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And Ladies' Journal.

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THE ESTUDIANTINA BAND, CHRISTCHURCH.

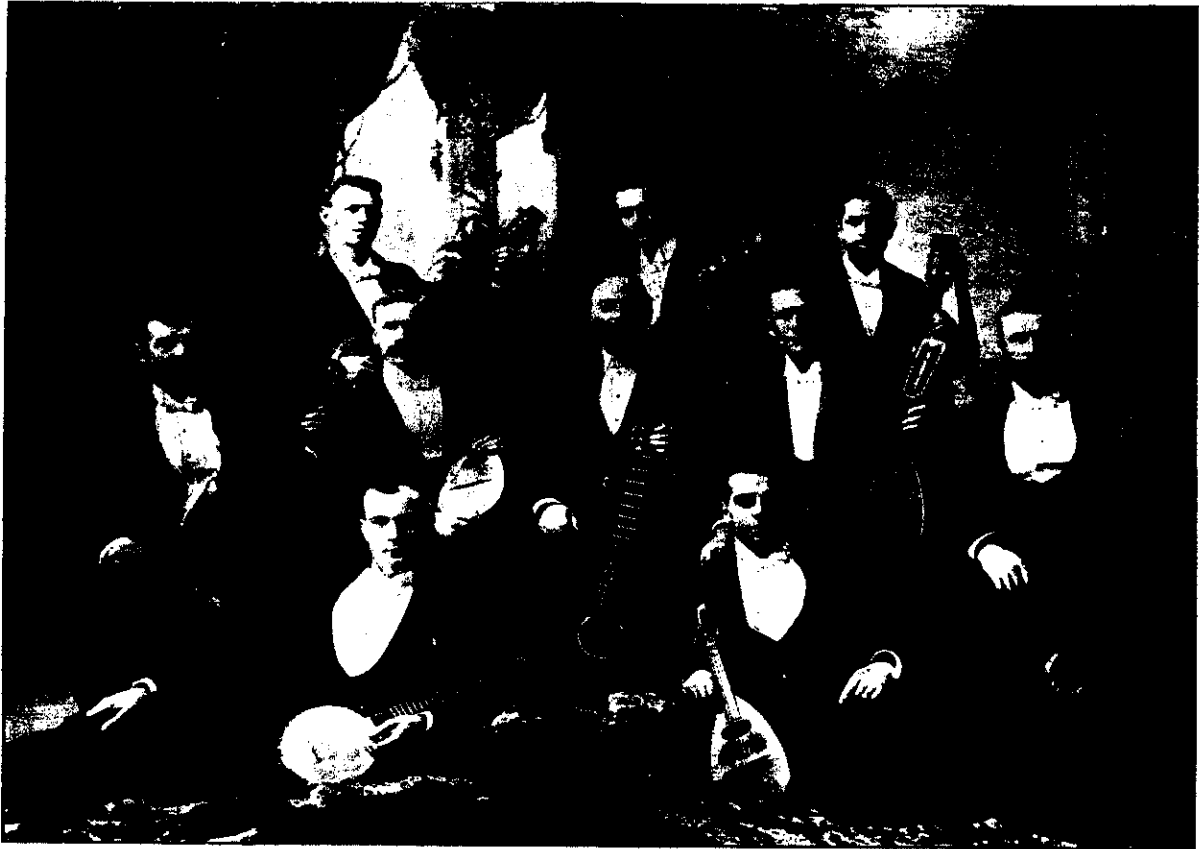
THE accompanying picture is from an excellent group, emanating from the studio of Messrs Standish and Preece, who have established quite a reputation in that branch of the art. The band, as will be seen, consists entirely of mandolins, banjos, and guitars, and is quite a novelty in its way, being, we believe, the only band of the kind in the colony. Its formation is very recent, the promoters being Messrs Arenas (President) and E. J. Painter (conductor). The *début* of the band was made at the concert given in honour of our late Spanish naval visitors, being singularly appropriate, and the performance quite taking the audience by storm. Since then, judging from the numerous demands made upon its services, which are freely given to charitable and social objects, the band has 'caught on' immensely, and has established quite a record in the way of encores. We expect to see the mandolin become a very popular instrument, especially amongst the ladies, as its effect is very pleasing, and it is not difficult of manipulation.

the bringing up and apprenticing forty poor boys; and now through the increased value of the estate, 100 poor boys are maintained. We saw them drilling in the court-yard looking so nice and clean and healthy, with old-fashioned caps on their heads, and one of them, a particularly bright and intelligent lad, showed us round. By the time we got to the dining room, the boys had all assembled therein, and standing in long lines in front of the tables sang out in clear and ringing tones the customary grace before meat. And let us hope they felt sincerely thankful to the donor of the feast and praised his wisdom in donating of his wealth to such a good purpose, in so greatly alleviating the woes of mankind and drawing children away from vice to become good citizens of the world. Such a benefaction is twice and many times blessed. It will be felt for all time, and thousands benefited. In travelling round the world as we have done, sight-seeing, the vast benefits which will accrue to humanity from the use of a man's wealth in a charity of this character, over that where a vast mausoleum or monument is erected in memory of some great man departed, has become more and more striking as our distance from Auckland has increased. Indeed, the more I have thought over this difference the more I have come to look almost with dislike upon large sums of money being spent upon mere monumental embellishments and flowing draperies in bronze. But I am becoming too utilitarian,

of pants as it were from mere childhood. Shops where herbs, herbal medicines and herbal drinks are sold are met with in almost every street, and carriers go round the country at stated times with two gallon kegs and larger vessels containing herbal drinks for home consumption instead of brewers' beer.

In Bramhall Park the stone pillars for the stocks are there, but the wooden portion is missing. This estate is said to have been in possession of the Davenport family since the 15th century. The grounds around are lovely, and the old Hall, in the old English style, is a picture to look upon. A Mr Neville is now the owner and spending large sums of money upon it.

The Manchester art gallery was, unfortunately, closed for cleaning, but through the intervention of a friend we were permitted to inspect the picture galleries of the Messrs Agnew, and to view the beautiful picture painted by Mr Henry Woods, R.A., a Lancashire man, as a presentation picture from the citizens of Manchester to the Duke and Duchess of York. The subject is 'The Rivals,' two Italian girl rivals for the possession of a good-looking young man in the background. It will be remembered that the Messrs Agnew had the misfortune to have a picture, 'The Duchess of Devonshire,' which cost them £10,000, stolen from their gallery. I mentioned the numerous newspaper paragraphs wherein one from time to time reads that a clue has been discovered as to the whereabouts of the picture, but was in-



Standish & Preece, photo.

BACK ROW.—A. R. POST, A. WILSON, G. R. ROWE. MIDDLE ROW.—J. H. KERMODE, C. J. PAINTER, F. ARENAS, A. W. JOSE, A. EVANS. FRONT ROW.—C. W. SEYMOUR, E. M. BANDSTINE.

ROUND THE WORLD.

NOTES OF A VISIT TO ENGLAND.

BY F. L. W.

MANCHESTER, September 2.

SINCE posting my last letter we have visited a few more of the public institutions in and around this great cottonopolis—Manchester—and one or two remarks thereupon may not prove uninteresting to some of my readers. The Chetham College may take rank as the most interesting to be dealt with on this occasion. A prosperous Manchester merchant, Humphrey Chetham, left by his will, of date 16th December, 1651, an endowment for

and this digression will not please my readers. There are many fine illuminated MSS in the library, one valued at £1,000, and some beautiful missals and rare engravings. There are some curious and antique decorations and furniture, and altogether the college is a sight well worth seeing.

Whilst mentioning old furnishings, I may mention that I have seen—what I certainly never expected—two specimens *in situ*, of old English stocks, where small malefactors have often done penance. Those in Stamford Park, between Ashton-under-Lyne and Staley Bridge, are in complete preservation, and would serve their purpose, if required, for many a long year to come. In this Park we were surprised to stumble across a monument erected by his many admirers to 'our local Lionatus, Jethro Tinker, who died in 1871. The deceased, it appears, well-known to my father, was president of a local botanical society, and his knowledge of botany and entomology was encyclopaedic. Every village almost, it seems, in Lancashire and Cheshire has its botanical society, and many of the working people thus become acquainted with the names and medicinal properties

formed nothing was yet known, the paragraphs were all imaginary.

A very favourite health resort for Manchester people during holiday time is the thermal spring district in Derbyshire, known as Buxton, owned by the Duke of Devonshire. It is about twenty miles away from Manchester, and over a thousand feet above the level of the sea. The geological formation is limestone, and the curative properties of the chalybeate waters for rheumatism, etc., were known to the Romans. Mary Queen of Scots, whilst a prisoner in charge of the Earl of Shrewsbury at Chatsworth, paid several visits here to take the waters, and before leaving wrote on a pane of glass:

'Buxton, who doth with waters warm excel,
By me, perchance, never more shall farewell!'

There are some very fine gardens, and after a visit no one need wonder why it is so much frequented. The Devonshire Hospital, or 'Bath Charity,' provides beds for three hundred patients, and there are some very fine hotels, clubs,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 340.)



TOPICS OF THE WEEK

SOCIETY'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR and the Countess of Glasgow, with Lady Augusta Boyle, Miss Wauchope, and Captain Clayton, have left New Zealand in the Waihora in order to be present in Melbourne when the grand Cup Race comes off. Very many New Zealanders are following their example, and the affair, always a smart society function, promises to be even more brilliant than usual this year. Sir James Prendergast has been sworn in as Acting-Governor during Lord Glasgow's absence.

By the Rotorua the Vice-regal party arrived in Lyttelton to attend the wedding of Captain Hunter-Blair and Miss Emily Rhoads. It consisted of the Earl and Countess of Glasgow, Lord Kelburne, the Ladies Augusta, Alice, and Dorothy Boyle, Miss Wauchope, and Captain Clayton, A.D.C. Lord and Lady Glasgow and Lord Kelburne were the guests of Mrs Rhoads, Elmwood, and Miss Wauchope and some of the party were staying with Mr and Mrs A. E. G. Rhoads.

DURING Saturday afternoon Lord Glasgow and his son visited the Cavalry Sports at Addington, which were not nearly so well attended as usual, owing to the dull, cold weather, and the counter attraction of the opening of the boating season. The sports caused considerable amusement until an unfortunate accident occurred, resulting in the death of a valuable horse belonging to Mrs George Rhodes, Meadowbank. This marred the proceedings, though happily the rider escaped with a dislocated wrist. The horse became frightened at the people, and twice refused his jumps at the wire fence, and at the third attempt got entangled in the top wire and fell head foremost, breaking its neck. On Sunday the Camp was visited by numbers of town people, the Engineers' band playing some good selections of sacred music. Lord and Lady Glasgow were the guests of the officers during the afternoon.

COLONEL FOX inspected the troops on Friday afternoon, and expressed himself as entirely satisfied with their work and appearance, saying no doubt they considered his remarks last year very severe, but he had only done his duty, and the way they had taken up the new drill as suggested by him, and their smartness and neat appearance generally, greatly pleased him. Captain Wright, the commanding officer, on dismissing the troop was able to congratulate them on the marked improvement. He thanked the officers for their zeal, and the support accorded him, and the men for their obedience. The Ambulance Corps under Surgeon Jennings also received the approbation of the commanding officer for their efficient services. In the evening the troop entertained the Christ College Rifles at a smoke concert in the large mess-room. To enable those who wished to take part in the annual sports on Saturday, guard was relieved by the Christchurch Mounted Rifles. Camp was struck early on Monday morning, the southern contingent returning by train, the Northern and Little River men riding. The Canterbury Yeomanry Cavalry have presented 10s. to the Agricultural and Pastoral Association's prize fund. This comes as a grateful acknowledgment to the Association for the use of the Show Grounds for the week's training of the Cavalry there.

THE Judge's Bay Regatta Committee met last week and drew up a preliminary programme for this popular annual fixture. There seems but little doubt that the function this year will excel those of any previous year. There will be two yacht races, and one for centreboard yachts and fishing boats. The rowing events need not be mentioned categorically. Oarsmen will find that the events are well arranged, and should afford excellent and exciting races. There will be a greasy boom, a duck hunt, a tilting match, and several other attractive side shows. The Poisonby Pegatta people, it is said, will not gain much by their attempts to forestall the Judge's Bay by fixing their date immediately ahead of the established favourite. The Judge's Bay people have shown themselves good caterers, and will receive liberal support.

A **DELIGHTFUL** evening was spent by a favoured few at St. John's, Nelson, last Wednesday, when Mr and Mrs Fell gave a musical evening to their friends. Of course the attraction of the evening was Herr Baling, his viola alta solos being a rare treat to all lovers of music in Nelson. His music is entrancing, and people listen spellbound to the sweet sounds he produces from his instrument. Others contributing to the evening's enjoyment were Miss Jackson, Miss B. Atkinson, Mrs Houliker, Mr Fell, Reva J. P. Kempthorne and Chatterton, and the Bishop of Nelson. A dainty supper brought an enjoyable evening to a close.

THE opening of the boating season as regards attendance and the usual brilliance of the banks of the river was completely spoiled by the unpropitious weather. A cold easterly wind and gloomy sky is no signal for 'our girls' to introduce pretty costumes to the public, though the boating men continue to make this a very attractive day, and only positive rain could render it a failure. There was the usual crush on the little footbridge, and the banks of the river looked like a promenade instead of the usual garden party. The Canterbury and Union Rowing Clubs threw open their rooms in a most kindly and hospitable manner, serving tea and cake to all comers. Mr H. Thomson once again essayed the post of Marshal in a highly satisfactory manner. The procession of boats, numbering now over sixty, was a very pretty sight with their floral decorations. A few scratch races finished up the afternoon, but after the formal opening the greater number of spectators thought there was no place like home.



GUONOD.

An interesting article on the great composer who died last week appears in the 'Smoke Room' page this week. Our picture is from the painting recently exhibited in the Paris Salon.

PROFESSOR CARROLLO is to be congratulated upon the improvement which his boys annually display in their gymnastic performances. On Monday evening the Auckland public had another opportunity of proving the excellence of a '*Mens sana in corpore sano*' as regards our Auckland youth. The Opera House, upstairs and down, was packed with proud papas and mammas and admiring little sisters, who applauded loudly every feat of the youthful gymnasts, although the mammas occasionally gave a gasp of relief when dear Johnny or Tommy or Willie landed safely on his feet after a series of thrilling aerial evolutions. The Grand March was very effective, the orchestra supplying inspiring music, to which the boys kept perfect time. Professor Carrollo has made himself very popular among his pupils. It is an attribute of boyish nature to hero-worship, and the eager attention of these young gymnasts when the Professor himself takes the floor plainly indicate where their admiration is bestowed. May his popularity increase and the coming generation of Auckland be a race of powerful, able-bodied, and also able-minded men!

THERE have been several pleasant parties in Dunedin during the week. One was a return ball given to the ex-High School girls in the Choral Hall, which was tastefully draped with flags, and the stage adorned with ferns and pot plants, and furnished with drawing-room chairs and lounges. The supper-table was decorated with yellow silk and trails of lovely white clematis. The dance was most enjoyable. There were very few new dresses worn, but what there were appear elsewhere.

AMONGST the many pleasant dances arranged this season for young Auckland, that given by Colonel and Mrs Dawson at 'Arborfield,' Ellerslie, last Friday, must rank in the first row. It took the form of a fancy dress ball, for which over one hundred invitations were issued. About eighty young people came, half of whom were in fancy dress. The night was exceptionally lovely, the moon lighting up the harbour and gently silencing the waters of the lake. It was so warm and inviting in the garden that between the fourteen dances of the programme it was quite a favoured resort. Extras were charmingly played by the Misses Gypsy Walker and Hilda Worsp. Miss Dolly Walker played the violin with Mr Bertram Dawson. The ballroom floor and the music came in for much praise, the musicians being in the anteroom off the ballroom.

THE supper table looked very pretty, the decorations being lemon-coloured gauze and geranium crinkled paper, arranged fan style, the centrepieces being a dolphin with ferns and ixias, different kinds of sandwiches, patties, oysters, trifles, jellies, varieties of cakes and sweetmeats, with iced claret cup, lemonade, tea and coffee, wine, etc. The room was thrown open for refreshments soon after 9 o'clock, and was steadily patronised up till 12.30. There did not appear to be any wallflowers, as the hostess and hosts exerted themselves to keep the ball rolling, and everyone danced with a will. The floral decorations were high arrangements of ferns, arums, bamboo, grasses, etc., and the house was lighted up with lamps and coloured shades, Japanese lanterns, etc.

AT the third Chamber concert, Wellington, a trio by Reissiger was splendidly performed by Mr T. Tallis Trimmell (piano), Mr H. Spackman (violin), and Mr H. T. Edger (cello), and was the gem of the evening. Beethoven's Quartet in E Flat was also extremely well performed by Miss Medley (piano) and Messrs Spackman (viola), G. Kennedy (violin), and Edger (cello). Mr Tallis Trimmell played two pianoforte solos in first class style, and Mr Edger contributed a 'cello solo. Mrs Geddis, the only vocalist, sang 'The Aara,' Schumann's 'Bride's Song,' and Mendelssohn's 'Song of the Savoyard.' There are still three more in the series (of six) to look forward to. They are given about once every week or ten days, and are looked forward to with much pleasure by lovers of classical music.

MRS SOWERBY (Auckland) was presented on Monday evening, at the breaking up of one of her juvenile dancing classes, with a pretty afternoon tea table, also two sets of afternoon tea cloths, etc. They were presented by little Miss Ida Sharland (four and a half years old) on behalf of the class, and accompanied with a present from herself. The Tuesday evening adult class made a very handsome presentation in the shape of a most beautiful afternoon tea service on tray, also a lovely pair of vases. Wednesday adult class followed with a large photograph album on stand. Each presentation was accompanied with a very flattering address signed by the pupils.

THE annual reunion of Wellington's local branch of the Public Service Association proved a more than usually enjoyable affair, the committee having arranged for a concert and dance instead of the usual conversation. There was a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen in Thomas' Hall, where it took place, and at the conclusion of the concert the floor was cleared and dancing was kept up until midnight. A committee of ladies supplied an excellent supper, and helped also with the decorations, which were very pretty. They were Mesdames Pilcher, J. Burns, W. James, J. M. King, Evans, De Castro, Redward, Allport, Hales, and Hugh Pollen. Mr O'Sullivan made an able secretary, and was assisted by the Committee, consisting of Messrs Hugh Pollen, Gibbs, King, McCordle, Holmes, McKay, Allen, Montgomery, De Castro, Barnett and James. Mr Hugh Pollen, the chairman of the local committee, made a short speech and welcomed the guests, after which the concert began. Mrs Peter Webb sang 'The Ship Boy's Letter,' Mr F. Pope, 'The Two Grenadiers,' Mr Ramsey, 'Go, Lovely Rose,' Mr Clothier, 'Alice, Where Art Thou,' Mr Marks and Mr Morgan each contributed a recitation, and a couple of glees were well sung by Messrs Hickson, Edger, A. Gray, and Clothier. Mr Camino's string band supplied the music for dancing, and it was altogether considered a most successful gathering.

TO-MORROW (Thursday) and Friday evenings Miss Dargon is announced to give a series of dramatic sketches in the Opera House, Auckland. She comes with a good reputation in her line, and will doubtless do well.

THE Dunedin Catholic Literary Society brought their session to a close by a musical and literary evening at St. Joseph's Schoolroom, which looked exceedingly pretty. It was nicely decorated for the occasion, and was crowded. The Rev. Father McKay presided. The Rev. Fathers O'Donnell, Murphy, and O'Neill were also present. The president, Father Lynch, in answer to many anxious inquiries, stated that Bishop Moran's health continued to improve. The orchestra, under Mr Vallia, rendered several selections. Miss Morrison, who was in excellent voice, sang 'Killarney,' and as an encore, 'Ever of Thee.' Master E. Wilkins pleased everyone with his recitation, 'Bingen on the Rhine.' Mr Caroline, 'Never More' was also a success. Miss Rose Blaney was in good voice, and sang 'Salve nos Domini,' and 'Last Night.' Mr Woods sang, 'Our Guards,' and Miss Murphy, 'In Happy Moments,' Miss Mary Drumm playing the accompaniments during the evening in her usual sympathetic style. The second part consisted of the farce, 'An Ugly Customer,' several local allusions being much appreciated. The characters were sustained by Messrs W. E. Davis, J. P. Hally, T. D. Waters, and the Misses J. and C. Maecdo. During the interval, tea, coffee, and cakes were enjoyed.

THE attractiveness of an officers' dance has been frequently remarked, and the one given in the Calliope Dock by the officers of H.M.S. Tauranga last week is described as quite one of the most enjoyable dances of the season. The moon was bright and the evening delightful but for rude Boreas, whose attentions rather ruffled the crimps and crepons of the ladies. The ferry boat landed the guests at the Dock, and in a prepared outer shed they removed their wraps. Thence they ascended to the ship where they were received by the officers in the terribly brilliant glow of the electric light. The deck was enclosed with canvas, and tastefully draped with flags, whilst arm lilies, white flowers, and greenery conveyed a breath of land and gardens. The boards were polished like glass, and were splendid for dancing, whilst the music was perfect. The gentlemen were slightly in the majority, so that every lady had an especially good time.

A PARTICULAR note of praise must be sounded as regards the supper, which was extremely good and substantial—the choicest wines, with ham, turkey, duck, chicken, oysters, jellies, trifles, ices, fruit, etc., the whole being very prettily decorated with roses. Everybody seemed loth to leave the vessel when the hour of parting came, and after the guests had adjourned to the ferry, three hearty cheers were given to the officers, who returned three for the Auckland ladies and three for the Auckland gentlemen. All the way across the harbour on the return journey, the search light illumined the ferry steamer, and it is strange to relate some of the passengers didn't like it! But the watching officers on the Tauranga seemed amused by the disclosures it made.

A MOST successful juvenile dance was given in All Saints Schoolroom, Dunedin, by Mesdames Sale, Shand, and Ulrich. There was a large number of guests, and dancing was kept up with great spirit till the small hours. The hostesses received their guests, and throughout the evening left nothing to be desired in the way of attention, looking after the happy young people thoroughly. The party was almost entirely juvenile, only a few exceptions being made.

THE pernicious system of baby-farming, which has flourished so long in Sydney would seem to have also made a promising beginning in our young country. For some of the parents of these destitute and abandoned children no one can entertain feelings of commiseration or sympathy. They have brought their misery entirely on themselves, and in many cases deserve punishment rather than pity. But for the helpless little ones who have been thrust into a cold, cruel world without any choice of their own, every Christian man and woman is bound to feel compassion. These infants, varying in age from a fortnight or less to three years, have been boarded out, with, in too many instances, most pitiable results. They have been treated in the most inhuman manner, slowly starved to death, allowed to live in rooms whose filth made even a seasoned inspector turn away, quite overcome with the odour; or even cruelly and brutally ill-used. In Auckland, Mrs Cowie, of Bishopscourt, whose warm sympathies have long been enlisted by these suffering babes has opened a home or *crèche* in Parnell, where, for the small charge of seven shillings per week, they can be received and properly fed and nursed. This small sum does not cover expenses, and it is hoped that there are many whose hearts have been stirred by the recent exposures in Sydney, who will send donations of clothes or money to Bishopscourt for this needed work.

THE notice of Miss Scott's Juvenile ball which took place on Monday evening has been crowded out of this issue, but will appear in our next.

A COMPLIMENTARY social was given in the Choral Hall, Dunedin, to Mr J. W. Jago, by the employees of the Star Office, on the occasion of his having completed his twenty-first year in the capacity of manager of that paper. There

were about sixty couples present, and dancing was one of the chief features of the evening. Mr Mark Cohen presented Mr Jago with a beautifully illuminated address, to which was appended sixty-two signatures, headed by that of Mr G. Bell.

ONE of the most liberal entertainers of the Auckland winter season has certainly been Mrs McMillan. Another very large and charming 'At Home' was given at 'Ardstrath,' Remuera, last week, which was much enjoyed by the numerous guests. The garden and verandah were like glimpses of fairyland, with the numerous Chinese lanterns resembling huge glow-worms amongst the trees, whilst the verandah was one mass of fairy lights. Music is always an excellent feature at this house. Amongst those who contributed towards the pleasure of the evening in this way were the hostess, Mrs McMillan, and her son, Mr Gibson McMillan (song), whilst her daughters rendered pianoforte solos; songs by Mrs Kilgour, Lieutenant Hume, Mr Archdale Taylor, Mrs Butt, Mrs Moss Davis, Mrs Goldstein, Misses Stevenson, Tilley, etc.; quartette by Misses Stuart and Shurland, and Messrs Whitney and A. Clarke; violin, Mr McClean; zither, Mr James, made up a good programme. Afterwards followed the dramatic performance of a burlesque on 'Three Temptations.' Those who took part were Messrs Airey, Woolcott, Goldsboro', Upliff, Bruce, Whewell, Tilly, Carr, G. McMillan, Misses F. Stevenson, K. McMillan, E. McMillan, A. Law, H. Worsp, Keesing, Tilly, Thompson, McFarlane. The scenery was extremely pretty. 'Ardstrath' has three large rooms opening into one another, in one of these is erected a stage with drop scenery. The whole thing was a great success. Mr Bruce's acting was perfection. Afterwards everybody adjourned to supper, which was prettily laid out. The flower decorations were yellow with greenery. Wines of the choicest were on the table, where abounded every good thing, such as oysters, jellies, trifles, meringues, etc. Songs and dances were interspersed during the rest of the evening.

THE Pollard Juvenile Opera Company have been playing to fair houses in Nelson for three nights last week. They opened on Thursday, and unfortunately amidst pouring rain, which doubtless prevented many from going who would otherwise have been present. The 'Princess of Trebizonde' was an opera new to Nelson theatre-goers, and is certainly a bright and lively opera, the fun all through being immense. 'Patience' is an old favourite here, but the attendance was very large, chiefly owing to the performance after 'Patience' of 'Adam's Eden.' This little opera is very similar in character to 'Princess Ida,' and full of wit and fun. The 'Gondoliers' was performed on Saturday amidst great applause of an appreciative audience.

THE Auckland Yacht Club held their meeting last evening too late for a report in this week's issue. The report adopted read as follows:—'The committee has much pleasure in congratulating the members on the progress of the Club, and the increased interest in yachting at Auckland during the past year. A large number of new yachts have been added to the club's fleet, which now comprises fifty-five yachts. A display of the fleet was made in December last in honour of His Excellency the Governor, and witnessed by him on board of the Commodore's yacht. The revival of yacht racing has been a feature of the past season, and the races at the local regattas were well contested. The club races were also interesting, and resulted as follows:—1 (not exceeding 6—rating), Mr F. W. Mace's 'Awatea,' 1; Mr G. Warman's 'Mebaro,' 2. 2 (not exceeding 3—rating), Mr J. Logan's 'Gloriana,' 1; Mr Swale's 'Aline,' 2. The Annual Picnic and Aquatic Sports were held at the Lake Beach and were well attended. The measurement rule of the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain has again been adopted by the Club, and a former objection to it has been removed by an addition to the rule. The committee much regrets the loss which yachting has sustained by the death of Mr Waymouth (sen.), ex Commodore of the Club, and of Mr W. H. Levin, Vice President of the New Zealand Yachting Association. The coming season promises to be the most interesting in the history of the Club, from the fact that the championship races of the New Zealand Yachting Association will be held at Auckland in January next. The statement of accounts shows a balance to the credit of the Club of £50.'

THE PALMER-BEAUMONT CONCERT COMPANY.

A FIRST CLASS COMBINATION.

THE praise of the press scarcely carries the weight it should do in the colonies, it being well understood by the public that it is the almost universal custom of the daily papers to deal leniently with advertisers, and that while praise is given on the smallest, or even on a suspicion of provocation, blame is altogether escaped providing the advertisement occupies half a column or so. The GRAPHIC has always taken up an independent tone, criticising without fear or favour, and uninfluenced by the

presence or absence of advertisement. It is pleasant for once in a way to bestow almost unqualified praise on the concert company who conclude to-morrow (Thursday) a most successful season in Auckland. It is a very long while since the public have had a chance of listening to an artist of Mr Gee's calibre. He has a marvellous voice and sings with perfect taste and expression. Nothing finer has been heard in Auckland, at any rate since Foli sang to such wretched houses that the stigma lies on Auckland yet. Mr Gee has drawn the public in earnest, and it is with the knowledge that nobody can afterward rise and revile me for persuading them that I recommend the public to hear Mr Gee at any cost in Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin, or wherever he may be. Nor is he a single star. Lemmone, the flautist, is equally great in his own line, and the concerts would be worth attending to hear him alone. The harpist, Mr Barker, is likewise altogether delightful, and the harp solos are amongst the most enjoyable items on the programmes.

Mrs Palmer will be welcomed by hosts of old friends. Her voice is wonderfully preserved, and she sings with all her old taste. Armes Beaumont, the tenor, sings like the artist he is, but his voice is not what it was, and there is no earthly use pretending it is. He sings and is applauded, for some of his notes ring out clear and sweet, but it is almost a pity. The effort it causes him to sing is almost painful. The second soprano is a pleasant, but not a great songstress, and would be well advised to stick to ballad-singing. This she does really well. The concerts as a whole are the best offered to the public since Foli departed, and are likely to be far more popular. Mr Gee, Mr Lemmone, Mr Barker, and Mrs Palmer form a quartette of stars. Personally, I have not enjoyed a visit to the opera so much for nine months.

A FAREWELL CONCERT.

The farewell concert on Thursday evening in Auckland promises to be the biggest thing of the kind done in Auckland for many a long day. That the house will be packed is a foregone conclusion, since everyone seems talking of the affair, and the booking is phenomenal. It will be a splendid concert. Several sacred numbers will be given, amongst them the following gems from the oratorios:—'Duet, 'I Waited for the Lord'; trio, 'On Thee Each Living Soul Awaits'; quartette, 'Cast thy Burden'; aria, 'In Native Worth'; aria, 'Angels Ever Bright and Fair'; solo, 'Nazareth'; aria, 'O Rest in the Lord.'

OPERA HOUSE,

TOMORROW (THURSDAY), AND ON FRIDAY.

The Gifted Artists

MISS AUGUSTA DARGON

Will give a series of

RECITALS AND DRAMATIC SKETCHES.

MISS A. DARGON will only give two of her elocutionary recitals during her short visit to Auckland.

Her selections will be drawn from tragedy, comedy, and the humorous writers, and will include among others:—

DRAMA AND COMEDY.—'Queen Mary,' 'Elizabeth,' 'Camille,' 'London Assurance,' 'Deborah,' 'The Honey-moon,' 'The School for Scandal,' 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'Henry VIII,' 'Macbeth.'

POEMS.—'Fontenoy,' or 'The Irish Brigade,' 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' 'A Man's Man for a That,' 'Scurid's Iride,' 'The Raven,' 'Barbara Freitchie,' 'Bingen on the Rhine,' 'Beautifol Snow.'

Humorous.—'The Lost Heir,' 'Widow Bedlof Papers.'

Prices of Admission: 3s. 2s. 1s.

Box-plan at Wildman's.

MONTY BLOWNE, MANAGER.

LADIES' SCHOOL,

MILFORD ROAD, LAKE TAKAPUNA.

Principal:

MISS HUNTER

(CERT. HONOURS, JUNIOR, MIDDLE, AND SENIOR GRADES,

INTERMEDIATE EXAMS., IRELAND),

Assisted by

MISS M. O. HUNTER

(CERT. JUNIOR AND SENIOR TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUNICH,

LONDON, AND ROYAL UNIVERSITY, IRELAND).

The above school is situated in the most healthy part of this suburban suburb of Auckland, and therefore offers a favourable opportunity for the combination of health and study.

A limited number of boarders received.

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At home Wednesdays.

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A THRILLING STORY OF OLD MAORILAND,

WILL BE PUBLISHED SHORTLY

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CONTINUED FROM FRONT PAGE.

and hydropathic establishments. The Baxton Gardens Company have laid out over 22 acres in ornamental gardens, skating rink, lawn tennis courts, music pavilions, refreshment rooms, and lake for boating, so that all tastes may be met. During the summer season it is crowded; in winter it is correspondingly dull.

The watering places on the west coast of Lancashire—Blackpool, Southport, etc.—also attract immense crowds during the summer season. During bank holiday week at the beginning of August it was reported that 150,000 people were at Blackpool. The bathing places in Wales are also crowded everywhere, which we found to our annoyance, for we had taken a run to Snowdon and round North Wales, and at Llandudno, our first stopping place, had the greatest difficulty in getting accommodation. This is a very go-

as Bend'or, Orma, and Ormonds, and I heard the coachman say the last-named horse had lately change hands for £30,000. Just think of it! He seemed an enthusiast in racing matters, and pointed out an 'own sister' to Ormonds, and other famous mares as we passed the prettily painted stables dotted about the park. In fact, everything seemed kept in perfect order, the large iron gates being painted bronze and gold, and all buildings bright and a pleasure to look upon. To show the extent to which this famous place is visited, I may mention that one shilling is charged to each visitor to the grounds, and the money handed over to the Chester Infirmary. Last year £600 was thus obtained. At Carnarvon Castle the 4s admission fee is applied to the restoration of the castle, and it is a great pity that the same is not done at Conway and other historical places worth preservation, for Conway Castle dates as far back as 1283, being built by Edward I.

made to Manchester, and now, fortunately, so near completion.

And now, as I promised to give my impressions of English girls, this is perhaps a good opportunity of saying a few words on the subject. I must confess to being a little disappointed with the specimens I have as yet seen, but as I have not reached London, that wonderful centre of learning, fashion, and beauty, I ought, perhaps, not to judge. My mother, being an Englishwoman, used to be continually praising her country girls. They walked so well, talked so well, were so well mannered, had beautiful complexions, etc., etc. till I began to fancy we poor colonial maidens were quite an inferior race. After being nearly two months here, and seeing very few even pretty girls, and noticing that they walk and talk no better than our Auckland girls, I feel that we are, dear Mr Editor, as good as they, and perhaps better, for with our lovely climate and beautiful scenery we ought to be strong in body and quite artistic in all our tastes. When in America we did not see more than six pretty children. Here they abound; they have such clear skins, pretty red cheeks and bright eyes, that you cannot help stopping by the way to admire the dear little creatures. I spent some time in Ireland, and was charmed with the girls, and boys too, there. Even the maids at the hotels are so nice-looking; they speak and move so quietly, are so obliging, and their Irish accent is just lovely. Even the old women who pester you to buy their wares made of bogwood, are almost irresistible with their brogue. They may be a hot-tempered people but they are also very large-hearted and generous. Since then I have spent some time in Scotland and quite failed in finding any pretty lassies there. Many of the poor are common-looking and dirty in appearance. The women have prominent cheek bones and dull skins, but they speak prettily. For the first time in my life I saw their women intoxicated; indeed, the poor there seem to be a thirsty people. I saw more drunkenness there than I had seen in all my travels since leaving Auckland.

(To be continued.)

INSTANCES OF ANTIPATHY.

PEOPLE VIOLENTLY AFFECTED BY THE PRESENCE OF FLOWERS.

AMATUS LESITANUS relates the case of a monk who would faint on seeing a rose and who never quitted his cell at the monastery while that flower was blooming. Orfila, a less questionable authority, tells us of how Vincent, the great painter, would swoon upon going suddenly into a room in which roses were blooming even though he did not see them. Valtaid tells of an army officer who was frequently thrown into violent convulsions by coming in contact with the little flower known as the pink. Orfila, our authority on the case of Vincent, the painter, above related, also tells of the case of a lady 46 years of age, hale and hearty, who, if present when linseed was being boiled for any purpose would be seized with violent fits of coughing, swelling of the face and partial loss of reason for the ensuing twenty four hours. Writing of these peculiar antipathies and aversions, Montagu remarks that he has known men of undoubted courage who would much rather face a shower of cannon balls than to look at an apple! In Zimmerman's writings there is an account of a lady who could not bear to touch either silk or satin, and would almost faint if by accident she should happen to touch the velvety skin of a peach. Boyle records the case of a man who would faint upon hearing the 'swish' of a broom across the floor, and of another with a natural abhorrence of honey. Hippocrates of old tells of one Nicanor who would always swoon at hearing the sound of a flute. Bacon, the great Englishman, could not bear to see a lunar eclipse, and always completely collapsed upon such occasions, and Vaughelin, the great German sportsman, who had killed hundreds of wild boars, would faint if he but got a glimpse of a roasted pig.



Asterley, photo, Christchurch.

HIGH STREET, RANGIORA, CHRISTCHURCH.

ahead place with crowds of 'smart' people, pretty girls (who all carry walking sticks 'to keep the boys away'), and music at all times of the day. We were so glad to renew our acquaintance with that sweet singer, Amy Sherwin, who is as great a favourite here as she was in Auckland, and her voice is as flute-like as ever; but she appeared, in fact, as if she had gone through some trouble, and her hair has changed to darkish red colour. She is encored every time she sings. The concerts we attended were directed by Jules Riviere, and there are about fifty first-class instrumentalists. He has not any medals like another conductor we all know so well, but the left lapel of his dress coat is 'decorated' for about a foot in length by two or three inches wide with an exquisite floral bouquet each evening, and as he walks amongst the audience during the interval you can see the flowers are exotic, and have been put together by an artist. The hall will accommodate about 3,000 people, and popular prices are the rule—morning and evening—so that many ladies do four things at once whilst attending these concerts. They bring the last novel with them to read, scan the dresses of other visitors, listen to the music, and give an occasional thought as to how things are going on 'at home.'

I had made a few notes of our journey down the Menai Straits to see Carnarvon Castle, said to be one of the finest in Europe, also of Conway Castle, but find my letters extending to much greater length than ever contemplated, so refrain from further remarks on that head. I must, however, say that we cannot pass Hawarden Castle, the residence of Mr Gladstone, without a few words. Singularly enough this property has twice belonged to the Earls of Salisbury. It was the scene of more than one siege during the Civil Wars. The modern castle was built in 1752, and is surrounded by a park of 300 acres, which is mostly leased for grazing purposes to outsiders. As a natural consequence the drive and grounds are not kept as trim as we expected. To make matters look worse a flower show had been held the day before, and luncheon papers were too much in evidence everywhere. The gardens inside the strictly private ground are pretty, but if it were not the residence of such a remarkable statesman as Mr Gladstone, no one, I am sure, would go out of their way to see it.

But how different are your feelings after a visit to Eton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster. We had been previously informed that this was the show place of this part of England, and we had not been misinformed. You certainly feel exhilarated even in driving through such a lovely country, with the roadway in such perfection and the grass so green. The park is about thirty miles round, or ten miles through in a straight line. The hall is an elaborately pinnacled and turretted pile, and 460 feet in length, and cost a fabulous sum to erect, the marble floor of the entrance hall alone costing 1,600 guineas. But then the Duke is reputed to have an income of a guinea a minute, night and day, and out of that he can afford to spend a little. The gardens are most extensive, with acres of hothouses, conservatories, etc., a staff of 45 gardeners being regularly employed. The beautiful combination of colours in the ribbon borders and the lawns in front of the hall go beyond my poor powers of description. It was a charm, a dream never to fade from remembrance. On the way to the hall we passed the breeding stables and paddocks, where I am told some of the most famous race-horses had been bred or reared, such

to check the revolutions of the Welsh. A sixpenny admission fee would work wonderful changes in a very short time, so numerous are now 'the nippers' who swarm about the country. The house, called 'Plas Mawr,' in Conway, said to be the finest specimen of the Tudor period in Great Britain, and built in 1555, has now been handed over to the Royal Cambrian Academy of Art, and is filled with pictures.

Chester is a very quaint old city, and is well worthy of a visit by colonists who want to see in what sort of houses our ancestors—as far back as 1263—dwelt. The Roman walls, which I was glad to see are carefully taken care of by the Corporation, are said to be 2,000 years old, and there are many remains of Roman baths exhibited. The cathedral, a noble building, was erected by Hugh Lopez, a nephew of the Conqueror, in 1093. Chester was the first city that declared war for Charles, and the last to succumb to Cromwell after a bombardment in 1645. You can ascend the tower where Charles witnessed the defeat of his forces on the moor near. The Grosvenor Bridge, which crosses the Dee, has the largest stone arch—200 feet—in the world. At Warrington we stopped to view the great canal being



Asterley photo, Christchurch.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AND MANSE, RANGIORA, CHRISTCHURCH.

ROUND ABOUT RANGIORA.

RANGIORA is a flourishing borough in North Canterbury, twenty one miles due north of Christchurch on the Great Northern road. It has an area of 1,040 acres, and the population is 1,783. The dwellings figure 365, and the borough assessment is £152 57s. Rangiora was created a borough in 1877, and is unique in freedom from municipal debt. Yet all the main streets are well

THE DECADENCE OF MODESTY. †

To those who believe that the world depends for its advancement on the cultivation and perpetuation of the qualities which are summed up, in popular parlance, as goodness and virtue, the tendency of the present age toward immodesty must be disheartening. Perhaps immodesty is too strong a word, and the decadence of modesty would be better to express what every intelligent and thoughtful person must recognise as the prevalent tone of the day.

The only saving clause is that the external is not always an unvarying index of the internal, that is, that lack of

in all people; prudery is a pure affectation, and therefore displeasing under all circumstances and conditions.

But as to modesty, in its best sense, it will hardly be disputed that it has fallen into a state of comparative decadence. Any observer who studies the younger generation to-day, and the older one as well, cannot help recognising the fact, melancholy though it may be. He will see publications of various kinds, books, magazines, weeklies, etc., openly advertised, sold and read which, a dozen years ago, would have been sold, if at all, under cover of the darkness and read, if at all, in secret. Two or three years ago, as will be remembered, a great deal was made about Tolstoy's 'Kreutzer Sonata,' though at the same time the mails were used for the circulation of publications which fairly reeked with vulgarity, and even obscenity, and which brought to their aid all the skill of the artist and the colourist to render their salaciousness the more attractive. Does any one doubt this statement of the quality of much of the so called literature of the present day? If so, he must be blind or singularly unobservant.

How, then, can we hope to cultivate modesty in the rising generation when it is hemmed in and surrounded by glaring and shameless immodesty? The quick brain receives and stores what it receives through the eye and ear, and inevitably there comes a reproduction of it in some way or other, either in speech, in gesture, or in action.

Is there a remedy? Not unless public sentiment can be turned into the channels of purity and decency. Censorship of the press the public will not submit to, and zealots, like Anthony Comstock, are apt to err on the side of excess of zeal, and thus bring ridicule and even suspicion on their motives. Something must be done to check the decadence of modesty among our people, for unless it be checked it will certainly be followed by the decadence and degradation of morals, and then farewell to the greatness of a great and powerful nation.

LOVE'S BOOK.

It is done—the romance is over—
No blessing hath Fortune to send,
For Cupid has slammed down the cover
And written the end.

Quite short is the tale he has written,
Sweet, short as the text for a tomb,
Of love, and a youth that was smitten,
Then ashes and gloom.

I thought it might be a long story,
A serial never to stop;
I thought he was writing for glory,
And not for the shop.

Not so; he just scratched off a lyric
That some feeble poet might sing
(It almost would pass for a pyrrhic),
A little, short thing.

I thought a strong chain Love was weaving
To stretch to eternity's brink;
But the shackles were very deceiving,
Composed of one link.

Do all dreams turn out just as hollow?
Must I go through life as a sage?
Alas! in Love's book must there follow
Blank page after page!

Or else was this little love-poem,
Which took but a day to compose,
Designed as a sort of a poem,
The rest to be prose?

What hap if this chain that has patped
As prose or as poetry rank,
So long as the book Cupid started
Be not left a blank?



Alderley, photo.

POST OFFICE, RANGIORA.

macadamised and footpaths asphalted. There are several fine buildings, notably, the Bank of New Zealand, Colonial and Union Banks, and the Junction Hotel in High-street is an ornament to the town. Rangiora has always possessed considerable value as a market for live stock and farm produce, sales having been held regularly every week during the first thirty years. Rangiora is, moreover, the birthplace of our Agent general, Wesley Brook Perceval, his parents having been among the first settlers there. Perceval (senior), as a member of the Provincial Council, exerted himself greatly in the interests of Rangiora, especially in getting the railway, and it is a singular fact that he died at the moment the first train entered the township in 1872.

Among the earliest settlers the names of George John Leach, John McFarlane, and many others, principally from Cumberland, are prominent. Most of them have gone to their long rest, but Mr Leach still enjoys health and prosperity.

The business portion of the town is confined to High-street, where are situated various banks, post and telegraph offices, stores, hotels, etc. The borough extends a mile and a quarter east and west, and a mile and a half north and south. It abounds in natural springs, and water is easily obtainable anywhere by driving pipes a short distance, as an under current from the river Ashley flows strongly at a depth of thirty feet. All the various religious bodies are represented. Among these the Roman Catholic Church, Victoria street, is a prominent feature. Till 1878 no such building existed, but when Mr Perceval (senior) subdivided his fifty acre block occupying the centre of the township, he gave four acres for Catholic Church and school. Rev. J. N. Binsfield, then clergyman of the district, very promptly raised funds and erected the one now used for a school. He subsequently added the Presbytery. Ten years ago a larger building was required, and the present church was erected and the old one used as a school. Rangiora Catholic Presbytery is now the headquarters for North Canterbury, and has a resident staff of clergy and Marist Brothers.

Rangiora is important also as a railway junction. The Cam Flour Mill shown in another picture is situated half a mile outside the borough, and was the first of its kind in the district, being erected in 1860 by Mr Marshall. It is now owned and worked by J. W. Bing, who has introduced all the latest improvements.

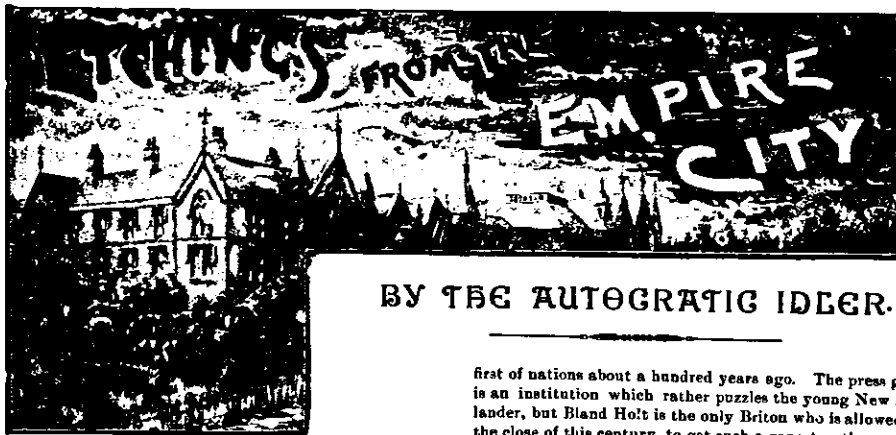
modesty in seeing, hearing, and saying things need not necessarily and inevitably involve mental or spiritual impurity, but this, it must be admitted, is a slender reed. The reflex action of sights, of sounds, of words, is so subtle, so insidious and so difficult to combat and counteract that nothing short of a miracle can prevent the staining and smirching of the white soul if the environment be one of lack of modesty.

There is no necessity for confusing modesty with prudery. Every sensible person understands the distinction between them, and knows where the one shades into the other. Modesty is the natural garb of purity; prudery is too often only a disguise assumed to cover something which is best hidden. Modesty is lovely and charming at all times and



Alderley, photo.

THE CAM FLOUR MILL, RANGIORA, CHRISTCHURCH.



BY THE AUTOCRATIC IDEER.

Bland Holt and Other People. This is the fifth night on which the Bland Holt Company have appeared at the Opera House for the 1893 season. A house crowded in some parts almost uncomfortably has faced them on each occasion, and promises to do so throughout their present visit. If the people seem to be quite delighted with them, they, also, have every reason to be quite proud of their enthusiastic, not to say affectionate, reception. A packed theatre is, in itself, the best tribute a discerning public can accord to stage merit; but the Holt Company have had a good deal more than this from the Wellington citizens. Thunders of applause, baskets of flowers of especial beauty handed nightly across the footlights, and repeated calls before the curtain testify to an earnestness of appreciation not in these severely critical times very common. There are many good reasons for this enthusiasm. Mr and Mrs Holt are old favourites; their name is of Australasian celebrity; the lady herself is one of those actresses who can, with a mere glance charm the gods above, and the men—and women too—of the circle. The only play performed up to this date—and it appears as though no other would be needed for some time—is Pettit's 'Sailor's Knot.' This is a melodrama which is of precisely the order that human nature, in all ages, likes. There is a good deal of sensation, many improbable but still strikingly effective situations; much love, some hate, one murder (and quite enough, too); no end of patriotism, and of virtue (seen very little of in real life) and villainy (of everyday occurrence. Then the scenery is simply splendid. The action of the piece, also, moves most smoothly, and of the large crowd (of some sixty or seventy persons) occasionally on the stage, there is not one who appears to be in the wrong place, or who appears to be in the way of any other person. But I don't think I have yet mentioned the best of all reasons for the favour extended to Mr Pettit's production. The story is perhaps a little difficult to realize, but anyhow it does show us something of the life and times of those who gloried in the name of Englishmen when Lord Nelson swept the main, and when even Buonaparte was vanquished by the Britisher. Patriotism was, perhaps, a more real thing in those days than it is now; but patriotism is not dead. What is more, it will not, and cannot die while the true Englishman lives! There is one scene in the performance in which the greater part of the deck of H. M. S. Dautless occupies the space where the stage was before that Royal frigate bore down upon us. As the sailors ran up the Union Jack, and as we heard the cannon thunder the cheers that arose convinced me that Britannia would still rule the waves; and long may she do so, for her destiny has been, and is, to give liberty to the wide world! I don't know that you would care to have the plot of a melodrama, which you will shortly see, presented to you. To my mind, the unfolding of the plot of a play beforehand is a mistake. We don't want to be told how a good novel ends. But I may say that the 'Sailor's Knot' is the tie that binds two foster brothers, between whom ensues such a contest of magnanimity and self-abnegation as is delightful to see even on a stage. The heroine of the drama (Marie Delannoy) is Miss Edith Blande, a lady of striking presence, and a well known and highly popular artist. Perhaps the highest compliment of all the many paid by the audience to the various performers, is the torrent of hisses heaped on Mr Charles Brown, the malignant villain of the drama, when called before the curtain. The poor fellow—as the other demanded actors and actresses do—comes in front of the curtain at one wing and walks across the stage to the opposite wing. By the time he gets there, he has received such an accumulation of hootings and groans that he really looks, as he makes his final bow, a very guilty culprit indeed, and quite ashamed of himself! The play, I may add, is exceedingly well written, and altogether of a different order to the average melodramatic production. The dialogue is smart, and occasionally quite as humorous and as witty as is the dialogue of a good comedy. The quaint costumes of the period are strictly adhered to, and altogether the play suggests a good deal with regard to the lives of those soldiers and sailors who made England the

first of nations about a hundred years ago. The press gang is an institution which rather puzzles the young New Zealander, but Bland Holt is the only Briton who is allowed, at the close of this century, to get such a gang together and to carry on ashore and aboard ship such nefarious proceedings. In 1801 the press gang was quite a common thing. When Mrs Bland Holt gets on a mantelpiece to hang up some mistletoe and when the young man below removes the steps, so that she cannot get down until she gives him a kiss, the incident doesn't seem at all an old thing. Lovemaking goes on, apparently, precisely as it always did; and one hundred years have wrought little or no change in the methods of 'carrying on' that truly delightful, albeit perplexing and altogether ridiculous pastime.

Latin and Lunacy.

When—ever so many years ago—I first entered the Lunacy Department, I made, you may be sure, no end of mistakes. For one thing, my knowledge of lunacy was of the most limited character. I had been to a first class academy in the Old Country for I don't know how long; but the pedagogue (who I may remark was the selfsame man who, a decade or so before, had applied the birch to G. V. Brooke and to the slim youth who is now Lord Wolsley)—this pedagogue, I say, devoted his almost entire attention to Latin and Greek, and seemed to think that knowledge of all other kinds was either not required at all, or would come by nature. And why all this attention was bestowed on two utterly dead languages I never have been able to understand. I never knew Latin to be of the least use to anybody in the business of life; and the fact is, that it is almost totally forgotten in a few years. In the Australian bush I have now and again come across a shepherd who still remembered something of Latin, and who had, indeed, a 'B. A.' to append after his name, had he seen any use in it. Latin is no earthly use to a shepherd. On the Bendigo and Ballarat goldfields there were at first numbers of persons who were really excellent classical scholars. Latin never enabled them to find a nugget or a good rich 'pocket.' When I was on the West Coast of the South Island Mr Rolleston came around there, and I think I heard more Latin from him than I have done since I left home. He has kept up his knowledge of Latin, but I am not aware that the Leader of the Opposition is a bit nearer office on that account; and I noticed that when he wished to grow eloquent about sheep, and the grass at Temuka, he spoke good old Saxon and didn't trouble about the georgics of Virgil. It used to be said that a knowledge of Latin was essential to enable a man to be thoroughly master of English, but John Bright knocked down that absurdity for ever. John Bright never learned any Virgil or Homer. He was the first orator, for all that, of the century, and his pure and delightful Saxon English will be quoted with admiration long after the world shall have heard the very last of the most renowned of mere, modern, classical scholars.

The Civil Service Social.

It was my intention to follow the above remarks up with some observations on Lunacy, about which I think I may now claim to know something—having served a thorough apprenticeship in the Department. But, as everybody seems to push Lunacy aside, as a thing that can very well stand over, I also will exhibit the same indifference, and we will go with all the other Departments, if you please, to the Annual Social of the Public Service Association, held away down at Thomas' Hall. Last year the GRAPHIC readers had a full account of the first of these annual celebrations. On that occasion the hall was a sort of Civil Service Museum in which all the various things in the Service, worth seeing, were shown: guns and armoury: various telegraphic and telephonic implements and appliances: curious books: machinery: what not. This year the event was signalized in a different way—by a concert and dancing. The concert, I cannot say, was very good. I don't know why, I'm sure; for of musical and vocal talent there is really abundance available in Wellington. If one must—as one must—speak the truth, the concert, as a whole, was not the success that it might have been. The company

present was very large, and one need not say, very select; and if ever three or four hundred persons who could appreciate a good concert were got together, such an audience was in Thomas' Hall on Wednesday evening. Mr Hugh Pollen opened the proceedings with a short speech. He is Chairman of the Local Association, and, as I need not say, a most popular public officer. Next year, Mr Pollen said, perhaps the Association would have a picnic in the country, instead of meeting in town. What, to my mind would be better would be—far more frequent meetings for reunion, than annual ones. I don't see why these assemblages should not be got together even monthly. Mrs Webb was in good voice, and secured approbation for her song, 'The Shipboy's Letter.' Glees were contributed by Messrs Hickson, Clothier, Gray, and Edger. Mr Pope sang 'The Two Grenadiers'; Messrs Clothier Rumsey, Morgan, Marks, and other gentlemen rendered good service. The recitations of the two latter were excellent. I think all these entertainers could have done much better than they did, had there been anybody present bold enough to break the ice. The atmosphere was cold, and the audience were not enthusiastic. First class music was furnished for the subsequent dance by Camino's band. There is a really capital floor in the Hall for dancing, and this latter part of the celebration was decidedly the best. A committee of ladies, consisting of Mesdames James, Redwood, Burns, Pilcher, Alport, Hales, Pollen, King, Evans, and De Castro, dispensed refreshments at intervals during the evening. Mr V. Sullivan, the efficient Secretary, was, as usual, as efficient as need be. The absence of some prominent Civil servants was noticeable, and it is to be hoped that the next reunion will be a still more numerous and altogether more hearty one.

A Sunday Concert.

The announcement that the Payne Family musicians would give a sacred concert on Sunday evening drew an enormous audience together. Five minutes after the doors opened there were one thousand people present in the Theatre Royal, hundreds being afterwards turned away for want of room. Although there were four hundred and seventy eight threepenny bits in the collection plate, the total amount contributed was satisfactory. The concert itself was well worth the usual prices to the various parts of the house. 'He Shall Feed His Flock' was the opening selection by the company, and was of itself worth going a long way to listen to. The Misses Payne are excellent violinists as well as vocalists. 'He Wipes the Tear' was re-demanded even on Sunday. The part song, so quaint, and in certain bars so startling, 'Steal Away to Jesus,' was perhaps the best of all the vocal numbers, and was sung by the company with the best effect. It gained an encore, and then came Haydn's hymn; but the most effective of all parts of this unique concert was the performance on the handbells by the sisters Payne and the male members of the troupe. The 'Armour Bearer,' 'The Life Boat,' 'Sweet By-and-bye,' 'Over There,' 'Ring the Bells of Heaven,' 'List to the Convent Bells,' and 'Come to the Saviour,' were all so splendidly played that the performers each time were re-called amidst the subdued roar of applause suitable to the Sabbath. This family come, as is well known to most people, from Ballarat, where their people have been for thirty years highly esteemed for better reasons even than their wonderful musical ability.

IN THE MANSE.

The minister sits in his parlour,
His family around;
In the old manse by the churchyard,
Which to all is hallowed ground.

Then forth speaks John, the eldest,
'I will no longer stay
Here in this dull old village,
The same from day to day.

'I'll go to foreign countries,
And strive for fame and gold;
I'll win the world's applause,
For my spirit is right bold.'

'And I,' said daughter Ellen,
'I'll wed a captain brave;
With him I'll roam the world o'er
And find the joy I crave.

'I'll wed no smooth-tongued parson,
All full of pious lore;
I've had enough of parsons,
And wish to see no more.

'And when you read my letters,
You all will envy me—
Enjoying wealth and fortune
In lands beyond the sea.'

Then spoke the aged parson:—
'My children be not vain;
The world to those who've tried it
Is but a dreary plain.

'Toil waits for those who travel—
It is not good to roam;
But fortune, love, and pleasure
You all may find at home.'

ANDREW M. LANG.

A DANCE WITH THE DEAD.

WEIRD BAVARIAN STORY.

DR. FRANZ HARTMANN tells the following story in *Lucifer*. He says that it was told to him by one of his friends, for whose reliability he is responsible:—

In the year 1860 my parents and I, with my two sisters Bertha and Johanna, were living in a large and commodious house—a kind of chateau—on the top of a hill near the town of G—, in Southern Bavaria.

My elder sister, Bertha, was a sedate girl, not very attractive, but very kind hearted, while Johanna, the younger, was very beautiful, full of fun and merriment; especially she was passionately fond of dancing, and in her exuberance of spirits she often took hold of me and made me dance with her round the room, to my great vexation, because I never knew how to dance well, and would become giddy; and then when I stumbled about trying to regain my equilibrium she would laugh at my clumsiness until the tears ran down her cheeks—all of which, however, only amused me, for she was my favourite sister and the pet of the family.

Unfortunately during one cold winter night, and while attending a ball in a neighbouring town, Johanna contracted a severe cold, which developed rapidly into pulmonary consumption. At that time I was at the University at Munich, studying medicine.

One morning, when I returned home at daybreak, after having spent, as I am now bound to confess, the whole night in singing and drinking with my comrades, I found a telegram upon my desk, informing me that if I wanted to see Johanna alive once more I must come home without a moment's delay.

The despatch had arrived the previous evening, and there was no time to be lost; but, unfortunately, the fast train, the only one connecting with the stage at K—, did not leave until 4 p.m., so I had to restrain my impatience and wait, and I passed my time in cursing my folly for not having returned home sooner, in which case I could have taken the midnight train.

Slowly as the hours passed, the torture of waiting at last came to an end, and we started, arriving at K— at eight p.m., which was then the nearest point of the railway to G—, and left me still three hours to travel by stage.

What I suffered during that trip would be difficult to describe. Impatience and remorse, the desire to see my sister once more, the fear of being too late, together with the physical discomfort occasioned by cold and moisture, and the shaking, bumping, and bouncing of coach, rendered my position altogether unenviable. When we arrived at G— it was nearly midnight.

Hastily I walked on up the hill to Hanstein, and arrived at the old mansion. Impatiently I rang the bell at the door, and after a while our old deaf porter opened and stared at me with a vacant look. I did not stop to ask questions, but hurried upstairs to the great hall that led to my room, for the purpose of divesting myself of my great coat. I lighted the candle upon the table, then pulled off my coat, and as I turned round I faced my sister, Johanna,

standing before me, with a pleasant smile upon her lips. I now remember well that I was a little startled by seeing her dressed in white muslin, with a wreath of white roses upon her brow, while her long dark brown hair fell in ringlets over her shoulders; but I was too much surprised at seeing her well and alive, and at such an unusual hour before me, to reflect upon the peculiarity of her dress. She looked somewhat pale, but the bright red spot upon her cheek had departed, and her eyes seemed to me brighter than usual, although there was in them a somewhat dreamy expression.

'Why, Johanna!' I exclaimed, grasping both her hands, 'did you hear me come? How glad I am to see you so well; I thought you were very sick.'

'I am perfectly well,' answered my sister; and, in fact, there was nothing about her appearance or manner indicating anything to the contrary unless, perhaps, that her voice seemed to have a peculiar sound, as if coming from afar; but this I attributed to the condition of the large hall, in which every sound seemed to be echoed back from the vacant space. She was the same gay and beautiful girl I had known before I went to Munich; there was about her beauty even something more ethereal than before; which may have been due to the contrast which her dark tresses formed with her white apparel.

'I can hardly believe my eyes,' I said, patting her caressingly upon the cheek; 'I expected to find you unable to move, and now you look as if you were ready to go to a ball!'

Johanna smiled, and as if desirous of proving to me that she could move, she swiftly turned several times round with graceful motions, and then taking hold of me made me waltz with her round the hall, just as she had done in former times, and without listening to my protest that I could not dance in my heavy boots. Her steps were inaudible, and she seemed to have no weight; but my nailed boots made a great clatter that sounded dismally through the hall. At last I became so giddy that I begged her to stop. I disengaged myself from her grasp and stood still, and as the walls seemed to turn round me in swift motion, I held my hands over my eyes. When I opened my eyes again, Johanna had gone; I was alone in the hall.

Hastily I opened the door to run after her, and as I did so I found Sister Alfonsa in the gallery holding a lighted candle. Now Sister Alfonsa was well known to me, and I to her; she was a nun from a neighbouring convent, and used to wait upon the sick and hold vigils with the bodies of the dead.

Small and emaciated she was, and herself near the grave; nevertheless, she was a courageous little woman, and as she stood there with her black gown and white veil, holding the lighted candle in one hand and the rosary in the other, she showed no fear; there was rather a look of defiance about her, which changed into astonishment as she recognised me.

'What is the matter, Sister Alfonsa?' I asked. 'Did you see Johanna?'

'It is for me to ask you, sir, what is the matter,' she answered. 'I came to see what is the cause of this unearthly noise and trampling of feet over the chamber of the dead.'

'Who is dead?' I asked in surprise. 'Johanna was here and made me dance with her, to show me that she was well. Where is she? Did you not meet her in the gallery?'

The nun crossed herself and looked at me inquiringly, as if to see whether I was drunk or insane. At last she said, 'The Lord have mercy! Your sister Johanna died at six o'clock last evening. I have been sitting up with the corpse.'

I listened no longer, but hurried downstairs; and true enough, in the room below the great hall, there was the body of Johanna laid out upon the bier, dressed in white muslin, with a wreath of white roses in her unloosened hair. The red spot was gone, her hands were folded as if in prayer, and a sweet peaceful smile rested upon her lips. My sister Bertha also made her appearance, and confirmed the tale that Johanna had died at six p.m., and added that the last wish which the dying girl had expressed was that she should see me once more.

AN EASY CREDITOR.

SOME time ago, on Sunday we wended our way to one of our churches, and instead of a sermon, heard an address upon some missionary or other benevolent subject. After the address was concluded, two of the brethren were sent round with the basket for contributions, taking the sides upon which we sat. Immediately in our front, and upon the next seat, negligently reclined our friend Bill H—, a gentleman of infinite humour and full of dry jokes. Parson L— extended the basket, and Bill slowly shook his head.

'Come, William, give us something,' said the parson.

'Can't do it,' replied Bill.

'Why not? Is not the cause a good one?'

'Yes, but I am not able to give anything.'

'Pooh! pooh! I know better; you must give a better reason than that.'

'Well, I owe too much money—I must be just before I'm generous, you know.'

'But, William, you owe God a larger debt than you owe anybody else.'

'That's true, parson, but then He ain't pushing me like the balance of my creditors.'

The parson's face got into rather a curious condition, and he passed on.

A BOON TO SUFFERERS.—A new discovery which is being talked about in medical circles determines the fact that absolute local immunity from pain even during protracted operations can be obtained without resorting to general narcosis of the patient, so that a sufferer may remain perfectly conscious during the amputation of his hand or foot without undergoing the tortures usually associated with such operations, or exposing himself to the danger of syncope ever present in the operation room. It appears that subcutaneous injections of a solution of sugar or salt, and even of simple cold distilled water, will produce exactly the same local anesthetic effects as cocaine.

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Snarks & Northern Smiles & Smoke-room Stories

formed at the Théâtre Français. The growing recognition of the world was evidenced in his appointment as director of the Normal Singing School of Paris, the primary school of the Conservatoire. In 1854 a five act opera, with a libretto from the legend of the "Bleeding Nun," was completed and produced, and Gounod was further gratified to see that musical authorities were willing to grant him a distinct place in the ranks of art, though as yet not a very high one.

Gounod's Death. "Gounod is dead. I know not if the world mean much to the rest of you," said the doctor, sadly, "but for me one of the lights of my life has gone out and the world is darker when I think that the greatest composer of my time is gone; that the soul that has thrilled me so many thousands of times will never more pour itself into one of those melodies which have surely done more to purify and ennoble mankind than all the sermons ever preached by even the most eloquent preachers, for music has a power over natures deaf to every other voice. The Roman Catholic Church is the only religious body that has recognised the full importance of this fact, though every year the prejudices of other denominations are being dispelled, and music is being recognised as far the most powerful missionary placed at the disposition of religion. I have called Gounod the greatest composer of my time, not because he is my own favourite, but because I really believe he was possessed of a far higher musical genius than either Wagner or Verdi, who is still left to us, and who still works. In melody he is the peer of Mozart. If we may compare him to any of his great forerunners, I think it should be to Schubert. Like most other French composers he was largely influenced by Gluck in the foundation of his work, and as has been truly said, no modern composer has been so brilliant and effective a disciple in carrying out the formulas of the great master. More free, flexible, and melodious than Spontini and Haëvy, measuring his work by a conception of art more lofty and ideal than that of Meyerbeer, and in creative power far their superior, Gounod's genius as shown in the one opera of "Faust" alone suffices to stamp his great mastership.

Faust's First Production. "Imagine if you can that night in the young musician's life when "Faust" was first produced on the 19th of March, 1859. In the morning a half-known minor musical composer, by midnight the idol of Paris, one of the foremost musicians of the age. Imagine after all the weary years of work and waiting—for they were many and unexpressibly disappointing—that sudden and overwhelming avalanche of praise. Not merely the vulgar *triumph* of the people, but of Auber's tears of joy, and Rossini's splendid tribute. Imagine him as he was there that night in the Theatre Lyrique. A noticeable-looking man of blonde complexion, a great Saxony beard, clear cut features, and large bright eyes, with the shadows of many disappointments—a man who despised the social world and lived for his art and that alone. As his opera, the work of years, progresses, the play of his features attracts attention from those about him. Most eloquently do the rapid changes which pass over the troubled eyes and mobile face reflect the emotions of the composer, not enjoying and approving now, scowling hideously as something goes awry to his critical understanding. One imagines that when he found himself famous, the scorn of the world, which he never took much trouble to conceal, must have leapt out in some biting words. He must have thought of those early days when we are told score after score was rejected by the managers. No one cared to hazard the risk of producing an opera by this unknown composer. His first essay was a pastoral opera, "Philemon and Baucis," and it did not escape from the manuscripts for many a long year, though it has in more recent times been received by critical German audiences with great applause. A catalogue of Gounod's failures would have no significance except as showing that his industry and energy were not relaxed by public neglect. His first decided encouragement came in 1851, when "Sappho" was produced at the French Opera through the influence of Madame Pauline Viardot, the sister of Malibran, who had a generous belief in the composer's future, and such a position in the musical world of Paris as to make her requests almost mandatory. This opera, based on the fine poem of Alfre Angier, was well received, and cheered Gounod's heart to make fresh efforts. In 1852 he composed the choruses for Ponsard's classical tragedy of "Ulysse," per-

Thoughts of "Faust." "For years Gounod's serious and elevated mind had been pondering on Goethe's great poem as the subject of an opera, and there is reason to conjecture that parts of it were composed and arranged, if not fully elaborated, long prior to its final crystallisation. But he was not yet quite ready to enter seriously on the composition of the masterpiece. He must still try his hand on lesser themes. Occasional pieces for the orchestra or choruses strengthened his hold on these important elements of lyric composition, and in 1853 he produced "Le Médecin malgré lui," based on Molière's comedy, afterwards performed as an English opera under the title of "The Mock Doctor." Gounod's genius seems to have had no affinity for the graceful and sparkling measures of comic music, and his attempt to rival Ksini and Anber in the field where they were pre-eminent was decidedly unsuccessful, though the opera contained much fine music.

"Faust" the First Time in London. "You may not know," broke in the Professor, "that the success of "Faust" in London was "dodged," if I may use such a word. Of course, the opera would eventually have won success, but the first success was undoubtedly due to management. Poor old Mapleson, best of impresarios, finest of *raconteurs*, used to tell the story inimitably. I will repeat it from his remembrance. It loses much of its delightful piquancy, but is still amusing, and as strange as true. Says Mapleson:—"About this time (1863), I was told of an opera well worthy of my attention which was being performed at the Theatre Lyrique of Paris. I started to see it, and at once decided that Gounod's "Faust"—the work in question—possessed all the qualities necessary for a success in this country. On inquiry I found that Mr Thomas Chappell, the well-known music publisher, had acquired the opera for England. The late Mr Frank Chappell, on the part of his brother, but acting in some measure on his own responsibility, had bought the "Faust" music for reproduction in England from M. Choudens of Paris; and I have heard not only that he acquired this privilege for the small sum of £40 (1,000 francs), but moreover that he was remunerated with on his return home for making so poor a purchase.

"Nothing in Faust!" "The music of an opera is worth nothing until the opera itself has become known, and Messrs Chappell opened negotiations with Mr Frederik Gye for the production of "Faust" at the Royal Italian Opera. The work, however, had not made much impression at the Theatre Lyrique, and Mr Gye, after going to Paris specially to hear it, assured his stage manager, the late Mr Augustus Harris, who had formed a better opinion of Gounod's music than was entertained by his chief, that there was nothing in it except the "Chorus of Soldiers." After due consideration Mr Gye refused to have anything to do with "Faust," and the prospect of this opera's being performed in London was not improved by the fact that, in the Italian version, it had failed at Milan. Meanwhile I had heard "Faust" at the Theatre Lyrique, and, much struck by the beauty of the music, felt convinced that the work had only to be fitly presented to achieve forthwith an immense success in London. Mr Chappell was ready to give £200 towards the cost of its production, and he further agreed to pay me £200 more after four representations, besides a further payment after ten representations. Certain that I had secured a treasure, I went to Paris and bought from M. Choudens a copy of the score, the orchestral parts, and the right for myself personally of performing the work whenever I might think fit in England. I then visited Gounod, who for £100 agreed to come over and superintend the production of what he justly declared to be his masterpiece. I was at that time (as indeed I always was when anything important had to be done)

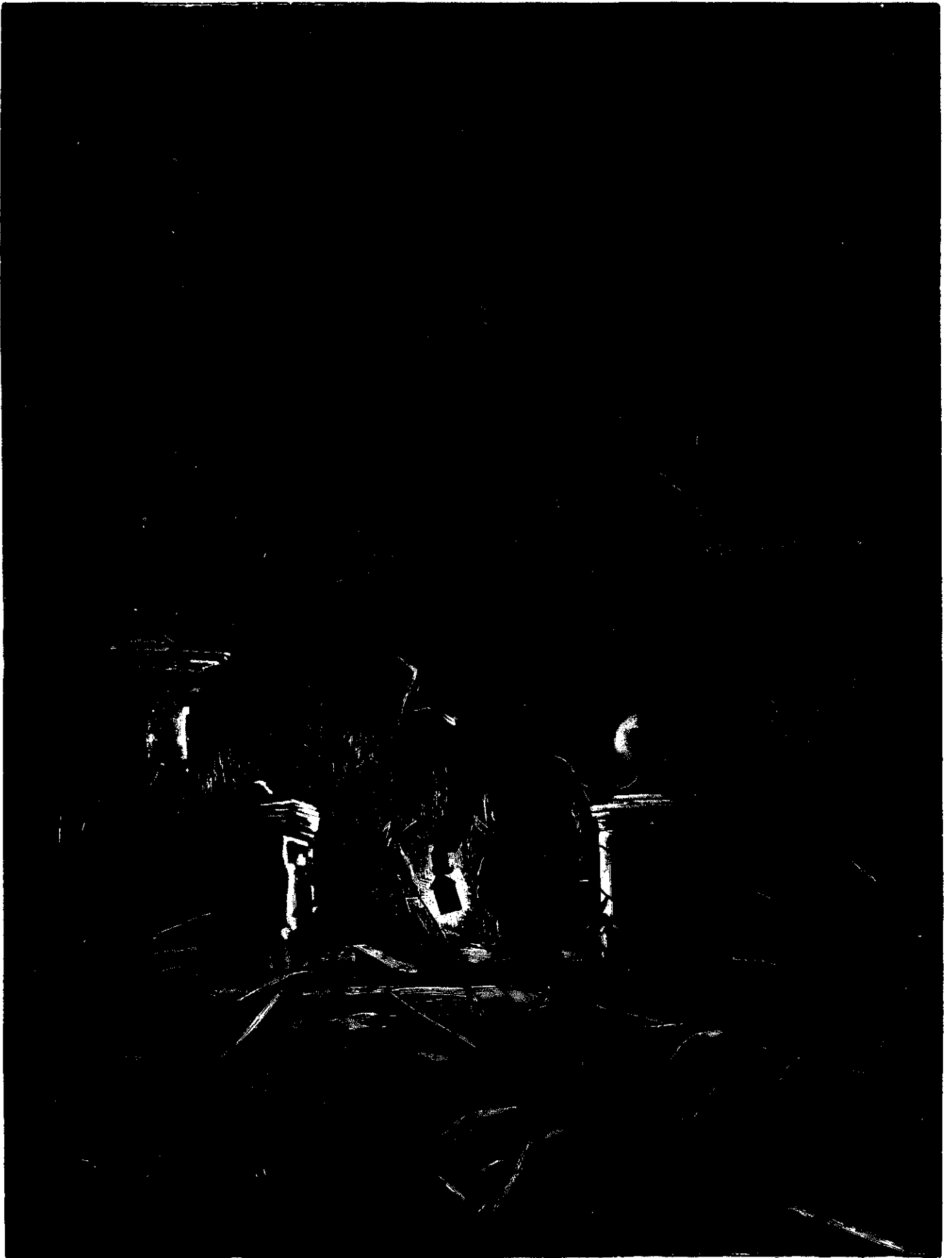
my own stage manager. My orchestral conductor was Ardti; Titiens undertook the part of "Margherita"; Giuglini that of "Faust"; Trebelli was "Siebel"; Gasier, "Mephistopheles"; and Santley, "Valentine." Far from carrying out his agreement as to superintending the production of the work, Gounod did not arrive in London until nearly seven o'clock on the night of production; and all I heard from him was that he wanted a good pit box in the centre of the house. With this, for reasons which I will at once explain, I had no difficulty whatever in providing him.

A Dismal Failure Imminent. "One afternoon, a few days before the day fixed for the production of the opera, I looked in upon Mr Nugent at the box-office and asked how the sale of places was going on. "Very badly, indeed," he replied. "Only thirty pounds' worth of seats had been taken. This passage! a dismal failure, and I had set my mind on a brilliant success. I told Mr Nugent in the first place that I had decided to announce "Faust" for four nights in succession. He thought I must be mad, and assured me that one night's performance would be more than enough, and that to persist in offering to the public a work in which it took no interest was surely a deplorable mistake. I told him that not only should the opera be played for four nights in succession, but that for the first three out of these four not one place was to be sold beyond those already disposed of. That there might be no mistake about the matter, I had all the remaining tickets for the three nights in question collected and put away in several carpet bags, which I took home with me that I might distribute them far and wide throughout the metropolis and metropolitan suburbs. At last, after a prodigious outlay in envelopes, and above all postage stamps, nearly the whole mass of tickets for the three nights had been carefully given away.

The Dodge. "I at the same time advertised in the Times that in consequence of a death in the family, two stalls secured for the first representation of "Faust"—the opera which was exciting so much interest that all places for the first three representations had been bought up—could be had at twenty-five shillings each, being but a small advance on the box office prices. The stalls thus liberally offered were on sale at the shop of Mrs Phillips, the jeweller, in Cockspur street, and I told Mr Phillips that if he succeeded in selling them I would present him with three for the use of his own family. Mr Phillips sold them three times over, and a like success was achieved by Mr Baxter, the stationer, also in Cockspur Street. Meanwhile demands had been made at the box-office for places, and when the would be purchasers were told that "everything had gone, they went away and repeated it to their friends, who, in their turn, came to see whether it was quite impossible to obtain seats for the first performance of an opera which was now beginning to be seriously talked about. As the day of production approached the inquiries became more and more numerous. "If not for the first night, there must surely be places somewhere for the second," was the cry. Mr Nugent and his assistants had, however, but one answer, "Everything had been sold, not only for the first night, but also for the two following ones." The first representation took place on June 11th, and the work was received with applause, if not with enthusiasm. I had arranged for Gounod to be recalled; and he appeared several times on the stage, much, I think, to the annoyance of Ardti, to whom the credit of a good *ensemble* and a fine performance generally was justly due. The opinions expressed by several distinguished amateurs as to the merits of Gounod's admirable work were rather amusing. The late Lord Dudley said that the only striking pieces in the opera were the "Old Men's Chorus" and the "Soldiers' March" which was going a step beyond Mr Gye, who had seen nothing in the work but the "Soldiers' Chorus." Another noble lord, when I asked him what he thought of "Faust," replied: "This demand is most premature. How am I to answer you until I have talked to my friends and read the criticisms in the morning papers?" The paucity of measured tunes in the opera—which is melodious from beginning to end—caused many persons to say that it was wanting in melody. The second night "Faust" was received more warmly than on the first, and at each succeeding representation it gained additional favour, until after the third performance the paying public, burning with desire to see a work from which they had hitherto been debarred, filled the theatre night after night. No further device was necessary for stimulating its curiosity; and the work was now to please and delight successive audiences by its own incontestable merit. It was given for ten nights in succession, and was constantly repeated until the termination of the season. So successful was "Faust" at Her Majesty's Theatre that Mr Gye resolved to produce it at once; and he succeeded in getting it out by July 2nd. The following was the cast of the work at the Royal Italian Opera:—"Margherita," Miolan Carvalho (the creator of the part at the Theatre Lyrique); "Siebel," Nantier Dides; "Mephistopheles," Faure; "Valentine," Graziani; "Faust," Tamberlik.



"Come along, my little dears, and have your little political fortunes told."



HAUNTED.

HAUNTS OF SPIRITS.

PLACES WHERE SPOOKS HOLD CARNIVAL.

HOUSES GIVEN OVER TO TRADITIONAL SPECTRES—CROSS-ROADS GHOSTS.

The historian of Lord Elsin's mission to China observes that in all countries the sports of childhood are essentially the same, though they may differ in name and unimportant details. It is much the same with popular superstition. The Russian boor whispers a prayer and the Bedouin shepherd mutters a curse at sight of a ghost, but the ghosts themselves betray a strong family likeness, and there is something about haunted houses that would enable

AN EXPERT IN SPOOKS

to recognize them at first sight as an experienced farmer would point out a deserted pasture or a neglected orchard.

Even at this late hour of the nineteenth century the surface of the habitable globe is dotted with homesteads that have been abandoned for what a learned British lawyer called 'hyperphysical reasons,' the obtuseness of preternatural visitors who refused to be exercised or explained away. The house often anything but untenable from an architectural point of view, is

RELINGUISHED TO THE SPOOKS AND SPARROWS.

but its desolation does not attract the vandals of the neighbourhood. Doors and windows appear to have been left untouched for years, and the appearance of the surroundings, the rank luxuriance of the lawn and the undisturbed fences distinguish it from a domicile that has become a common loading ground, after having been abandoned for such prosaic reasons as a collapse of mortgage or the owner's removal to a more convenient business place.

Revenants, that is, 'returners,' the French peasant calls haunting spooks. The chief reason for which they are supposed to revisit the glimpses of the moon might be summed up as missed opportunities for the gratification of a ruling passion.

THE PRANKS AND WEIRD NOISES

by which goblins have monopolized the possession of a building have thus often a by purpose of revenge. The last occupant of the Chateau de Blamny, where Voltaire saw 'the biggest spider-webs in Europe,' had been ousted through chicanery and died in exile, but his ghost returned with spectral reinforcements, and soon obliged the usurper to sell the place at a sacrifice, since the reason of his removal had been disclosed by the panic-stricken domestics.

Eight miles west of Bellinzona, near the northern extremity of the Lago Maggiore on the Swiss border of Italy, there is a castle known as the Casa di Locarno which contrived to weather all the war-storms of the middle ages, but about a hundred years ago had to be abandoned in stress of spooks. One afternoon, during the incidental absence of the resident proprietor, an old beggar woman knocked at the door, and being half dead with the fatigue of a long tramp through a pelting sleet storm, was conducted to a vacant guest room and permitted to spread her mantle on a lag full of straw near a comfortable fire. Toward evening the storm increased in fury, and shortly after dark Count Locarno, the owner of the castle, unexpectedly returned with a friend, and at sight of the unwelcome tenant of the guest chamber, lost his temper and peremptorily ordered the old gipsy to pick up her bundle and be gone. The poor creature tried to comply, but was so slow in gathering up her rags that the Count lost his patience altogether and not only hustled her out of the room, but pushed her violently down stairs and ordered his servant to fling her plunder in the barn; but on second thought it occurred to him that it would not do to drive a human being out in a winter storm at that hour of the night. The afterthought of hospitality came too late. The old beggar woman had staggered out into the street, and the next morning was found dead under a hedge where she had crouched for shelter. In a semi-feudal country of the eighteenth century a trifle like that would not have been mentioned, but soon afterward it was whispered that

THE CASTLE OF LOCARNO WAS HAUNTED.

Strange groans and the noise of rustling straw had been heard after dark, and servant after servant was discharged for idiotic superstition, as the master of the castle called it, till he came to the conclusion that the building was too rickety and damp to be decently tenable, and that his family needed a change of air.

Climatic explanations of that sort are, however, not apt to prevail against the verdict of popular opinion, and in the next neighbourhood of a matter-of-fact city like Cincinnati, O., a fine hill top building of sixty-eight rooms (originally used as a Baptist seminary), remained vacant for nearly twenty years after the neighbourhood gossip had once saddled it with the name of

THE 'HAUNTED BARRACKS.'

A syndicate of capitalists purchased it for a trifle, and partly recouped themselves by leasing the adjoining park for a pasture. But their attempts to get renters for the airy rooms remained in vain, though tramps now and then rose above local prejudice and established a dormitory in the attic, and the business manager at last was actually obliged to pay a man for enjoying the comforts of a fine hill park residence in the role of a janitor. The founder of the building had failed during the war and relinquished it with a reluctance which was probably supposed to have influenced his *post mortem* transaction, since his ghost was said to have been seen prowling about the deserted corridors.

In the chaos period of mediæval anarchy and again during the crusades the care of many an old burgh devolved upon the female ancestors of families who still see their spirits wander about the scenes of their solitude. Grillparzer's drama, 'Die Ahn-Frau,' is founded upon the story of an apparition of that sort in the castle of Orlamunde, but the 'White Lady' is one of the ghosts whose name is legion, and she haunts the halls or ruins of at least half a hundred mansions of Christian Europe. The 'Wellin Lady Guelph,' as we might translate her, was seen in the castle of Brunswick the night before the battle of Zena, and it is said that her former apparition had all but determined the representative of her house to resign the command of the Prussian army.

A NAMELESS, BUT NOT VOICELESS, SPECTRE

in white stalks about the royal palace at Stockholm and was once seen by two princes who were engaged in a game of chess with their tutor for referee. A slight noise attracted the attention of one of the players to the door of the adjoining

room, and, noticing his affrighted stare, his brother, too, looked around, and in the flicker of the wax candles saw a white shape standing as if in an attitude of prayer. Then it pointed toward the window with a low moan and vanished like a pale mist. The tutor turned around too late to see the phantom, but had heard the moaning sound, and he took a note of the day and hour. The mails travelled slowly in those days, but about two weeks after a courier from the seat of war arrived with the report that on the evening of the apparition the King of Sweden had expired on the battlefield of Luetzen.

CROSS-ROAD GHOSTS

were supposed to be the spirits of travellers who had perished in defending their property against highwaymen, and who haunted the scene of the tragedy either to warn other wayfarers or to reveal the place where the assassins had secreted their corpses. But evil spirits, too, could now and then be seen at the crossing of two roads. 'Were wolves,' the author of the 'Witches' Hammer' writes, 'trot along the highway till they come to a place where another road crosses, and when there the symbol of salvation obliges them to stand irresolute, till they bethink themselves of turning aside and pursuing their journey by a roundabout path.'

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN GHOSTS,

by the way, are less squeamish on that point, and often remove a wayside cross merely to put the padre to the trouble of fishing it out of a frog pond. A spook who haunts the old military road from Pueblo to the sea coast played that trick so often that the orthodox neighbours tried to trap him in the act, but he made his escape by suddenly assuming the form of a coyote and slipping off into the chaparral with a derisive yelp.

MEXICAN SPOOKS

also hang about the hiding places of buried treasure, and attempts to discover their hoards may once in a while lead to practical results in a country where the bosom of mother earth is really the most popular savings bank. An Acapulco sharper went too far in trying to sell a pamphlet with full directions for securing the assistance of a bonanza goblin, and was arrested for complicity in a charge of trespass.

Condorcet, in a note of his description of a journey to the Levant, informs us that the spirits of Tartar horsemen are supposed to career about the walls of Banorah and startle the camping caravans with their midnight shouts. Similar sounds were for centuries believed to have been heard on the battlefield of Marathon. Not the vanquished but the victors indulged in these

MIDNIGHT ORGIES,

probably in a supposed attempt to enjoy a *post-mortem* share of the triumph which their valour had prepared for their surviving countrymen. The wild Odin worship of the pagan Goths, too, reserved the rewards of Walhalla for the victorious fighter, whose spirit the valkyres rescued from the pile of the slain. They alone were conducted to the throne of the war god, and after his resignation in favour of the scriptural deity, accompanied him on his nocturnal excursions, while the best the unheroic dead could hope for was rest and oblivion.

THE OLD FRIENDS.

The old friends, the old friends
We loved when we were young,
With sunshine in their faces,
And music on their tongue;
The bees are in the almond-flower,
The birds renew their strain;
But the old friends, once lost to us,
Can never come again.

The old friends, the old friends!
Their brow is lined with care;
They've furrows in the faded cheek,
And silver in the hair;
But to me they are old friends still
In youth and bloom the same,
As when we drove the flying ball,
Or shouted in the game.

The old men, the old men,
How slow they creep along!
How naughtily we scoffed at them
In days when we were young;
Their prosing and their dozing,
Their prate of times gone by,
Their shiver like an aspen-leaf
If but a breath went by.

But we, we are the old men now,
Our blood is faint and chill;
We cannot leap the mighty brook,
Or climb the breakneck hill.
We moulder down the shortest cut,
We rest on stick or stile,
And the young men half asbamed to laugh
Yet pass us with a smile.

But the young men, the young men,
Their strength is fair to see;
The straight back, and the springy stride,
The eye as falcon free;
The shout above the frolic wind
As up the hill they go;
But, though so high above us now,
They soon shall be as low.

O weary, weary draw the years
As life draws near the end;
And sadly, sadly fall the tears
For loss of love and friend.
But we'll not doubt there's good about
In all of humankind;
So here's a health before we go
To those we leave behind!

A. G. B.

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JUST LANDED AND TO ARRIVE,

A beautiful assortment of BALL PROGRAMMES, CORDS and FENCIBLE, also MENU, WEDDING, INVITATION VISITING and other CARDS at the GRAPHIC OFFICE.

ALL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

MURDER AND MADNESS.

HERE is a story of the supernatural. It happened more than a hundred years ago, so that you may hope it is not true. Yet in those days the invention of news was not yet known, and the paper which contains this story was a sober and honest journal. One of the patients in a madhouse—a parish madhouse; I think that of Lauceston—escaped. That was no new thing; they all wanted to escape. As the woman, although very mad indeed, was quite harmless, they went about their search in a leisurely fashion. At last they found her, drowned in a shallow ditch, and carried her back to the madhouse. On preparing the unhappy woman for the grave, they found in her corset—they called her stays—something that rustled. They cut the thing open, and discovered a small parcel rolled up tight in some waterproof stuff—whatever was then invented. The parcel was a document written on parchment. It was written very small, and mis-spelt, and this was how it ran: 'The man came along after dark; he stopped at our door, and said he was a stranger, and would my aunt take him in for the night? He seemed a sailor, and said he was respectable, and showed money. "Elizabeth," said aunt, "he can have your room, and you shall sleep with me." There were two bedrooms in the cottage, up a ladder, both garrets. During the evening he sent me out for drink, and he had a lot, and was drunk; but he got up the ladder safe and so to bed. In the night I heard aunt get out of bed. There was a moon shining in the skylight window. She took something and went into the man's room. Presently aunt came back, and in the moonlight she saw me sitting up in bed. "Get up," she said; "go downstairs and get, if you can, a light." So I did, and brought the rush light up the ladder. Aunt had the Bible in her hand. "Swear," she said, "that you will never tell anyone what has been done." So I swore, trembling, and wished I might go suddenly mad if I told. "Then," she says, "I've killed the lodger. His pockets were full of guineas, and I'm a made woman. But you must help me." So she made me help to drag the body down into the room below and out into the garden, where we dug a hole under the cabbages and laid it as deep as we could. Then we covered all up and went back to the house, and waited till daybreak. As soon as it was light we washed up the place, and nobody ever found out. One night, when I was a woman grown, the dead man came to my bedside and said, "Tell the story;" and I said, "I cannot, because I swore." He said, "If you tell you have sworn to go mad; if you do not tell I will haunt you till you do go mad." So, as I am bound to go mad either way, I have written the story down and sewn it up. When I am dead somebody will find it, and will dig up the poor man and bury him in a church. The house is situated . . . Thus the narrative. And they dug up the garden in the place indicated, and found the dead body in what had been sailor's clothes.—WALTER BESANT.

THE EMPEROR'S BREAKFAST.

FIFTEEN centuries ago
Emperor Nintok of Japan
Walked upon his roof at daybreak,
Watching if the toils began
Well to gild the cedar frieze
Of his palace galleries;
Well, to nail the silver plates
Of his inner palace gates;
For the queen would have it so
Fifteen hundred years ago!

Walking on his roof, he spied
Streets and lanes and quarters teeming;
Saw his city spreading wide,
Ah! but mean and sad of seeming
Show those lowly wooden huts
Underneath the king's house gleaming.
Though each humble wicket shuts
One world out and one world in,
That so great and this so small,
Yet, to the poor hearts within,
The little world their all and all!
Just then the waiting maids bore through
The breakfast of King Nintok

Quoth the Emperor, gazing round,
'Wherefore, when my meats abound,
See I not much smoke arise
From these huts beneath mine eyes?
Chimneys jut into the air,
Yet no chimney reek is there
Telling that the household pot
Bubbles glad with boiled rice hot.

'Gild me no more galleries,
If my people pay the gold!
Let my gates unplated go
If the silver leaves them cold!
This city of all tax I ease
For three years! We decree it so!
From all huts there shall be smoke!
Thus the Emperor Nintok spake.

Sped three years. Upon his roof
The monarch paced again. Aloof
His Empress hung, ill pleased to see
The snows drip through her gallery,
The gates agape with cracks, and gray
For wear and weather. 'Consort! say
If so the Emperor of Japan
Should lodge, like some vile peasant man,
Whose thatch leaks for a load of straw?'
'Princess angust, what recks a flaw,'
Nintok replied, 'in gate or wall
When, far and wide, those chimneys all
Fling their blue house flags to the sky,
Where the gods count them? Thou and I
Take part in all the poor folks' health:
The people's weal makes prince's wealth!'

EDWIN ARNOLD.

A RIDGE OF CORN.

WITH heart grown weary of the heat,
'And hungry for the breath
Of field and farm, with eager feet
I trod the pavement dry as death
Through city streets where vice is born—
And sudden, lo! a ridge of corn.

Above the dingy roof it stood,
A dome of toasting, tangled spears,
Dark, cool, and sweet as any wood,
Its silken gleamed and plumed ears
Laughed on me through the haze of morn,
The tranquil presence of the corn.

Upon the salt wind from the sea,
Borne westward swift as dreams
Of boyhood are, I seemed to be
'Nce more a part of sounds and gleams
Thrown on me by the winds of morn
Amid the rustling rows of corn.

I bared my head, and on me fell
The old, wild wizardry again
Of leaf and sky, the moving spell
Of boyhood's easy joy or pain,
When pumpkin trump was Siegfried's horn
Echoing down the walls of corn.

I saw the field (as trackless then
As wood to Daniel Boone)
Wherein we hunted wolves and men,
And ranged and twanged the green bassoon,
Not blither Robin Hood's merry horn
Than pumpkin vine amid the corn.

In central deeps the melons lay,
Slow swelling in the August sun.
I traced again the narrow way,
And joined again the stealthy run.
The jack o'lantern race was born
Within the shadows of the corn.

O woe, west wilderness of leaves!
O playmates far away! Over thee
The slow wind like a mourner grieves,
And stirs the plumed ears like a sea.
Would we could sound again the horn
In vast sweet presence of the corn!

CLASS EYES.

THE manufacture of glass eyes is a profession by itself, and a lucrative one into the bargain. Parisian eyes are by far the best. The great artists in this line are chiefly to be found congregated in the Faubourg St. Honore, and some of them are also oculists. You will generally find a one-eyed servant attached to these establishments, who is ready if called upon to exhibit his imitation orb to hesitating customers. Forty or fifty francs is the price of a first-class eye; but in a less fashionable neighbourhood one equally good may be bought for half that sum. After a few months' wear they lose their brilliancy, and some people pay their oculist an annual sum to be kept supplied. A manufacturer, therefore has usually a drawer full of pattern eyes, so that he can at once supply the needs of his regular customers without any trouble to them. A good workman can make an eye in a day, but it is a difficult and tedious piece of work, and if it does not please the customer it is often returned on his hands. Rejected eyes are generally sold to people who cannot afford to be fastidious as to colour and expression; while those that can be disposed of in no other way find a market in foreign parts—in Asia or in the Sandwich Islands. A Hayti general who had lost an eye ordered one from Paris, and the oculist forwarded to him what he considered a perfect triumph of skill. Six months later a letter came back to this effect:—'Your eye is of no use to me. It is yellowish, and recalls the memory of the Spanish flag. I will only wear an eye of the colours of my country.' The oculist, after considering the matter, got a sight of the Haytian flag, and presently despatched to the patriotic warrior a splendid green and red eye, which had the good fortune to give complete satisfaction. The general, in fact, was so charmed with it that he elected to wear it on his breast as an order. It is no uncommon thing for an eye to be hired for the day, on the occasion of some festival, by a workman too poor to have one in general use. Artificial eyes appear to have originated in Egypt, they were made of gold and silver, then of copper and ivory. In the 16th century porcelain was the substance used, and the makers advertised themselves by stamping their names and addresses on the white of the eye, a practice not likely to commend itself to their customers, one would have thought. Porcelain was superseded by glass, which again gave place to enamel, and this, we believe, is the substance in favour at the present day. The best specimens look so wonderfully real, that it is sometimes difficult to believe that they have not the power of vision, and that their chief use is to prevent a person looking unseemly in the eyes of his fellow men.



IN THE LOWER GONGE OF THE TWAIN.

FRANCHISE SUPERINTENDENT FOR NEW ZEALAND.

INTERVIEWED BY AN ENTHUSIAST.

'What will not woman, gentle woman, dare
When strong affection stirs her spirit up.' SOUTHEY.

TO the lot of but few women does it fall to play an important part in a national revolution, and when one hears of such a woman the mind instantly conjures up a picture of a strong-minded looking individual, somewhat masculine in personal appearance, dress, and speech, and without any of the graces, accomplishments, and refinements of a lady. Most women in New Zealand now have an idea that certain of their sisters have been working for their emancipation, and they have heard that a Canterbury lady has given some addresses advocating the extension of the franchise, and has also written sundry letters to different people in the colony urging the same. But a very small number have the faintest conception of the toil involved in the long and arduous campaign that has just now so successfully terminated. I say that when we hear of a woman public spirited enough to carry on such a warfare we are apt to conclude that only a mannish woman could or would undertake so trying a task. One glance, however, at the lady we to day claim as our leader will dispel that idea. Mrs Sheppard, the wife of Mr W. A. Sheppard, a gentleman well known in Canterbury for many years past, has not an atom of the woman's rights style about her. Seen in her pretty, pleasantly situated residence at Fendalton it is somewhat difficult to realise that this graceful, tastefully-attired woman, who possesses such rare tact as a hostess and places you so completely at your ease, can be the one who has had so much to do with political tactics during the last few years. Mrs Sheppard is essentially a womanly woman, taking a practical interest and part in music and art. She is also quite an authority among her friends in matters pertaining to health and sick nursing. Of her kindly, sympathetic nature I should like to say much, but refrain, simply quoting Lowell's words as most aptly describing the private life of one of whom New Zealand may justly be proud.

She doeth little kindnesses
That most leave undone or despise;
And naught that sets one heart at ease,
Or giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

In public speaking Mrs Sheppard has a pleasant, clear, though not powerful voice, and, better still, she has not a trace of the mannerisms that are so usually acquired by women who attempt to open their lips in public. Talking one day over the well-appointed lunch table I asked Mrs Sheppard if she could give me an outline of the history of this great movement.

'Well,' said Mrs Sheppard, 'Women's Franchise was first seriously mooted in the New Zealand House of Representatives fourteen years ago, in 1879. In the Qualifications of Electors' Bill, the late Mr Ballance carried an amendment affirming the principle of Woman Suffrage. This was, however, subsequently thrown out. In the following year, 1880, Dr. Wallis, member for Auckland, introduced a Bill for extending the franchise to women. This was read a first time, but went no farther. In 1887 Sir Julius Vogel introduced a Woman's Suffrage Bill, which passed its second reading by 41 to 22, and was referred to Committee. Unfortunately for the measure, the Stout-Vogel Government went out shortly afterwards. It was evident that although the leaders of public opinion recognised the justice of the claim and were anxious to grant it, yet the public themselves were not ready for such a change. In 1888 the Women's Christian Temperance Union sent up a petition, signed by its Executive, asking for such an amendment in the interpretation clauses of the Electoral Bill as would admit women to the franchise. Sir John Hall undertook to present it to the House. Owing, however, to press of work during the session the Electoral Bill was not brought forward at all. At the request of the Franchise Department of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, Sir John Hall promised to endeavour to introduce, during the next session, an amendment in the Electoral Bill. He gave notice in the House of a motion to that effect, and even arranged with the late Sir Harry Atkinson a definite date for the discussion. But, as usual, so many things of greater importance crowded the Order Paper that the session closed without the amendment having a chance of being heard. At the 1890 session Sir John Hall succeeded in carrying by a large majority the following resolution:—"That the right of voting for members of Parliament be extended to women." Later on he introduced a Bill for the extension of the franchise and succeeded in getting it read a first time, but owing to the crowded state of the Order Paper it suffered the usual fate of private members' Bills. Anticipating this result Sir John endeavoured to insert a clause, granting our desire, in a Government Bill which was passing through the House. He was defeated, however, many giving as their reason for opposing that it was unwise to pass so radical a measure on the eve of a general election. At this general election candidates were asked to express their opinion as to the advisability or otherwise of granting a vote to women, and a large majority of those returned expressed themselves as favourable to such a measure. In 1891 a petition circulated throughout the

colony by the Women's Christian Temperance Union and signed by 10,000 women was presented by Sir John Hall to the Lower House, and also one to the Legislative Council by the late Hon. John Fulton. These excited considerable interest as being the largest petitions ever presented to Parliament. Sir John also introduced the Female Suffrage Bill, and despite opposition, carried it successfully through its various stages. It was during this session that the episode of the impromptu petition from the Ladies' Gallery occurred. One evening some of our opponents declared that women did not want the franchise. Mrs Ballance at once circulated throughout the Ladies' Gallery an impromptu memorial asking for the vote. This was signed by those present, some sixty in number, and at once forwarded to the Speaker. When the Bill reached the Legislative Council it was lost by 17 to 15, the two Maori members voting against it. Another petition was then prepared and circulated throughout the colony, and when presented to Parliament contained the names of 20,274 adult women. You remember,' said Mrs Sheppard, 'that Woman Suffrage was made a Government measure, and that in the unfortunate disagreement between the Lower and Upper Houses on the question of Electoral Rights, Women's Rights were lost sight of.'

'What led you to take up the work in connection with the obtaining of the Franchise?'

'Well, I was going to say I took to it naturally. But really it was the fact of being hampered and hindered in various departments of work that led me to so ardently long for a vote. In 1887 I was appointed by the Women's Christian Temperance Union as Franchise Superintendent for New Zealand, and have retained that office, through re-election year by year, ever since.'

'What means have been used to educate women re extension of Franchise?'



F. L. Jones, photo. Dunedin.
MRS W. A. SHEPPARD.

'Under the Women's Christian Temperance Union auspices meetings have been held, an enormous quantity of literature has been circulated, and literary and debating societies have been induced to discuss the question. The petitions circulated by the Union have done more to educate the mass of women than anything else. The last one was signed by over 31,000 women. The Women's Christian Temperance Union organisation is splendidly fitted for such work. Each branch has its own local superintendent of Franchise, and with these I, as New Zealand's superintendent, have corresponded, and the interest has spread. I have corresponded with Australia and America, and also with the English Champions, Mrs Fawcett and Miss Helen Blackburn, secretary of the League. Two years ago Franchise Leagues were started in Auckland and Dunedin, and during the present year in Wanganui, Napier and Ashburton. These really owe their existence to the Women's Christian Temperance Union, having been organised by its members. These Leagues have naturally reached many which the Women's Christian Temperance Union could not. The strong opposition in some quarters has also greatly helped. The attention of thoughtful men and women has been thereby directed to the question. I should like you to note, too,' said Mrs Sheppard, 'that at the last General Election every candidate was questioned as to his views on the subject, and the reply given in each case was recorded.'

'What do you think the general effect of the enfranchisement of women will be?'

'Why, the elevating of both women and politics. I believe also that the Franchise will be a bond of sympathy between men and women. They will have far more in common in the future than they have had in the past.'

'Do you think men will be less deferential to women than formerly?'

'My experience within the last few days,' said Mrs Shep-

pard, with a merry twinkle in her eyes, 'is that men are much more deferential to a woman with a vote than to one without it. Commonly the deference paid to women in the past has been a sort of patronising condescension. Now men will respect a woman as an equal.'

'In what particular do you think women have suffered through their non enfranchisement?'

'George Macdonald says "a think is worth nothing till it becomes a thing." Now, women have had a good many things, but they have not had the power to make them things. Women working for a living have been sadly handicapped. In formulating Labour Bills and Factory Acts, for example, they have had no voice. Then as regards the marriage laws, divorce, and custody of children; how unrighteous and one sided the man made laws are. Is it not time women rose up and with one voice claimed on behalf of themselves and their children justice and equality?'

'What in your idea with regard to occupations for women?'

'I certainly think the professions should be open to them, and also that many light posts that are now filled by men should be left for women.'

'What public positions do you take it to be the duty of women to fill?'

'Women should have a seat on Boards of Education, School Committees, Hospital Boards, and Juries, and in fact woman should have an opportunity to express her opinion upon everything which concerns the welfare of women and children.'

'Do you think women will as a whole be either Conservative or Liberal in their politics?'

'I firmly believe that the balance of power will be much the same as now. Neither party will be benefited to any appreciable extent.'

Referring to a rumour that women would upset the Education Act and bring in denominational schools, Mrs Sheppard said: 'No, I don't believe women will or ought to attempt to do that. At one time I was strongly in favour of purely secular instruction, but the growing irreverence and larrikinism of the young colonial has convinced me that in our schools we ought to have a text book of morals. I am sure a code of Bible lessons could be drawn that would satisfy Catholics, Anglicans, and Nonconformists. Such a code has recently been so arranged in one part of Ireland, and surely what can be done in old Ireland can be done in young New Zealand.'

'Some say women ought not to have a vote because they are not capable of dealing with finance.'

'Probably when women have had large financial questions to deal with for twenty years they will prove themselves not inferior to men in this respect. In Wyoming, where the women have had the franchise for some years, they have no debt, but a surplus in the treasury. Still, granting for the sake of argument that their powers in this direction are less than men's, to refuse a vote on those grounds would be to place financial questions before moral. Women, as a rule, have wished for a vote for the sake of moral questions, and for this very reason the true woman, the womanly woman, will be most anxious to use her vote. It has always been considered woman's mission to help the suffering, sorrowful, and helpless, and we have come to the conclusion that in the past we have been like doctors giving physic continually to cure, but leaving the patient in a pestilential atmosphere and in surroundings generally conducive to disease and death. Through the exercise of the franchise we intend getting to the fountain head of evil and suffering.'

'Do you think mothers of large families should vote?'

'True mothers especially will value the vote. While children are in the home the mother tries to shield them from temptation and to frame the best possible rules for their government, and she will only be too glad of the opportunity to use her influence on their behalf when they are beyond immediate parental control.'

'What do you think of the argument that only those possessed of property should have a vote?'

'The base idea of putting property above individuality savours of barbarism. It is only too true that in English law, as commonly administered, injury to property has always been punished with more severity than injury to person; so it is no wonder that people have grown to think that property is the thing to be respected. Really, those without possessions require a vote more than those who have them, as such have their living to earn, and on the prosperity of the country their living depends. Moreover, not having the power that money brings they are more helpless, and without a vote are liable to suffer from unjust laws made by one class against another for selfish ends.'

'Do you think women only will benefit by this radical change?'

'I believe the change will be for the benefit and happiness of men as well as women.'

'Will not our victory here in New Zealand help the struggle for freedom in other countries?'

'Most assuredly. Listen to what an American lady writes me from Melbourne: "Your long . . . earnest effort is highly rewarded, . . . which means so much not only for you and the women of New Zealand, but for women everywhere on the face of the globe. It will give new hope and life to all women struggling for emancipation, and give promise of better times and an approaching millennium for all the down-trodden and enslaved millions of women not only in so-called Christian countries, but in India and the harem of the East. Right glad am I, and proud of New Zealand."

After a little more conversation I left my kind hostess, feeling thankful that we have in this fair land a woman who is ready to sacrifice ease, leisure, and pleasure for the sake of her less favoured sisters and for humanity as a whole.

THE 'GRAPHIC' CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

ON the opposite page we give a reproduction of the design prepared for the cover of the GRAPHIC Christmas number, 1893, which is now in the press, and will be issued shortly. It is not necessary to employ the arts of puffery in introducing this annual to the New Zealand public. Each year a substantial improvement has been made, more money has been expended, and each year the efforts of the publishers have been met with increased success. Last year the enormous edition was sold out within ten days of publication, and it was vainly that the agents and the public asked for more. The number printed this year has been increased by one-half, and the advance orders already foreshadow a repetition of last year's speedy clearance. The Christmas GRAPHIC for 1893 will be unquestionably the most extensively prepared paper ever issued south of the line. The question of cost has never been raised, the best artists have been engaged, and money and trouble have been lavishly poured out, the one endeavour being to make the production as perfect as possible. The work has been entirely executed by our own staff, or by specially engaged colonial artists. The presentation plate is a magnificent panorama picture in twelve colours of

WELLINGTON HARBOUR,

painted by the well-known artist, Mr Cawkoell, of Wellington. This subject was chosen owing to the enormous popularity of the similar picture of Auckland presented with last year's number. The view taken is extremely comprehensive, and shows the land-locked harbour of the Empire city to fullest advantage.

It is furnished with an excellent key, by means of which Wellingtonians will be enabled to point out the exact position of the public buildings and their own private residences. In the distance are seen the Rimutaka Ranges, the Government Railway line to Petone, the Pilot and Signal Station at Mount Victoria, Somes' Island, Oriental Bay, Road to Kilbirnie, the popular suburbs of Thorndon on the one side, and Te Aro on the other, Wellington Terrace, Woolcombe-street, with the Botanical Gardens in the foreground, also, St. Mary's, Parliament House, Government House, Lambton Quay, Supreme Court, Government Buildings, Railway Station, New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency, Railway Wharf, Government Life Insurance, General Post Office, Harbour Board, Sargood, Son and Ewen, Queen's Wharf, Gulcher Electric Light Company, Working Men's Club, Free Public Library, Board of Education, Star and Wellington Rowing Clubs, Manners-street, Te Aro Railway Station, Destructor, Gasworks, Majoribanks street, Courtenay Place, Taranaki street, Wesleyan Church, Te Aro House, St. John's Church, Willis-street, Ghusnee street, St. Peter's Church, Willis-street, Skating Rink, St. Patrick's College, St. Mark's Church, Wellington College, Asylum, Mount Cook Prison.

Several thousands of the Auckland views were sold for framing, one framer alone having passed nearly 200 through his hands. The Wellington picture will no doubt achieve equal success. Those who framed Auckland should certainly save Wellington as a companion picture. The residents of both cities who have friends at home can now refer the question of the rival harbours Home. The increased encouragement extended to the publisher has enabled him to expend a larger sum this year in the production of

FOUR EXTRA COLOURED PICTURES.

Mr Wilson's lovely water colours are well known to lovers of colonial art. At the Society of Arts Exhibition in February, 1892, no picture was more admired than an exquisite water colour by this artist of It was immediately bought for reproduction in the GRAPHIC, and will perhaps be the favourite of the four smaller pictures.

Another charming picture is

ROTORUA LAKE AND MOKOIA ISLAND,

a brilliant bit of colour with tropical summer sky reflected in the blue of the lake and the steaming fumaroles in the foreground.

THE WAIKATO RIVER

affords a charming subject for a

CHARACTERISTIC PICTURE OF NEW ZEALAND RIVER SCENERY.

The fern trees and other rich foliage, the green banks and the noble river have furnished the artist with ample subject for a very charming picture.

THE LAST OF THESE FOUR COLOURED PLATES

was chosen to convey some idea to those at Home of the variety which contributes to make our scenery so famous. The

RIVER WAIKATO WITH TONGARIRO AND RUAPEHU IN THE DISTANCE.

These three are from originals expressly painted for the GRAPHIC by Mr T. Ryan, a colonial artist, who has just returned from the Parisian schools, whither he went to study his profession.

A new Maori poem,

'THE MERE HONAMOU,'

by Mr Frank Matthews, the Digger Poet, has been

ILLUSTRATED BY MR KENNETH WATKINS.

The name of this artist is so well known that to say that he illustrates two of the literary contributions to the Christmas number is sufficient.

THE PRIZE STORY

is by a Wellingtonian, Mr H. R. Huggins. It lends itself admirably to illustration, and the pictures by Mr Bob Haweridge are the most beautiful specimens of story illustrations ever submitted to us. They have been reproduced in the most improved form of half-tone engraving, the exquisite photo process now so extensively used.

ANOTHER STORY,

'The Way of our Grandfathers,' is a capital novelette by a young writer whose talent as a teller of short stories deserves every encouragement. It is in every way an excellent story—a good plot, well developed, agreeably told, with a distinct touch of humour and a suspicion of satire. The story is exciting, and the denouement satisfactory, and will be read with interest by all. The illustrations are the work of Mr Bob Haweridge and Mr Kenneth Watkins. There are numerous other attractive pictures. A fine

VIEW OF A TARANAKI FARM

with Egmont towering in the background. A capital little picture of

THE CEREMONY OF HONOR

and various other gems of pictorial art.

There are also some excellent reproductions from photographs of Maoris, and a short

BURLESQUE ILLUSTRATED BY MR ASHLEY HUNTER.

The number will shortly be on sale all over the colony, and will prove a most attractive and inexpensive Christmas card to send to friends in Great Britain or in the other colonies. It will give them a splendid idea of the advance and development of art and literature in New Zealand, besides being a pleasing memento of the adopted country of relatives and friends in this colony. Any one wishing a

delicacy of colour and exquisite finish, nothing approaching the cards of the present season have ever been placed before the public. It may be thought that this savours somewhat of gush. The writer has spent upwards of a day turning over the pages of the sample books issued by each firm. These are ponderous tomes, of some 200 pages, about two feet square, several cards being fitted on either page. They were forwarded for review through

WILDMAN AND LYELL,

of Auckland, who have bought the sample books right out. The consequence is that the public who purchase from this firm will have the advantage of knowing that whatever card they select is the unique specimen of that design in the establishment, since out of the thousands of cards in the sample books no two are identical in design and colouring. To even briefly describe the novelties would take up an issue of the GRAPHIC and prove wearisome to the readers, but for the benefit of those who live in the country and care to order their cards by post we may attempt one or two examples of cards at various prices. To say which firm had carried off the palm would be a difficult task—an impossible one, indeed, since it depends purely on taste of the critic, the art in both cases being equal. The Almanac screens issued by Tuck are not merely exquisite as works of art, but extremely useful. The one called the Rococo Panel Screen is the handsomest and most beautiful card (?) we have ever seen. It is the shape of one of the fourfold Louis XV. screens now the fashion at Home. The front is a perfect reproduction in some 18 colours of a superb water-colour by Louis Harlow. Nothing finer in colour-printing has ever been produced, and it would need an astute judge to tell the work from the original, save by touch. The scene is an evening one at some old world fishing village. The afterglow makes the sky rich in colour, and the lovely colouring is reflected in the water. A cottage, some picturesque boats and gulls make up an artistic *tout ensemble* which it is perfectly useless to attempt to describe. Very notable, but decidedly expensive, are the cards from designs and drawings by Jan Van Beers, one of the most famous European artists, whose pictures at the Salon in Paris and at the New Gallery in London arouse universal admiration. The Garland Series are much cheaper and more beautiful if less peculiar. They are hand-coloured, and no two cards are alike. In one the garland is of pansies, in another of ivy, in others of holly, of violets, roses, flowers innumerable. The garlands seem to be lying on the card, which is decorated in dead gold on a pale but



Aid waley, photo, Christchurch.

MORNINGTON, DUNEDIN, FROM MARYHILL.

copy sent to England or elsewhere can have it addressed and posted direct from the GRAPHIC Office on receipt of one shilling and a penny, accompanied by the desired name and address legibly written.

To prevent disappointment order early from your news agent or direct from the publisher, H. BRETT.

CHRISTMAS CARDS FOR 1893.

A MAGNIFICENT SELECTION.

IT seems early to think of Christmas and its consequent duties and festivities, but the approach of Yule-time is forced on our attention very pleasantly by the exhibition of Christmas and New Year cards, which must be sent Home by one of the numerous mails leaving during the next fortnight or so if they are to arrive in the old country on or about Christmas day. For years past the fashion of sending annual greetings by means of Christmas and New Year cards has been on the increase. The demand has in each succeeding season been increased, and the rival producers have vied with each other in lavish expenditure to secure the most tasteful designs and the most exquisite finish. This season the battles of the giant firms of Raphael Tuck and Faulkner have resulted in the production of

THE LARGEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL SERIES OF CHRISTMAS CARDS ever published. In beauty and originality of design, in

very artistic background. On raising the flowers the card opens displaying suitable words. Here it may be mentioned that there is a marked improvement in this department. The words are sensible, not the absurd sentimental doggerel of a year or so ago. A card chosen at random has the following:—

'Your pathway run unbroken
Through fair and pleasant ways,
A sunny dawn betoken
A year of sunny days.

The Photogravure Series will capture people who don't object to a good price for a really good thing. They are beautiful reproductions in French photogravure of famous pictures. One, of Cupids playing tennis, is especially delightful, but each one of these photogravures makes one break the tenth commandment. Hand coloured cards there are in profuse variety. They are, of course, more expensive than the printed cards, but they are worth the extra money. Some hand-painted celluloid folding cards are particularly chaste, and will without doubt meet with a ready sale. Since there are an endless variety, and only one of each, it would be useless to describe them separately. The whole celluloid series is charming. The Woodland Series is a novelty. They may be described as built-up cards—a church or some building in the background, with trees, etc., raised in hieft of powdered cork. The effect is novel, and will attract many. The

SALON AND MOSAIC SERIES

both comprise some of the most beautiful designs we have seen. The borders of the cards are very rich, looking as if they had been sculptured out. They are all folding cards, and present a singularly beautiful appearance when opened out.

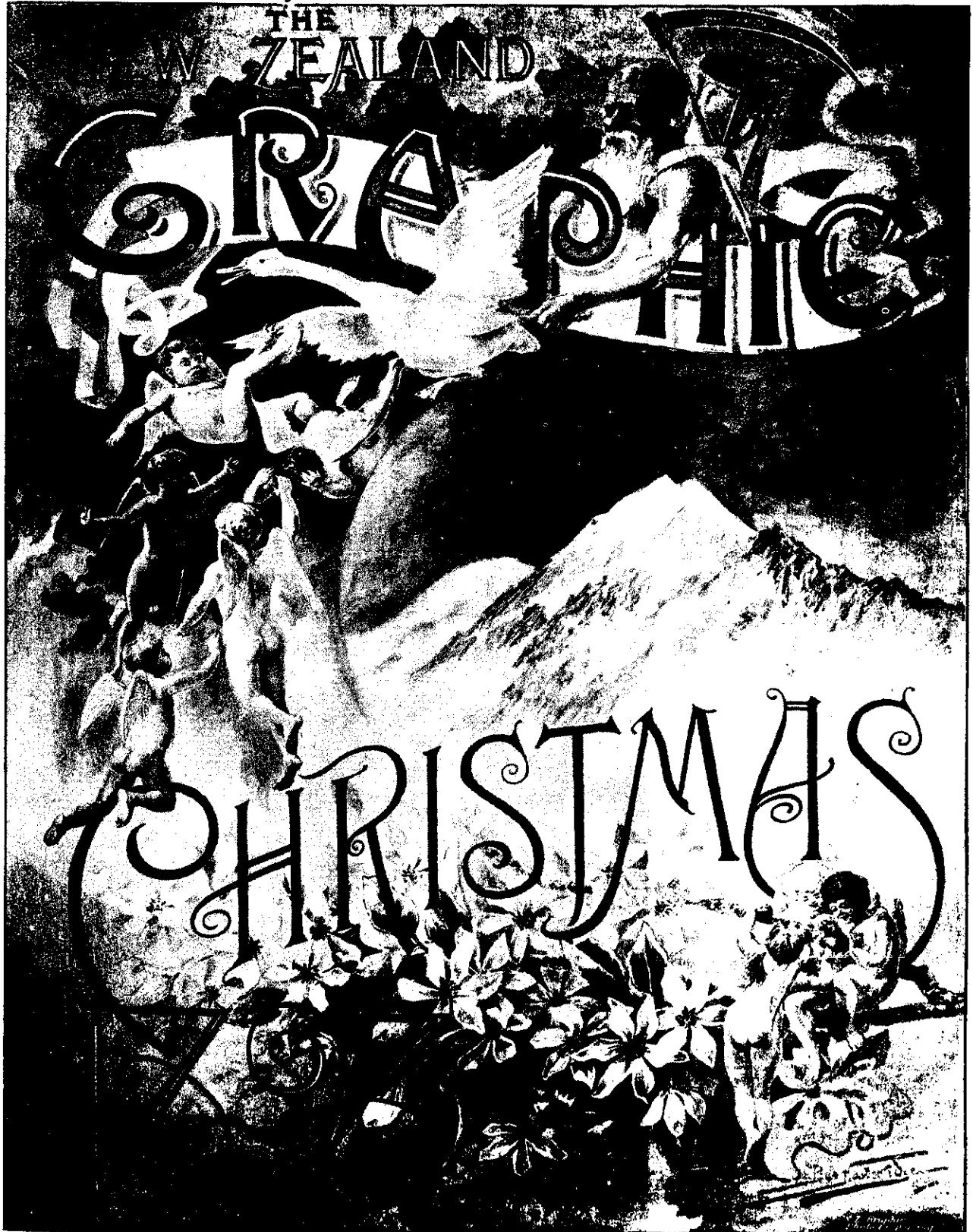
Faulkner's cards excel in delicate colouring. There are innumerable beautiful little landscapes in the softest tinting imaginable. The cards are, many of them, in three folds. On the outside a peep of the landscape is obtained through an opening garlanded with flowers. Unfolding this the view is seen displayed, while on the third fold are the words. Here again the variety is endless. There are summer scenes, spring-time scenes, autumn scenes, and winter scenes, dawning and sunset scenes, moonlight scenes, and starlight scenes. Scenes, indeed,

of every imaginable kind, and all beautiful. The Parchment Screens is another beautiful novelty—parchment with a rosso border of rich and heavy dead gold, the words written inside in gold. But our space is absorbed, and this imperfect review must close. For those who desire cheap cards there is a wonderful packet of forty cards for one shilling.

NEW ZEALAND CARDS.

The scenery of this colony lends itself well to reproduc-

tion for Christmas cards. This firm is showing very pretty specimens, some of which are from sketches taken by Mr Kenneth Watkins, who has frequently illustrated stories for the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, and whose pictures have been given in that journal. The new cards are quaintly and artistically finished off, touches of Maori life and Maorie adding to their charm. There are also a good number of hand-painted Christmas cards, most of which have a delicate spray of some native flower or shrub painted on a small decorative panel or dainty card.



A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

ON the face of the Hon. and Rev. Mark Lawton was an expression of blank astonishment. He took up a letter from his writing table, glanced hastily through it, and laid it down again. Then he gazed contentedly into the fire, as if hoping to draw some inspiration from the crackling logs.

The letter in question ran as follows:—

— College, Oxford.

Dear Father.— Though I have written to you several times with reference to my intended marriage, your only reply has been the post-card you sent me last week telling me to make a fool of myself if I did, but that you would not be held of all responsibility in the matter. As that is apparently your final decision it is useless for me to say any more, but why you have acted like this I shall never understand. Of course I know that the idea of my marrying before leaving college is distasteful to you, but at least I thought you would answer my letters.

Yours in surprise,
GEOFFREY.

The clergyman rose and began to pace nervously up and down the small study.

'What does it mean?' he murmured. 'Geoffrey going to be married, and his letters. I had no letters, it is all a mistake.'

The Hon. and Rev. Mark Lawton, who had just laid down his son's letter, was not only the third son of the Earl of Bresterleigh, but was himself a well-known man in the London world. Some five years back he had been the hero of a nine days' wonder. His action had been variously characterised as that of a madman and a martyr. What he had done was simply to surrender a valuable West End living for one of the poorest parishes in the East End. Briefly, to exchange a life of cultured leisure for one of vulgar and monotonous toil.

But Mr Lawton had but one answer to all the protestations of his friends. 'I'm tired of doing nothing,' he said, and that was all that could be got out of him.

To anyone who had known him from his youth up that answer would doubtless have been more than sufficient.

To Mark Lawton, fortune had always been kind. He had never lacked for money, he was clever and good-looking. He had gone up with a scholarship from Eton to Oxford fully resolved to make a name for himself in the University world. And a name he certainly did make, only it was of rather an unenviable kind. Like so many other men he was spoiled by money. Had he been poor he would doubtless have done well. As it was he drifted into a friendship with the fastest set in the college, and he was a familiar figure at the stage-door of a certain popular burlesque theatre.

Things went on like this for the first three years of his University life. On more than one occasion he had narrowly escaped being 'sent down,' and at last even the long suffering dons could stand it no longer. A more than usually uproarious 'wine,' which concluded with the lighting of an enormous boufire outside the dean's door, resulted in Mark Lawton being rusticated for six months in company with several others of his set.

What at first looked like a misfortune was, in fact, the turning point in Mark Lawton's life. The six months of his compulsory absence from college were passed at one of his father's numerous country houses. His lordship himself was abroad, and Mark had the place to himself, and plenty of time for reflection to boot.

He was useful at fairs and bazaars of all kinds, and was always beset with importunities from fair damsels to buy this buttonhole, or put into that ruffe.

As the summer days slipped idly by he saw dimly at first, but with an ever growing sense of conviction, how he had fooled away his life. One evening, it was early September, and in a month he was to return to the University, he had strolled out into the garden after dinner. The moon had not yet risen, only away in the east the brightening sky heralded its advent. The still air was heavy with the scent of the roses, and ever and anon a ghostly bat flitted past him to be lost again in the night. He sat down on one of the quaintly-carved seats which were scattered here and there along the walks, and for some time did not move. In his heart the love of pleasure wrestled with the yearning for a nobler life.

An hour later he rose and walked back to the house. The fight had been a fierce one, but it was over now.

From that moment his old self was dead, henceforth Mark Lawton was a changed man.

At — College for the first few weeks of the Michaelmas term there was but one topic of conversation.

'"Turned saint," has he?' said Lord Bryfield, with an oath. 'By gad, I think I will follow his example. It will be a new sensation, anyhow, and that is always something to be thankful for in this cursed world, and I bet I keep up as long as he does.'

His lordship evilently viewed his quondam friend's conduct as the novel experiment of a mere pleasure-seeker, who, *blasé* with his own delights, is ready to welcome anything, so long as it is only a change.

But here his lordship was decidedly wrong.

In spite of the protestations of his former companions, protestations which ere long descended to abuse, Mark Lawton held to the resolutions he had formed. Naturally talented as he was, he succeeded by dint of hard reading in taking his degree with first-class honours, and then announced his intention of going into the Church. After holding a country curacy for a few years, he had been appointed to a living in a large Yorkshire town, from whence, owing to his own intellectual powers and his father's interest, he had received preferment to the West End.

If it he soon tired of the work he found there. His soul craved for stronger meat than a course of sermons to a fashionable congregation, and a living having just fallen vacant in one of the roughest districts of the East End, he promptly grasped what seemed a lucky chance, and a month later was installed in his new parish. Soon after leaving Oxford he had married, but his wife died, leaving him an only son, Geoffrey. As the boy grew up the relations be-

tween him and his father became rather like that of brother to brother than father to son. Mark had but few friends. The men he had known at Oxford he had no wish to see again, and living down in the country, as he had done since he entered the church, he had little opportunity of making fresh acquaintances. And so it came about that all his interest was centred in his son. He taught the boy everything himself, and indeed it was small trouble, for Geoffrey had inherited his father's genius, and proved an apt pupil. When the boy was about fourteen Mark debated whether he ought not to send him to a public school. Finally, however, he decided not to do so. Truth to tell, he shrank from parting with him sooner than he could help, and so Geoffrey stayed at home till he was eighteen. Then Mark sent him up for a scholarship at Oxford, and to his delight Geoffrey proved successful, and it was settled that he should go into residence at the beginning of the following term.

The night before he left home to begin his new life Mark had a long talk with him. He pointed out how easy it was to go wrong, and urged him, as he loved his own happiness, not to let his life be wasted. 'Above all,' he concluded, 'steer clear of women. Once get entangled with a woman and you never know where it will end.' And Mark Lawton sighed. The experience of his younger days had been in this particular respect dearly bought, and the reminiscence was not pleasant.

For the first three years of his son's life at college all went well. Geoffrey stuck to his work, and ere long great things were prophesied of him. To Mark his son's success was especially pleasing. He had always dreaded lest Geoffrey should imitate his own unfortunate under-graduate days; but gradually that fear passed away; and the son's life had made something in the father's.

And now had suddenly come a letter announcing Geoffrey's marriage. The more Mark Lawton pondered over this mysterious document the less could he understand it. In the first place, he had never received any previous letters from his son on the subject at all; and secondly, he had never written the post-card that Geoffrey referred to, and the news of the latter's marriage had come as an absolute surprise. There was a misunderstanding somewhere, that was evident, and he resolved to go down to Oxford at once and try and clear it up.

He was just leaving the room to go upstairs to pack up a few things, when the front door bell rang.

It was too late to give instructions not to admit any one, and he only hoped that the visitor would not detain him long.

The door opened, and the servant announced—Mrs Ashton. A tall, well-dressed woman entered. At the first glance one would have put her age down at something just over thirty, but closer inspection showed that forty would have been nearer the mark, for her face bore signs of considerable 'touching up.' Still, even without the aid of art, she would have been handsome.

Mark Lawton started, and his usually pale features flushed.

'Good God!' he stammered—'Ivy!'

His visitor smiled, a cruel smile wherein was no joy. 'You have not forgotten me, then,' she said; 'I thank you for the compliment; fifteen years is a long time, and we women soon grow old.'

'I have not forgotten you; I never shall forget you. That is my punishment. What do you want? Is it money? Take what you wish.'

'Money? There was a world of scorn in her voice.'



Dealt with importunities from fair damsels to buy th's button hole, or put into that ruffe.

Have I not refused it a thousand times? No, it is not money I want.

'If there is anything else I can do, I will do it, save only that I cannot love you; it is useless to ask that.'

She burst into a ringing laugh. 'Love! who wants your love? Not I. Once I was fool enough to care for you, but that was long ago. Now'—

Mark Lawton interrupted her. 'If you will tell me what you want at once, I will do my best,' he said, 'but I cannot stop. I have to go out of town immediately.'

'Shall I tell you where you are going,' she said; 'to Oxford. Am I right?'

Mark Lawton bowed, but there was a surprised look on his face.

'You are quite right,' he said, 'but I don't understand how you know. I have only just decided to go myself.'

'I know more than you think, perhaps,' was the rejoinder. 'You are going to Oxford because you have suddenly learnt that your son has married, and the whole matter is a mystery to you.'

The clergyman seized her by the wrist. 'You know this,' he cried, excitedly, 'for God's sake tell me.'

She took herself free and leaned against the table.

'Yes, Mark Lawton, I do know, and I will tell you. Listen.'

'Twenty years ago now, you took me away from my country home, and when your passion was sated, tossed me aside. That is so like a man. You lead a woman on to love you, and then when the first excitement wears off, you tell her to go. I can take care of myself, you say, why can't she? What does it matter to you if her good name and her happiness are alike doomed? And then you offer her money, money forsooth to mend a broken heart. At least, if you did not think of me, you might have thought of your child.'

Mark started. 'Child! I did not know; you never told me.'

Again she laughed bitterly. 'Child! is there anything strange in that? Yes; you have a daughter. I daresay there are plenty more got in the same way. What of that?'

Mark Lawton frowned. 'I never knew,' he muttered. 'God is witness I never knew.'

But the woman did not notice him. She went on with her story apparently untroubled. 'You are her father, and if it is any comfort to bear it I can tell you she is a pretty girl, pretty woman perhaps I ought to say, at least so the men at Oxford will tell you.'

'Oxford?'

'Yes, why not? I am living there now.'

'You are living there?'

'I am.'

The clergyman saw it all now; she was living in Oxford. Doubtless she had heard the story of his son's marriage.

'You know Geoffrey? he said eagerly.'

'Slightly.'

'And his wife?'

'Yes.'

Mark took his son's letter from the writing table. 'Can you explain this?' he said. 'Before to day I had never heard about his approaching marriage, and yet he says I wrote to him.'

She glanced at the letter a moment.

'Yes, I can tell you,' she said, 'it's all I came here to do. You know that a woman can love; did it ever strike you that she can avenge? Your son wrote to you again and again about his intended marriage, but you did not answer.'

'I received no letter from him.'

'Ah! I daresay not. His letters were never posted. Shall I tell you why? I had them intercepted.'

'You?'

'Yes. I did more than that. You say you never wrote to him. I can quite believe it. I myself wrote the letters he thought came from you. It was not hard to imitate your writing. Do you remember the letters I once used to write for you when you were too lazy to do them yourself in the old days when we used to be yachting together? I had seen some of your recent letters to your son, and the hand was still the same. Why did I do all this, you will ask? For a very simple reason. I wanted your son married as soon as possible, and without your having a chance of stopping the ceremony. Your boy was always proud, and I knew that once he had received a letter such as that he thought came from you my victory was assured.'

'Good God, woman, what do you mean? Your victory?'

'Yes, your son's marriage, that was my victory, Mark Lawton; my victory and my revenge.'

'Revenge,' he murmured hoarsely, 'revenge!'

A horrible suspicion flashed across his mind.

'His wife,' he murmured hoarsely, 'her name, quick. For God's sake.'

She laughed exultingly. 'Can't you guess? Never mind, I will tell you. It will make a pretty subject for your next sermon. I have waited for this moment for years. Once I never thought the time would come. It was a lucky idea to move down to Oxford. From that day my purpose began to be accomplished, and now I have triumphed. You will hardly make such a mistake again; you will know how we women can hate. Sweet is love they say, methinks revenge is sweeter.'

Mark Lawton stretched out his hand. 'Enough, woman. Tell—is it—is it, in pity's name do not say that.'

'You have guessed rightly.' She took up her gloves and turned to go.

'Then I don't believe your story. You are bad enough to revenge yourself on me or my son, but no mother would so sacrifice her own daughter. Your whole story is a lie. The girl is neither your nor my daughter, and the marriage has not taken place yet. You were trying to marry my son to some drab, and in your certainty you let him write this letter to me. But some hitch has occurred, the boy would not marry till there was time for me to answer, and so you have come here to persuade me the marriage has taken place, that I am too late to save my boy, and thus detain me and gain time. Get out of my way, you devil.'

'Ah, you may go, but you will be too late.'

'I shall not fail!' He almost flew out of the room.

'And to think I have failed after all,' soliloquised Mrs Ashton. 'The devil may be good to his own, but he is not so good as God is after all.'—Exchange.

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WRITE AT ONCE.

LONGEVITY AND FAME.

If all generals had died at Alexander's age, all poets at Marlowe's, all statesmen at Pitt's, all philosophers at Spinoza's, how many men would have missed a reputation!

GENERALS.

Hannibal was, indeed, only 29 when he invaded Italy, Cæsar but 22 when he won Rocroy, and Napoleon, according to the alleged date of his birth 27 (more probably 29) when he started on his Italian campaign; but Cæsar was 45 when he commenced the conquest of Gaul, Gustavus Adolphus 37 when he defeated Tilly at Leipsic, and Cromwell 45 when he gained Marston Moor. Frederick II., though only 23 on overrunning Silesia, was 45 when he embarked in the Seven Years' War. Washington was 43 on his appointment to the command of the army. Wellington, had he died at 39, would have been known merely as a promising Indian officer.

POETS.

Keats, dying at 25, Shelley at 30, Byron at 36, had achieved fame. Had Goethe been as short-lived as Marlowe, he simply would have been the author of 'Gotz von Berlichingen' and of 'Werther,' works which cannot compare with those of the men just named. Even Shakespeare, early as he began to write, would not, had he died young, have bequeathed us 'Othello,' 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' or 'Lear,' but merely his minor plays, some of them remodelled rather than original works.

Spenser was 37 when he began publishing the 'Faery Queen.' Milton was 52 when he set himself to writing 'Paradise Lost.' Dante was 37 when he was banished from Florence, and he had scarcely commenced his great poem. Virgil was 34 when he began the 'Georgics,' and 41 when he began the 'Æneid.' Tennyson, though only 21 on his first appearance in print, was 41 on the publication of 'In Memoriam'; but Browning at 30 had issued examples of nearly all his varied works, ranging from 'Pantlin' to some of his most famous dramatic lyrics, and including 'Pippa Passes.'

Schiller, it is true, produced his 'Brigands,' the work of fervid youth, at 22, but he was 40 when he commenced with 'Wallenstein,' his series of masterpieces. Burns, again, was famous at 27, but Scott was 37 when 'Marmion' appeared, and Wordsworth was 44 when 'The Excursion' saw the light, though it may have been years in preparation.

STATESMEN.

Statesmanship and youth cannot be expected to go together. Pitt, indeed, was Prime Minister at 24, Buteleigh was Elizabeth's Minister at 38, and Walpole was Premier at the same age; but Walpole's long lease of power did not commence till he was 44. Fox was 56 when he became Foreign Secretary. Palmerston did not reach the highest post till he was 70, his long Premiership not beginning till he was 75.

Gladstone was not Premier till 59. Beaconsfield, albeit Premier for a few months at 62, was 68 when he entered on a six years' term of office. Cavour was 50 when he undertook the liberation of Italy. Bismarck was 48 when he gained power.

PHILOSOPHERS.

Philosophy also implies mature years. Pascal, indeed, died at 39; but Bacon was 59 when he published the 'Novum Organum,' Descartes 48 when he fully expounded his doctrines in his 'Principles of Philosophy.' Hobbes 54 when he appeared in print, Kant 57 when he issued the 'Critique of Pure Reason,' Rousseau, only 37 when he wrote his paradoxical defence of barbarism, was 50 when he published his 'Social Contract.'

HISTORIANS.

Historians likewise require experiences of life and years of research. Buckle, it is true, died at 39, and Froude began his history at 38; but Hume and Prescott were 43, and Macaulay 48 when their first volumes appeared.

FOUNDERS OF SECTS.

For founders of sects no rules can be laid down. George Fox, in the ferment of the civil wars, began his career at 23, and Wesley commenced itinerant preaching at 35; but Mahomet was 40 when he found his vocation, and Swedenborg, had he died at 60; would have been known only as a scientist.

Great as have been some men who have died young, who knows how much greater they would have been had their lives been prolonged? Might not Marlowe have rivalled Shakespeare? Yet possibly Byron had already given us his best, and Shelley and Keats might not have surpassed their early efforts.

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ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

HUNTER BLAIR—RHODES.

A WEDDING of unusual attraction, connected as it is with Vice-royalty, took place on Tuesday afternoon at St. Mary's Church, Merivale, viz., the marriage of Captain Reginald Hunter Blair, Gordon Highlander, and Miss Emily Rhodes, youngest daughter of the late Mr R. H. Rhodes, of Eimwood, Christchurch.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR and Lady Glasgow were present at the ceremony, which was performed by the Bishop of Christchurch, assisted by the Rev. Walter Harper. Mr Clarence Turner presided at the organ, the service being full choral. The choir met the bride at the gate and preceded her into the church singing, 'The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden.'

THE bride was accompanied by her brother, Mr Heaton Rhodes, who afterwards gave her away, and six bridesmaids were in attendance—Miss Hutton (chief), the Ladies Augusta, Alice, and Dorothy Boyle, and two tiny little girls as train bearers, a daughter of the Hon. E. W. Parker, and Janet Boyle, daughter of Mr Alex. Boyle. Mr Joseph Studholme, attended the bridegroom, performing all the duties of best man.

THE chancel and altar were converted into a bower of loveliness. The wealth of white flowers displayed with a plentiful mixture of foliage formed a fitting frame for the elegant bride and her friends. The floral decorations were carried out by Madames Alister Clark, and O'Rourke, sisters of the bride, and the Misses Turner and Mears, and Mrs Tonka.

THE bride looked lovely in a rich ivory corded Oudine silk, the bodice trimmed with beautiful softly folded real Honiton lace, with full frill of the same at the neck and sleeves, the latter made with large puff. The bodice was arranged in the folded style, fastened with a bow and diamond buckles. The skirt was quite plain, the cord of the material giving a rich and heavy appearance, full Court train of plain ivory satin Duchesse made quite distinct and caught from each shoulder, full putting of same material underneath the edge. On her hair she wore a small coronet of orange blossoms, the whole covered with long tulle veil fastened with a diamond crescent. The bride wore a magnificent diamond necklet, the gift of Mr and Mrs Heaton Rhodes, and a diamond bracelet, the bridegroom's gift, and carried a lovely shower bouquet.

THE first four bridesmaids wore charming costumes of cowslip silk, covered with white muslin trimmed with Valenciennes lace, pretty white hats with white feathers and posies of cowslips; they carried ostrich feather fans and posy bouquets of yellow and white. The little train-bearers were in soft white muslin trimmed with Valenciennes, white hats with feathers, white silk stockings and satin shoes.

DURING the signing of the register in the vestry, Mr Maitland Gardner sang a solo, and as the bride, looking loveliness personified, left the church, Mr Turner gave the grand old 'Wedding March' in good style.

THE pipers of the Scottish Rifles met the bride and bridegroom returning from the church and played them to the house, one being in the tartan of the bridegroom's clan. They also played at intervals during the afternoon on the lawn, where a large marquee had been erected, and at the entrance of which the happy pair received the congratulations of the numerous guests. After the cake had been cut—a gigantic and perfect picture to look at—and healths drunk, the presents were inspected—a very numerous and costly collection displayed in the large billiard room, the aspect of which was entirely changed with flowers, palms, etc. The whole house was most tastefully and beautifully decorated. The flowers were quite a feature in connection with the wedding, lilies of the valley being in profusion. It is said close on 2,000 blossoms of this lovely dower were used.

SEVERAL photographs of the bridal party were taken, and afterwards the bride re-appeared in her travelling costume of the popular Kaiapoi tweed of brown flecked with lighter shade, feather boa to match, and brown velvet hat with touches of green. She then planted a tree to celebrate the event, and the happy pair left for the South in a whirlwind of rose leaves, rice, and good wishes. The bridal gown was the production of the D.L.C., Christchurch, the perfect fit and style being the admiration of everyone, many thinking that it had been imported from Paris, as it had been whispered abroad the bride's gown was coming from Home, but would not arrive in time. The travelling dress came from the same establishment—which is now a recognised favourite with well-dressed women in Christchurch—also much of the millinery, and many of the beautiful and elaborate dresses worn by the guests.

If wishes had any power, it would have been a much brighter day, but it certainly was a trifle gloomy-looking.

The ceremony was fixed for two o'clock, and for over an hour before that time the church grounds, which are very limited, began to fill up, and the whole roadway was soon lined, the church being reserved entirely for the guests, as over two hundred were expected.

Some exquisite gowns were worn. Lady Glasgow, who was greatly admired, wore a French chateau toilet of beautiful light green brocade, trimmed below the hips with a double ruche of the ribbon, the bodice and skirt to be fastened with a bow in black satin, like the wash, neck band, and bows as well as the ribbon which bordered the epaulettes and shoulder lappets; Empire jacket with body of salmon pink silk trimmed with black guipure; large satin sleeves, amply gathered and puffed to the elbow, finished off with tight cuffs trimmed with black guipure. This handsome toilet was made by Madame De Jersey, of Wellington. A lace bonnet with feathers and pink flowers to match this costume. Mrs Rhodes, mother of the bride, an elegant dress of French grey brocade trimmed with rich black lace, black velvet puff sleeves and revers, grey velvet bonnet trimmed with passementerie and pink roses, pink and white flowers; a black dress, very pretty crescent and picotee shot satin trimmed with cream *à la* *à la* lace, cream Leghorn hat with plumes and a touch of heliotrope from one of the shades of the gown; she carried a lovely posy of lilac and lilies of the valley; Mrs Alister, a very pretty crescent and picotee costume, hat to match; Mrs O'Rourke, handsome dress of black satin with old gold trimmings and lace, hat to match; Mrs K. Rhodes of Blue (Cliff), a pretty green and white silk gown, bonnet to match; Mrs G. Rhodes, a becoming gown of fawn bengaline, fawn hat with pink roses; Mrs George Rhodes (Meadowbank), an exquisite pale grey satin with full sleeves and trimming of the satin brocaded with pink flowers, large picture hat with pink ribbons and black hairstone; Mrs G. Waugh, a lawn dress with puffed green silk sleeves, hat to match; Lord Glasgow, Lord Keirour, Messrs R.H. Rhodes, R. Rhodes of Blue (Cliff), A. E. G. Rhodes, M.H.R., George Rhodes of Meadowbank, Alister Clarke, and E. D. O'Rourke composed the house party.

AMONG THE GUESTS.

were Mrs Lather, in a handsome black silk with rich jet trimmings; the Misses Lather, in white, wide Empire sashes, white hats with pink roses; Mrs A. Boyle, very pretty fawn costume trimmed with ribbon and lace, lilac flowers, and bouquet of lilac with long streamers; the Hon. Mrs E. V. Parker, blue and white flowered silk trimmed with white lace, white poke bonnet with feathers; Mrs Pittman, pale blue crepon with white trimmings, black hairstone; Mrs G. Waugh, with pink roses; Mrs Prius, very handsome bright green bengaline dress, lace trimmed, bonnet to match; Miss Lean, pretty cream crepon, bonnet with forget-me-nots; Miss C. Lean, a flowered delaine, bonnet with forget-me-nots, and black hairstone; Mrs Waugh, with lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots; Mrs Lomax-Smith, a most becoming cream lace trimmed gown, hat to match; Mrs Hutton, black silk, black and pink bonnet; Miss Hutton, fawn dress with heliotrope and black lace trimmings, black and heliotrope hat; Mrs A. Wilson, shot green and black, silk with floral silk vest and trimming; the Misses Wilson (Culverden), butterfly Liberty silk trimmed with brown velvet, brown velvet hats with white ribbons and pink hairstone; Mrs Bennet, in a gown of moss-green satin, with shirring pink brocade vest and trimming, floral bonnet to match; Mrs Milton (Birch Hill), very pale fawn lace-trimmed costume, hat with feathers; Mrs C. Clark, blue silk covered with exquisite black lace, black lace mantle and bonnet; Mrs Lane, very handsome black brocade, black bonnet with white flowers, and huge posy of white flowers; Mrs Cowlishaw, a rich black brocade, black and pink bonnet; Miss Cowlishaw, pretty fawn and pale green, lace hat with flowers; her sister, in brown and heliotrope, hat with flowers; Mrs Bennet, in fawn trimmed with black lace; Mrs Ransell Macdonald, cinnamon brown costume with black watered silk revers and pale yellow vest, hat to correspond; Mrs W. P. Reeves, brown cloth trimmed with military braid, black hat; Mrs Palmer, handsome black silk, black lace mantle and bonnet; Mrs George Lee, pretty pink crepon with passementerie trimming, bonnet to correspond; Mrs Ogilvie, white dress with salmon silk sleeves and sash, black velvet hat trimmed with flowers; Mrs G. Latham, Miss Palmer, a rainbow crepon gown, picture hat with roses; Mrs Scott, very becoming grey and heliotrope gown, bonnet to match; Mrs Jones, black dress trimmed with green velvet, black bonnet; Mrs Mathias, electric blue silk, Maltese lace mantle in cream, bonnet *en suite*; Mrs W. D. Meares, very pale fawn, with vest and cuffs of white brocade with gold, bonnet to match; Miss Meares, pretty white frock, white hat and feathers, and lovely shower bouquet of roses; Mrs Wilder, in a handsome black and white, bonnet *en suite*; Mrs Wynn-Williams, black silk and lace mantle, lilac flowers in her bonnet; her daughters, white spotted muslin, lace-trimmed, white hats with pink roses; Mrs Wilding, striped green and white silk, fawn hat with flowers; Mrs B. K. Campbell, black silk with white silk trimming veiled with black lace; Mrs Westmacott, fawn dress, black hat with pink hairstone; Miss Campbell, a pretty dress of black and pale green, black hat with pink roses; Miss Reeves, pale green crepon, floral hat; Mrs Lascelles, black and pink; Mrs P. Campbell, a lovely gown of pale green silk, pale pink trimming veiled with black lace; Mrs Stack, in black, Miss Stack, fawn with green velvet sleeves; Miss Tabart, in black, black hat with flowers; Mrs Tabart, a grey gown with pale green vest, lace hat with flowers; Mrs Helmore, wore a black, pink in her bonnet; Miss Helmore, pretty electric blue trimmed with cream lace, hat to match; Mrs Turrell black brocade silk, black hat with flowers; Mrs Turrell, in a handsome costume; Mrs Tendall, an electric dress, bonnet to match; the Misses Bowen, pretty crepon gowns, floral hats; Miss Worthly, white muslin with gold embroidered sash, white hat; Miss Bewick, black silk, black hat with flowers; Mrs Mackintosh, Mrs Macdonald, Mrs Robison, Miss Turner, Miss Turnbull, Mrs and Miss Crosbie, Miss Fuchs, the Hon. C. C. Bowen, Mr Wilder, the Revs. Stack, C. Turrell and Mathias, Drs. Prius and Lomax-Smith, Mr. A. E. G. Rhodes, Mr. Ransell Macdonald, Cowlishaw, Palmer, H. Reeves, Campbell, Bewick, Lane, Clark, Harley, W. D. Meares, Milton, Lascelles, Lather, A. Scott, A. Boyle, Wilding, Tendall, the Hon. E. W. Parker, Pittman, R. Scott, were some of the many present.

DARBY—MATHESON.

The great popularity of the bride and bridegroom was plainly evinced by the large number of handsome presents, cheques, etc., which were received by the happy pair.

A GOOD deal of interest will be felt by Ponsoby people in the pretty wedding which was celebrated a few days ago in Tauranga, as the bridegroom Mr P. B. Darby, is well known throughout Ponsoby and Auckland circles. The bride was Miss Jessie Matheson, daughter of Mr Robert Matheson, of Otumoetai.

THE ceremony was performed at 8.30. a.m. in St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Cameron Road, by the Right Rev. Bishop Luck, of Auckland, in his full canonicals, and attended by an acolyte. The service, a full choral one, was very impressive. Large numbers of people assembled in the church at the appointed time. The latter was beautifully decorated with flowers of every description.

THE bride wore a stylish costume of figured white silk bordered with real orange-blossoms. She was attended by the Misses L. Matheson and Darby in pretty light dresses. Bride and bridesmaids carried magnificent bouquets of flowers, the present of Mr H. B. Johnstone.

The wedding breakfast took place at the Star Hotel, to which the party adjourned at the conclusion of the ceremony. Wedding cake, toasts, and merry-making (the former a splendid specimen of confectionery, the work of Mr H. Badger) occupied an hour or so, when the happy couple departed amid the good wishes of their friends to make a honeymoon tour through Kotora.

BATTRAY—HARLEY.

NEWS of the wedding of a New Zealander comes from Melbourne. The marriage was quiet, but charming. The bride was Mrs C. Harley, widow of the late Mr Harley, of Melbourne, and second daughter of Mr J. W. Don, of Richmond. The bridegroom was Mr Allan Ratray, second son of the late Mr W. Ratray, of Auckland, of the Commercial Bank, Bendigo, and was attended by Mr William Crawford, B.A., as best man.

THE marriage ceremony was performed at half-past two by the Rev. Herbert Taylor, at Christchurch, Hawthorn. The bride, who is very pretty, wore a gown of cream serge relieved with buttercup silk. The style was adopted from the Victorian mode, with the wide skirt bordered with three bands of silk, covered with guipure lace. The bodice was short, relieved with silk and lace trimmings, and having sleeves of buttercup silk, over which the lace formed a cape. A hat of cream straw was trimmed with buttercup silk and cream guipure lace.

THREE little maids were in attendance—Miss Hogarth, and the two Misses Luch. They wore cream Greenway frocks, relieved with satin capes, hats to match. The bride carried a most exquisite bouquet of roses and daffodils and delicate ferns. The little maids held beautiful baskets of daffodils and ferns, and wore the bridegroom's presents—gold bangles.

AFTER the ceremony a reception was held by the parents of the bride at 'Bampton,' Hawthorn, at which about thirty guests were present. Mr and Mrs Ratray left Hawthorn, en route for Ballarat, during the afternoon, the bride's dress being brown check tweed, relieved with a pale pink silk vest, and brown velvet sleeves, and her hat of burnt straw trimmed with brown velvet and pink.

A LARGE number of presents and cheques were received from friends in New Zealand and the other colonies.

Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, We are still as gay as butterflies. Amongst those present at the charming

DANCE GIVEN BY THE OFFICERS of the H.M.S. Tauranga, on the 23rd, were Mrs C. Haines, who wore Egypt silk, with black lace; Mrs Ryan, black and yellow, black relieved with red; Mrs Cheeseman, white silk with yellow and black trimming; Miss Keesing, black lace, red velvet; Mrs Connolly, in black; Mrs Bell, in black wearing a dark skirt, boucin d'or silk blouse; Mr Cyril Bell; Miss Estote, dark dress; Mrs Forbes, white tulle; Miss Rooke's white mouseline; Dr. Forbes, Mr and Mrs Todd, the latter wearing a black lace dress profusely trimmed with posies; Mrs Isaacs, black; Miss Kate Isaacs, coquillee; Misses Kerr-Taylor, pink and white, respectively; Miss Moss-Davis, white; Mrs Ware, the latter wearing white silk *en traine*; Mr and Mrs Ware, the latter wearing white silk veiled with black lace; Mrs Kerr-Taylor, with bands of black velvet; Miss Gordon, pretty azul nil blue silk; Mr J. Philson, Capt. and Mrs Wray, the lady wearing lavender brocade silk with black lace; Miss Ida Worp, white; Miss Hilda Worp, Egypt red Empire gown; Mr and Mrs Napier, black blue with black trimmings; Mrs Butt, black lace, with boucin d'or ribbon; Miss Ella, black silk; Mrs Butt, black lace and frill; Miss Ella Baker (who has just returned from Wellington) looked remarkably well in cream, with yellow frill and Empire sash; Miss Ada Wood (North Shore), pale pink; Mrs Bloomfield (Wanona), black silk; Miss Griffiths was beautiful in pink; Mr and Mrs Arch Clark, the latter wearing a dark dress; Mr McClean, Mr Holmes, Mr Keesing, Mr Busby, Mr V. Kerr-Taylor, Misses Milne Heywood, Miss Gordon, Mrs Forbes, Mr Angus Gordon, the Officers of H.M.S. Lizard, Mr Robert Isaacs, and Mr Harry Bloomfield. The Misses Hesketh gave

A LARGE AFTERNOON TEA at their lovely residence, 'St. John's Wood,' Epsom, to meet Miss Cogswell, from Melbourne, who is staying with them. There were a large number of young girls present, who were prettily received by four Misses Hesketh, who made charming throes. Amongst those who contributed to wondrous the musical part were Misses Milne Heywood, Missie Kempthorne, etc. Afterwards the guests adjourned to a large dining room where the table was artistically arranged, with orange silk, vases of tea-roses, cakes, jellies, sweets, and fruits of every description. Of the pretty frocks worn amongst the best were Miss M. Hesketh, black and white, with a navy bodice and navy sleeves with passementerie; and one sister wore navy skirt, blue blouse; another, black skirt, orange blouse, and ribbon *en suite* in hair; and the youngest wore a becoming Gobelin blue delaine with white lace. Miss Cogswell, in blue and black, with emerald green plush yoke; Miss Barstow, brown, and her sister, cornflower blue; Miss Johnstone, navy serge, black braid, and white serge, gown hat; Miss G. Sturmer, navy serge and blue, with white hat; Miss E. G. Sturmer, navy serge; Miss Hay, black lustre, old gold trimmings veiled with black lace; and her sister, navy and white; Misses Emily and Mary Gifford, similarly attired in black and cream, white veils; Miss Kempthorne and her sister, navy; Miss Gipsy Walker, grey tweed with short sleeves, hat with flowers; Miss Ireland, black with violet bands, hat with violet flowers; Miss Etie Ireland, Gobelin blue with black spots; Mrs G. Wilson, black velvet dress, hat covered with flowers; Miss Colburn, brown chequered; Miss Phebe Buckland, fawn cloth with reds and green trimmings, and her sister, navy serge, white vest, sailor hat; Miss Frank Buckland, neat fitting navy hat; Mrs. H. Ross, blue, navy skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Eibel, blue and white dress; Miss Kinder, Miss Rich, Miss Blanche Beaka, black skirt,

NELSON.

DEAR BEE, OCTOBER 11. Among others present at the BOYS' COLLEGE

last Saturday evening were Mrs. F. Kingston, in pale green with velvet puffed sleeves; Mrs. Thornton, white silk; Mrs. J. Wood, black silk...

An enjoyable evening was spent by those present at the SECOND MEETING OF THE GIRLS' CLUB, held at the Girls' College last Saturday evening.

OPENING OF THE NELSON BOWLING CLUB

took place last Saturday afternoon, when I am sorry to say there were only a few ladies present. Mrs. Blundell, Mrs. Calder, Mrs. Henry Edwards, rich black silk, black bonnet with purple flowers...

PHYLLIS.

TIMARU.

DEAR BEE, OCTOBER 18. ANNUAL FANCY DRESS BALL

given by the Cricket Club took place in the Church of England schoolroom, Bank-street, on Thursday, 28th of September, and was a great success. The room was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting...

Our little town is looking more lively this week—all the shops dressed out in spring goods. We hope to have fine weather for the next month, as there are so many amusements coming, quite a half-dozen different things—cattle-shows, bowling green opening-day, High School sports, and more to follow.

(Thank you. Shall be glad to hear again.—BEE.)

HASTINGS.

DEAR BEE, OCTOBER 11. SHOW GOWNS.

We really have been most fortunate as far as the weather is concerned. The morning of the show broke gloriously fine; indeed, if anything, it was far too warm, but it suited our fine gowns perfectly.

son, pale green gown, small hat; Mrs. Halfour, fawn gown, small bonnet with salmon pink bows; Mrs. Logan, grey checked tweed gown, white sailor hat with black band; Miss Logan, bright pink gingham gown, white sailor hat; Miss Williams, white gown, black net hat; Miss Holroyd, white drill costume, poke hat; Miss Gertrude Williams, dark skirt, light blouse, sailor hat; Miss Green, white gown, pale blue waistcoat, white hat; Miss Studholme (Christchurch), dark skirt, white blouse, white sailor hat; Miss Lascelles, grey skirt, bright pink blouse, white sailor hat; Miss Russell, delaine gown, large white hat with pink rosettes and white feathers; Miss Carr, light heliotrope delaine gown, large white hat with pink roses and white feathers; Miss Johnston, light gingham, with yellow silk cross over in front of bodice, white straw hat; Miss Logan, light gown, with pale blue cross-over silk on bodice, white hat with white feathers; Miss St. Hill, fawn gown, white hat with flowers; Miss Tipping, flesh-colored gown trimmed with black ribbon velvet, black hat; Miss Luckie, navy gown, black velvet hat; Misses Patterson (two), pale grey gown, white hats with white feathers; Miss Mildred Nelson, dark figured gown with three skirts, each trimmed with green braid, black hat with white flowers; Mrs. Fred Nelson wore a very stylish black gown with white trimmings to the waist, eye bonnet; Mrs. Heath, white hat with white flowers, black hat; Miss Edwards, grey gown, small hat with flowers; Mrs. E. Tanner and Miss Miller wore their riding habits; Mrs. Leslie Allan wore a pretty light gown, and hat to match; Mrs. Lyman (Gisborne) wore a blue, a black flat hat with pink flowers and black velvet strings; Mrs. Willie Chambers (Gisborne) is at present at Te Mata, stopping with Mrs. Chambers. Miss Holroyd is staying with Mrs. Fitzroy.

'CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE'

was played here to a crowded house. Very few of the ladies wore evening dress, but I noticed the Misses Russell looking very nice in their Liberty gowns...

COOKERY.

Some Hastings ladies went to Napier where a number were attending Miss Wardrop's cookery lectures. The lectures are most interesting, and should prove very useful to my lady friends.

DOLLY.

MASTERTON.

DEAR BEE, OCTOBER 18. I am afraid my account of OUR ASSEMBLY

is rather late, but better late than never, I hope. We had a lovely evening—rather warm though for dancing. The decorations were the prettiest I have seen at any ball here. The Drill Hall is a very barn-like looking place and needs plenty of decorating.

EILEEN.

[To Eileen and Ada: Do not put your letters in an envelope. Leave the sheets open, and merely write my address outside the last sheet, fold, tie with string, and put a 1/- stamp on.—BEE.]

MEDICAL.

Mr. JAS. E. NICHOLSON, A well-to-do Farmer of Florenceville, N. Z., Canada, suffers for seven long years with

CANCER OF THE LIP.

Agonizing torture relieved, Disease Cured.

"I am 55 years of age, and until 1884 had always enjoyed good health. About that time, a little hard lump, like a wart, appeared on my lower lip. Finally, this bump gathered, broke, and formed a sore; then it began to eat into the flesh. The Cancer-for-it is what the doctors finally called it—kept getting worse and worse, year after year. It caused me great pain and uneasiness. During the last year, I would wake twenty times in a night, aching intensely from twitching pains. It was as if my flesh was being torn from me by pinchers, bit by bit.



At last, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In the course of a week or two I noticed a decided improvement. The twitching and the pains were very much less, and the sore began to look healthier. In three months my lip began to heal, and, after using the Sarsaparilla for six months, the last trace of the Cancer disappeared, and left very little scar. —J. E. Nicholson, Florenceville, N. Z., Canada.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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

"KEATING'S LOZENGES."

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

"A TERRIBLE COUGH."

"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but should like to thank you. Your lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of 'Tracheotomy' (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and unlike him, thank God, I am still alive) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The tracheotomy, however, and preservation should send a stamped benefit, although from the nature of the case the throat irritation is intense.

UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

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

WEIGHT IN GOLD.

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

YOUR FIGURE SHOULD BE YOUR PRIDE.

THE KEystone TO ATTRACTIVENESS.

A CORRECT & NEAT FIGURE & GENTEEL DEPARTMENT

which all desire but few possess, a fine well-proportioned appearance and correct form ensemble. Those interested in its acquisition and preservation should send a stamped addressed envelope to D. S. Co., Box 60, Dunedin, and full information, both valuable and interesting, will be forwarded in return. The process recommended ensures a healthy and most pleasing appearance and greater freedom and agility, and by elderly persons it rejuvenates and causes a more youthful tone and vigour, and it is applicable to persons of either sex.

MRS CRONE, MAKER OF FRENCH CORSETS.

(Twelve years with Madame Soblis De Courtes). Fit and Style guaranteed. First class one of Excellence. Self-measurement Cards forwarded on application.

191, COLLINS-STREET, MELBOURNE (NEXT 'HERALD' OFFICE). CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

MADAME DE VERNEY.



COURT DRESSMAKER

FROM WORTH'S, PARIS.

NO. 123, LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON.

COSTUMES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION MADE IN THE LATEST PARISIAN FASHIONS. PERFECT FIT AND STYLE GUARANTEED. MODERATE CHARGES.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

SEVERAL SELECTED FANCIES.

FROM amidst a mass of gorgeous and variegated hats, I have selected one which is sure to be useful. It is a young lady's or bridesmaid's hat in fine terra lace, drawn on gold wires. Large bows of cream and maize striped brocade ribbon. Choux of lace, holding beautiful cream ostrich plumes. Bow and small plumes tastefully placed under the brim.

The very exaggerated sleeves are now voted vulgar in the best circles, and my artist has exactly hit the dimensions of those now adopted by the ladies who are considered to lead the fashions in London. It is probable that the size will farther diminish before long, and that the fulness will again drop towards the elbows. In the second illustration, which represents 'ashes of roses' glacé silk—quite the most fashionable material just now—the cape frill is in pink silk, bordered with 'ashes of roses' ribbon and veiled with string-coloured embroidered net. This body is cut low in the neck, a mode which is rather largely adopted just now, though it suits very few faces. In the present instance the lady has added a black velvet ribbon round the throat, in deference to this very defect. The belt is of silk, covered with the embroidered net and edged with ribbon. The pink, it will be observed, is not seen except through the meshes of the lace, a fact which assists it to harmonise with the soft tone of brownish pink known by the poetic title of 'ashes of roses.' The hat shown with this dress is in fancy Tuscan straw, trimmed with pink roses, one being very becomingly tucked under the brim at the left side.

The pretty afternoon dress from which my third illustration was sketched was in fawn-coloured embroidered muslin made with the full skirt now necessary with all light fabrics. The sleeves are made in three tiers of frills falling over plain tight ones made to the wrists, and the jabot is also made of the embroidered muslin. The folded-silk belt is fawn-coloured, like the muslin, and the dainty little coat is in black satin, the revers being trimmed with frills of the embroidered muslin. The skirts of the satin coat are made quite full at the back, but flat and closely fitting at the sides, as is now the reigning mode. There is, however, none of the loose, ill-fitting, half-on, half-off style that characterised the coats of last season. On the contrary, the backs are made to fit in with exactitude to the waist and shoulders, and there is very often an invisible arrangement which draws the jacket together at the waist. Sometimes it is by means of a small strip of the satin, moiré, silk or cloth, which buttons underneath, and can, if necessary, be turned down out of sight; and sometimes the sash, which appears to belong to the dress, is in reality part and parcel of the coat, serving to keep it taut and trim and close to the figure.

THE OUTLINE OF THE GOWN.

HOW TO CUT THE NEW SKIRTS—SOME CHIC AND BEAUTIFUL DRESSMAKING.

THE outline of the fashionable gown needs more study than usual this year.

You may make your dress of silk from Tussore, all embroidery of gems, and if it has not the correct form it is as naught, but if it is of sixpenny muslin and cuts the air with the approved 'profile,' it will rank in fashion above all richness.

This is always true in the main, but it is especially so at this moment, because 'forms' have radically changed.

The 'profile' is nearly everything. A certain amount of fabric is disposed in a particular way. And as a good deal of fabric is needed, do not make the mistake of skimping your material to put money into quality or trimmings, but rather take a careful look at the fashionable woman as she has stepped out from the hands of some great couturiere, ready-made for the triumphs of the warm season, and see what sort of silhouette she makes.

WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE.

Her waist, to begin with, looks very small. The appearance comes from the great width of the gown above and below.

She has a skirt growing enormously wide at bottom that takes the form of a triangle; and a round bodice that, including the sleeves, grows exaggeratedly wide as it ascends, gives another triangle. She looks something like an hour glass; in fine she has a modified 1850 appearance.

But in the 'triangle' which encloses the bodice and sleeves the greatest width is not at the top of the shoulders, as it was recently, but has dropped to the level of the bust. Note this, for it is a chance of importance.

The sleeve has taken a new departure.

THE CORRECT SLEEVE.

When the present sleeve began its career it laid flat up against the arm and stood nearly up to the tips of the ears, like the folded wings of a tired cherub.

After this it bulged out on the turn of the shoulder like a balloon, giving a width in the line of the collar bone that was very unpretty on a woman, because it was characteristically masculine.



Now the balloons have all but disappeared, for though there is fulness across the shoulders it is not the great fulness. Where heretofore all the lines were upwards, now they all drop downwards and outwards, and the sleeve finds its greatest width near the elbow, or as I have said, somewhere in a line with the bust.

This at any rate gives a more feminine outline.

AS TO SKIRTS

The excitement about wearing hoop-skirts was premature. By which I mean to say that steels have not at this writing been sanctioned by the Paris dressmaker or worn by women dressed from Paris.

Dressmakers here are interlining the skirts with a stiff cloth woven of horse hair. This cloth resembles moiré, but is stiffer. Also it is expensive, a not uninteresting item. It runs nearly or quite to the top in the back and half way up in front, and it makes the skirt stand out in flute-like rolls at the bottom, like a half-opened umbrella or the scalloped edge of a cake dish.

Having taken great pains to produce this hair-cloth, nothing worse is anticipated in Paris for the present.

But even this is a fall from the ideal.

and I do like my children to look respectable on the way home—not as though they had to return because they had nothing to wear.

The remaining six frocks are pique, prints and gingham; some exclusively for mornings, others pretty enough to be worn in the afternoons.

The wave of fashion did not engulf the children early in the season, but it has now swept over them, and the summer styles show great changes from the spring novelties.

Children's cotton gowns are made very full; most of them



have both skirts and waists gathered, and they are sewn together, or on either side of a band. For a child five years of age the skirt should be two yards wide; for one twelve it should be three yards. You can proportion the intermediate sizes.

This fulness necessitates shortening the frocks, which is perhaps the most noticeable of the season's changes. Though the Kate (greenaway length is still to be seen, little tots in general will no longer be compelled to lift up their petticoats when going upstairs, for the new skirts are to be three inches above the ankle. Older children wear them even shorter. From five to twelve the prescribed length is just below the knee.

Most of the skirts for ordinary gowns are plain. Some white goods are hem-stitched and occasionally a narrow band of drawn work is shown, and some gowns are lighted up with vertical satin ribbons; but the elaborate patterns of the last few years have disappeared.

CAPEES.

Capes are now shown in children's sizes. Their adaptability for use during a summer outing is apparent. Some



triple capes for older girls are very gay in Columbian effects, red, white, and blue.

A charming little round cape for a child of six is of dark red cashmere with a band of black watered ribbon at the edge and another around the collar cape. It ties with long ribbons—is in short a veritable Tom Thumb cape just like mamma's.

HELDON.

CHILDREN'S STYLES FOR SUMMER.

NUMBER AND KIND OF GOWNS.

A talk with a sensible woman who has gone about for a number of seasons, and whose children are always suitably dressed has resulted in hints useful to other mothers.

'I never go away for the summer with less than a dozen gowns apiece for the children. Not all are new, but the old ones are remodelled.

'I divide them in this fashion: Three the very best—that is for special occasions such as children's hops and entertainments. One of these, a white one, will do for a bright Sunday morning, but it is not often worn out of doors. These three costumes run away with fully one-third of my money allowance for I buy good lace and embroidery and one of the gowns must be of silk.

'Then I have three more, second best, for afternoon gowns and Sunday wear. I provide two wools, one dark and one light fancy material, preferably white serge, for wear on cool days. The dark one is for mornings and wet days, the light one for afternoons and evenings when no wrap would add sufficient warmth to a cotton gown. These two are in addition to the travelling costume; for I always find that there are excursions for which that should be kept,

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.

HINTS ON DRIPPING.—I am a young housekeeper, and want to be economical. Will you kindly give me some ideas on using up or preparing dripping?—SILLY LITTLE ONE.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

LITTLE SPRING DINNER ('Madame B.').—Ménú:

Cousommé à la Kursesl.	Soufflé de merlan.
Côtelettes à la Soubise.	Tournedos aux olives.
Rhubarb fool.	Mousseline à l'orange.
	Croûtes à l'Italienne.

Cousommé à la Kursesl is clear soup, garnished with blanched spring vegetables cut into shapes, small peas, asparagus sprigs, and lettuce cut into dice. Côtelettes à la Soubise are nicely trimmed and broiled cutlets from the best end of the neck of mutton, brushed over with hot butter just before serving, dished on a border of mashed potato with sautéed—i.e., delicately made onion sauce poured round. Tournedos aux olives consist of fillets cut from the undercut of the sirloin (across, not with the grain of the meat), sautéed in a buttered pan, with a buttered paper over it, and sprinkled with pepper, salt, and lemon juice, and served round a ragout of olives (stone the olives and toss them in a little butter with some minced parsley and a very little shallot, then let it all cook in some good Espagnole sauce, thickened with a little brown roux and flavoured with a few drops of anchovy sauce, lemon juice, and a spoonful of sherry), with nicely flavoured Espagnole sauce round it. The fowl is stuffed with the liver, some bacon, minced tarragon and parsley, onion, and lemon juice, then braised for three quarters of an hour, and served with velouté sauce, flavoured with finely-minced tarragon. For the rhubarb fool, wash some rhubarb, cut it in inch length, and simmer it till tender, with sugar to taste. Now press it all through a sieve, and let it cool. Boil a pint of milk (a tablespoonful of condensed milk stirred into this is a great addition), with a strip of lemon peel, a bay leaf, and sugar to taste; mix with this (off the fire) four eggs lightly beaten, the stir over the fire, or in the bain-marie, till it thickens. It is very apt, unless watched, to catch, and if it boils it is spoilt. When quite cool, stir this into the fruit, adding a little more sugar if necessary. The custard should be thicker than usual, to make up for the wateriness of the rhubarb. Pour it into a glass bowl, and when about to serve it pile on it some stiffly whipped cream, flavoured with very finely grated lemon peel.—Mousseline à l'Orange: Melt together 4oz. of fresh butter, 4oz. of sugar, the juice of two oranges (strained), and the yolks of six eggs; stir it over the fire till thoroughly blended, being careful that it does not boil; let it cool, and then stir into it the whites of the eggs, whipped to a stiff froth, pour it into a well buttered mould, and steam it for half an hour. Serve with a sweet sauce strongly flavoured with orange or a hot mousseline sauce. For the croûtes à l'Italienne prepare some little square croûtes of fried bread, lay on each a round slice of beefroot, on this a smaller slice of hard-boiled egg cut through yolk and white, and on the top a turned olive stuffed with a washed fillet of anchovy. (The stuffed anchovies in oil, to be bought in bottles, do admirably for this.) Sardine toast and anchovy eggs are both very pretty savouries.

RECIPES.

THE DECORATIONS OF CAKES.—'No, I never send to the confectioner's for a decorator to finish my cakes,' said an ambitious young woman. 'I have kept my eyes open, and I find that with a little care, and pains I can do quite as good work as the average confectioner. I rather pride myself on my cakes and have for some years taken a little trouble to perfect myself in the finishing and trimming of them. It is easy enough—indeed, it takes less time than to send them away or employ an expert, costs but a trifle, and in addition I find that my cakes have an individuality that the baker never seems to get. I have invented a series of little appliances that answer my purpose admirably, and as they are within reach of everybody I don't see why it should be necessary to send out of the house for such work. My first bit of machinery is some glass tubing about the size of the chimney of a student-lamp. Of this I have half a dozen pieces each about six inches long. To one end of each of these pieces of tubing is attached a bit of folded oiled paper. This paper is very thick and strong, and was gummed into funnel shape before being oiled. An ordinary spool of suitable size with a piece of soft linen tied around it has a handle made of a piece of pine whittled out to fit the hole in the spool. This makes a sort of pusher or plunger. The frosting is put into these tubes, the spool is gently pressed over it, and as it fits the tube tightly, a tiny thread of the prepared icing comes out through the point in the paper funnel. These funnels have openings varying in size from a lead pencil to number eight cotton. With these I can from any decoration that it is possible to make with such

appliances. I have moulds for leaves and flowers, also a set of stencils which I prepared myself. For icing I take the whites of three eggs, add an equal amount of cold water, and stir in six confectioner's sugar until of the right consistency. I spread this over the cakes, and when the first coating is nearly dry, fill one of the tubes, usually the larger one, and holding it above the cake press gently through the plunger, allowing the stream to flow out in any pattern I may desire. I like a heavy edge around the cake; therefore, usually make an interlaced scallop pattern with one of the larger sizes; then, with the smaller ones, I form all sorts of fanciful figures, letters, names, dates, leaf and flower outlines and the like. If I want a bit of colour, I drop a coloured confection into each scallop while the frosting is still soft. For coloured icings, which I always prepare when there are youngsters or children, birthdays, holidays and visiting occasions, I put a drop or two of cochineal in a little water, allow it to boil a moment, then strain and set away to cool. By the use of this, one may obtain all shades, from the palest pink to a colour as bright as is desirable. This is not at all objectionable, and adds greatly to the attractiveness of the cake.'

THE EMPRESS TEA CAKE.—Three quarters of a pound of flour, two ounces of white sugar, a good sized pinch of salt, a gill and a half of milk, two ounces of fresh butter, half an ounce of yeast, and one well-beaten egg. The flour, sugar, and salt are mixed together in a bowl, and the milk, which should be warmed, added afterwards with the yeast, egg and butter. All the ingredients are mixed together until they assume the consistency of a stiff dough. Two ounces of candied cherries chopped, are put in, and the mixture is left to rise for an hour and a half. It is then put into a buttered baking-tin and popped at once into a very hot oven, which is allowed to get cooler as the cake progresses towards perfection.—HOME LOVERS.

WHY WOMEN FADE.

PRACTICAL HINTS TO ENABLE THEM TO RETAIN THEIR BEAUTY.

THE EVIL BEGINS AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE, IS CONTINUED AT SCHOOL, AND WORRIMENT BRINGS THE REST.

The life of any ordinary woman from fifteen to thirty has no possible chance for the storing of strength, which is the essential for liveliness and attraction. It is a paying out of vitality as fast as it can be made, a taxing and taxing of ill-fed nerves, stinted of air, sunshine, rest, and healthy stimulus.

A schoolgirl rises to an eight o'clock breakfast or later. She is never sleeping three hours and the air is at its freshest, but she has no thought for a run out of doors, which would tone her for the day. She was up till eleven the night before, as most girls of fourteen are, at some trifling entertainment or merely sitting round, chatting with chance comers. A mother who wished to insure her health and good looks would insist that the child should be in bed as soon after nine each night as possible, allowing only one night out a week until she was eighteen. I may as well stop here and close my suggestions, for the outcry of mothers and daughters against early sleep is general and overpowering. There is little use to talk about women's fading, for few of them have freshness any longer, but are wearied and thin at thirteen, what with too many school-books, and grown-up hours and habits generally. (Of course they fade.

FOOD.

Oatmeal, especially of the finer sorts in which the housekeeper delights, often passes digestion in a crude shape as masses of starch, which clog the body without nourishing it. Dry, crisp oatcake is much better than boiled oatmeal, and is far more palatable, its oil and starch being changed in baking. Clean, cracked wheat is the food for nervous, studious, or housekeeping women and children, containing as it does the phosphates needed and the coarse character which aids the organs in their work. The fine flours and foods of the day are one great cause of the early deterioration of the race. If we wished artfully to eliminate every particle of nutrition from food, it would only be necessary to carry the process of grinding, bolting and refining a little further.

WOMEN HALF STARVED.

In my own experience and that of the most intelligent literary people met it is not possible to change from sound, coarse food containing all the wheat for one day without loss of strength and nervous tone, while the difference in complexion in a single month challenge admiration from all the women about. The men don't say anything, but they notice it all the same. I know that ordinary women scout and cavil at this doctrine. They will have it that their mothers were strong and good looking on white bread and fried potatoes and steak, and it is all nonsense to fuss so much about cracked wheat and coarse bread when they are just as well without it. They send to the bakers for bread five days in seven and put their oatmeal to cook for the breakfast opening course, to be swallowed down—there is no other word—with milk and sugar just before the breakfast or the ham and eggs. Oatmeal paste, half cooked, city milk and sugar! Why not serve ice cream before the meats? Let the wheat, carefully cooked the night before, be served with the juicy steak. The general habit of flooding the stomach with milk and sweets arrests digestion at once and impairs the value of the food taken after. All these things tend to early drooping and decay of the human flower. Our women are half starved, to tell the truth.

SMALL TROUBLES EXAGGERATED.

Minds make their own opportunities. Where one woman means that she has no time for mental culture another, equally burdened, makes her chance, cuts a slip from a newspaper and pins it where she can read while ironing or washing dishes, and repeats poetry or proverbs to herself while going about the house, counting it no injury to her family if she takes ten minutes a day in this manner to keep her soul alive and growing. For the best and deepest cultivation and education is gained in this way, little by little, wrought into the memory and worked over in thought till it is part of the lonely student's being.

'I am too grieved and worried to think or read when I have time to sit down with baby,' says one woman.

'I never could have borne what I had to if I had not read and thought of other things when I rocked the baby or pared the apples,' says another; and it simply shows the difference in the souls of people. Women of a fine quality

of intellect will live through troubles and distresses which send ordinary women insane, and come out looking younger than their sisters who have been petted and sheltered all their lives.

But certain women follow closely the example of the old lady on her death-bed, who, reminded that she had led an easy life, whined out that 'she had always made the most of her small troubles.' Few women overlook a chance to be worried, and as for ignoring a slight or offence, or failing to be worked up and wounded by it to the highest degree, it would seem flying in the face of Providence, according to their ideas.

HOW TO PREPARE A FLOOR FOR A PRIVATE DANCE.

The first thing to ascertain is whether the boards are smooth (if not, they must be planed where the irregularities occur), and, above all, no old nails should be left in. If the gaps are at all obtrusive between the planks, these can be filled in either with strips of wood or putty, as the case may be. These points having been remedied, the floor will do over and over again for dancing, and each time of using will facilitate the labour of the next preparation. There are many ways of attaining the same object. One is to paint the floor with beer (the cheaper the better), using a white wash brush; let it dry thoroughly, after which a finely powdered chalk must be sprinkled all over the boards, very regularly, through a fine sieve. The finishing touch of this, as of most of these amateur processes, which quite equal more scientific methods, consists in sliding about the room, if the *frottoir* is not handy. Another excellent way is to rub the boards with common wax-candle ends, and then to use the *frottoir*, or sliding. This is perhaps rather more tedious than the former plan, but it answers equally well, and, if two or three enthusiastic young people set about the task, it does not take as long as might be imagined. Of course, I am assuming that the query relates to common boards; if the room is stained and varnished, an extra polishing with beeswax and turpentine should be all that is necessary. Again, if the dances are to be at all frequent, it would be almost better to stain and polish it; it is not an expensive nor a very tedious process nowadays, and it would greatly enhance the general effect. Polishing with beeswax, where the *frottoir* is not available, can be accelerated if a rubber be improvised by tying several thicknesses of coarse felt to an old broom devoid of bristles; if it is weighted down by the insertion of a flat piece of lead, the effect is absolutely the same as the *frottoir*. The beeswax is rubbed on the felt, and the use of the long-handled rubber saves stooping. The advantage of having the floor stained is that the room could then be used for general purposes with rugs, etc., whereas plain boards must be totally covered, which would entail much more labour. It is very difficult to give exact information as to how to arrange a room with no data to go upon. As little furniture as possible should be left; tables, cabinets with glass doors, or anything that could be damaged, should be put away in some spare room, or disposed of according to space in the manner most convenient for the inmates. Naturally one has to put up with some discomfort on such occasions, but it can and should be reduced to a minimum by means of a little judicious contriving. Sofas and easy chairs, provided they do not take up too much room, should be put against the wall, though, if space is a great consideration and the furniture large, it would almost be better to turn everything out, and have row seats instead. These can easily be bired. The piano should be in a corner, with the back turned out towards the room, both to increase the sound and to enable the player to see the dancers.

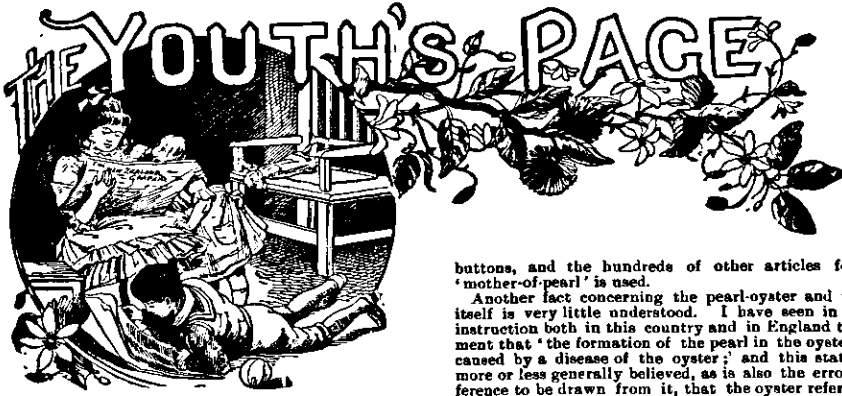
WE CAN'T GET EVERYTHING WE WANT.

AWEARY of the city—
Of staying mid its tangled maze—
The hero of this ditty
Sought 'digs,' far from its crowded ways;
For sad 'nning and madding
The fretful mob proved to his taste;
The hustling and bustling
His nervous system quite laid waste.
Ere he left home the city's frown
Was bright—(to us it maybe is)—
A country lad he came to town,
As innocent as baby is.

He felt his soul sore chastened;
He sought the suburbs rural rest;
To a quiet street he hastened—
A place he thought would suit him best;
And gleaming and beaming
With satisfaction at the core,
He stalked at, he knocked at,
With confidence an outer door.
An accident madame came at last,
And answered at his urgent call;
'Come in,' she said, and in he passed
From vestibule to inner hall.

'I've come to seek for lodgings,
He said in an attractive tone;
'These townfolks' ways and dodgings
I cannot longer stand, I own.'
And winking, and thinking
His search for 'digs,' was over now,
He traced through, he paced through
The rooms, joy 'luming his fair brow;
He deemed that right there where he staid,
Dwelt sober peace he'd sought for long;
That in and out reigned solitude,
Wakened but by the merle's song.

But just as he was scheming
'Bout fixing on this silent spot,
An engine past, swept screaming,
And upset all his well-laid plot.
To him from, to fly from,
The city's roar—a priceless boon—
Despaired he, declared he—
As well seek quiet 'digs,' in the moon!
'Too near the railway, ma'am, I fear—
That noise would drive me soon insane.'
'The noise is bad,' she said, 'but here,
See the grand view you get of folks losing their train!'
VIVE VALE.



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

DEAR COUSIN KATE—I hope you will have room for this. I live in the country, and have such a pretty garden of my own. I grow potatoes and some flowers. I sell new potatoes at twopence a pound (when mine are ready first) to my mamma. But when hers are ready she won't pay so much for mine, so I cook them for myself. My little dog is so sharp. When I say 'cats' he runs and looks all over for them. His name is Bob.—Your loving cousin, JACK HIDDEN.

[You must be kind to your cat, Jack, and not allow the dog to chase it. How would you like a big animal to chase you? I am very fond of new potatoes, and had some a fortnight ago.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I think the cousins' letters great fun. Here is a riddle for them: 'When is a door not a door?' Are you fond of riddles? I wonder if the cousins can guess it. It seems nice having so many cousins all over New Zealand. I wish we could all meet and have a party. We should like to see some of the nice, amusing letter-writers who tell us such nice things about their homes. Hoping this is not too long.—I am, yours affectionately, COUSIN MARY B.

[No, your letter is not too long. Yes, it would be very nice to see all the cousins. I wanted them to send their photographs to put in the GRAPHIC, but they have not done so.—COUSIN KATE.]

buttons, and the hundreds of other articles for which 'mother-of-pearl' is used.

Another fact concerning the pearl-oyster and the pearl itself is very little understood. I have seen in books of instruction both in this country and in England the statement that 'the formation of the pearl in the oyster-shell is caused by a disease of the oyster'; and this statement is more or less generally believed, as is also the erroneous inference to be drawn from it, that the oyster referred to is the edible oyster. The mother-of-pearl is nothing more than a series of layers of nacreous matter deposited by the oyster upon the interior of the shell, and the pearl itself is a perfectly accidental formation. It is caused by a similar deposit of nacre around some foreign object. This foreign substance may be a grain of sand, a parasite, or some similar object; but most authorities agree that it is more usually an undeveloped egg of the oyster around which this natural deposit is thrown.

The largest pearl ever found measures two inches long, and weighs three ounces. This is of Eastern origin. The largest found in the Gulf of California did not exceed an inch and a quarter long, and was somewhat larger than the egg of a thrush. Many of the Californian pearls are black and speckled. These are considered more valuable than the white pearls in Europe, but the most highly prized pearls of all are pink.

ROBERT F. WALSH.

HIPPITY-HOP.

HIPPITY hop, hippity hop,
To the corner and back without ever a stop;
Little sister and brother with arms round each other
Do errands for mother at market and shop.

Hippity hop, hippity hop,
Look out, little brother, or sister will trip;
Be nimble and sprightly, take hold of hands tightly,
And laugh as you lightly go hoppity skip.

WHY THE DUCKS DIED.

THE author of 'Sketches of Native Life' says that most European residents of India keep large poultry yards. He followed the general custom, but for some time found it very unprofitable. His first brood of ducks died one after another in a most orderly manner, one at a time, at intervals of twenty-four hours.

The sweeper who took care of them assured us that he could cure them if we would give him two annas' worth of garlic, black pepper and chillies. The cure was certainly worth the money, and we gave it to him accordingly; but, alas! it was spent in vain—the ducks continued to die.

We were new to the country, and equally new to the raising of ducks. We had no suspicion of the cause of the excessive mortality; but at last we received a visit from a friend.

We mentioned the extraordinary fatality to which our ducks were subject, and asked him if he could suggest a cure. Our innocence was greeted with a peal of laughter.

'Yes,' he replied. 'I can. Call the sweeper, and tell him that for every duck that dies from this date he will have to pay four annas.'

We did so; not another duck died. The truth was that the sweeper had been killing the ducks for his own use, and relying on our ignorance, had been so audacious as to ask, in the name of medicine, for money to buy condiments for seasoning.

SHARPWATCH.

THE author of 'Out of Doors in Tsarland' says that no person can live in Russia without being well known to the secret police, in whose records there is certain to be a long and exhaustive account of his personal history, including a list of his friends and associates, a description of his occupations and amusements, and a general sketch of his character. The author is disposed to think that the police are not unnecessarily suspicious, and that they seldom commit the blunder of arresting innocent people. On the other hand, he gives them credit for marvellous acuteness in the detection of crime.

A foreign firm in St. Petersburg had in their employ a Russian clerk. He had been with them for many years, and enjoyed the best of reputation as an honest and faithful man. One day, to the boundless astonishment of the foreign merchant and his staff, the office was visited by a *pristaf*, or chief officer of the police force.

'I have called to inquire,' he said, 'whether you have lately been robbed by any of your clerks?'

The merchant answered that nothing of the kind had happened. Why was the question asked?

The *pristaf* explained that, although the firm might have felt no uneasiness about the proceedings of their clerk, Mr V—, yet the police had long had their suspicions, which suspicions had culminated in his arrest at the railway station that very morning. Would the gentleman please give



WHAT PEARLS ARE MADE OF, AND WHERE THEY ARE FOUND.

VERY few people are aware that the pearl-oyster is not in any way like the oysters which we eat. It is of an entirely different species, and, as a matter of fact, the shells of the so-called pearl oyster are of far more value to those engaged in 'pearl-fishing' than the pearls. There are extensive pearl fisheries in the Gulf of California, and some of the finest pearls have been taken from these waters. In 1881 one pearl, a black one, was sold for £2,000, and every year since that time many pearls have been taken from the beds in the Californian Gulf valued at over £1,000 each. But such finds are very rare, and, as a rule, the pearls which are brought up are of very little value. The shells, however, are very valuable; most of them are shipped to Europe, where they are manufactured into ornaments, knife handles,

THREE LITTLE FOLKS.

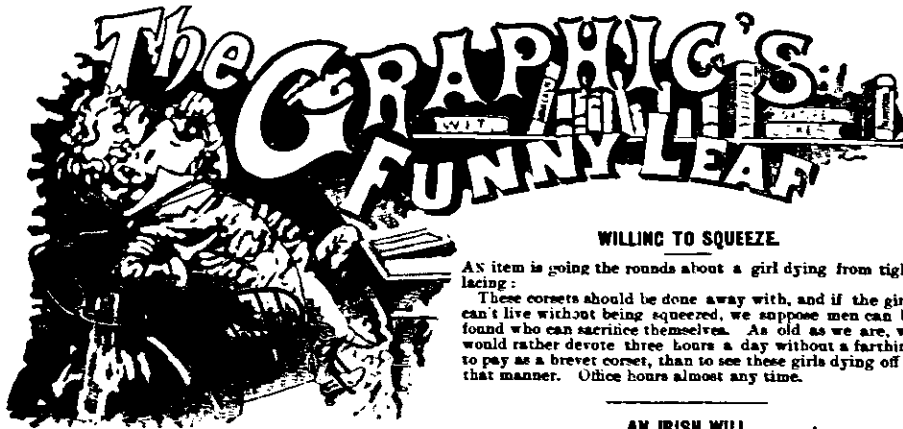
THREE little folks at play are we,
And we're as happy as we can be,
We're dressed to receive our guests you see,
And we're waiting for them patiently,
No. 1 is in white and her spots are pink;
No. 2 is in grey with stockings of ink;
No. 3 is in blue. I'm the prettiest, I think.

In my language class in school one day, the sentence 'He earns his livelihood "by hook or by crook"' occurred, and I asked the class what 'by hook or by crook' meant, and only one boy raised his hand. 'What does it mean?' I asked of him. 'Oh, catching fish or catching sheep, I'm sure!'

orders to have the books of the firm carefully gone over, to see whether there had been any defalcation?

With strong protests on the part of the merchant against this unjust treatment of his trusty clerk, an examination was begun; and it soon transpired that the firm had been plundered to the extent of more than twenty thousand roubles!

Then, of course, the merchant begged to know how the police had become aware of what was going on. The officer explained that it was all simple enough. Mr V— had been seen to be spending more money than a man in his position could be presumed honestly to have. Watch had been kept upon him accordingly. His champagne suppers, his boxes at the opera, and all such expenditures had been recorded. It was known also that he had made a large remittance to a 'friend' in Paris, and so, when he went to the railway station to buy his ticket to that city he was arrested.



THE SONG OF THE BORED MEMBER.

WHEN and where I shall chance to meet him,
At even, or noon, or at morning gray,
By what name I shall learn to greet him,
I know not now—I shall know some day.
With the beams of electric light around him,
In tea room, on terrace, or lobby, or stair,
He is standing somewhere, would that I'd found him,
He that I wait for—my Pair, my Pair!

I will not dream of some high official,
A leader whose light it were well to quench,
Whose vanished vote would be prejudicial
To the darling schemes of the Treasury Bench.
He may be a tyro, or one whose spurs on
The floor have been won in encounters fair,
He may be the Premier himself, or a person
Of no importance, my Pair, my Pair!

Whether his eloquence be transcendent,
Whether he sits, under orders, dumb;
Whether he poses as independent
Or votes at the beck of his leader's thumb;
Whether of Stout he may be a retainer,
Henchman of Seddon, I do not care,
Or a Socialist, or a total abstainer,
I will accept him, my Pair, my Pair!

But he must abide by his firm decision
From the House in the future to keep away;
Though the bell may ring for a close division,
Though leaders may threaten and Whips may pray;
We will trust our votes to each other's keeping,
And shirk our duties with loving care,
And the session shall end and the Whips be sleeping
Ere I will release him, my Pair, my Pair!

Adapted from P.M.B.

LOVES YOUNG DREAM.

"GATHER me closer, darling, whispered Gladys McMurphy, gazing up into the sad blue eyes that but faintly illumined the marble pallor of Bayard Fauntleroy Ferguson's alabaster brow.
"Sweetness," he responded, with a strange, sweet, Palmer House smile: "I am not gathering so much as I was: but when the first snowy touch of winter's frost-gemmed hand." The continuation of this interesting serial will be found in the *New Zealand Times*. A celluloid coffin given away with every copy.

BEGGAR WOMAN: "Can yer assist me, kind lady? Me poor 'usband can't git out and about."
Lady: "What's the matter with your husband?"
Beggar Woman: "He's in prison, kind lady."

"Do you believe in corporal punishment for stupid school children?"
"Yes, a spanking always makes 'em smart."



AGONY: "Come along, Nellie, then I'll buy you something. What shall I buy you?"
Nellie: "Oh, aunty, buy me a doll! I love dollies, because they never interrupt me when I'm speaking, and everybody else does."

WILLING TO SQUEEZE.

AN item is going the rounds about a girl dying from tight lacing:
These corsets should be done away with, and if the girls can't live without being squeezed, we suppose men can be found who can sacrifice themselves. As old as we are, we would rather devote three hours a day without a farthing to pay as a brever corset, than to see these girls dying off in that manner. Office hours almost any time.

AN IRISH WILL.

AN Irishman's will, made in the early part of the century, reads:
"In the name of God, Amen. I, Timothy Delano of Barrydownerry, in the county of Clare, farmer, being sick and weak in my legs, but of sound head and warm heart, glory be to God—do make the first and last will, the old and new testament; first I give my soul to God, when it pleases him to take it, sure no thanks to me, for I can't help it then, and my body to be buried in the ground at Barrydownerry chapel, where all my kith an' kin that have gone before me, an' those that live after, belonging to me, are buried, pace by their ashes, and may the sod rest lightly over their bones. Bury me near my godfather, Felix O'Flaherty, leftwix and between him and my father and mother, who lie separate altogether at the other side of the chapel yard. I have the bit of ground containing ten acres—rue old Irish acres, to me eldest son Tim, after the death of his mother, if she survives him. My daughter Mary, and her husband, Paddy O'Rozan, are to get the white sow that's going to have twelve black pigs. Teddy, my second boy, that was killed in the war of Amerikay, might have got his pick of the poultry, but as he is gone, I'll leave them to his wife, who died a wake before him. I bequeath to all mankind fresh air of heaven, all the fishes of the sea they can take, and all the birds of the air they can shoot. I leave them the sun, moon and stars. I have to Peter Rafferty a pint of poteen I can't Enish, and may God be merciful to him."



MARY: "Please, Miss, there's a man at the door with wooden legs."
Miss Hanton: "Why, Mary, what can we do with wooden legs? Tell him we don't want any."

TAKING UP A COLLECTION.

The hat was passed around a certain congregation for the purpose of taking up a collection. After it had made the circuit of the church, it was handed to the minister—who, by the way, had exchanged pulpits with the regular preacher—and he found not a penny in it. He inverted the hat over the pulpit cushion and shook it, that its emptiness might be known; then, raising his eyes to the ceiling, he exclaimed with great terror: "I thank God that I got back my hat from this congregation."

POPULAR BRITISH PEERAGE.

TABLE OF PRECEDENCE.

PEERAGE	POKER.
A Double-Barrelled Duke (the Duke of Smith, Earl Jones equals a	Straight Flush.
A Plain Duke equals	Four.
A Marquis equals a	Full.
An Earl equals a	Flush.
A Viscount equals a	Straight.
A Baron (Lord) equals	Three.
A Baronet equals	Two Pairs.
A Knight equals	One Pair.
[And a mighty small one.]	

Railway Porter: "See here, where are you going with that axe?" Passenger: "Keep cool, young man; we stop for sandwiches at the next station."
"What got your patent leather boots blacked, and bought them only ten days ago? Wasn't the leather any good?"
"The leather is all right, but the patent seems to have expired."

A SCORE.

HARD-UP GENT: "Say, boss, can't yer give a feller a few pence to help him along?"
Mr Delawney: "Why don't you do something faw yaw own living? You had bettah ask for brains instead of money."
Hard-up Gent: "Well, boss, I asked yer for what I thought yer had most of."



WHY A WOMAN DRESSES.

"ARABELLA, dear, I'm sorry to tell you that Freddy and Algernon didn't like the frock that you wore last night."
"Araminta, dearest, I don't dress to please the men, but to worry the girls."

CASUAL REMARKS ON ICE CREAM.

SUMMER would not be summer without ice-cream. Ice-cream is the favourite currency of love. The young man expresses the yearning of his heart in a plate of vanilla; and the maiden indicates her blushing preference in a saucer of strawberry. The young man pays for both.
Besides being a useful adjunct to courtship, ice-cream is often employed to feed poets upon. It seems to start the muse better than anything else. We fed our special poet on ice-cream the other day, and when he had absorbed his tenth plate he evolved this from his inner inanity:

Why do I say I love you,
Whose thoughts are from me as far
As in the sky above you
The gleam of the coldest star?
Why do I voice a vision
That is utterly vague and vain?
Why do I court derision
With my tale of passion and pain?
You ask why my song rehearses
A fury that Fate must chill!
Well, to sell the resultant verses
For a solid £1 bill.

This, however, we considered a failure. It is too mercenary in its tone. We next tried the experiment upon a nice, tender young amateur poet, and the sixth plate fetched him, and he warbled thus-wise:

Sweet love, for whom on summertide I wait,
Hid in the bushes by the garden gate,
Remember that thou'rt the bull-dog pup.
Sweet is the scent of fading lilac-blossoms;
Where white springs light the bosky glooms
I see your younger sister in the scup.
The night winds roos the willow's pallid green,
Like wandering spirits 'hat torment un-seen—
Am I to stay out here till half-past one?
Blue skies of eve pale to a ghastly gray,
It strikes me strongly I wix best aw'ay—
I see your father reaching for his gun.

That was solid poetry, and there might have been more of it if the poet's feelings had not overcome him.
Nobody has ever tested the extreme capacity of the average American girl as an ice creamist; but it is popularly supposed that it is unlimited. Occasionally a plumber, fresh and flush after a severe winter, has attempted to glut his sweetheart with lemon and vanilla; but the resultant bankruptcy of the plumber has always cast a roseate glow over our civilisation.



OLD GRAVELY: "If you do not care to be my wife, perhaps the prospect of being a rich young widow might tempt you."
Minnie eagerly: "Oh, Mr Gravelly! If I were only sure I could trust you."