume,



Hanna, photo.

MR W. R. WILLS.

Auckland.

now thirty years ago. Since then he has been a prolific writer, continually supplying the public press all over the colony with poems, upon an infinite variety of subjects. His principal medium of publicity has been the *Auckland Star*, for which paper he is now country contributor.

During this last ten years Mr Wills has published several volumes of his works, amongst which are 'A Bunch of Wild Pansies,' 'Tales of Araby,' etc., etc. In bringing out these works, at a great expense, Mr Wills has been very much assisted by his friends and admirers, chief amongst whom has been Sir George Grey, K.C.B. Some of his songs have been set to music, and obtained great popularity, especially 'The Old Land and the New,' and 'Light Beats the Heart.'

That Mr Wills is a true poet there can be no question. Some of his writings have the stamp of a very high order of poetry, and had he been content to report only his supreme moments, it would have been far better for himself and his readers; for if it be true that the greatest philosopher or conqueror is no hero in the eyes of his valet, so likewise a poet who publishes his weakest efforts, needlessly damages himself, and runs the risk of being ruined.

Mr Wills has ever been foremost in the encouragement

and defence of the toilers. His patriotic songs have a stately and manly ring about them, but tenderness is the prevailing sentiment of his muse. Listen to him in that exquisite gem, 'My Sweetest One and Best':

'I know she kissed the rosebuds,
And loved their gentle breath;
I know she pressed the pansies
To her heart, now still in death.

I know the loving daisies,
So meek and pure and sweet,
And like my heart, now withered
And lying at her feet.

Ah! yes, she wears them upon her gentle breast,
Ah! yes, she wears them, my sweetest one and best!

Here Mr Wills is at his best, and clearly shows that he is made of finer clay than the majority of money-grubbing mankind. Like Burns, his heart flows out in sympathy over universal Nature.

JAMES ADAMS.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL

NEW MATERIAL FOR BELTING.

In the way of belting, leather is not going to have everything its way as formerly. The substitution of camel's hair, cotton, paint, and other chemicals for leather in machinery belting is said to be meeting with some success in America. It was first invented in England, and it is claimed for the new material that it is stronger than other belting, more durable, more efficient, and as low priced.

NEVER NEGLECT A COLD.

The discussion of the treatment of bronchitis begins with a warning—never neglect a cold. Lay this maxim to heart, for a cold is the common ground whence many much more serious diseases start off. If a day in the house will cure it, take that day off; if a week is needed, better by far lose wages than injure your health, which is the prime condition for wage-making. Clothe warmly and clothe in wool next the skin. I bear with astonishment (says Dr A. Wilson) of many foolish people in a climate like ours neglecting to wear woollen underclothing. They should know there is no safety possible for them in the matter of rheumatism and lung troubles, save by clothing warmly and efficiently. Women are often most neglectful in this essential proceeding, and therefore, I say especially to them (as the nominal and in the best sense real 'heads' of houses) 'see that you and yours are warmly clad in wool.' This precaution will save many a miserable day and many a doctor's bill.

SUGAR FROM COTTON SEED.

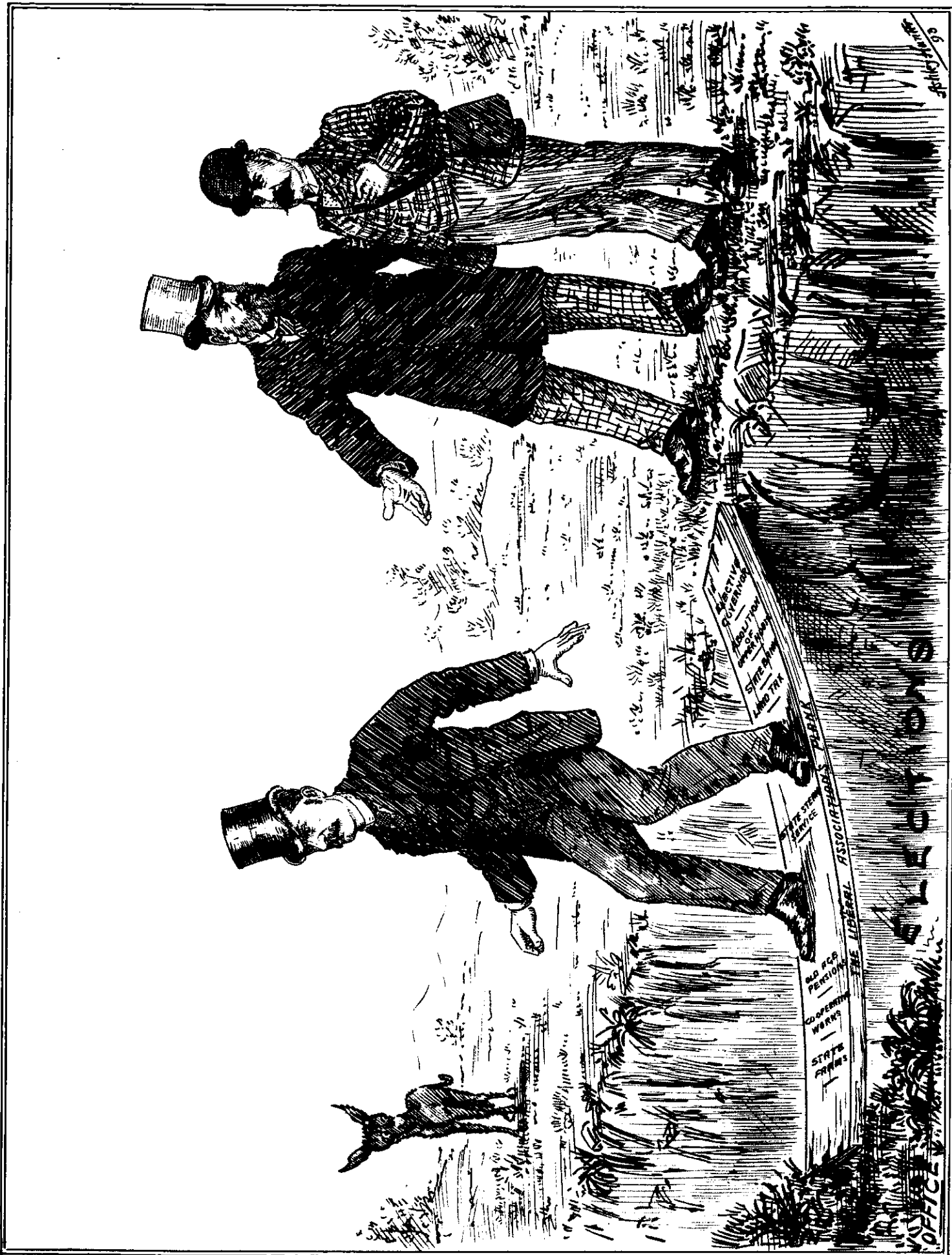
The cotton plant, which has for so many centuries furnished a large part of the population of the globe with clothing, seems to be almost without limit in its usefulness, remarks an American scientific authority. From the seed a valuable oil is expressed, while the husks form an article of food for cattle in the shape of cakes. From the lint which clings to the seed after it is passed through the gin felt is made, while the oil extracted from the seed is applied to quite a large number of purposes. But, according to the British consul, Mr Portal, of Zanzibar, cotton seed is also capable of yielding sugar. A process has been discovered for extracting sugar from cotton seed meal, and though the details of the process have not been disclosed it is said that the product obtained is of a very superior kind, being 15 times sweeter than cane sugar, and 20 times more so than sugar made from the beet. This indicates that sweetness is not due to cane sugar, but to some other chemical.

MUSIC AND PHYSIOLOGY.

The physiological effects of music have been studied by Dugliel, a Russian, and, as the result of numerous experiments, he concludes that (1) Music exhibits an influence on the circulation of the blood; (2) the blood pressure sometimes rises, sometimes falls; (3) the action of musical tones and pipes on animals and men expresses itself for the most part by increased frequency of the beats of the heart; (4) the variations in the circulation consequent upon musical sounds coincide with changes in the breathing, though they may also be observed quite independently of it; (5, 6 and 7) the variations in the blood pressure are dependent on the pitch and loudness of the sound and on the tone colour; (8) in the variations of the blood pressure, the peculiarities of the individuals, whether men or lower animals, are plainly apparent; and even nationality in the case of man has some effect.

USES OF GLYCERINE.

Glycerine is one of those substances that always seem to be lending themselves to new and unsuspected applications. It is found that the freezing of water in the pipes of hydraulic machinery—a very serious source of trouble in the winter months—is entirely prevented by the simple expedient of mixing a small percentage of glycerine with the water in the pumps. This precaution is now taken in the operation of the hydraulic jacks on all the ships of the English navy. Glycerine appears to be just as useful in maintaining the efficiency of the human machinery, for it is recommended as a sure cure for indigestion. A small teaspoonful should be mixed in half a wine-glassful of water and taken with or immediately after each meal until the trouble is past, which in an ordinary case, will be in two or three days' time, and in an obstinate one probably from ten to fifteen days. The treatment will have to be renewed if the indigestion manifests itself again.



THE (LIBERAL) ASS'S BRIDGE.

FIRST HON. GENTLEMAN TO SECOND HON. GENTLEMAN. "I say, look here, I'm a bit of a Liberal myself, but I'm blest if I care to risk crossing on THAT thing!"



The Prolific Parent on Measles.

'There are times, gentlemen,' observed the prolific parent, 'when the family man is sorely tempted to add "thank goodness!" to the poet's dictum as to there being "no place like home." Times, gentlemen, like the present, when the price of coals is "up" and the children are "down" with the measles; when the first born climbs out of the sick-room window to run off to football, and the last born lets you know how decidedly unpleasant he is finding the initial stages of "teething." The measles, I take it, ought not to give much cause for anxiety. The death rate even in London hospitals is only about six per cent., and here amid more healthy surroundings, and where children are better nurtured and fed, it must be even less. I hope,' he added, gazing round, 'none of you are nervous of infection. Five of mine have it, and two are sickening, but it's only a children's disease, you know.'

The Professor Correcteth Him.

'That's where you are wrong, my friend,' broke in the Professor, gloomily. 'I don't suppose you know the extent of your criminality in coming here to-night. Measles is not a disease peculiar to children, though it is generally supposed to be so. The only reason adults are not often attacked is because they have usually had it as children. Those who have not had it early in life are every bit as susceptible to the disease as children.'

Famous Measles Epidemic.

'Perhaps,' he went on, 'you have not heard of the Faroe Islands case—off the coast of Denmark, you know. In the year of grace 1846 there had not been a case of measles on the islands since 1781. On the 20th of March, 1846, a man embarked for the islands from Copenhagen. He landed at the fishing hamlet of Thorshaven on the 28th, sickening for the measles. There were, at that time, 7,782 persons living on the islands, and in the ensuing six months 6,000 of these took the disease, the mortality being shockingly severe. In Fiji, too, in 1875, the contagion was terrible, elderly and middle-aged people taking the disease just as freely as the youngsters. In this case the mortality was frightful, owing to the ignorance of the natives, who plunged into the water to get cool when suffering from the fever. Little, as far as I have read, appears to be known of the nature of the infecting agent. It is a bacilli, of course—we scarcely need to be told that about anything nowadays—but there is no known way of exterminating the "crittur." Measles, moreover, as such, is comparatively speaking, a new disease, though it was known in the 10th century as a variety of smallpox, and after the non-identity of these diseases was established measles and scarlet fever continued to be confounded. It is a moot point whether a third party can carry the infection. Doctors differ, but the majority,' with a rather gloomy glare at the prolific parent, 'declare that most certainly the third party does.'

The Ordinary Man Starts Longevity Theories.

'Since we are on the subjects of health and disease,' quoth the ordinary man, 'have any of you come across the pamphlet on "Longevity," by Mr Isaac Holden, the old gentleman recently baronetted, and who, according to the daily papers, still walked his seven miles a day, wet or fine, in his eighty-seventh year? Another of his theories besides exercise is on diet. He has, he says, never varied in weight more than a few pounds since he arrived at maturity. He kept his weight down to 8st 6lbs, or thereabouts. If he gets heavier he cuts off supplies; if lighter, he eats a little more. He eats without drinking, and recommends it, the advantage being, he says, that you eat less. It takes you longer to eat, and you get bothered with it, and want to get away. For months at a time he lives on nothing but fruit—cooked apples, raw bananas, oranges, and grapes. Meat is necessary in very small quantities under certain conditions, but fruit is best. To this diet he attributes his long life and robust health at his advanced age. Possibly he is right—probably, indeed—but how about other cases, isolated



perhaps, but still cases where men equally old and equally vigorous have lived on the ordinary meat diet? Mr Holden has a brother living here in Auckland. He is also in the righties, and as hale and strong as possible. Is it not possible that the Holdens are a long-lived stock, and that the new baronet would have been just as hearty as he is now without the Spartan diet to which he has subjected himself, and the various other precautions dealt with in his pamphlet?

He Objects to and Doubteth Spartan Diet.

'I don't consider myself a gourmand, and I would make things very unhealthy for anyone who insinuated I was a glutton, but I confess to enjoying my dinner and my malt with it. A glass of grog cometh not amiss in the evening, nor a pipe with it. I take this regularly, and I feel as strong as possible, and as sound as a bell. The prohibitionist will probably tell of awful deaths from drink, undoubtedly from excess, and I could instance deaths from over-eating, but I certainly maintain that for every testotal octogenarian there is another who has partaken in moderation of the balm of Gilead in its various forms. A respected relative of mine drank his bottle of port every night of his existence (after maturity), lived in full enjoyment of his faculties and life till his 90th year, when he died very comfortably, during a post prandial nap, in his armchair.' The prohibitionist moved in his chair. 'Keep quiet,' said the ordinary man, 'your turn is presently. You were going to say he might have lived a few more years had he gone without his port. Personally I don't think it, but even if you are right, I think he had the best of it.'

The Prohibitionist Speaks.

'Like the old-fashioned preacher,' said the prohibitionist, 'I shall answer the ordinary man's arguments in the form of firstly, secondly, and thirdly. Firstly, then, no solid argument can be built up on the evidence of a few admittedly exceptional cases. The data available is too meagre to warrant any sweeping conclusion on the question as to whether abstinence or non-abstinence is most conducive to longevity. It is impossible to form a sound judgment by simply calling attention to the fact that this or that man lived to a good old age, with or without drink as the case may be. Quite a host of facts have to be taken into account, some referring to himself, some to his ancestry, and some to his environment, before any intelligent opinion can be formed as to the cause of his long life and the probability of its further extension. Secondly, the way to deal with this question is, in my opinion, to ascertain the nature of alcohol and its effects on the human system. I believe that medical science is now clear in teaching that alcohol is not a food; that a healthy person is better without it; and, that, admitting the possibility of its usefulness in certain cases of disease, its value as a healer is not high. On this last point, the experience of the London Temperance Hospital is apposite. The report rendered on March 23rd, 1893, showed that during nineteen years, only in fifteen cases out of over 8,000 treated had alcohol been used in any form; and everybody knows, or should know, how singularly successful that hospital has been throughout its history.'

Insurance Societies Support His Theories.

'Thirdly,' continued the prohibitionist, 'the experience of all Insurance Societies, which insure the lives of abstainers and non-abstainers separately, proves conclusively the advantages possessed by the former. The time was when societies would not insure the lives of abstainers without loading them because of their abstinence. They were regarded as 'bad' lives. The boot is now on the other foot, so to speak. They are eagerly welcomed into any of the societies, and if we ask what has wrought the striking change, the answer is, facts, hard facts. We are all aware that Insurance Societies are not conducted on sentimental, but business principles. And yet the unvarying testimony of all such societies, from the oldest to the youngest, which have a dual membership, is that abstinence from the use of alcohol undoubtedly lengthens the human life. Passing by hosts of figures which could be adduced to prove my contention I will conclude with the mention of one fact. As the result of an investigation, made by the British Medical Association, into the habits of life of a number of people who were over 80 years of age, it was found that 36 per cent. were total abstainers. Considering how small a portion of the community are abstainers, and the compara-

tive youthfulness of the temperance cause, this is a remarkable result.'

Sir Isaac Holden's Relative Speaks.

'Perhaps you fellows didn't know I was a relative of the new old baronet,' he began, 'but since I am, and since the ordinary man has suggested that constitution and not Spartan diet probably accounts for Sir Isaac Holden's age, I should also like to chip in. The question was asked what course is pursued by Mr George Holden, of Auckland, who, like his brother, is in the eighties? I can answer that. He has never confined himself to any kind of diet, and, so far as one can judge, stands quite as good a chance as the "dietist" of reaching a patriarchal age. He has lived in a good many parts of the world, and has always eaten and drunk of what was going. Tea he takes in strict moderation, one cup only a day, and his inclinations do not lie in the direction of much butcher's meat. He is, by the way, a heavy smoker, and is not a total abstainer.'

The Ordinary Man Again.

'I thought so. I felt morally certain of it,' interrupted the ordinary man. 'It is constitution. Fads, dieting fads, there are of every sort, and so long as a man has a good constitution he can do anything, and live on anything in reason. Your vegetarian is happy and healthy (he seldom looks it, though) on his haricot steak and maize meal porridge, and insists, therefore, that other people cannot be properly healthy or happy without a purely vegetable diet. What puerile nonsense! The Equinax live entirely on blubber. Vegetables are unknown to them, and they are perfectly healthy and happy. My friend the prohibitionist probably thinks tea and buns are ideal diet, but I prefer beef steak and onions and bottled stout. It's all a matter of personal taste, personal temperament, and the individual idiosyncrasies of the digestion. One man is healthier on fruit, another on meat, but it is absurd to maintain that either one diet or the other universally adopted would have universally favourable or even moderately favourable results.'

The New Chum on Insomnia Cures.

There was a brief silence broken by the New Chum, who observed: 'I agree with our friend the ordinary man, that there's truth in the old adage of one man's food being another's poison. It is the same in everything else. Look at patent medicines. What apparently cures one man has no effect on ninety-nine of his fellow creatures. Nor is this only the case with the patent medicines. The ordinary medical treatment of some malady may succeed in five cases only to utterly fail in the sixth. I suffer from insomnia. I have tried some half-dozen treatments; I have gone to bed after cold baths and after hot baths; in fact, I have followed the advice of half-a-dozen famous medical men without success, and have experimented on methods that have undoubtedly cured hundreds of others, but which fail with me. Some day I shall discover the thing that will cure that organization, and make other sufferers unhappy by insisting on their attempting it, probably uselessly.'

The Doctor on Food and Sleep.

'Going to bed with a well-filled stomach is,' said the 'Doctor, the essential pre-requisite of refreshing slumber. The cautions so often reiterated in old medical journals against late suppers were chiefly directed to the bibulous habits of those early times. When at late feasts the guests not un seldom drank themselves under the table, or needed strong assistance to reach their couches, the canon against such indulgence was not untimely. Nature and common sense teach us that a full stomach is essential to quiet repose. Every man who has found it difficult to keep awake after a hearty dinner has answered the problem for himself. There are few animals that can be trained to rest until after they are fed. Man, as he comes into the world, presents a condition it would be well for him to follow in all his after life.'

The Cause of Infant Squalls and Slumbers.

'The sweetest minstrel ever sent out of paradise cannot sing a newly-born child to sleep on an empty stomach. The little stomach of the sleeping child as it becomes slumbers, gradually empty, folds on itself in plaits; two of these make it restless; three will open its eyes, but by careful soothing these may be closed again; four plait and the charm is broken; there is no more sleep in that household until that child has been fed. It seems to us so strange that, with this example before their eyes, full-grown men are so slow to learn the lesson. The farmer does it for his pig, who would squeal all night if it were not fed at the last moment, and the groom knows that his horse will paw in his stall until he has had his meal. But when he wishes to sleep himself he never seems to think of it.'

NOTE.—The Editor tenders his thanks to those who took part in the discussion. Two gentlemen desire to preserve their *incognito*. The Doctor is not an Aucklander, but a prolific writer on medical subjects. Mr Field took the role of prohibitionist, and Mr Holden spoke of his relative.

PARLIAMENTARY SILHOUETTES.

(BY 'BIRD'S-EYE.')

PAINSTAKING, conscientious, and reasonable, the chosen of Picton-Waimera, Mr E. W. Mills, bids fair to develop into a most useful member of the Legislature. His Parliamentary experience has as yet only extended over two sessions, but already he has shown no little adaptability, and considerable aptitude. Brilliant gifts he does not lay claim to, but he knows how to keep silence with open ears, is not above asking questions when he wants information, evinces an honest desire to get at facts, and a very decided repugnance to 'red herrings' and similar devices by which new or verdant members are often sought to be mystified. Mr Mills is blessed with a very fair allowance of that not too common quality—common sense, and though in other respects he may not tower conspicuously above his fellows, this quality, combined with considerable and varied ex-



Wrigglesworth & Binns, photo., Wellington.
MRS E. W. MILLS.

perience of colonial life, should enable him not only to do good work himself, but should make him act as a useful check upon more reckless legislators.

Mr Mills, though he looks younger, is close upon the half-century, having been born in 1844 at Nelson. He is therefore the oldest European New Zealander in the House. In his younger days he gained a practical knowledge of much of the rough work incidental to colonization. At sea and on land he was equally at home, and nothing came amiss to him from furling a sail to shearing a sheep. Gold-mining also engrossed his energies for a time, and for many years he has acted as 'Miners' Advocate' in Warden's Court.

In former days Mr Mills was a member of the Nelson Provincial Council, and since Provincial abolition has taken



Wrigglesworth & Binns, photo., Wellington.
MR E. W. MILLS.
(M.H.R. for Picton, Waimera.)

his share of local administration, having been actively engaged on Road Boards, County Councils, Hospital, Education, and Charitable Aid Boards, not to mention minor bodies.

Mr Mills' first attempt to enter the House of Representatives was made in 1887, when he stood against Messrs A. P. Seymour, and Harkness. He was beaten on that occasion by a small majority, but, nothing daunted, came up again cheerfully to contest the election of 1890. On this occasion he was opposed by Messrs R. Hursthouse and G. Phillips, both of whom he had the satisfaction of leaving far behind, his majority being 212.

Since his entrance into Parliament the member for Picton-Waimera has been a consistent supporter of the present Government, whose measures generally have been in accord with his political views. Mr Mills has already done no little useful work on the 'Petitions Committee,' where his capacity for patient investigation is well known, but in the House he is content with the modest position of one who has something still to learn. Should no election reverse occur a Parliamentary career of much usefulness should await him.

Mrs Mills was born in Scotland, but came to the colony while quite a child. She is a bright, cheery little lady, who carries her years with the vivacity of girlhood. To look at her you would never imagine her to be the mother of eight children, half of them arrived at maturity; but such is the fact. Mrs Mills takes a good deal of interest in politics, and is an ardent supporter of woman suffrage.

HOW KIRBY FINISHED HIS TAKE.

A PRINTER'S STORY.

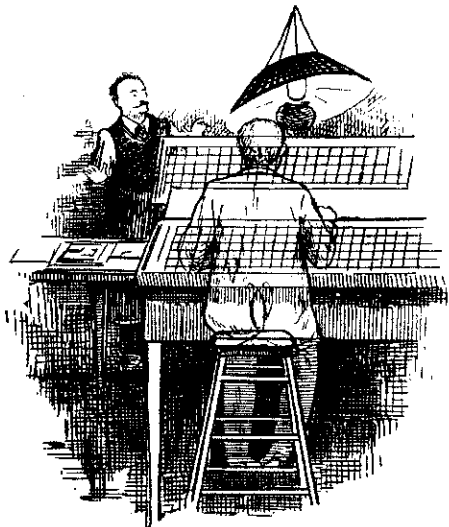
SLU G 3 was standing with his back to the stove, smoking a cigarette. By the way, Slug 3 generally is smoking a cigarette; his quod box is about half full of snipes most of the time.

'You remember Parker's place before the fire, don't you? Dark, awful dark, even for a basement; just a little streak of daylight at the top of the window at one end; had to keep the glim on all day. You worked there didn't you, Mac.'

Mac owned to having worked there a few days; he didn't remember much about it. None of the other boys had been there.

'Strangest thing happened there I ever ran across, and I've slung type in every State in the Union and most of the Territories.'

Slug 3 stopped and blew a ring of smoke, waiting for some one to ask him to go on. Johnny slid up behind the stove and stood leaning on his broom. That boy scents a yarn like the war horse sniffing the battle from afar.



'BUT THE GHOST SET JUST AS STEADY AS A MACHINE.'

'It was a job office, and had considerable work and a good force of men on. A sprinkling of old timers were there, prints I'd worked beside at all points of the compass—Bill Allen and Scotchby and Bill Kirby. Kirby was a little wiry fellow, with a moustache too big for his face. Hard drinker Kirby was, never had anything ahead—he'd blow in a week's wages one day and be around bunning the boys for a dollar the next. On that particular day there was a rush, and the foreman was wild and all the men pulling away for dear life. About ten o'clock in came an old chum of Kirby's from Portland, and nothing would do but they must go and have a drink together. The foreman said he shouldn't go, but Kirby was bound that he would. He knew the foreman wouldn't hardly dare fire him, because prints were so scarce, so he was bound to go.

'"You finish that brief first," said the foreman. "There's only about a galley more of it and it's got to be off this afternoon." We'd several of us been setting on the brief, but that morning we'd been switched on to a paper and Kirby was to finish the brief. But no, Kirby said his friend was going out on the afternoon train and he wouldn't stick another type that morning; he'd come back after dinner and finish the take. At that the foreman got pretty mad; said he knew what Kirby'd do; he'd go off and get drunk or get run in or something, and wouldn't show up again for a week. Then Kirby be up and swore that his word was as good as any man's, and that dead or alive he'd be back after dinner and finish that take, and he went.

'When we went down town to dinner there was a big crowd in front of the O.K. saloon and everybody seemed excited, as if something had happened, and sure enough something had happened, for there'd been a general row and one man had had his arm broken by being piled up against the bar, Kirby's friend had a bullet in his shoulder and had been carted off to the hospital, and Kirby himself had his head smashed in with a beer bottle and was having a kind of one-sided interview with the coroner. Dead as a mackerel, Kirby was. It kind of spoiled our appetites for

dinner. "I guess Kirby won't finish his take," said Matthews.

'Well, one o'clock came and of course we were all at our cases but Kirby. The foreman went around with a face like a thundercloud, but still things went pretty smooth for about half an hour, when Jimmy Maxwell who had the case next to Kirby's, back in the last alley, came up and said he was sick and would have to go home. The foreman just boiled at that, said that was the way some men did, they would catouse around all night and then soldier around next day and cheat the office. That was hard, for Jimmy was the straightest man in the shop, but he never said a word, he just got his hat and made for the stairs as if his life depended on getting out of that. He did look sick, too.

'About 3 o'clock Matthews was told to go over to Jimmy's case and finish his story, so over into the last alley he went, and in two minutes back he came with his eyes as big as saucers. "May I be cut into bits," he said—you know how Matthews talks; "may I be cut into bits," he said, "if Kirby ain't back there a-finishin his take!"

'The foreman stared as if he thought he was crazy. "You've been drinking again," he said. "Parsons, you go over there and finish Jimmy's story." I kind of bated to go over in that alley, and I've got pretty good nerve, too, but I knew the boys would laugh at me if I didn't, so I went and picked up the stick, and I just pulled away and never looked at Kirby's case. I put my eyes right on the copy and stood turned a little sideways, but all the time it seemed as if I must look, and the more I made up my mind I would not look the more something seemed to pull me that way. Then I thought what a fool I was, and I turned around and looked right at the case. Sure enough there stood old Kirby himself, bobbing away with a funny little motion of his shoulders that was all his own, following his right hand around with his stick as he gathered that small pic in a way that was surprising even for a ghost. To say that I was scared would be drawing it mild, but I drew myself together and went on with the story. Presently the ghost turned around and crossed the alley, and as I am a living man if there wasn't a galley on the opposite case nearly full. He dumped his stickful and went back to his case, and then I saw that he was on the last page of the brief. Once he sneaked around into the next alley and came back with a fistful of quads—just like old Kirby, always swiping some. My hair was just standing on end and I could feel a cold sweat all over me, but I was bound I'd see it out, for I knew he was nearly through. I shook so I couldn't hardly hang on to a type, but I stood there with my teeth chattering, and pretended to work, although I didn't get up more than a stickful of brevier in as much as an hour, and the proof was so dirty that I had to set it over again. But the ghost set just as steady as a machine, though I couldn't hear the click of the type nor a sound of any kind. All of a sudden he set down his stick, gathered up the copy and straightened it out and hung it on the dead hook, emptied his stick, and put his rule in it, and set it up on his case and turned round and nodded at me in a sort of friendly way, and the next thing I knew I was alone in the alley. Then I went and told the foreman, and he swore the whole force was crazy, but I took him back there and showed him that galley of type, and it rather staggered him. The men came crowding around and looked at the galley; it was the last take of the brief all right enough, but it made them feel creepy and they did not offer to touch it. The boy wouldn't take a proof of it for love or money, but the foreman was mad by that time, and he said he would prove it and make it up too, if the devil himself set it up, and he did, and the brief was off that afternoon on time. But if you'll believe me, when we came back to the office next morning there was the forme, which had been left locked up on the stone, unlocked, and the sponge lying by it, and every line of that type that the ghost had set up was gone and Kirby's case was full, just the way he had left it the morning before when he went off with his friend.' Slug 3 stopped and lit another cigarette.

'Oh, come off,' said Johnny, 'you had a jag on.' Johnny is an irreverent youth. As for myself, I don't believe in ghosts; nevertheless, who did finish Kirby's take?'

SLUG 11.

WANTED MORE PRACTICE.—'No, Bobby,' said his mother, 'one piece of pie is quite enough for you.' 'It's funny,' responded Bobby, with an injured air, 'you say you are anxious for me to learn to eat properly, and yet you won't even give me a chance to practise.'

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AUCKLAND.

A PAGE FROM THE LIFE OF A GREAT MAN



1 Arises at break of dawn. Takes cold shower bath, and, with the view of saving precious moments, also takes breakfast and listens to the morning news being read at same time.



2 Takes a rapid constitutional round Government buildings preparatory to days work



3 Issues departmental instructions to heads of departments.



4 Settles fairly down to departmental work



5 Receives deputation from Trades and Labour Council, whomish to know if Govt. will take over all the public-houses and run them on strictly Liberal and Cooperative principles. Explains that he has to catch steamer but will keep the question steadily in view.



6 A rush to catch steamer: No time for proper lunch but manages to squeeze urgent errands with penny bun and bottle of soda-water (the latter in deference to the Prohibition party.)



7 Steamer just left wharf; but by a prodigious effort-worthiness of the man—manages to save his passage. Disappointed Deputation of Unemployed, left on wharf.



8 Deputation unemployed follow in boats Address them through speaking-trumpet from stern of steamer: Urges upon them necessity of supporting Liberal platform. Deputation convinced but not satisfied.



9 More departmental work. (urgent)



10 Arrives at Nelson just in time to turn first sod of 'The Liberal Cemetery'. Proceeds somewhat tame owing to absence of any conservative Corpse!



11 Is hurried off to banquet. Makes most brilliant and florid speech lasting two hours Audience somewhat inattentive towards the end



12 Makes his escape from banquet, and with assistance of plentiful supply of net towels resumes departmental duties, i.e. sends off account of 'Brilliant Liberal Banquet' to all leading newspapers. Retires at 3.50 am

The above is suggested by a recent article in a Southern Contemporary

Ashtley Moore '95

THE WOMAN OF TACT.

WHY OUR WIVES SO EARLY RULE US.

BY LA BELLE AMERICAINNE.

A LADY, whose literary talent is unquestioned, wrote me: 'Why not make an article on the woman of tact? The subject lends itself to much food for reflection and is so many-sided that I am positive an entertaining paper could be written and presented, perhaps in new light.' Undoubtedly my clever correspondent is right, for if we turn to history we shall learn that women of tact played no inconspicuous part in the doings of their day, unconsciously changing not their own destinies, but the fate of nations.

If we were suddenly asked what woman of fable or of history was most noted for this delicate talent we should unhesitatingly affirm the immortal Becky Sharp; and we can be equally confident that Mme. Crawley finds more admirers than the weak and vacillating Amelia.

Courage is, perhaps,

MAN'S GREATEST VIRTUE.

The outrageous man, whether he be a desperado or an Alp Arslan, is made a hero. The sour-minded Carlyle, philosopher and thinker, by no means a man of action, always grew rapturous in language when he glorified the performers of brave deeds, and we can well imagine the literary toadyings Agnes Repplier would suffer if that extraordinary genius had undertaken the task of describing some historical woman whose wondrous tact had made her conspicuous in political affairs. Let us suppose Carlyle to have depicted Frances, Countess Waldegrave, a woman of Jewish origin whose several marriages did in no wise prevent from gathering about her the greatest people in the United Kingdom, and who awaited for so many years a despotic sceptre on Strawberry Hill. It was in her palace that General Schenck wrote his famous treatise on poker, and also where strange recipes were learned for the concoction of new and utterly foreign dishes. It was her wondrous tact which ruled London society—not the 'swagger' element, but the political and financial also. Have we her successor to day? Mme. Carnot is described by French journals to be a woman of tact, and her praises are sounded even by opposition papers, but will Mme. Carnot go down to posterity as an extremely clever woman in whose saloon enmities are healed and friendships cemented?

For a time it appeared that Lady Randolph Churchill would take her place in London as a remarkable woman of tact, and it was acknowledged that her noble husband owed much of his prestige to her abilities, but that erratic statesman flung ruthlessly away all his magnificent possibilities and became a carousing correspondent in African wilds, much, probably, to the chagrin of the fair American.

Conspicuously wanting in tact is the wife of Henry Morton Stanley, and the explorer has a very weak support

in his helpmeet, whose ridiculous speeches probably lost him a seat.

A TACTFUL WOMAN

does not need necessarily to shine in the glare of the great world. There is a much need for the employment of that art in the meanest household as in the spacious palace. No man is so utterly accused as he that has a tactless wife. Indeed, George Osborne was much to be pitied, and his flirtation with Becky under those circumstances was pardonable. An ambitious man with a tactless wife is as a poor swimmer in angry waters laden with a weighty book on swimming or the ponderous family Bible. He is as much blessed as the well known father of a well-known young lady who, with charming naivete, told at a famous hotel table the following story:

'Do you know,' she said, 'lawsuits are very expensive?'

'Yes.'

'Yes, and papa knows it, too. Do you know, some wicked men brought a damage suit against poor papa and he had to pay the jury £50 in cigars and champagne or else they would have decided against poor papa. I think those juriesmen very wicked, don't you?'

This interesting information was given at the breakfast table of a popular hotel; and the father, when he heard of it, felt, undoubtedly, hugely proud of his tactful daughter.

I remember a family in India where the father, then a young man, had to leave the army solely through his wife's want of tact. He was an ambitious engineer officer, and his wife had the cheerful faculty of saying or doing something which ruined his prospects. She would complacently disagree with the senior officer on some pet hobby, and repeat what her husband had said about somebody in power before that somebody, and when the storm broke would wonder why she had so unhappy a time of it.

AMERICA IS THE HOME OF THE WOMAN OF TACT.

There is probably no household in the United States which does not possess a daughter with this talent developed to a remarkable degree. It can easily be accounted for. In an English home the wants of the master are first recognized. Are they in America? Is not the master in many homes regarded simply as the money maker, an inconvenient appendage who has some sort of claim upon the family? But is he not also an ugly bear whom it is not safe to too roughly cross? He requires management, and very skilful management, and in the process of that management the woman acquires lessons in tact which make her complete master of it.

CAN THEN TACT BE TAUGHT?

No, it is an inherent virtue never to be acquired by training or by rote. Was it not tact when Napoleon, accosted by a gigantic and fat woman, who demanded bread on the ground that she was starving, replied: 'Madame, look at me,' pointing to his spare figure, 'Do not I require food even more than you do?'

Tact, frequently employed for the securing of noble purposes, is often debased for ignoble purposes. There is an unwritten tradition that tact is most useful to the woman aspiring to a social standing other to which she was entitled. This is to some measure true; but the tactful woman need not be always empty headed, employing graceful artifice to thrust her and her surroundings into high places. The simple word 'tact' embodies a whole world—it means that happier world where no careless, idle remarks inflict unseen wounds which hurt more deeply than sabre cut or bullet hole.

THE WOMAN OF TACT AVOIDS TROUBLE

In her family which a tactless woman courts. Men are not always nice in their homes. Their frowns and looks of gloom are often kept solely for domestic display. It is natural it should be so. The man of business who looks depressed before his fellowmen invites disaster—the relaxation comes when he is at home in the atmosphere where his natural self will assert itself. The tactful woman knows then not to worry her lord with those peculiar irritating minutiae of household disasters which are enough to draw from the most Job like of men exclamations of disgust. Does it not require a considerable degree of tact to seize the situation when a bill should be presented?

Depend upon it, a happy marriage is only when the wife is a tactful person. It

DOES NOT NECESSARILY MEAN THE COMPLETE ABNEGATION OF SELF

as some would hastily be led to imagine—in fact, the possession of tact is the virtue which makes one preserve their independence, or rather supremacy, and rule others with golden chains. The logical deduction is then that the happy marriage is where the woman has the mastery—precisely so when that mastery is confined to the home circle—ergo the United States is the land of happy marriages—firstly, because her women are more tactful than the women of other nations; secondly, because they are the masters of their lords.



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THE UNMASKING OF WORTHINGTON.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE FALSE PROPHET.

(Specially written for the 'Graphic,' by 'ONE WHO KNOWS.')

THE everlasting 'I told you so' isn't in it this time. A Worthington scandal has been prophesied any day the last two years, but when it burst suddenly on us last Friday evening it was of a nature quite unexpected by the acutest. All sorts of things have been said about it; but no one has had the grand pleasure drawn out of the worst troubles, of saying 'I told you so.' That he would 'bolt,' commit suicide, be arrested by detectives from New York, be thrashed, or in some other way get his name up many people expected, but that he should be so idiotic as to act as he has done hadn't even been dreamt of. The *Star* of the 3rd poured all

THE FAT IN THE FIRE.

It contained a short letter, signed 'Indignant,' which stated in so many plain words that Worthington who had deceived, swindled, and deserted seven women in America, had treated his present wife in the same way with a slight change of programme. Formerly he used to run away from a wife when her money was all gone. This time having established himself in comfortable quarters at the head of a confiding congregation, having used her money, abilities, and knowledge to gain that position, having spent all her money and got tired of her, he preferred under the circumstances for her to move on to moving on himself, and but for that letter she would be by this time on her way to Sydney childless, penniless, friendless.

Who is

THE YOUNG LADY IN AUCKLAND

who has lately inherited money? The 'Temple of Truth' here, Worthington's chapel, doesn't pay. The 'Students of Truth' as they are called, were not wealthy, and they have—as most of them have—ruined themselves, mortgaged their little sections and homes, turned their properties into cash to pay for building and decorating this temple and a twelve-roomed house for Worthington. Their weekly collections, upon which he has to live, have, in consequence, fallen off. Another wife with money is therefore a necessity for him. Hence the removal of the present and the talk of the future mistress of his battered heart and really beautiful home. He was in Auckland a few months ago leotaring and looking around to see if your soil was prolific, with a view to a possible change of residence. The climate, however, didn't seem to suit him, but one young lady did. Who is she?

'But the best laid schemes,' etc., you know. That letter stirred up those horrid papers. Impertinent pressmen, special reporters, and all that odious set started investigating, interviewing and writing, and day after day the *Star* and the *Lyttelton Times* have given columns upon columns of facts, some of which are funny enough for a farce, while others are pathetic enough to wring the heart of the hardest. Mrs Worthington was the Mrs Plunkett celebrated throughout America as one of the leading Christian Scientist body. When she left her husband and joined Worthington, the latter was so poor as even to want clothing.

THE UNPARALLELED HEARTLESSNESS

of the man shone out in the circumstances connected with Mrs Plunkett leaving his home, for, you know, she is staying for the present at Coker's. After carefully and with the patient skill of a demon working matters for the last few months up to the point, he latterly managed to keep her in the house, separated from her friends and the Students. How he contrived to induce the trustees of the building to persuade her to sign a document resigning his name and pledging herself to leave the colony and not divulge any of the events of his past life you will get from the papers. But they don't tell how that document was signed. Confinement in the house had made her ill, and one day—a Wednesday—confronted with the prospect of being turned into the street with nothing at a moment's notice, worn-out completely, the unfortunate woman signed the paper. She had no friends near or about her to advise her. One girl—faithful, loving creature—was with her, but she was powerless to do more than give heartfelt sympathy.

This was done on Wednesday evening. The next evening there was the usual weekly meeting of the Students in the Temple. A paper here had a day or two before given a re-hash of the oft told old tale of his doings in America. He stood up calmly, and referring to it said he was not going to defend himself, if he required defending he ought not to be there. This not twenty four hours after he had with brutality closed the lips of the only person here who could properly tell that

STORY OF CRIME AND CRUELTY.

In the 'Temple of Truth,' too!

One of the conditions in the agreement was that the two children—here, not his—should be left with him. That he should want, or she agree to this, has puzzled many. Knowing her and him I can understand it. He doubtless thought they would give him some hold over her, so that she would keep strictly to the bond as to divulging disagreeable matters. She believed he really cared for them, and that they might exercise an influence for good over him. Besides, they would continue their education at the Students' Kindergarten. Anyhow it was so arranged. But in a couple of days he sent them away to her with a note, in which he carefully mentions sending all their belongings with them. That sounds as if he wouldn't wrong them or her, doesn't it? But he remembered to keep her plate—not silverene, potool, or other such imitation, but solid silver, five shillings an ounce heavy spoons and forks, entrées dishes, dish covers, tea set, etc. His memory will be jogged on this score by a lawyer shortly.

When rumours first came here that he was

THE MANY-WIVED, MANY-ALIASED ADVENTURER

of whom the New York correspondent of the *Argus* had written, he said to me with tears in his eyes that he was in a cruel position. There was just such a thread of truth running through the account that he couldn't say straight it was untrue. Thread indeed! Ship's hawser it proves to be. Another time standing up before his congregation—students they call themselves—he said choking with emotion (he's an accomplished actor) that he had never done anything in his life that he was ashamed of. Well, perhaps so. Some people take a pride in peculiar practices.

SISTER MAGDALA—

she wishes to be known so now—promises us that 'all shall be set straight.' By this we take it she means that either she will compel him to make, or that she will make for him a clean breast as to all past delinquencies. It will be an interesting record. He has retained all her library and a variety of things (besides the plate), such as pictures, ornaments, etc., to say nothing of the furniture of his twelve-roomed house all paid for with her money. Legal proceedings for the recovery of these will be immediately commenced by her, and unless he either bolts or suicides we may expect to see him pass under the barrow in the witness box when the revelations will be startling.

Wife or swindle? that is the question that is being asked.

WHETHER HE CAN LEGALLY MARRY

is a question which probably even he couldn't answer; but supposing he met a woman sufficiently rich and complacent, the event's a certainty. If not, the other is more than on the cards. I know Sister Magdala fears it, and I believe that her refusal to countenance any such course was one of the reasons that have led to the present position. At a lecture she delivered on Monday she said if he did not repent or was not checked he would have all those poor Students who had mortgaged their homes and their little properties in his hands. The buildings belonging to the Students, comprising Temple and dwelling-house, are vested in the hands of trustee, but these gentlemen have shown themselves to be as wax in his hands already, and some of them have been induced by him to sign statements that have no sooner been published in the papers than they have been utterly refuted. Such backboneless men could easily be gammoned into giving up the trust deed (one of them yesterday told me the Students did not want to have it executed, but he insisted on it, dear good man), and then he would have £8,000 worth of property at his mercy. At his mercy, oh Lord!

HOW IT ALL CAME OUT!

Yes, of course, I haven't told you. Well, I don't think more than four people in all Christchurch know. The yarns about it are numerous. Some credit Sister Magdala with having written that first letter, and others say it's that faithful friend I've referred to, Sister Franc. All agree that it's someone closely mixed up with the matter. The fact is, the discovery of the plot to ship Mrs Worthington away was an accident. Worthington had managed things cleverly, and very nearly succeeded. Having moulded four pliant trustees to his liking, he literally shut up his wife; then the badgering took place, the signing of the document on Wednesday night, and swift preparation for

the departure on the following Tuesday. None knew of this but the four trustees, three jealous widows, and the sister friend. It was religiously kept from the Students who would soon have altered matters. One of those, a married lady, not having seen or heard of Mrs Worthington for some days, became anxious, and went to the house on Thursday evening. She found the ordinary entrances from the Temple to the house fastened up (the two buildings are side by side and attached), and at the front door she could gain no admission.

FROM ANXIOUS SHE BECAME SUSPICIOUS,

and determined to force an entrance even if police assistance were necessary. After some trouble she got round through the garden of a neighbouring house to the kitchen door and boldly entered. Once in, the way was fairly clear, and soon she was in Mrs Worthington's—Sister Magdala's, I beg her pardon—room. She was lying prostrate in bed, the faithful Sister Franc with her. This sister had been night and day with Mrs Worthington, though all attempts short of violence were made to get her away. A long talk checked with sob, moistened with tears, and fired with indignation took place, and the story was told, to be repeated by the visitor—I might say rescuer—to her husband later on. Result: The letter in the *Star*; confusion among the conspirators; dismay and anger among the Students; and a thorough investigation by the papers.

Sam Weller said, 'beware of vidders.' Worthington knows how to manage them, and finds them profitable. There are many among his followers. Napoleon said every private carried a field-marshal's bâton in his knapsack. The 'vidders,' perhaps, each one looks forward to promotion to the post of honour in the Temple. According to their means Worthington places and bleeds them.

This genius also knows

HOW TO UTILISE GARRULOUS OLD MAIDS.

One is kept about the building to tell how she knew Worthington in New York and was years in his uncle's service. Her testimony to W.'s character would be effectual if it didn't go a *leette* too far. She knew him twenty years ago when he was married to the poor woman just turned out. He then ordinarily drove four-in-hand, was handsome, wealthy, and honoured. 'She Mrs Plunkett! oh, no.' That's the breakdown. Unfortunately, Mrs W. confesses to being Mrs Plunkett, and as she says with pathos, 'In saying this I tell all.' So the old maid's testimony, though creditable to Worthington's genius, scarcely redounds to his honour.

NOTICE TO READERS.

In next week's issue we shall publish some further facts concerning this extraordinary scandal. We shall also produce a photo engraving picture of

SISTER MAGDALA,

(Mrs Worthington)

and a portrait of

WORTHINGTON,

views of the Temple of Truth, interwoven with other matter and pictures of interest.

FILLIS' CIRCUS.

THERE is no doubt that Fillis' Circus, now in Auckland, merits the high encomiums which our Southern correspondents have bestowed upon it in each town. When one reads of immense audiences at the two daily performances, not only on the first, but on each succeeding afternoon and evening, one feels safe to say that Aucklanders will not be one whit behind the rest of New Zealand in giving themselves and their children a great treat by attending this marvellous circus. It is a delightful idea of Mr Fillis that visitors to his show like to be comfortably seated, and there is no doubt that he does provide well for his patrons in this and every respect. The most timid need fear nothing even when the beautiful Bengal tiger bounds loose into the ring, but the audience are quite safe—an iron railing ten feet high preventing him from coming near them. The menagerie, with its splendid collection of zebras, gorillas, panthers, monkeys, etc., is sure to prove immensely attractive. The lions are put through a performance every time the circus is opened. There is no extra charge for admission to the menagerie; one ticket does for it and the circus. The horses are wonderfully clever, and the ponies play all sorts of astonishing tricks. The clowns are also a great feature of this Show. The music is exceptionally good, and worth hearing by itself. Of the lady and gentlemen riders, acrobats, etc., it is difficult to speak too highly. The best way, in fact, to find out what the performance is like is to go and see it for yourself. Above all, do not forget to take the children. The circus opens this (Wednesday) evening, and remains open for some days.

A CHAT WITH POLICE-SERGEANT X.

A LONDON 'BOBBY' INTERVIEWED.

'A POLICEMAN'S lot is not a happy one.'

As I watched the policeman go down the dark, dreary street, listening to the 'tramp,' 'splash,' and 'sough,' each time his heavy sodden boots came down, and noting the drip of the rain on the back of his legs—for he held out his cape in front with his hands to save his knees—Mr Gilbert's line came into my mind. For the first time it struck me that policemen are men and brothers, and it seemed worth while to ask something about their lives. A friend of mine, who once had a policeman and his wife to keep house for him, said that he was just the man to tell me all about the force, so I wrote and asked Sergeant X. to call, and last evening he came. A tall, well-built man, clean and smart-looking, clear in speech, without a trace of Cockney, but

A LOT OF TRICKS WITH PINS AND WHALEBONES AND COTTONS.

fixed up so as to show if doors or windows have been opened, or walls climbed over. But I can't tell them, sir, for you to write, as them might read them who oughtn't to know. It's a hard life, and the walking and rain use up a man. I've been at it sixteen years. I'm thirty-seven years old, strong enough, except in my legs; they're going a bit. Still, I'm a steady chap, and hope to get full pension. Ten years more it'll take me, and then I shall get two-thirds of my pay, but most men don't reach it; they get worn out. There's so much extra duty with processions and meetings, and we get no extra pay. Yes, it's no wonder we don't like them Socialists, seeing what extra work we have, and no overtime.'

'There's a popular idea that the police get promotion through making many successful charges.'

'No, sir. If a man keeps his beat in order, and does not

are billiard-tables, and chess, and draughts, and books at the stations; and men box, and so on; and there's various societies for music and things. Where do I live? In one of the Industrial Dwellings Company's, Limited, blocks—7s 6d a week for three small rooms. Lights on stairs out after eleven, so I have to climb up sixty steps in the dark. Of course it's very dear for the accommodation, but a man must be near his work, and they are the best we can get; there's a great demand for them. I wish some one would build barracks for each division, and arrange the rents so that it wouldn't be dearer to live in one division than another. That would be fair. They'd have good tenants and rents quite safe.

'DO WE GET ANY REWARDS?'

Yes, but not much—for killing mad dogs, stopping runaway horses, and making clever arrests. Of course, it don't often happen. We get extras, too, sometimes for special work in theatres, and watching private houses, and the like. Whilst he was talking I noticed that he began to look a little sleepy, and remembered he'd been on duty the night before, from 9.45 p.m. to 6 a.m., so I offered some more whisky, which was declined, and he rose, picked up a walking stick curiously carved by himself, begged me to write particularly about the rent and boots, implored me not to disclose his identity, and said 'Good-night.'

As I listened to the heavy 'tramp,' 'tramp,' down the sixty steps I also possess, I began to doubt the truth of Mr Gilbert's line, for I think that the lot of Sergeant X (no imaginary person) is one of, at least average, happiness.

ENGAGED!

Yes, I'm engaged!
 Yet I can hardly fancy that it's real;
 He doesn't quite come up to my ideal,
 The right man never does, and so
 It seems so much more genuine, you know.
 But then he says I'm all his fancy painted—
 I fear he's not with painting much acquainted—
 He breathes so ardently his passion tender
 I felt I must surrender,
 And so I did, and I'm engaged.

Engaged! Engaged! How odd it makes one feel.
 Thank goodness I my feelings can conceal.
 Some girls would show the thing in every look,
 Printed all over them as is a book,
 Proud as a little girl with a new dolly,
 I'm glad to say that I'm above such folly,
 And I defy the world to see in me
 That I am anything, but fancy free.
 If I betrayed it, I should feel enraged
 To think a smiling world knew I'm engaged.

Yet why should I the matter secret keep?
 Engaged! Engaged! Last night I scarce could sleep;
 For still the cry 'Engaged' rang in my ears
 A rhythmic chorus to my hopes and fears.
 I pondered, wondering, 'Had I done aright?'
 While Hope's voice quavered, though she whispered
 'Quite.'

But courage came with daylight, and I stand
 Confessed with the betrothed ones of the land,
 Proud of my choice, my fears all, all assuaged.
 I'm sorry for the girls who are not engaged.

Engaged! Ah me, engaged! My days of freedom over,
 For now I must no longer be a rover
 And flit, like butterfly, from flower to flower,
 Contented with the conference of an hour.
 Farewell the waltz, farewell all kinds of dances,
 Farewell pressed hands, sly smiles, and oh! all sorts of
 glances.
 My glances now must take a certain way,
 My smiles no longer bither, thither stray;
 All innocent flirtation is denied me—
 I did not think it would so much have tried me!
 It makes me feel like some poor bird engaged
 And wish myself a trifle less engaged.

R. A. BULLEN.



Utting,

A VIEW IN THE AUCKLAND DOMAIN.

photo, Auckland.

rather a sound of Western country, decidedly a good, honest looking man of courage and strength.

'SIT DOWN, SERGEANT X, AND HAVE SOME WHISKY AND A CIGAR.'

'Thank you, I'd sooner smoke a pipe.'

Perhaps he was a connoisseur; anyhow he was right, the cigars were bad, a present just received 'from a grateful client.'

'What are my grievances, sir? Why, I don't think I've anything to grumble about; it's a hard life, and some things don't seem quite right, but still I suppose it's fair. The men in my division do grumble about one thing. I'm in the "C" division—Mayfair, Piccadilly, Regent-street, etc., and the rents are very high. A man can't live far away, and there aren't decent lodgings to be had except between 6s 6d and half a guinea a week, and that's a terrible deal for a man on 24s a week, with a wife and child to keep.'

'Is that what the constable starts on?'

'Yes, when they pass the doctor and their characters are all right, they

BEGIN AT 24s, AND CAN RISE 1s

a year till they reach 32s a week. You see, we get drafted from division to division, and rents vary, but pay don't. There's divisions for all the letters of the alphabet, except "O," "Q," and "I;" some of them right out in the country, where rents are nothing beside ours, and it don't seem right the pay should be the same. We've lately had a sergeant moved in who used in his old division to pay 4s 6d a week for a cottage and little garden, and now he has to pay 16s for him and his wife and seven children.'

'WHAT'S SERGEANT'S PAY?'

'34s, rising 1s a year to two pound a week. One gets to be sergeant after eight or nine years' work and passing a Civil Service examination if one has a good character. After that by seniority one may become an inspector at 50s, rising to three guineas a week, then chief inspector, superintendent, and chief; but of course one only hopes to be inspector, and there's little chance of that for most. The rent's our great trouble, and then there are the boots.'

'The boots?'

'Yes, sir. They give us two pair, but they're no good; ballocks in the morning made into boots by night, with rough machine-sewing. A man who's walking eight-and-a-half hours at a stretch in all weathers needs good boots. I can't bear them, and they get wet through in an hour's rain. No, sir, those aren't their boots. I sell my allowance, and get 5s or 6s a pair, no more, and buy good ones; they cost me about a pound.'

EIGHT HOURS AND A BIT WALKING, OR STANDING

If it's traffic directing, day work one week, night the next. Yes, it's dangerous work at nights, but a man gets a good pension if maimed. It's more interesting, perhaps, at night, trying the doors, studying unusual lights, and "marking" doors, ladders, and walls of uninhabited places.'

'What is "marking"?''

'Well, we've

make many charges, he gets on all right. And it isn't true there's much false swearing in the force, though I think there used to be, nor bribes neither. I've

NEVER HAD A BRIBE OFFERED,

and I think I've run in over five hundred people, and some of them swells, too.'

'The punishments?'

'Oh, they're very heavy. I've never been punished, but I've known a man reduced from 28s a week to 25s—more than 27 a year—for first-time drunkenness. There's

FINES FOR GOSSIPING AND GOING INTO PUBS,

and all sorts of things, and I think they're too hard, though I've never suffered. The men are social enough, and there



Utting,

THE CARRIAGE DRIVE, AUCKLAND DOMAIN.

photo, Auckland.

THE SALE OF A SOUL.

A STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

IN FOUR PARTS—By C. M. S. McLENNAN.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens on a Saturday night in a back parlour of Terence Fitzgerald's bar. The beautiful daughter of mine host, Maggie, is asked to sing. The performance is interrupted by the entrance of two gentlemen in evening dress. One of them exclaims, addressing the singer, "You are superb, which excites the wrath of some of the low-class frequenters of the place. The landlord comes in, and the strangers go off with him. One of them tells Fitzgerald that his daughter is simply magnificent, and that her proper place is in fashionable Society. Chapter II. shows how the bar-tender fights a slum admirer of Maggie's who threw a glass at her. Prescott, the gentleman who thinks the girl too good for her present social position—talks about her to Curzon, one of his club friends, who tries to reason him out of his idea, saying that the girl is happy where she is, and does not find her surroundings uncongenial. Prescott is, however, too much interested in the slender, elegant, and lovely Maggie to give up his plan of introducing her to society. Accordingly he again interviews her father, promises that his aunt, a maiden lady of the highest integrity and standing, shall chaperone the girl, and finally persuades Fitzgerald to allow his child to be made a great lady.

III.



It was at Mrs Bensingham-Jones' large fancy dress ball.

"A pantomime," laughed Dicky Pendleton, dressed as Gladstone, as he worked his way through the jam to get at his particular Marjorie, who had just emerged from her white silk wrap and furs, and stood near the doorway looking like a bluish rosebud amid a buzzing circle of masculine bees.

"When the ladies jab their dimpled elbows into your ribs, life is a perfect blessing," puffed fat little Olney Travers, in an absurd Boy Blue rig up. "But hang me if I think it a boon when a *man* grinds half through you. Confound it, Jim Mauson, keep off my toes. And don't push, don't push."

Pretty little Mrs Bensingham Jones had achieved a tremendous success with her dance. The occasion was one of immense splendour, gaiety and excitement. Besides the ludicrously like imitation of Gladstone, there were Toreadors, Robinson Crusoes, peasants, jockeys, birds and bipeds of every sort and description. A late comer stood in the doorway contemning the radiant and rampant spectacle of whirling figures, and as the strains of the waltz swam and sighed on the warm, fragrant air he raised his head and swept his gaze over the flashing assemblage. Out of the gorgeous mass, a tall, straight, distinguished-looking woman, dressed in soft gray, a woman of middle age, who seemed unmoved by all the excitement about her, came to his side and stood with him, looking, as he did, across the great room.

"Well, are they talking about her?" asked the man after a moment's silence.

"Yes, Bryce," answered the woman. "The effect has been just what you predicted. She is the sensation of the night!"

"Is Curzon here?"

"Yes; and he has met her. Shall you dance?"

"No, I am going away at once."

"But shan't you speak to Margaret? She was only just now asking if you were here?"

Prescott pulled at his short moustache.

"Was she?" he jerked out; "oh, well, that doesn't matter. How does she carry herself?"

"Nobly!"

"Of course she does. By Jove, there she is talking with Curzon. What a woman! Is she indeed human, aunt? Surely she is unlike those others. See, how every eye is attracted to her."

The new debutante was the subject of conversation everywhere. Mrs Bensingham-Jones took as much pride in her as though she belonged to her, which was very good of her, considering that her own daughter, with a neck like a tallow-candle, and no nose worth mentioning, was being shamefully neglected by the men, who were making a regular stampede all the evening in the direction of the new beauty. Very little was known about Miss Fitzgerald, but it was enough to be told that she was from out of town and the protégée of Miss Prescott.

"She'll make the match of the year," said the women.

"Gad, what shoulders!" exclaimed the men. The wondrous beauty that Prescott had discovered in Margaret when in her soiled calico gown she stood in the smoke of the saloon and sang "Shandon Belle," was, naturally enough, intensified into an almost effulgent splendour now that she was arrayed in delicate finery and placed within an ornamental environment. Her flesh was as white as snow, her hair arranged with artistic grace, and the sculptural nobility of her figure was

set forth to the highest advantage by the gown she wore. And her air was that of a young princess accepting the homage of the multitude as her proper due, but modest and gentle withal, and with no trace of plebeian arrogance. Indeed, the triumph of Margaret in her new sphere was made complete by a refinement of bearing and propriety of utterance that were rare even at a fashionable dance. A critic of manners entering that ballroom and moving among the company must have said that the noblest born of all, and the one of the nicest culture was the tall, lilylike Margaret, the child of the Bowery.

Prescott, now that he saw the girl fairly launched into society, could hardly help feeling a sudden apprehensiveness of the possible consequences. The imposture of which he had been guilty was plain before him, and he knew that if he was discovered he would be censured by his friends, and perhaps cut as a cad. It certainly was all very irregular and reprehensible, this freakish performance of his. People would say he was insane, or worse, when they found him out. And, above all, it would disgrace his aunt, that simple, good lady who would tattoo her face to gratify a whim of Bryce's, and who, after she once saw Margaret, agreed to share in the imposture proposed by Bryce, though not without experiencing severe qualms of conscience and grave misgivings.

"Why, we shall be conferring a boon upon society, aunt," Bryce had said to her. "Do you think there could possibly be harm in giving Margaret to them? They need her. She will glorify the neighbourhood. I would like to tell them frankly who she is, but you know how impossible that would be. There is only one way: She must be introduced as a young friend of yours from out of town."

And Margaret was so brought forward at Mrs Bensingham Jones' dance.

Prescott left the ballroom without speaking to Margaret. He went out into Fifth Avenue, and as he turned to walk down town his attention was attracted to the figure of a man standing under the lamplight on the corner and eyeing him with a half-eager, half-frightened glare. The hard, pale face, with its thin mouth and sharp, black eyes, struck him at once as a familiar one, and he paused to take a second look at the man. As he did so, the fellow shuffled swiftly toward

him, and at closer range Prescott recognized Davenant, the young rowdy he had punched in Fitzgerald's saloon on his first visit there, and who had struck Margaret with the bar glass.

"What are you doing round here?" growled Prescott at him, fixing him with a savage look.

"I came here ter see you. Treat me fair, and I'll treat you fair. I'll forget yer blow—I want ter talk wid yer, that's all."

The presence of the man and his strange words irritated Prescott. He guessed at once that Davenant knew of Margaret's presence at the dance, and he saw in him a dangerous enemy to him and his plans.

"I don't care to talk with you," he said. "Now go on about your business."

"But I must tell yer amp'n about Aer. Yer've got ter hear it."

"Nothing you could say to me would interest me," rejoined Prescott.

"But this *would*," snarled Davenant, and a hard, ugly look sprang into his eyes. "You'd better listen. I don't know what your game is wid Maggie, but when I saw her wid yer lady frens I took it for granted yer wuz acting on the level wid her. Well, now, I don't understand 'you doods, an' perhaps it's a regular thing ter go down inter the Bowery an' adopt girls, but I thought yer usually wuz careful about the girl's character."

Prescott clutched the young rough by the lapel of his coat, and almost pulled him off the ground.

"What do you mean by that, you sneak?" he muttered. Then Mr Davenant went spinning into the street, followed by an annihilating curse from Prescott. He picked himself up from the pavement, and, turning a baleful countenance to Prescott, hissed out all the vile names known to his vocabulary, and then, as he slunk away, muttered that he would square accounts within a very few hours.

Prescott was enraged at the rough's words relating to Margaret's character, and with this anger there was a sudden sinking of the heart, as the realization came to him for the first time that he had never thought to question before the utter purity of the girl.

"Well, and what of it?" he soliloquized; "at all events she is no worse than a good many that are dancing there in the same room with her. I don't care how you look at it, she deserves the position I have put her in."

As Prescott started down the avenue Curzon was descending Sherry's steps.

"Hello, Bryce, is that you?" he called. "I was going down to the Club to write a few letters that I want to get off to night. I say, old fellow, 'taking Prescott's arm, 'do you know society is tremendously indebted to your aunt for that beautiful Miss Fitzgerald? Really, I never saw anything to equal her, and her dignity and tact are remarkable. When a man sees a girl like her he is apt to get serious over her prospects. Now, Bryce, you know Miss Fitzgerald can use this world as a plaything. Nothing is closed to her. It seems to me rather exciting to imagine what her record is to be. What do you think about it?"

"What do I think about it?" responded Prescott, inwardly exulting at the victory he had gained over his old friend. "Why, Miss Fitzgerald will be the sensation of the season, and marry, I hope, the best fellow in the world."

"Then she'll marry you, Bryce," said Curzon.

Prescott stopped short in his walk.



Mrs Bensingham-Jones had achieved an immense success with her dance. Besides the ludicrous imitation of Gladstone, there were Toreadors, Gipsies, Jockeys, birds and bipeds of every description, and needless to say, Robinson Crusoe.

'What do you mean, Dick?' he said, in a half-angry tone. Curzon looked at him curiously.

'Why, you're not cut up, are you, Bryce,' he asked, 'because I want to think you the best fellow in the world?'

'No; but your suggestion. Why, Dick?—laughing in a strained way as he realised he was displaying a wholly unaccountable irritation—'you ought to know me better. Marry her! Why, I don't propose to marry for ten years yet, if I do at all. Besides, I shouldn't know what to do with such a beauty. I should be uncomfortable with a wife that dazzled all creation.'

Then they walked on in silence, arm in arm, both gazing on the ground in front of them. They did not speak until they reached the Knickerbocker Club. Then Curzon asked Prescott if he intended going back to the dance.

'No,' the latter replied. 'The crush there is too much for me.'

'Well, don't go on another trip to the Bowery,' laughed Curzon. 'By the way, what has become of your goddess of the slums, Bryce? Is she still singing from the tops of tables to the fashionable gentry of Bleeker-street?'

Prescott forced a smile, and said nothing.

'What a wild notion that was of yours,' Bryce, went on Curzon, as they sat down and ordered whisky and soda, 'to life that Bwery girl into a higher sphere of life. I thought of it afterwards, and it struck me what a frightful thing it would be if you really could ring a girl like that in on people, and some fellow with blood in his veins and a lot of pride in his ancestry should fall in love with her and marry her. Wouldn't it be the worst trick ever played?'

'I don't see it that way at all,' said Prescott. 'If a girl is handsome, intelligent and good, what more does a man want? It would be a good job if that sort of trick could be played on some of those infernal fools in our set who are all the time marrying miserable specimens of girlhood for their money, or for position. I'm free to say that a little physical magnificence and common sense ought to be injected into the fashionable mob of this town, and to get those qualities you've got to go into the by-ways.'

'But not into the Bowery, my boy.'

'Yes, into the Bowery, perhaps.'

'Pon my word, you surprise me. You've seen all sorts of people, Bryce, and you're not a narrow-minded man, and yet you are allowing yourself to believe that culture and worth are incompatible conditions. Why, take the case of this lovely Miss Fitzgerald. There's a girl who has always lived in a refined atmosphere, and has it hurt her? Is she not a perfect type of young womanhood? Could she possibly be more beautiful, more gentle, more sincere? When such girls exist in your own world, Bryce, why should you look for accidental pearls among the swine?'

Prescott seemed agitated. He gulped down some whisky and soda, then tried to cover up his face with his handkerchief, and finally burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, much to the astonishment of his friend, who gazed at him with blank inquiry.

'Pardon me, Dick,' Prescott said at last. 'I don't know what I'm laughing at. It's hysterics, I think.'

Curzon looked worried. He was beginning to think something was wrong with Prescott. To him the young man's laughter was inspired by nothing at all, and it sounded insane. Then his fanatical opinions regarding society and the means of regenerating it were undoubtedly of a morbid character. What in the world had come over the fellow? he wondered. The fact that he apparently did not admire Miss Fitzgerald sufficiently to make any conversation about her struck Curzon as peculiar.

He left Prescott and went to write his letters. The young man felt nervous, and thought a sharp walk in the cold night air would do him good. He put on his coat and passed out of the club. It was one o'clock now and the avenue was pretty well deserted. He struck upon at a lively gait and was soon in a glow. On he went until he reached the Park, when he took the broad sidewalk that runs alongside this pleasure ground, and decided to keep on to 110th street, when he would cross to Third avenue and take the elevated road down town again. He met no one in this part of the town, not even a policeman. Presently he stopped to light a fresh cigar, and in doing so turned round to get his back to the wind. Suddenly he discovered a man advancing swiftly toward him. He looked closer, and saw the haunting face of Davenant again before him. In a paroxysm of anger he made straight for the fellow and clutched him by the throat.

'You miserable little wretch,' he said, 'how dare you dog me like this?'

Davenant looked at him out of his wicked eyes and growled: 'Let go my throat.'

'Prescott tell you, I tell you,' gasped Davenant again.

'Then there was a flash, a sharp report, and as Prescott sank down with a groan Davenant, with a revolver smoking in his hand, glided across the avenue and into the gloom of a cross street.'

IV.

WHEN Prescott told the doctors in Bellevue Hospital that he had been shot while defending himself against a footpad his story was, of course, accepted without question. A word from him would have sent Bill Davenant to Sing Sing, but Prescott had no intention of speaking that word. When Davenant learned from the newspapers that his victim was alive and conscious he fully expected to be charged by him with the shooting, and he was the most astonished man in New York when he read that Prescott claimed not to know who his assailant was, and that he did not preserve any distinct recollection of his appearance. But he was by no means delighted even by this extraordinary conduct of Prescott, for he knew that it was done for the sole reason of shielding Margaret. Davenant was unable to make out just what method had been employed in putting Margaret up among the rich people, but he was enough of a fox to detect an irregularity, and Prescott's silence in regard to himself showed that he did not want Margaret's new friends to know her origin. This was a very valuable discovery to Mr Davenant, and he resolved to put it to good use at the earliest possible opportunity.

He thought it safe enough to hang about the entrance of Bellevue, and he did so each day, and on several occasions he saw Margaret in company with Miss Prescott go from her carriage into the building, but she never in any instance looked to the right or left, and to his great chagrin she apparently never knew of his presence in the neighbourhood. On the first day he had run after the carriage to the house in Washington Square, in order to learn where Mar-

garet lived, and though he loitered about for hours afterwards, she never once came to the window to look out. After vainly trying to catch her eye in this way, Davenant prepared a very grimy note as he drank his beer in one of his downtown haunts at night, and inclosing it in an envelope begged from the bar tender, he directed it to Miss Margaret Fitzgerald. The next day he went to the house in Washington Square and rang the front bell. A solemn English servant opened the door and almost overwhelmed the little rowdy with his haughty, and contemptuous stare. Davenant handed in the note and trotted down the steps. A moment later the doubtful-looking document was handed to Margaret on a silver plate. Its appearance was eloquent of its cheap and vulgar source, and Margaret, with a little smile at her own recently acquired daintiness, picked it up very gingerly and tore it open. From the pale pencil marks she finally deciphered the following:

MARGARET.—I no wares you liv an wat do it all mense anaway you aint got no rite to liv dere an it aint strats you must give ripl or you hav trouble I can maik wuss trouble than the odder nite. If you must talk care kam back to Bowery and we will be marrid.—BILL DAVENANT.

Margaret's hand trembled as it fell with the note into her lap, and the blood left her cheeks. She had always felt humiliated by this man's affection, and now she was almost overwhelmed with shame. And she feared him now. Down there in the Bowery, where she could meet him on his own ground, face to face, she felt no dread of him, but now that she was in this new life he became a lurking danger, against whose treacheries she was unable to protect herself.

She read the note again, and a meaning that she had not at first detected was revealed in the words: 'I can maik wuss trouble than the odder nite.' The truth flashed over her and she started to her feet, trembling violently.

'It was he,' she whispered. 'He tried to kill Mr Prescott. Oh, the coward! And Mr Prescott knows and will not tell. Ah, it is all a mistake, my coming here to live.'



There was a nurse sitting by him. Both looked somewhat curiously at her as she entered.

I only bring pain and danger with me. It is so wrong, so wrong. These people, he and his aunt—why should they have me, who knew this murderer, in their home? My place is in the saloon where I was born and bred. It was weak, silly, selfish of me to let them bring me here. I am a living lie, and he must despise me. And he was shot by Bill Davenant! Oh, it is monstrous, and I am to blame for it all. I must go back home, I must go back.'

As she strode nervously up and down the room the butler announced Curzon. Margaret composed herself as best she could and went downstairs.

'Isn't it jolly about Bryce,' said Curzon gaily, after greeting her. 'He'll gallop into good health now they've got the bullet out of him. By George, it fairly makes me boil when I think no one can find a clue to the identity of the man that shot Bryce. Think of such a dastard stalking about for new game. You know I'm not so sure that fellow was a footpad, after all.'

Margaret looked at Curzon sharply.

'What makes you doubt it?' she asked.

'Oh, well, footpads are scarce, and they work in pairs as a general thing. Bryce can only say that his assailant was a small man. Well, isn't it unreasonable to suppose that one small footpad is going to tackle a big, strapping fellow like Bryce? And what did the poor boy lose? Nothing. When the policeman found him he had his watch and his money and his rings. Is a footpad going to leave his treasure behind him like that?'

'He might feel that he must hurry away after the pistol shot,' suggested Margaret, who believed that was all that prevented Davenant from robbing his victim.

'No,' responded Curzon, 'a professional would linger a few seconds if he saw that no one was in sight.'

As a matter of fact Curzon had a clearly defined theory about the shooting. He remembered leaving Prescott that night sitting over some whisky and soda in the Knickerbocker Club, and twenty minutes later he was shot just outside Central Park. What was he doing up there? Did he not go there to meet someone? And was not that someone a woman? And was not that woman the wonderful beauty of the Bowery saloon? Here was an explanation of the whole

affair that seemed more and more reasonable to Curzon the longer he thought of it. He had it settled in his own mind that Prescott was carrying on a serious affair with the Bowery woman. Bryce was blinded to the probable desperation of her character by his infatuation for her. His insane plan of introducing her into society was inspired, no doubt, by a demand made by her that this should be done. Perhaps the woman demanded marriage. They met by appointment and quarrelled. The woman's fury overcame her and she shot her lover. It was all plain enough to Curzon.

What he said to Margaret was:

'Bryce is an enigma to me of late. He seems filled with all sorts of strange notions. I wonder if he ever talked to you of his theory of having society adopt beautiful women from the by-ways. I really got worried about him a little while ago when he seriously spoke to me of introducing to his friends a magnificent creature from the Bowery, a Greek-like maid who was the daughter of a saloon keeper. It was pure madness in Bryce. I think when we get him out of the hospital you and I must take the boy in hand and get him interested in healthy, bright ideas. He's been growing morbid, I'm afraid, though I'm bound to say he's the liveliest morbid individual I ever ran across.'

And so Curzon rattled on. He liked to talk about Prescott, and he liked especially to talk about him to Margaret. The emotions that had come into this good-hearted, genial gentleman's mind in the past few weeks were many and most agitating. He saw in Margaret all the physical and mental virtues under the sun, and he never wearied of contemplating her when she was in the range of his vision, and dreaming upon her when she was afar. And a hundred times a day he would say to himself: 'Ah, what a wife she would make for Bryce! And of course it will be so. They were made for each other.' And he thought how happy he should be to call himself an old friend of Mr and Mrs Prescott, and even went so far as to hear their children calling him Uncle

Dick. And then somehow a little shadow would drift across the sunshine of his thoughts, and if he was alone he began to brood over his own lonely life and advancing years, and blamed himself for wasting his youth like a selfish egotist.

Margaret could not help liking Curzon, and when he called at her home or approached her out in society no one brought so bright a smile into her lovely face as he. She thought him quite the most interesting man she knew, and his graceful, unselfish admiration of her, his gay spirit and his sincerity, won her friendship at once. And perhaps she liked to hear him talk of Prescott. It was, at any rate, very strange how the conversation when they were together invariably drifted to that young man.

After Curzon left that afternoon Margaret dressed for the street and ordered Miss Prescott's carriage. She told the driver to take her to Bellevue. She was shown at once to the room where Prescott lay. He laid down the paper he had been reading, and both he and the nurse who sat by him looked somewhat curiously at her as she entered, Prescott tugging anxiously at his moustache till the nurse had left the room. With a sad smile she handed to him the bunch of roses that she carried, and then, as she sat in the chair by the side of his bed, she said softly:

'Mr Prescott, I am on my way down town. I am going back home to stay.'

Prescott involuntarily reached out his hand and took hers.

'Nonsense, Margaret,' he said. 'You mustn't do that. What has happened? Who has been talking to you?'

'No one,' she replied; 'but it is wrong, it is terrible—this in a desperate tone—and it will only bring shame and unhappiness on all of us. I don't know why I ever consented to do it. Now—I am decided—and I will return.'

A cloud came over Prescott's pale face.

'It's a little ungrateful of you,' he said.

'Ah, don't say that,' replied Margaret. 'I'm not ungrateful. But I have thought it all over, and—and—forgive me if I am not happy in my new life. I love it—oh, it is beautiful, but I have no right to it, and that thought makes it bitter and painful. You have placed me where I am con-

pellid o be ashamed of my father and mother. Is that not to be ashamed in 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, honored 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, *cypher*, 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 *distingué* 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 Parfitt, 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; Miss her 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 Barron, 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, Duncan, Brandon, Chapman, Tolhurst, Reid, Moorhouse, Parfitt, 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, LAMBTON 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.

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE,

MAY 30.

GOWNS AT MRS SCOTT'S DANCE.

Mrs Scott received a very handsome... Mrs Macdonald looked very nice in her wedding dress... Mrs Logan is still at Manukatarata, and is deriving great benefit from the change.

SILVER WEDDING OF MR AND MRS HUDSON.

the hostess wore a stylish gown of black Armure royal silk with long train, the bridesmaid... Miss Hudson wore a beautiful moss green plush dress, slightly trained, baby bodice and Empire sleeves.

AT MISS TUTTIE STEPHENSON'S FAREWELL TEA.

Miss Zille wore a plain tailor-made blue serge; Mrs (Dr. Roberts), a tweed costume; Miss Stephenson, black and white coffee lace; Miss C. Hudson, cream cashmere trimmed with yellow chiffon; Miss Hanlon a dress of old gold made with baby bodice; Mrs Oudaille, cream cashmere with cardinal Roman sash; Miss Mary Milne, pretty white crepon dress, deep soft lace finishing the bodice; Miss Brown, cashmere, handsomely trimmed with pale pink velvet; Miss Flo Brown, cardinal and cream cashmere; Miss Swan, black velvet, low neck and elbow sleeves; Miss Evans, cream cashmere trimmed prettily with cream ribbon; Miss Campbell, handsome black satin dress covered with black lace, full length cardinal opera cloak; Miss Patterson, cream dress, pretty cream opera cloak; Miss Stephenson, black and white veiling, puffed sleeves of blue bodice; Miss Marshall, yellow net over yellow silk, green velvet trimmings; Empire sleeves of green velvet; Miss Hannan, black grenadine with cardinal poppies trimming the bodice and skirt; Mrs Robert Smith, blue and black with black and low neck and short sleeves; Miss Dallas, black satin, low neck and short sleeves; Miss Flanagan, pretty pink evening dress; Mrs Ackroyd, pale pink silk trimmed with black velvet; Mrs Hanlon, black velvet; Mrs Winstanley, black silk; Mrs Thomas Milne, handsome black silk trimmed with black gullupure lace, stylish pink and green cap.

OPHELIA.

HASTINGS.

(Delayed.)

JUNE 2.

DEAR BEE,

Mr Ben Nicholls.

MR SPENCER GOLLAN'S PRIVATE TRAINER.

has returned from Melbourne, and has brought over with him a couple of sets of a new patent horse-shoe, which seems a most desirable one, as the new patent shoe absolutely prevents any jarring while horses are galloping at exercise.

OUR PEOPLE.

I am sorry to say that Lady Whitmore has been in very indifferent health for some months past. She has thought it advisable to go away for change, so she has left for Sydney in company with Sir George Whitmore. Mrs and Miss Green will occupy Lady Whitmore's house while she is away.

Mr and Mrs and Miss J. B. Brathwaite have gone away for a change; Mr Harry Brathwaite is taking care of their house meanwhile. Mrs Robert Brathwaite has returned from the country and looks all the better for the trip away.

Miss Seale is at present on a visit to Mrs Lowry, from which place I hear she is to go on to Mrs Caryon's.

I hear that Mrs and Miss Hamilton are likely to be with us again before long. We Hastings folk will be so glad to welcome them after their long absence. I believe they are both very well and have enjoyed their trip Home very much indeed. At present they are staying in Dunedin with Mrs Hamilton's son.

Mrs Norman Beetham is so enjoying her holiday. She is looking very stylish in a grey tweed gown, black bonnet, and black velvet toque with velvet bows in the shape of ears. I noticed Mrs Kinross White, of Napier, in a very pretty green cloth gown handsomely trimmed with black, black bonnet, of stylish little black and gold bonnet; Mrs Howard wears a very pretty grey gown, light fur bonnet, and small bonnet; Miss Amy Seale looks nice in dark skirt, pale blue blouse, sailor hat; Miss Hewson looks nice in fawn gown, fawn hat with brown tips.

DOLLY.

NAPIER.

(Delayed.)

JUNE 2.

DEAR BEE,

Mr Maughan Barnett is going to give a series of afternoon concerts, which I am sure will be most enjoyable. They are to take place in the Athenaeum, and season tickets can be obtained for ten shillings. A great feature of the concerts will be afternoon lino, which will be appreciated by all of us girls anyway. The music will consist of pianoforte music varied by songs.

The skating rink has opened once more, and away we go again, with very few lumbies considering how out of practice we are. Mrs Logan attended, also the Misses Cottrell, Thomas, Taylor, Baker, Belfour, Ross, Hitchings, Floss, Hamlin, Wilson, McCowan, and lots more indeed. Mr Warren I noticed from Tomina, Mr J. A. Fraser from Hastings, Messrs Pascock, Hughes, Parker, Gough, Fitch, and many more. At the conclusion of the rink, which went on until about ten, a small dance was held, but it was not a very great success as the floor was so heavy.

PLATTING AND ARRIVALS.

I am very sorry to tell you that we have lost Mr Ross, he having been removed to Christchurch. He was a universal favourite, and we shall miss him very much this winter at the dances, etc. Mrs Kettle has quite recovered from her measles. She is in company with a few other Napier folk journeyed to Hastings to attend a dance that was given by the county bachelors.

I noticed Mr and Mrs Charles Loughnan (Hastings) driving tandem in a most elegant little turn-out. Mrs Loughnan was looking

very nice in a stylish driving cloak, and grey tweed hat.

Miss Hitchings looks so well in a light tailor-made gown, very stylish hat; Miss Logan I like in a navy costume, sailor hat. I saw Miss Lascelles in town, and Miss Pascock (Marton), both looking very smart.

Mrs Logan is still at Manukatarata, and is deriving great benefit from the change. I am glad to say that Mrs Wood's little girl is quite regaining her eyesight. She has been under the doctor for a year, and has been very good in attending to his directions. She is rewarded by finding her sight becoming gradually better. We are all so glad for her.

Miss Ormond and Miss Fraser have gone on a visit to the Mahia to stay with Mr George Ormond, who resides there. He lately entertained a large shooting party, who quite enjoyed the journey to the back country. The scenery is very pretty over in that direction.

Mr and Mrs Gore and family have removed to Clive, and are greatly pleased with their new residence.

Mrs and Miss Pascock (Marton) are staying with Mrs Lascelles at Clivedale.

Miss Baker has been stopping for a few days with Mrs Beamish at Hastings. While there she attended the dances given by the Hastings bachelors, and who speaks in glowing terms of the capital arrangements, supper, etc. I believe Miss Baker leaves shortly for Wellington, where she will stop with her uncle, Mr John Baker, for the season. Lucky girl, what fun she will have!

Mr Logan has gone to Wellington on business; Mr Turnbull is expected back in Napier next week.

THE CALEDONIAN BALL.

is to come off shortly, and promises to be a most successful gathering. Invitations have been issued to Lord and Lady Glasgow. The Secretary has already received a large number of applications for tickets.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

is about to be started in Napier. It is a strange thing that in a town of the size of Napier such an institution does not already exist. However, Mr Barnett is going to make a start now in the right direction, and intending members are requested to leave their names at Messrs Milner and Thompson's.

WORKING MEN'S CLUB.

is a grand institute here and so popular that the library will shortly have to be enlarged, as the number of books has increased so very much lately. A meeting was held last night when it was decided to establish a temperance bar up stairs, where hot tea and coffee, milk, etc., will be always obtainable.

The Rev. C. L. Tuke, who has recently left Taradale, was inducted to his new charge by the Bishop of Waiapu.

GLADYS.

ENERGY, AMBITION,

Cheerfulness, Strength,

A SPLENDID APPETITE,

and Perfect Health.

May be secured by all who follow the example of Mrs. Lizzie W. De. Veau, No. 566 1/2 St. Brooklyn, N.Y., U. S. A.

It is what others testify to, from personal experience and knowledge, of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, that tells the story.

READ THIS STATEMENT:

"Every spring for years I have had intolerable headaches, and total loss of energy, so that the season which should be welcomed by me as a dread, for, as the warm, pleasant days arrived, they brought to me lassitude and pain. My druggist had known me from childhood and



advised me to take, early in the spring, Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I commenced using it in March, and have not had, since then, the first symptom of headache; my appetite is splendid, and I perform my daily duties with a cheerfulness and energy that surprises myself. I take pleasure in telling all my friends of the merit of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and the happy results of its use."—Lizzie W. De. Veau, Brooklyn, N.Y.

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

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.

A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of 2/6 stamp by

A. HUTTON DIXON,

43 & 45 EAST BLOOR STREET,

TORONTO CANADA.

Scientific American.

A BREWING QUESTION.

"What price TEA shall we use?"

"You ask us as experts?"

"Well, if you want the BEST TEA you must pay at least 3s a pound for it, and

DRAGON and HOUDA H

are the brands,"

"But it is simply a matter of taste."

"Fortunately all people are not alike."

"Nor are all TEAS."

"There are many grades of TEA, therefore there are many prices."

"Whatever brand of the

EMPIRE TEA CO.'S TEAS

you may buy, you may be sure you are getting good value."

"But you ask us, 'What is the BEST 2s TEA to be procured in New Zealand?'"

We will tell you—

EMPIRE TEA CO.'S

2/- CEYLON,

in LEAD PACKETS, TINS, or HALF-CHESTS. And you will find WE ARE RIGHT.

W. & G. TURNBULL & CO.,

PROPRIETORS,

WELLINGTON.

"KEATING'S LOZENGES."

"KEATING'S LOZENGES."

"A SIMPLE FACT ABOUT 'KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.' Ask throughout the world, in any country that can be named, you will find them barely sold. There is absolutely no remedy that is so speedy in giving relief, so certain to cure, and yet the most delicate can take them.

"A TERRIBLE COUGH."

"A TERRIBLE COUGH."

"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank you. Your lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of 'Tracheotomy' (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and unlike him, thank God, I am still alive) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The nucleus, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, sir, yours truly, J. HILL."

UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

The above speaks for itself. From strict inquiry it appears that the benefit from using Keating's Cough Lozenges is undoubted. This operation was a specially severe one, and was performed by the specialist, Dr. H. T. Butlin, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Since the operation the only means of relief is the use of these Lozenges. So successful are they that one affords immediate benefit, although from the nature of the case the throat irritation is intense.

WEIGHT IN GOLD.

WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Under date Sept. 8th, 1891, Mr. Hill again writes: "I should long since have been dead, but for your Lozenges—they are worth their weight in gold. I will gladly see and tell anyone what a splendid cough remedy they are." Keating's Cough Lozenges, the unrivalled remedy for COUGHS, HOARSENESS, and THROAT TROUBLES are sold in Tins by all Chemists.

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

The natural colour restored and preserved.

An absolutely perfect Hair Restorer and Dressing.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

NEW STYLES IN COIFFURES AND CLOTHS.

It is pleasant to note that a good deal of attention is being paid to becomingness in the new fashion for dressing the hair. Some women have a marked style of their own, which they conform in a slight degree to the prevailing fashion, though still preserving their individuality, which is a great relief from the sheep-like and blind following of a perhaps unsuitable method of arranging their hair.

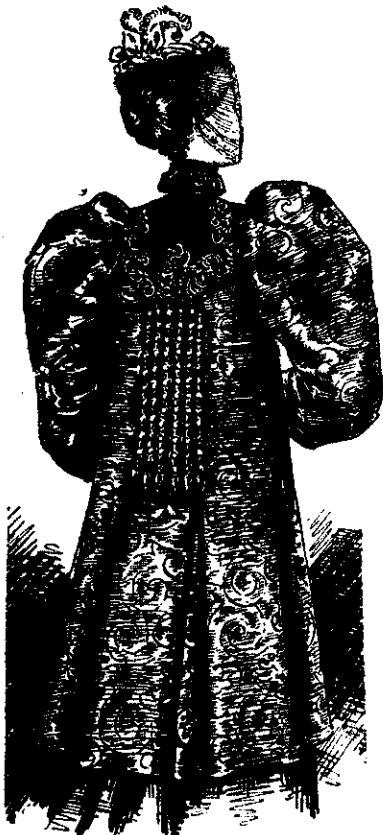
Fashion and beauty are happily compatible at this moment. London women are wearing a low round coil that is charmingly simple, and with Parisian women also the tendency is towards simplicity.

The most beautiful hair seen at the Paris opera on a recent gala night was parted on the crown, waved from thence



outwards all round, and gathered into a loose knot very low in the neck. This may be taken as the high-water mark of taste in the fashionable hairdressing of the moment. Its characteristics are soft waves and a very loose outline.

A great variety is seen, however, and you can do your hair as you please. There are women who submit to the hairdresser's dictum and array themselves for evening in elaborate structures of mixed braids, puffs and curls, topped off with feather pompons.



Also historical coiffures, notably the Empire, which have been revived with the dress of which they were part; but if any more than a suggestion they are too pronounced for the woman of taste.

The high knot called Greek, so prominent in the summer, is still seen.

The first sketch this week illustrates a pretty idea. The hair is gracefully arranged with a string of small pearls. In refined circles it is very much the fashion to wave the front hair and comb it directly back without a bang. This mode is popular also as is evidenced by the fact that the

leading actresses are wearing their hair in theatres in this manner, but it has not driven out the bang.

Here is a way to make a little hair go a good way. Having waved it, twist it all together high at the back. Turn it round once and fasten it securely. Divide the length into two strands; hold one out, comb it flat, rough it up with the comb on one side, roll it round the fingers, the rough side in, into a puff, which pin round the knot; rough up the other pieces in the same way and roll it round and round into a long curl, which coil round the whole.

Large shell hairpins continue to be worn, and when not over elaborated nothing could be better. They are the colour of the hair and simple. Gold and jewelled pins divide their favour, and combs are in great vogue. These are small side combs having jewelled bands, that are put in wherever fancy or the arrangement of the hair dictates.

The second sketch shows the hair worn in the puff or bun style. The Watteau jacket is a very handsome one, made in matelassé, with velvet yoke embroidered in jet, and terminating with long fringe, which falls as low as the waist.

'How shall I use crinoline in a dress?' is the question now being asked by the home dressmaker. She wishes to follow the modes sufficiently to appear well dressed. But at the same time she intends to keep so well within the limits of the extremes of fashion that her home-made gown will by no means be noticeable on account of its fulness, nor for any other reason. It must be a stylish, well-made dress; that is all. How shall she use crinoline? And where shall she use it? Strangely enough, many of the new 'crinoline' dresses have so little real crinoline in them that they are hardly worthy the name of crinolines. Yet the effect worked is one of 'roundness,' so that it is the same as if there were a great deal of stiffening employed.

Take, for example, the skirt known as the 1830 skirt. It is six yards in width and requires for the making five yards of fifty-inch goods. It stands out like a bell around the wearer and has much the old-fashioned hoop-skirt appearance. Yet the only crinoline used in its manufacture is a facing of crinoline eighteen inches wide around the foot of the skirt. The full effect is produced in part by gathering the material at the belt line and by leaving the skirt unweighted by pleatings, flounces or other trimmings. A large and fashionable pattern store testifies that it has sold hundreds of patterns of this skirt since the crinoline edict went forth.



The third sketch is a very stylish home dress of spotted heliotrope, trimmed with jet where it meets the shot heliotrope and green velvet of the sleeves and upper part of the

bodies. There is a ruche round the skirt of the shot velvet and material.

Another peculiarity of the 1830 skirt is that in every case where the width of the material will permit the length of the skirt is taken crosswise of the goods. Thus a woman who wears a forty-inch skirt buys goods forty-four inches wide and merely hems the goods along the selvage to make it the right length. Her skirt is in only two or three pieces. The pattern of one of the most modish skirts consists only of front gore, back gore and belt.

The 'Empire' skirt is five and a quarter yards around the hem, and like the 1830 skirts it has only a crinoline facing instead of an Empire lining. At the back of the Empire skirt there is a shirring of crinoline extending from the belt half way down the skirt. This gives a fulness in the back very similar to the bustle, yet not so prominent as the bustles of ten years ago. All of the crinoline skirts are made in what modistes call 'round length,' or just clearing the ground.

The bell-shaped skirts are easily adapted to the crinoline style, by lining the entire skirt with crinoline stiffening. Cut the crinoline after the same pattern that is used for the skirt itself. But sew the crinoline gores together independently of the dress, and 'tack' inside the skirt after the latter is also sewed. Put a rubber facing inside a skirt of this kind, if for street wear, but if for the house, face with a piece of the dress material, and sew a series of tiny, pinked ruffles inside. With all the dress skirts less than four yards in width, an entire lining of crinoline stiffening is used. But for any skirt more than four yards around, a deep facing with possibly a shirring at the back is all that is required for the present development of the crinoline modes.

HELOISE.

A MESSAGE.

AN offering to a sick room borne,—
A scented waxen cup of snow!—
Yet all the freshness of the morn,
Spices from all the winds that blow,
The salt far odour of the sea,
The piney perfume of mountain air,
In that one blossom came to me,
In one white lily, pure and rare!

O sweet evangel! More than this
Your message to the couch of pain;
Ye brought to it the human kiss
Of sympathy; the human rain
Of pitying tears; the subtle touch
Of love's far-reaching wand:—dear flower,
Your blossom chalice held so much
To bear one through pain's darkest hour!

EDITH MARY NORRIS.

PLEASANT ENTERTAINMENTS.

SOMETIMES one wishes to furnish some form of agreeable entertainment for church or other gatherings. One which is easily managed and always pleasant is the making of pictures. It is desirable to arrange a corner of a room with a large curtain draped from ceiling to floor and parted in the middle. Below this is placed a frame made of wide, heavy picture-moulding. A very large, ready-made frame of any sort will answer.

It should not be less than three feet wide by five feet high. Back of this should be stretched a curtain or screen of some dark unobtrusive colour. Terra cotta is good; sage-green is sometimes used; black is desirable for some purposes, and various shades of gray will be found useful.

These screens are easily made by nailing four pieces of light wood together so as to form a large square stretcher. Over this, Canton flannel or inexpensive wool goods are to be stretched and held in place with small tacks. It is necessary that wide goods be chosen, as there must be no seam in the screen. The best way is to arrange a standard so that the various scenes may be placed on it without delay. From the top of the frame to the ceiling a drapery matching the curtains in colour must be suspended, and a like arrangement fills the space from frame to floor.

These details being carefully arranged, the picture or grouping follows. Engravings of historical characters should be selected, and persons should be chosen whose general style and features bear some resemblance to the picture. Then a costume is to be prepared after the fashion and the time represented. Arranged in this the figure is posed back of the frame.

Follow the model as nearly as possible in pose and expression. The close resemblance when viewed from the distance will be surprising.

The effect is improved by stretching a thin screen of net lace of some neutral tint before the picture.

One character or several may be represented in the frame. If more than one are to be shown, however, it is an advantage to have the frame so arranged that it can be turned sideways, and for this allowance should be made in the drapery which closes the space between the curtains and above the frame.

In addition to figure-grouping, some effective work has been done in flowers and fruit, and in animals that can be taught to remain quiet.

No little amusement was afforded on one occasion by an owl on his perch. This was placed on a desk beside which were a skull and cross-bones, a pile of musty books and some weird-looking objects that suggested incantations and the black art generally. A very old man, with hooked nose, dishevelled hair and long, claw-like hands and a gown of scarlet, made up a picture in which an owl would have revelled.

A laughable part was the discussion which arose as to whether the owl was a living or a stuffed bird, the party being divided in opinion, each holding firmly to his or her idea on the subject.

After a time the owl, in his wisdom, possibly wearied with the chatter, dropped his wings and turned around on his perch, immediately resuming his statuesque attitude.

Cats, dogs, and other creatures which have been trained make up most beautifully in entertainments of this sort. Little children are desirable, and the baby sound asleep on a cushion and watched over by a faithful dog is not to be overlooked.

QUERIES.

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

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

RULES.

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

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

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

QUERIES.

BROILED PIGEONS.—Will you give a recipe, please, for cooking these birds?—GOOD TABLE.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

FRIED SHEEP'S HEAD ('Maggie').—The sheep's head must be boiled with plenty of vegetables in the water, after it has been well washed in strong salt and water and afterwards blanched. It should boil very gently, and then it must be removed from the water, the bones removed, and a seasoning of mignonette pepper, finely-chopped parsley, bayleaf, and thyme, together with a very little finely-chopped eschalot and salt, must be sprinkled over it. The head must be laid out flat, and a dish with heavy weights placed on the top of it. When cold it must be cut in strips about three inches long and an inch and a-half wide, and these strips must be dipped in batter and fried a pretty golden colour. A very good batter can be made in this way:—Put into a basin a quarter of a pound of Vienna flour, two eggs, a pinch of salt, and one and a-half tablespoonfuls of salad oil. Mix together, and then add a quarter of a pint of cold water by degrees, and mix the batter until it is quite smooth and free from lumps.

SAVOURY POTATOES ('Mrs N.').—To one pound of mashed potatoes add a quarter of a spoonful of salt, one gill of sweet milk, half an ounce of grated cheese, and mix well. Place the potatoes smoothly in a small well-greased pie-dish, sprinkle over them one ounce of finely-grated cheese and a tablespoonful of butter in small pieces. Bake in a brisk oven until it is a golden brown and serve very hot.

RECIPES.

RUSSIAN SALAD.—Take the breast and drumsticks of any cold fowl and cut fine, slice and cut into slivers four slices of ham or six of tongue; slice six good-sized potatoes; mince finely one ear apple. Mix all these together. Make either a mayonnaise sauce or an oil and vinegar dressing. Decorate with beetroot and olives. An onion and two anchovies may be added if approved.

GERMAN RICE.—Simmer at the side of the stove for nearly three hours one cupful of best rice in a quart of milk (do not forget to add a little salt), beat the yolks of three eggs, about one ounce of butter, and the grated rind of one lemon. When the rice has thoroughly cooked take off the fire and mix these ingredients in; place on the stove for a few minutes, just long enough to take the rawness off the eggs, do not allow it to boil; whisk the whites to a stiff froth, and after allowing the mixture to stand for nearly ten minutes off the stove, stir the whites lightly through it, pour into moulds, and when served if a little very nice preserved fruit or jam is eaten with it, it will be seen the Germans know what is good.

OATMEAL BISCUITS.—Take two tablespoonfuls of oatmeal, two of flour, two of sugar, one of butter, one small teaspoonful cream of tartar, half the quantity of carbonate of soda, a little salt. Mix into a stiff paste with a small quantity of water. Roll out very thin and bake.

TO MAKE BARLEY SUGAR.—Put two tablespoonfuls of pure vinegar at the bottom of a half-pint cup and fill it up with water. Put into a saucepan (brass is the best), and add to it two pounds of loaf sugar. Boil this on a clear cinder fire about a quarter of an hour, stirring it all the time. In about that time the liquid will be turning a nice lemon colour, when it will be ready to take off, and dip the pan into cold water for a moment, as the heat of the pan and sugar alone might slightly overdo it. Then drop ten or twelve drops of essence of lemon into the mixture, and pour out into a large flat dish, previously well oiled with butter, and cut up into any form you like when the barley sugar has a little cooled.—HOME LOVERS.

USEFUL HINTS.

TO PREVENT CHINAWARE AND CROCKERY FROM CRACKING.

Put them in a boiler of cold water, containing a teaspoonful of salt, when new, place on the fire, and directly it begins to bubble remove from stove and allow to get cold. I have heard that glassware can be made to resist the heat by this process, but have not tried it. I hardened an expensive Japanese tea-set in this way, hot tea having been constantly poured in for the last three years without milk, and not a single cracked cup yet.

TO POLISH SILVER.

Put a small quantity of liquid ammonia into the water you wash silver in, the water must be soapy; dry, and finish off with a chamois leather.

TO PREVENT MOTHS FROM EATING A CARPET.

Brush the edge of the room well over with spirits of turpentine before you lay down your carpet; the smell soon goes off, and it is a good preventative for the ravages of moths. Walnut leaves dried and put amongst clothes are said to drive away moths, but I have not tried it.—SUBSCRIBER.

AT HOME WITH THE LADY EDITOR.

Under this heading I am very pleased to reply to all queries that are genuine and helpful to the querist and others. Kindly write on one side of the paper only, and address to the Lady Editor.

I HAVE a good many letters to-day, and must go straight to them instead of indulging in any preliminary remarks.

'Comfort.'—Dear child, I think you will find that a little tact on your part will soon set matters straight. Tact is the very essence of good breeding. It is the power to grasp the situation or the feelings of other people intuitively, as it were, and then to be able quietly and unobtrusively to put things right. Talk to the young people you are so anxious to reconcile separately. Point out to each the good points of the other in a quiet, purposeless sort of way, but use tact not to let either of them find out what you are doing. Then see if you cannot, by some gentle contrivance, induce a meeting. Perhaps a little *à-tête* would speedily set matters right. You are quite sure that they do care for each other, and would be happy together?

'Felix.'—I do not think I would be discouraged, were I you, by a girl's no, if, as you say, you truly love her, and you think there is no one else in the way. Judging from your nice, manly letter, the young lady is refusing a fair prospect of happiness. Treat her as if you had not proposed; be kind, courteous, and attentive, but speak no word of love. If you behave as a mere friend, she can have no excuse for avoiding your society. Having once heard words of love from you, she will always look upon you somewhat in a different light from her other male acquaintances. Your acceptance of her refusal in that quiet way will pique her. She will begin to think about you, to compare you with other men, and somehow, I feel sure, she will begin to love you. Then when she blushes at your approach, when her eyes sparkle as you speak to her, when she half-avoids, but evidently really likes your presence, take her holdy in your arms and tell her she loves you. Your name means 'happy,' and I sincerely hope you may be so.

'Anxious.'—I have just received your nice little note. I can assure you I do not think you in the least a 'troublesome correspondent.' I shall be pleased to send you the sketches if what you have already got is not satisfactory. A very good plan is to have the slip bodies made five inches (or more) longer than the waistline. Turn them up so as to have a hem of three thicknesses, about an inch in depth. Sew on about five or six large flat buttons; make the petticoats to fit into a band which shall exactly correspond in width to this hem, and make button-holes in the band to fit the buttons. All the fulness of the skirts thus comes considerably below the waistline. For winter wear, you will find it an excellent plan to line your petticoat with flannelette. Face the lining at the hem with almost five inches of the petticoat material, and only bring the lining up to the beginning of the deep band, where it can be well sewn in by the machine. If the band be doubled or lined with calico the flannelette can be quite flat. The band need not be gored if buttoned on to the bodice. If carried to the waist, make it to fit exactly, and line with silastic, goring carefully so as to make it wide enough round the ankles. I could send you a sketch of the idea if I have not expressed myself clearly enough. Massage—which you can do yourself, is very good, also plenty of exercise.

'Housekeeper.'—Wash your lace curtains in a large bath of a little ammonia and boiled soap, well mixed with warm water. Let them soak for a few hours, then press the water out with your hands, and put them in a similar bath for the night. In the morning rinse very well, gently pressing any dirty spots. Do not rub them. Rinse them through blue water, pin them on sheets on the line or on the grass, starch and iron.

DEAR LADY EDITOR.—I venture to send you my opinion on the 'Corset Question.' I think it is not much use telling women they may wear a corset, but *not tight*, for no woman I ever knew or heard of, ever admitted that *hers* were tight. A very sensible man used to say women would never wear corsets unless they wore them tight, as they were more inclined to increase than decrease the size of the waist, being rather bulky things themselves, and I am inclined to think he is right. For the last ten years I have not worn a corset of any kind, and the measurement of my waist is fully an inch less now than I used to get corsets for, and I am a stouter woman altogether than I was ten years ago. I have known women say repeatedly how loose they wore their corsets, and have afterwards had the pleasure of seeing them get into their *loose* corsets, when they have had to hold their breath and fasten one catch, then take a rest between and fasten another, and so on to the finish, when they would coolly pull the lace tighter still from the back, and then they were *loosely* dressed. Men have been very much to blame, but I know the sensible ones among them are not in favour of women distorting themselves, and most men are horrified at the

present state of things. For anyone who is inclined to lean forward or stoop, shoulder-straps are very useful. I think our own ribs are quite sufficient to keep us perfectly straight without the use of artificial ribs in the form of corsets.—I am, dear Lady Editor, LOVER OF NATURE.

'Cousin Ivy' says: 'I must disagree with "A Sensible Old Woman" re Should people resort to artificial means to preserve their good looks? I think to a certain extent everyone should make it their study to appear as nice as possible always, especially so in the home circle, in this way: You should always have a smile of welcome for the weary home-comers after a hard and toilsome day, but if you have even one tooth out how funny you look. So many people's hair goes quite grey while they are still young in years. I do not advocate hair-dyeing, but get the very nicest way to arrange your hair and always do it that way. Find which of the many toilet soaps suits your skin and use that. Always wear the prettiest and most harmonious colours in your dress. If you find when you go out in the air your skin gets at all rough or red use something that you are sure will keep it from getting so. I would advise everyone to eschew paints, as the strong chemicals they are composed of can only do harm to the delicate texture of the skin. I advocate a healthy, temperate life, with a cheerful, contented spirit, and I think not much artificiality need be resorted to.'

REMEDY FOR COLD FEET.

ABOUT half an hour before retiring to bed put both feet in hot water for ten minutes. Take them out and immerse them in cold water for a second, then take them out, wipe dry, and then rub them warm with the bare hands, followed with brisk out-of-door exercise, if it can be endured. Put on a pair of cotton socks, wring out of cold or tepid water, and draw over them a pair of thick lamb's wool stockings and sleep in them. Wash the feet in cold or tepid water on rising; also rub the whole body with a towel wrung out of cold water, wetting the head first; follow with plenty of friction with dry towel and bare hands, patting or rubbing the chest on its upper and left side, and exercise a little with the dumb bells, chest expander, or anything to make you breathe deeply and rapidly; that is, draw long and full breaths; fill your lungs clear up full at every inspiration, and empty them out completely at every expiration.

SENDING FOR THE DOCTOR FOR MEASLES.

'It seems to me,' said an experienced woman, herself the mother of a large family, 'that there is a great deal of nonsense about this invariable cry of: "Send for the doctor!" if the least thing happens. In all the publications we take up, where anything is said on the subject, we are told, in case of accident or sudden illness, to make the patient as comfortable as may be and send for the doctor immediately.'

I claim that any woman of average common sense should know how to treat all of the little simple diseases to which children are subject. It should be as much a part of her education as learning how to dress and feed them properly. There are very many families to whom the doctor's bill is a perfect nightmare. Medical attendance keeps them, metaphorically, with their noses to the grindstone, during the entire time while the children are young. It is a very easy matter to learn the symptoms and treatment of the ordinary ills of life which afflict the youngsters. Simple remedies should always be kept on hand. Every woman should understand that, for attacks of cholera, infantum and the like, the very best possible remedy is an emetic, if the disease is caused by some indigestible article of food, then a teaspoonful of fine wheat flour dissolved in a glass of tepid water and drunk immediately; then keep the child warm and quiet. Repeat the dose every fifteen minutes for an hour or so; then an interval of rest should follow for two or three hours.

If the disease is not checked, give the flour as before until four doses are taken. As a rule, this will be all the medicine required. It is imperatively necessary, however, that the patient should be kept warm and perfectly quiet, and should eat or drink nothing during the time.

Measles may be successfully treated by the use of hot milk, to which is added a spoonful of wine, or other stimulant.

An experienced physician has declared that if the measles patient is kept upon a diet of milk punches for the first four days, measles will have no terrors, provided there is no exposure to chills. A warm room and entire repose are the most favourable conditions for speedy convalescence.

For medicines, pulsatilla and aconitum, given alternately, are most satisfactory. The aconitum checks the fever and the pulsatilla the measles themselves. Great care must be taken to prevent the child taking cold or getting wet feet after the attack seems over. During the peeling off of the skin, warm baths, prepared in this way, will be found of great service: Gather a handful of gumleaves, bruise them, put them into the bath, and pour boiling water upon them, add sufficient cold.

In case of accident or injury, it is well to have the injured person carefully examined, if there is any reason to suppose that bones may be fractured, as after inflammation sets in the examination and readjustment are much more difficult. "A stitch in time saves nine" is quite as apt here as in any situation imaginable.

Every woman should consider it her duty to acquaint herself with enough information on these subjects to detect certain diseases and treat the simple ailments of childhood.

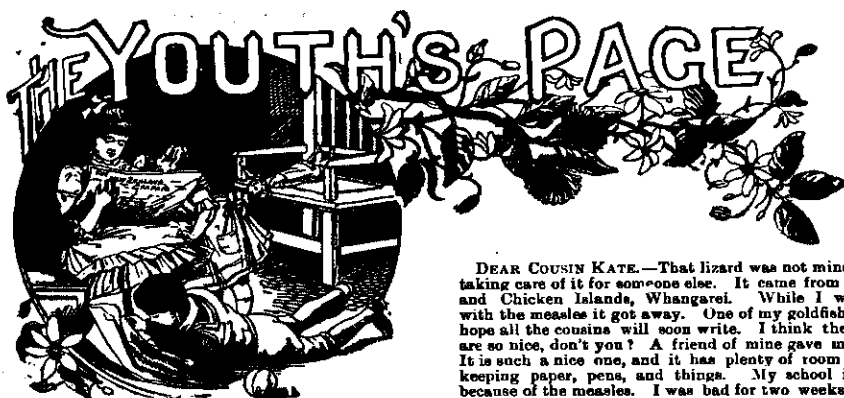
JAQUES' GAMES.

FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

An Immense Variety—HALMA, SNAP, TIDDLEY WINKS, REVERSI, KONO, PIROUETTE. Of all the Leading Fancy Dealers throughout the Colonies.

Published by JAQUES & SON, London.

See that Goods Bear the Name or they are not Genuine.



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I always read the cousins' letters. Will you tell me if you mind how many of us write? Mother says only one of us had better write to-day. There are such a number of us—ten—and we are all at home, at least in the evenings. The boys go to school, which is such a comfort. Boys are so noisy. My brothers tease dreadfully; they hide my scissors and my cotton and everything. If I only once hide a book of theirs they plague me for a week at least so I am just quiet. But when I mend their socks I make them as hard as possible on the soles! One must do something to get even, you know. I hope my letter is not too long. My brother Billy (his real name is Theobald) wants to know what I am saying to you. He heard me ask mother if I might write.—Your affectionate cousin, HILDA.

[I think boys do tease sometimes, Hilda. But you know the house would be very dull without them. I know I used to miss my brother very much when he was away from home. Remember every sister has some influence over her brothers. Try and use yours to soften and refine the boys and make home pleasant to them.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Mamma said I could write to you. My cousin Milly is writing. There are nine children in our family. My eldest sister, Minnie, is married, and my brother John is away in India. I have a twin brother; his name is Edward; he does not like writing. We have four ponies between seven children. Papa was going to get us a pet monkey, but mamma does not like them. I have got two pigeons; my cousin Milly gave them to me. I am going to give one to Edward. Milly has got a little pony called Snowflake. I ride it sometimes. I must now go to bed.—Yours truly, MARGIE BENT.

[I am glad to welcome you into our cousinly circle. What a curious and pretty name you have. Do tell me if it is really your own, or just one you borrowed in order to write to me without signing your surname? Your family, like your cousin's, seems scattered. Do you and Milly live together, or only near each other? Write again soon. I like all your letters so much. Pet monkeys are terrible troubles. They hide all sorts of things you want, and sometimes play tricks with the baby. I heard of one which hid all a nice cat's kittens, and buried them in the ground! Two died, the others were recovered.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—As the cousins are starting to write to you, so I am going to. I have got a monkey; he is very tricky, and breaks about six plates a week. I am still very young, so you must excuse such bad writing and mistakes. I had a large party my last birthday. We had such grand fun. I have got a very small pony, pure white; I call him Snowflake. My brother has got a little black pony, which he calls Niger. Papa is going to get us a goat to go in our goat-cart. I was six years old on my last birthday. My brother and I have got a governess; she is very kind to us. We have got three St. Bernard dogs. One is black and white, the other is yellow, and the other is jet black. We have also got six pigeons. At first mamma said I could not write well enough to write to you. I have got a goldfish. I have had it for three years. Will you please put this letter in the GRAPHIC. A friend has come to spend the evening with us. My cousin has got six lambs; he drives them all in a cart with bells tied round their necks with blue and pink ribbon. They look so pretty. Papa has got a pony carriage, and a brown pony which he drives in it every day. We are going to Otago to stay with Auntie our next holidays. Mamma wanted me to go to Germany and study music, but I cried, and papa said I needn't go. I am so glad. Mamma says I ought to be ashamed of my bad writing. She says when I am six years old I ought to be able to write better. Sis is helping me to write this letter. Our parlour-maid has got the influenza. She had to leave because mamma was afraid of it. I am going to try and get my friends to write to you. I have got my cousin Mardge to write to you. Papa has got a new piano from Dunedin last week. I learn the violin and pianoforte. Some of my friends wanted me to play at a concert, but mamma said it was too common. My eldest sister, Minnie, who is ten years old, is in Spain staying with Uncle Joe and Aunt Jane. My second eldest brother, who is nine years old, is in England being educated. He is coming home in three years. We have got a lot of fowls. Cousin Willis is coming to spend his next year's holidays with us. We have got a four-storied house, with fifteen rooms in it. Believe me your little friend,—MILLIE CRAIG.

[Yours is a really excellent letter, Millie, for so young a child. If ever you are in Auckland, you must call and see me, so must any of the other 'cousins.' I should like to hear you play. Perhaps when you are older you will like to go to Germany. Please write again, and get any of your friends to write. I hope you will not take the influenza. Ask your cousin to tell us how he managed to train his lambs to go in the cart. Be sure and tell your mamma I am much pleased with your letter.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—That lizard was not mine. I was taking care of it for someone else. It came from the Hen and Chicken Islands, Whangarei. While I was down with the measles it got away. One of my goldfish died. I hope all the cousins will soon write. I think their letters are so nice, don't you? A friend of mine gave me a desk. It is such a nice one, and it has plenty of room in it for keeping paper, pens, and things. My school is closed because of the measles. I was bad for two weeks.—Yours faithfully, REGINALD COTTLE.

WHEN ARTHUR HAD THE MEASLES.

It was quite fashionable to have the measles, but little Arthur Moldon thought he would rather have been out of that particular fashion than in it. He had to go to bed, and his mother took up the carpet in his room and removed the curtains, because, she said, she did not mean that anyone else who slept in that room afterwards should catch the measles. She nursed him very carefully, and kept him warm in bed for a few days. He had a little table by his bedside and some fruit on it, for he was not ill enough to be forbidden fruit. His little sister, Annie, found some lovely late roses against the north side of the house, and gathered them for him. But she was not allowed to go near Arthur's room. His mother always wore a loose blue wrapper when she was with Arthur, and slipped it off and put on another when she went amongst the other children. Arthur liked to watch her pouring out his medicine so carefully, though he pulled a little face at it. If he had taken homoeopathic medicine, he would not have tasted it at all.



HE PULLED A LITTLE FACE AT IT.

'If you drink this nicely, Arthur, I will tell you a story,' said his mother. So Arthur swallowed his medicine like a brave boy, and his mother pulled a chair near the bed and began her story, which was called

DOCTOR JOHNNY.

'Johnny's papa is a doctor, and sometimes Johnny thinks he is one, too.

'He and Annie, his little four-year-old sister, had a great many happy hours playing with their breadcrumb pills and bottles of sweetened water; but they do not play so now.

'One morning Nellie went to the nursery, but soon came rushing back with an empty bottle in her hand, and a very white, scared face.

'"'O mother, come quick! Johnny and Annie have been taking laudanum!'"

'"'Run for your father, quick!" said mamma.

'How those children were trotted about to keep them awake until papa came! Then how sick they were for papa made them swallow lots of medicine.

'Everyone was so excited that Johnny could not get a chance to speak, though he tried very hard. At last papa said he thought they were all right, and could rest awhile, and mamma tucked them both into her bed.

'"'How do you feel, Johnny? Better aren't you?" asked papa, and Johnny answered indignantly:

'"'Better! I should think so! Nell saw us drinking sweetened water out of an empty laudanum bottle!"

'Papa tasted the drop that was left in the bottle, and looked at mamma with a queer smile.

'"'I think they hardly got a fair dose of it," said he. "There is just a little taste of the laudanum, but not enough to hurt them."

'"'I'm glad," said mamma.

'"'I'll never touch another bottle so long as I live," sobbed Johnny.

'So they haven't any Doctor Johnny at their house now, and Annie enjoys remarkably good health—for her.'

And by the time Arthur's mother had finished her story the medicine he had taken was quite forgotten!

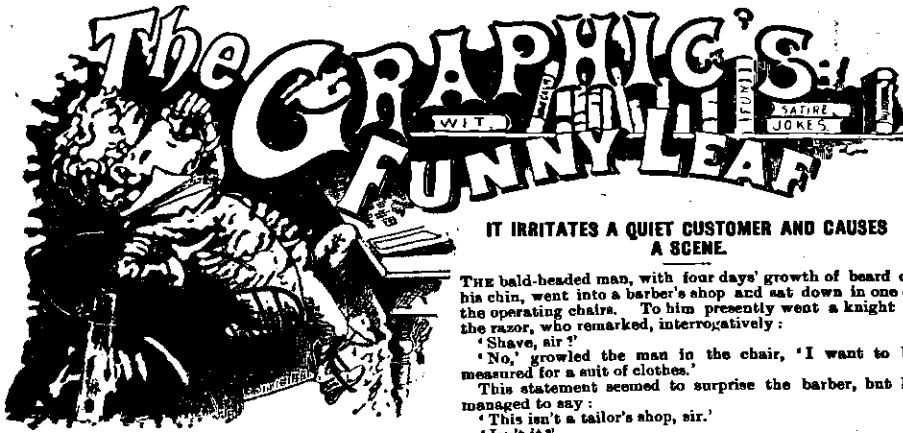
COUSIN KATE.

FOUR-HANDED INDIAN CHILDREN.

At Berhampor, where the largest ivory-carving trade of Asia is done, the children, who are taught from infancy that they are to do ivory-carving as soon as they get old enough, are early instructed as to the use and handling of the carving tools. These tools are not many, and they are so rough and plain, that you would wonder how such exquisite bits of carving as come from Berhampor could be done by them. At first the children are given elephants to do, because elephants are considered quite simple to carve. Afterward they do camels, bullocks, boats, tigers, carts, and sets of chess-men. A Berhampor boy's first lesson in ivory-carving consists in learning how to pick up the tools with his feet. After he has really begun the work of a carver, he would feel greatly ashamed

if he were obliged to drop his work to pick up a tool which had fallen to the floor. After a time, he becomes so expert in picking up things with his feet, that he does not consider it any accomplishment at all to hold all his tools in this way, and he reaches for them, handing them to himself in a queer way which would make you exclaim: 'Surely these Indian boys have four hands!'

Teacher (to the class in chemistry): 'What does sea water contain besides the sodium chloride that we have mentioned?' Bobby Smith: 'Fish, sir.'



A RACING DITTY.

HE WASN'T WELL.

By the book he looks a moral,
His condition's of the best;
In a trial only lately
All the touts were much impressed.
Yet he's beaten very badly,
And you say, 'Another sell.'
'Not at all, you simple punter,
Can't you see he isn't well.

'The course was long or short, or
Elsas the pace was much too slow;
If they'd only kept together
He'd have been there, don't you know.
He's been off his feed this two days,
As any mug might tell,
And we knew we had no chance, because
He wasn't very well.'

But wait another month or two,
When the time is ripe to spin—
When he's not a public faucey,
For they think he'll never win.
But the stable have their boots on,
And deluded backers yell
As they recognise the winner in
The gee that 'wasn't well.'

M.U.G.

TAKING HIM TO TASK.

YOUNG Mr Snickers had long loved Miss Gilgal, and one evening he succeeded in mustering enough courage to ask her to marry him.
'Before I give you an answer, Mr Snickers,' she replied, 'I want to ask you a few questions.'
'Ask one.'
'You write a great many jokes?'
'I plead guilty.'
'You have often written jokes in which mothers-in-law were held up to ridicule?'
'I have used that subject once or twice.'
'You have also written jokes which turn on the general unhappiness of married life, and imply a wish on the part of married men that they had never married?'
'Possibly I have, Miss Gilgal.'
'Possibly? You mean positively, don't you?'
'Yes.'
'Well, then, Mr Snickers, how do you have the effrontery to ask me—or any girl—to marry you after maligning marriage and mothers-in-law? If you think I would, you are very much mistaken.'
'Why, my dear girl, when I wrote those things I was only joking!' the young man declared.
'Were you?' replied the maiden gleefully. 'Then I was only joking when I said I wouldn't marry you.'
Engagement announced next day.



TEACHER: 'How much do eight and four make?'
Scholar: 'Nine.'
Teacher: 'Try again.'
Scholar: 'Ten, eleven—thirteen.'
Teacher: 'How above twelve?'
Scholar (deceitfully): 'That's where you're wrong. Six and six is twelve.'
(Left explaining.)

IT IRRITATES A QUIET CUSTOMER AND CAUSES A SCENE.

THE bald-headed man, with four days' growth of beard on his chin, went into a barber's shop and sat down in one of the operating chairs. To him presently went a knight of the razor, who remarked, interrogatively:
'Shave, sir?'
'No,' growled the man in the chair, 'I want to be measured for a suit of clothes.'
This statement seemed to surprise the barber, but he managed to say:
'This isn't a tailor's shop, sir.'
'Isn't it?'
'No, sir.'
'What is it?'
'It's a barber's shop.'
'What sort of work do you do in this shop?'
'Shave men and cut their hair, sir.'
'Do you think a man with no hair on his head would come in here to have his hair cut?'
'No, sir.'
'Do I look like a lunatic?'
This was replied by a silent shake of the head, but the barber doubtless thought he was acting like one.
'Then, presuming me to be a sane man, but bald-headed, what would you naturally suppose I came here for?'
'For a shave.'
'Then, dear sir, why did you ask me if I wanted a shave when I took a seat in your chair? Why didn't you go to work at once? If some of you barbers would cultivate a habit of inferring, from easily ascertained data, instead of developing such wonderful conversational and catechetical powers, it would be of material aid in advancing you in your chosen vocation and of expanding your profits. Do you comprehend?'
'Yes, sir,' replied the man as he began to lather the customer's face in a dazed sort of way, and he never even asked him if he wanted oil on his hair when the operation was performed.



OUR office boy was holding an improving conversation with the Helping Hand boy.
'You know my dog Barca and your cat Darling?' he said.
'Yes.'
'Well, my dog had a piece of meat, and he thought your cat was going to take it away from him.'
'Thought?' exclaimed the Helping Hand boy. 'What makes you say the dog thought? You know dogs don't think—it was instinct.'
'Well,' said the boy, 'I don't know whether he thought it or whether he instigated it, but anyhow, your cat's dead.'

WHO WAS THE GUILTY MAN.

A WELLINGTON woman has a husband who has done such a thing as to forget to do what his wife had requested. The other evening about 5 o'clock he came home and she was at him.
'John,' she said, 'did you tell that expressman to come here this afternoon?'
'Yes, Mary,' he answered meekly.
'Well, he hasn't come.'
'Is that so?'
'Yes, it is. Now, how do you account for it?'
John gave the matter a few moments' consideration.
'Well, my dear,' he said finally, 'either he's lying or I am, and to relieve us both from your suspicions I'll just step down to his place and see what's the matter,' and the charitable John went to see the expressman.

WHAT'S THE USE?

'YOU never sit and talk to me as you did before we were married,' sighed the young wife.
'No,' replied the husband, who was a draper's assistant, 'the gov'nor told me to stop praising the goods as soon as the bargain was struck.'

A THOUGHTFUL CRANGER.

'No, sir,' said Father Begosh. 'Tain't no use to argy calamity politics ter me. I ain't one o' the people that thinks er man her got to believe the country's goin' ter ruin in order ter have its welfare at heart.'

THE HINT WAS SUFFICIENT.

'You don't call on Miss Cutting any more, I hear, Blobber.'
'No.'
'Did she reject you?'
'Not exactly, but when I first began calling there was a mat at the door with the word "welcome" woven on it, and a motto on the wall that read "Let Us Love One Another." Later I noticed that the doormat was changed for one that said "wipe your feet," and a motto declaring that "Early to Bed and Early to Rise Makes you Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise," and taken the place of the other one.'



'GLAD I brought my coat. Chilly later on.'



The meeting. 'Nice day—a bit cold.'

III.



'I think I'll slip on my coat!' Tableau.

THE MODERN YOUTH.

'MA,' asked Centurion's eldest, 'what's the difference between the wax figure of a woman and dad's keeping me from going to see Fills' Circus to-day?'
Mrs Cent.: 'Why, I don't know, my boy. What is it?'
'One's a sham dame and the other's a — Oh! let go my ear, will you? I've got to go to schoo-oo-oo!' [Fact.]