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SAMOA AND ITS PEOPLE.

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(CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE).

IN our last issue we gave portraits of some of those chiefly concerned in the recent fighting at Samoa. We now follow on with one or two more pictures of interest, including a reproduction of the latest photograph of the monarch Malietoa in his kingly regimentals. It may not be the coat that makes the gentleman, but undoubtedly the uniform imparts an air of sovereignty to its wearer not noticeable in the picture given last week, which was an excellent portrait of the dusky king, albeit he has slightly aged since the portrait from which it was reproduced was taken. The new portrait, 'in state array,' gives the idea of a benevolent personage, whereas in the younger photograph his majesty looks every whit as fierce as his warrior, Asi or Seumanutafa, of whom a large portrait is herewith given. The map shows not only Samoa but the Union Islands to which Mataafa was deported. Public interest still settling in Samoa, a brief description of a short holiday spent in the islands will, without doubt, be acceptable. It is written by a gentleman who possesses descriptive abilities of a high order.

Arriving off the coast of Apia—the largest town on the island—too late one evening to enter, as the harbour is surrounded by coral reefs, we steamed slowly up and down the coast until morning, when we came in and dropped anchor. Immediately our vessel was surrounded by natives in their canoes—catamorans they are called; these boats are very narrow, more so than the kind used at the Sandwich Islands, but the natives seem perfectly at home in them, and though one expects to see them swamped with every passing wave, they are calmly indifferent, as they are equally at home in the water.

THE SAMOAN MEN

are very fine specimens of the *genus homo*—tall, broad, well-developed, and possessing fine, agreeable features. They have the custom of applying lime to the hair, which makes them all red-headed! There are various shades, from auburn to a darker shade which resembles sealskin. The hair is trimmed close on the crown of the head, leaving the front, sides, and back long, which, surmounting a really fine bronze face, produces a handsome effect.

In the matter of clothing they are quite primitive, as for the most part they wear nothing but a strip of cloth wound about the waist, falling half-way to the knees. The original material used was *tapa*, and many use that now, but the majority have substituted calico, and as would be expected, choose large figures and brilliant colours. All the men are tatooed from the waist to the knees, the pattern being identical and very elaborate. A few wear garlands of flowers across the shoulder, and some head-dresses of leaves standing up like feathers. These, we understand, are chiefs.

The Government proper is one of aristocracy, amounting almost to feudalism, and the people evidently have not much to do. That they are

NOT A COMMERCIAL PEOPLE,

and do not value their time highly is proven by the small stock in trade which will justify six or eight men in spending ten hours in disposing of it. For instance, one large canoe manned by *fifteen men* will spend a whole day about the ships with fruit to sell, and at their own prices *three dollars* will buy the entire supply. A basket of sixty-five large oranges can be bought for fifty cents. These oranges are green in appearance, with thick, bitter skin, but the pulp is firm, juicy and delicious, similar to those found at Bombay. Other tropical fruits abound, all good and proportionately cheap. Bread-fruit when in season, during about half the year, is the staple article of food. At other times taro root and yams take its place. Oranges and limes grow in the greatest abundance, only a small percentage of the yield being consumed. Pine-apples are of fine flavour and grow to an immense size, many more than a foot long and weighing eight or ten pounds. Cotton and coffee of superior quality are raised on the plantations by foreigners,* but the natives have really little use for money, and without much effort on their part nature supplies all their needs. The trees, plants and sea give food, shelter, and clothing and their beverage, *cava*. It is difficult to induce them to work, because it is not necessary. They have well nigh escaped the curse of Adam, but they are literally like the 'lily of the field,' in that 'they toil not neither do they spin.' And one cannot but be pleased with their simple, trusting good-nature and smiling faces.

*The labour on the plantations is performed by slaves (not in name) brought from the Fiji and Solomon Islands.

Entering the harbour, the view from the ship is superb. The mountains are densely covered with vegetation to their very summits. Palms and all tropical plants abound, and cocoanut trees, like sentinels on guard, wave their tall plumes above all.

Apia has but one street, and is in the form of a crescent, following the shore of the bay upon which it is built. The foreigners occupy the centre, and the natives the two ends, one being the village of Malietoa's followers, and the other those of his rival. There are about three hundred foreigners on the island, and we are told thirty of them are Americans.

As we pass along the street every one we meet greets us with *kalofa*, just as at the Sandwich Islands one is greeted with *Aloha*, which means the same thing—good-day!

These

HOUSES OR HUTS, BUILT OF BAMBOO,

are very well constructed, the frame-work is firmly tied together, and the mats and thatching which form the roofs are really artistically woven. There are no walls, but when it becomes necessary to shut out wind, rain or sun, mats made of cocoanut leaves are let down. The floors are made of pebbles gathered from the beds of fresh water streams which come down from the mountains. There appears to be a number of people to each hut, and when needful to form rooms *tapa* screens are hung up. They have no beds, but sleep on mats spread upon the floor. One would suppose these would make anything but downy couches, but the natives evidently find them comfortable, for at any hour of the day some members of the family are sure to be found asleep. Their pillows—which consist of a length of bamboo supported at either end on legs—form a part of the very meagre furniture, the other part consisting of a strong box in which are kept the finery and valuables. The cross-beams overhead supply the storage room, and in each hut one finds bundles of *tapa* and mats for sale.

Their stove is simply a hole scooped out of the floor and lined with large pebbles; few cooking utensils are necessary, as in this they cook the bread-fruit and fish which, with cocoanuts, bananas, and other fruit, form their principal diet. The bread fruit, in appearance like a large osage orange, when roasted tastes somewhat like sweet potato. The fish is baked in leaves, as at Hawaii. I must not forget to mention one indispensable article which every hut possesses, and that is, a *cava* bowl.

CAVA, THE NATIONAL BEVERAGE OF SAMOA,

is prepared from the root of one of the pepper plants. Formerly, and amongst some of the natives to this day, it was produced by filling the mouth with water, chewing the root, and collecting the saliva in bowls. That is said to be the beverage in perfection. This is modified however among

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 1.6.)

SEUMANUTAFA, A POWERFUL SAMOAN CHIEF.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK

SOCIETY'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE muses must have shed tears of joy over the intellectual treat which the students of the New Zealand University prepared for their mothers and sisters and cousins and aunts last Wednesday evening in the Choral Hall. To be sure, the presentation of diplomas made a foil for the brilliance of the proceedings, but the presentation of diplomas was a mere by the way. Robbed of its foil, the genius which our students displayed in song and verse was such as to swell the bosoms of the parents present with exultation. That learning is a means to a great and mighty end the students of the University have sufficiently shown. With that end revealed last Wednesday who of us will not now fall down and worship at her shrine? who will not now uncover before the majesty and infinitude of her power? 'Give me wisdom that I may understand thy law,' cried the Psalmist. 'Give me wisdom that I may construct a bad imitation of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay,"' cry the students of the Auckland University College. Tell me, ye gods and little fishes, if there breathe one man with soul so dead that it will not leap up in the pursuit of knowledge when knowledge 'married to immortal verse' publishes the following:—

Then all the little fishes waxed very, very vicious,
And rushed with all their might at the meddling eel.
They shook him and they flurried him and generally worried him,
Till all his courage left him, and away he did steal.

Note the perfection of metre in the second and last lines. Observe with what fiery eloquence the writer describes the internal emotion of the little fishes towards the meddling eel. How artistically he leads on their passion to a grand *denouement* of 'shaking him and flurrying him and generally worrying him,' and oh! the infinite pathos with which the last chapter in the life of the meddling eel is told! 'All his courage left him and away he did steal.' The wonder is that even politeness restrained the audience from following the example of the meddling eel! This thrilling tragedy was—how shall I put it?—effectively mumbled to a tune whose name—Krimbambimbuli—is, if anything, rather comprehensive when compared with the subtle intricacy of the poem. Take another example:

'The people who last year refused with us to stay behind,
The manner we were spoken to—so cruel, so unkind,
. . . . . .
They'd none of them be missed, they'd none of 'em be missed.'

Reading this critically, the question arises, can 'manners' be missed? For obvious reasons we think that where the students of the A.U.C. are concerned they cannot. And again:

'Steady workers now are we,
If we ever mean to be;
Now we strive for a degree,
Third year undergrads!'

The vagueness is delightful. It leaves such scope for imagination. The author does not enlighten us upon what the students mean to be, or if they mean to be anything. Our own notion is that they had better stop at 'meaning to be.' It will prevent disappointment.

RUMOUR whispers that several lady-students assisted in creating the brilliant specimens of verse whose reflected radiance has herewith been imparted to our GRAPHIC readers. This we cannot believe. Even their singing on Wednesday night will not shake our faith in the superior intelligence of the sweet girl graduate. As for the others let me point out a useful profession which their talent has suggested. As writers of 'Nursery Rhymes, 'Infants' Verses,' 'Gems for the Little Ones,' the students of our University will, no doubt, some day acquire celebrity, but present efforts still show considerable room for improvement. The little fishes will require a good deal of flurrying before they can hope to attain such excellence as the following:—

'I have a cat
Her name is Tit,
And by the fire
She loves to sit.'

Hope springs eternal, however. With so high an aim in view, students of the A.U.C. must eventually reach success.

AND again:

'We will burst forth into song
All on account of Aldis,
We think the Council very wrong
All on account of Aldis,
Rather foolish do they show
All on account of Aldis,
Though their funds they say are low
All on account of Aldis.'

Of the above eight lines, four are a repetition and a supposed effective parody of the song to whose tune they are sung, 'All for the Sake of Sarah.' It has not yet been our inestimable privilege to hear 'All for the sake of Sarah,' but if that red-letter day ever comes, how highly shall we value it as presenting to our ears the original verse which first suggested to learned minds, the immortal refrain, 'All on Account of Aldis.' Besides this refrain, four interesting items of information are graciously imparted to the public. It is the immediate intention of the students to 'burst forth into song'—which intention they executed to the visible distress of the public; it is the opinion of the students that the Council are 'very wrong'—received with surprising indifference by the public; it is the opinion of the students that 'they'—whether the Council, the students, or the public is wisely left to the reader's judgment—'do show rather foolish,' the startling grammatical construction, though it might be 'beastly grammar' in 'Arry or 'Arriet, is a correct English idiom in University students; and finally it is the statement of the students that 'they'—this same mysterious 'they'—'say their funds are low.' Are not these intelligences calculated to arrest the eye and suspend the breath. As for the chorus—

'Aldis, Aldis, Senior Wrangler Aldis,
We like Aldis, though there's some who don't;
Since he took the notion
To come across the ocean,
He's filled his place with great success,
And part with him we *won't*.'

Accompanied by a scraping of boot-leather on the floor at the last words the impression the song creates would be profound but for a slight possibility which suggests itself to the sceptic hearer—namely, whether the valiant students will be consulted when the question of Professor Aldis' dismissal is imminent. As for the final gem—

'God make our council wise,
Open their sleepy eyes,
Confound their fads;
God grant Sir Maurice sense,
Our prof's strict diligence,
May all attain the excellence
Of Auckland's undergrads.'

it is a proof of its excellence that there was certainly no sane man or woman in the audience on Wednesday night who did not heartily breathe that prayer with a counter-clause before the last two lines. Sleepy eyes! If University students are to be allowed to make fools of themselves by displaying an incapacity for verse-making that any public school child would be ashamed to own, we think it is decidedly time that some superhuman power should be appealed to to open the Council's sleepy eyes. Not the University alone but all Auckland, all New Zealand is disgraced by the stumbling doggerel that has been published and issued far and wide under the name and auspices of the New Zealand University. Such fads are injurious to the Council's highname, and should most certainly be confounded. As for the professors acquiring 'strict diligence,' the sooner they do so the better. Let us hope that when acquired, they will so exercise it that Auckland shall not again have to blush for shame at the wit (?) of her undergraduates.

HIS Excellency the Governor and Lady Glasgow patronised the Palmer Company one night in Wellington, when they produced 'Sweethearts.' Captain Hancock and several officers from H.M.S. Lizard were also present.

LADY GLASGOW gave a very pleasant small dance at Government House, Wellington, last Thursday, when the guests were mostly dancing people. The house, as usual, was beautified in every available space with greenery and flowers, and a number of pot plants had been brought in from the conservatory to decorate the drawing-room, which was prettily lit with tall yellow shaded lamps. The supper-table also looked very pretty, and the mantelpiece in the ball-room was one artistic mass of ferns, plants, and flowers. The effect of this with the huge mirror as a background was lovely. Neither Lady Augusta nor Lady Dorothy have yet quite recovered from the measles, and were therefore not present, but His Excellency, Lady Alice Boyle, Miss Wanchope, Captain Hunter-Blair and Captain Clayton were included in the house party.

THE second chamber concert given by Messrs Trimnell and Parker in Wellington was a great success, all the items being classical and mostly instrumental. Pauer's quintet, by Messrs Trimnell, Harland, Curry, Sewell, and C. Hill, was one of the best items, and the Sonata by Mr Trimnell (piano) and Mr H. F. Edger, lately from Auckland, was one of the gems. Mozart's trio was given by Messrs Parker Spackman, and Sewell, and the only vocalist was Miss Gore, who sang a canzone of Haydn's, and also another song, 'Under the Snow,' with 'cello obligato by Mr Edger, Mr Parker accompanying. His Excellency the Governor was present, and also Captain Clayton, Miss Wanchope wearing black, and long Gobelin blue cloak bound with beaver, and Miss Holroyd in cream lace, and long brown brocaded cloak.

THE Grand National Meeting in Christchurch was held under most favourable circumstances on Thursday, when another fine race for the big event, the Grand National Steeplechase, was witnessed by a larger crowd than has ever been at an August meeting. The day was mild and bright, and competition very keen, as there were representatives of the various racing clubs from the far North and South. Accidents were numerous, but none of a serious nature, Mr F. Woodward, rider of Mr J. C. N. Grigg's Matariki, coming off the worst, as he got a nasty fall and was kicked while on the ground. He was attended by Dr. Lomax-Smith and the Doctor of the Spanish cruiser Nautilus, and apparently soon recovered. There was much lamentation that the favourite good old Norton did not win the big steeplechase, especially at the finish when he seemed so distressed, but everyone admired the immense amount of pluck of Waterbury as he led past the post, and out of thirteen horses that made a grand start at the first attempt only four were left in to decide the winner of the Grand National. There was a great flutter over the Ladies' Bracelet, six horses coming out, and Mrs G. E. Rhodes' Master Royal—in the hands of Mr E. D. O'Rorke—proved the winner of a superb bracelet, Mrs W. O. Rutherford's Solomon, ridden by Mr D. Kimbell, coming second.

LADY DOCTORS have long been established and recognised in America, and are steadily making headway in England. At length New Zealand has been favoured, and

Wrigglesworth & Binns, photo
DR. FRIKART.

Dr. E. F. M. Frikart, M.D., etc., has registered and begun practice as a lady doctor at 14 Brandon-street, Wellington. 'There are many cases in which a skilled female physician can be of immense service to women of all classes, who would often suffer in silence rather than consult a medical man,' so says a recognised London authority in speaking of the good done by lady doctors. Dr. Frikart is highly qualified, and should command success.

SINCE the reduction to popular prices of the Misses Albu's concerts—to suit the impecuniosity of the times—crowded houses have listened with much pleasure and frequent applause to these talented artistes. Encores have been the order of each evening. The Misses Albu are contemplating a pleasure trip to the Hot Lakes, and may possibly give a concert *en route*.

IMMENSE was the fun at the Girls' College in Nelson last Saturday when the annual meeting of all the old college girls took place, this time also, a number of friends being present. Songs, recitations, character songs, and similar items, soon whiled the time away, and supper time arrived all too quickly. Perhaps the best items were the Christy minstrel ones, the young lady who played the banjo being particularly amusing and quaint, her song 'Cheer up Sam,' being very insinuatingly sung. The song, in character, 'Gipey's Warning,' was excellently sung and acted, Miss McEachen being the lucky possessor of a sweet, true voice; and last, though by no means least, comes the song, 'Johnny Smokes,' by the girls, the lady who conducted being killingly funny.

Two very jolly dances were those given in Nelson by Mr and Mrs Booth on Friday and Saturday evenings to their friends, young and old. Friday evening was devoted to the smaller folk, and Saturday to their elders. Two rooms were used for dancing, which was kept up with spirit until a late hour on each evening. The floor being perfect and the supper excellent, it goes without saying that the dances were both a great success.

THE little suburb of Mount Albert is hoping to attract many visitors from Auckland on the 23rd and 24th. This Wednesday (afternoon) a Sale of Work and Industrial Exhibition in aid of the Sunday-school fund is to be opened at three o'clock by Bishop and Mrs Cowie, and will remain open all that evening, and the following day. An interesting piece of work is a pretty red and white quilt, with a deep border of small squares. For the sum of sixpence anyone could purchase a square and work his or her initials on it. Over a hundred have been collected and beautifully arranged by Miss Larkins. This unique quilt is for sale.

MRS HADFIELD gave a large juvenile party at Bishopscourt, Wellington, and this was greatly enjoyed by about sixty children, among whom were the Misses Williams, (Charles) Johnston, (Walter) Johnston, Russell, Atkinson, Reeves, Butts, Gore, Harding, Edwin, Coleridge, Higginson, Brandon, Baker, Quick, Morrah, Powles, Hislop, Sprott, etc. First they had a sumptuous tea, and then various games, a Punch and Judy show (given by Mr W. Moorhouse), and dancing amused the guests until it was time to depart. A number of grown-up people were present helping Mrs and the Misses Hadfield to entertain.

ABOUT fifty couples 'skipped by the light of the moon' in the Ponsonby Hall on Friday night. Captain Edwin must have had the 'At Home' committee in his mind when he made up the parcel of weather for Auckland. Sharp, frosty air, that maketh dancing a dream of delight, moonlight that causeth to wax sentimental—such was the edict of the all-powerful clerk of the weather to the elements which order poor human existence in Ponsonby as elsewhere. Happy faces and a universal atmosphere of enjoyment testified to the general and complete success of the function. Mr McIndoe, as M.C., was a host in himself, forming 'sets,' introducing everyone to everyone else, and so skilfully directing the proceedings that they passed off without a hitch. Indeed, the success that has hitherto characterized these monthly dances is largely due to the energy of Mr Macindoe, assisted by the secretary, Mr F. A. Clarke. Mr S. Adams and his band supplied the item which is of the most importance at a dance—good music. Mrs J. Hanna superintended the arrangements of the supper-table this month, her tasteful decorations being greatly admired. Festivities were not 'wound up' until a very late hour. A list of the dresses worn (including several most handsome costumes) appears in our Ladies' Column.

ON Thursday evening last the annual meeting of the parishioners of Holy Trinity Church, Picton, took place in the Sunday-schoolroom, and was largely attended, the ladies being, as usual, in the majority. After the business was completed, and officers appointed for the ensuing year, the meeting resolved itself into a social gathering, and a very pleasant time was spent in congratulations on the present success of all things parochial, even to a small balance in hand to start the new year with. It was unanimously resolved to make hay whilst the sun shone, and gather in a supply for the future needs of the church and Sunday-school by providing summer excursionists with refreshments, and initiating a church jubilee week for the winter, to take the form of an art exhibition. Tea, coffee, cakes, etc., were handed round, and a few sacred songs rendered by the Misses Linton and Miss Howard.

THE fire fiend has again been busy in Nelson. This time Dr. Leggatt's late residence was the one chosen for his attack, the house being burnt to the ground. Unfortunately, Mr Lyell had just bought the house and a number of fixtures, also a dining-room suite, and of course these all went. An enquiry into the fire elicted the fact that the house had been wilfully set on fire, but by whom there was not sufficient evidence to show. The sooner the fiend is caught the better, think all Nelsonians.

BLENHEIM is again flooded (the eighth flood in seven weeks), and as peregrination was impossible, very little business could be done. 'I am sorry to say,' writes my correspondent, 'that diphtheria and measles are spreading, and are likely to spread, with all this water lying about in hollows and low parts of the town. It is an undoubted fact that these constant floods are a great drawback to Blenheim, and render the town very unhealthy at this time of year, but it is very difficult to know how to prevent them, as a bank made in one place floods another part, and each man has his own pet scheme to protect his own property or interests. It is a great pity that anybody was so stupid as to build a town in such a swampy hole, especially as we all have to suffer in consequence.'

THE second 'At Home' of the Christchurch Liederkränzchen was given at the Y.M.C.A. Rooms on Wednesday afternoon, and was a very interesting and successful one. The members have increased in numbers, and show much improvement with continued training, but there was a little unsteadiness in some of the concerted pieces, also in the piano duet. The solos were pleasingly rendered, Miss Fairburst (president) being very successful with 'Alla Stella Confidente,' Miss Packer playing the violin obligato. Miss Wood played two pieces for piano beautifully, both without music. An interesting item was 'The Song of the Liederkränzchen,' words and music composed by their conductress, Miss Nora Gard'ner. It is a tuneful, taking part-song, the words, of course, symbolical of their meetings. An invitation was given to the Spanish officers, about a dozen putting in an appearance, and with a few gentlemen by special invitation, made this a departure from the usual 'At Homes' given by these ladies. Each gentleman, was provided with a button-hole bouquet, and at half time, when tea and coffee was dispensed with every good thing imaginable in the shape of cake and sweets, they seemed to enjoy these things as much as the fair sex. The tables were beautifully decorated, the Spanish flag being draped over the stage, all the Liederkränzchen wearing the colours.

THE Rev. Mr W. Evans has been in Nelson a few days, and took the opportunity of delivering a lecture on 'Carlyle' in the Provincial Hall, which was listened to with great interest by his old friends. He is a most able lecturer, and Nelson people have missed him a great deal, so that they were glad to be able to show their appreciation of his merits by rolling up in good numbers to his lecture.

THE recent Cinderella dance in Napier was notably successful. My correspondent expresses herself thus anent the ball: 'The floor was in first-rate order. There were crowds of men, and good dancers too, and the supper was most delicious. I believe the committee have quite given up using acid for the floor, and instead rub in some oily mixture, which is a marked improvement on the acid. I have heard several people remark how very good the floor was. There were not many country people at the ball, and I can assure you they missed a treat. Mr Muir, of the Bank of New Zealand, Hastings, I noticed among the dancers. He is a great acquisition to the balls, as he dances so well. The Tomoana men also rolled up in force—Messrs H. G. Warren, Cooper, and others.'

WHILST the Auckland capping ceremony was proceeding on Wednesday night at the Choral Hall, another and more eminently social event was taking place at a short distance. Mr and Mrs Isidor Alexander, 'San Remo,' Symonds-street, gave a very large dance. The decorations were capital. The verandah and balcony were completely enclosed with flags and canvas, and lighted artistically with Chinese lanterns. There were about one hundred and sixty guests present, the gentlemen predominating in large numbers. Excellent recitations were given by Misses Cora and Stella Alexander and Mr Montague during an interval of the ball. The minuet was also gracefully danced by half-a-dozen couples, under the able tuition of Miss Scott. The supper-table was most artistically arranged. In the centre a mirror was placed representing a lake on which graceful swans floated. The idea was very happily carried out. Around were sprays of ti-tree in full bloom, frosted with alum, and on the outer edge was soft white drapery in undulating folds, the effect of a beautiful snow scene in the soft light being excellent, and greatly admired. Supper, music, and floor were perfect, and a most enjoyable evening was the result. The Misses Albu were present. The older gentlemen who did not care for dancing adjourned to the billiard, card, and music rooms.

MRS CUTTEN gave a large *musicale* at her residence, Anderson's Bay, Dunedin. There were quite eighty guests, and the evening was a delightful one. Miss A. Cargill and Miss M. Cargill gave an original little sketch called 'A Modern Dressmaker.' Mr J. Cargill contributed one of his humorous recitations, entitled 'Leap Year.' Songs were also given by Mrs C. Kettle, Miss Roberts, and Mrs A. J. Fergusson. The supper table looked lovely. The decorations were of red and yellow silk with quantities of glass dishes of spring flowers, which are beginning to put in their sweet and welcome appearance. A few evenings later this same lady gave a small but most enjoyable dance to a few friends, among them being Mrs Williams, Mrs Ogston and Mrs Ridings, the Misses Williams, Tolmie, Rattray, Spence, Roberts, Dymock, Cargill, and a few others.

ANOTHER genial little dance was given in the Oddfellows' Hall, Ponsonby, on Friday night, in connection with the West End Social Union. Messrs Davis, McComish, Burke, and Gribben furnished excellent music. The floor was in perfect condition for dancing, thereby adding immensely to the enjoyment. Mr J. Rees made a popular M.C. Supper was supplied by the ladies of the committee, Mesdames Rees and Bartlett taking active part in the management of this important item. Dancing continued until after midnight.

STILL another 'surprise party' is reported from Picton, and this, says my correspondent, the jolliest of the season, at Cam House—the prince of houses for parties—eventuated on Wednesday evening. Once more the house was turned topsy-turvey, though when the party arrived darkness and silence reigned supreme in the house and all around. One window was found with a broken lock, and an amateur burglar got in thereat and unlocked the front door for the rest, who made themselves so thoroughly at home that the home party were fain to remove the barricades from the drawing room and join in the fun going on. Dancing was kept up till 2 a.m., and everybody was sorry to tear themselves away. In addition to Mr H. C. Seymour and the Misses Seymour, there were Misses (A. P.) Seymour, Mellish, Greensill, Allen, Western (two), White, Philpotts, Waddy (two), Hay, Mrs Allen, and Messrs G. Waddy, Western, G. Seymour, Wynn-Williams, and White (Maori Bay), Redcliffe (Wharehunga), Greensill, S. Fell, W. and T. Baillie.

THE progressive euchre epidemic has spread to Onehunga, and Mrs Scott and Mrs Brookfield have successfully conducted several very pleasant campaigns on these lines.

LIFE IN A MAORI KAINGA.

By FRANK MATHEWS.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE).

THE Maoris now bury their dead in the same manner as the pakeha, but formerly the grave was dug in the house of the deceased. In it the body was seated, the limbs being retained in position by bandages. The body was arrayed in fine mats and decked with greenstone and other ornaments. The grave was covered with planks and a little soil. It is still usual to inter the personal property of a chief with him. In other parts the body was enclosed in a box formed by two lengths of an old canoe, in which it was seated on a frame to allow the flesh to drop off. After a time the bones were scraped, painted with red ochre and oil, then wrapped in a fine mat and hung up in a basket on a sacred tree in the wahi tapu, or sacred groves, or to the ridge pole of the family dwelling house.

J. Martin, photo., Auckland. A MAORI VILLAGE.

The house in which a body was buried was left, and the door fastened and painted with red ochre, to show it was made tapu, and some thought that the spirit ascended to the Heaven of the Gods; others that it descended to Reinga (Hades); others that they did not leave the earth, but remained in the wahi tapu. Belief varied with different tribes. These wahi tapu are still looked on with superstitious dread, as the spirits are thought occasionally to wander from them, causing sickness, etc. It was thought very dangerous for any but tohunga to enter such places, or the houses of the dead. There were many deserted wharés of this description in the kainga, though now they had both a Catholic and Protestant cemetery, and the custom was abandoned. The entrance to Reinga is said to be at the extreme end of the North Cape, North Island. The spirits of the departed go there, and jump from thence into the water, through which they enter Reinga.

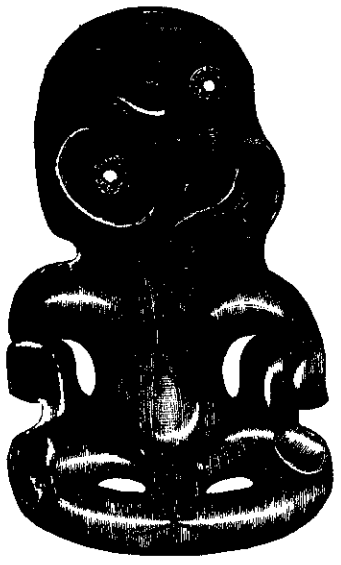
Old Rita was said to be able to converse with the departed spirits, and also to have the power of makutu, that is, the evil eye, witchcraft, etc. Te Maroa firmly believed this, and said he had been present when she had conversed with the dead. I wanted very much to witness a sample of her power in this respect, but Maroa was very unwilling to enable me to do so. However, as I often asked him, he said that some time, if either of us had any money, he would take me there, but he dared not go without a hakari (a present) as he feared to offend her, and she knew the value of pakeha money too well to be content with food or mats as were formerly presented. If offended she might put the makutu on us, that is, a spell of witchcraft, as she had done others; that she had done this to others who displeased her, causing them to fall down as in a fit, or to become stupid and unconscious for days; in fact, that he believed nothing but the dread of vengeance from their relatives prevented her killing them.

Some time after Maroa sold a horse at the township, so being in funds, he reserved a part for this purpose instead of spending it in drinking with the others, and one evening we went to old Rita's wharé. It was a low-roofed hut, standing not far from a deserted wahi tapu, at the back of the kainga. The door was so low we had to crawl in. The old woman was seated by a fire in the middle of the floor, plaiting cerements for the dead by the light of totara bark which she threw on occasionally. She had a short, black pipe in her mouth, and appeared very old; her hair was white, and her face like that of a skeleton covered with parchment, but her eyes were very bright and piercing, as I could see when she replenished the fire, contrary to those of Maori women generally, which have a dusky, subdued light. She glanced up, and then continued her work taking no notice of us. After sitting in respectful silence for a time, Maroa told her our errand, but she took no notice till he produced a handful of silver. This charm, powerful as the tapu, roused her, and she said that his wish should be granted, but she objected to the pakeha being present as his people knew nothing, and only ridiculed the mysteries they did not understand. I did not want to be disappointed, so offered her a silver-mounted meerschaum pipe with amber mouthpiece, which I had in a case (as I had no money), and at length she consented to do what was required. She asked Maroa whom she was to converse with, and he said Apera Maroa (a brother who was dead), so she directed us to seat ourselves on a mat near the door and not to speak. She then withdrew to the other end of the wharé, and wrapping herself in a large mat which enveloped her completely, commenced to intone a karakia, rocking as she did so from side to side. After a time she rose, and, stooping towards the earth, called 'Apera Maroa! ki te haerimi! (Apera Maroa, come hither).' She then appeared to listen, but hearing nothing, resumed her incantations. Again she rose, and stooping, commenced persistently calling on the spirit of Apera, and saying short karakia. Working herself into a sort of frenzy, at length she held up her hand, exclaiming, 'Ki te wakaronga korua (Listen, both of you).' A low murmuring appeared to proceed from the depths below, which became louder, till a guttural voice could be distinguished coming up as it were, out of the earth. I could not hear what was said, being rather deaf, but could distinguish an articulate speaking, apparently from below. I looked at Te Maroa, he was sitting with bowed head, and seemed much agitated. After a time Rita ceased to converse with the spirit, and commenced karakia, waving to us to begone.

When we got outside I asked Maroa if it was his brother's spirit that the old wahine conversed with. He said there could be no doubt of it as the spirit seemed acquainted with his family and their affairs. 'Why did you not tell her to ask him questions about things you would like to know?' I inquired. 'No, but of course one can't expect a spirit to speak with the same voice as a live man.' I did not say any more as I did not wish to offend him by trying to throw doubt on this séance, after he had been good enough to take me there, but I have no doubt the woman was a ventriloquist.

There is nothing supernatural about ventriloquism. It may be acquired by anyone, but some are better able to do so, owing to a peculiar conformation of the pharynx, epiglottis, etc. The first thing is to acquire the habit of articulating with the tongue, palate, and throat, without moving the jaw or muscles of the face. To do this, place a bit of leather or something between the teeth, so as to keep the mouth slightly open when the teeth are closed on it. Then practise before a looking-glass, for it is so natural to move the parts referred to when speaking that it is done unconsciously. Try the

vowels first, then the words of two syllables, and so on. The non-movement of the facial muscles takes all expression from the face, which assists the deception. Practice will enable you to do this. When you have got so far, throwing the voice is the next thing to be acquired. The voice sounds to the ventriloquist, as it always does, as if coming from himself, but by closing the mouth, placing the tongue in different positions, speaking in guttural or falsetto keys different effects are produced to the audience. You require some one to train you for this, by telling you what effect



MAORI TIKI.

each action has on the sound of the voice, which you cannot perceive yourself. When a novice tries it for the first time in public, the throat should be covered, that its action may not be perceived. A small looking glass held in a book, or placed in some convenient position will enable you to regulate your features, and it is a good plan to have a confederate in the company to make a sign if you are unconsciously moving your features. Of course it takes considerable practice to acquire the necessary confidence. Keep as far away from your audience as you can. The nearer they are the more likely are they to perceive that the voice is coming from you, but in many cases the face is hidden, as when talking up a chimney, or pretending to speak to someone below the ground. This assists the deception.

As for makutu, or witchcraft, that is a different thing. Throughout all nations from the earliest ages there have been beings possessed of what were termed occult powers. These were formerly called witches, wizards, necromancers, etc. They are now termed mesmerists or animal magnetists, and their mediums clairvoyants. The power has been in a measure deprived of its dark and terrifying surroundings and the mysterious influence has become a science, of which its disciples are as yet only on the confines. The mysterious sympathy between the physical and spiritual world is now generally known, but little understood. 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,' no doubt referred to beings of this sort, who, having such a power, used it as an instrument of terror and evil. The ancient Egyptians understood this art, as bas-reliefs brought from Nineveh demonstrate, delineating priests engaged in mesmerising patients. The American Indian wizards, or medicine men, were acquainted with it. In Hiawatha's lamentations, where through grief at the loss of his friend Chibiabos, he falls into a stupor, the following passages occur:

Then the medicine men, the Medas,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
Came to visit Hiawatha.

Their karakia or incantation was as follows:

I myself, myself behold me,
'Tis the great Grey Eagle talking.
The loud-speaking thunder helps me,
All the unseen spirits help me.
I can hear their voices calling,
All around the sky I hear them.
I can *blow* you strong, my brother,
I can heal you, Hiawatha.'

LONGFELLOW.

'Traditions drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr Schoolcraft's preface to 'Hiawatha.' (See Longfellow's 'Hiawatha.')

Hiawatha is a collection of Indian legends and traditions rendered into blank verse, collected from ethnological works, treating on the origin, history, and customs of the Indians, and is therefore true to the subject treated on, and not fictitious. 'I can *blow* you strong, my brother.' The charlatans said Celsus performed extraordinary cures by the mere supposition of hands, and cured patients *by blowing* (quotations from the works of James Coates, Ph.D., F.A.S.). Modern mesmerists recover patients from mesmeric sleep in this way, and often resort to it for the cure of disease local and otherwise. Under the name of makutu mesmeric influence is known throughout the South Sea Islands, and who can tell how *great* may have been the magnetic power of some individuals of the sorcerers, necromancers, and wizards of half savage races in remote ages, or what secrets they may have known which are lost to modern science? I was always of the opinion that those fabulous stories of mag and necromancers, who were said to have the power of rendering themselves invisible or changing themselves into beasts, had more truth in them than is generally supposed; that they magnetised onlookers with their subtle influence and made them see or not see what they wished. The East has ever been the cradle of the most abstruse sciences—astrology, astronomy, alchemy, chemistry, mathematics, and more especially of magnetic science. The Greeks derived most of their customs from India and Egypt. . . The first Greek physicians for the cure of their patients used certain *magic processes* which can only be compared to the *manipulations* of the modern mesmerist (quotation from J. Coates, Ph. D., etc.), and Indian jugglers, a certain caste of them at least, have great power in this way. There is a caste who perform what is called the flower trick, that is, they cause flowers or a shrub to grow from the ground to the height of a foot or so in a short time, and that this is really done by what was at one time known as glamour or delusion the following story tends to show. I met with it, I think, in the Christchurch *Weekly Press*, New Zealand.

Two gentlemen were travelling in India. One of them had a photographic camera (instantaneous process). One day they witnessed a fakir perform the flower trick; one stood with the company of onlookers, the other photographed the group. The fakir spread a carpet on the ground and then commenced his incantations. Presently something began to rise under the centre of the carpet, which being then withdrawn by an attendant disclosed a small flowering shrub, which gradually rose to a height of about two feet. After this the fakir drew from beneath his robe a ball of string which he tossed high in the air, holding the end of the string in his hand. When they cast down their eyes from looking at the flight of the ball a little boy, not previously seen, was standing at the fakir's knee. This boy commenced to climb the string till at last he unaccountably got out of sight, which ended the performance. The fakir rolled up his carpet, received backsheesh, and went away, leaving them much mystified. All the while the camera was depicting the scene; on the picture taken was the fakir and his audience or onlookers, but no tree was there and no boy ascending the string. If the story is true, that it was an illusion is obvious.

(To be continued.)

THE PLAINT OF A PESSIMIST.

NOTHING to do but bark,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes,
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got;
Thus through life we're cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;
Everything moves that goes,
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

Utting, Photo.

A FAVOURITE VIEW—AUCKLAND DOMAIN.

the more civilised by grating the root and mixing it with pure water. A young girl usually prepares it, while the guests of the occasion sit in a circle of which she is the central figure. A large bowl with four legs is brought in and placed before her, with a grater, a quantity of the roots, and a wisp of some fibre which looks like manilla. When the roots are grated into the bowl and water poured over, the mixture is stirred with the wisp a number of times. This strains the surface. The drink, finally ready, is then handed to the people present according to rank or age, the girl filling the cup in turn by wringing the beverage from the wisp, each guest draining it to the dregs, and clapping his hands as he receives it. The liquid resembles thin skim milk, and tastes like a weak concoction of cornstarch and paregoric. It is said to be not intoxicating, but somewhat exhilarating in its effects when taken in large quantities.

HIS MAJESTY KING MALIETOA.

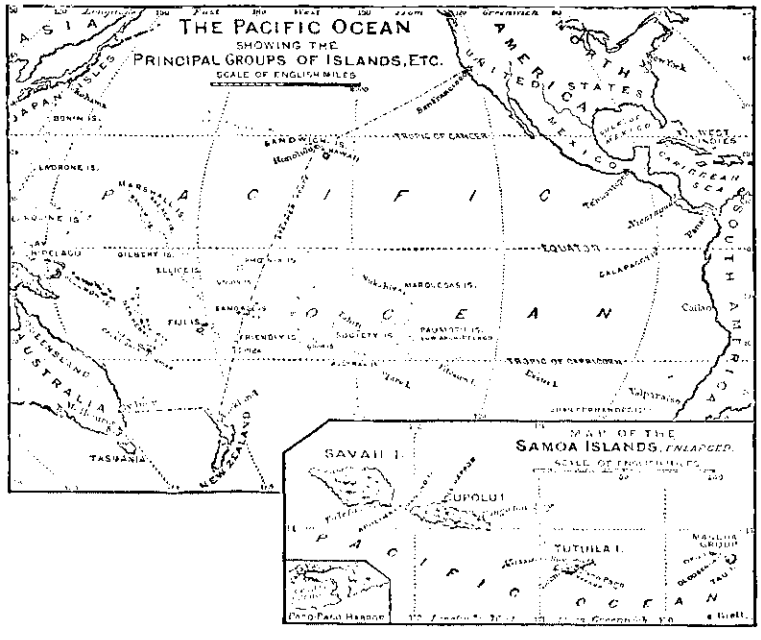
(From the latest photograph.)

THE LATE CHIEF TAMASESE, AND ORATOR.

(Who was at one time proclaimed King of Samoa by the Germans, whi e King Malietoa was detained in exile in the Marshall Islands.)

The great majority of women wear nothing above the waist, and nothing below the knees. A few, perhaps from deference to foreigners' prejudice, perhaps through vanity, attempt waists, but it is such a recent innovation that no well defined fashion has been established, each aspirant to 'better things' in the way of clothing following her own fancy or that of her particular 'set.' As a result, there are many 'styles,' and I fear all would not find favour in the eyes of the average *Americaine*, but here one soon ceases to notice that they are *outré*, and the wearers attract attention only when in European clothes, which they neither know how to make nor to wear, and in which they appear conscious and uncomfortable. The most pleasing, perhaps because the most simple, garment for upper wear, is a straight strip of thin material with a hole cut in the centre for the head, the ends hanging down over the bust and back. From this the garments vary through diverse stages of waists and chemise.

The women are tattooed also, but in a more merciful manner than the men; that is, there is not so much of it, only small figures some distance apart. Many, both men and women, have their names tattooed on the forearm, the letters being the same as ours.†



THE CUSTOM OF PUTTING LIME ON THE HAIR

is not so common among the women, but many do it. We learn that the change in colour is only incidental, the object being cleanliness and to avoid an operation so often witnessed amongst the poorer classes in Europe and in the tropics. Cocoanut oil is freely used both upon the hair and body, and the odour of it pervades the air. The people bathe a great deal and seem generally to be cleanly. A favourite bathing pool is called 'sliding rock,' about four miles from the town. It is a beautiful spot, but the principal feature of the place is a cascade and an incline rock upon which the bathers slide about forty feet into the pool below. I have remarked that the Samoans are an extremely idle people, but I have seen women making mats, fish-nets and *tapa*—tapa is a material made from the mul-berry tree, and is used among the natives for curtains and screens as well as a covering.—The process of manufacture is most interesting. First the bark is stripped from the mulberry stick about four feet long and not more than an inch around at its large end; the outer skin is then scraped off—the women during this operation sitting in the water. The implements are a flat board to rest it upon, and a shell something like a clam. In scraping the bark gains about three times in width, and become perfectly white. The next stage is the beating. Four of the scraped pieces are folded together and beaten with a long mallet until they become quite thin and fully thirty times as wide as before. The pounding or beating is done on a smooth log, and the mallet is grooved on its sides. These last pieces are then spread upon the ground to dry, after which they are packed away in bales, to be finished at leisure. The final fabric is made after patching up the small holes, by putting the pieces together in layers, using arrow-root for glue, and beating until all becomes apparently one smooth surface. The colours used for decorating are made or manufactured from roots, berries and clays, and laid on partly by hand and partly by stencil. It is all scented with cocoanut oil, and when asked the reason for that the reply was, 'to make it smell good.' '*De gustibus non disputandum.*' In each hut we visited we were made welcome and treated with great hospitality. The best mat was spread on the floor for us to sit upon, and such refreshment as the family afforded offered to us—cocoanut water, oranges and bread fruit. Conversation was usually rather difficult, as few natives speak English and we knew little of their language; but we smiled at each other, and by means of signs and nods managed to exchange ideas after a fashion.

Walking through a clearing in the woods where some Englishmen were playing cricket, we passed through the town proper and made our way straight back toward the mountains through

COCOANUT AND ORANGE GROVES, BANANA FIELDS AND TARO PATCHES.

The taro leaf is very handsome and the fields beautiful. The leaf grows to an immense size and in colour is a very rich green. The tree fern is very striking in its luxuriance, and grows to a height of thirty feet with leaves at least twenty feet long. One can scarcely imagine without seeing it how delicate, graceful and lovely is the effect. Among the natives we have met is a man who is called *John Adams*. He speaks English well, and was nicknamed for the United States ship *Adams*, when she visited Samoa years ago, being at that time called the *John Adams*. We spent a very pleasant as well as profitable hour with this man a few days since. Being, of course, thoroughly familiar with Samoan customs he gave us much interesting information, and showed us some of the finer and more valuable native mats. Until within late years these mats were the money of Samoa, and one of them would pay for fifty acres of good land. It required three years for a woman to make one, and they are regarded in the family here much the same as plate and jewels in the old English families. Each one has

its pedigree, and when it changes hands its history goes with it. John Adams remembers the arrival of the first missionary, and told us at length of the changes which have taken place on the island since they came. The natives now are strict observers of the Sabbath, and on Sunday everything is as quiet as a New Zealand village, the natives refusing to sell anything or even exhibit their wares.* The Protestant services here are conducted by the English missionaries, who are, I believe, Wesleyans. When the church bells ring all the natives flock to church, so that during the hours of service a village seems deserted. The singing is congregational, and every man, woman, and child knows all the hymns (they have a regular printed hymn-book), and all join in the singing. They are fond of refrains, and different sets of voices sometimes take different or independent tunes, which forebodes disaster to an unaccustomed ear, but they all end together, and in perfect harmony. Some of the Sunday clothes are even more surprising than the music. All their finery is worn to church, but on their way home, as the congregation disperses, many of the women undress or take off their good clothes, so that by the time they arrive at their huts they are in native costume. Every Samoan can read, and it is wonderful how familiar they are with the Bible, and how rapidly they can find any quotation you may give them from the Scriptures. Formerly a man could put away his wife whenever he chose, or have as many as he chose, but there has been an improvement in that respect, also due to the influence of the missionaries.

The lengthening of the afternoon shadows warned us it was time to take our departure, and we returned to Apia. We reached our destination in all the splendour of a tropical moon. The night was exquisitely lovely, the air, heavy with its beauty, touched with lingering breath tall palm trees, whose long and stately leaves bent with swaying motion to the music of the waves. Near the landing on the green were about fifty girls and boys singing, romping, and playing, much as children do at Home. As we landed they came running toward us, and in childish glee bade us welcome to their shores, and following a short distance as we passed down the street, left us with a merry chorus of *to fas* (good bye).

*Their language has been reduced to a written one by the missionaries, and they now have Bibles and books translated into their own tongue.

†Their date is one day ahead of America's, as they use the East longitude. It should be the same date as the United States, but the 180th meridian is only seventy-five miles east, and whoever established the days of the week here came from the east and neglected to drop a day in crossing the meridian.

BY THE AUTOCRATIC IDLER.

Agnosticism in Wellington.

I have long been convinced that a very large proportion of those persons who think, and don't go to any church, while calling themselves Christians, are, in reality, Agnostics. Also, that at least one half of the people who think, and who do go to church with great regularity and large Bibles, are, really, Agnostics too. But the number of avowed Agnostics in British communities remains small, nor does it promise, in the near future, to grow much larger. To carry a beautifully bound church service into a pew; and to kneel, and to listen, with languor, to utterly dreary sermons, and to be an Agnostic all the same and all the time, appears, on the face of it, at least stupid. More stupid still, however, is it, in the eyes of those Agnostics who swell congregations, to go nowhere on Sunday, and to let the wide world know that they believe in nobody and in nothing. As for the clergy, I won't go so far as to say that some of these, also, are Agnostics. What I do say about them is, that they decline all argument on the subject: they refuse to discuss it: they are deaf and dumb and mute when we know, and desire and hope that they should hear and speak and explain! In this compact and somewhat peculiar little city of Wellington we have, as elsewhere, a few people, a handful of people, who call themselves Agnostics. Perhaps they are wise in doing so: perhaps foolish. On this point I say nothing. They are honest, anyhow. I have been at their little gatherings once or twice, and they struck me as a most sociable, pleasant, intelligent, homely, straight-forward set of beings. On Sunday evening there was a packed audience at the Exchange Hall, for a wonder, when the Hon. W. M. Bolt, M.L.C., gave a lecture on Agnosticism. Sir Robert Stout occupied the chair. There were a good many downright workingmen in the audience; they looked quite gentlemanly in their Sunday clothes. A number of ladies were there, too: and nicely-dressed children.

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As for these last, I felt rather sorry for them. For years I have been an Agnostic myself, but I always sent my little ones to the Sunday-school. Little children cannot reason. Religion is a source of pleasurable awe and wonder to them, and we know perfectly well that those of the present rising generation will soon enough have their faith eclipsed; and the darkness, whenever it does come, brings no comfort to anybody. Therefore, my idea is to let little children go to the Sunday-school, get what they may out of the things taught there, and take them to the grave with them—*if they can*. If they can't—as in these days is more than likely—they are no worse off for having passed the best years of their lives in a pleasant dreamland. However, this is a digression. Sir Robert, as I say, took the chair, and his imposing, and I may say striking and handsome presence, was the signal for a burst of applause. Applause on the Sabbath evening would have had the whole lot of us burnt at the stake in John Knox's time—but that's neither here nor there. Sir Robert read a poem, by a Dunedin compositor he said; when he gave out that he was going to read a poem by a real New Zealand poet I felt sure one of my own poems was coming. No such luck, but the poem was a capital one, and full of thought—deep thought—all the same. I did not catch the author's name; nor, strange to say, was the poem familiar to me. Sir Robert Stout, it is needless to say, read the poem correctly. It takes a person of culture to do that much with a true poem.

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Then we had music, not exactly the church organ, but something better, or worse—just as you like. I won't express my opinion one way or another, as to the music. Mr Bolt is a small, active, elderly, grey gentleman. He does not in the least look like an Agnostic, nor does he strike one as at all resembling a Lord of the Upper House. He happens to be both. I am afraid his lecture on Agnosticism was a good deal over the heads of many of the people listening to him. Nor do I think the description he (as also Sir Robert Stout) gave as to the position taken up by the Agnostic was an absolutely happy one. 'The Agnostic simply said,' remarked the speaker, 'there are many problems we cannot solve.' Agnosticism goes further than this. John Stuart Mill, I think, gave the fullest and the best definition of Agnosticism. As to the why and wherefore—the whence and thence—of man; as to his destiny, and his future: as to immortality, and the supernatural, all we know, all we can possibly know is——that we know and can possibly know no more! This is going somewhat further than Mr Bolt's somewhat impotent and apologetic definition. However, Mr Bolt is an Honorable: and that makes a great difference, even in definitions. He gave a very good lecture: too much science perhaps: too much Spencer and Professor Clifford: too little of Goethe. Goethe put the whole matter into a few majestic words. As the grandeur of the 'Dead March in Saul' strikes one as the sublimest of melody, so does Goethe appear to utter, most musically, the very honestest and the loftiest truth when he says:—

> Then, solemn before us,
> Veiled, the dark Portal
> Goal of all mortal: -
> Stars, silent rest o'er us,
> Graves under us, silent:—
> While earnest thou gazest
> Comes boding of terror,
> Comes phantasm and error
> Perplexing the bravest
> With doubt and misgiving.

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How a Soprano Spoiled Mr George Fisher's Return.

When one wants to conclusively demonstrate any proposition whatever, the easiest way to do so is, to go into statistics. Legislators know this fact so perfectly that whenever they wish to establish anything they just move for a return on the subject to be laid before Parliament—and the thing is done, when the return is laid on the table of the House. It is one of the most interesting properties of numerals that you can do what you like with them when you get a number of them together. There is no one that understands the wonderful capacities of figures in this respect better than Mr George Fisher, M.H.R. for Wellington city. I can't exactly say how many returns George Fisher has had prepared during his legislative career, but a dozen at least are credited to him during the present session. Having had a hand—in a particularly humble way, I hasten to add, at starvation wages—in the preparation of some of these returns, I can honestly say that I have cursed Mr George Fisher as often, perhaps, as Seddon or any other man has, during the last three months. I have got into more rows, I may say, through Mr George Fisher, than ever I did through anybody else: not because I don't understand how to marshal figures in proper order to prove the thing to be demonstrated, but simply through a cursed carelessness and an absentmindedness, which only those persons who know me well could excuse. The week before last I was again full of trouble through Mr Fisher. He had called for another return. I forget whether it was to prove that the brilliant ability of W. P. Reeves had saved the Lunacy Department £10,000 during the time that he—Reeves—presided over it, or whether it was to show that the Department lost that sum in consequence of the incapacity of Reeves, when that gentleman was at the head of Lunacy affairs. Anyhow, whichever it was, the thing was done in arithmetical tables; there is, in fact, nothing that can't be done that way.

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But, as usual, in transcribing a beautifully clean and neat copy of the return that was to annihilate Reeves, or elevate him on a pinnacle of financial fame from which nothing could henceforth drag him down, I placed a sum of £27,268 18s 11d on the Dr. side, instead of the Cr. side, or on the Cr. side, instead of the Dr. side of the account. Well now, in a sense, this was excusable. I was thinking, at the time, to tell you the truth, of a most delightful and charming vocalist: and wondering how it was that the people of Wellington flocked in thousands to hear an older, and less graceful and inferior singer, and only came in limited numbers to hear a true English songstress? And, after all, £27,268 18s 11d is a small mistake—under such circumstances. The tables looked just as well, and as puzzling and incomprehensible (that's the great beauty of them) when printed with the mistake in them as any other way. Nor would one person in 10,000 have seen that there was any mistake in the tables at all. In fact, these figures could have been handed down to posterity as authentic, were it not for the fact that there are three or four members of the House who, rightly enough perhaps, believe they are Heaven-born arithmeticians. They take a positive pleasure in adding up columns of figures, and a fiendish delight in a discovery that they do not tally. In this way my little mistake was laid bare, and Miss Julie Albu has a great deal to answer for, although nobody knows it. But I do wish those Heaven born Treasurers to be weren't so awfully clever! They get a whole lot of people into trouble beside the real culprit. Some six or ten members come down on the Minister and accuse him, sir, of having done all sorts of wickedness. The Minister comes down on his Under-Secretary, and the Under-Secretary comes down on the accountant, and the accountant comes down on a poor devil like myself. But all this time Miss Julie Albu is preparing to sail away to the United States, and I do hope and believe that the people of the great Republic will recognise her extraordinary merit, and give the graceful young English singer the hearty welcome she deserves!

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

UNSULLIED poverty is always happy, while impure wealth brings with it many sorrows.—CHINESE.

If passion gaineth the mastery over reason, the wise will not count thee amongst men.—HITOPADESA.

We are never so much disposed to quarrel with others as when we are dissatisfied with ourselves.—HAZLITT.

Knowledge is destroyed by associating with the base; with equals equality is gained, and with the distinguished distinction.—HITOPADESA.

Both black and white acknowledge women's sway;
So much the better and the wiser too,
Deeming it most convenient to obey.
Or possibly they might their folly rue.
PERSIAN PROVERB.

Nothing is more becoming a man than silence. It is not the preaching but the practice ought to be considered as the more important. A profusion of words is sure to lead to error.—TALMUD.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state.
HORACE.

A ship on the broad, boisterous, and open ocean needs no pilot. But it dare not venture alone on the placid bosom of a little river, lest it should be wrecked by some hidden rock. Thus it is with life. It is not in our open, exposed deeds that we need the still voice of the silent monitor, but in the small secret, everyday acts of life, that conscience warns us to beware of the hidden shoals of what we deem too common to be dangerous.

WHITE BLANKETS.—There are two sorts of philanthropists—the mechanical and the sympathetic. The late Montague Williams was a philanthropist whose sympathy secured for him the gratitude of the poor, so that he seldom had, like the mechanical philanthropists, occasion to grumble at the ingratitude of those he helped. During the winter of 1891-2 he bought blankets and gave them to sufferers from the prolonged cold. The kind of blankets he purchased revealed his sympathetic nature. He says:—'Perhaps I ought to mention that the blankets I ordered were not grey ones. "Of course, sir," said the shopman, as he spread out before me a large white blanket with a blue border, "we have a great number of grey ones in stock at a much lower price." "Thank you," I replied, emphatically, "but I have no intention of purchasing them." As I knew perfectly well, the poor do not like grey blankets. "Not like them, indeed," I fancy I hear some one exclaim. "Not like them. Then they don't deserve any at all. Let them go without." But this is not my view. Human nature is human nature.'

OBSOLETE WORDS.—The number of obsolete words that are to be found in Webster's Dictionary is considerably larger than people have any idea of. The following letter, written by an alleged poet to an editor who had treated his poetry with derision, furnishes some idea of them:—'Sir: You have behaved like an impetiginous scrogle! Like those who, envious of any moral celsitude, carry their ungicity to the height of creating symposically the fecund words which my pollymathic genius uses with uberty to obligate the tongues of the weetless! Sir, you have crassly parodied my own pet words as though they were trangrams. I will not coascervate reproaches—I will oduce a veil over the atramental ingratitude which has chamfered even my indiscerptible heart. I am silent on the focillation which my coadjuvancy must have given you when I offered to become your fantor and adminicle. I will not speak of the lippitude, the oblepsy, you have shown in exacerbating me, one whose genius you should have approached with mental discalceation. So I tell you, without supervacaneous words, nothing will render ignoscible your conduct to me. I warn you that I would pellicate your nose if I thought that any moral diarthrosis thereby could be performed—if I thought I should not impignorate my reputation. Go! tachygraphic scrogle, band with your crass inquinate fantors; draw oblectations from the thought, if you can, of having synchronically lost the existimation of the greatest point since Milton.' And yet all these words are to be found in the Dictionary.

BULL FIGHTING IN MEXICO.—Some bulls, on entering the ring, will not face their human opponent at all, but, making straight for the fence, attempt to leap it. This they often succeed in doing, causing quite a diversion by careering about among the spectators. For the protection of those who are bound to remain in the ring screens are placed at intervals alongside of the fence, far enough from it to allow a man, but not his pursuer to pass behind it. A variation is sometimes introduced in the shape of a pole jump, performed by the toreador, over the bull. This is the most dangerous exhibition of all, since it is necessary that the pole be brought into use in front of the charging bull's nose, and should the man slip, or be an instant too late in making the move, the pole will be knocked from under him, and he will land on the horns of the animal instead of on the ground just behind him. In this way most of the accidents which occur to matadors are brought about. After the advertised number of victims have been sacrificed, generally six or eight, the entertainment is often concluded by the introduction of an old cow, with large soft buttons, the size of loaves of bread, placed upon her horns. The professional combatants withdraw, and any of the audience who feel so disposed replace them. The ring is soon crowded with youthful aspirants of 'Tauromachian' fame. One more venturesome than the rest seizes hold of the astonished bovine's tail, who kicks vigorously, but who, owing to some peculiarity to her anatomy, cannot kick straight behind—while the others, taking off their coats, imitate the late manœuvres of the professionals with their cloaks. These tyros not having the same practice as the matured combatants often get bowled over and severely trampled on, though the cow cannot use her horns with much effect, owing to the buttons on their points. Moreover, a cow when charging does not close her eyes like a bull, but having selected her man 'stays with him' giving sidelong 'hitches' as he dodges to the one side or the other in his flight. If someone does not create a diversion in his favour by covering the cow's head with a coat or otherwise distracting her from the pursuit, the embryo matador will probably leave the ring a sorer and a wiser man.

NEW ZEALAND PORTRAITS.

MR EDEN GEORGE, the present Mayor of Christchurch, whose portrait we give below, is the youngest Mayor that has ever held the position in Christchurch, being twenty-nine years of age. Since Mr George took the chair in December last, the relations between himself and a large section of his Councillors have been of a very strained character. It appears that Mr George was never in the Council previous to his election as Mayor, and consequently as this was the first Mayor of Christchurch ever chosen from outside the rank of Councillors, the fact caused great irritation among most of the sitting members of the Council, who had felt that they as Councillors possessed an inherent right to the chair. A general resignation was first talked of, but wiser counsels prevailed, and this was not carried out. There was, however, somewhat of a scene at the first meeting of the Council. After the election of the new Mayor, that gentleman was severely indisposed, but determinedly attended to take the chair for the first time. His health did not, however, save him from attacks of considerable bitterness from the adverse Councillors on that occasion.

Wrigglesworth & Binns, photo.

MR. EDEN GEORGE.

MR EDEN GEORGE was born in New South Wales, and after receiving his primary education at private schools finished it at the Sydney Grammar School, which is the leading college of that city. Mr George took to photography as a profession, and during the prosecution of his professional career has travelled pretty widely through the colonies. He will perhaps be remembered by Aucklanders as a partner in the original firm of Tuttle and Co., which is now carried on by that clever young artist, Mr Clemens, of Auckland.

MR GEORGE started his public career by offering himself as a candidate for Christchurch south at the 1887 elections. He was then unsuccessful, as he has been on several subsequent occasions. It will be remembered how Mr George claimed the Agent-General's late seat on a technical point—a point which was at the time considered good by many authorities, but which Judge Williams refused to uphold (on an election petition being lodged). The seat was awarded to Mr Sandford.

LAST November Mr George announced himself as a candidate for the Mayoralty. He came out victorious, although opposed by two councillors. It is, moreover, an open secret that Mr George is to be a candidate for that constituency at the ensuing general elections, and that he will run in the labour interest.

THE news of the death of Dr. Edward Shortland, which arrived after we had gone to press last week, reminds one forcibly of how soon public men are forgotten. Dr. Shortland was with his brother one of the most prominent figures in New Zealand, yet so much had he been forgotten in his absence that the news of his death attracted but little notice. In March, 1841, Dr. E. Shortland came to New Zealand as secretary to Governor Hobson. He was a linguist of repute, an M.A., and the finest Maori scholar of his time. He wrote several books on Maori subjects which are regarded as standard works.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

TO PHOTOGRAPH ON MARBLE.

M. VILLON publishes the following process: Coat an unpolished plate of marble with the following solution: Benzine 500 parts, spirits of turpentine 500 parts, asphaltum 50 parts, pure wax 5 parts. When dry, expose under negative, which will take in sunshine, about 20min. Develop with spirits of turpentine or benzine, and wash in plenty of water. Now cover the plate where it is intended to be left white with an alcoholic solution of shellac, and immerse the same in any dye which is soluble in water. After a while, when enough of the colouring matter has entered the pores of the stone, it is taken out and polished. The effect is said to be very pretty.

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A ONCE-FLOWERING PLANT.

At a meeting of the Royal Botanic Society, one of the branches of the flowering stalk of *Fourcroya selloa* was shown from the Society's conservatory. This is a Mexican plant allied to the aloes, and like them it flowers only once during its life. The plant, which has been in the conservatory for upwards of twenty years, late last autumn threw up a flower spike, which in a short time grew to a height of thirty feet, and, passing through the glass roof, rose for some feet into the open air. It could not, of course, resist the frosts and fogs of winter. The flower-buds dropped unopened, when immediately from each node a number of young plants appeared. This mode of reproduction is found in only a few varieties of plants, and is especially valuable in relation to the cultivation of fourcroyas as a source of commercial vegetable fibre.

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UMBRELLA FOR 'CYCLISTS.

It should be of interest to 'cyclists to learn that a London firm have produced a novel appliance, which, they claim, will keep the rider dry and cool in all weathers and increase his speed of transit. In short, an umbrella is fitted to the frame of the 'cycle. It is light and strong, the stalk and socket being made of steel tube, and can be, it is said, put up or down in a few seconds, and entirely removed from the machine in less than a minute. The stalk and socket are enamelled; it rises and falls in telescope fashion to the desired height, and is kept in position by the pinching screw. It is finished with a ball and socket joint, which permits it to be angled backwards or forwards or to either side as desired. With the aid of the ball and socket joint it can be angled in any direction to catch the breeze, and thus act like a sail. With a favourable wind, it is said, the 'cyclist's umbrella adds from two to five miles per hour to the speed of travelling.

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THE FLIGHT OF GULLS.

Those who have spent a few days at sea can scarcely have failed to observe the flight methods of gulls. They will follow a steamer for hours together with very little effort, if only the ship is going head to wind, or nearly so. For long periods individual birds will advance at ten or fifteen miles an hour without flapping a wing. With a little trouble the observer can easily pick out individual birds in a flock, and he will soon see that some of these fly with much less effort than others. In the structure of the birds there is no difference. If he pursue his investigations, he can scarcely fail to arrive at the conclusion that flight of this kind is not at all a question of power, but of individual skill. Strange as the statement may appear (says an English contemporary), we have not the slightest hesitation in saying that in order that a gull may fly with very little effort indeed, it must be exceedingly skilful, and that certain individuals in every flock are masters of the art of flying, while others are very poor performers indeed.

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SIGNALLING MARS.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says:—In all the projects for signalling Mars proposed by learned Thebans, I have seen no reference to what seems to the unlearned layman the most self-evident difficulty. It is that the bright side of Mars is always towards us. If signals were sent at night from the dark side of our globe by artificial light, the flashes would have to be of such intensity that they could be seen through sunlight of that planet. To effect this they would have to be intensely bright. If they could be seen, would the observers know from whence the signals came? Unless their powers of vision are different from our own, they could not see our planet in their daylight. Then much less could they see flashes of artificial light sent from it. Sunlight flashes from a combination of mirrors would have to be sent in the wrong direction. Mars is often in our range of vision in the daytime, but is lost in the brighter sunlight. At rare intervals the planet Venus can be seen by day. Flashes from mirrors might at such times be sent to it. Such flashes would fall on its dark side and would be seen, if at all, by its inhabitants in their night time.

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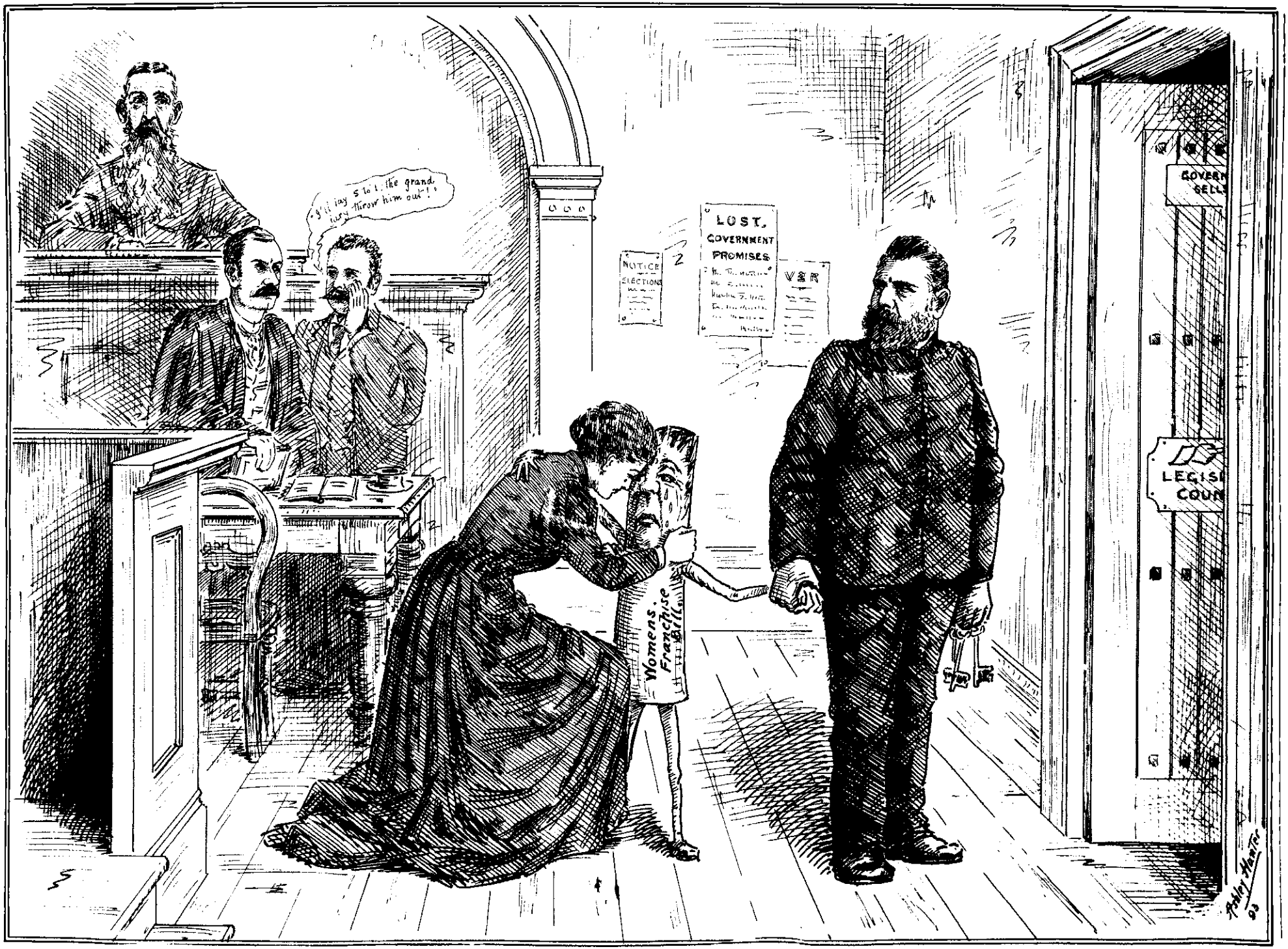
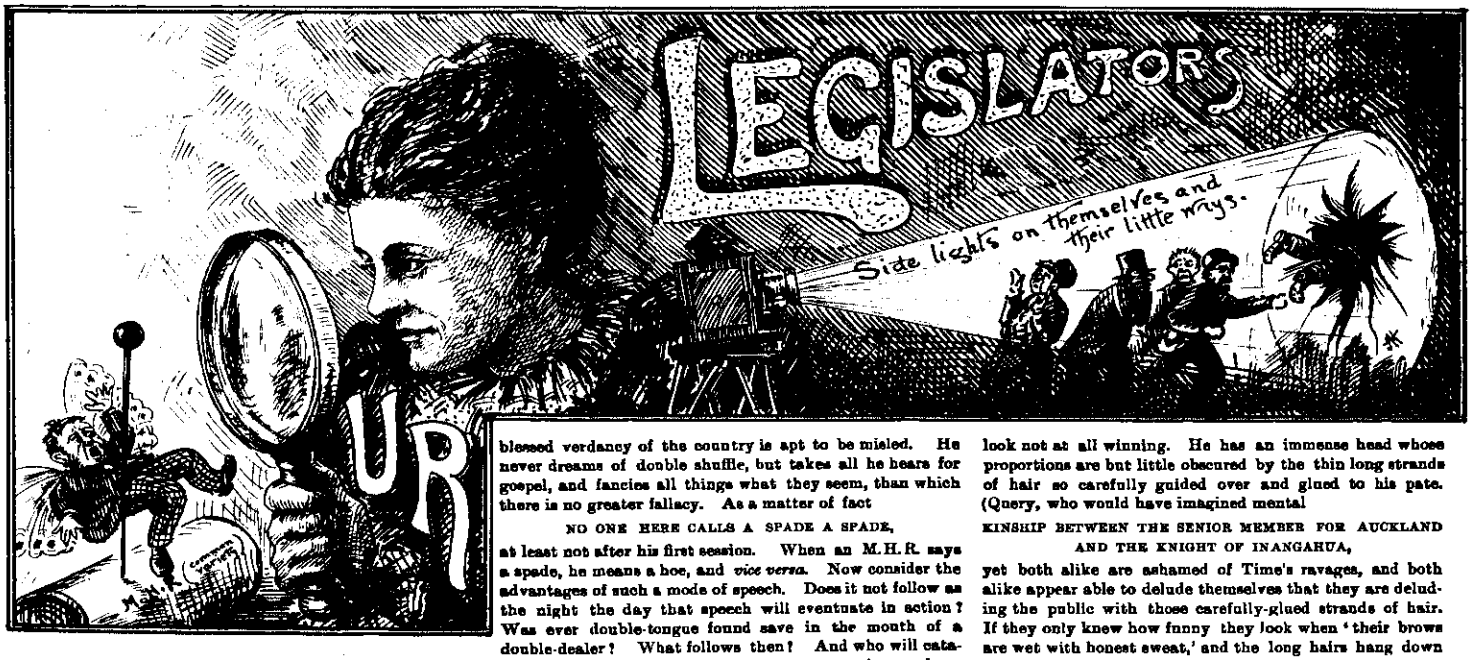
A NOVEL COAL-DUST ENGINE.

A novel motive power engine has been patented by a German engineer, and, according to report, Herr Krupp is now constructing a number of experimental engines to test the practicability of the scheme. The idea is to turn to useful account the fact that finely-divided carbonaceous matter floating in the air readily explodes, and to adapt this to the generation of motive power the inventor proposes to grind coal to an impalpable powder, and, after introducing the dust floating in the air into the cylinder of an engine, explode it, the idea being to follow very much the same lines which are being so thoroughly developed in the use of gas in engine practice. The first difficulty which suggests itself is how the ash is to be got rid of, but Herr Krupp says that his experience in gun manufacture convinces him that this is not a serious obstacle. The advantages which would grow out of a direct utilisation of mineral fuel as mined are very obvious. While modern practice converts only 10 to 15 per cent. of the heat energy stored in coal into power at the crank shaft of a steam engine, it is claimed that no less than 75 to 80 per cent. could be made available by the direct combustion of fuel through explosion of coal dust.



COMMITTED.

(HEAD GAOLER: THE HON. R—— S——.) "Now, marm, there's no occasion to take on like that; you'll probably see 'im again,—*next session!*"



OUR LEGISLATORS.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THEMSELVES AND THEIR LITTLE WAYS.

SARCASTIC SNAP SHOTS FROM THE LADIES' GALLERY.

(BY BIRDS'-EYE.)

THIS a great institution this of Parliament. With its various advantages so constantly in evidence, he must be a constitutional sceptic who would fail to recognise its beneficial character. Note, however, that the prosaic being who regards this 'Palladium of our Liberties' as a mere means of securing the good government of the country is not in a state of mind to appreciate it. To do so fully one must have a mind untrammelled by old-fashioned prejudices. It is a great educational institution, a school——(No, sir, I was not about to say 'school for scandal'; but if there be M.H.R.s—and, mind you, I don't say there are not—who find such pabulum suited to their constitution, is not this a free country?) a school, I said. Now I don't mean precisely a school of elocution. And yet, where is the man with soul so dead as not to perceive the advantages derivable by our embryo public speakers from a careful study of the oratorical models here presented to their respectful attention? It was

THE MEMBER FOR RANGITIKEI,

I think, who said in one of his re-cessional speeches that twenty honest men could easily manage all the legislation required by this young country. (This conviction, be it noted, does not prevent him drawing an annual £240 as one of the superfluous fifty-four.) Were the people to endorse this theory the result would be an immediate saving to the colony of some thousands per annum. But ponder what Wellington would lose in such a case. Surely, in comparison with the rich melodious flow of jewelled sentences by which such skilful rhetoricians as Hogg, Taylor, Buckland, Buchanan, Fergus, Fraser and Co., enchain night after night the rapt attention of the House and galleries, a few paltry thousands are but as dust in the balance. But it is less in respect of its effect upon the rhetorical style of our budding youth than in its influence upon public morals that this institution is to be regarded as a school. There was an old person once—in the light of latter-day wisdom how foolish he seems—who declared that 'righteousness exalteth a nation.' By 'righteousness' I take it that he meant right doing. But should anyone be found to day so much behind the times, and so ignorantly bold, what would happen him? Why, if he were an M.H.R. the member for Te Aroha would say he was 'high falutin'' on a 'peddigal!' and the high-souled Fish would hiss him for a fanatic. For we have outgrown that simple philosophy—the majority of us, at any rate. We know—for have not the Leaders shown us—that

PARTY HAS HIGHER CLAIMS THAN RIGHT,

and that sincerity is the attribute of a simpleton. The old watchwords are not yet wholly abjured, but the time is coming; and, meanwhile, the day of simples is over, and our honesty, like our other qualities, is a mixed article. Mixed, too, after the 'Matteian' method, on the principle of first, second, and third dilutions. Thus a grain goes a long way; which, after all, only proves that we are keeping pace with the times. Until one finds all this out, the methods of the place are confusing. A stranger from the blessed verdancy of the country is apt to be misled. He never dreams of double shuffle, but takes all he hears for gospel, and fancies all things what they seem, than which there is no greater fallacy. As a matter of fact

NO ONE HERE CALLS A SPADE A SPADE,

at least not after his first session. When an M.H.R. says a spade, he means a hoe, and *vice versa*. Now consider the advantages of such a mode of speech. Does it not follow as the night the day that speech will eventuate in action? Was ever double-tongue found save in the mouth of a double-dealer? What follows then? And who will catalogue the advantages which will accrue to us when we have taken our lesson to heart and developed into

A NATION OF DOUBLE-SHUFFLERS?

The subject is a fascinating one, but there are some more pressing which will prevent my pursuing it further to-day.

On a bench immediately below my present chair sits the member of all here most distinguished—that is, he sits when he isn't standing, or walking, or lying down, or lounging, or wriggling, all of which he is doing pretty often.

SIR ROBERT STOUT in a moment of repose (from an instantaneous photograph).

SIR ROBERT CAN'T SIT STILL.

Sir Robert Stout can do many things, and compass many others; but there's one thing he can't do for his life, and that is sit still for five minutes at a stretch. For a big man he has a wonderfully sensitive nervous organisation. This is constantly in evidence. You see it in the perpetual shifting of his position—a place of rest he cannot find; you hear it in his irritable cries of 'Order! Order!' and he brings it into clearer view in his angry retorts upon those who interrupt him or otherwise wound his sensibilities. This extreme irritability, this supersensitiveness places him at a great disadvantage in Parliament; for no man may hope successfully to manage men whose own nervous system is unmanageable, and it is understood that Sir Robert has not for ever resigned all ambition in that direction. He is sitting, just at this moment, with his back to me, writing letters. As one would expect, he has an immense correspondence which his power of concentration enables him to read and reply to without, apparently, losing a word of what is going on. Immersed he may seem in a legal-looking document, but let someone drop a word offensive to his *amour propre*, or even mis-state a fact in bygone Parliamentary proceedings, and his ears prick up instantly, while the ready tongue snaps out correction. That he is

A MAN OF UNCOMMON INTELLECTUAL FACULTY

and of rare powers of expression everybody knows; a man he is of commanding presence, too, passable enough as to looks, though his expression is spoiled by an odd creasing at the outer corners of the eyes which gives him a 'smirky' look not at all winning. He has an immense head whose proportions are but little obscured by the thin long strands of hair so carefully guided over and glued to his pate. (Query, who would have imagined mental

KINSHIP BETWEEN THE SENIOR MEMBER FOR AUCKLAND AND THE KNIGHT OF INANGAHUA,

yet both alike are ashamed of Time's ravages, and both alike appear able to delude themselves that they are deluding the public with those carefully-glued strands of hair. If they only knew how funny they look when 'their brows are wet with honest sweat,' and the long hairs hang down like rats' tails behind one ear they would, like another member, invest in a wig straight away. Such an acquisition would add materially to the interest which all the world feels in both.)

What a great possession is high intellectual faculty. Sir Robert Stout has it undeniably. You feel it in his presence. You are conscious that in that respect the House is distinctly poorer in his absence. He is not to be ignored, and can't be snuffed out. Many men as big, some bigger, sit in their places and come and go; but you neither see them when there, nor miss them when absent. But you can't help seeing *him*; he is a great fact. Better, perhaps, were his abilities of a humbler order since he is the man he is. I am thinking now of that petulant irritability which, unless he conquers it, will always militate against his success as a leader. He has other disqualifications also, say some who love him not, but this one is most in evidence. It is difficult to see exactly what will be the outcome of his presence in Parliament. Were placidity of temperament and suavity of manners united to his other qualifications, it needs no prophet to foretell what would happen. An advanced wing of the democratic party would soon carry all before it, for ambition is not dead within him, and it is easy to see that

HE THINKS HIMSELF SMARTER THAN ALL THE PRESENT MINISTERS

put together, and it is, just now, the policy of Her Majesty's Opposition to 'confirm him in that opinion.' Not content with assuring him that he 'completely overshadows' ministers, that he 'simply dwarfs each and all of them,' that he is their 'guiding spirit,' that it is 'intolerable that he should be permitted to occupy such an anomalous position,' etc., etc., they also fawn on and flatter him, pay

SIR ROBERT with his head turned by Opposition flattery.

him open court, defer to his opinion, seek to rouse his jealousy, and generally do their level best to make mischief. It's my belief that their disinterested desire to 'serve the country' is so great that they would jerrymander party limitations, and

DEPOSING HALSWELL THE 'UNREADY,' ELEVATE INANGAHUA,

the 'too ready,' in his place. Meanwhile the distinguished Dunedinite is an element of discord; a fact no less potent than disquieting; and his presence in the House is a perpetual menace to Ministers.

His presence here is also a continual source of irritation, not to say exasperation, to that pure-minded patriot, his fellow citizen Fish, not to mention that other free lance, Fisher, who last session let himself go crescendo, thusly:

"JARGE."

'What care I for Robert Stout? I'm not afraid of Robert Stout, nor of forty Robert Stouts.' If looks could kill, the gleam and

THE GLARE OF THE FISHY AND FISHERIAN ORBS

would have pierced to the heart the *bete noir* of each long ere now, and if an unprincipled man *could* destroy the reputation of another Sir Robert would not have many shreds left. But as he himself said the other day 'Evil imputations are worth notice only when they emanate from a pure source.' Pity he could not have so consoled himself before giving Fish his change. The inveterate opponent of woman suffrage is in his place at this moment, fingering his watch-chain, his close-set eyes shooting sparks Stoutwards. His hair is beginning to grizzle, and there is a significant knit between his opties. His features are rather refined, but his ghastly white face wears an expression not exactly angelic. He is tall and full of vigour; his hands are small for a man, and diamond-ringed. Now, he is on his feet asking a question in tones one couldn't call 'cooing.' The answer is not to his mind, and he has moved the adjournment of the House to ventilate his wrath. His vials are full, and he does not care to save any, for there's plenty more where that came from. It is 'co-operative works' 'as is worritin'' him; and the Ministry that he is worrying. He has language large, and can 'spread himself some,' but it would be straining a point to call him an orator. How he rages and raves, and snaps, and snarls, and contorts himself! How he turns, and twists, and tears along like a hot blast swirling across the desert. Beads come oozing out on his brow; his voice, always more or less rasping, gets more so till its music resembles the song of the raven, and it tickles one's throat to listen. A final outburst and it ceases, to the relief of the tortured listeners. This member for Dunedin could, it is said, scarcely choose a 'white flower' for his emblem; 'sweet reasonableness' is not his strong point; disinterestedness doesn't appeal to him; and no one accuses him of high moral principle. Yet he has many good qualities, being plucky, energetic, and shrewd, alert, persistent, and forceful. As a free lance he fulfils a useful part; his adhesion would hamper any Government, but his free criticism is both corrective and tonic. He has the scent of a blood-hound, and a Government that could 'jerrymander' under his nose would be smart. They say, however, that he'll be 'off the chain' next session; *certainly* if the women have a vote, and *probably* in any case. As he has often reminded them they have a good deal of influence, even now, and Mr Fish may stake his bottom dollar that influence won't be exerted in his behalf.

Another member upon whom we have to look our last this session is

'THE BRUCE' OF RANGITIKEI,

who, by the way, smarts still whenever he thinks of Auckland and her unkind critics. Criticism he shrinks from, and grizzling he can't abide. He loves to spread himself in sounding phrases suggestive of lofty ideals and a broad humanity; but let someone but tickle his ear with a straw, and he rounds on the culprit directly, scattering his adjectives just like an ordinary biped. No man ever falsified hopes as has the member for Rangitikei. Such an extravagant estimate of his abilities had been formed in his own district that he was regarded as the 'coming man.'

'OUR BOBBY' WAS TO SET THE WORLD TO RIGHTS.

But he hasn't done it; and what is more, so far as his influence upon legislation is concerned, a 'broomstick or a Chinaman' would be equally effective; which is no wonder when you come to think of it, for his political economy is of the oldest, and *laissez faire* is the burden of his every song. He is

TALL IN FIGURE AND RAKISH IN STYLE;

in dress studiously *negligé*; and, to prove his originality, he carries his 'wipe' *outside* his coat pocket. Originality, however, was not within cooey when he was created; and, moreover, he lacks the qualities which in so many people compensate for the want of that rare possession. A fine voice he has, rich, sonorous, cultured, and having read widely of standard literature, he expresses himself with grace and precision. His speeches, however, are little more than well-arranged Conservative platitudes, in weaving which more attention has been paid to beauty of pattern than to quality of materials. In his private capacity no man in the House is more popular, for he is well supplied with those qualities which go to make the *bon camarade*, and if good intentions were the only requisites for a successful Parliamentary career, he would come out on top. As it is he still occupies the back seat he with a fine instinct chose for himself, and when he vacates it for good he'll never be missed.

In front of him sits another member who it is said talks of cutting himself adrift from politics. He might as well.

NATURE NEVER MEANT MR HARKNESS FOR A PARLIAMENTARY LEADER.

and he's only getting hurt amongst the naughty rank and file. I don't mean that they're making him bad, but they *are* making him sick. He is too good for the position since nature has not made him greater. It is of little use good men coming to this Augean stable unless they are strong enough to handle a besom. A good man who has sufficient force of character to bend circumstance to his will may, for the sake of humanity, use the dirty tools he finds here without hurt to himself. But his purpose must be all-engrossing, otherwise he becomes demoralised. Of course in Parliament the ablest men come to the top—that is, they are most in evidence. But a man with ability mediocre and honesty warranted is hopelessly handicapped. As things are managed now he'd much better go and die. Mr Harkness is one of the nicest men in the House, better-looking, too, than most. He is intelligent and well-intentioned, but is lacking in force, decidedly. He is pleasant in manners, but grave in expression, being inconvenienced by principle, and encumbered with a conscience. Fancy a 'whip' with a conscience! The article in such a case must be made of indiarubber, 'warranted to stand any strain,' so one would suppose. But I don't think the member for Nelson's conscience is of that order, really. There is another kind of conscience, just the thing for a 'whip,' described as 'seared as with a hot iron,' but Mr Harkness won't answer to that description either, so I'm rather at a loss to catalogue it. One thing you may stake all you're worth on, and that is that the 'tender' article and the 'whip's' office are incompatible.

MR. HARKNESS as the Political Buffalo Bill, whipping up the votes.

A TIP TOP 'WHIP' IS A RARA OVIS.

To fill such an office perfectly requires in marked degree the traits and attributes by which successful leaders are distinguished, as, for instance, suavity, readiness, sound judgment, self restraint, wide information, insight into character, power of intrigue, a tough cuticle, and a case-hardened unscrupulousness. The 'whips' who in our Parliament have combined all these qualifications have not been numerous. One, however, is still talked of who left little to be desired. He's far from dead yet, which fact speaks volumes for the toughness of his fibre; but, as was inevitable, he got promotion; and I wouldn't mind risking a pair of gloves on his chances of Conservative leadership in the not distant future. How he did so well, without greater loss of moral tone, work which would assuredly have a pernicious effect upon ordinary folks, heaven only knows. He was made of different stuff to begin with, maybe. The moisture a sponge absorbs would run off a stone, from which it is safe to deduce the lesson that weak natures, anyway, should shun miry surroundings and, weak or strong, I'm free to confess I see sense in the Scriptural query, 'Can a man take fire into his bosom and his clothes and not be burned?'

We are to lose

THE BOOMING BLOOMING MEMBER FOR WAKATIPU,

also, they say. Solemnising thought! alarming prospect! Bereft of the vast learning, classic eloquence, refined taste, gentle manners, considerate temper, pleasing modesty, 'still small voice,' and choice vocabulary of ex-Minister Fergus, how will the House contrive to carry on? And when added to this impending deprivation is the prospect of

GETTING QUIT—I MEAN OF HAVING TO SURRENDER MANUKAU

also, who shall measure our tribulation? Wakatipu is large of limb, broad-shouldered, and handsome. His strong point is his courtesy, which is a thing to wonder at. Yet though by nature gentle as a sucking dove, the 'evil spirit' sometimes moves him, and then for a space he emulates the king of beasts. The trampling of his feet makes the walls shake, and his voice as he uplifts it nearly carries away the roof. Verily we shall miss those powerful appeals, but in view of the little wear he gives his particular cushions perhaps the country will manage to worry through. As for the

LEARNED AND UNASSUMING MEMBER FOR THE MANUKAU,

who, by his own account, knows 'more than any man in this House, sir, except perhaps Sir George Grey,' what will life be worth to those who sit in the waiting rooms when his sweet chidings no longer penetrate there? and where shall new members look for a model when his gracious presence is withdrawn, and his finished oratory is a thing of the past? Not that I would hint that once heard it could ever be forgotten. By no means. Its charming phraseology, its rounded periods will mingle with our dreams till Buckland dies and time shall be no more. But the new men will not hear it, and where shall one be found to fill the gap; and whose shall be the task in the next Parliament to demonstrate the value of a brow of brass and lungs of leather?

GOOD-BYE.

WE say it for an hour or for years;
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears;
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss;
And yet we have no other word than this—
'Good-bye.'

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,
For him who journeys to the world's far end,
And scars our soul with going; thus we say,
As unto him who steps but o'er the way—
'Good-bye.'

Alike to those we love and those we hate,
We say no more in parting. At life's gate,
To him who passes out beyond earth's sight
We cry, as to the wanderer for a night—
'Good-bye.'

SEVERELY PRACTICAL.

IT was the fate of a practical and patriotic Scotsman of Rochester to assist at a meeting of a certain improvement society, the while a Shakespearean scholar dilated upon the virtues of his favourite writer. At the close of the meeting the stranger approached the lecturer, and the following dialogue ensued:—

'Ye think a fine lot o' Shakespeare, doctor?'

'I do, sir,' was the emphatic reply.

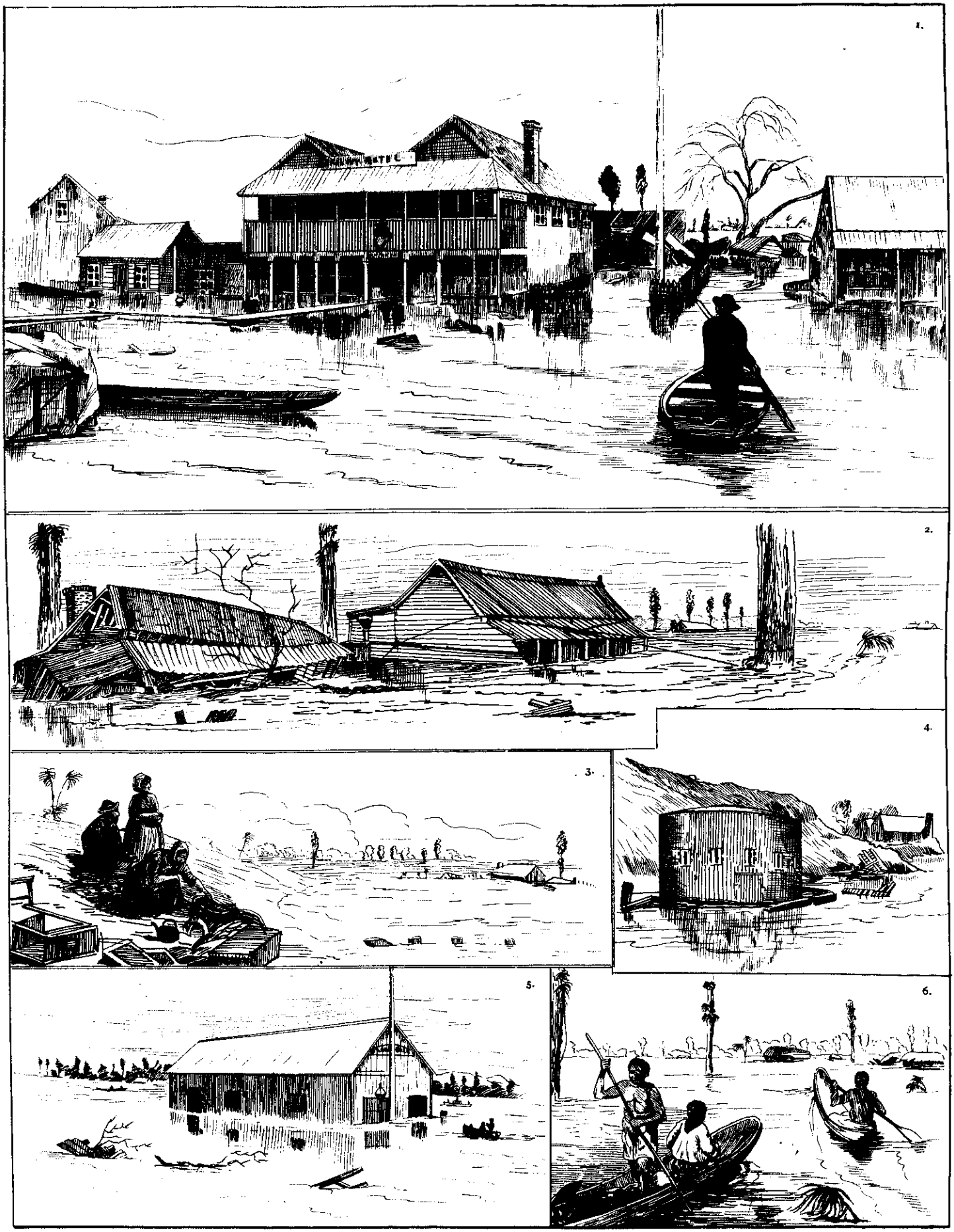
'An' ye think he was mair clever than Rabbie Burns?'

'Why, there's no comparison between them.'

'Maybe no, but ye tell us the nicht it was Shakespeare who wrote, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Now, Rabbie would never hae written sic nonsense as that.'

'Nonsense, sir!' thundered the indignant doctor?'

'Aye, just nonsense. Rabbie would hae kent fine that a king, or a queen either, disna gang to bed wi' the croon on their head. They hang it ower the back o' a chair!'



FLOODS IN THE WAIKATO.

1. The Main Street and Railway Hotel, Mercer. 2. Submerged Houses Secured to trees by ropes, 3. "Homeless" a sketch from the train. 4. The Prison, Mercer, in 2½ feet of water. 5. The Garrick Hall, Mercer, water 4 feet high. 6. Maoris leaving their homes.

TALES OF SOME YOUNG ENGLISH MUSICIANS.

BY A. LESLIE.

PRECOCITY is by no means an infallible sign of healthy genius. So far from causing that delight and encouragement which it too often meets with, it should rather be regarded with suspicion by parents and teachers; and, if anything, checked, in order to yield to more natural mental development. But while these remarks hold good in all pursuits and sciences which demand much exercise of the reasoning faculties, they cannot be said to apply in the case of music. Imaginative faculties, the ear and taste for music and for poetry, do often, and indeed usually, develop early in life; nor is this development attended with those evil results which so often blast the promise of precocity in other branches. This is true to such an extent that to give a complete record of the precocity manifested in this art of music, would be to exhaust the annals of musical biography.

There is surely no branch of biographical literature more interesting than this; and our pleasure is enhanced by recollecting the glorious harvests which so much of this early promise bore. It is not a history of blighted genius and disappointed hope, but of splendid prospects and splendid fulfilments. The difficulty, however, is in making a selection of instances to present to the reader. Instead of repeating old and well-known tales of Mozart, Mendelssohn, Handel, or Liszt, an effort is made in the present article to give instances which may not be so familiar to the general reader, and more especially relating to our own British musicians. We may well be proud, as a nation, of some of the following specimens of marvellous precocity.

No more remarkable instance can be given than that of the famous organist and composer, Samuel Wesley, son of Charles, and nephew of John Wesley. He was born at Bristol, on the 24th February, 1766. His father tells us that, when five years old, he had all the airs, recitatives, and choruses of 'Samson' and the 'Messiah' by heart, words and music: and that before he could write he composed much music himself. 'His custom,' says the father, 'was to lay the words of an oratorio before him, and sing them all over. Thus he set "Ruth," "Gideon," "Manesses," and the "Death of Abel." We observed when he repeated the same words it was always to the same tune. The airs of "Ruth" in particular he made before he was six years old, laid them up in his memory till he was eight, and then wrote them down.'

The oratorio of 'Ruth,' thus composed, was shown to the celebrated Dr. Boyce, who said: 'These airs are some of the prettiest I have seen; this boy writes by nature as true a bass as I can by rule and study.' Dr. Boyce also styled the young musician of eight years as his 'very ingenious brother composer.' His performances on the harpsichord were wonderful; he could read most difficult music at sight; and his judgment in matters of theory was depended on by so skilled a musician as Lord Mornington.

This early promise of excellence was nobly fulfilled in the musician's maturer years, as also was a case with William Crotch, already spoken of as contemporary with Wesley. The marvellous abilities of this child were such that they attracted the notice of Dr. Burney, who published an account of them before the boy was four years old. It is said that his love for music existed long before he could speak, so that he would leave his playthings, and even his food, to listen to it. Besides this, his ear was so acute that he would touch the keynote of any tune he wished to hear; and before he was two years of age he screamed and struggled to be placed at the organ, when he struck down the notes vigorously with his tiny baby fists. The fame of his achievements soon spread so widely, that large crowds came to witness them; and this so inconvenienced the parents, and wearied the child, that his father found it necessary to name certain days only on which the public could witness his infant's performances.

John Davy, now best known as the composer of the 'Bay of Biscay,' was another wonderful child. Having first cried with terror at the sound of a violoncello, he soon became so enamoured of the instrument that he sought every opportunity of renewing its acquaintance. Before he was six years old, his great propensity for music caused him to commit a singular theft of twenty or thirty horse-shoes, from a smithy. Eight of these he selected as forming a complete octave, and he thus made a species of carillon, by striking which he skilfully imitated the Crediton chimes. Whether the blacksmith appreciated the novel use to which his shoes were placed, is not related. Charles Dibdin, another writer of kindred genius to Davy, was a mere boy when he sold his first compositions, six little ballads, to a publisher for three guineas. These were published, and sold at three-halfpence each. The famous Balfe was equally juvenile at the time of his first publication. Before he was six years of age he had written a Polacca for military band; and when little more than nine he composed his ballad 'Young Jenny,' which he disposed of to a publisher for twenty printed copies. The bargain proved a good one for the publisher, the song becoming such a favourite that Haynes Bayly wrote new words for it, and Madame Vestris sang it in the comedy of 'Paul Pry.'

Similarly youthful as a composer was the celebrated living musician, Mr F. H. Cowen. This gentleman was in his sixth year when his 'Minna Waltz' was published; and at eight he had published a two-act operetta.

SOME LESSONS OF SUICIDE.

FEW of the misfortunes which can overtake a man are able so to overwhelm him that they do not leave open some avenue of hope, and the more especially if they are not attributable to conscious error on his part. The mind so conquered by depression that it cannot see this outlet is therefore surely unhealthy. It may doubtless be free from other ordinary signs of persistent and confirmed insanity, but it illustrates, nevertheless, a condition of weakness which, in the grosser bodily fabric, would pass for disease. Its disorder is not less a malady because it is often transient and is not related to known organic changes. In it we recognise the close connection between rational and moral qualities, and it is the failure of both, but especially the latter, to influence their unfortunate possessor which is so grimly taught by suicide. Despair is the true exciting cause of such calamities, and this we take it is nothing else than moral short sight. We are all of us liable to suffer from it, and, though for the most part we know it only as a temporary disturbance of function, each of us can attest its prostrating influence and the strength of its resistance to the curative powers of reason and of faith. The case of a lad who lately poisoned himself with chloral hydrate because he failed to pass the entrance examination at the Durham Medical School was peculiar only in its secondary details. Naturally delicate, oversensitive, and over-anxious, he was stunned by his disappointment—and he died of this disease. Who has not known, like him, the infinite discomfort of a seemingly unbearable present and impossible future? Yet there is no truth more certain than that which tells us that everything comes to the patient hope which knows how to wait. It is in the possession of this divinely planted quality that we have the surest remedy for all those miseries of distrust which culminate and are by some believed to end with self-destruction. There is a subsidiary question of some interest connected with the case above mentioned. How came the unhappy boy to have about him a fatal dose of chloral? There was no evidence of the medicinal administration of this drug. We are, therefore, obliged to conclude that it was, as it easily might be, purchased of some neighbouring druggist, and the fact of its prompt and purposeful misuse affords a fresh reminder of the far from adequate restriction placed by Government upon the sale of poisonous remedies.

A young man with pushing qualities can always get something to do, even if it is nothing better than engineering a lawn mower.

Mountaineering in New Zealand.

NEW ZEALAND ALPINE CLUB.

WINTER ASCENT OF MOUNT TORLESSE.

IT is astonishing how great is the want of knowledge of the glaciers and Alps of the colony amongst those living in New Zealand. Many people do not seem to realise that we have mountains covered with perpetual snow and ice from 6,000 ft to their summits. Many are also under the impression that when Mounts Cook, Earnslaw, Rnapehu, and a few others are mentioned that they have named every peak worth naming. Instances can be shown of this in dealing with Earnslaw, of which mountain such expressions as the 'second mountain of New Zealand,' 'second only to Mount Cook,' and so on, are often used.

Now Mount Earnslaw is 9,200 feet high, and comes only twenty ninth on the list of great mountains, and it is a fact that we have many hundreds of unclimbed peaks covered with perpetual snow and ice. Our Alpine playground is nearly, if not quite, as large as that of Switzerland. We have larger glaciers, lower perpetual snow line, and peaks which are in every respect as difficult and grand as any in Europe.

Yet in spite of this fact many, including even some who have been to the Hermitage, still continue to talk of Mount Cook as if it were our only great mountain, periodically bringing in Mount Earnslaw, as one of the few others of note whereas so far as can be ascertained at present, Mounts Tasman and Sefton are more difficult from a climbing point of view and as grand to look at as Mount Cook, and are not far short of it in height.

The ascending of such peaks as these with their immense snow and ice fields is a science in itself. Mountaineering is not, as some suppose, only a case of 'climbing hills,' but can only be safely indulged in after years of hard work and experience. It is as different from the hill climbing of the popular mind as riding to hounds in a difficult country is to donkey riding. The one requires an immense amount of experience, caution, and skill, the other mere muscle and perseverance. The average mountaineer looks on climbing a hill, which only requires walking, as a 'beastly grind,' but put him on to an ice clad peak, and the excitement of avoiding dangers, overcoming great difficulties, and the glorious scenery, will make an eighteen hours' expedition, or even longer, merely part of an enjoyable day's work. It is true he will be looked on as a maniac or something of the kind for undergoing the hardships that are necessary in our Alps in pursuit of his idea of amusement, but why is he a greater fool than the man who knocks himself about at football, goes for hours together over bad ground for shooting, whips a stream day after day for fish, or for indulging in any other sport one can think of? All sports worthy of the name entail hard work. If they didn't where could the man be found who'd go in for them? It is this sporting instinct which has made the Englishman what he is, and given him the perservance and pluck to overcome the hardships of real life.

Considerable work has been done in the way of opening up and exploring the large glaciers in the Southern Alps by the members of the New Zealand Alpine Club, but considering the splendid field for work and scenery to be found, there are very few men enthusiastic or energetic enough to go beyond the very limited number of beaten tracks. The Club was formed in July, 1891, with its headquarters at Christchurch, and is composed of about forty members from various parts of New Zealand, and some thirty five 'subscribers.' The former number includes old explorers who did pioneer work in the ranges whether above or below the snow line in the early days of the colony, and also those who have of later years done work on the glaciers and above the snow line, the object of the Club being amongst others to record old explorations which are fast being lost sight of, to encourage mountaineering proper, and generally to open up and explore the higher Alps. The latter number consists of persons who wish to help the club, but who do not necessarily take an active part in the climbing. They pay half subscription, and partake of the benefits of membership.

The club publishes a very interesting journal twice a year, issued gratis to members and subscribers, which contains articles on adventure, discoveries, and scientific work in the high Alps. Considerable work has been done by members of the club during the past three years in the Alps, and they have been instrumental in making one or two discoveries worthy of note. In January, 1890, Messrs Mannering and Harper were the first to cross the southern spur of Mount Cook at the head of the Ball Glacier, thus finding a pass from the Tasman Valley to the Hooker Valley. This has been done several times since, and owing to its superb views will become a very popular expedition in the future. In the same month the same two climbers made the first exploration of the Murchison Glacier, which proved to be some 11 miles long by 1½ broad, and the second largest in New Zealand. On this trip they were three days without tents, and owing to the unexpected size of the glacier, run out of food, but they had the satisfaction of making extensive corrections in the existing maps.

In December of the same year Messrs Mannering and Dixon made the second almost complete ascent of Mount Cook by the route followed by Mr Green in his ascent in 1882, and Messrs Harper and Blakiston made the first complete traverse and exploration of the Hooker Glacier, reaching the divide at its head (8,688 ft). These two expeditions are notable for the fact that Mount Cook was found to be a spur of the main range, and sends no water down to the West Coast, being some distance to the East of the watershed.

In 1891 various expeditions on new ground may be mentioned. In February, the first recorded ascent on the Malte Brun Range was made by Messrs Johnson and Harper, of a pass to the Murchison Glacier, from the summit of which grand views were obtained, one of which accompanies this article, looking towards Mounts Cook and Tasman. Of the other work done in the year may be mentioned partial ascent of Mount Sealy (8,600 ft) and Mount de la Beche (10,020 ft) in the Tasman district, also the second ascent of Mount Earnslaw, and first ascent of the Remarkables at Wakitipu by Mr M. Ross and his brother, with Birley the guide. In December of the year Messrs Mannering and Lean crossed the divide at the head of the Godley Glacier, descending for the first time to the West Coast.

In 1892 may be mentioned an ascent of Mount Rolleston on the West Coast Road, and some explorations on the West Coast side of the Range up the Kellery River, when Messrs Park, of Hokitika, explored the Barton and Kellery Glaciers, making considerable corrections in the maps. This year, however, there was not so much work done, a partial ascent of Arrowsmith, a fine peak up the Ashburton river, and a second partial ascent of De la Beche being the only work recorded.

In addition to the above expeditions there have been several worthy of note taken by surveyors who also belong to the club, but the above represent the chief of those

WILD MAN'S RIDGE AND HEAD OF DOUGLAS GLAZIER MOUNT ARROWSMITH.

undertaken for pleasure and exploration by members of the New Zealand Alpine Club.

The pictures published with this sketch are all the work of members of the Club, and are in most cases the only ones of the subjects depicted which have been produced, as only two or three have hitherto been enterprising enough to take cameras into a district where everything must be swagged over very rough ice and moraine. They are the work of Messrs C. Inglis, G. Mannering, and A. Harper. Those representing winter climbing are taken on the Ranges bordering on the Canterbury plains, on which some very beautiful walks can be found, especially in winter.

HUNTING.

THE PAKURANGA HOUNDS.

FORTUNE at last favoured the meet of the Pakuranga hounds with a glorious day, though the ground was heavy, and many of the farmers objected to allow the hunters to pass through their properties. The meet was at the Royal Oak, Onehunga, where the jumping mainly consisted of scoria walls. Two drags were laid by Mr Tom McLaughlin. The first was from Royal Oak to Penrose, where the walls were stiff, and some of the country rough. Miss Percival, on Tommy, had a dreadful fall, her stirrup breaking. She valiantly attempted to continue without, but with the disastrous result of a fall on her head. Miss Cornelius Taylor was seen following hatless, evidently the wind had been having a frolic with her head covering. At the first wall, the old veteran, Tom Brown, on Gay Lad, measured his length, his red coat and the green grass making a picturesque contrast. Mr Garrett and his steed also parted company.

HERE is an incident to show that the Committee do their utmost for the farmers' interest. Some lads were seen schooling their horses backwards and forwards over a wall, which decidedly cut up the ground. One of the Committee interfered and forbade it, but was informed by the surprised culprits 'it is our land.'

THE next drag was laid from Penrose, round Mount Smart to Royal Oak. No ladies were seen to finish. Mr Noakes, though, was noticed careering down the paddock after his steed, which seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the sport on its own account. Another horse made a complete somersault over a wall; indeed, it was very clever, though extremely dangerous. Amongst those riding were Mrs Patterson, Mrs (Dr.) Bews, Mrs W. Bloomfield (on Rarey), Miss Girdler, Miss Thomas, Miss McLaughlin (on Crusader), Miss Dunnett (on Roger), Miss Percival (on Tommy), Miss Edith Banks, Misses Kerr-Taylor (two), Miss (Cornelius) Taylor, Miss Ethel Bull, Misses Sellers (two), Mrs Waterhouse, Miss Garrett, Messrs Kelly (on Playboy), Tonks (Odd Trick), H. Tonks, Wynyard (two), McLaughlin (two) Bell, Lockhart (on Shaughraun), C. Dawson, Elliot, Rae (on Colonel), Crowe (on Crazy Kate), Noakes, Mrs Harry Bloomfield, a new member, was seen to the fore on Dundee, Messrs Gilmore (on Kiwi), J. S. Buckland, Percival, Gordon (on Jim), Wansborough, Dixon, Heywood, Motion, Fenwick, Waterhouse, J. Hanna (on Marmion), Gorrie, Garrett, Suttie, Ware (on Dainty), Clarke (on Bachelor), Coates, Kerr-Taylor. Driving were Mrs Bloomfield (sen., Parnell), Mrs Fred Ireland, Miss Ettie Ireland, Mr and Mrs Greenwood, Mr and Mrs Aitken, Mrs Richmond, Mrs Aitken-Carrick, Miss Curtaine, Mrs (Dr.) Scott and Miss Dickey, Misses Firth (three), Col. and Mrs Dawson, Miss Elliot, Misses Phillips and Dixon, Mr George Bloomfield.

THE Chairman opened the speechifying with the toast, 'The Queen'; Mr Giblin, 'Our worthy master, long may he live, and long may we follow him.' Mr Giblin made a neat speech, in which he brought in the very great advantages to be derived from hunting. Mr Mason replied suitably, bringing in the names of Messrs J. B. Rhodes and J. D. Ormond, saying how much they had been helped by both gentlemen. Mr Wells and Mr Jackson followed, Mr Wells proposing the health of Mr Giblin, the most ardent sportsman in Hawke's Bay. Mr Giblin returned thanks, and made a most appropriate speech. He said he had always enjoyed the sport from a boy. Mr Rhodes followed with a few words. Amongst other things he remarked that the hounds ran through the ewes without disturbing the lambs. The chairman proposed Mr Groome, their secretary, in felicitous terms. Mr Groome in reply made a most able speech. He regretted exceedingly that Captain Russell and Mr Ormond were unable to be present, but Mr Ormond was well represented by his son. Mr Groome said he preferred hunting to horse-racing, as he generally came in second best at the races. He proposed Mr Stewart Bridge, the straightest goer in Hawke's Bay, and his five-barred gates. Mr Bridge replied in his usual pleasant and gentlemanly manner. Mr Wells proposed 'The Huntsman and Whip.' Mr Hassell briefly responded. Mr M. Mason proposed 'The Ladies,' which was ably responded to by Mr Robison. 'Steeplechasing,' replied to by Mr C. L. Mackersey; 'The Waipawa Sportsmen,' coupled with Messrs Bennett, A. Howard, and Dr. Godfray, who replied; 'The Press,' 'Absent Friends,' and 'The Hawke's Bay Contingent' were among the other toasts. Songs and recitations were given by Messrs W. Pettitt, J. B. Rhodes, Godfray, S. Bridge, J. Ormond, Whittington, W. H. Bennett, A. Deane, Quin, Hassell, and A. E. Jull. Several hunting songs were sung, and the company dispersed well pleased with everything. We are all sorry the season is over, and shall miss the pleasant 'meets' exceedingly.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE LAST STIFF PINCH.

HURRAH!

CROSSING A 'SHALE SLOPE.'

HASTINGS HUNT CLUB DINNER.

THE Hastings Hunt dinner to close the end of the season of 1893 was held at the Empire Hotel, and everything passed off happily. The room was splendidly lighted, and the table was a picture with its load of plate, glass, ornaments, and plants and flowers. The menu was exceptionally good, there being luxuries of the most *recherché* description. Mrs Scrimgeon and her assistants came in for a great deal of praise, the special toast in their honour evoking tremendous enthusiasm. The Master of the Hounds, Mr R. H. Mason, occupied the chair. He was supported on his right by Mr J. F. Wells, Master of the Dannevirke Club, and on the left by Mr M. Groome, of Te Aute, hon. sec. The guests came from Makaretu, the Plains, Te Aute, Hastings, Gwavas, the Coast, Whakarara, Waipukurau, Wanstead, Ashcott, Kaikora, and Waipawa districts.

THE CLUB RINK IN AUCKLAND.

THERE was the usual sound of revelry by night at the Columbia Rink on Club night on Thursday last, when, despite the rain, a very large gathering of society clans assembled either to rink or look on. The Wednesday morning practice, which is now 'the thing' amongst feminine rinkists, has immensely improved their rinking, and the Lancers were gone through with much better effect than heretofore. As usual, all the arrangements were excellent. The dresses worn were in the main the same as on previous occasions.

THE ACADEMY OF INTENTIONS.

AN ARTIST'S STORY.

IT was an upright canvas, 9 feet by 5, and Gerald Kent was labouring upon it on a remarkable saffron creation sprawling in a corner of his sky, in appearance something between the setting sun and a cherub by Sir Joshua. So engrossed was he in the work that an intermittent series of kicks battering the studio door quite failed to attract his notice; then the sound ceased, the handle turned, and a man, tall and dressed with extreme care, lounged in.

'Well, Gerald,' he said; 'why, how now?' catching sight of the picture. 'What is it? Bird, beast or fish?'

'It's an allegorical subject; splendid idea, if I can only carry it out,' Gerald replied, waving his brush over his head, and suddenly, under a new inspiration, scraping out the past half-hour's work; 'quite fanciful, you know; a Watts sort of thing—masses of gold in a blue sky. The very title's an inspiration, "The Morning Stars shouted for Joy." What do you think of it?'

'Hoist her up, and let me see the foundation.'

Gerald turned the easel crank, and 'The Morning Stars' slowly rose above the horizon. His friend stared at the work for some time without speaking; then he placed a chair so that its back stood parallel to the canvas, and leisurely seated himself.

'You don't mind my attitude to your last, do you, old chap? Give me some tea.' He sipped, and shuddered. 'Look here, Gerald, you must chuck it.'

'Chuck what?'

'Art.'

There was silence for the space of a minute, broken only by the sound of a man singing in the next studio.

Gerald had thrown himself on a couch with his hands clasped over his eyes. 'Go on, explain,' he said, the syllables falling evenly and without emphasis from his lips. 'Tell me the worst; it's the cruel only to be kind business you're on, I know. Drive ahead.'

'Well, first I'll catalogue your virtues. You know, old fellow, I never doubted your talents, but they're not the kind for this business. Verse, literature, play-writing; either would have suited you better than picture-making. You're bursting with ideas, but your imagination runs away with you. She's a notorious jade. Live to a hundred, and you won't harness her. Yes! yes! I know you stick to it. There's not a man in Chelsea works half as hard. How many hours have you been on it to-day?'

'I began at nine.'

'Hum! Now it's four. Eaten anything?'

'I didn't stop to lunch.'

'And no breakfast, I suppose; couldn't get up an appetite, and so on. What an ass you are!'

Again a pause, the candid friend biting his lip and striving to look unconcerned. When he resumed, it was only to repeat his advice, but with greater emphasis.

'You must chuck it, Gerald, that's what it amounts to. You lack the great thing needful—craftmanship, command of your material, call it what you like—and you'll never acquire it. You lack the genius of patience. 'Tisn't in you; and without it all your brilliant fancies are just naught. Moreover, you can't draw; you see colour like a lithoprinter; your modelling don't convince a stonemason, and your composition would have disgraced Maclise. No, don't talk of Rossetti. It's bad to generalise from exceptions. Look at your sky. A sky should be the brightest part of a picture. Yours is about as gay as a London statue.'

'I've had a great deal of trouble with the sky,' Gerald confessed, humbly.

'So it seems. Why don't you try journalism? Why ain't you a poet?'

'And give up all this!' said Gerald below his breath.

'Yes, give it all up! Look here, old chap, it'll be a hard tussle, I know, but promise never to touch a brush again and I'll see you on your way in the other thing. Five hundred pounds will do to start. Oh, it isn't all generosity. Oakden gave me two hundred guineas for his portrait last week. Take it as a loan, and pay back when you've made your fortune!'

With a delicacy of feeling that he would have been the last to confess, the portrait painter rose from his seat as he made the offer, and stared hard at a reproduction of the Lille tinted bust on the studio table. He was still gazing on that sorrowful 'nameless maid' when a hand trembled upon his shoulder; wheeling round, he was horrified to see the boy in tears.

'It's awfully good of you,' Gerald whispered, speaking in rapid, hysterical tones, 'but it isn't that—I don't a bit mind being hungry and not getting on and all that—really I'm always perfectly happy when I'm at work, but—I'm not well—my heart's wrong. Early this morning,' he went on in a frightened, confidential way, 'when I awoke I thought there was an animal in the bed. My heart was galloping about in my body. I'm frightened, Charles!'

'Nonsense! Heart wrong, indeed—why, you're as sound as a bell. Palpitations, my dear fellow, following on indigestion—that's all. Most common thing. Everybody has that fright once in his life. Eat regularly and sparely and you'll laugh at your fears. Now look here, you come out and dine with me—leisurely as Christians should, and you'll be as right as Sandow to morrow!'

'But my father and my grandfather both died of —'

'Oh, bosh! Come along.' Gerald's further protestations were cut short by the portrait painter, who forcibly drove him from the studio. As they walked down the passage to the street door, he remarked unconcernedly, 'D'you often see Miss Brooke, now?'

'Yes, I saw her last Sunday,' Gerald replied.

'Amusing little person,' the portrait painter added, and he continued to enlarge upon Miss Freda Brooke's personality till they arrived at his club, when she was driven from his mind by the difficulty of procuring dinner at so early an hour. It was something of a scratch meal when it did arrive, but the courses put Gerald into better spirits, and at the end he left his friend, promising that he would not spend the evening moping in his studio, but amuse himself in a rational way. He bought a paper, and stepping into a lighted doorway, persuaded himself into believing that he was interested in the entertainment bills. Having decided to see Beerbohm Tree, he found himself, at the hour the Haymarket doors open, outside Miss Brooke's house. Freda was alone. As Gerald gazed at her from his chair, all his finer emotions touched by the light of the fire playing on her hair and little wondering face, she rose and said, 'I'm going to say something *so nice*, Mr Kent, I was just hoping you would call!'

* * * * * * * *

Gerald slept without discomfort that night, and rose the next morning with a lightness of heart that had been foreign to him for many a long day. So hopeful did he feel about his work, so confident of the fine thing he would make of 'The Morning Stars,' that he laughed outright at the recollection of his friend's dispiriting advice of the night before. Why, the picture complete to the smallest detail, was dancing before his eyes; it only remained to create the scene in paint. But as the morning wore on the difficulties of the task built themselves like a stone wall before him, and his vanities stole away one by one. 'The Morning Stars,' glorious as they were to his imagination, refused to be conjured upon the canvas, and by mid day disappointment was again his mate. 'It eludes me, he muttered, despondently, 'oh, it eludes me.' As Gerald gazed, sad at heart, upon the huge picture, he observed, with some astonishment, that in the rapt face of the first morning star on which he had wrought for so many hours, he had unconsciously suggested a certain look, evanescent as the mist in a Scottish landscape, that he had sometimes observed in Freda's face. He fell to thinking of her, and as he thought he grew altogether out of conceit with the morning stars and their joy.

Her personality swept over and through him; away soared his imagination through ever-widening circles of ecstasy. He forgot the pain catching in his side, he forgot the dizziness that always crept into his brain when he was alone; he forgot the limitations of his skill—these were all non-essentials. Gradually his fancies became circumscribed, till in the end they were concentrated to a single longing—to paint Freda as the cynosure of some unique historical incident, some scene beyond compare. How should he interpret her? Beatrice, Cleopatra, Helen, Raphael's tinted lady, he considered them all, and dismissed them before even the idea had taken shape. Then he thought—Gerald trembled. Yet, why not? Other painters had given to the mother of God the features of the woman they loved. Why should not he?

To and fro the studio he paced, forgetful of time, recalling and rejecting the few scenes in the life of the Virgin, till, all in a moment, the picture he would paint came to him, came to him fresh, palpitating with young life, a little incident that had only found a place in the purlieus of history. It happened some centuries ago, at evening, in the church of St. Mary, Oxford, when teachers and students had gone from the aisles all except one—a boy, afterwards to be known as St. Edmund. That moment was the supreme moment of his life. For is it not written that pausing before an image of the Virgin he placed a ring of gold upon her finger, thus taking her for his bride, and Mary, so it is said, accepted the betrothal by closing her finger on the ring.

For weeks Gerald worked at 'The Betrothal of St. Edmund,' and, even when it was finished, he could hardly bring himself to confess that he had put the best that was in him into the picture. He had changed the expression of her face again and again; he had wrought like a pre-Raphaelite on the folds of her robe, and sending in day caught him with an inclination, fast developing into action, to paint out the figure of St. Edmund altogether. But the cart was waiting at the door, so away went the picture to the Academy, leaving him alone with his regrets and the unfinished 'Morning Stars.'

Gerald had spoken to Freda of 'The Betrothal of St. Edmund,' but as she had evinced no particular interest in its existence he had not offered to show it to her. If it were accepted he could very well wait for her approval till the private view.

As time went on and he received no notice from Burlington House to withdraw 'The Betrothal of St. Edmund' from competition, Gerald's spirits rose. One anxiety only remained to him, would Freda like it? Her critical faculties were so immature that he had no fear she would notice the weak drawing or the feeble technique of his picture, but would she like 'St Edmund' as a picture? Would she approve? Would she understand?

Freda did approve. It was her way to be satisfactory. Like the young widow in Maupassant's story she knew life by instinct as the free animals do. But Gerald had a bad time of it in the early hours of the private view, for 'St. Edmund' was skied in the Newlyn Room, just above an aniline picture of Capri, which killed the delicate olive-green robe that clothed his Virgin. And then that pain in his heart had been very cruel of late. As he pushed his way through the crowd he could hear its thud, thud, above the hum of conversation, till he thought the walls of his chest must be beaten down.

Four o'clock and Freda had not appeared. His eyes ached with searching for her, and when he passed the same knot of people again and again, self-consciousness sent the colour to his cheeks to think they understood and pitied his fruitless quest. Then all at once, in a sudden flash, he caught sight of her talking to an A.R.A., almost hidden behind the broad back of a sandy-whiskered man, who was jotting down the names of the notabilities for an evening paper.

It was nice of Freda to break off in the middle of her conversation and hasten toward him. 'It's a beautiful picture, Mr Kent,' she said, 'and I have told a very great Art critic to look at it immediately.'

'Then you think it is a little like ——' he stammered. The thuds suddenly broke into a double.

'Oh, that was what I wanted to ask you. Who was your model—tea already, mother? Yes, I'll come. I'm dying of thirst. Will you keep my catalogue for me till I come back, Mr Kent? Mark all the nice pictures, and don't, don't, *don't* look so sad.'

With that Freda whisked away and Gerald turned on his heel to swallow the lump that jumped into his throat. He felt very tired and was more than inclined to go straightway home and tumble into bed, but as he passed through the vestibule he actually heard somebody asking the price of 'The Betrothal of St. Edmund.' Though the unknown client, an elderly cleric, left the table without further comment, the incident encouraged Gerald to prolong his stay. 'Besides,' he muttered, 'how can I go away when she's still here?'

He made his way to that asylum of the weary—the architectural room. It was cool and empty, and with a sigh of relief he sank upon the couch, stretched his legs, and let his head fall comfortably on the cushioned back of the seat.

The rooms had thinned when he awoke, and the first object his eyes rested upon was Freda at the far end of the vista of rooms, the centre of a merry group. 'No, I'm not wanted,' he thought, and again closed his eyes. But in that moment between sleeping and waking she was still present to him. He could not have given the reason for that vagary of his memory, but suddenly he recalled and went over from the beginning to end a conversation they had had a few days before, relative to the re-appearance of the dead in the material world.

Freda, being eighteen and imaginative, believed in spooks, and she had cited to Gerald, with a brave show of conviction, the mythical case of the two old bachelors, who had agreed over their port that whoever died first should appear to the other immediately after release. 'And the one who died first did appear to the other,' Freda had added with conviction. Gerald recalled his patronising answer.

'Listen,' he had said; 'since the beginning of history the most horribly unjust things have happened to men and women—they have been butchered, and nailed to the cross, and torn to death by beasts, and the world has been full of the cries of children in pain—and these things have been suffered for what they called their faith. They accepted death joyfully, yet with no single proof that the dream for which they died was worth that' (Gerald snapped his finger and thumb). 'For God is not a God of signs. And since he let them pass without a word of approval, is it probable that He stooped to satisfy the whim of a couple of old fogies over their walnuts and wine? Pah!' Gerald tried to recall Freda's answer to his diatribe, but his memory would not be spurred to the effort, and in a few minutes he was fast asleep again.

When he awoke it was quite dark, save for the moon shining through the skylight. His long rest had not refreshed him; he felt too ill to move, or even to wonder why he should still be in the Academy hours after the private viewers had gone home. 'They've overlooked me,' he thought. 'What a joke! Is it a joke though? Tchach! how dull I feel!'

This dulness made Gerald unhappy, for in other days, when the ills of the flesh were heaviest had often been the hour of his most magnificent thoughts. And now—dull, dull was that part of him that once had been so victorious. 'Perhaps I'm dying,' he thought, and thereupon longed for companionship. Just at that moment something seemed to stab him in the left breast, not once, but many times. His hand felt for his side and his head fell forward. Then a heavy robe seemed to be poised over his head; it fell. He wriggled as the folds wound relentlessly round him, and just when the pain was too acute to bear—consciousness passed.

* * * * * * *

In another moment his agony seemed ages away. He was on his feet, walking from the architectural room, conscious of an indescribable gaiety. Though Gerald knew it must be near midnight he could see as plainly as at mid-day, yet he felt no curiosity about the phenomenon. The mere joy of existence at that moment was so intense as to brush aside the claims of reason and analysis. Neither was he surprised at not finding himself alone; many men and a few women passed him, and even when he reached the wall where 'The Betrothal of St. Edmund' hung—in that crowning moment—his feelings were feelings of deep satisfaction rather than of astonishment. Yet how changed was 'The Betrothal!' The niggled face on which he had wrought so patiently and so ineffectually, the face into which he had striven to express all he saw, and all he thought he saw in those other features—there it all was, even as he had dreamed. Mary smiled at Gerald, and the riddle of her smile was pity for mortal things. A certain thought came into his mind as he gazed, a fragment of a thought, far off from him, which he could not quite put away. It was that Freda could have seen this 'Betrothal of St Edmund.'

'You are so newly come among us,' said a quiet voice at his elbow, 'that these things trouble you a little. They will soon cease to trouble. You are hardly full grown yet. I will stay with you till then.'

Gerald turned quickly round, and saw a man, young, dark, with a large white brow, and rough black hair, who linked his arm into Gerald's and led him away from the picture. Presently he said, in a low, apologetic tone, as if the explanation were intrusive: 'Perhaps I had better introduce myself. My name was Hugh, Hugh Robinson. I died in 1790, of consumption. Artists don't read or you might have seen an article about me in one of the English magazines a few years ago. "Unfilled Renown" it was called. The writer said some very nice things. Some of my pictures are here now, at least the pictures I meant to paint,' he explained, with a smile, 'I should like you to see them. Really they are not bad, individual rather, less Gainsboroughy than my former things. We are given this privilege, you know, of sometimes seeing the ideals we strove to reach. It is one of the many little vanities we are allowed to indulge. Neither are our old bodies absolutely denied to us. You think it strange, perhaps, that dead people should have vanities; well—you will find many things to surprise you. See, there's Gainsborough. Dear master!'

Gerald followed his companion's gaze, which rested on a man rather slight in figure, advancing into the gallery where they stood. The oval face, with the well marked features, indicated a strength of character belied by the weak mouth. He smiled when he saw Gerald's companion, and thrust out his left hand.

'It all comes back to me, Hugh,' he yawned; 'I'm sick of my portraits and of all the fine ladies with their tea drinkings and dancing and husband hunting. It's Reynolds I'm seeking now. How d——d various he was for all his jog-trot formulas.'

Suddenly he swung round and stood mute before Sir Joshua's 'Mrs Sheridan,' tapping his leg with his cane.

Gerald watched the emotions playing over that mobile, vivacious face, and then instinctively made a half turn to the opposite wall of the gallery, where he had already observed that Gainsborough's version of the same lady was hanging, facing Sir Joshua's, the well known sketch of 'that beautiful mother of a beautiful race,' with her ruffled hair and feet peeping from beneath her petticoat. But if it had been delightful to Gerald's eyes in the old days, what did he think of it now, sparkling with the qualities that had danced before the eyes of the painter, delusive even to his cunning hand? If only that old fellow would move on one side,' thought Gerald, 'there would be some chance of seeing it.' But the old fellow was in no hurry to remove the screen his broad back made and the picture seemed to afford him so much enjoyment that Gerald was loth to frame his request. The old gentleman peered into the canvas like one whose sight is failing, and when at last he turned away, Gerald overheard him muttering, 'in the long experience I enjoyed, and the assiduity with which I pursued my studies—'

At that point of his soliloquy he reached the end of the gallery and raised his kindly old face for a moment, curious as to the identity of the man who was swinging past him, to an accompaniment of curious oaths. 'Sir Joshua,' whispered Hugh; 'see, he recognises his old rival.'

It seemed as if everybody in the gallery turned to observe the meeting between the two masters. They raised their hats and bowed, and then, it was hard to say quite how it happened, or which took the initiative, but in another moment they were clasping hands and drawing near to each other, gazing into each other's eyes.

'Come away,' whispered Hugh, 'we intrude; and besides, our time draws to its close and I want you to see my pictures,' he continued, showing his embarrassment by a little stutter—'or rather the pictures I meant to paint.'

Gerald was guided through one gallery after another till they came to the lecture room.

It was hung entirely with Turner's pictures; not with such works as 'The Fighting Téméraire,' and 'Ulysses and Polyphemus,' but with those splendid failures of his later years, the 'Slaves Thrown Overboard,' the 'War—The Exile and the Rock Limpet,' the 'Waterloo,' when he saw everything yellow.

'Is he here?' Gerald whispered.

Hugh pointed upwards, where an old man dressed in a shabby, snuffy coat, with a large, gaudy handkerchief hanging from the lappet pocket, sat astride on the top of a painter's ladder. His palette was in his hand, his little sharp eyes glistened, and he was nodding his head like a mandarin.

Turner did not notice Gerald and Hugh, but as they passed out of the door, Gerald turned and saw him descending the ladder. Followed by a small army of cats, he shuffled up and down the floor, pausing before each picture in turn, and never passing on to the next without rubbing his hands together and shouting 'Hip, hip, hurrah!'

Gerald would have liked to have spoken to Turner, but Hugh hurried him away. He had forgotten the locality of his own pictures, or he had changed his mind about showing them, for they found themselves in the vestibule without having seen Hugh's ideals.

Just then a neighbouring clock struck the first stroke of twelve, and with the sound a great seriousness fell upon Gerald. He seemed suddenly to pass into a knowledge of things heretofore unknown to him—a knowledge as new as it was deep, yet so swiftly did the feeling gain upon him that before the second stroke of the clock had sounded, the sensation seemed as old as memory. He hardly knew how it happened, but the people in the galleries were vanishing before his eyes, like the little opal clouds at sunset, and then he and his companion were standing at the door of the architectural room, looking at something lying on the seat with chin fallen forward upon its breast. Hugh began to speak in a very gentle voice. 'Yes,' he said, 'in the old life they would have thought the idea horrible that you should be standing here looking at *that*—a foolish and ignorant idea, as you know—now. It was but your companion for a little while, and not a very satisfactory companion either—limited and unresponsive. Your mother bore it—that was its only real claim on your affections; now all is past and you are on the threshold of much more beautiful experiences. It is yourself who stands by me, your true self—you yourself as you made yourself, not as you were made. The oak does not pine for the acorn, nor the moth for the chrysalis, and you feel pity and nothing more for *that*. Freda will grieve, for she loved you.'

Gerald started.

'And others too, who dread death because they think the journey must be taken alone—but there is no loneliness. Love outlives death!'

It grew darker as the clock struck on to twelve, but Hugh's face stood forth radiant from the gloom.

Gerald began to speak—'I used to say that I did not believe in spirits that I was convinced no man had ever seen a spirit!'

'No living man has ever seen a spirit.'

'Then I am—'

Gerald did not finish the sentence. He was too happy even to be curious.

C. LEWIS HINDS.

As Gerald gazed at her from his chair, all his finer emotions touched by the light of the fire playing on her hair and little wondering face, she rose and said, 'I'm going to say something so nice, Mr Kent, I was just hoping you would call.'

ROUND THE WORLD.

AN AUCKLAND GIRL'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

(CONTINUED.)

Chicago itself, in the heart of the city, is very dingy, and in that respect uninviting, the post office and Custom-house being, in fact, quite black from heavy deposition of soot. This is caused, I am told, from soft coal being burned by manufacturers, although the authorities have several times attempted to enforce the burning of hard coal. But there are very fine buildings in the city, and some are the tallest in the world, the Masonic Temple being twenty-one or twenty-two stories high, and many others from twelve to sixteen. It seems, however, an order has gone forth that no more are to be higher than ten stories. I cannot say whether this is because the authorities fear the bottom will drop out of the place, but it seems Chicago has only thirty feet of sand between it and the Lake (Michigan), and water is always to be got at eight feet, so that some irate divine, who has opposed the opening of the Exhibition on Sunday, now predicts that there will be a fearful judgment fall upon the place very soon. In digging the foundation for some big structure they will tap the water to such an extent that the whole place will be swept away by a flood—as a judgment for the great wickedness of the people here; and only to think of it, this place fifty years ago was composed of a swamp, a fort, and a few scattered houses. Now she is called the greatest and grandest city of her age the world ever saw, with a population of over a million and a half, and this has been accomplished by the energy of her people; but it almost seems a shame to use onyx and marble and fine polished granites for building to be so soon smothered in soot. Some of the businesses done here are immense in extent, and take the character of general providers, where you can buy *everything* you want. I will only give Giegel, Cooper and Co. as an instance. The building is 400 x 150, fire-proof, and ten stories. It has a floor space of about fifteen acres. The power, plant, and stables occupy another 50,000 feet. There are 18 elevators run by 54 steam engines. They use 65 wagons and 150 horses for delivering goods. There are 2,600 employés regularly employed, and at holiday times 3,500 are engaged. The turnover is more than ten millions a year; and this is only one of many such like.

Out of the purely business portion of the city, the residences are, some of them, very fine, and almost invariably surrounded with grass plots, without fences, as I have frequently mentioned before. Flowers are very scarce when we think of the profusion in California, but in the parks the fancy flower beds are things to be remembered. There are many parks scattered around, and very fine carriage drives. The grand Boulevard leading to Washington Park is from 2½ to 3 miles long, 200 feet wide, with trees up the sides and grass plots; and it must be said whoever has had the laying out of this city has provided well and proved himself far-seeing in this respect. The country is as level as a bowling green, and to give diversity to the landscape in the parks artificial ponds have been created, and the earth dug out utilised to raise gentle mounds here and there. In Lincoln Park (400 acres in extent) north of the city, the drives are lovely, and there are no fences enclosing it from the city, the citizen wandering all over the place as he listeth with a freedom quite pleasing to behold. There are boats for hire, and pony carts, etc., etc., and a great free show of wild beasts, and fine conservatory. Jackson Park is occupied at present as the great show grounds, but it will revert to its former condition when all is over as a pleasaunce for the people. In Washington Park the flower beds are works of art, the equal of which I have never seen before. Large gorgeous butterflies, about 30 feet by 20, are apparently resting on a slope of ground most beautifully imitated, and two rolls of carpet, partly unrolled, are calculated to deceive anyone who does not walk close up to them. There are also flags and banners, and imitation hearth-rugs, and 'Hail, Columbia,' set to music, the first few bars. In carrying out all these designs great use is made of the thick-leaved saucer-like plant, which is, I believe, called orcaveria. But the crowning glory of the decorations are the large steps, and gates, and walls, all flowers and orcaveria—with grand carpet laid down the steps; the calendar of the month—produced fresh every day so that all who run may read; a large terrestrial globe, 25 or 30ft in diameter, showing the continents and islands on this earth of ours; and a large sun dial, which does its work faithfully and well. For the globe, sun dial, and gates, I suppose, a frame of net-work is first formed, through which the flowers and orcaveria grow.

F. L. W.

(To be continued).

District Lands and Survey Office,
Auckland, 17th August, 1893.

IT is hereby notified that Sections 4 and 5, Block XIV., Hukerenui S.D., advertised to be opened for sale or Selection on and after the 23rd instant, are withdrawn from application until further notice.

GERHARD MUELLER,
Commissioner Crown Lands.

District Lands and Survey Office,
Auckland, 16th August, 1893.

IT is hereby notified that the undermentioned Lease will be submitted to public auction, at the Land Office, Tauranga, on WEDNESDAY, the 4 h day of October prox., 1893 :

TOWN OF OPOTIKI—The Lease for a term of 14 years of Lot 15, Section 2, containing 1 acre 1 rood 27 perches. Upset annual rent £1.

Terms of Lease: Rent to be paid yearly in advance. Lessee may remove all fencing and buildings that may be erected by him, prior to the expiration of the term of lease; but will have no right to valuation or compensation for improvements or right of renewal of lease.

GERHARD MUELLER,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

District Lands and Survey Office,
Auckland, August 16, 1893.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undermentioned Town and Rural Lands will be submitted for sale by Public Auction at the Land Office, Auckland, on Friday, the 6th day of October, prox., at 11 a.m.

SCHEDULE.

TOWN OF OPUA (Block 27).—Section 3, 39 perches, upset price, £5; section 12, 1 rood, upset price, £5; section 13, 1 rood, upset price, £5.

VILLAGE OF TAUPIRI Section 55, 2 roods, upset price, £10; section 56, 2 roods, upset price, £10; section 57, 2 roods, upset price, £10; section 58, 2 roods, upset price, £10.

TOWN OF TAUPO (Block 14). Museum Endowments.—Section 2, 1 rood 2 perches, upset price, £5 5s; section 3, 1 rood 2 perches, upset price, £5 5s.

TOWN OF CAMBRIDGE WEST (Classified as Suburban).—Section 467, 1 acre, upset price, £2; sections 468 468a, 1 acre, upset price, £2; section 469, 1 acre, upset price, £2; section 423, 1 acre, upset price, £2; sections 415-415a, 1 acre, upset price, £2; sections 413-426, 1 acre 0 roods 12 perches, upset price, £2 4s.

SUBURBS OF TUAKAU. Section 82, 4 acres 2 roods 18 perches, upset price, £10; section 83, 4 acres 0 rood 39 perches, upset price, £8 10s; section 84, 4 acres 2 roods 9 perches, upset price, £9; section 108, 1 rood, upset price, 10s; section 127, 1 rood, upset price, 10s; section 128, 1 rood, upset price, 10s.

PARISH WAIUKU WEST.—Section 26, 3 acres 2 roods, 12 perches, upset price, £4. Open land covered with furze, about three miles from Waiuku.

PARISH OF WHANGAMARINO.—Section 478, 7 acres 0 roods 18 perches, upset price, £7. Swamp land adjoining.

VILLAGE OF UPPER RANGIRIRI, PARISH OF OPAHEKE. Section 4, lot 4, 10 acres 0 roods 15 perches, upset price, £15. Situated at Bombay Settlement, Great South Road.

PARISH OF MANGAPAI.—Section 3, lot 6, 2 acres 0 roods 32 perches, upset price, £4 10s. Village lot adjoining cemetery.

PARISH OF TITIRANGI (near the Manukau Road, Avondale).—Section 165, 5 acres, upset price, £20; section 166, 4 acres 3 roods 8 perches, upset price, £19 5s; section 167, 5 acres, upset price, £20; section 168 4 acres 3 roods 36 perches, upset price, £20; section 169, 4 acres 3 roods 28 perches, upset price, £19 15s; section 170, 6 acres 1 rood 32 perches, upset price, £25 15s; section 171, 4 acres 3 roods 30 perches, upset price, £19 15s; section 172, 4 acres 3 roods 29 perches, upset price, £19 15s; section 173, 4 acres 3 roods 36 perches, upset price, £19 17s; section 174, 4 acres 3 roods 2 perches, upset price, £19; section 175, 6 acres 2 roods 18 perches, upset price, £26 10s; section 176, 4 acres 3 roods 7 perches, upset price, £19; section 177, 5 acres, upset price, £20; section 178, 5 acres, upset price, £20; section 179, 5 acres, upset price, £20. All open land of poor quality; situated about half-a mile from Avondale, near the Manukau Road.

TERMS OF SALE.

One-fifth of the purchase money to be paid on the fall of the hammer, and the balance, with Crown Grant fee, within 30 days thereafter; otherwise the deposit first paid shall be forfeited, and the contract for the sale of the land be null and void.

GERHARD MUELLER,
Commissioner Crown Lands.

District Land and Survey Department,
Auckland, August 18, 1893.

LAND WITHDRAWN FROM SALE.

It is hereby notified that Section 263A, Parish Waimana, advertised to be offered for sale by public auction on the 24th instant, has been withdrawn from Sale.

GERHARD MUELLER,
Commissioner Crown Lands.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 22.

Socially we keep the ball rolling. On Tuesday afternoon Mrs (Judge) Conolly, 'Windebank,' Remuera, gave a large afternoon tea to all her married lady friends. I described last week the pretty view obtained from their windows in my account of her daughters' young people's afternoon tea. Though it is the end of the winter season, and we have not thought about our spring frocks, some tasteful dresses were worn. The hostess was gowned in very handsome black, en traine; and her daughter, Miss Emily, grey cheviot tweed; Mrs Bodle, striking brown figured lustre, long turkey feather boa, becoming brown velvet toque with aigrette of green and white feathers; Mrs Barstow, black gown, widow's bonnet relieved with white crepe; Mrs Buckland (Highwic), black dress, black bonnet with black feathers and ribbons; Mrs Kerr-Taylor, mignonette green silk with black velvet trimmings, charming bonnet *en suite* with feathers and ribbons; Mrs (Major) George, handsome black satin with ruchings, black bonnet with heliotrope flowers; Mrs C. McMillan, stylish reddy brown camel's hair, sealskin dolman, black bonnet relieved with peacock blue; Mrs Ware looked well in black cashmere, black picture hat with lovely ostrich plumes; Mrs Colbec, myrtle green cashmere, three rows of green velvet on edge of skirt, black cape, black bonnet with aigrette of red, green and white feathers; Mrs Williams and Mrs Pritt were handsomely attired in black dresses; Mrs Robert Browning, black skirt, sealskin redingote with fox fur neck and revers, sailor hat with black strings and heliotrope flowers; Mrs Hesketh, handsome brown cheviot tweed flecked with emerald green, three rows of emerald green velvet on skirt, sealskin mantle, becoming green velvet bonnet with feathers and ribbon, strings *en suite*; Miss Speed (who is a guest of the hostess), striking gown of grey with black velvet; Mrs Ranson, black gown, bonnet with violet flowers; Mrs Gamble, black dress, fashionable black velvet bonnet; Mrs Nolan, dark dress with jet trimming, trio-flounced epaulettes on shoulders, red felt hat with black jet trimmings; Mrs Heywood, black.

DRESSES AT MRS ISIDOR ALEXANDER'S DANCE.

Our hostess wore a rich brocaded heliotrope silk, black velvet sleeves and frill, the skirt being profusely trimmed with black lace; Miss Cora Alexander, white crêpon with art draperies of white lace and tulle; Miss Stella Alexander, terra-cotta Liberty silk with brown velvet; Mrs Aitken Carrick looked well in white China silk trimmed with tulle; Mrs Keesing, dark shot dress with green velvet sleeves and frill; her daughter, Coquelicot red satin with white point lace; Mrs Stevenson (Parnell), black velvet *en traine* with black lace, relieved with white point lace; Mrs Ralph Keesing, rich corded cream silk with white pearl beads and ribbons; Mrs Myers, black satin relieved with white lace; Mrs Mythenberg, bridal gown of white silk and orange blossoms; Miss Emily Conolly, white cashmere, white silk bebé sleeves and tartan sash; Miss Brett, pretty white China silk relieved with bands of moss green velvet; Miss Kilgour, cream silk with Lizard green velvet trimmings; Miss N. Kilgour, pale pink Liberty silk with bronze Moyen velvet bebé sleeves and Empire sash, pink bow in her hair; Miss Julie Albu, lovely cream silk striped diagonally with silver passementerie; Miss Rose Albu, pale pink bengaline with art draperies; Miss Davy (Wellington), cream silk with Mexique blue bebé sleeves and Empire sash; and her sister, pale pink satin with rose coral velvet ribbon; Miss Reeves, handsome gown of rose pink silk; and her sister, in pretty white silk gown; Miss Johnston, maize-coloured Liberty silk with zouave jacket and trimmings of emerald green plush; Miss Maggie McDonald, light cashmere with brown velvet trimmings; Miss Nashelski looked pretty in white silk with large bebé sleeves; Mrs Nashelski, pale heliotrope silk with black lace and beads; Miss Mabel Lewis, dahlia shot silk; Miss Annie Lewis, lovely pale pink Liberty silk; Miss Laura Baker, handsome black silk with beads; Miss Smith (of Sydney, I think), terra cotta silk with shot heliotrope let in; and her sister, pale pink; Miss Gorrie, striking gown of cream cashmere trimmed with sky blue; Miss Mary Gorrie, white cashmere trimmed with paon fence velvet; Misses Taylor (three), of Mount Albert were dressed in white; one, I think, wore red kohi; Miss Scott, brown velvet relieved with white; Miss Wylde-Brown, pretty white gown; and her sister, cream with brown silk; Miss Kempthorne, stylish pale heliotrope brocaded satin, with Chartreuse bebé velvet sleeves; Miss Dixon, in either canary or maize-coloured crêpon; Miss Bertie Davis, rich yellow silk with brown velvet; Miss — Davis, pale pink Liberty silk.

DRESSES WORN AT THE CHORAL HALL, DIPLOMA NIGHT.

Among others I noticed Mrs Lippiatt, pretty red costume trimmed with velvet to match, toque of red velvet; her sister, Miss Brinsden, wore brown; Mrs G. Peacocke, black dress, black lace bonnet; Miss Peacocke, navy skirt and jacket over red blouse, hat trimmed with red; Miss Firth, all black; her sister, black skirt and jacket over white blouse, black hat; Miss E. Bull, dark skirt, red blouse, large hat relieved with red; Mrs Willoughby, brown dress trimmed with brown velvet, small bonnet tinted with pink; Miss Willoughby, brown check tweed, brown hat with tips of rose pink; Mrs Sloman, dark dress with white silk vest, small bonnet touched with red; Mrs Hay, black dress and bonnet; Mrs Wilkie, black lace mantle and bonnet over black silk dress; Miss Wilkie, dark tweed costume, large hat; Mrs S. C. Johnson, black Watteau jacket over dark dress, pretty black bonnet trimmed with red velvet; Miss Peacock (Ponsonby), black cape over brown tweed dress, large black feathered hat; Miss G. Whitelaw, navy, with stylish little hat to match.

STREET DRESSES.

Mrs (Major) George, black dress, black bonnet with heliotrope flowers, reddy brown ulster; Mrs Charles Haines, steel grey; Mrs Frank Walker, navy; Miss Owen (Mount Eden), pale green cashmere trimmed with velvet of a darker hue, brown flop hat; Mrs Sharland, brown striped gown, black redingote, brown toque with red bird; Mrs (Colonel) Dawson, dark green cloth, small hat; Miss Dunnett, brown cashmere; Mrs Horatice Walker, navy figured dress, hat trimmed *en suite*; Miss Hay, navy serge, red blouse with large sleeves, navy zouave jacket, gem; Miss Balley (Penrose), black cashmere, long fawn and black spotted Tudor cape, black flop hat; Miss Snelling, navy; Mrs Cotter, black waterproof coat, black hat, long fox fur boa; Miss Pearce, dark green cashmere with large sleeves, but plainly made, black gem; Miss Minitt, fawn and black check waterproof, black gem; Miss Phoebe Buckland, black; Mrs Jackson (H.M.S. Katoomba) who is staying at Bombay, reddy fawn tweed, stylish boat shaped hat trimmed *en suite*, blue waterproof; Miss Maud Wilkins, light brown ulster, crushed strawberry gem; Miss Ethel Bull, navy serge, small hat with navy ribbons; Mrs Ching, brown plaid ulster, brown gem; Miss Gertrude Purchas, dark slate grey, black hat with red plush trimmings; Miss Brabazon, black cashmere, buff redingote; Mrs (Dr.) Lawry looked well in navy ulster with hood lined with red, becoming navy bonnet with red veil and trimmings; Miss Cameron, navy serge skirt, red blouse, navy gem; Mrs J. J. Dixon (Mount Albert), black dress, bonnet *en suite*; Mrs (Dr.) Scott, brown; Mrs Cottle, navy serge, sealskin jacket, red velvet bonnet, navy silk parasol; Mrs W. Knight, navy serge with fox fur, buff Tudor cape, black hat with strings; Mrs Williams (Remuera), black; Mrs Hesketh, brown sealskin cloak, stylish bonnet with yellow flowers; Miss Hesketh looked pretty in brown, with a becoming hat *en suite*; Miss Gould, navy serge, cardinal sleeves and vest; Miss Thomas (Remuera), brown cashmere trimmed with Nihilisto red velvet, black flop hat trimmed to match; Miss Mobray, fawn dress with black spots, brown Tudor cape, small hat.

At the

MISSES ALBU'S CHARMING CONCERTS

Miss Harding wore a shining white satin, frill and bebe sleeves of maize coloured silk. Amongst the audience were Mrs Alfred Buckland (sen.), black silk, with black fur cloak; Misses Buckland, black with heliotrope bows; Miss Wilkins, brown velvet with point lace; Miss Maud Wilkins, white satin with white lace; the two ladies with them were attired one in rose pink silk, and the other in white; Mrs Holgate brown silk, brown sealskin cloak; Miss Scherff, brown gown; Miss Eva Scherff, brown cashmere with brown velvet; Misses Whitelaw (two), black skirts, blue blouses.

I am sorry to say that Mrs McLaughlin's

DANCE IS POSTPONED

owing to the death of one of her relatives.

We had a capital hunt on Saturday, but I suppose your regular field correspondent will send it you.

DRESSES AT ALL SAINTS' ENTERTAINMENT, PONSONBY.

In the first set of tableaux were Mr A. Fielder as Bumble in a cocked hat, knee breeches, buckled shoes, red waistcoat; Little Boy Blue, Mr Basil Calder. In the second set Miss N. Smith as Patience looked well in a sea green Grecian-made dress with bands of gold, and carried a large white lily; Miss G. Bell as Britannia wore a dress of white and gold, gold helmet, shield and trident; Miss V. Woodyear, as Justice, dress of white, blue, and old gold, with scales, bandages and sword; as the 'three graces,' Faith, Hope and Charity, the Misses L. Merritt, B. Devore, and L. Oswald, looked charming. They carried a cross, anchor and heart, respectively, and wore dresses of pure white muslin unrelieved by any colour. 'The Three Young Maids of Lee' were acted by Miss G. Thompson, white, with cardinal sash; Miss A. Fielder, white, with sash of old rose; Miss K. McIlwain, white and blue sash. 'The Three Old Maids' were acted by Messrs W. Sands, C. Calder, and C. Merritt; as Napoleon, Mr H. W. Hemus looked well in blue with white facings, white breeches, Jack boots, sword and cocked hat; Maoris were acted by Miss F. Merritt and Mr Bowring, wearing Maori mats and meres; as Nero Mr W. Butters appeared in heliotrope with a violin and laurel wreath, while Mr G. Osmond made an orthodox Chang with baggy garments, a large hat, cup and saucer and fan; Mr Back looked well as a footballer in the Ponsonby colours.

DRESSES AT PONSONBY 'AT HOME.'

Among others I noticed Miss Laird, handsome dress of deep primrose net over cream satin, Watteau back and front, with sleeves and bands of blue velvet; Miss Emily Laird, effective combination of scarlet and black lace; Miss Langsford, black and heliotrope; Miss Freda Langsford, cream cashmere, trimming of old gold brocade, with sleeves of the palest rose-tinted velvet; Miss Macindoe looked well in cream with trimmings of myrtle green plush; Miss M. Macindoe, all white; Mrs Hanna, handsome black satin and lace; Mrs Devore, black satin; Miss Devore, black lace over scarlet satin; Miss B. Devore, cream; Miss Atkinson, salmon pink with trimming of pale sea green; Miss Partridge, pink; Miss Lena Partridge, lovely dress of pale blue trimmed with bands and toby frills of deep blue velvet; Miss Bach, pink; Miss Beale, canary-coloured silk; Miss K. Beale, black trimmed with black velvet; Mrs E. W. Burton, pale yellow; Mrs E. Buchanan, black and pink; Mrs Cattanach, cream with frills of amber chiffon; Mrs Crawshaw, all black; Miss Davidson (Whangarei), white nun's veiling trimmed with royal blue plush; Miss Darby, black; Miss Gittos, cream and green; Mrs Haultain, pale blue; Miss Hickson, pale blue lace over cream; Miss Hill, black silk and lace; Miss Kennedy, all white; Mrs Littler, stylish dark evening dress; Miss Owen, cream; Mrs Ralph, cream; Miss Spiers, pink satin and black; Miss Wallnutt, cream; Miss C. Wallnutt, pale blue; Miss Woodyear, white; Miss Whitelaw, cream cashmere with sleeves and belt of myrtle green plush.

PHYLLIS BROUNE.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 17.

SMALL DANCE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

Lady Glasgow wore a handsome deep maize brocade, trained and edged with ruching, and the bodice was trimmed with ruching and white lace and diamond brooches; Lady Alice Boyle wore white muslin with pink silk sash; Miss Wauchope, white silk with Watteau train; Miss Holroyd, yellow silk; Mrs Walter Johnston, a handsome black and white gown; Miss Hilda Johnston, a lovely white silk gown veiled with chiffon, with pale blue corduroy velvet sleeves; Miss S. Johnston, white; Mrs Oliver, grey trimmed with silver; Miss Rolleston, a pretty white silk gown; Miss Russell, pale yellow; Miss Cara Russell, a pretty white gown; Miss Williams, a pretty blue satin gown with large black velvet sleeves, and trimmed with jet; Miss Hilda Williams, yellow Liberty silk, the skirt prettily trimmed with chiffon, and black velvet sleeves and epaulettes; Miss Douglas, a pretty blue silk trimmed with broad white lace; Mrs Arthur Pearce, a combination of black and red; Mrs Collins, white with sleeves and trimming of yellow velvet; Miss Richardson, white silk, prettily trimmed with pale blue velvet; Miss Cooper, white with maize satin sleeves; Miss — Cooper, white brocade; Mrs Morison, black brocade and jet; Miss Henry, white silk trimmed with chiffon and violets; Mrs Adams, black, trained; Miss Rolleston, white; Miss Moorhouse, a pretty white gown; Miss Rhodes, a lovely blue brocade; Miss Steward, a pretty white gown; Miss Baker (Auckland), yellow satin with Watteau train; and others present were Mr, Mrs and Miss Duncan, Miss (Sidney) Johnston, Miss Inglos, Miss Hart, Mr and Mrs E. J. Reid, Dr. and Mrs Fell, Capt. Russell, Capt. Clayton, Capt. Hunter-Blair, the captain and officers of H.M.S. Lizard, and Messrs Cooper, Turnbull, Butterworth, Pearce, Hartman, Hadfield, Anson, Jackson, Porter, Shaw, Morison, etc.

MRS GORE'S 'AT HOME.'

Mrs Gore's small dance at the Masonic Hall was greatly enjoyed by about eighty people, most of whom were dancing people. King's band supplied the music, and the supper was laid in the adjoining room and which prettily decorated. The hostess wore a handsome black brocade with long train; Miss Gore wore deep cream with large sleeves and sash of green moiré; Miss M. Gore, white silk trimmed with lace; Miss Alice Gore, a very pretty striped pink satin gown with large pink moiré sleeves; the Misses Hadfield, pink gowns trimmed with chiffon; Mrs Fell, black; Miss Wauchope, white silk with broad belt and bows of turquoise velvet; Miss Holroyd, ruby silk trimmed with black; Miss Richmond, grey silk embroidered with steel; Miss Russell, pink silk with aigrettes of pink feathers; Miss Cara Russell, pink brocade; Miss — Russell, niece of Capt. Russell, biscuit-coloured chiffon trimmed with mauve bebé ribbon; Miss Grace, white with flowers; Miss Williams, a beautiful pink brocade with pink velvet sleeves, and trimmed with deep pearl fringe; Miss Hilda Williams, black velvet trimmed with wide white lace; the Misses (J. N.) Williams (Hawke's Bay) were dressed alike in pretty white silk gowns trimmed with lilies of the valley; Miss Holmes, black; Miss Cobb, black; Miss Hilda Moorhouse, cream silk; Miss Rolleston, cream with green sash; Miss Reynolds, terra-cotta silk trimmed with coffee lace; Miss Cooper, black velvet, and her sister white; Miss (Walter) Johnston and Miss H. Johnston both wore black, and their sister yellow and pale blue; Miss (Sidney) Johnston, a lovely white brocade; Miss Inglos, also white brocade; Miss Brandon, pink silk with white lace; Mrs Reid, ruby velvet with berthe of cream silk Maltese lace; Miss Brown, cream satin trimmed with black and gold; Miss Chaytor, cream brocade; Miss Harding, cream with brown velvet sleeves; etc. Amongst the gentlemen were Captain Hancock and the officers of H.M.S. Lizard, and Messrs Gore, Rolleston, Richmond, Anson, Tripp, Turnbull, Baldwin, Izard, Vogel, Butterworth, Johnston, Cooper, Gardiner, Woolridge, Hadfield, Reynolds, etc.

MRS GRACE'S 'AT HOME'

took place in the afternoon, a large number of guests being present. Afternoon tea was in the conservatory, dancing in the dining-room, and music in the drawing-room. Miss Hilda Williams, Miss Alice Grace, Miss Holroyd, and others sang, and King's Band played for the dancers. Among those present were Mrs Tilly, Mrs and the Misses Williams, the Misses (J.N.) Williams, Mrs and the Misses Russell, Miss Rolleston, Mrs and the Misses Reynolds, the Misses Hadfield, Mrs Valentine, Miss Wauchope, the Misses Cooper, Mrs and Miss Duncan, Mrs Stowe, Mrs Adams, Miss Studholme, Mrs Oliver, Mrs J. G. Wilson, and Mrs and Miss Rhodes. Mrs Grace wore dark blue cloth with epaulettes of blue velvet; and Miss Grace wore light brown trimmed with black velvet.

MISS JOHNSTON'S 'AT HOME.'

Miss E. Johnston gave a large afternoon tea at Fitzherbert Terrace from 4 till six, when vocal and instrumental music entertained the guests, amongst whom were Mrs W. Johnston, the Misses Johnston, Mrs Pynsent, Mrs A. Brandon, Mrs Crawford, Mrs Janich, Mrs Reid, Mrs A. Pearce, Mrs Collins, Mrs and Miss Cooper, Mrs Butts, Mrs and Miss Russell, Mrs and Miss Barron, Mrs and Miss Turnbull, Mrs and the Misses Grace, Mrs Tilly, Miss Wauchope, Mrs Rhodes, Mrs Ferguson, the Misses Brandon, the Misses Gore, Mrs Parfitt, Mrs Hadfield and Mrs Travers. Afternoon tea and all kinds of delicious things were dispensed, and the house was prettily decorated.

Mrs Sprott was 'At Home' to a number of her friends on Tuesday evening, and music was provided by a number of ladies and gentlemen, who spent a very pleasant evening.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs Walter Johnston for a dance on Wednesday next, and two days latter comes the Fancy Dress Ball at Government House, so that you may expect plenty of news next week from

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 17.

We have scarcely ever been favoured with a better day for the Grand National than fell to our lot on Thursday. The weather changed on Tuesday from everything that was gloomy for fine and mild with a good drying wind, and our spirits rose accordingly, for were not the Spanish officers to be there by invitation of the committee? I really think we have

A VERY SENSIBLE JOCKEY CLUB COMMITTEE.

They recently doubled the issue of ladies' tickets to members, and I'm sure, from a ladies' point of view, the races have been much more successful ever since, and now you see they can do other nice things. There is a sombre look generally in the costumes on the lawn at an August meeting, but this year, in addition to the fine day, the style of dress just now admits of touches of colour which brightened the whole assemblage. Velvet puff sleeves were much worn of every shade and hue, with here and there a tartan yoke or Empire belt, and even some were prepared for a spring day with a floral bonnet of violets or other early spring flowers. Mrs Heaton Rhodes looked well in a shot diagonal cloth with trimming of velvet and passementerie, seal jacket, brown hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs O'Rorke, a very handsome costume of golden brown velvet trimmed with fur, hat to match; Mrs G. G. Stead, rich black Bengaline dress, small jet bonnet with green velvet; Mrs Pitman, brown and white striped diagonal tweed, toque-shaped hat to match with grey wings; the Hon. Mrs Parker, grey flecked tweed and pretty black and pink hat; Mrs G. Gould, brown tweed, velvet trimmed, stylish brown hat trimmed with beaver and pale blue bows; Mrs Palmer, handsome black costume; Mrs Wardrop, black and pale blue; Mrs Boyle, in black and white check, rich velvet mantle with feather trimming, black hat with yellow flowers; Mrs Lomax-Smith, in black, with red vest, with black and red velvet toque; Mrs Tabart, black costume, fur trimmed bonnet; Mrs Cowlishaw, a handsome black costume with yellow in her bonnet; Mrs Overton, green dress trimmed with brown velvet, cloak trimmed with beaver; Miss Overton, dark grey tweed; Mrs F. J. Millton, a speckled tweed with terra cotta velvet sleeves, hat trimmed with the velvet and grey feather trimming; Miss Millton, navy blue costume, and black hat; Mrs A. Wilson, dark brocaded silk with velvet corselet bodice; Mrs Symes, black silk with pink silk bodice, black zouave jacket edged with jet, black hat with shaded pink and green ribbon; Mrs Wason, corduroy velvet gown; Mrs G. Humphreys, black dress, handsome fur-trimmed velvet mantle, black bonnet with a touch of red; Mrs Curnow, black dress, black and yellow bonnet; Mrs Lascelles, grey gown, black hat with tartan ribbon; Mrs Kimbell, black costume, black lace bonnet with roses; Mrs F. Graham, black dress with gold braided vest; Miss Graham, navy serge with tartan Empire belt; Mrs A. Anderson, brown tweed with blue vest, brown hat with feathers; Mrs Harley, all black; Miss Harley, pretty costume of grey trimmed with green velvet, hat to match; Miss N. Reeves, black and pale blue dress, hat to match; Mrs King, black costume; Miss King, check tweed, black hat with feathers; Mrs J. Henderson, black dress trimmed with tartan; Mrs Burns, brown tweed trimmed with beaver, hat *en suite;* Mrs R. Macdonald, black and gold fancy cloth gown with yellow silk vest, brown and fawn hat; Misses Cowlishaw, navy blue fur-trimmed gowns, feather boas, velvet hats; Miss Tabart, black dress, pretty floral bonnet of violets; Miss Gould, brown and cream check dress with cream silk vest, fawn felt hat with brown velvet and bunches of violets; Mrs Studholme, grey tweed trimmed with green velvet, velvet cloak, bonnet of dark red; Miss Babbington, navy serge costume with white silk vest; Miss Davie, navy blue costume of cloth and velvet trimmed with beaver, hat to match; Miss Kinsey, navy serge dress, fawn jacket trimmed with beaver, black hat with crimson velvet bows; Miss Gerrard, blue serge costume; Miss Cuff, brown serge with black zouave trimmed with jet, brown hat with brown and green velvet; Miss G. Cuff, a pretty green frock with black velvet zouave, hat to match; Miss Way, blue, tartan Empire belt, pretty hat *en suite;* Miss Q. Campbell, black costume, hat trimmed with vieux rose velvet; Miss Hutton, pretty brown costume trimmed with beaver, hat to match; Miss M. Helmore, pretty gown of electric blue with velvet yoke; Miss E. Helmore, shot black and pink; Miss Stratton, a dainty grey costume, and hat to match. There were many other becoming gowns and a good many strangers present. There were a few gowns of the modified 1830 style, the full, stiffened skirt and trimmed half-way up, in imitation of the old-fashioned double skirt, while shoulder frills and large puffed sleeves accompanied every gown. The bracelets won by Mrs G. Rhodes first, and Mrs W. O. Rutherford second were magnificent specimens of jewellery. The prizes were made at Petersen and Co.'s, and would make anyone proud to possess. The first has a cluster centre, one whole large pearl surrounded by eight large diamonds, and on either side of the cluster three whole pearls and three large diamonds set alternately; the second is of 'knife wire pattern,' with cluster centre of pearls and diamonds and on each side a row of diamonds graduated.

MRS BRUGES' DANCE AT HER HOUSE, FENDALTON,

was much enjoyed by all present. Everything had been arranged by our thoughtful hostess, both for pleasure and comfort, the sitting-out nooks being very charming and ingenious. Mrs Bruges was gowned in black trimmed with jet; Miss Logan (Napier), pink silk; Miss Helmore, black with yoke and trimmings of cerise silk; Miss Gould, white satin with puff sleeves of rose-coloured velvet; Mrs Stead, fawn and blue striped silk trimmed with passementerie to match; Miss Beswick, yellow silk with white lace; Mrs Willock, in black with yellow; Miss Turton, pale green with dark velvet trimming; Miss Neave wore red; Miss Gray, white with green trimmings; Mr and Mrs R. Macdonald, Mr and Misses Cowlishaw, Mr and Miss Lean, Mrs J. Martin, Misses Ronalds, Meeson, Cotterill, Guy, Henderson, Mr and Miss Todhunter, Mr and Miss Turnbull, Dr. Palmer, Messrs Edwards, Ridings, G. Palmer, Von Haast, Hall, Clarke, and some others were among the guests.

Mrs Cowlishaw had

A MATINEE MUSICALE

at Chatterton on Tuesday, at which a very large number of her friends, together with Commander Barriere, Capt. Vilamil, and several of the Spanish officers, were present. One large room was used for dancing, which was much enjoyed by some, while others were charmed to hear Mrs Burns, Messrs Izard and Hugh Reeves sing, and Miss Rich play a violin solo. Mrs Cowlishaw received in the hall, and was gowned in a slate coloured cloth trimmed with black; Miss Cowlishaw looked very nice in vieux rose with trimming of black lace and velvet ribbon; her sisters were in navy blue; the Hon. Mrs Parker wore a flecked grey and brown tweed with brown velvet trimmings piped with red; Mrs Stead, black silk and velvet, small black bonnet; Mrs Pitman, striped brown tweed, brown hat with blue velvet; Mrs J. Deans, black satin, cream silk on the bodice veiled with black lace; Mrs O'Rorke, brown velvet with fur trimming; Mrs Burns, brown cloth; Mrs Elworthy, black satin, seal jacket; Miss Elworthy, navy blue, feather boa; Miss Helmore, brown cloth, the shoulder frills lined with cream; Mrs Rhind, navy serge trimmed with braid; Miss Hutton, navy blue; Mrs Pyne wore fawn; Mrs Williams and Miss Guy, Mesdames Gould, H. Rhodes, Slater, Wilding, Vernon, Lomax-Smith, Misses Stopford, Hennah, Clark, Worthy, Wynn-Williams, Banks, Logan, Hill, Campbell, Thomson, and numbers more.

On Thursday after going through many phases of excitement at the Grand National meeting, we availed ourselves of

MRS STEAD'S WELL-KNOWN HOSPITALITY

once more, and found our way to Strowan. A number of officers of the Nautilus were present, and in their honour the decorations throughout represented the Spanish colours, the fairy lights being of the same two colours, and had a very gay effect. Mrs Stead, handsomely gowned in black satin and jet, with lovely spray of white flowers on the bodice and diamond ornaments, received in the drawing-room. The musical items given through the evening were very much appreciated, and in very capable hands, Mesdames Wilding, Burns, and Westmacott, Messrs Reeves, Weir, and Wells contributing. Among the guests were Lady Douglas, wearing black satin trimmed with white; the Hon. Mrs Parker, dark green silk with Watteau back the front of cream brocade; Mrs Pitman, black brocade with front of yellow, bodice trimmed to match; Mrs P. Campbell, white satin with pearl passementerie trimming, green velvet puff sleeves; Mrs Wason, a lovely gown of apricot brocade, the bodice and sleeves trimmed with black lace; Mrs Wilding, black satin profusely trimmed with jet; Mrs Burns, Empire gown of cream silk; Mrs Carrick, violet silk veiled with black lace; Mrs G. Gould, black and red figured silk; Mrs R. McDonald orange silk and gauze; Mrs Denniston, pale green Liberty silk with bands of brown velvet; Miss Greenwood, black and white striped silk; Miss F. Greenwood, black silk and jet; Mrs Wilder, an exquisite gown of heliotrope and primrose silk; Mrs Greenwood, black silk and velvet; Mrs G. Lee, black grenadine with puff sleeves of red silk; Mrs Rhind, black relieved with yellow; Miss Reeves, green silk with pink velvet sleeves; Mrs Westmacott, black satin and jet; Miss Babbington, white silk, the bodice trimmed with blue; Miss Wynn-Williams, white silk, heliotrope sleeves; Miss N. Tabart, white silk; Miss Turnbull, black; Miss Stopford, black silk and net; Mrs Lee, black and heliotrope; Mrs Ogle, Mrs Lomax-Smith, Mr and Mrs Elworthy, Misses Nedwill, Cowlishaw, Hill, etc.

THE LAST OF THE SERIES OF THE CINDERELLA DANCES

took place in Hobbs' Buildings on Friday evening, the hostesses for the occasion being Mesdames Denniston, Lomax-Smith, and Ranald Macdonald, who succeeded in making the ballroom look very attractive, while the numerous small supper-tables were veritable magnets, and most prettily decorated. Mrs Denniston was gowned in cream silk; Mrs Lomax-Smith, a lovely white satin; Mrs Macdonald, pink satin and green velvet; Mrs O'Rorke, very handsome gown of white silk and brocade; Mrs H. Rhodes, a lovely gown of pale pink satin, and diamond ornaments; the Hon. Mrs Parker, an exquisite dress of white brocade with gold passementerie trimming and diamond ornaments; Mrs Burns, pale blue silk and velvet trimmed with lace and pearl embroidery; Miss Gould, pale blue silk with quantities of lilies of the valley; Miss Guy, a striking costume of bright blue trimmed with black velvet; Miss Tabart, black silk with long sprays of roses; Miss Banks looked pretty in pale pink satin; Miss Harley, a débutante, in the orthodox white silk, and carrying a lovely bouquet; Miss Clark, pink silk trimmed with brown velvet and lace; Mrs G. Buckley, heliotrope silk with darker velvet; Miss Cowlishaw, white silk; Mrs Cameron, shot green and white satin with corselet belt of pink velvet; Miss Logan, a becoming yellow gown; Mrs Wason, pink bengaline with green velvet; Mrs Pyne, yellow accordion pleated silk with darker velvet trimmings; Mrs Pitman, pale grey satin trimmed with pink; Miss Everett (Wellington), black with handsome lace berthe; Misses Campbell, Cotterell, Ronalds, Millton, Conrage, Reeves, and many others were among the guests. Great disappointment and some indignation was felt at the non-appearance of the Spanish officers, who had been invited by the committee. No doubt their absence can be explained, as I believe this kind of amusement is very much to their taste.

On Saturday the usual stream wended its way to the racecourse to see the Hunt Club Steeplechase finish its season. It was a perfect day, every one was in the best of spirits, and no serious accidents to mar the pleasure.

We are looking forward to Mr Wallace's third concert with pleasurable anticipation. The vocalist is to be Mrs Westmacott, whom we are always pleased to hear.

DOLLY VALE.

DUNEDIN.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 14.

Some pretty dresses at

AN EVENING AT MRS SINCLAIR THOMPSON'S

were Mrs Reid, black velvet; Miss Reid, in brown velvet with large yellow silk sleeves; Miss C. Reid, sage green velvet with pink sleeves and trimmings; Mrs A. M'Master, black skirt and red silk blouse; Mrs R. M'Master, black figured silk tea gown with sleeves of electric blue; Miss Ashcroft, black cloth.

DRESSES AT MRS CUTTEN'S MUSICALE.

Mrs C. Kettle looked very nice in a handsome black silk with jet trimmings; Miss Mill, white silk with bands of black velvet; Mrs Ogston, pink surah, with lace trimmings; Mrs Ridings, handsome black silk; Miss Gibson, striped grenadine with different coloured ribbons; Miss Dymock, white silk trimmed with yellow velvet; Miss R. Reynolds, blue striped silk, large blue silk sleeves; Miss G. Roberts, pale green covered in black lace, large green velvet sleeves; Miss Sise, pale yellow silk; Miss Ulrich, pale green; Miss Williams, black. Others present were Mrs Denniston, Miss Reynolds, Miss Tolmie, Misses Cargill, Mrs and the Misses Shand, Misses Spence, Mrs Hosking, the Misses Williams, Roberts (two), and Stanford.

A

LUNCHEON

given by Mrs Hocken was also very pleasant. Among the guests were Mrs Reid, Mrs R. McMaster, Mrs and Miss Dymock, Mrs Buckland, and several more.

Dresses at

THE FANCY DRESS BALL, MAHINGA.

Mrs Scott, as a Spanish Lady, looked very nice; she wore a long trained lavender silk, with black lace veil fastened Spanish fashion with scarlet poppies; Mrs McDonald, as Patchwork, wore an exquisite patchwork dress of coloured silks, velvets, and plushes. The bodice was cut low, and finished with pink chiffon; a shell necklace and other quaint ornaments adorning a patchwork cap, completed a very handsome costume. Miss Scott looked charming as a gipsy, her dress was composed of a rich black velvet skirt trimmed with bands and bunches of ribbons, white muslin chemisette with black velvet corslet, red silk spangled cap and tambourine. Mrs Ormsby looked well as Night; her gown was black net spangled with gold stars, her head-dress a half moon. Miss M'Kean, as the Duchess of Devonshire looked remarkably well. Her dress was 130 years old, of a lovely cream striped silk, and exquisite lace about the bodice, white hair, and large brimmed hat with white plumes. Mrs Israel, as Grannie, was excellent, with black satin gown and white Indian silk shawl, with poked bonnet trimmed with feathers. Miss Lily Peake and Miss Edith Jago were charming as 'The Twins,' in dainty white muslin frocks, with sun bonnets finished with blue bows; Mrs Kahlenberg was a Gipsy, and looked very nice in a combination of pink, cream, and red, finished with ribbons, little red cap; Mrs R. P. Bagley was 'Evening Star,' the paper being printed on white calico, and skirt, sleeves, etc., finished with narrow blue silk ruching; the sleeves and bodice were finished with quills and sticks of red sealing wax, and the head ornaments were the same; Mrs Frank Hyams, as a Housekeeper, wore black satin with the daintiest of white aprons, cuffs, and cap; Mrs Moore, Fairy Queen, soft yellow gown, wand, and wings; Madame Squarise, Moorish Lady, costume of blue satin, Moorish trousers, with overdress of old gold satin, with silk sash tied round the hips, Moorish earrings and all complete; Miss Muir, a Marchioness, court dress of violet and cream, violet feathers in powdered hair; Miss K. Grant, 'Miss Hardcastle,' crimson petticoat and polonaise of figured material, white apron and berthe; Miss Brownley, Night, black net with silver stars; Miss Evans, Ivy; Miss Ewing, Dolly Varden, with dress of cream and lavender, and Dolly Varden bonnet; Miss Crawford, Red Cross Nurse; Mrs Stenhouse, Spanish Lady; Mrs Turner, Winter, black tulle covered with white snowflakes, holly headdress; Miss Bews, Sweet Girl Graduate; Miss Bews, Swiss Peasant; Miss Strachen, Comin' Through the Rye; her sister, Sun Flower; Miss Grant, Red Riding Hood,' Mrs Fergus, Court Lady, handsome dress of cream satin and brown, with powdered hair; Miss Gilchrist, Swiss; Mr Hyams looked well as a Neapolitan Fisherman; Mr Bagley, Bohemian Soldier; Mr Smith, Officer of the Imperial Army; Mr N. Grant, Officer of the Navy; Mr McDonald, Clown; Mr W. Scott, Spanish Peasant; Mr C. Scott, Matador; Mr H. Scott, Roman Gladiator; Mr Ormsby, Lord Harlow; Messrs Hume and Bews, Dominoes; Mr Reeves, Artilleryman; Mr Israel, Constable; Mr Gilchrist, Japanese; Mr Blyth, Admiral; Mr Flinders, costume of Charles II.; Mr Pack, Student; Mr Hunter, Court Dress; Mr Moore, Court Dress; Mr Patterson, Tennis Costume; Mr Ewing, Bicyclist; Mr Williams, Black and White; Mr Witt, Captain Funnel of the U.S.C.; Mr McCormick, Officer of the Australian Contingent; Mr Arkle, Court Dress; Mr Stewart, Highlander; Mr J. Stewart, Volunteer; Mr F. Jago, Negro; Mr C. Peak, Sailor.

MAUDE.

NELSON.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 16.

A very enjoyable evening was spent at

MRS PRESHAW'S

last Thursday, when 'Progressive Euchre' was played until a late hour, those present being Mrs Thornton, looking elegant in bottle green velvet, high collar lined with pink silk; Mrs J. Wood, black silk skirt, cream blouse; Miss Matheson (Invercargill), pale blue veiling, trained, pretty full corsage; Miss R. Atkinson, grey silk gown, huge white chiffon sleeves; Miss Broad, black velvet and jet; Miss Jones, black evening dress; Miss Gribben, black striped silk, large puffed sleeves of green silk, and ruching of the same silk on the low corsage and at the foot of the skirt (an exceedingly pretty gown); Miss A. Bell, cream cashmere relieved with black velvet; Mrs Preshaw herself looked very elegant in rich black silk; Miss May Preshaw, rose pink gown; Miss Marion Preshaw, deep yellow veiling; Miss J. Pitt, white spotted gown; Miss Cuthbertson, pale pink cashmere with sprays of pink roses; Messrs Preshaw (two), Wood, Thornton, Levien (Sydney), Broad, Woodward, Marshall, Moore, Allen, Garrett, and Dr. Cressey.

Miss Greenfield gave a most enjoyable little

AFTERNOON TEA

last Tuesday to a few friends, when all present had a good time. The cakes and tea were delicious, especially the former, of which there were numerous varieties. I noticed present Mrs Thornton, Miss Lightfoot, Miss Bonnington, Miss Robinson, Miss Webb-Bowen, Miss Edwards (three), Miss Hamilton.

At the meeting of the Old College Girls' Club on last Saturday evening there were quite a number assembled at the

GIRLS' COLLEGE.

Among those present were of course Misses Gibson, Tendall, Gribben, Higgens, Morgan, Catley, also Misses Levien, Broad, Richmond (two), Bell (two), Gibbs (two), Webb-Bowen, Holloway, Fell (two), Hursthouse, Boor, Heaps, Cuthbertson, etc.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

Mr and Mrs C. Watts left Nelson last Tuesday, and Mrs G. Watts and Mrs MacIntyre from Blenheim, have taken their place as Mrs Watts' guests at 'Melrose.'

Mrs and Miss Seymour from Picton are at present the guests o Mrs Richmond at the 'Cliffs.'

Judge and Mrs Eyre-Kenny left Nelson for Palmerston North last Thursday.

Mrs Luxmore from Timaru is staying in Nelson for some weeks.

Mr F. Huddlestone, from Mount Cook is also here on a long visit to his sister, Miss Huddlestone.

PHYLIS.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 17

Last week Mr and Mrs Witchell gave a

VERY ENJOYABLE EUCHRE PARTY,

which was one of the most successful this season. Eight tables were filled, making in all thirty-two players. Play was kept up till 11 o'clock, when Miss Humphreys proved the winner of the first prize. After supper the card tables were removed, and a delightful little dance was indulged in till the early hours of the morning. Some of those present were Dr. and Mrs Leatham, Mr and Mrs Morton, Mr and Mrs Rorp, Mr and Mrs Nixon, Mr and Mrs S. Shaw, Mr and Mrs Clement Govett, Mr and Mrs Haworth, Miss Skett, Miss Dalziel, Miss Wood, Miss Standish, Miss N. Webster, Miss Govett, Misses Stuart (two), Messrs D'Avignon, Clarke, Penny, Cornwall, Weston, etc.

ANOTHER EUCHRE PARTY

was given by Mr and Mrs Standish last evening, when Miss Annie Rennell won the first prize after a hard struggle. Miss Carrie Bayly having tied with her for first place, these two young ladies played off, when Miss Rennell came out victorious. The booby prize was allotted to Mr Lightfoot, whose usual good luck had quite deserted him. Some of the players were Miss Skeet, Miss Dalziel, Miss McKellar, Miss Constance Bayly, Miss Webster, Miss N. Webster, Miss M. Hursthouse, Miss N. Hursthouse, Miss Sadlier, and Messrs Rolleston, Penny, Broad, Standish, Dalziel, Webb-Bowen, Weston, Rennell, P. Webster, etc.

IOLANTHE.

HASTINGS.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 14.

The Rev. Mr Welchman delivered a

LECTURE IN ST. MATTHEW'S SCHOOLROOM

on the Melanesian Mission. I was sorry more people did not attend, but put it down to the unsettled state of the weather. I noticed Mesdames Howard, Tyreman and Galwey amongst the audience, and feel sure they were repaid for their energy in venturing out. I am glad to say that Mr Welchman intends paying us shortly another visit, when I hope he will be rewarded with a crowded room. It is disheartening when the room is half empty.

NEW ORGAN.

The new organ at St. Matthew's Church is a very great improvement on the old one, and the singing at present is remarkably good, there being over twenty members now in the choir. The new raised seats are a great improvement on the old ones and look most imposing.

OUR FOLK.

Mrs E. D. Tanner has returned from Sydney, and looks all the better for the change.

Miss Lucy Williams (Te Aute) has arrived from Wellington, and is staying for a short time at Waikoko. She looks very nice in a brown gown with a red waistcoat, small black hat.

Mrs Edmonds (Dunedin) is on a short visit to Mrs J. H. Williams. She looks well in dark gown, grey cloak, black bonnet with small heliotrope flowers.

Mrs Potts has been very seriously ill with the measles, but is now much better. Miss Mary St. Hill, too, has been laid up with the same complaint, but is now on the high road to recovery. Miss Amy Seale is laid up also, but is not very ill. Young people seem to throw off the disease so much more readily than older persons.

Miss Annie Percy, who I think I told you, recently left here for Australia, was on board the Aramac when the explosion took place, fortunately she was not hurt at all but was rather frightened, as was most natural.

Our spring races and the show are already being talked of, Bee, which looks as if winter were over. There are sales everywhere to get rid of winter goods before opening up fresh summer ones. I hope soon to have lots of news for you.

STREET GOWNS.

Miss Mary Lowry is looking remarkably well in a stylish green English gown, the three quarter jacket being lined with pink, stylish flat black bonnet with out-spread pink wings; Mrs Hunt wears a stylish navy blue gown, small bonnet with red flowers; Mrs Fred Nelson looks well in a grey gown, black jacket, black bonnet with pink roses.

MEMORIAL.

A movement is on foot amongst the ladies here to raise a memorial of some kind to the late Mrs Hobbs. I believe the ladies are subscribing liberally, and hope that a substantial sum will be realised for the purpose.

DOLLY.

ENGAGEMENTS.

THE engagement is announced of the Rev. J. Hobbs, of Hastings, to Miss Edwards, also of Hastings.

NELSON.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 9.

The young folk had another merry evening at

MRS BOOTH'S

on Friday, when dancing was kept up with spirit until a late hour. Mrs Booth received her guests in the drawing-room gowned in cream broché, her niece, Miss Kate Hubbard, wearing a pretty cream corduroy with spray of red poppies. Among the guests were Miss K. Fell, who, a little bird whispers, was to be belled, gowned in eau-de-Nil veiling with pretty embroidered corsage and accordion sleeves; Miss M. Blackett, pretty gown of pale pink crepon; Miss Lily Humphreys, sea green veiling; Miss Vita Broad, soft white silk, prettily smocked; Miss Amy Edwards, cream veiling; her sister a similar gown; Miss Amy Kennedy, pale pink veiling; Miss Effie Perrin, white muslin, buttercup silk belt; Miss Eugenie Bunny, Empire gown of cream veiling with green ribbons; Miss Julia Tomlinson, white, pink sash and ruching; Miss May Preshaw, rose pink cashmere; Miss Marion Preslaw, buttercup frock; Miss Mabel Glasgow, cream and yellow gown; Miss Dolly Catley, rose pink; Masters Baillie, Moeller, Buckridge, Purkiss, Broad (two), Blackett, Fell, Collins, Hamilton, Tomlinson (two), Levien (two), Edwards, Corrigan, etc.

The same kind hostess had

A DANCE FOR THE GROWN-UP PEOPLE

on Saturday evening, when the verdict was that the dance at Mrs Booth's was most enjoyable. The hostess wore a similar gown to the previous evening. Among the black were Miss Hildestone, in a stylish Empire gown of green veiled with white lace; Miss E. Sealy, pale pink; her sister, Miss F. Sealy, bright red; Miss Jones, black lace, long cream cloak edged with cream feather trimming; her sister, Miss G. Jones, green frock; Miss Curtis, heliotrope; Miss Macdonald, pale pink; her sister, pale green; Mrs R. Kingdon, elegant gown of rich chocolate velvet with lovely lace on the skirt; Mrs L. Adams, black mervelleux; Miss Greenfield, pink, black velvet bands; Miss Mackay, sea green broché; Messrs Devenish, Macquarie, Marshall, Catley, Broad, Jones, Hamilton, Tomlinson, Johnson, Kingdon, L. Adams, and Dr. Roberts.

We have been having such a dose of wet weather lately. For a whole week we hardly saw the sun. However, at last it is fine, and we are having lovely warm days; in fact, it is really beginning to feel like spring.

THE STORM IN THE TEAPOT

re the School Committee and the Education Board is still brewing, or perhaps one might really say it has burst with all its fury over our quiet and orderly little town. The latest is the Committee have put temporary teachers in charge of the school, and when the master appointed by the Board put in an appearance, he was politely shown the door. The Education Board are taking a lawyer's advice about the matter, so that in one way the storm is still simmering, and possibly we shall soon have lively proceedings in the local Court.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

Mr and Mrs Percy Adams and Miss Noel sailed by the Penguin from Nelson last Thursday en route for India and England, where they are going for a prolonged visit. Quite a number of friends assembled at the wharf to witness their departure.—Mrs Watts, Mrs C. Watts (Blenheim), Mrs A. Glasgow, Mrs Jack Sharp, Mrs Pitt, Mrs Binney, Mrs Mackay, Mrs Harris, Messrs A. Glasgow, Hamilton, Winton, C. Watts (Blenheim), and McLean. Mrs Adams was looking extremely well in a perfectly-fitting fleck tweed gown with long jacket, small hat to match.

Judge and Mrs Robinson arrived from Wellington last week with their family, and remain in Nelson now.

Judge and Mrs Kenny leave Nelson for Palmerston North tomorrow. During their stay in Nelson they have made many friends, who will miss them exceedingly.

Miss Johnson is at present in Nelson passing through from Greymouth. She is wearing an extremely pretty walking gown of pale grey tweed, with long jacket edged with fur, small black velvet toque.

The local footballers welcomed back their able representative in the late New Zealand team, Mr G. Harper, last Monday. A presentation is to be made to him at the end of the present week by members of the local union.

Two old Nelsonians have come to Nelson for a short holiday from Sydney, where they now reside. Messrs Nelson and Norman Levien—and right gladly their numerous old friends welcome them in their midst once more.

PHYLLIS.

NAPIER.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 11.

I am hurrying at the rate of knots to send along an account of the

CINDERELLA DANCE

before it gets too late. I never enjoyed myself so much. Mrs and Miss Hamlin were glad to see among others. This is their first appearance since their return from Auckland. They are both looking remarkably well. Miss Hamlin looked one of the best in the room; she wore a lovely gown, which I will tell you about directly. Mrs Logan was at the dance, and Mesdames Bowen, Hamlin, Kettle, Sheath, Glendinning, Burns, and numbers of other married ladies, and the Misses Hitchings, Farquhar, Donnelly, Lascelles, Pencock, Rhodes, Baker, Scuttaburn, Mike, Hamlin, Taylor, Cotterill, and many more. Miss Logan was not present, she being still in Christchurch, where I believe she is putting in a very good time. The Misses Lascelles Hamlin, and Baker looked the best of the girls. Miss Lascelles wore a very lovely yellow surah gown, sleeves of sage green plush. There was also a little plush on the bodice, and exquisite lace. Miss Hamlin's gown was a dream. It was composed of pale sea green silk, gigot sleeves of pale pink, pale pink sash, an exquisite pale pink silk chiffon deep frill on berthe, which fluffed about as the wearer danced, and looked very soft and pretty. Miss Baker looked so nice in black, with bright pink sleeves; Miss Taylor wore white, very simply made; Miss Rhodes, a pretty yellow gown, toned up with white; Miss Florence Sutton, heliotrope Liberty silk; Misses Duke, terra-cotta gown; Miss Hitchings, very becoming cream and brown gown; Miss Hilda looked well in pink; Mrs Kettle, black gown with beautiful lace wings and berthe; Mrs Logan, a simple white gown; Mrs Hamlin, black; Mrs Sheath, yellow satin with red silk sleeves; Mrs Bowen looked very nice in a brown gown with blue trimmings; the Misses Farquhar, (from Dunedin) looked very stylish; Miss Pencock looked very well. I haven't time to more gowns, but have picked out those I remember best. Our next dance will be the Football Ball, fancy dress. We are all looking forward to it.

EUCHRE.

Mrs Balfour, Bank of New Zealand, gave a delightful euchre party, about thirty guests being present, who all enjoyed the evening immensely. Mrs Carlile was there, also Mesdames Hamlin, Fraser, James McLean, Thompson, Sainsbury, Headley, Burns, Cornford, and the Misses Hitchings, Lascelles, Hamlin, Rhodes, Hawke, and numbers more. Mrs Balfour looked very nice in a black gown; Mrs Hamlin wore black; Mrs Fraser, black and yellow; Mrs Sainsbury, exquisite dark heliotrope brocaded silk gown; Mrs Thompson, a lovely gown. These euchre parties are the life and soul of Napier. I don't know what we should do without them. Next week Mrs Cornford is giving one, and Mrs Fraser, Bank of New South Wales, gives one on the same evening, which is rather a pity, as I fear they will clash.

OUR PEOPLE.

Dr. and Mrs Thompson, who have recently arrived in Napier and intend to settle here, are relatives of Mr Headley. Mrs Thompson looks very stylish in town in a pretty tailor-made English gown, hat en suite.

Miss Hayward has returned to Wellington. Miss U. and Miss K. Hitchings are also in the Empire City, but I don't fancy there is much going on there as everyone is down with measles.

The Misses Farquhar (Dunedin) are at present in Napier, and have put up at the Masonic Hotel.

Mr and Mrs Burns, and Dr. and Mrs Thompson are unable to obtain houses, so have to put up at a hotel. This looks as if our pretty town were putting on a spurt.

Mrs Von Dadelzen has gone to Hastings for a time to stay with Mrs Beamish. From latest accounts I hear she is much better but very weak.

Mr and Mrs William Nelson, of Tomoana, are said to be on their way out to New Zealand again. It seems no time since they left here. Miss Nelson and Miss Eva remain at Home.

DEATH.

I am very sorry to have to tell you of the death of Mrs Lyndon, who has been a sufferer for some considerable time, and has had a long and painful illness. Very great sympathy is felt for Mr Lyndon and his family, some of whom are quite young. Mrs Lyndon was buried yesterday, a great number of friends following the remains of the deceased lady to the grave. Dean Hovell read the service in a most impressive manner.

STREET GOWNS.

Miss de Pelichet wears a white muslin skirt, grey blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Horace Baker is wearing a very smart English gown, grey tweed, very wide skirt, wings of black and white check, bonnet to match.

GLADYS.

[I am sorry that despite your care your letter arrived a couple of hours after we had gone to press.—LADY EDITOR.]

BLENHEIM.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 8.

The third of Miss Seymour's Assembly dances came off last Friday evening (Arbour Day), and you may judge

HOW POPULAR THESE DANCES ARE

when I tell you that more than forty were present, in spite of the pouring rain, which kept many intending guests at home. A very pleasant evening was spent. The music and floor were all that could be wished, and the supper, as usual, was excellent, the table being most tastefully arranged with pink Liberty silk and yellow and white jonquils. Miss Seymour looked well in black with white lace upstanding frills; Mrs Richardson was charming in black silk and lace, with wreaths of pink roses prettily arranged round the corsage, sleeves, and skirt; Mrs Gleghorn was much admired in terra-cotta striped velvet and silk; Miss Waddy (Picton) looked very pretty in heliotrope silk, and so did Miss Worthington, in old rose and olive plush sleeves and frills; Mrs Ferguson wore very handsome and well-made prune velvet; Miss Ferguson was handsome in a becoming gown of pink satin covered with a new kind of net; Miss B. Horton looked particularly well in black with canary velvet sleeves and frill; Miss Weber was pretty in pink with dark red velvet sleeves; the Misses Philpotts (Picton) were greatly admired in pretty white gowns; Miss K. Seymour, and Miss I Seymour (Picton) wore cream and white, and looked very nice; Miss F. Smith was pretty in pink with lovely natural flowers and a wreath of violets becomingly arranged round her coiled hair; Miss B. Smith looked well in white and pink sash; Miss James (Auckland) in pale blue with lace; Miss M. Maxwell-Brown wore black silk and lace, with becoming yellow velvet sleeves and frill and yellow roses; Miss Pitt (Nelson), well cut white bengaline; Miss A. Pasley, pale yellow silk, with deeper yellow puffed sleeves, Empire belt and frills; Mrs Greenfield, red and black; Mrs McIntosh, white satin and yellow velvet; Mrs Powell, grey silk; Miss Carey, apricot. Messrs Young, McNaughton, Powell, Seymour (three), Dunn (two), Hodson (two), Wynn-Williams (Manaroa), White, Smith, McLean, E. Conolly, E. Pasley, Wichell Dixon, W. Carey, etc., were present.

Last Wednesday a

VERY SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINMENT

was given in the Marlborough Town Hall in aid of the St. Luke's Church organ fund. The hall was crowded, and the entertainment was repeated the following night, when in spite of the bad weather there was a good attendance, the fund benefiting to the extent of over £10, which, considering that the admission was only 1s. children 6d, was very satisfactory to the promoters. Mr and Mrs Reynolds, Mrs Hiley and Miss E. Chaytor, who were ably assisted by Mesdames Thompson, Earp, Misses Matthews (two), March (three), Chaytor (two), Morrin (two), Gaire, Hall, Martyn, Curtis, and Messrs Matthews (two), Turner, Chaytor, Curtis, Carter, Jones, etc., etc. The musical tableau, 'The Three Old Maids of Lee,' was perhaps the gem of the programme, and when the three young and fair maids at the verse, "There Were Three Old Maids of Lee," suddenly turned round and displayed three ancient hags with hideous masks, cap frills, and all, they fairly brought down the house. 'Where are You Going to, My Pretty Maid?' and 'Little Miss Muffet' (tiny Miss Frances Chaytor) were much appreciated, and Mrs Jarley's Waxworks, with Mrs C. Earp as 'Mrs Jarley' and Mr Reynolds as 'Peter,' were very amusing.

SINCERITY.

HASTINGS.

DEAR BEE, AUGUST 11.

Mr A. Deans has just arrived from England. He was not in time to attend the last hunt. His friends are all glad to see him out again. He and Mr Stewart Bridge are going to live together at Ashcott. I believe Mr Henry Bridge will live in his own house a little distance away.

GENTLEMEN'S STREET SUITS.

Do you know, Bee, I think it is hardly fair that we women should always have our gowns singled out and praised, and that the men, who really take pains to look very nice as a rule, never have a word of praise. Now I am going to put in a word for them, and tell you how they look just to encourage them a little. Mr Muir, the manager of the Bank of New Zealand, looks very nice in a light grey suit, small grey cap, and sometimes he wears a wide-a-wake (grey felt); Mr A. C. Lewis is much admired in a dark grey suit, small hard bitter hat; Mr C. A. Loughnan wears a brown checked tweed suit, brown hard bitter hat; Mr Alex. Allan, grey trousers, black coat, hard bitter hat, blue tie; Mr C. Howard, grey suit, hard bitter hat; Judge Butler, grey trousers, black coat, black hat; Mr A. L. D. Fraser always looks very spick and span; he generally wears a dark suit, dark hat; Mr J. A. Fraser looks very neat in a dark suit, light covert coat, black hard bitter hat; Mr H. Williams, brown knicker-bockers, light coat, small grey hat (very becoming); Mr Fitzroy, light grey suit, brown hat; Mr H. Braithwaite is always most exceedingly neat; he generally wears a grey suit, sometimes black coat, and grey wide-a-wake hat.

DOLLY.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

SOME STYLISH IDEAS.

TOQUES are fashionable again, so in fact are all shapes and sorts of hats and bonnets. A very pretty new hat was em-

broidered and transparent, formed partly of guipure net and partly of straw, with upstanding bows of the most charming light green velvet, and ostrich feathers.

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The first of the illustrations this week is a delightfully becoming spring bonnet. It is made in the 1830 style, but is so modified as to be extremely pretty. This chapeau has a Tuscan brim edged with jet, and black crown with band and bows of cerise velvet, and bouquet of polyanthus in the new waxed silk.

The second shows the very fashionable black satin which is, just now, quite the most *chic* material. The jacket is made with velvet sleeves. Double cape and revers, edged with velvet. Bonnet covered with black silk; brim lined with drawn ivory silk; trimming of tall bows and black ostrich tips; a paste buckle at one side, and rosettes above the strings.

Always velvet! It seems a necessity with the present style of dress. Whether anything will replace it in hot weather it is too early yet to say. It is used in the third sketch, which is a harmony in black and pink. It is black satin broché with small knots of flowers. The wide sleeves terminate with a deep frill of black lace, and the neck with wide full revers of black velvet, lined with pink. The upper half of the bodice is pink satin, richly ornamented with pearl and gold embroidery. Two velvet ends on front.

*** *** ***

Here is a poem of a gown without velvet, though. It is of silk, cool, greenish grey in the lights and mauve in the shadows, like the sea in a mist, and flecked with white and covered with broché discs, beautiful enough to inspire a sonnet. It is trimmed with ruffles of greenish grey chiffon. Several overlapping ruffles are on the skirt, and a ruffle round the waist at the height of the bust. There is also a ruffle sewed on the sleeve several inches down from the armhole, so that it falls in a line with that round the bodice, giving somewhat the effect of a cape.

SHIRT WAISTS.

The percale and linen blouses of last season are seen again, and it is certain that the fashion of jacket and blouse will survive through the coming summer. It is too pretty, too convenient, and too *chic* to be dropped. Scarlet and pink are favourite colours, and wash well. There are also lovely white lawns with hair lines of colour, and sometimes of tiny dots. These shirt waists are made in side pleats, often with wide double ruffles down the front.

Bodices are, however, very different in styles. For spring wear some made in red and white serge with pretty shoulder trimmings of white worked in red, and cross-way bands at the waist; in others the entire yoke is formed of glittering passementerie.

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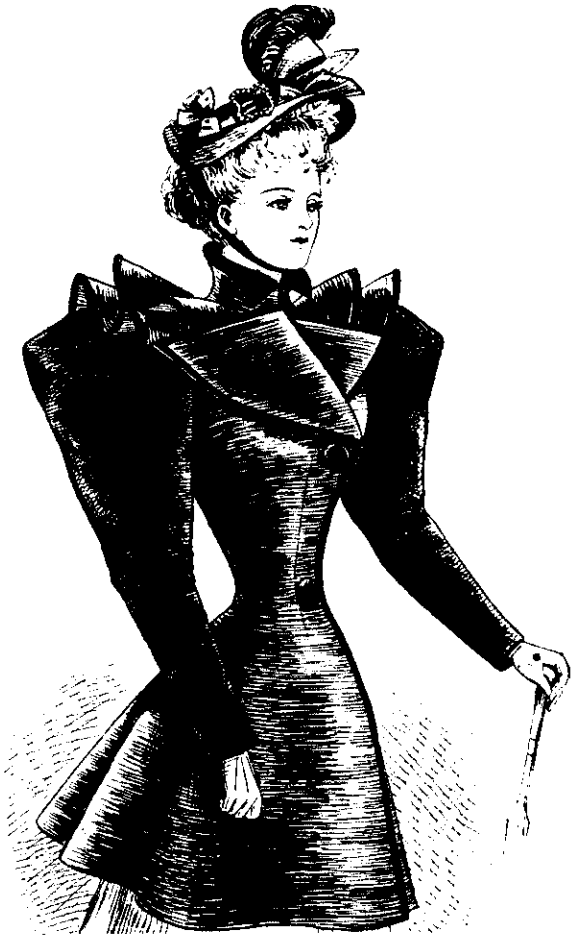
Of the novel wide skirts some reach 5½ yards. A sort of crêpon trimmed with three rows of jet reaching to the knee was made this width. In the centre of the front of this skirt there was a pleat from the hem to the waist. Seven yards round is not too much now for a dinner gown. I was much attracted by a beautiful dress of this width, made in black with red flowers. It was lined up to the knees with horsehair, standing out in the most graceful rounded folds at the back, an effect, by the bye, which cannot be obtained except by this lining of horsehair. The front was a mass of the most exquisite embroidery, all hand worked, with thread, beads, and paillettes.



We are going to wear velvet bodices of distinct colours with light skirts—Eminence velvet, for example, with a white gown. The wider we make our shoulders, the smaller seems the waist, and this we rarely forget in modern dressmaking. A favourite trimming for the front of a skirt is the introduction of large velvet bows at the hem. Velvet will be much worn alone and as a trimming, and so will silk. Full bodices and full sleeves, with large revers of velvet are decidedly the dominant idea. One of the favourite colours remains—beige. A beige cloth was made with a light blue rounded yoke, edged with narrow white trimming, a full frill going all round. This frill can hardly be too full about the shoulders, and is employed on all kinds of dresses. Feather stitching is to be seen on many of the bodices where pleats have to be kept in place, and it is effective on red gowns which are likely to be much worn as the season advances, especially trimmed with black velvet. A good ladies' tailor is making most of his dresses with the belts on the top of the skirt to be worn outside the bodices. This saves a great deal of trouble to the wearer, and any fear of their separating. He is cutting skirts in various ways; some of the styles are only suited to wide materials, the front being plain, the back quite on the cross, so that the skirt stands out full at the back. Others, again, are a succession of gores. Paper patterns are valuable, but they need much knowledge and explanation, and skirt making is becoming more of a study even than the bodices.

HELOISE.

A NEW SCHEME FOR FAIRS.

AMONG the new devices for making money at church fairs and other charitable entertainments is one which its originators term 'The Living Library.' A certain number of books are chosen beforehand, and each one is represented by some young woman who is dressed appropriately to indicate either the title of the book or some leading character therein. Each impersonator must also be thoroughly acquainted with the volume she represents, and her actions and behaviour must be in accord with the character chosen.

A catalogue is prepared, and furnished on application, and whenever a book is called for, a curtain is drawn aside, and the living copy stands revealed. The regulations usually governing 'The Living Library' are that:—First, all books must be secured from the librarian; second, the fee for each book shall be sixpence for ten minutes' use, payable in advance; third, books cannot be called for twice in succession; fourth, persons having called for and obtained the books must relinquish them upon notice from the librarian that the time paid for has reached its limit, or, failing to do so, shall pay at the rate of twopence a minute for overtime; and finally, that no book can be retained for a longer period than twenty minutes.

The rules do not provide for it, but it is understood, of course, that during the busy hours of the fair no book shall be taken on a promenade through the entertainment-room, and the books themselves are forbidden by the unwritten laws to drink lemonade and eat ice-cream between the hours of eight and ten at night.

Altogether this living library seems destined to prove a great success.

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 on 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.

COLD RABBIT.—Can you, please, give me full directions for preparing a dish of cold roast rabbit?—PUSSIE.

RAILWAY PUDDING.—A recipe would oblige—A. GUARD.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

DUMPLINGS.—Your *nom de-plume*, 'Old Housekeeper,' makes me a little afraid that I shall not be able to help you much. However, I shall be very pleased to try. Do you know the following recipe? Make a rich biscuit dough, roll out pieces as large as a tea-plate, and in the centre of each put canned or stewed fruit of any kind, putting in very little of the juice. Draw the edges up and pinch them together, then place the dumplings in a buttered tin pan, put bits of butter and plenty of sugar on each, grate over a little nutmeg, then pour on the juice of the fruit and enough hot water to cover. Bake for an hour or an hour and a half according to the size of the dumplings, and serve in saucers. They make a nice change this time of the year when it is hard for the housewife to think of something to tempt the appetite.

RECIPES.

VERY GOOD CLARET CUP.—Mix together one wine-glass of curacoa, the same quantity of sherry, a small wine-glass of brandy, one and a-half bottles of good sound claret, a bottle of soda water, also one of ginger beer, and one and a-half tablespoonful of castor sugar, then add part of the rind of a lemon which has been very thinly peeled, and a sprig of burrage and ice Claret cup can hardly be made by any hard and fast measurements, for what some persons think nice others would grumble at. Forgive me if I add use really good sound wine for your concoction; many persons have a mistaken idea that any kind of wine does for 'cups,' but I am pleased to differ from them.

SPLENDID APPLE CUSTARD PIE.—Take four tablespoonfuls of fine mashed dried apple sauce, three eggs, one half-cupful of brown sugar, one and a-half pints of milk. Season with nutmeg and bake with one crust.

HOT RUSSIAN TOAST.—Cut some stale rye bread rather thick, cut off the crust, cut into small rounds, then fry a light brown in butter. Dig a small hollow in the middle of each round, and put into the hollow any hot sauce you choose. Place on the toast a thin slice of smoked goose, salt duck or ham, pour over it a tablespoonful of Spanish sauce and serve hot.

STUFFED DATES.—Remove the stones from one pound of fine dates, by cutting them open at one side. Remove the shells and skins from half a pound of almonds; the skins can easily be rubbed off by first pouring boiling water upon the almond kernels; replace the date stones with the almonds, and arrange the dates neatly upon a shallow dish; dust a little powdered sugar over them and keep them in a cool, dry place until ready for use.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

TO make rough and dirty hands soft and white, wash the hands in warm soap suds, then rub them with the smooth side of a piece of pumice stone. Keep the stone wet when using it, for it is more effective when wet than when dry. Another good plan, after hard or dirty work, is to cleanse the hands very carefully by washing them in warm water and rubbing into all the creases and folds of the knuckles with a well-soaped flannel pad, which is much better than a brush for this purpose. A few drops of liquid ammonia, either in the water or on the washing pad, greatly facilitate this cleansing operation, which is most important in preventing chaps. To whiten the hands, melt half an ounce of camphor gum, half an ounce of glycerine, and one pound of mutton tallow, and apply this mixture every night.

To clean Suede gloves, make a lather of curd soap, put the gloves on the hands, wash, and allow to dry before removing from the hand. A much better way is to take the gloves to a cleaner, who will clean them for a few pence.

NATURAL INFERENCE.

BEWARE of trying to deceive children. How often must parents be taught this lesson?

'Why, mamma, you've got a grey hair in your bang!'

'Yes, dear. That came because you were so naughty to mamma yesterday.'

'O mamma, what a naughty little girl you must have been to grandma! All her hairs are gray.'

ALL ABOUT THE HOUSE.

WHAT CAUSES SPOTS ON A MIRROR.

SPOTS have appeared on a correspondent's new mirror, and she wants to know how to remove them. If a mirror be placed where sunlight or a very strong light falls directly upon it the quicksilver will be liable to dissolve, leaving dark spots on the glass. I have failed to learn of any way to repair this defect except by having the glass resilvered.

HOW TO TEST FLOUR.

Although flour is in daily use in nearly every family, comparatively few cooks or housekeepers know anything about the quality of the different brands of flour, or can tell whether they are using flour of a choice or of an inferior grade. There are various methods of testing flour, but this is one of the simplest.—Take some flour in the left hand, add a little water, and with the right forefinger mix a rather stiff dough in the hand. Let it stand a few minutes, then knead and work in the hand. If the flour is good the dough will become stiffer and dryer with working, and have an elastic, rubbery feeling. If it is of inferior quality the dough will become soft and sticky under protracted working. Flour that is of a chalky or bluish white shade, or that feels soft and salvy, and when balled together in the hand remains in a lump, should be avoided,

TO REMOVE BLACK INK STAINS.

Several subscribers ask how ink stains can be removed. If the stained article be washed immediately in several waters and then in milk, letting it soak in the milk for several hours, the stain will disappear.

Washing the article immediately in vinegar and water and then in soap and water will remove all ordinary ink-stains.

Washing at once in water and then in liquid citric acid or oxalic acid is another mode. Oxalic acid is very corrosive, and should be removed from the article by a thorough washing in water. If, after the washing, the article be wet with household ammonia, any acid remaining will be neutralized.

No matter what substance be used to remove ink, the stain must be rubbed well. If the article stained be a carpet on the floor, use a brush. As the acids often affect the colours in a fabric, it is wise to try the water and milk, or the water and vinegar methods before resorting to the acids. Chemicals should always be the last resort, unless one be rather familiar with their action.

My own experience is that it is a most difficult matter to remove the stains of some kinds of black ink if they have stood for a few hours; whereas other kinds, notably stylographic ink spots, can be removed easily with soap and water.

HEALTH HINTS.

Salt will relieve slight nausea.

A remedy for soft corns: Bind on a piece of cotton wool soaked in castor oil.

Hands can be softened fit for society with equal parts of rose water and glycerine.

Horseradish applied to the temples is said to be an excellent neuralgia remedy.

Yellow and 'mastic' (whitey-brown) are recommended as the best colours to use to favour the eyes.

Dr. Norstrom's treatment of headache by massage is regarded as meriting a description in the London *Lancet*.

THE FEET.

THE feet are the support of the whole body, and are admirably adapted to this function by their strong ligaments, their many small bones and joints, their central arch, and their variously formed toes. How skilfully they are made will be evident if we contrast any possible movement on two stumps with the easy, springing, graceful walk of a woman with normal, well-cared-for feet.

Unhappily, the proportion of feet that are well cared for, in a physiological sense, is much smaller than it ought to be. Here, as in so many other places, the tyranny of fashion plays havoc with reason and common sense. A small foot is held to be a mark of beauty, and therefore nature must be improved upon, no matter at what expense of comfort and health.

Meantime sensible people, and especially sensible parents, will do well to remember that no corn or bunion is likely to appear upon any foot that is properly shod. A narrow-toed shoe presses all the toes against and over each other, more or less distorting them; but its most serious effects are commonly seen in the enlargement of the big-toe joint.

This enlargement and the consequent suffering are sometimes so great as to make it expedient to lay bare the bone, and saw off a large portion of it.

Tight shoes not only produce deformity and suffering, but by impeding the circulation they induce cold feet, and may lead to grave general disorders. It should be remembered, also, that a diminished flow of blood affects the nerves, lessening their sensibility, so that a woman may be finally quite unaware that her feet are cold, and so utterly neglect them.

Another common source of trouble is found in the ridiculous but fashionable high heel, carried forward into the arch of the foot. This is nothing less than a physiological outrage, and has properly been denounced in the strongest terms by the entire medical press.

The weight of the body is removed from its natural point of support, and much of it is thrown upon the pinched, distorted toes, while the muscles of the lower limbs are at the same time wrenched, with no small risk of serious consequences.

Mothers should do their best to give their daughters reasonable ideas upon a subject so important, and at the same time so little understood.

SOME OF PAPA'S WAS MISSING.

'WHY, the baby is getting his father's hair,' exclaimed Aunt Sue, enthusiastically.

'Yes,' replied Uncle George, 'I notice that its papa's bald spot is getting bigger.'

DYSPEPSIA.

HOW TO CURE IT WITHOUT MEDICINE.

A PHYSICIAN PRESCRIBES TREATMENT TO BE TAKEN IN YOUR OWN ROOM.

IN my hospital and dispensary practice I have found that nine patients out of every ten have as the cause of their poor health some form of stomach trouble.

Also in examining apparently healthy people for gymnastic work, I find very few who are totally unconscious of their digestive apparatus.

Even children have tales of woe to tell. One or another has had gastric fever, back and shoulder ache, rough and pimply skin, or show some other evidence of failure on the part of the stomach to do its duty.

There are cases of 'nervous stomach.' Anæmia may cause it or hysteria or over stimulation, when the resulting hyperacidity is so great as to attack the stomach walls for want of anything else to act upon. Fright or any sudden emotion will stop digestion as effectually as overwork. The mind is the controlling agent of every movement, and as it grows weary or excited it registers its condition upon whatever organ or tissue is most susceptible. A tired stomach may receive from an overwrought mind incalculable harm.

But whatever the cause, or whatever the form, no dyspeptic is fitted for good work of any kind. And if the patient be a tired woman, overburdened with steady tasks, she worries in addition and draws often and heavily on her reserve energy.

In dyspepsia drugs are a makeshift, untrustworthy, by no means specifics. They are helpful at times to supplement nature.

Nature, assisted by exercise and self-denial, makes surer cures; she does not work by accident, nor is there anything accidental about indigestion. Any dyspeptic not in the last stage of real starvation can be benefited by active exercise. Remember that the natural instincts of every well man, woman and child are for free movement. Why check these impulses and rely upon doctors and druggists to keep you alive for three-score years?

ROUSING LIFELESS MUSCLE.

What movements shall you take if those natural instincts have become lifeless?

The activity of the abdominal muscles must be increased.

This can be brought about by active bendings of the body, rotation of the trunk on the hips, leg movements both sitting and standing, and passive kneadings of the muscles of the abdomen. Long carriage drives over rough roads, horseback riding or bicycling for those who have money and time will work wonders for a sour dyspeptic.

For those who must think of self last, who 'slave for the family, for the church or for society,' and who feel able to give themselves only the time which no one else wants, there can be arranged a set of exercises to be taken at home.

HOME MASSAGE.

If you cannot get a masseuse to knead your stomach for you, you must knead it yourself, and very much as you would knead bread. You must work your stomach deeply with your fist, from left toward right, slowly and firmly. Give it vibrations, that is, hold your stomach between both hands and make it tremble rapidly.

Take these exercises nightly, after resting a little while from the day's work.

1. Stand in walking position, one foot in advance of the other, your hands on your hips, and twist the trunk to the side of the rear foot as far as possible; then change feet and twist to the opposite side. Repeat fifteen times to each side. Do the same twisting with your hands clasped behind your neck, your shoulders well held back.

2. Stride standing. Rise on your toes and bend your knees outward and downward. Repeat ten times slowly.

3. Stand on one foot, your hips firm, and slowly raise your other leg, extended in front; keep a steady balance. Change feet and repeat.

4. Stand with your heels together, your hands on your hips. Bend your body forward, to the side, backward, and to the opposite side; then forward, to complete the circle. Repeat, and rotate your body in opposite directions.

5. Lie on your face, with your hips firm and your feet held under a bureau, try to raise your head and shoulders as far as possible with deep inspirations. Repeat, turning your body.

6. Bend your body over a bar in the doorway, or your stair-railing, backward, forward, and sideways, with your hands clasped behind your neck.

7. Place your bar low; hang under it with your body extended stiffly and resting on your heels. Slowly draw your chest up to touch the bar by bending your elbows outward. Repeat.

Combine these movements with deep respiration, opening a window for good pure air; make each exercise as useful to the muscles as possible; they are corrective exercises—not merely amusing.

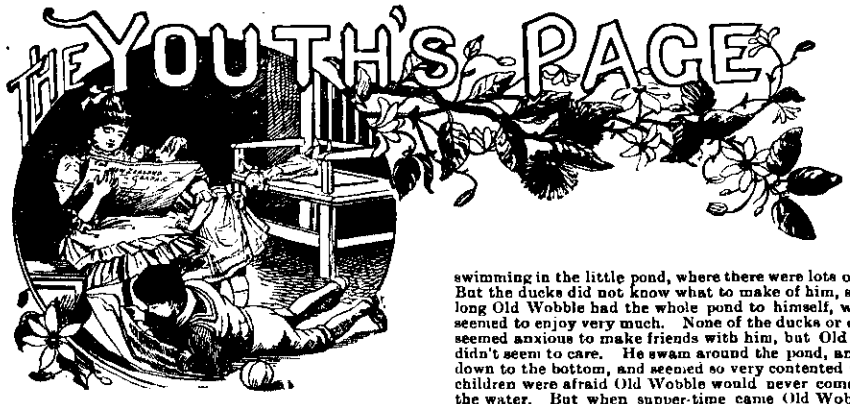
Rub your stomach with cool water after the exercises.

This treatment persevered in, with self-restraint at the table, is the best I have found for dyspepsia.

KATE CAMPBELL HURD, M.D.

A SENSIBLE BABY BASKET.

I BELIEVE a great many mothers will agree with me that the ordinary small flat baby baskets are never half large enough for all that is required to get up our treasures to perfection. Here is a suggestion from a lady friend: 'You never saw a daintier or more perfectly equipped baby basket than that bestowed upon my small scion by his fond auntie. It is a regular round clothes basket, hamper-shaped, but not so large as a common hamper, and with this difference—it has handles. The cover is lined with a thick wadding of heavily-scented cotton, over which is drawn a covering of soft light blue silk, gathered neatly at the centre. Around the edge of the cover is run imitation Valenciennes lace of a very pretty pattern. The lower part of the basket is lined throughout with blue silesia, and near the top is a circular tray which can be lifted out. This tray is made of sections of pasteboard covered neatly with scented wadding and blue silesia, and is filled with all the paraphernalia needed at the modern baby's toilet. Below are the changes of clothing, etc. Azure ribbons adorn the handles, and all is a marvel of beauty and utility.'



'OLD WOBBLE.'

FOR two whole years Uncle Fred, who was a captain in the navy, had been away with his ship, and had sailed hundreds and hundreds of miles. Now he was home once more, and had brought something for his little nephews and nieces, whom he never forgot.

'And what do you suppose I have?' asked Uncle Fred, turning to Hal and Dick and Mary and Kit, who stood around his chair.

'A doll,' cried Mary, clapping her hands. 'A real French doll that says "mamma" and "papa."'

'Pooh!' said Dick. 'Men don't buy dolls, do they, Uncle Fred?'

'Not often,' replied their uncle, laughing; 'and this time it is not a doll. Now everyone may guess once.'

'Is it alive?' asked Hal, very much interested.

'Yes,' answered Uncle Fred; 'that was a good guess; it is something alive.'

The children all clapped their hands and shouted for joy.

'A monkey,' cried Dick.

'Yes, a monkey,' said Hal, who thought that a pet monkey would be the finest thing in the world.

'A parrot,' guessed Mary, but Kit could not think of anything to say.

'Well, what do you think it is?' asked Uncle Fred, turning to Kit.

'I don't know,' answered the little girl, 'unless—unless it is a baby elephant.'

Uncle Fred laughed at this, but shook his head. 'No, no,' he said, 'you are all wrong. Come out in the garden now and I'll show you.'

So Hal and Dick and Mary and Kit followed Uncle Fred into the garden, where he opened a big box, and took out the funniest-looking thing ever seen. You could not tell exactly whether it was meant for a bird or not. Uncle Fred set it on the ground, and it walked around as though it had been used to the place all its life.

'Oh, what is it? what is it?' came the anxious chorus, as the children gathered around to view the new pet.

'It is a fowl,' explained Uncle Fred, 'that is called a penguin.'

'Dear me,' said Mary, watching it from a distance, 'isn't it queer! Hasn't it got funny wings! Won't they grow any more?'

OLD WOBBLE.

'No,' replied Uncle Fred. 'It is a bird that never flies, but lives in the water most of the time. A sailor caught this for me on an island in the Pacific Ocean. We kept it on board the ship, and it is quite tame now.'

'What do you call it?' asked Mary, who was very much interested in the strange creature.

'A penguin,' said Uncle Fred.

'I don't like that for a name,' Kit said, slowly; 'it is too hard. Look at him wobble when he walks. Zackly like a little baby that has just learned.'

'That's a good idea, Kit,' returned Uncle Fred. 'Why don't you call him Old Wobble?'

'Yes,' shouted the children, 'we'll name him that. Hello, Old Wobble!'

But the penguin did not seem to know his new name and walked down the path without paying any attention to his owners.

All that day Old Wobble kept the children amused. He was such a curious and solemn fowl, so different from all other kinds. He walked into the chicken-yard, and scared the hens so that they ran away cackling. Then he went swimming in the little pond, where there were lots of ducks. But the ducks did not know what to make of him, so before long Old Wobble had the whole pond to himself, which he seemed to enjoy very much. None of the ducks or chickens seemed anxious to make friends with him, but Old Wobble didn't seem to care. He swam around the pond, and dived down to the bottom, and seemed so very contented that the children were afraid Old Wobble would never come out of the water. But when supper-time came Old Wobble was glad to come ashore and get into his box again.

It is a long time since I heard of him, but the last news was that Old Wobble was well and happy, and a source of interest to everybody that came from the surrounding neighbourhood to see him. He even became so wise as to know his name, and everybody thought that it suited him exactly, for he did wobble very much when he tried to walk.

WHAT JACK OVERHEARD IN THE CELLAR.

'THIS cellar is awfully damp,' said the Rat-trap. 'I'm afraid I'll catch malaria.'

'If you don't catch malaria any better than you catch rats, you needn't be afraid,' said the Kindling Wood.

'You seem to have a cold,' said the Milk Pail to the Refrigerator.

'Yes; in my chest,' said the Refrigerator with a smile.

'I hate being locked up here in this dull place,' said the Furnace.

'Oh, I don't think it's so bad,' said the Fire.

'Oh, it's easy enough for you to talk,' said the Furnace. 'Fires can go out, but Furnaces can't.'

'How did you happen to see all these things you tell us about?' asked the Coal-bin of the Saw.

'The same way I saw everything else,' said the Saw; 'with my teeth.'

'I hear you called on the Refrigerator yesterday,' said the Wood-box to the Pail. 'Were you received pleasantly?'

'No. The Refrigerator treated me with great coldness,' said the Pail.

'This house is beautiful upstairs,' said the Furnace to the Poker. 'The flues are going up there all the time, and they told me all about it.'

'Oh, please stop poking me, said the Furnace Fire to the Poker. 'You tickle.'

'I hear you are quite a sportsman,' said the Snow Shovel to the Coal.

'Never handled a gun in my life,' said the Coal.

'Why, I'm certain I overheard somebody saying that he'd seen the Coal chute,' said the Snow Shovel.

ESSAY ON DREAMS.

BY A PUBLIC SCHOOL BOY.

DREAMS are imaginative workings of the brain when a person is asleep. There is a writer who says, 'Tell me a man's dreams and I will tell you what he is,' but although this may be true in some instances it is not so in mine. I do not often dream of what I think and feel, but more of what I read. Of course I am only a boy, and things which I read have, probably, a more powerful effect on my mind than upon the mind of a man, and perhaps this is the reason that I dream so seldom of my inmost thoughts and feelings. Dreams seem to the dreamer to occupy a considerable length of time, and even when he wakes he thinks that it took him a considerable time to dream that which he has dreamed. But there is one case which came under my immediate notice, in which the person concerned is certain that he dreamed his dream in the period of time occupied by his opening his eyes when awaking. When he was fully awake he noticed a sunlight shadow upon the wall opposite to him, caused by the sun shining through a space between the window and the blind. The shadow was something in the shape of a man. He immediately seized upon this as the origin of his dream, which was as follows. He dreamt that a ghost of about the substance of tissue paper was following him wherever he went and that it was seeking his life. He was afraid that it would spring upon him from behind and thus secure an advantage, so that he always kept his face towards it as much as possible. He often tried to catch it, but it always eluded him. Day after day for about a week did this continue, but at last he got it in a corner and caught hold of it and after a severe struggle, killed it. Now the dreamer was certain that it was the shadow which had caused his dream, and that he dreamt it while opening his eyes, for he had been reading nothing about ghosts and had not had the slightest thought of them. It shows how rapid thought is, and how quickly a dream passes when we consider that in the 20th part of a second he should dream so much and go through so many adventures; however mixed up and confused.

Master Willie (who has just been described by a visitor as 'Such an intelligent little fellow!'): 'Papa, has the gen'lum brought my new boots?' Papa (who doesn't see what is coming): 'Boots, Willie? Why, what makes you ask?' Master Willie: 'Cause when he came 'fore, you said he was a snob; and I asked Jane what a snob was, and she said a shoemaker.' (Sensation.)

HOW AN APPLE GOT ITS NAME.

MOST folk like Ribston Pippins, but few know the origin of this funny-looking name. Long ago Sir Henry Goodriche, so the story runs, had three apple pips sent to him from Rouen, in France. It may be supposed that they were the seeds of a very fine kind of apple, for Sir Henry took the trouble to plant them in the garden of his house at Ribston, in Yorkshire. Two of the pips died, but from the third were derived all the Ribston apple trees in England. The fruit was called Ribston from its English birthplace, and Pippin from the original pip that was sent over from Normandy.

A PICNIC AMONG THE FLOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE 'GRAPHIC' BY LAURENCE SHEFFIELD.

EARLY Monday morning the rain came pouring down, and our hearts grew dreary at the sight, for it was on that day we were going to view the floods at Mercer. However, at nine a.m. the rain cleared off, showing signs of a fairly fine day, and at eleven our two friends, Mr and Mrs E., who had promised to come with us, arrived, so off we started along the road to the Maungatawhiri Bridge, making in all six persons.

When we had gone about half way, papa, H., and myself hurried on quickly to get the boat ready, leaving the other three to come after. Arriving at the bridge, we soon got the boat ready, and the others coming up we started, and pulling across the railwry line and the Great South Road, which was three or four feet under water, we came into the full force of a strong westerly wind, which made the water dash into the boat. The railway line as well as the road is covered with water, except for a few chains from the Maungatawhiri Bridge to Mercer. The swamps, too, are so over-flooded that gates may be seen floating about all over the place. After passing several deserted houses, most of which were tied with ropes, floating pigsties, upturned wheelbarrows, and other wreckage we arrived at Mercer, where we found everything in a nice state. Canoes were drawn up and moored in front of shop doors. One poor family left their house to the mercy of the water three or four days ago, the youngest child being but a week old. The engine shed floor is covered with water, also the Garrick Hall and the wharf.

After staying at Mercer for some time we started for the mouth of the Whangamerino Creek. We walked along the line, the road being flooded. The line and the road lie side by side between the river and a high cliff. Arriving there, the only wood we could find was wet through, but after some very hard blowing we managed to get it to burn, and then filling the billy at a spring jutting out of a rock close by, we put it on to boil, and, much to our disgust, it took an awfully long time to do so, and by that time I had rolled a big flat stone for us to sit on to a nice place behind a fence, where we proposed to have our dinner. While this was going on Mrs E. and mother were making sandwiches out of sardines and bread and butter, and getting other nice things ready.

Dinner over, we set out to view the floods. We went to the top of a high cliff and saw nothing but water and little islands. We saw a flax-mill half under water, and bundles of flax floating away down the river. The traffic bridge is very nearly under water, though I expect before many days it will be quite covered. After walking about for some time we started for Mercer. On our way it came on to rain, so we went behind some trees. While we were standing there we saw a pheasant start to fly across the river, but when it was about half way over it got blown back by the wind. Soon we came in sight of an island, on which the owner has a large number of fruit trees, which are nearly under that element which I have been mentioning all along. Arriving at Mercer, we got into the boat and pulled about the houses. While doing so we saw some fowls on the top of a shed. They looked as though they would very much like to come down. Passing a house we saw a canoe fastened in the passage, and in a cage, not a bird but a pig. After some time we passed another house which had a lot of piles in the passage.

Coming home we saw another big swamp under water. The railway is in some places being washed away, and will most likely cost the Government a great deal of money to repair. Just before we crossed the road again we saw a house with water up to the window sill, and dog-kennels and other out houses floating about the back-yard. The fences bounding the road are hardly visible. Crossing the road we saw a number of piles which, if not looked after, will soon be carried away. A few minutes after we crossed the line, and pulling through some flax bushes we arrived at the railway bridge, and tying the boat up to some willows, we stepped ashore and watched the train coming through the water, and it looked splendid, the water rushing into the air as from a fountain. We then turned to walk home while my mother rode. Going along the line we saw that the banks on which the line is placed are gradually being washed away. We also noticed several bridges floating about.

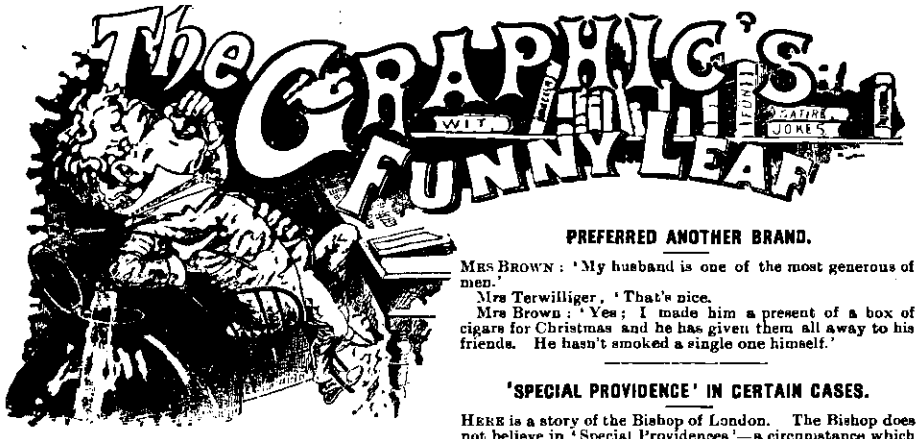
When we reached home we found a nice supper ready for us, of which we were very glad.

SCRAPS.

A LECTURER wished to explain to a little girl how a lobster casts its shell when he has outgrown it, so, by way of illustration, he said, 'What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?' 'Oh, no,' said the little one, 'we let out the tucks.'

A school teacher who had just been telling the story of David winds up with, 'And all this happened over three thousand years ago.' A little cherub, its blue eyes dilated with wonder, after a few moments' thought, exclaims, 'Oh, dear, marm, what a memory you must have.'

'Bobby; 'Mamma, didn't Methuselah have more'n one name?' Mamma (reading): 'Only one, of course. Now don't bother me any more.' Bobby (after a long pause): 'Mamma, can't I ask you one more question?' Mamma: 'Yes, yes.' Bobby: 'Was Methuselah his first or last name?'



HOW TO KISS.

CREAM and peaches once a week
Kiss your girl on the right-hand cheek;
Apples green and apples dried,
Kiss her on the other side.

That evinces wretched taste;
Take your girl about the waist,
Lift her on her pink toe tips,
And print it squarely on her lips.

Seize the maiden in your arms,
Blushing with her tempting charms;
And we think it would be snugger
Oft to kiss and tightly hug her.

Take your girl in warm embrace,
Heart to heart, and face to face,
Eye to eye, and nose to nose,
Flippity-flop, and away it goes!

What's the use of all this rhyme?
Take your girl at any time,
Squeeze her till the blushes come,
Shut your eyes and yum! yum!! yum!!!

I find my way by far the best
To set your senses in a whirl;
Just give your own dear girl a rest,
And kiss some other fellow's girl!

RULES FOR THE GUIDANCE OF THE SIMPLE.

If you have a rich aunt who is fond of tracts and tea, there is no necessity for your talking to her about billiards and brandy and water.

Should you be talking to a thin, elderly, unmarried lady, of another thin, elderly, unmarried lady, you needn't describe the party alluded to as a 'scraggy old maid.'

If you require a person to become security for you, don't ask the man who promised he would 'do anything for you' when he knew that you didn't want anything done.

If you happen to know an author, don't own it; one-half of the world won't believe you; and the other half won't think much of it if they do.

Don't say you never take suppers, excepting where you know they never give any.

If you don't know what everybody else knows, you had better hold your tongue; and if you know something that everybody else knows, you had better hold your tongue too.

If you intend to do a good thing don't change your mind; and if you possess a five pound note, don't change that.

These and a few other golden rules, which we don't exactly remember, should be learned by heart, as they will prevent you appearing green, and other people looking blue.

A TICKET FOR HIS FRIEND.

'MOTHER doesn't think she will go to the theatre with us to-night, Albert.'

'Humph! I've got three tickets. What shall we do with the third one?'

'Give it to the man that you always go out to see between the acts. He can sit with us and you won't have to go out to see him.'

PREFERRED ANOTHER BRAND.

MRS BROWN: 'My husband is one of the most generous of men.'

Mrs Terwilliger, 'That's nice.

Mrs Brown: 'Yes; I made him a present of a box of cigars for Christmas and he has given them all away to his friends. He hasn't smoked a single one himself.'

'SPECIAL PROVIDENCE' IN CERTAIN CASES.

HERE is a story of the Bishop of London. The Bishop does not believe in 'Special Providences'—a circumstance which is tolerably well known to the clergy of his diocese. One of the clergy—a well-known canon—went to him one day with a story which he confidently believed would shake his lordship's scepticism. The canon's aunt, an old lady who always travelled first-class, missed a train for the first time in her life at a little country station. The train consisted of three carriages—a third in front, a first in the middle, and a second at the rear. Just after leaving the station the train was run into by some luggage trucks from a siding, the middle carriage (which was empty) being wrecked. 'Was not that a case of special Providence?' the Bishop was triumphantly asked when these facts were related to him. 'I don't know,' his lordship laconically replied, 'I don't know your aunt.'

TASTES DIFFER.

DEALER: 'Here, madam, is a horse I can recommend, sound, kind——'

Old Lady: 'Oh, I don't want that sort of a horse. He holds his head high.'

Dealer: 'Eh?'

Old Lady: 'I like a horse that holds his nose close to the ground, so he can see where he's going.'

IN LOVE—AND OUT OF IT.

ELDERLY CYNIC: 'Why, Doodles, my boy, what's the matter with you?'

Doodles (despairingly): 'I'm in love with Miss Dollars—isn't she lovely? What eyes and teeth she has! What do *you* admire most about her?'

Elderly Cynic (decisively): 'Her carriage.'

NO RECOMMENDATION.

LADY (interviewing housemaid): 'I'm afraid you're too small.'

Housemaid (humbly): 'Yes, mum, I know I'm very small, but—but I've got a large appetite, an' I'll grow!'

A PROMISE FULFILLED.

HE: 'You weep, have I offended you?'

She: 'Oh, no, my dear; these are tears of joy. But yesterday morning mamma said to me, "You are so silly that not even an imbecile would marry you," and now, behold, you have asked me for my hand!'

CULCHAWED.

ALONZO GUSHINGTON (to Miss Anastasia Prim, his affianced): 'See yon yacht, Anastasia, how it lingers near the shore, as if loth to leave it. I am as the yacht, with you the shore, Anastasia.'

Miss Anastasia (stiffly): 'Alonzo, you are not a nautical man, are you?'

Young Gushington: 'No, Anastasia.'

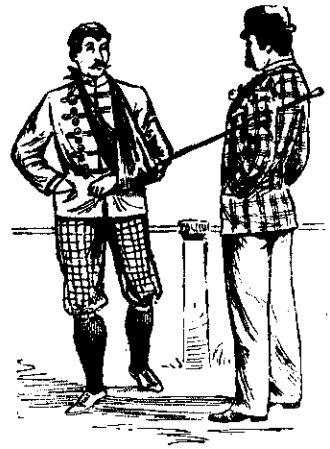
Miss Anastasia: 'Then I pardon you.'

Young Gushington: 'Pardon me, Anastasia! Why pardon?'

Miss Anastasia: 'Because you are not aware that yon yacht is hugging the coast.'

POLITELY PUT.

FOR 'real elegant' English, it would be difficult to surpass the following from the pen of a reporter of an American paper: 'At the close of the speech the company emphasised their appreciation of the sentiments by resort to manual and pedal agitation.'



BEST TO BE EXPLICIT.

TOM: 'Did you hurt yourself riding your bicycle?'

Harry: 'No; I broke my arm when I fell off.'

TRY TO SMILE.

MINGLED FEELINGS.

Spring is coming.
All are glad;
Hoop-skirts with it,
Men are mad.

* * *

'Look here,' he said indignantly to the man with the hungry cow, 'don't you see that "Keep off the grass" sign?' 'Yes.' 'Well, yer cow's on the grass.' 'I know it, mister, was the placid answer. 'I know it just as well as you do. You see, that cow can't read.'

* * *

A wit who was asked what he would rather be during the three stages of life replied: 'Till thirty a pretty woman; till fifty a successful general; the rest of my life a cardinal.'

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Algernon (making a call): 'What are those noises I hear.' Miss Maud (whose mother is vindictively making a wholly unnecessary racket in washing the dishes): 'It's dear mamma. She dearly loves to sort over the bric-a-brac.'

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A LITERARY TASTE.

The merry cockroach swallowed up
The editor's new paste
And murmured, 'It is nice to have
A literary taste.'

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LIFE.—A coloured philosopher 'down South' is reported to have said, 'Life, my breddern, am mos'ly made up of prayin' for rain and then wishin' it would cl'ar off.'

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Clara: 'What an absurd flatterer Mr Softie is!' Dora: 'Did he say you were pretty?' Clara: 'He said you were.'

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Old Lady: 'Just my luck!' Caller: 'What's wrong?' Old Lady: 'I've just heard of six sure cures for rheumatism, and not one of our family has got it.'

NO HARM DONE.

CHAPPIE: 'I'd just like to know what you mean by being engaged to both Cholly and me at once.'

Miss Pinkie: 'Why, bless me, there is no harm done; you can't either of you afford to marry me, you know.'