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And Ladies' Journal.

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NAPIER.

NAPIER, the chief city of the provincial district of Hawke's Bay, is built on a high peninsula, originally known as Scinde Island, jutting into an open roadstead, into which a breakwater is run out from one of the points. It was called after Sir Edward Hawke by Cook, who sighted it October 12th, 1769. The anchorage is good, and the roadstead sheltered from all but easterly gales. The town is built on a succession of rounded hills and in the intervening valley. Its shipping centres at the point of the peninsula known as the Spit, and formerly called Port Ahuriri. Inside the Spit there is a fine basin for vessels of moderate size, formed in the estuary of the Rivers Esk and Tutaekuri, to which access is obtained by a channel enclosed within a long groin running into the bay. The estuary is known, from its shape, as the Iron Pot. Napier is connected with Wellington by rail to Woodville, ninety-seven miles, thence south by coach, forty-one miles, to the Mangamahoe Station. Thence again by rail on the Eastern line, over the Rimutaka, eighty-five miles, to Wellington; or from Woodville by coach through the grand scenery of the Manawatu Gorge to Palmerston, and thence by the Manawatu Company's Western line to Wellington. The district of Hawke's Bay is largely of a limestone formation, and one of the best agricultural and pastoral counties in New Zealand. There are many extensive meat-preserving and other factories in connection with these industries, but Napier itself is the commercial centre, and has few factories of any consequence in the town. It is a Diocesan city, the residence of the Bishop of Waiapu, and has many fine buildings and private residences; also an excellent club.

SHAKESPEARE'S LOST CHANCE.—'Polonius was a splendid bit of character work.' 'Yes; but he had his drawbacks. When he started off and said: "Neither a borrower nor a lender be," he lost the best chance in the world to show off his wisdom.' 'How's that?' 'Why, he should have gone on and said, "But if you must do one or t'other, let it be borrowing—there's money in't."'

THE MEXICAN CAN SWEAR.

NEW MEXICO is the native heath of profanity. I have heard with interest the oratory of those who, elsewhere, enjoy an undeserved repute for their ability to swing the dictionary around by the tail and shake all the swear-words loose. But, bless you, they don't know their 'a, b, abs.' The most unambitious *paisano* can swear around them and past them and over them with the easy grace of a greyhound circumnavigating a tortoise. It was a New Mexican who was the only man I ever heard divorce a polysyllable with an oath. I obligingly brought him word that a certain desperado was 'hunting' him.

'Wall?' he growled.

'Wall?' I retorted. 'I've ridden twenty miles to tell you.'

'Wall, I'm under no obli-by-God-gation to you, sir, if you did, blankety blank!'

But he was only an Eastern man New Mexicanized. The natives are not guilty of such vague and meaningless blasphemy. They swear methodically, gracefully, fluently, comprehensively, homogeneously, eloquently, thoughtfully—I had almost said prayerfully. They curse everything an inch high. They ransack the archives of history, and send forward a search-warrant into the dim halls of futurity to make sure that nothing curseworthy escapes. But there is nothing brutal about it. It is courteous, tactful, musical, rapt—at times majestic. It carries with it a sense of artistic satisfaction.

It was providential that I had now scraped some approximate acquaintance with that melodious tongue, for my Jehu knew not a word of English. All went well until we came to cross the tiny *arroyo* in the Portecito. Here we slumped suddenly in a quicksand. The hind wheels went down almost from sight; the front wheels and the oxen hung on the bluff farther bank,—and then Tircio let go. A perfect gentleman, Tircio. A quiet, hard-working, honest boy, whose dimpled babes at home tweak his thin beard by hours unchidden, and whose heart and home are open as the soul of New Mexican hospitality. But as an exhorter of cattle—well, I believe the Recording Angel must have just given it up, after a bit, and dropped the ledger and gone away to rest. And the substance of his oration was in words and figures as follows, to wit:

'*Malditos bueyes!* Of ill-said sires and dams! (Nothing intentional here.) *Malaya* your faces! Also your souls, bodies and tails! (Crack!) That your fathers be accursed, and your mothers three times! (Crack!) Jump then! May condemnation overtake your ears, and your brand-marks *tambien!* (Crack!) The Evil One take away your sisters and brothers, and the cousin of your grandmother! (Crack! Crack!) That the coyotes may eat your uncles and aunts! *Diablos!* (Crack!) Get out of this! Go, sons of sleeping mothers that were too tired to eat! *Como!* (Crack! Crack!) The fool that broke you, would that he had to drive you in inferno, with all your cousins and relations by marriage! (Crack!) Ill-said family, that wear out the yoke with no ding in it! Curse your tallow hoofs! Would that I had a *chicote* of all your hides at once, to give you blows! (Crack!) *Malaya* your ribs and your knee-joints, and any other bones I may forget! Anathema upon your great-great-grandfathers, and everything else that ever wore horns! *Mal*——'

Here I interposed, for I was slowly freezing, and Tircio was just beginning to get interested. There was no telling when he would recover from his outburst. He seemed to be easing his own mind, but it hardly satisfied mine. Business before pleasure, always; and the first business was to send him for assistance.

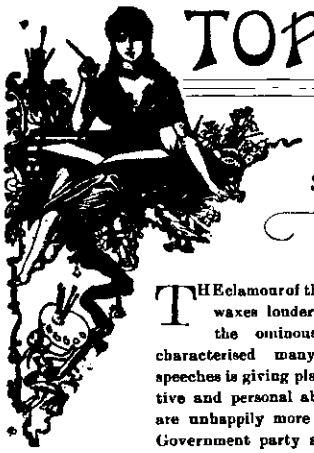
The last words I caught, as he trudged off to San Mateo through the storm were: '——and your dewlaps and livers! And curse everything from here to Albuquerque and back our times! And——'

Then he faded into the night, while I tried to remember his adjectives to keep warm, for there was nothing wherewith to build a fire.

Valentine, photo. BROWNING STREET, NAPIER, N.Z.

THE SALE OF EMILE ZOLA'S WORKS.

M. EMILE ZOLA'S work, 'Le Docteur Pascal,' has just been published in book form, 55,000 copies having been printed. Of his various books the 'Débâcle' has had the largest sale, 176,000 copies having been disposed of. 'Nana' has reached a sale of 166,000. 'L'Assommoir,' 127,000; 'La Terre,' 100,000; the 'Rêve,' 88,000; 'Bête Humaine,' 88,000, 'Germinal,' 88,000; 'L'Argent,' 83,000; 'Pot-Bouille,' 82,000; and 'Une Page d'Amour,' 80,000. The two works of the Rougon-Macquart series which have been the least popular are the 'Conquête de Plassans,' of which only 25,000 have been printed, and 'La Fortune des Rougon' (the first of the series) which has only reached 26,000. The total number of books of the Rougon Macquart series which have been sold is 1,488,000, not including *editions de luxe*. Each of the volumes of the series is composed of about 500 pages of forty lines, so that M. Zola has written the history of the Rougon family in 400,000 lines.



TOPICS OF THE WEEK

SOCIETY'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE clamour of the general elections waxes louder on every side, and the ominous civility which characterised many of the earlier speeches is giving place to bitter invective and personal abuse, to which we are unhappily more accustomed. The Government party are without doubt going to win, but the Opposition will not let them take their victory hands down. By the way, the late Mr Ballance appears to have pressed the hand of every second candidate and to have earnestly requested him to go into Parliament. It is surely a somewhat weak expedient for getting into the House, and one which would certainly have earned the contempt of the late Premier had it been done in the case of a former leader in his life-time. Besides, though sentiment is a very human and charming thing, it should not be introduced into elections.

IN Auckland the election campaign is being carried forward with considerable briskness by all candidates. In another part of this paper most of them appeal to the electors, manifesting a firm belief that they are the best people to represent the various constituencies. Electors should certainly attend meetings of all candidates and endeavour to decide with a mind freed of prejudice who are the better men. In the 'City' electors have quite an *embarras de richesse*, each candidate on his own unimpeachable testimony being better and worthier than any other. To discriminate between them which are the sheep and which the goats is not easy work, and the electors have a difficult task before them. One thing is certain, women are not going to vote by party on this occasion. Whether they are wise is another question. They are not going to do so, and the various associations are consequently rendered nearly powerless. It is more than probable that the men who have the clearest moral record will head the polls. Those who have sowed the wind must expect for once in a way to reap the whirlwind.

THE Governor's family and household servants, with three carriages and several horses, arrived in Christchurch by the Hinemoa last week, and took up their abode at Ilam.

THE Wellington Leidertafel gave their second 'Heren Abend' of 1893 at the Art Gallery, where a very large audience assembled to hear what proved to be one of their most successful evenings. The choruses were a real treat, and were conducted by Mr Robert Parker. In part music the Society could hardly be excelled, but they are certainly weak in soloists. Those they have do their best, and are to be commended for the trouble they take, but their best is often not in any way acceptable. It is a great misfortune that the Society has not better soloists, for in other respects it is said to be the best in New Zealand. The larger choruses were rendered by a choir of about forty voices. A quartette was given by Messrs Hickson, Plimmer, Waters, and Whittall; a double quartette by Messrs Hickson, Levers, Haggett, Gore, Whittall, Edger, Chambers, and A. Gray; a couple of pianoforte solos by Mr R. Parker; a song, 'The Last Muster,' by Mr Stringer; and a song, 'The Flying Dutchman,' by Mr F. V. Waters. Of the part songs, Weber's 'Bright Sword of Liberty,' and Becker's 'On the March,' were the gems of an excellent collection. The concert performance wound up with Coleridge's appropriate words:—

> 'Farewell, oh warblers,
> And you, my friends, farewell, a short farewell;
> We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
> And now for our dear homes.'

AT the opening of the Citizens' Institute Wellington, Mr J. E. Fitzgerald, the President, gave a brilliant address. It is so many years since Wellingtonians have heard a speech from Mr Fitzgerald that it came as a treat, and a large number were present to hear it, among whom were many who well remember his eloquence in the old days. His address affords large scope for discussion, touching, as it did, upon many of the social problems of the day, and this was exactly what was wanted by the Society, who have many long evenings before them, and now ample scope for exchange of thoughts upon the subjects touched upon by Mr Fitzgerald. The differences of opinion regarding the latter part of Mr Fitzgerald's address—and they are many—should prove very interesting and instructive. Mr Evans presided, and Mr Fitzgerald was further supported by Mr Maurice Richmond, the hon. secretary. After the address, tea, coffee, etc., was handed round, and after this a short musical programme was gone through. Mr E. J. Hill sang a song, Miss and Mr E. Richmond sang a duet, Mrs Tudor Atkinson played a solo, and Miss and Mr E. Richmond and Miss and Mr R. Gore sang a quartette, this bringing a pleasant evening to a close.

HAVING obtained the Franchise, there are many ladies who still desire further participation in man's hitherto nearly exclusive domain. My esteemed Picton correspondent doubtless expresses the views of a large number of her sex in the following remarks: 'We had hoped that when the franchise was extended to us other privileges might follow, such as a seat on the vestry and so on. But the "powers that be," under the Bishop of the diocese have decreed at the General Synod, by a large majority, that women must be excluded from church Government, and yet in the face of all that they ask us to work and slave all the year round, and give, give, give to keep the churches alive, and actually at the present moment we are unable to induce a *man* to volunteer to assist us in our arduous task of providing refreshments for excursionists on the Prince of Wales' Birthday in aid of the Sunday-school. They are all otherwise engaged. We earn the money and they spend it.'

AMONGST the many new attractions at the Picton Public Library is a handsomely bound copy of 'The Life and Times of Sir George Grey,' presented to the institution by the publisher, Mr H. Brett, of Auckland. The committee and the few subscribers who are working together to further the interests of the institution are indebted to that gentleman for his thoughtful act.

THE annual garden party given by Bishop and Mrs Mules (Nelson) to the members of the Synod and their wives was, as usual, an unqualified success. Of course everyone was there, both young and old, these functions being always well attended. Unfortunately, owing to the recent rains, the capital tennis court could not be used, but the guests found ample enjoyment in conversation—so many coming from a distance who only appear on these occasions—and in wandering about the beautiful grounds. As the gentlemen were in great force, the ladies found themselves exceptionally well supplied with waiters bearing various refreshments, who were very attentive to the wants of the fair sex.

THE Auckland races were, as usual, very well patronised. Courteous and affable secretary Percival may indeed be warmly congratulated on the success of the second spring meeting. The racing on both days was excellent, that on Thursday being particularly interesting. The display of feminine finery was quite up to the usual standard of this meeting, and the fair sex appeared to have dropped the franchise for once, and were deeply engrossed in the business of the day and other things. The music was, as usual, good, and the lawns and saddling paddocks, etc., were lovely on Prince of Wales' Birthday. On Saturday the rain threatened to ruin all, but the recent improvements and Mr Percival's excellent arrangements saved the day, which was really enjoyable despite the showers and wet underfoot. A picture of the race for the Auckland Guineas is given on another page. The sketcher stood at the corner of the lawn near the Derby paddock. A list of dresses will also be found elsewhere.

IN Hastings and Napier the Prince of Wales' Birthday was duly celebrated. The weather was fine. Picnics were the order of the day, though some excellent boating parties were arranged and successfully carried out. All over the Northern Island the weather was very warm, and sunburnt faces were the lot of most people by the evening.

THE first 'At Home' of the Nelson Leiderkranz took place at the Girls' College on Friday evening. Of course, the performance was entirely by ladies, conducted by Mrs Houlker. Two choruses were sung, 'With a Laugh as we go Round,' and 'Hail to Thee, Child of the Earth.' Mrs Houlker sang two songs very well indeed, but it is always a treat to hear her sing, say Nelsonians. The other solos were by Mrs Hoult and Miss Husthouse. Mrs Houlker and Mrs J. Sharp gave 'Una Sera d'Amore.' Mrs Kingdon, Miss M. B. Richmond, and Mrs Walker, gave that pretty trio, 'Night Sinks o'er the Wave.' Miss Jackson played Bach's prelude and fugue in D major, also the 'Norwegian Bridal Procession.' It is hoped they will give another concert before very long.

THE Napier Fire Brigade's Demonstration Committee have sent Home a large order for fire-works for the grand display to be given in the Recreation Ground in aid of the funds of the demonstration. The display will exceed that of Pain's, shown here some years ago. The competition will take place in March next, and judging by the way in which the various committees are at work the gathering should be every whit as successful as the previous one held in Napier.

THE Masonic Hall, Princes-street, Auckland, looked exceedingly attractive on the occasion of Mrs Whitson's dance. Her residence, 'Arden,' Parnell, has not a sufficiently large dancing-room for the number of guests whom it was wished to invite, and the beautiful decorations at the hall rendered that quite as attractive as a private house, flags, curtains, and flowers all being pressed into the ornamentation of the walls. Princes-street presented an unusual appearance during the evening, with its rows of gaily-dressed ladies and sombre coated men who paraded the flagged path for fresh air between the dances, the night being intensely hot. The floor and music were perfection, the extras being played by gentlemen. The gentlemen were just enough in the majority to make the dance thoroughly enjoyable. Misses Dora and Lisa Whitson ably assisted their mother to entertain their guests. The supper was provided by Buchanan, and had decorations of large bunches of flowers in vases, with ham, turkey, trifles, jellies, strawberries and cream, etc., all of excellent quality.

THE children of the West End Suburb (Auckland) have reason to bless the happy moment that first suggested a juvenile ball to the minds of their elders attending the Ponsonby 'At Homes.' Never was there such an entirely successful dance for little ones as that which eventuated in the Ponsonby Hall on Friday evening last. The floor was in perfect condition, and the pretty costumes of the small dancers skipping merrily over it made a picture fully appreciated by the numbers of people who thronged the gallery. The supper-table was charmingly decorated, and, what is more important, laden with good things. Mesdames Hanna, Devore, Macindoe, and other ladies were diligent in attending to the wants of the children, making it their first object to see that each and all of the little ones enjoyed the evening thoroughly. Between ten and half-past the juveniles were withdrawn, and dancing was continued amongst the elders until a late hour. The music was supplied, as usual, by Mr S. Adams' band.

COSTA'S 'Naaman,' produced by the Christchurch Musical Society in the Tuam-street Hall, was a very enjoyable and creditable performance. As a work it does not take a very high place, according to the critics, but to the large audience it proved very acceptable, both chorus and orchestra showing much evidence of Mr Wallace's careful training. The audience was an unusually large one, as owing to the proposed amalgamation tickets were issued to the members of the Orchestral Society as well. The solos were in good hands, Miss Spensley taking the part of both Adah and the Shunamite; Mrs W. Wilson also a dual part, Timna and the Widow; Miss Davie, the Child; Mr H. Weir, Naaman; Mr Izard, Gehazi; and the Rev. A. Mitchell, Elisha. The latter has only recently joined the ranks of the soloists, and promises to be a great acquisition. All the singers were in good voice, Mr Weir's part especially suiting him.

THE Christchurch Liederkränzchen gave its last 'At Home' of the season the other evening to wind up these pleasant little gatherings. Gentlemen were admitted, which so greatly swelled the gathering as to become a large one. The Oddfellows' Hall was comfortably full, the small tables with flowers giving it a pretty appearance. The stage was effectively decorated, the badge of the society hanging over the centre, the word Lieder on a scarlet ground with a beautiful wreath of green and white round it. The 'song wreath,' as they call themselves, were all dressed in white with badge on scarlet ribbon with the exception of Miss Gard'ner, the conductress, and Miss K. Fairhurst, both of whom wore handsome black silk gowns. The first part consisted of a very pretty cantata for ladies' voices, 'King Rene's Daughter,' the part of Iolanthe being taken by Miss Fairhurst, her maidens being Misses M. Allen, Ballantyne, Lily Wood, and E. Davie. A duet and chorus, 'Sweet the Angelus,' deserves more than passing mention, and was so much appreciated as to be redemanded. Miss Fairhurst was in excellent voice, and sang the music allotted her well. Miss L. Wood was suffering much from hoarseness, but nevertheless gave some very acceptable items. In the second part, Miss C. Lingard gave a piano solo with great brilliancy and taste, and was recalled, the same honour being accorded Miss E. Davie for her song, 'The Song of the Liederkränzchen,' which was composed by Miss Gard'ner. The Toy Symphony was very amusing, and

sent everyone home feeling they had really enjoyed the concert. At half time light refreshments were handed round, which was no 'light task' with such a large audience, but the many hostesses were quite equal to the occasion.

THE Rev. Mr Allsworth (Presbyterian Minister, Picton), preached on Sunday last against the prevailing and increasing aptitude for athletic amusements of the young (and old, he might have put it) people of Picton. The money spent on such frivolities, as cricket, tennis, and the 'favourite sin' of dancing, would, he thinks, be more satisfactorily spent if given to the church. Evidently the church machinery does not work easily, though possibly, if the motive power were more tolerant, more grist would come to the mill. There are oceans of truths yet undiscovered by Mr Allsworth, of which one is the truism that 'the happy are always good,' and the good always generous.

A VERY pleasant evening was spent in the Napier Y.M.C.A. Rooms the other night, examining the different electrical instruments and listening to descriptions of their various uses. The several tables were literally covered with appliances, among which were four different types of cells (including the latest type of dry cell), bells, vacuum tubes, telegraph instruments, Rhomkorff coil, and Wimshurst induction machine. At the conclusion votes of thanks to the lenders of instruments, and to Mr H. N. McLeod for the lecture, were carried by acclamation.

A LARGE number of people assembled in the Domain on Wednesday afternoon last to witness the annual sports of the Auckland College and Grammar School boys. From time immemorial, or at least from the very beginning of the existence of the Auckland College and Grammar School, these yearly athletic feats have been a red letter day for the children and the parents and friends of the children who attend the school. Since the lucky genius interposed which resulted in incorporating the Girls' High School with the Grammar School they have been, if possible, more popular than ever. Wednesday was a lovely day, and the fair members who comprise the one half of the institution were in their fresh summer attires a decided improvement on the untidy, and if the truth must be told, somewhat 'inky' young ladies it is often our lot to witness 'doing' Queen-street after school hours. Under the safe guardianship of mamma and in the wholesome company of little brothers and sisters they retained only that healthy childish simplicity which it is the earnest endeavour of their teachers to preserve amongst those boys and girls. Mr J. W. Tibbs, whose popularity as a headmaster promises to be evergreen, was, of course, here, there, and everywhere during the afternoon. About four o'clock tea and refreshments were handed round the pavilion and grounds by some of the elder girls. The various races were all well and fairly contested, and created a great deal of excitement amidst the onlookers, while music, in the shape of the German band, lent its soothing influence to the occasion. Altogether the day was an athletic and social success, and should afford gratifying reminiscences to many.

GREAT is the picnic, and New Zealanders are its prophets. There is something very touching in the unanimity with which all classes and all ages of society sacrifice at the altar of Picnic, and gravely call it pleasure, and strange and more touching still, believe it, too. Sometimes one cannot help wondering where the attraction lies in the case of the middle aged, and staid married couples. To the youthful, to the amorous, the attraction is obvious. The opportunities for basking in the sunshine of each other's smiles and blushing unseen save by one another, are almost unlimited. If it is a yachting club picnic like the one in Auckland on the 9th of November, there are yachts to be visited and inspected, a feat which may be best accomplished by one Romeo seeking out another and carrying off their respective Juliets in a dingy which you are solemnly assured 'only has room for four.' At which, if you are a good soul, you will not smile, though to your own knowledge the abused craft will seat eight comfortably. It is perhaps superfluous to point out that the advantage of the 'dingy for four' plan of campaign lies in the fact that it is apt to blind the most suspicious of chaperones. Yes, there are memories of other days—bygones—of a touching, not to say sentimental, nature which remind us why picnics are delightful to the young men and maidens. The children's enjoyment, too, is easily understood, but what pleasure do those more mature people derive—those, be it understood, who have come for their own enjoyment (as hundreds do)? Parents and chaperones derive an unselfish satisfaction from seeing their charges' enjoyment, but the others—the middle-aged without encumbrances—surely the subtle delights of the sandy sandwich—sad and mangled, tasting of the cloth they were packed in—delights them not, nor can the bubbling bohea of the 'billy' afford them any supreme pleasure. It is not nice; the food at the average picnic seldom is; but *that*, as Kipling would say, is another story—or topic. No one who has shuddered over the picnic lunch will suppose that the middle-aged enjoy the gastronomy of the picnic. They don't spoon. What is it, then, they like, or do they really like it at all? Is not the picnic taken by many like the cold bath on a freezing winter morning, a duty called a pleasure.

THE old order changeth. The open-air picnic has superseded the ballroom, and healthy out-door recreation is already commencing to exercise its beneficial effect on the exhausted constitutions of society lovers. The 9th of November was an excellent opportunity for picniking, and many were the parties who availed themselves of the fine weather to take drag or steamer and his themselves to some rural or marine spot away from the haunts of man. One of the most enjoyable was a picnic arranged by the Misses Macindoe, Ponsonby. The party, comprising over thirty ladies and gentlemen, drove out in a large waggonette to the Tamaki, camped and lunched there, and drove home in the cool of the evening. Among the ladies were Mesdames Macindoe and Hart, Misses Emily, Mabel, and Marion Macindoe, V. Woodyear, Butters, Porter, Caldwell, Kennedy. Gentlemen: Messrs Smales, Hatton, Peacock, J. Caldwell, etc., etc.

UPON the termination of the successful season in Adelaide, the *Advertiser* of that city devoted a leader noting the welcome enlargement local playgoers had experienced by the visit to the City of the Plains of the Brough-Boucicault Company. It states that 'not for a number of years has there been a theatrical event in Adelaide of equal importance. On the day when the season began, we expressed a confident opinion that this enterprising management would find the policy of producing new plays with the assistance of a good all round company a financial success, and in fulfilment of this prediction, the theatre has every night for six weeks been full, and often crowded to inconvenience. The reasons of the substantial success achieved are not far to seek. The season was as satisfactory from the point of view of art as from that of business. A great point has been the completeness of the accessories in all respects; the alteration of plays has been frequent and well judged; the versatility shown by this talented company has been something amazing. With their social successes we have, of course, nothing to do, though these, no doubt, added much to the effect of the remarkable scene of enthusiasm at the final performance. It is true that Australians prefer actors and actresses whom they can welcome also as personal friends. But the cordial and steady support accorded to the Brough-Boucicault combination has been chiefly a recognition of strong ability and honest professional endeavour. They leave behind them a host of pleasant memories, and it may fairly be supposed that they bear with them a fair share of these as they go.' Remarking on the finished performance this company gives on the first nights of their production, the *Advertiser* adds, 'Mr Brough and Mr Boucicault are well-known to take a serious view of their responsibilities. They have the honesty to declare that "the public pays to see a performance, and not a dress rehearsal," and every detail is carefully attended to before the curtain rises for the first time on any play.'

'DIPLOMACY' will, perhaps, be the strongest play staged by Brough and Boucicault during their New Zealand tour. In Adelaide its production has created a veritable *furore*. Certainly Sardou never wrote anything better, and since the B. and B.'s combination stage it, the acting is sure to be quite worthy of the play. In the plot of 'Diplomacy' there is much; but in the way it is worked out there is a great deal more. It is a drama drawing deeply from the well of sentiment. In the Baron we have the idea of an unscrupulous, cold-blooded diplomat, using all instruments and caring for none. In the beautiful Contesse Zicka we have one of his instruments, a passionate, lovely adventuress, a political spy, with a woman's heart under the veneer of selfishness—a rebellious heart which makes her yield in love to the attractions of the manly young Julian Beauclere—on foreign political service—and become insanely jealous of Dora, the innocent daughter of a wily old adventuress, the Marquise de Rio Zares. Zicka, to compass the misery of the young people, steals an important document from Beauclere's despatch-box in such a way as to make him suspect Dora, whom he has just married, to be the traitress. In Henry Beauclere we find a man of the world, whose experience, common sense, and subtlety are too much for the Comtesse, who is checkmated in the end and completely discomfited by him. As we said before, it is the skill of the players, not the game itself, that creates the interest. Mrs Brough (says an Adelaide exchange) developed true dramatic fire in the rôle of the Comtesse Zicka. Her by-play was admirable, especially in the scene where she steals Captain Julian's keys and abstracts the paper from his despatch-box; also when at one time, half concealed by a curtain, she looks upon the man she madly loves and the woman who has won him, the expressions of jealousy, despair, hatred, love, and revenge flitting over her fine features.

ELECTORAL NOTICES.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF AUCKLAND.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

I have much pleasure in informing you that I intend soliciting your suffrages at the forthcoming Election of Members for your City.

Yours respectfully,
ADAM PORTER.

TO THE ELECTORS OF PARNELL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

A very numerously-signed Requisition having been presented to me, inviting me to offer myself as a Candidate for your Electoral District, I beg to announce that I have much pleasure in placing my services at your disposal.

I hope to take the earliest possible opportunities of addressing you in different parts of the constituency, and of placing my views fully before you.

Believe me,
Yours most respectfully,
WM. S. ALLEN,

Oram's Hotel, Auckland.
November 8, 1893.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF AUCKLAND.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I have the honour to offer myself as a Candidate for your suffrages at the forthcoming General Election. I will take an early opportunity of addressing you on the topics of the day.

Faithfully yours,
SAMUEL VAILE.

ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF AUCKLAND.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I have the honour to announce that I am again a Candidate for your suffrages at the forthcoming Election.

Yours respectfully,
T. THOMPSON.

October 16, 1893.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF AUCKLAND.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I will address you at an early date—so soon as the City Hall is available, of which date I will give due notice.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
W. CROWTHER.

TO THE ELECTORS OF EDEN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I have much pleasure in informing you that I am a Candidate at the forthcoming Election to represent your interests in the Electorate of Eden, and will go to the Poll against all comers.

Yours faithfully,
E. MITCHELSON.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF AUCKLAND.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—

I beg to inform you that I have accepted a numerous Requisition to Stand as a Candidate for one of the Auckland Seats.

I therefore beg to announce that I am now a Candidate for your Suffrages, and that I shall take several opportunities, in different parts of the constituency, of addressing you in explanation of my political views.

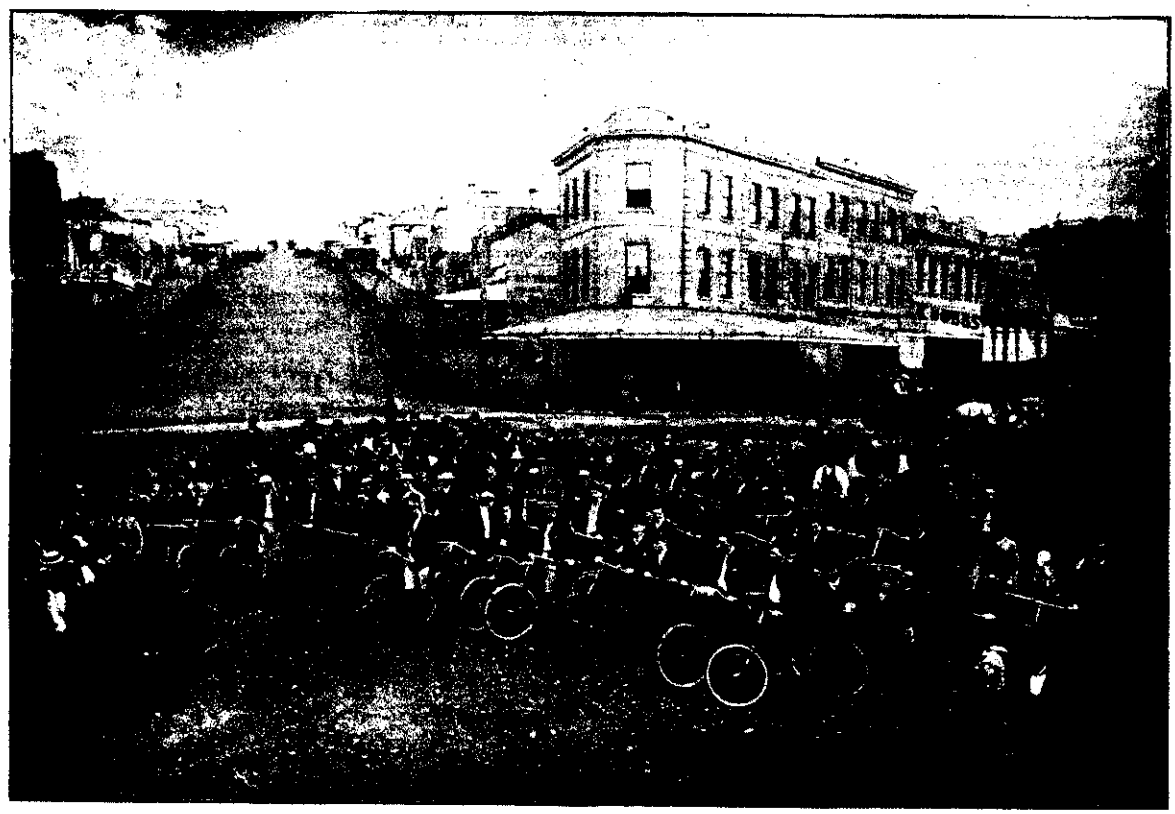
I am,
Ladies and Gentlemen,
Yours respectfully,
EDWD. WITHY.

November 8, 1893.

AUCKLAND 'CYCLISTS' MEET.

A PICTURE is given of the muster of 'cyclists in Auckland on the occasion of the recent opening of the season. Sixty-two 'cyclists answered the muster call, and at three o'clock the procession moved off, 58 'Safeties,' two tricycles, and last but not least, two of the old ordinary machines. Looking at these two machines and their riders following the swift (but ugly) pneumatic Safety, carried the writer's thoughts back to the date when he first learned to ride. The machine of that day was the bone-shaker, a machine made of wood and metal weighing some seventy or eighty pounds, and one of which machines, by the way, is still in the possession of Mr W. M. Service, of this town. They were capable of standing much trying usage, and the writer remembers that it was customary with a happy possessor of one of these machines to place a brick on the footpath and then ride over it by way of an impromptu hurdle race, a feat which very few of the gentlemen who ride the speedy and comfortable pneumatic Safety of to-day would care about attempting. The writer never attempted this accomplishment on a bone-shaker, but, to his sorrow he afterwards did so very often (unintentionally) on the ordinary or tall bicycle, and the results were generally disastrous either to the rider or to the machine. The bone-shaker, however, had its day, giving place to the spider or tall wheel. When this wheel made its first appearance on the racing track (all the other competitors being mounted on bone-shakers) great was the merriment of its opponents, and bets were freely made as to whether the rider would fall through the machine in the first or second lap. However, when this machine beat the bone-shakers by about three-quarters of a mile in a two-mile race opinions underwent a sudden change, and every rider made haste to acquire one of the new machines. The ordinary or large-wheeled 'cycle for many years held away, and many enjoyable rides were indulged in on this machine. Many of the readers of this article will recollect exciting races witnessed in the Domain on this type, and many, too, will recollect the five-mile championship race in which A. C. Auster, on a Safety, made an exhibition of the balance of the contestants on ordinary machines, and lifted the Safety with a bound into the first place as a speed 'cycle in the eyes of the Auckland 'cyclists. To this type was added many improvements, one of them being the now famous pneumatic tyre, which added an almost incalculable amount of ease and speed to the Safety machine. Records are changing every day, but perhaps some idea of the superiority of this machine over the old ordinary may be gathered from the fact that over 450 miles has been covered in twenty-four hours by the former as against 273 by the latter.

But enough has been said about the improvement in machines, and the opening run again claims our attention. At three o'clock the captain, Mr H. Daere, gave the signal to start, and the procession moved away down Queen-street, via Hobson-street, Symonds-street, and Kyber Pass to Mount St. John where the members were photographed by Mr Edwards. During the procession the members changed from single file to double and fours, and presented a very pretty sight as the sun struck on the highly polished machines. After being photographed at Mount St. John, the 'cyclists, at the invitation of Mr Esam, vice president and treasurer of the Auckland Amateur Athletic and 'Cycle Club, and an old 'cycling enthusiast, adjourned to the Ellerslie Hotel to drink success to 'cycling, afterwards returning to town in twos and threes, and by diverse ways, all highly satisfied with their opening run.



Frith, photo. OPENING RUN OF THE AUCKLAND 'CYCLE CLUB.

JOURNALISM AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.

A PAPER by Mrs Emily Crawford, the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* and *Truth*, on 'Journalism as a Profession for Women,' was read last week by her son, Mr G. Crawford, at the Lucerne Conference. The lecturer said: 'A disadvantage of professional journalism is that one is never master of one's own time. This cannot be too well remembered by those who think of embracing the profession. You ask me, is journalism a profession for women? Does it offer a good market for the literary wares which clever women are best qualified to offer? Are the conditions of journalistic life straining to the strong and overstraining to the weak? It is impossible to doubt that women write well. It may be said that when they are able to write they have in a greater degree than men the faculty of endowing the page with life. Second and third-rate women writers in the past have shown faults of taste and of judgment, a cramped style, and the feebleness of thought which comes of a narrow range of personal experience, but few of them can be classed among the Dryasdusts whom, of all others, the editor should keep out of his newspaper. The best instance of the

FEMININE CAPACITY FOR JOURNALISM

is 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' That book was journalism in this way: The author was inspired as she was writing it by events that were going forward. I heard Mrs Stowe say that the newspapers kept her heart breaking and blood boiling while she wrote 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' for an obscure New England paper. She wrote as if she were doing a leading article, for an immediate effect, and she produced it. In Russia even, because 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' carried away the Grand Duchess Helena and the late Tzarina, serf emancipation preceded slave liberation in the United States. Journalism seems the easiest of professions, and a rush is made towards it for this reason. I often receive applications from relatives of persons who may be classed as failures, asking me to get some 'light Press work for them.' There is no such thing that I know of. All newspaper work puts a strain upon the worker. What appear to outsiders the light wares of the Press are the ones that cause the most labour to the contributors who furnish them. The first requirement, then,

IS HEALTH AND A RICH RESERVE OF STRENGTH.

But elasticity will not suffice; you must have staying power and enough philosophy to see carefully-prepared articles rejected because some big and unexpected event has suddenly taken place elsewhere. When I was more of a novice I used to spend wretched hours between the moment the hurried article was sent off and that of its return in print. What gladness on finding it had the honours of a prominent heading or leaded type, and of flattering comment in a leading article or summary! Shorthand is a useful accomplishment to pressmen and women engaged in secretary's work, but it seems to me that its day in the other departments is on the decline. But if I am not sure about shorthand, I say to all, 'Learn typewriting;' there is no better friend to the journalist and printer than the typewriter, which is invaluable to those who have few opportunities of correcting their proofs.

MORE TYPE-WRITERS AND FEWER PIANOS.

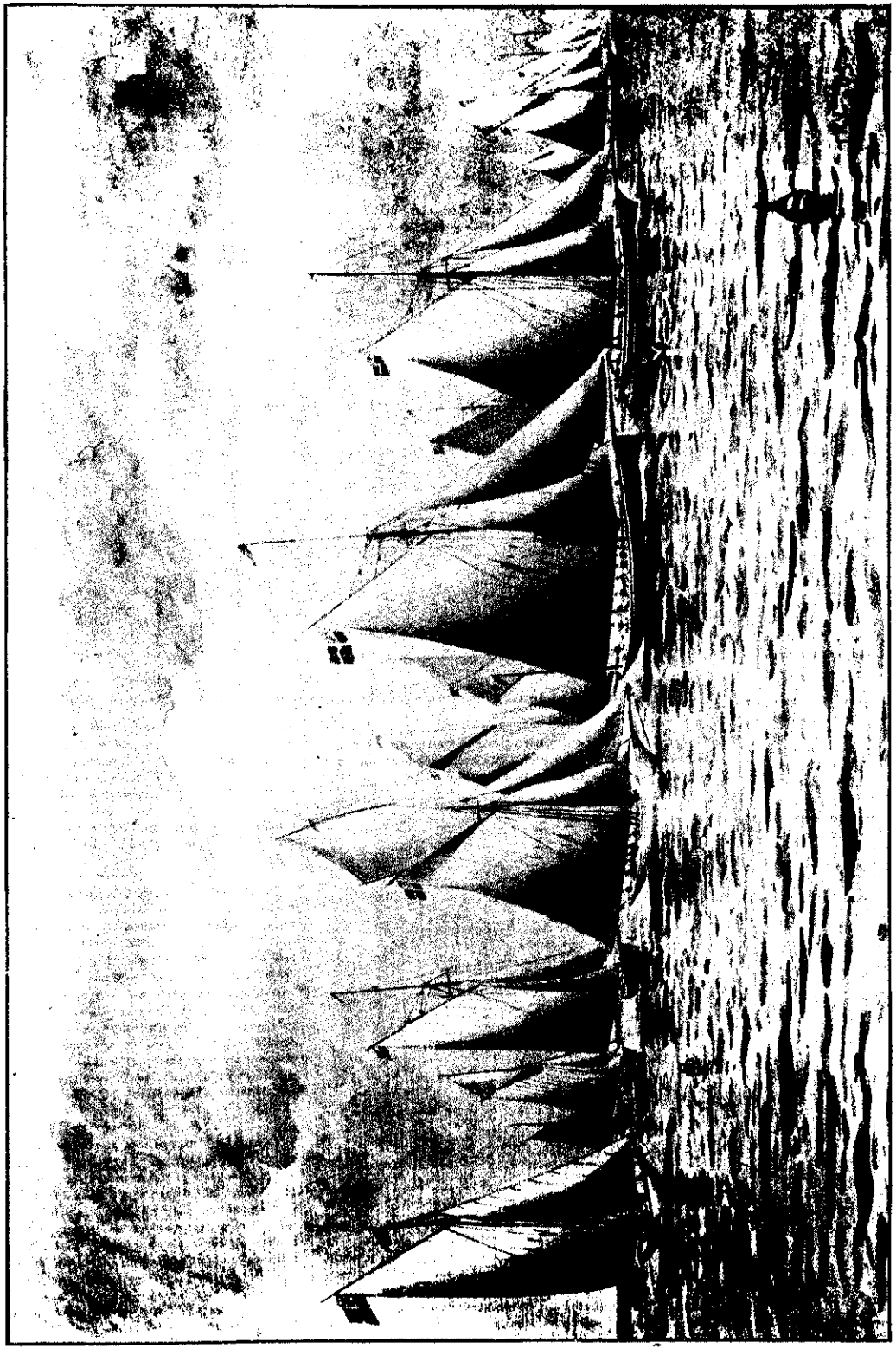
To be a great journalist you must be a great reader of books. Converse with these silent friends. None the less the great school for the journalist is life, and the great secret of success perseverance. Nothing that concerns the world to know of should be rejected as common or unclean. As there should be no weed for the botanist, no dirt for the chemist, so there should be nothing common or unclean for the journalist.

THE LIFE OF A BANK NOTE.

THE average term bank notes remain in circulation in Great Britain is about 30 days, although this varies according to the value of the note. The ten-pounders remain longest in circulation—about 11 weeks—the fivers a week less, and others as follows:—£20, 57·4 days; £30, 18·9; £40, 13·7; £50, 38 8; £100, 28·4; £200, 12 7; £300, 10 6; £500, 11·8; £1,000, £11·1. The circulation of the Scotch £1 note is much longer than that of any issued from the Bank of England. On an average it remains in use for about three years, which is about the term of its natural life. Of course, notes that are stolen or lost remain long absent, and are generally palmed off upon unsuspecting persons at race meetings and at the card table, to the loss of the recipient, who only gets into trouble on presenting them to the bank. Some notes have remained in circulation for over a century. On September 27, 1846, a £50 note was presented, bearing date January 20, 1743. Invested at 5 per cent it would have earned about £259 in that time. Another for £10, issued on November 19, 1762, was not paid till April 20, 1845. The Bank of England does not re-issue its notes, which accounts for their peculiar crispness. They are immediately cancelled on being returned. The corner bearing the familiar signature 'F. May' is torn off, and the notes are put aside and kept for seven years, after which they are burned. It is estimated that between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000 worth of bank notes leave the bank daily, while between 30,000 and 40,000 notes, ranging from the lowest amount to the highest, are presented every day. The actual cost of producing a bank-note is not much over 1d, while there are about 80 varieties. The careless people who light their pipes with fivers, or use them as curl papers, contribute largely to the profits of the bank. In the 40 years between 1792 and 1832, there were outstanding notes of the Bank of England, presumed to have been lost or destroyed, amounting to £1,330,000 odd, every shilling of which was clear profit to the bank.

OPENING CRUISE AUCKLAND YACHTING CLUB.

CAPITAL yachting weather and favouring breezes favoured the opening of the yachting season in Auckland on Prince of Wale.' B.r.hday. The Club could not have commanded a better day for their purpose; it might, indeed, have been made to their order. The muster was an excellent one, a fleet of some fifty odd yachts being counted during the day. It was shortly before ten when a signal ran up to the masthead of the Commodore's yacht Matangi, 'Home Bay, Motutapu.' The same signal was displayed by the Vice-commodore, Captain Gibbs, in his old warrior, the Spray. The fleet were scarcely under way when it was observed that the Matangi was in trouble, something having gone 'cronk' with the mainsail. The jaws of the gaff had, I understand, carried away. After a brief delay the Commodore signalled the fleet not to wait for him, and the Spray setting the example, the entire fleet swept down the harbour as pretty a sight as the heart of man could desire. The Volunteer at once drew ahead. 'The big boat' showed, indeed, throughout the day that she can sail when she likes. There was a piping yachting breeze, and a sea which could scarcely have persuaded the worst sailors to *mal-de-mer*. The Yum-Yum raced down in fine style, and Mr Lawford's yacht looked very smart in a new set of canvas, and will, if I am not greatly mistaken, be found to have notably increased her never contemptible turn of speed. Mr Jack Webster's new yacht was greatly admired. She is as pretty a little craft as one might wish to see. Her speediness was not anything tested on the 9th, but the general impression amongst yacht critics seemed to be that she would 'speel.' She is painted a soft heliotrope which is the latest thing in the old country. The Matangi is also heliotrope at present, but is, I understand, to be finished in black and gold, for which old fashion I confess a decided weakness. The southern friends of the Matangi may be interested to hear that Mr Wiseman has yawl rigged his 'crack' this season. She looks very smart in her new fashion, which every one seems to think an improvement. Most certainly the yawl rig is by far the 'handiest' for cruising purposes. The Aorere had a very large party of ladies aboard, and attracted considerable admiration. The scene in Drunken Bay, which was by unanimous consent chosen instead of Home Bay, was remarkably bright and picturesque. Many of the yachts 'decked ship,' the show of bunting on the Commodore's yacht being especially fine. She arrived some twenty minutes after the others—under the gib, stayasil and 'jigger'—an excellent performance indeed. The run home after a long day on Messrs Reid Brothers' beautiful island was worthy of the day. The Spray which left almost last, ran up well under the bour, beating the steamer, which left at the same time, very easily.

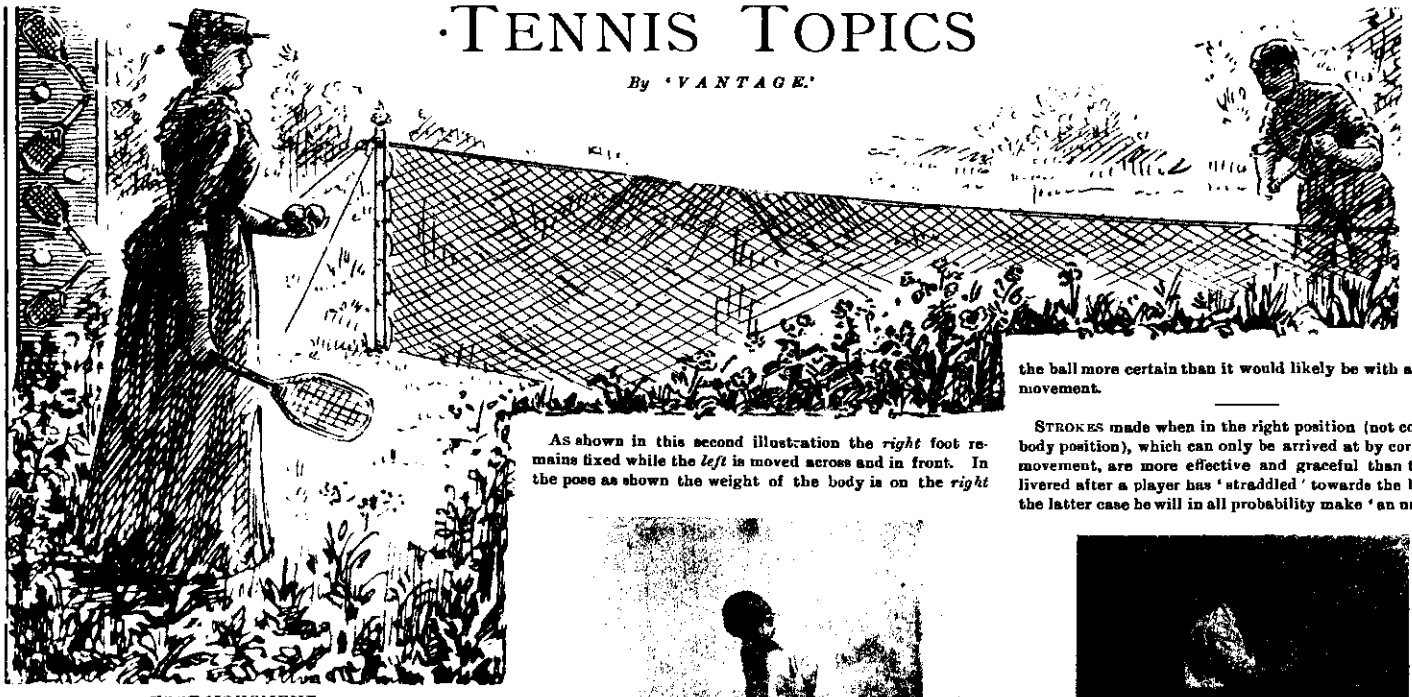


OPENING CRUISE AUCKLAND YACHTING CLUB.

Our picture is from a sketch of the Auckland yachts by Mr T. Ryan, himself a yachtsman. The picture was drawn to represent the scene on the 9th, but the plate having to be engraved, was drawn beforehand. It will be noticed that the Matangi is in her old rig. We hope to give a large picture of this fine yacht as she is in an early issue. The Volunteer, the Aorere, Yum Yum, Arawa, and all the cracks can be easily picked out, Mr Ryan having been very successful in preserving the special characteristics of each yacht. Owners of yachts will greatly oblige by sending photographs of their craft to me at the GRAPHIC Office. Yachting items and news from all over the colony are acceptable.

TENNIS TOPICS

By 'VANTAGE.'



FOOT-MOVEMENT.

IN my last article, 'position in court,' I had occasion to remark on the want of knowledge shown by most of our players of that very important feature of the game. Only my uncompromising regard for the truth (for I hate to appear severe) compels me to draw attention to another common fault indulged in by our local men—I mean the disregard of the position of the feet in taking many strokes, and of the right movements to be made in getting the feet into those proper positions. That some players frequently adopt these correct movements and positions I don't deny, but observation has proved to me that their adoption is determined by chance rather than by habit, born out of an intelligent conception of their value, and fixed by assiduous practice.

NEARLY every stroke that comes to a player has to be taken either on the fore-hand or back-hand. A ball seldom pitches actually in front of a player. If it threatens to, a man instinctively feels that he is going to be in an awkward position to return it, and steps to one side or other, and thus makes either a 'fore' or a 'back' hand stroke of it. Sometimes a man is cornered by a ball coming straight at him, and even in such a case a right foot movement will help him materially.

Hanna, photo., Auckland.

WRONG FOOT MOVEMENT IN TAKING FORE-HAND STROKE.

THE illustration above shows the 'way not to do it.' Most of our players in taking a ball coming to their fore-hand move out their right foot as the arm is extended to make the stroke. In doing this the return is weakened. The attitude is an uncertain one, and the stroke made when the player is in this position lacks strength and precision. The 'reach,' too, is shortened. This may appear paradoxical, but if any tennis player will practise the right foot movement for a fore-hand stroke as described in the following paragraph he will find that 'this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.'

As shown in this second illustration the *right* foot remains fixed while the *left* is moved across and in front. In the pose as shown the weight of the body is on the *right*

Hanna, photo., Auckland

RIGHT FOOT MOVEMENT IN TAKING THE FORE HAND STROKE.

foot, and simultaneously with the act of striking the weight is transferred to the *left* foot. Strokes made with this foot-movement gain in strength and precision. Try it.

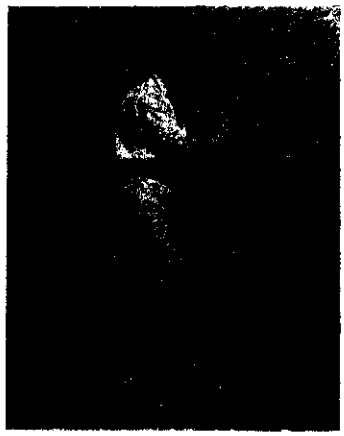
Hanna, photo., Auckland.

WRONG FOOT MOVEMENT IN TAKING BACKWARD STROKE.

THIS position is for some reason or other less seldom adopted than the corresponding fore hand mistake. As shown, the left foot is advanced and bears the weight of the body, and any player while making a stroke in this attitude has little chance of getting any power into it. If the attempt is made to bring off a hard return it will be found that the left leg has to be straightened spasmodically, and all precision in placing is lost, the ball usually dropping outside the opponents' left side line, owing to the 'pull' from the racket.

HERE the *right* foot is advanced across the left, a clear swing backward for the racket is left possible, and the weight of the body in striking is transferred naturally from the *right* to the *left* foot, the left knee, which was bent in waiting for the ball, being straightened, thus lending weight and power to the stroke, and making the placing of the ball more certain than it would likely be with any other movement.

STROKES made when in the right position (not court, but body position), which can only be arrived at by correct foot movement, are more effective and graceful than those delivered after a player has 'straddled' towards the ball. In the latter case he will in all probability make 'an ungainly'



Hanna, photo., Auckland.

RIGHT FOOT MOVEMENT IN TAKING BACK-HAND STROKE.

stroke, which if it ever pass the net and attain the dignity of a return, will be of such a character as to lend itself to severe treatment by his opponent. Good tennis is always 'easy and graceful,' I don't refer to 'flourish,' that is always easy of detection, but it may be observed that strokes made in the right way are made without any apparent effort or strain by the player, and this automatic action of hand, eye and foot, producing good strokes, makes up what we call 'good form.'

THE greatest difficulty will be found in making the proper foot movement while on the run. This is most certainly troublesome. The best way will be found in taking short, quick, running steps till almost on the ball, and when in the act of striking make the proper 'step across.' This 'step across' will partake somewhat of a stride. The advantage gained is that the player comes to a standstill to take the ball and prevents himself from running over it; further, it enables the player to get back, for even if he should succeed in making a return while on the run, the chances are that the next stroke will come to the part of the court from which he is running, and his getting back will be almost impossible, or if possible, only at a great cost in effort.

THESE foot movements apply equally to balls off the ground and to volleys. They should be made mechanically, and without the slightest hesitation, for it is obvious that in taking a fast return, if a player has to think out what he is going to do with his feet, he will be too late. As in learning correct strokes, so in moving the feet properly constant practice is necessary, and this practice can be undertaken in absolute solitude. One's bedroom does as well as a tennis court. Take a racket and picture a ball coming to your fore-hand, make the step across with the left foot just before swinging the racket for the stroke, so with the back-hand, step across with the right foot and put the weight where nature will dictate. When on a club court get some one to watch and correct you when wrong. It will be somewhat dreary at first, but assiduous practice will soon convince you of the value of these right foot movements.

I HAVE been asked to write an article on tennis for ladies. Certainly, with pleasure, and next week I will assume the office of guide, philosopher, and friend to our fair tennisonians. I know the risks, also the privileges.

THE rain of Friday and Saturday last most effectually prevented anything in the way of tennis on those days, and the opening of the Eden and Epsom Courts stands postponed till to-day.

OPENING OF THE AUCKLAND LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

FAVOURED with a lovely day, this club opened their courts for the season on Thursday, the 9th instant. There were a number of visitors present, the ladies predominating. Among these I noticed many of Auckland's leading players. The courts might certainly be better, but considering the short time the committee have had at their disposal, the ground and appointments are by no means bad, and I am sure that as the season advances they will improve under the energetic management of the secretary, Mr Bruce. The 'stop nets' are a marked improvement, and will be found a great convenience to players, who in previous years used to be constantly travelling all over the lawn for balls, or shouting 'Thank you!' in a beseechingly plaintive way to other players at the far end of the courts.

OF course, as in all opening days of tennis clubs, the 'tay' was stronger than the play. I, however, make an exception in favour of Miss Nicholson, who, for an opening day, showed remarkably good form. Some of her strokes were particularly good, and quite according to 'theory.' Volleying seems to be—as with most other lady players—her weak point, but with all the season in front of her this weakness will surely be remedied, and she will then be able to take proper advantage of those hard returns of hers on to her opponents' base line. In making this brief mention I do not mean to particularize. My remarks in this respect are applicable to most of our lady players.

AT the annual meeting the following officers were elected:—President: John Reid, Esq.; Vice-presidents: Gilbert King, Esq., W. S. Wilson, Esq., Louis Ehrenfried, Esq.; Hon. Sec., Mr W. E. Bruce; Committee, Messrs Cunningham, Goldie, Morton, Scherff, and Hon. Sec.

OAMARU.

THE courts have been opened for the season, and though the weather is cold for on-lookers, there was a large attendance of ladies the first day. Mrs Newton (wife of the President) gave afternoon tea, which was much appreciated, full justice being done to the many delicious cakes provided. Most of the gentlemen members were conspicuous by their absence, very few turning up. This is usually the case on a ladies' day.

CANTERBURY.

THE Linwood Courts are now open for the season. The weather was not of the best on the opening day, but it was better than it might have been. The asphalt courts were dry by three, and some good play was seen during the afternoon. The Club membership is strong and increasing. The new bathroom and improved pavilion accommodation doubtless have contributed toward this result. Lincoln College and Canterbury Club sent members to the opening function, and some good games were played between them and the Linwoodites. The afternoon tea dispensed by the wife of the President, Mrs Palairet, assisted by Miss Palairet, was greatly appreciated.

THE Sydenham Lawns were also opened on Saturday. A large gathering testified to the interest felt in the event. The grounds were opened for play, Mr J. L. Scott performing the ceremony with a brief speech. Miss Baldwin, the Vice-President, served the first ball over the net, cheers were given, and the Court was formerly open for play. A photograph was taken, and refreshments and play alternated during the afternoon.

THE photographs from which our illustrations were produced are from pictures specially taken for the GRAPHIC by Mr Hanna, of Auckland. They were instantaneous shots. Mr Hanna has our best thanks.

THE KING OF SPIDERS.

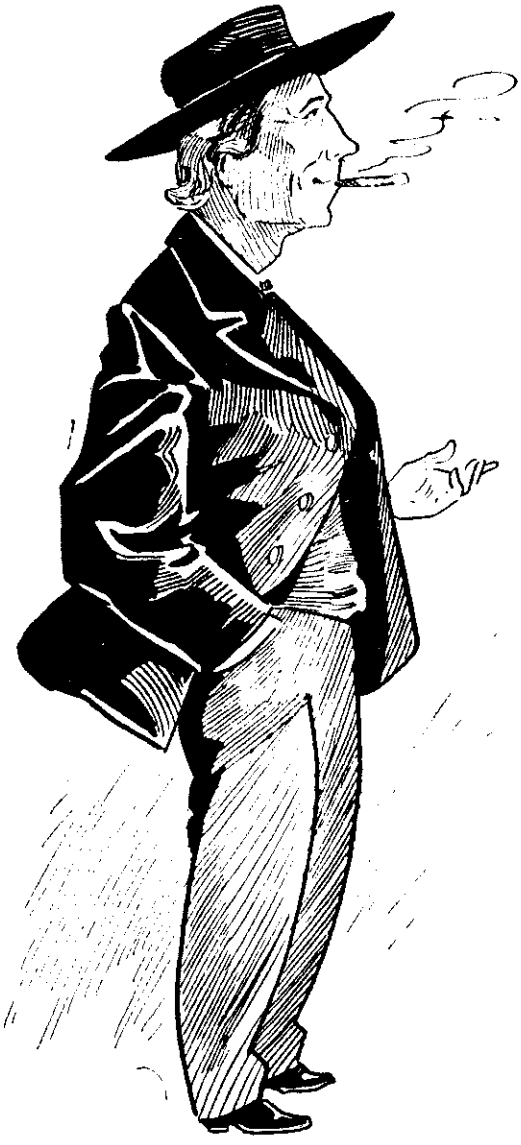
CEYLON is the home of the largest species of spider that has yet been made the subject of entomological investigation. This web-spinning monster lives in the most mountainous districts of that rugged island, and places his trap—not a gossamer snare of airy lightness, but a huge net of yellow silk from five to ten feet in diameter—across the chasms and fissures in the rocks. The supporting guys of this gigantic net, which in all cases is almost strong enough for a hammock, are from five to twenty feet in length (as conditions and circumstances may require), made of a series of twisted webs, the whole being of the diameter of a lead pencil. As might be imagined, this gigantic silken trap is not set for mosquitoes, flies and pestiferous gnats, but for birds, gaudy moths and elegantly-painted butterflies, some of the latter having a spread of wing equal to that of a robin or a blue jay. Some extra fine skeletons of small birds, lizards, snakes, etc., have been found in these webs, with every vestige of flesh picked from them.

The owner and maker of these queer silk traps is a spider with a body averaging four and a-half inches in width and six inches in length, and with legs nine to twelve inches from body to terminal claw. Some are spotted, others red with greenish-gold abdomen and legs.

BLAND HOLT IN AUCKLAND

SPLENDID SCENIC SPECTACLES.

AS was universally anticipated, Mr Bland Holt and his company have opened a season in Auckland which bids fair to beat even his own record. The name of the actor is a talisman in Auckland, or it means capital acting and such scenery as we only read about and long for except when the great Holt



BLAND HOLT. 'A FREE AND EASY PORTRAIT.'

pays one of his always welcome visits. What need to praise the 'Sailor's Knot' or its surpassingly lovely setting of exquisite scenes, each more beautiful than the last. The long drawn 'Oh!' of delight and the storms of applause which greeted them, have by this time been echoed far and wide, and have insured full houses for many a long day. All the old favourites were stormily, enthusiastically welcomed by old friends, and all made dozens of new ones. Mrs Holt is as charming as ever, and Mr Howe as fascinating. As for the great Bland Holt himself he brings down the house as heretofore. The 'Sailor's Knot' is a beautiful production, and will draw so long as the management like to leave it on.

Cameos of Colonial Life and Character.

BEING THE REMINISCENSES, RUMINATIONS, AND ROVINGS OF AN OLD COLONIST.

(BY THE AUTOCRATIC IDLER).

II.—In the Clouds.

THAT this present narrator (whom, thank goodness, nobody knows) has spent no small portion of a somewhat strange life, deep down in the world, has, I dare say, been apparent to every reader of this journal. Few, indeed, have penetrated further into the bowels of the earth than he did—for instance, at the bottom of the Magdala shaft at Pleasant Creek. Not at all a difficult place to reach, standing on the edge of a bucket; but by no means pleasant when one landed at last somewhere about a quarter of a mile from the surface—for the air in such regions becomes even more sultry than it is on top; and really there isn't very much real contentment or solid happiness at either place—so little of either, indeed, is there, that one wonders what one is above or below at all for, or why things in general are not constructed on a cooler and more agreeable basis, anyway? Heat (which is, after all, but a form or mode of motion) together with a want of capital (which, again, is but the cessation of motion in the circulating medium) drove the Magdala miners at length clean out of the claim. The history of this celebrated mine constitutes one of the exceptions to the general rule that downright perseverance and pluck are invariably rewarded, even in this life, with success. The plucky and persevering Magdala shareholders, however, did not get one speck of gold for all their years of deep sinking, and for the quarter of a million of money which they had invested. Some of them—poor fellows!—were driven to bankruptcy, when the discovery was made that they were looking for a reef which all the time was in the next claim to them—and didn't propose to travel any further. One shareholder—simply for the reason that he had more brains and less brass than any of the others—was taken into Bedlam when the collapse became inevitable. That shareholder wasn't myself, although you may think so; but I got there, later on, all the same, and will tell you precisely how, and explain exactly what sort of a place Bedlam really is, in my own good time.

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But although I can at once recognize the leaden countenance, and the jaded eyes, and the wan figure of the miner, no matter where, or in what garb I meet him; and although drives and winzes, and levels and jump ups are quite familiar to me, and the trickle of water one thousand feet from the surface has dropped upon me and some of the highest personages of various lands, very often at the same moment (showing not the smallest regard for the most dainty bonnet), I intend, on this present occasion, to ignore underground operations altogether, and indeed had, when I took up this pen, not the smallest idea of mentioning the Magdala or any other mining property, being, in fact, bent on describing—or trying to do so—altogether different and diametrically opposite scenes. For, be it known to you, I have been in the clouds also—once only, but still, I dare say, oftener than you have: once in a balloon: once anyhow nearer Heaven than I daresay I ever will be again! The thing occurred in Bendigo, in the year 1872. I will not pretend to say that, when word was given to 'let go!' I did not feel some sort of nervousness. But I assure you all such passed away in a few seconds. Indeed, it was a real consolation to almost immediately find that it was—as usual—the bad, wicked old world that was in trouble, and in danger—it seemed to be sinking, below us, into abominable perdition, while we were immoveable and quite firm; floating in air and cloud solidly. The clouds came down to meet us: the earth was tumbling down, falling, falling, below us! We did not ascend to any great height, nor did we go very far. We journeyed over the white hills leisurely: then the wind—very little was there of it—took us along the Eaglehawk lines of reef, and at about sunset we alighted without losing one cubic foot of gas, quite close to the city. The balloon was moored in the Mall, the very busiest quarter of Sandhurst for the night, and the next day the gas company received back again the gas they had given us the day before.

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It may be that you do not know what a queer sort of place Bendigo was, in the year 1872? There was, at that time, one of the strangest outbreaks of mining speculation that, I think, the world had ever seen. Rich quartz had been struck in some deep levels in two or three mines, and the whole of Australia went absolutely mad over it, not for a day, but for over twelve months. Brokers and speculators came from all parts to do business 'under the verandah.' Our balloon passed right over the bee hive where these men used to assemble daily—one thousand or more men, perhaps,—all bent on making money anyhow, rapidly; all bent on getting hold of money—your money—anybody's money—each other's money, if they could; all bent on making a fortune in a few weeks—a fortune out of very little in most cases; a fortune out of nothing at all, in some cases. There they were—a dense mass—blocking up the street—the street that seemed such a narrow strip, from our point of view! I don't know, I'm sure, what they thought of these people higher up than we were—I don't know what opinion the persons still further aloft had of them. To us they seemed ravens. We could see their note books in their hands two thousand feet in the air; we could hear the buzz of their voices in the clouds. One of these men I knew; came with £3 or £4 from Ballarat. In three weeks he left for the Old Country with £27,000. A driver of the Melbourne-Bendigo locomotive engine made a large fortune in almost as short a space of time. Many persons were, of course, utterly ruined: many servant maids and other poor people, lost the savings of years. The sharebrokers in those times had rare old times, I can tell you—never again will such times come, either for them or for anybody else. We were all in a ferment in the city in those heated days: in the evenings it was usual to go to the theatre to hear the Zavistowski sisters singing 'Shoo, fly, don't bother me.'

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We passed over long lines of reef and the machinery of countless claims. The chimney stacks appeared like little pipes, spluttering smoke: the poppet heads like ladders. Every now and again the thud of gunpowder (for dynamite had not been invented then) told us that some more solid rock had been riven asunder. Still—all the time—the world was descending, descending.

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And, presently we got into the parched up, yellow, burnt outskirts. The life of the people hereabouts is not a pleasant one. This was a broiling hot summer's afternoon, and the absence of green fields and flowers, and hedges, and rippling water, is but too evident. Children brought up in these localities have all the poetry in them killed very early. I am quite sure they are none the better for that. We can hear their voices anyhow, in our balloon; we can hear the crack of the bullock driver's whip; we listen to the rumble of the train rolling into the station from Melbourne—and see it, too, creeping on, like a snake, through the burnt-up country!

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Over the white hills—pipe clay hills, rich in gold once, but worked out and deserted over so long ago. Not a stick of timber on the hills now; no blade of green grass. A sad, dreary, melancholy place is a worked out diggings anyway—it looks no better from a balloon! One of my favourite amusements is throwing stones down deep, deserted shafts; listening to the story they tell, as they tumble down! Some poor fellow, mayhap, came up out of this shaft, a lucky man for life. Is anybody sorry? I hope not. But often, oftener, the case has been, and is, the other way. I have picked up an old worn-out shoe on a deserted diggings—a once dainty lady's little shoe. Where may the lady be now? She danced, no doubt, quite merrily in the dancing saloon—when that thronged establishment was in its prime and in its gloryy. Poor thing!—God only knows what's become of her. There isn't the smallest suggestion of her to be seen from this balloon!

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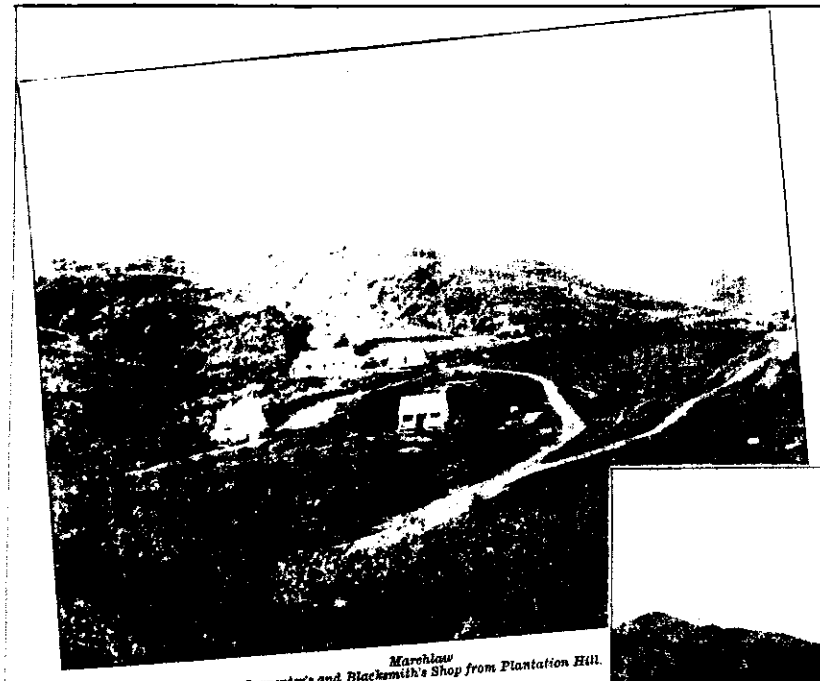
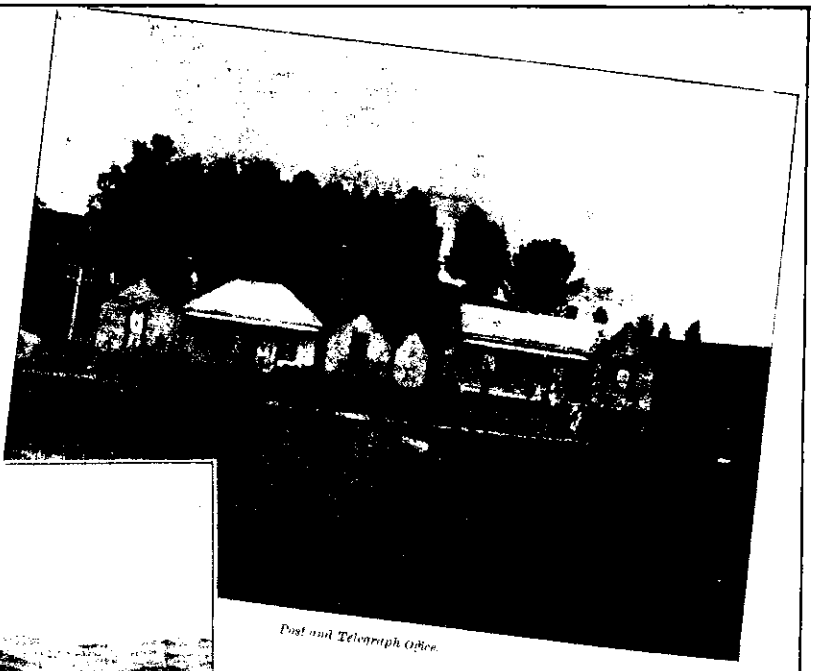
We descended, as I say, quite easily. Those kind friends who had warned us that the balloon would 'bust,' were the first to congratulate us. As for the crowd under the verandah—as we didn't come from down below—they took very little notice of us. They were too high up in balloons of their own—balloons which most of them, really 'busted'; but what cared they so long as they themselves had had a safe landing? The residents of the city, however, were very good indeed to us, and I was a sort of hero for a day. There isn't anything very particular about the sensation.

"PURIFICATION."



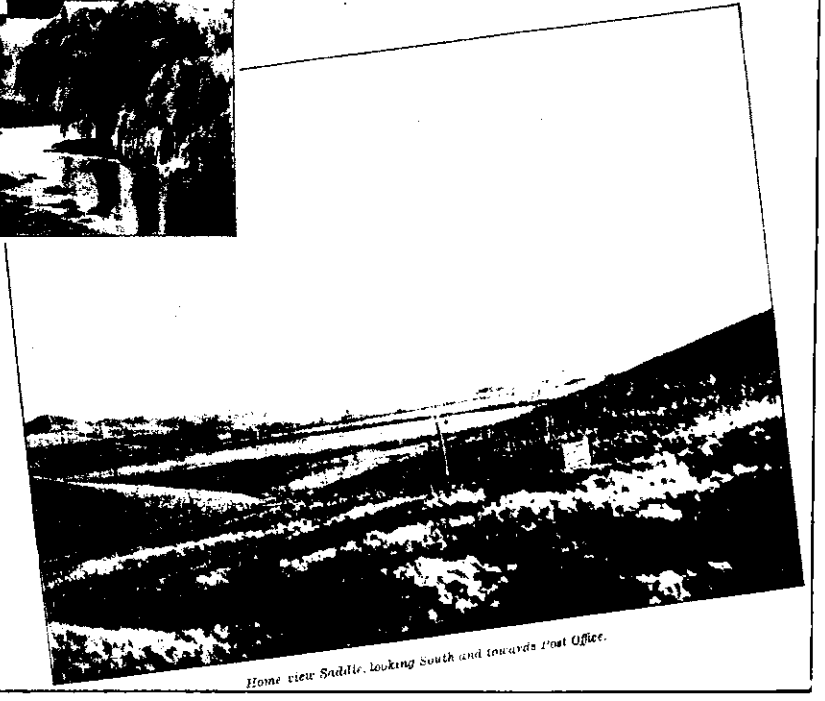
Marchlaw
Carpenter's and Blacksmith's Shop from Plantation Hill.



Post and Telegraph Office.

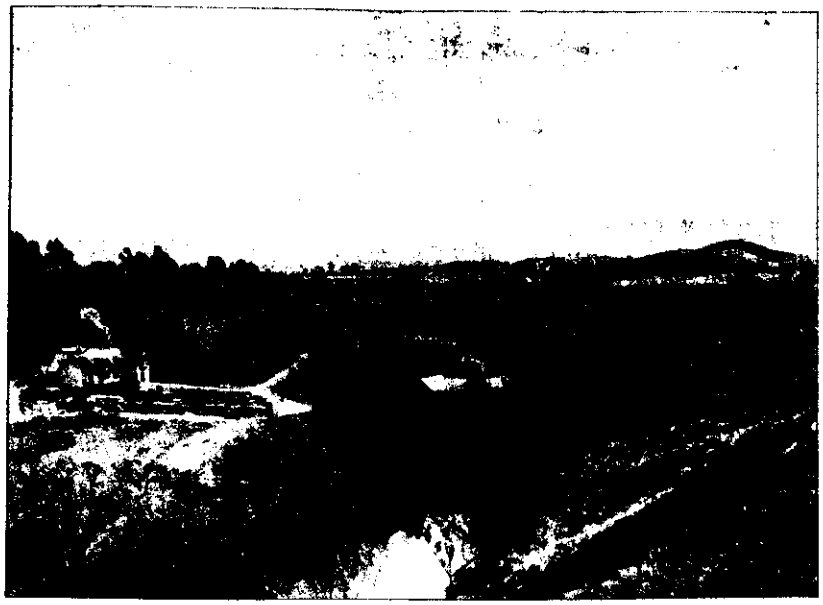
Cheviot Station Buildings.

Telegraph Ford on Jed and Flax Paddock
(Township Site).



Home view Saddle, looking South and towards Post Office.

VIEWS ON THE CHEVIOT ESTATE.



Manager's and Gardener's Cottages, and Water of the Jed

Port Cutting looking North.

UNCONVENTIONAL SKETCHES.

BY MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

WHIPS AND SCORPIONS

THERE is perhaps no weapon so simple and even limited in its application, which exhibits such infinite variety of form as the whip! But from the boy's toy whip to the Russian knout, what a magnificent range of instruments, alike only in one essential characteristic—a capacity for making man to wince. Whips material are out of fashion to day. They have gone out with slavery, with unenlightened methods of dealing with youth, with the degradation of the British soldier, and various other barbarities, which are of course things of the past! Perhaps this is the reason—or one of the reasons—why whips of another kind are rampant and all powerful, flourishing about in every direction with such ubiquitous impartiality that every man and woman is engaged in a continual shirking evasion of that particular instrument with an affinity for his or her particular person.

The whips of to-day are to be found in every newspaper, in every magazine, and in every society novel. Every drawing-room full of people, and every club room contains at least one. No family is without one.

WE DO NOT CALL THEM WHIPS, BUT CRITICS.

And both in its ubiquity and in the position which it occupies, the whip of to-day is the creation of sundry characteristic features of the age.

First and foremost, it may be taken for granted that the demand creates the supply. The great craze of the moment is for notice, for notoriety. To be ignored, to be left in obscurity—however well deserved—is the one unendurable thing; and if a gentle titillation of the vanity is not to be obtained, castigation is, in nine cases out of ten.

ACCEPTED WITH SATISFIED HOWLS.

It is also pre-eminently an age of haste and high pressure, in which the majority of men have no time to mete out with their own hands the praise and blame for which all their fellow men are competing. The whip consequently meets a twofold want, and its position is assured accordingly; it has a distinct place among the appliances of the day.

To the demeanour of its victims may be traced the atmosphere of awe which has grown up about it, making of it something resembling a sacred weapon. This demeanour, though its varieties are as innumerable as are the minds of men, may be roughly divided into three classes. The exultant shrieks of those who have obtained the notice for which their souls yearned; the indignant protestations of those who admire nothing so much as their own doings; and the writhings of the true worker, whose sensitiveness is greater than his common sense. Fundamental principles of human nature lie behind each one of these lines of conduct, and argument is powerless against them. So long as whip and whipped continue to exist, the victims will continue to attach to the weapon that lash without which it would be comparatively harmless.

There are

TWO GREAT ORDERS OF WHIP

—whips professional and whips non-professional. Professional whips shall take the precedence which is their due.

To exhaust the innumerable varieties into which the order is divided and subdivided, is obviously not the mission of a sketch. Students of the subject would discover some very remarkable hybrids, and some particularly noticeable specimens in which the whip is in process of evolving the scorpion. Three strongly marked types, however, may be taken as representing the most salient features of the order in its entirety.

First and foremost—reverence being due to age—stands the knout. This ponderous instrument of torture is becoming somewhat obsolete, but there is a class of society which contemplates its operations with a delighted awe which a more delicate implement would be powerless to create. Its methods of procedure are

RATHER BARBARIC THAN ARTISTIC.

No modifications of its strokes is possible. It enters as deep when it falls upon a youth for the first offence as when it is dealing with a hardened criminal. It cannot tickle nor can it caress. Its strokes are rather calculated to kill than to admonish, and if they maim, they leave a scar never to be worn out.

But the knout is being superseded by its very antithesis; an elegant, lithe, clean-cutting instrument, which we will call a riding whip, and which is pre-eminently the whip of the day. The notion that the victim gains by the exchange is a fallacy based soly on the relative appearance of the two implements. Indeed it is an open secret that a large proportion of the knouted ones take their punishment nowadays wrapped in a muffler which effectually baffles the more clumsy weapon, but which is of no avail against the insidious cuts of the riding whip. The new weapon, in the variety and refinement of the effects it produces, is a production of which its age may be proud. Where it chastises steadily and persistently, it will destroy as certainly as its predecessor, but with so artistic an action that its mercilessness will pass unnoticed in the admiration it excites. For repeated stinging cuts, lighting now here, now there, according as the victim seeks to protect himself, it has never had an equal. It can stroke deliciously, and the movement by which it turns a caress into a cut is so subtle as to be imperceptible to all but the victim. It is particularly noticeable in its selection of objects for its operations. Like many another smart young new-comer, it is immensely scornful of its predecessor, and will caress the old whipping boys, whilst it lays on with peculiar energy to whatever the knout held sacred.

IT IS THE WEAPON OF THE TIMES;

it is instinct with the spirit of the times, and that spirit is a restless and curious spirit, sure of nothing but that whatever is new is good.

The third variety of the whip is also essentially a product of the times; but of times under another aspect. It may be called the toy whip. It does not crush like the knout, nor does it carve curiously like the riding whip; it has no capacity for influencing more than the most momentary sting upon the sensitive skin. As a rule, it simply flicks and flourishes to and fro, and to anyone who has stood within the range of the material implement volumes could not convey more. It is absolutely ubiquitous, and nothing is sacred from its flippant little lash. It can hurt nobody; consequently the wincing and nervous starting which its unrestrained license entails, invariably produces a laugh, and for the production of laughter it exists. The humiliation and the misery of its victims—misery which is not the less real in that it is ridiculous—is of no account whatever.

THE WHIP PROFESSIONAL,

as it whistles through public life, is universally recognised and a good deal discussed. Its non-professional brother is more or less ignored; its existence is hardly realised. But as a matter of fact it is not one whit less powerful and all pervading in the sphere to which it belongs than is the more obvious influence

Social life and domestic life have each their whips. In both the knout, the riding whip, and the top whip may be observed in great activity. But as in these spheres the impulses which lead to the ubiquity and power of the whip are morbid growths which have neither the justification nor the outlet which public life affords, the whip soon ceases to satisfy, and the scorpion takes its place.

In any and every body of men and women held together by the bonds of social intercourse,

THE SOCIAL SCORPION

is to be found, and wherever that scourge is found it is a power. It is usually personified in a woman. In humble life she is a woman who stands out from her fellows by force of greater notability as a housewife, of having 'seen better days,' or, in nine cases out of ten, of having a greater wealth of vituperation in her vocabulary. In school life she is the girl who is prettier, richer, or more 'knowing' than the rest. In society, to use the word in its accepted sense, she is the woman who takes the lead in her 'set,' by right of superior wealth, smartness, or ambition. The qualifications, it is seen, vary slightly according to circumstances, but in the main they are allied. The one essential common to all is a strongly-developed instinct for pre eminence

UNDER THE STING OF THE SCORPION

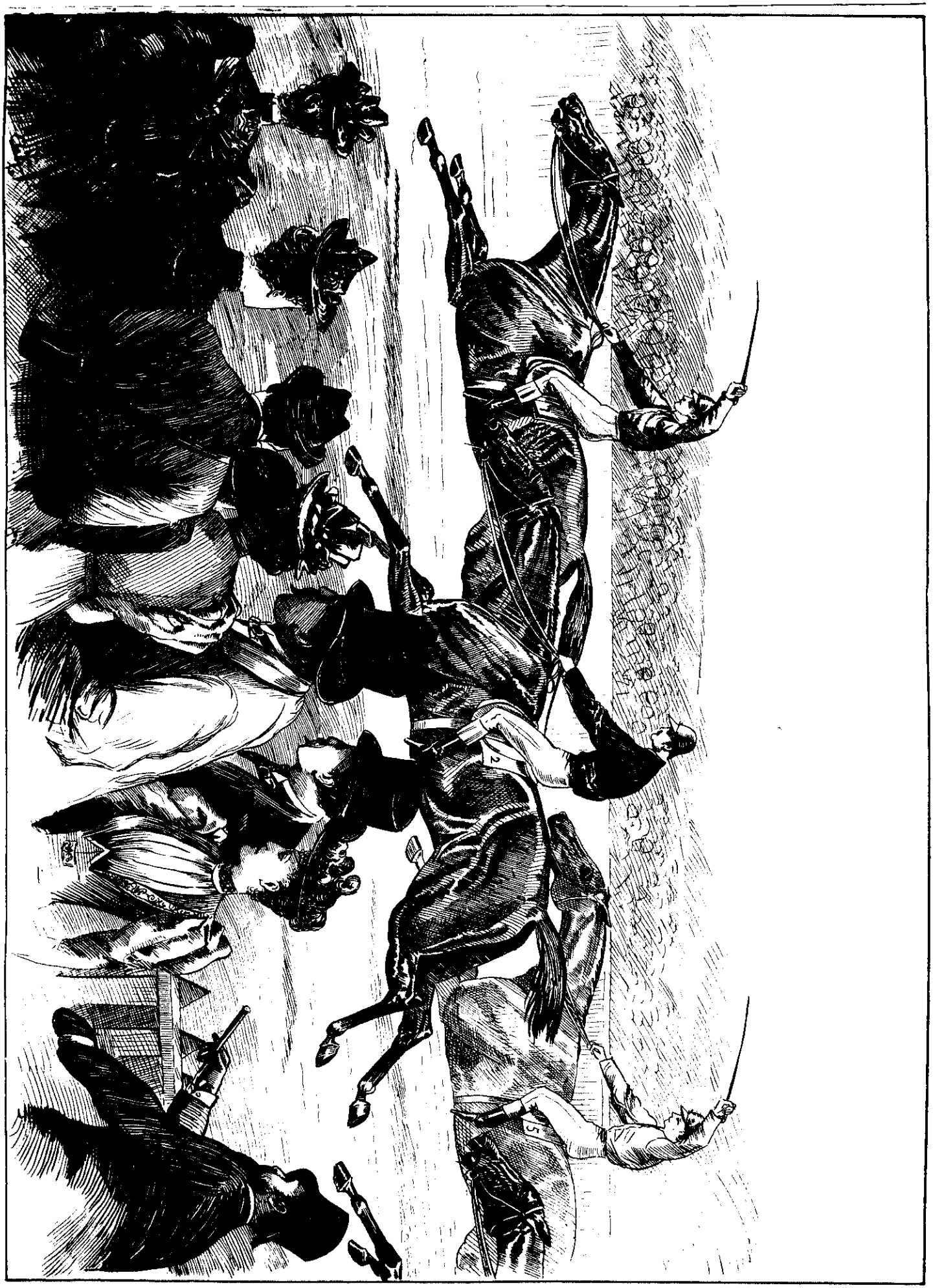
nothing can flourish, and from the sting of the scorpion nothing is safe. No beauty of person, character, or action can stand before it. No achievement but it shrivels it into futility, no hopes but it poisons and maims them. All schemes, from that for the turning of a winter gown to that for the giving of the ball of the season, are liable to sudden and untimely collapse if the scorpion should turn upon them; and from its venom there is no appeal.

There is another variety of the scorpion tribe, which curls up upon the domestic hearth. The social scorpion, indeed, rarely disdains to exercise its functions within the sphere of home, but the genuine domestic variety seldom wanders far afield. The domestic scorpion, strangely enough, is quite as often male as female. The primary characteristic requisite in the man or woman qualifying for the transmogrification is the same for the domestic as for the social variety—a strongly developed instinct for pre-eminence. Various qualifications such as superior beauty, wealth or wit, alluded to with reference to the social variety, will also now and again produce the domestic type. But the vast majority of domestic scorpions graduate on a characteristic which is comparatively ineffective for the production of their social sister—ill temper. In nine cases out of ten it is the bitter-tongued member who is

THE FAMILY CRITIC.

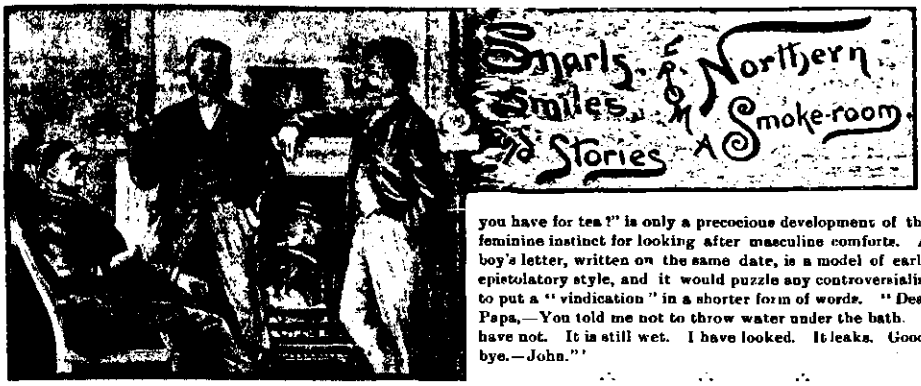
The whole house trembles before the sting of its scorpion, propitiates it with deference, waits in breathless anxiety for the movement of its venomous little tail,

It needs only a little courage to put the foot down upon a scorpion and still that stinging tail for ever. It needs only a little daring to break a whip But an army of scorpions and an army of whips are opponents not to be despised, and on the whole it seems that whips and scorpions must be borne with for the present. After all, unpleasant as they are, it may be that they are not without their uses. It is a truth too often over-looked in these days, that though all castigation is of necessity painful, all castigation is by no manner of means cruel, mean, or degrading. There are many whips at once strong and merciful, from which no genuine man or woman will withhold their thanks, even though those thanks may be uttered with watering eyes.



AUCKLAND GUINEAS, Prince of Wales Birthday.

(1). St. Laura. (2). Yattenfeldt. (3). Annabelle.



Children's Letters.

'I don't suppose,' said the editor, 'that any of you, excepting, perhaps, our good friend the prolific parent, have ever paid any attention to the children's letters published by most of the popular weeklies addressed to Uncle Ned, Cousin Kate, or some such mythical relation. The whole thing seems so ineffably silly to the outsider that he wonders at newspapers wasting space over such inanities and impatiently turns over the pages till something more congenial turns up. As a matter of fact the space devoted to these infantile epistles is one of the best investments indulged in by the paper from a financial point of view. Moreover, if the outsider will take the pains to get them in the right light, so to say, he will find that they are not so absolutely interestless as he imagined. There is a rather clever article in one of the Home papers, the *Spectator*, on the subject from which one may quote. It remarks how dangerous it would be to extend the invitation given by editors to children to their parents. The small fry are young children. They are urged to send their photographs, and to write "all about themselves." What a prospect for an editor, if such an open invitation were addressed to grown up correspondents! It is not difficult to picture the delicate introductions, the preliminary coughs — inadequately, but far more diffusely, expressed in deprecatory phrase—and the expansive detail of autobiography of nobodies in particular. With the children he is perfectly safe. They come straight to the point, and get done with it, with a unanimous contempt for self-advertisement, which shows that the dislike to be "drawn" on matters nearly affecting themselves, which is common to the oldest and wisest of mankind, is fully shown by their youngers and betters. The child is, in this, the father of the wise man. Not that they refuse information. The bare facts are always at the service of the public. They fall into "common form," and in a score of letters written by very young children it is difficult to find one in which the decorous reticence as to self is exceeded. Their age, very accurately stated; the number of their brothers and sisters, among whom the last baby naturally takes a leading place; and possibly a description of their home, limited, as far as possible, to the information given in their postal address, is evidently considered to be sufficient data from which to form an idea of themselves and their surroundings. Then, in nearly every case, follows a list of the household pets. Judged by the evidence of children, the dog is in every case the most important personage, next to the baby, in the estimation of the nursery. His size, accomplishments, and benevolence, his good or bad temper, and in every case his name, are given with a conscientious and personal interest which is accorded to no other animal.

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Letters to Parents.

'The letters of children to their fathers and mothers, though usually briefer than "newsletters," are often far more affectionate and suggestive. The opening is usually rather more ceremonious than in writing to a brother or sister; and the conclusion always seems to present certain difficulties, the writer desiring to close affectionately, but being hampered partly by conventional forms, and partly, if a boy, by a nervous dislike of writing anything which may seem affected. "Your affectionate" is too long, and too difficult to spell. "Good-bye" is cold, and the usual form of valediction when writing to other boys. One small boy of the writer's acquaintance has solved the difficulty in an ingenious manner. He transfers the beginning of the letters addressed to himself to the conclusion of his own, with certain variations in the spelling; and the letters written to his mother or sisters at a distance are subscribed as "from dearest Tom." Children often show not only regret for the absence of those of whom they are fond, but a real solicitude for their comfort and welfare. Sometimes in the letters of very young children it requires a sympathetic mind to interpret this feeling aright. "Dear Papa," writes a very small girl to her father, "we are quite well, and are glad you are by the sea. What did you have for tea?" Now, this was not a greedy little girl, but one who was then, as she is now, quite indifferent to her own comforts. The inquiry, "What did you have for tea?" is only a precocious development of the feminine instinct for looking after masculine comforts. A boy's letter, written on the same date, is a model of early epistolatory style, and it would puzzle any controversialist to put a "vindication" in a shorter form of words. "Dear Papa,—You told me not to throw water under the bath. I have not. It is still wet. I have looked. It leaks. Good-bye.—John."'

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Honesty of Children's letters.

'It is so very seldom that children desert very plain narrative, or simple statement of affection, in a letter, that we might almost assume that their vocabulary is too limited for the expression of other ideas. That this is not the case, is clear from their rhetorical powers of speech. But even requests are put in the most direct form possible—a piece of honesty which no one will regret, and which goes on well into schoolboy days, when the request for a hamper or pocket-money usually takes the most direct and laconic form, unaccompanied by reasons, except the convincing one that present supplies are short. The following letter, or rather "written communication," from a small boy to an elder sister, who was too busy to talk or to play with him, betrays a certain instinct for probable methods of persuasion which does the author credit. "*Most beautiful* Blanche—Please will you come and play hiden-seek?—Tom."

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A Child's Appeal to the Devil.

'The story of the children who wrote to the Giver of all good things to send them presents on Santa Claus' day is familiar. They are capable also of appealing by letter to the powers of the lower world. A little boy, who, in the absence of his parents, had been sentenced to go to bed early by a relation, was seen to be busy with a pencil and paper, after which he carefully buried the communication in a hole in the garden, and retired to bed. The missive, when disinterred, ran as follows:—"Dear Mr Devil,—Please come and take Aunt Jane; please be quick.—Yours, Robert."'

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Modern Children.

'There are few people nowadays,' said the prolific parent, 'who will not cordially endorse the statement made by a friend of mine the other evening that in these exacting days it is a most thankless task to be a parent. Everything that literature can do to aid fathers and mothers in the work of bringing up their offspring in the way they should go has been done. Everyone who can wield a pen at all has thought it his or her right to advise parents concerning their duties to their children and the children's duties to them. The less practical knowledge possessed by the writer on this subject, the more didactic and impressive are his utterances. Every old maid or old bachelor could manage So-and-So's children very much better than they are at present managed. But really, now a days, it is not the parents who rule the children. The reverse is the case. The modern youth can give his father points on almost all subjects—or he thinks he can, which comes to just the same thing. The modern miss has no hesitation in telling her mother, "That's not the way we do things now." Young people at the present time remind me of that famous old jingle. When children usurped their parent's place,

> "They made the old folks go to school,
> All in pinafores—that was the rule."

Recitations were then the order of the day for the unfortunate fathers, as the nonsense verses tell,

> "One fat man, too fat by far,
> Tried 'Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star,'
> His voice was gruff, his pinafore tight.
> His wife said, 'Mind, dear, say it right.'
> But he forgot, and said, 'Fa, la, la,
> The Queen of Lilliput's own papa.'
> She frowned, and ordered him off to bed.
> He said he was sorry; she shook her head.
> His clean shirt-front, with his tears was stained.
> But *discipline* had to be maintained."

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Youthful Encroachments.

'As far as the modern child is concerned,' remarked the ordinary man, 'there is undoubtedly too much truth contained in the picture which appeared in *Punch* some three or four years ago, when attention was first called to youthful encroachments on older persons' privileges. The scene is laid in a supper-room, and an imposing, though elderly officer, has just brought a young married lady some supper. "Oh, General," she says, "which part of the chicken do you prefer, *I* think the breast or wing is the nicest." "I have never tasted either of those portions," he answers, sadly. "When I was young the choicest pieces were always given to my parents, and now I am old, I find it is the custom for the grandchildren to have them." As a rule, the present day young people have little respect for age, and certainly no belief at all in the wisdom and experience of anyone not of their own generation. What the end of it all will be, who can tell?'

THE CANTERBURY FOOTBALL 'REPS,' 1893.

TO best Otago and Southland on the football field is a high honour, consequently the members of the Canterbury teams have been on the best possible terms with themselves since their victories. By the form shown in club games during the season it was anticipated that the province would render a good account of itself in the 'Rep' matches, and the results of the games proved this to be correct.

Of course, the Otago game was by far the most important; in fact, footballers look upon this as *the* game of the year, and to pick a team to beat Otago was the chief aim of the Selection Committee (Messrs G. Harris, W. J. Cotterill, and C. Garrard). The match was played at Lancaster Park on Saturday, September 9th, the ground being in capital order, and resulted in Canterbury just struggling home after a hard and unscientific game by 5 to 2. (A goal from a try to a try.) The game itself was uninteresting, being slow and tedious in the extreme. Both sides seemed to be frightened of each other, and would not open up the game and make it faster and consequently more pleasing to the spectators. In justice to Otago, however, it should be stated that Esquilant, one of their best forwards, owing to really good one, while the Southland team, one and all, stated that it would be very difficult to find a better referee in New Zealand.

The following is a short account of the various players engaged in the two matches.

W. MENDELSON (Christchurch), 12st. 3lb. Equally good full-back as three-quarter; takes the ball and tackles well, and kicks with judgment. Played against Auckland and Wellington in 1892.

P. MENZIES (Merivale), 11st. 9lb.—A powerful and speedy runner; takes the ball well; good tackler, and fairly good fender. His first appearance.

A. HOBBS (Linwood), 10st. 10lb.—Kicks well, tackles fairly; takes the ball well, and passes cleanly, but apt to run too much toward his wing men. Played for Canterbury in 1887, '88, '89, '90, and '92.

G. LEE (East Christchurch), 12st. 4lb.—A hard runner, difficult to stop; when in form takes his passes prettily, and is a good tackler. Played for Canterbury in 1892.

A. E. WHITE (Merivale), 9st. 9lb. (Captain).—Plays at five-eighths; is very clever, passes smartly, dodges well and knows when to pass: fairly fast and dangerous on the attack. Member of Canterbury Northern team in 1892.

A. E. COOK (Merivale), 9st. 11lb.—A really good half-back; plays close to the scrum; passes quickly and judiciously; very unselfish; possesses a good knowledge of the finer points of the game. His first appearance.

H. FROST (Christchurch), 11st. 6lb.—Hard scrummager; follows up fast, and is a good man in the open. Played against Southland in 1890.

F. CHILDS (Merivale), 11st.—A fine forward, always at work whether in the scrum or in the open; collars well. Played for Canterbury in 1892.

R. MATHISON (Merivale), 12st. 6lb.—A consistent worker; follows up well; good in scrum or open; an old Otago rep.

Standish and Preece, photo.

FIRST ROW.—F. T. EVANS, E. SCOTT, R. MATHISON, R. MORIARTY, A. EBERT, F. CHILDS. SECOND ROW.—W. J. COTTERILL (Referee), A. E. COOK, P. MENZIES, H. FROST, A. E. WHITE, G. LEE, L. EBERT, W. MENDELSON, M. J. O'BRIEN. THIRD ROW.—J. MCKENDRY, A. HOBBS, A. R. JOHNSTONE, W. LANG (absent).

CANTERBURY FOOTBALL REPRESENTATIVES, 1893.

an injury, could not play during the greater part of the second spell.

The match showed clearly that Canterbury's hitherto strong point, viz., fast forward play, was not nearly so good as of old, but at the same time demonstrated the fact that the 'backs' were much better than of yore, and quite equal to, if not superior, to Otago's. This is the first occasion that the 'back' department has been able to show any decided superiority. The fine play of Scott, the Kaiapoi forward, and McKendry and Johnstone at the sides of the scrums, for Canterbury, and Duncan's great efforts at 'five eighths' for Otago, were the most prominent features of individual play.

The Southland game played at Lancaster Park on the following Thursday was a far better game, being faster and more open. During the first spell the really excellent passing of the Canterbury backs, and in the second spell the brilliant work done by the Southland forwards, a smart, active lot, were the chief characteristics in a splendid game, eventually won by Canterbury by 9 points (1 goal 2 tries) to 5 points (1 goal).

A special word of praise is due to Mr W. J. Cotterill, who acted as Referee in both games. His decisions were given promptly and accurately, and although the Otago team considered some of his rulings a trifle strict, they acknowledged that his performance with the whistle was

Played against Otago and South Canterbury in 1892.

A. EBERT (East Christchurch), 13st.—Always amongst the hard work; follows up and tackles well. Played for Canterbury in 1889, '91, and '92.

L. EBERT (East Christchurch), 12st.—Similar player to his brother, and smart in the line out. Played for Canterbury 1890, '91 and '92.

F. EVANS (Merivale), 11st. 4lb.—Has proved himself a dangerous and tricky forward; well conversant with the game; is very good in the open. Played for Canterbury since 1889.

E. SCOTT (Kaiapoi), 11st. 12lb.—A good scrummager, backs up well, and is good in the open. His first appearance.

J. MCKENDRY (East Christchurch) 12st.—Plays on the wing; fast forward, dribbles and tackles well, good on defence. Played for Canterbury in 1892.

A. JOHNSTONE (Merivale), 12st. 2lb.—Also plays on wing; good in loose work; tackles well and works hard. Played for Canterbury in 1892.

In the Southland match Hobbs, Menzies, and L. Ebert were replaced by the following men:

W. LANG (Merivale).—A smart centre three-quarter, dodgy runner, and very dangerous in his opponents' quarters; not a very good tackler. Played for Canterbury in 1892.

M. J. O'BRIEN (Linwood).—A very clever wing three-quarter; dodges well, and dangerous on the attack, but rather weak in defence. His first appearance.

R. MORIARTY (East Christchurch).—A strong, powerful forward; scrummages well; pretty good in the open, and fair tackler. His first appearance.

Ethel was telling a visitor what her sister got at Christmas. 'And she got a scarf pin with a grindstone in it,' was one of the things she told. (She meant that it was set with a rhine-stone.)

THE ART OF PERSONAL BEAUTIFICATION.

DISCLOSURES BY AN ARTIST.

THE Vienna correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* has been interviewing Dr. Robert Fischer, of that city, who is a well-known expert in all that pertains to cosmetics, and has obtained from him some curious information:—

BEAUTIFICATION BEFORE MARRIAGE.

'When is your regular season, Doctor?' the correspondent asked. 'Well, you see, I have a two-fold season—the social and the individual. The former is the ball and ragout season, which is over now. The latter depends upon the betrothal or marriage of individuals, and may coincide with any period of the year.' 'Marriage?' the correspondent asked in some surprise. 'Quite so—marriage. Numbers of mothers put their daughters through a whole course of beautification previous to launching them out in that sea of trouble. That's the time when the most elaborate reparations of the human frame are ordered and undertaken. I have a great deal more to do then than for the most fashionable balls of the year.

RUBICUND NOSE-TIPS.

Dr. Fischer went on to say:—'I am asked, say, to remove the rubicund tint from the tip of a Grecian nose where no amount of exuberant fancy will explain its presence as the result of a modest habit of blushing. I perform the operation without pain or difficulty, insisting upon a term of eight days; but then I do it thoroughly and once for all, and never again will the nose blush unless the rest of the face first gives the example. Another time an islet of hairs on the face, an inconvenient tuft on the chin, cheek, or neck, or else an impertinent moustache (which outweighs a good half of the fair one's dowry, and sometimes the whole round sum) has to be banished. We often have long engagements in Austria, with no breach of promise law to guarantee them, and during all that time a girl ought to be growing better looking.'

THE LIKING FOR BLONDE HAIR.

'The one taste (said Dr. Fischer) which may be said to be universal in Vienna is a liking for blonde hair. It would seem to be innate, like mischief and coquetry. Viennese hair dyes are therefore mostly destined to impart a rich golden colour to the flowing tresses that are naturally brown or black, to give them the exact tint that you admire in the famous picture of "Germania" in the Leipzig Museum. Have I thus metamorphosed many dark beauties into blondes? Countless bevies of them. And they have not a spark of practical gratitude, either—not a single one of them would ever recommend me to another as a friend who had been tried and not found wanting. But that, perhaps, is human nature.'

THE TEAR PUMP.

'Look at that innocent-looking white object, just like a waxlight,' said Dr. Fischer. 'Could you guess what that is for? No? Well, I'll tell you. It is a tear-pump.' 'A what?' the correspondent asked, gaspingly. 'A tear-pump. You seem overcome. Perhaps I have given it too drastic a name. Yes, people grow rapidly nervous in Vienna. Well, this innocent implement is used for the purpose of irritating the lachrymal glands and producing tears—probably on funeral days and such-like occasions.

PONEKE FOOTBALL CLUB.

WE give a photo engraving this week of the famed Poneke Football Club, of Wellington, without question the strongest club in the colony. It furnished no less than six of the members of the New Zealand Representative team which visited Australia last season. The following are the names of those:—T. R. Ellison (Captain), D. R. Gage, W. T. Wynyard, A. J. Stuart, R. Oliphant, H. Butland.

PRINTED AMID THE ICE.

ONLY JOURNAL IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

THE *Esquimaux Bulletin* is the most unique newspaper in the world, and is the only journal published within the Arctic circle. It is printed at Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska, in latitude 64deg. 40min., and is issued only once a year.

Cape Prince of Wales is a low sand spit running out just where the Behring Strait joins the Arctic Ocean.

It is destitute of timber, and is about as barren and desolate a spot as could well be imagined. On it, however, is situated an Esquimau village and a missionary school. The teacher is Harrison R. Thornton, a relative of Ex-Supreme Judge James D. Thornton, of San Francisco, from whom a copy of the last number of the *Bulletin* was procured. It is dated May 1, 1893.

The *Bulletin* is a small sheet 12 x 8 inches, printed on one side only, of stiff, white paper. It is printed by the hektograph process, which is simply a method of multiplying copies of writing. The writing is first made on paper with prepared ink, and is then impressed upon gelatine. From the gelatine impressions are taken on many other sheets. As there is practically one mail to and from Cape Prince of Wales during the year one issue of the paper during the period is quite sufficient.

This curious little paper contains a variety of news arranged under different heads. In mirthful imitation of the daily papers in other localities, it triumphantly carries at the head of its columns the legend,

'LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE ARCTIC,'

and also the additional boast of 'Only yearly paper in the world.'

The headings are 'Local Items,' 'Rural Notes,' 'Society,' 'Fashion,' 'Marriage Notices.' 'Whisky in the Arctic' is the heading over an editoral. Every scrap of news is like a breath from the far north. As space is scanty, condensation is a fine art with the editor. He displays quite a fund of humour, too, and there is a strain of gentle playfulness in nearly everything he writes.

Under the head of 'Rural Notes' he chronicles the following from Port Hope, which has a sarcastic sound in such a desolate region.

School prosperous.
Eight white bears have been killed.
Mr Martin says there are no furs this winter.
Captain Tilden thinks he will get his schooner out of the river all right in the spring.
W. T. Lopp and wife were the guests of Dr. Driggs last week.
Three Cape Prince of Wales families who tried to reach Point Barrow last summer are reported to be starving to death just north of Cape Lisburne.

In these few lines is conveyed the tidings of

ONE OF THOSE TERRIBLE TRAGEDIES

of which the Arctic has been so prolific.

The news from Port Clarence is characteristic:

Reindeer thriving.
Superintendent Bruce's health is improving.
Moses, an Indian boy from up the Youkon, is the latest arrival at the herding school.
Mr Gibson made a trip with a dog sled to Golovin bay in March.
N. T. Lopp made the station a flying visit in March.

The *Bulletin* contains one marriage announcement:

Lopp—Kittridge—August 22, 1892, by Rev. A. S. McLellan, W. T. Lopp to Miss Ellen Kittridge. [United States papers please copy.]

THE SOCIETY NEWS

has a familiar ring.

Mr and Mrs Thornton, of the East End, gave a dinner party in October. Among the invited guests were: Mr Bruce and Mr and Mrs Lopp.

Superintendent Bruce of Reindeer Station, and Mr Spencer of Norton Sound, spent ten days in town last March.

Mr and Mrs Lopp entertained Mr and Mrs Thornton at dinner Christmas.

The fashion notes have a decidedly original sound. Evidently they refer only to the native denizens of the Cape:

Took-tnol-na has a new pair of safety-pin earrings.
Ke-rook sports two of Dr. Driggs' glass bottle-stoppers for labrets.
Kum-muk is out in new trousers of the finest flour-sack cloth.
A-yar-hok has a new overcoat of the fashionable dried peaches brand. He got the bags from a ship.

From the local items it is learned that the winter was mild, the coldest day being 31 degrees below zero. The population of Cape Prince of Wales is stated at 527, and the average daily attendance at school was 100. One man netted forty seals in a single day last October. Tane-na has just purchased a new forty-foot canoe, and Mr and Mrs Thornton are preparing for the walrus hunt. Evidently there is some sport in that bleak land.

A few lines tell of a feat that must have been both dangerous and difficult.

A midwinter mail was carried from Point Hope to St. Michaels, a distance of 700 miles, on dog and deer sled.

The name of the hardy mail carrier is not even mentioned. Think of travelling

700 MILES OVER THE ICE AND SNOW OF AN ARCTIC WINTER MERELY TO CARRY THE MAIL!

Those people must hunger for news.

In his solitary editorial the editor makes a spiritual protest against the sale of liquor to Indians. He says:

The liquor question in the Arctic is a question of self-preservation to the white residents and the Esquimaux race. The missionary teachers have been shot at and their lives threatened by drunken men this year. When sober the natives are friendly. When drunk they want to avenge their relatives killed in the Gilly affair. One bottle of liquor might be the death of us all.

Directly underneath this vigorous passage are the following significant items of news.

Eluk-suh shot and killed Tugi-zins-ya-bok last fall. Both were drunk.

Last summer two Cape Prince of Wales citizens went to Indian Point, Siberia, for liquor to trade on Katz Sound and here during the winter.

The *Bulletin* has two illustrations, one of the schoolhouse and the other of a scene on the Behring Strait. The heading is also decorated with a drawing of an Esquimaux' head. As the paper is edited by the teacher, Mr Thornton, it is very probable that it is designed as an auxiliary to his instruction, as well as a circular letter to be sent abroad by the few white inhabitants of that far northern land. He is greatly interested in his work, and his sympathies are wholly enlisted for the Indians under his charge.

Mr Thornton has made a profound study of the Esquimaux language, and is engaged in compiling a dictionary of the Aleut tongue. During the progress of his studies he has made a singular discovery. The Greek and Sanscrit were the only languages heretofore known to have three numbers—singular, plural and dual. Mr Thornton has discovered that the Aleut language also has three numbers. This he regards as a discovery of which philologists may well take note, as the origin of the Esquimaux has been the subject of much discussion and speculation. Mr Thornton is gathering a large quantity of material respecting the manners, customs, religions ideas, traditions and lingual peculiarities of the tribes of Alaska, which he will probably publish in book form.

Kinsey, ph t.

FIRST ROW.—H. HARE (Umpire), G. MILLWARD (10st. 7lb), H. G. DAVISON (11st.), C. MCANNALLY (11st.), A. PENDER (13st. 12lb.), G. HUME (11st. 10lb.), A. BLACKLOCK (10st. 12lb.), G. BECK (11st.), P. BRODERICK (11st.), W. S. HOOD (Hon. Treas.). SECOND ROW.—P. CONNEY (12st.), F. YOUNG (13st.), H. LEE (14st.), W. J. WHITE (Hon. Sec.—12st. 6lb.), T. R. ELLISON (Captain—13st. 8lb.), W. T. WYNYARD (Deputy-Captain—11st. 12lb.), J. KELLY (12st.), A. J. STUART (11st. 12lb.), A. B. PARDOE-THOMAS (12st. 2lb.). THIRD ROW.—J. PUDNEY (11st), W. ROBERTS (11st. 2lb.), W. H. ARNOTT (11st. 7lb.), A. MOUNTFORT (10st. 10lb.) ABSENT MEMBERS OF THE TEAM.—R. OLIPHANT (12st.), D. R. GAGE (11st. 12lb.), H. BUTLAND (12st.).

PONEKE FOOTBALL CLUB—WELLINGTON.
Winners of Senior Championship, 1893.

FICTION 'A PEARL.'

['I am inclined to believe that . . . . . fiction is a beautiful disease of the brain. Something, an incident or an experience, or a reflection gets imbedded, incrusted, in the properly constituted mind, and becomes the nucleus of a pearl of romance.' See 'Stories and Story-Telling,' by Andrew Lang, in the *Idler* for August.]

A little grain of sand—a common grain
That swelled th' uncounted millions of the shore,
Drifted upon an oyster's marble floor,
And there for years did secretly remain;
Until (oh! fair reward of toil and pain!)
Men saw a radiance through the open door,—
When it abandoned shelter, prized before,
And, as a beauteous pearl, came forth again.
So, in the mind creative lies a thought,—
A common incident of every day,—
Till it becomes a pearl of fiction, rare,
With subtle iridescent beauty fraught,—
Which, raised from depths of silence where it lay,
Sets all the little gaping world a-stare.

ALICE F. BARRY.

A HASTY JUDGMENT.

By MRS HUNGERFORD.

Author of 'MOLLY BAWN,' 'LADY BRANKSMERE,' Etc.

AFTER all, Digby, you are more forgiving than I thought you,' says Major Carlton, coming up to where Digby Vere is standing beside a heavy velvet portiere that hides a recess beyond. A waltz has just begun and Vere has the expression of one who is looking among the dancers for some one particular person.

'How so?' says he, smiling. He is a specially good-looking young man of about twenty-nine, and the smart Lancer uniform he is wearing seems to suit him.

'Why, I've just heard from Waring that you have been Miss Gascoigne's devoted slave for the past three weeks.'

'Slave—well, as for that—I confess, however that I—like her.'

'"Twill serve,' says Carlton, laughing. 'And so you have forgotten the past then? You have condoned her sin and all those dark threats of vengeance you used to breathe in India are so much—vapor. I thought you were never going to forgive her scandalous treatment of your cousin, Sir Charles?'

'What do you mean?' exclaims Vere, wheeling round to look at him more intently. 'What are you talking about? The woman who wrecked Charles Vere's life was called Florence Grant.'

'And is now called Florence Gascoigne.'

Vere bursts out laughing—there is terrible relief in the laughter.

'My dear fellow, you have got in a muddle of some sort. Miss Gascoigne is Miss Gascoigne, she is not married.'

'I know she isn't. But she has changed her name for all that. Only a year ago she was still Florence Grant, but a distant relation died, leaving her all her money on consideration that she changed her name to Gascoigne. See?'

There is a dead silence for a full minute, then—

'There must be many Gascoignes,' said Vere in a low tone. His eyes search Carlton's as though imploring him to support him in this opinion. Carlton is shocked at the change in his face.

'Look here, Vere. I'm awfully sorry. I'd have cut my tongue out if I had only known. But,' stammering, 'I had no idea you were so hard hit—and besides, lots of girls do that sort of thing, you know—fling a fellow over, and——'

At this moment there is a slight rustle behind the velvet curtain, as though someone has entered the little room behind and seated himself or herself upon a lounge. Both men, however, are too agitated to notice it.

'But not with the cold brutality that was practiced by Miss Gascoigne,' says Vere, in a stern, hard tone. 'Miss Grant rather! If what you say is true, no wonder she was glad of the chance of putting that name behind her. It is useless any one's defending her, Carlton, because I had the whole story from his own lips a month before he died. She deliberately led him on until he was half mad with love for her, and then, a richer man appearing, she calmly, without a kindly word, flung him over. She broke his heart. He said so.'

There is another sound behind the curtain now, as though a fan has fallen with a little crash to the floor.

'By Jove!' said Carlton, who is now wishing himself well out of it, 'he didn't look like a fellow whose heart would be easily broken; he seemed to get a good deal of good out of that little flirtation with the Colonel's wife up in the hills. I,' awkwardly, 'I shouldn't think so much about it if I were you, Digby. If you fancy her as much as you say, I'd just put that old story in my pocket and go in and win, if she would have me!'

'Never!' said Vere, with a sudden violence, suppressed indeed, but perhaps the more terrible for that. 'I—I—to cast a thought on a heartless coquette like that! I swore in India that I would seek her out and upbraid her with her conduct to Charles; try to wring a passing pang from her cold heart; but now Carlton, I confess that is beyond me. She was dear to me—I never knew how dear until this moment when I—know I shall never willingly look upon her face again. It is all over, that dead dream! Her face may be like heaven but her soul—her soul must be like hell! Though it cost me all the happiness of my life I shall cast her out of my heart.'

'You will give her an opportunity to explain it. Since it has gone thus far with you—for your own sake, dear boy—do give her a chance of saying how it was.'

'No. A woman like that! Do you think she has not words at her command wherewith to twist and turn her phrases and show herself the injured innocent? I refuse to listen to her exculpation. I refuse to listen to one word that she could say. There, let us forget all this,' turning a ghastly face to Carlton, but conjuring up a smile all the same. 'What about these races? You are riding?'

'No; but I hear that you have the choice of two mounts. I'm glad you are going to have nothing to do with Younge's Firewater—a dangerous brute. Waring is mad for you to ride his mare, and he says you have almost promised.

'Tell Waring, if you see him again to-night, that I have changed my mind, however. I shall ride Firewater for Younge.'

'Oh, I say, Vere, I wouldn't if I were you. A beast like that has killed his man already. I——'

'I shall ride him,' says Vere, impatiently. 'He'll win if I can only manage him. And besides—what does it matter?'

'It would matter a lot to the regiment if anything happened to you, old boy,' says the Major, almost affectionately. 'There's Waring over there. I'll go and talk to him. He may persuade you.'

Carlton is hardly gone when the velvet portiere behind Vere is swept aside by an imperious hand, and a girl, tall, graceful, beautiful, with flashing eyes and a face as white as death, confronts him.

'Come in here,' commands she, beckoning him with a little royal gesture of her hand.

He follows her. She drops the curtain, and in this small, dainty, perfumed corner of the house they are virtually alone.

'So!' says she, in a voice low and soft, yet trembling with passion, 'you had decided on giving me no chance of explaining myself. You were bent on refusing to listen to my exculpation! You were prepared to treat me as the dust beneath your feet—you—' vehemently, 'you—who only last night thought me worthy to be your wife.'

'Ah!' says he, as if stung to the quick, 'last night.'

'But you shall hear me!' cries she, her beautiful eyes on fire, her slight figure swaying as if her anger is consuming her. 'I will not be treated thus by you. You shall stand there,' with a tragic gesture of her hand, there,'—before me—until you hear the truth. It is not a vindication you shall hear—I do not care to justify myself in your sight—a man who would condemn a woman unheard. It is the truth of your cousin's story that I shall lay bear to you, and then, when,' she draws back her hand and lays it on her breast as though to still its throbbings, 'when you have learned that my soul is not like hell—when you have seen me as I am, the injured, not the injurer—then—' she pauses, a great light flashes over her face, 'then I shall refuse to listen to you!'

She takes a step forward.

'Your cousin, Sir Charles Vere, asked me to marry him two years ago. I was very young then—a mere child. I did not like him, but they—my people—persuaded me to accept him. I was portionless, and a title always counts. As I said, I was a child; we were engaged. He came often to see us in the beginning of our engagement, as often as is usual, but toward the close of it he came nearly every day, sometimes twice a day. I wondered at this, because his manner was in nowise different to me—it was kind—but I thought it was a little less loverlike than before. Still he came every day, and sometimes twice and three times a day. Several times it occurred to me as odd that he called at the house when he must have known I was driving in the park with my married sister. I—' she pauses, and a quick breath parts her lips, 'have another sister, a little girl, and she at that time had a governess, a young lady, as young as myself. She was pretty—far, far prettier than I was! One day, coming back much earlier from my drive with Gertrude than was usual with me, I went straight to the schoolroom to see Mimi, my little sister. I did not find her there; but I found your cousin—Sir Charles, and Miss——. No, I shall not mention her name. There was a screen half across one corner of the room, and they sat bidden behind it. Only half hidden. They had not been very careful, you see, as they thought I was quite sure not to return till six o'clock. They did not see me. They were on the sofa, and both were looking into each others eyes. He was sitting beside her.

'I said nothing. I went away. He was dining with us that evening, but I said I had a bad headache and did not come down.

'The next day my sister's governess was gone. They

They were on the sofa, and were looking into each others eyes.

made many inquiries about her, but I said nothing. Sir Charles came and went as usual, but my headache still clung to me. I would not see him. At last I took courage —I went down. He was in the library. He came to me and would have kissed me, but I thrust him back.

'"Where is Minnie?" I asked. That was the girl's name.

'I shall never forget his face. He recovered himself, but it was too late.

'"What should I know of her?" said he.

'"Coward!" I cried, and left him. My engagement ended that day.

'Seven months afterwards I had a letter from her. I went to her; she was dying. She told me all; she showed me his letters. She gave them to me. If you wish to see them,' this contemptuously, 'you can! I wrote to him at her request under a feigned name. He was then in India, and it took some time to get the answer. When it did come she was dead. But—you can see that answer, too.'

'I don't want to see it,' says Vere, hoarsely.

'Still, you shall,' with cold determination. 'I shall post all those letters to your quarters to-morrow. It proudly pleases me to do so. Well, she died. I saw that she was properly buried. I had come into some money then, and was more or less my own mistress. I suppose he heard of the money, because he wrote me again. He denied everything about Miss —— about Minnie. He did not know I had the letters. I answered, refusing him. I did not explain. I could not. He,' she pauses, her hands clinched together, 'he, you say, died, declaring I had been false to him.'

There is silence again.

'Speak,' cried she, passionately, 'he said that?'

'Yes—and—' he hesitates, terrible as all the foregoing has been to him, there has still been balm in it, but there remains something that seems more to be desired now than anything else on earth.

'What more?'

'He said you had given him up to marry another—a richer man.'

'Must I answer that?' says she wearily; 'is not all this enough? Well, it was but another lie. There was no other man. Now go!'

'Florence,' says he, falling at her feet, and catching a fold of her dress, 'have mercy. I was mad. I know it. But—it was madness born of my love for you! Hear me! Pity me!'

'No!' The word rings out right royally. She looks like a queen standing above him in her exquisite robe of clinging silk and with the diamonds flashing on her neck and brow. 'As you would have behaved towards me, so I behave toward you now.' She pointed to the door—'Go!'

* * * * * * *

There is quite a gay scene on the impromptu grand stand, though these races are a thing got up in a night, as it were, as a merely local amusement. Everyone's thoughts are for Sir Digby Vere, who has elected to ride that well-known misdemeanant Firewater against the advice of all his friends. They have started by this, and are well over the first hurdle, Captain Waring's mare—a plucky little thing—leading by three or four heads. The second hurdle is past now, and some one in the grand stand says that Firewater is gaining ground. Florence Gaiscoigne, who is leaning over the ledge of the balcony, gives a start, and, putting her glasses to her eyes, scans the scene beyond. Yes, beyond all doubt, Firewater is overtaking the others. Slowly—slowly he is creeping up.

And now—now—they are at the stone wall. Firewater refuses it—there is a second's pause—a short, low, terrible cry from Florence, heard only by her sister, who lays her hand in warning on her arm; and now Firewater is over it, his rider still upon his back. After that all stands out in a little mist before Miss Gascoigne's eyes, and it is not until now, as they sweep round the corner and are tearing toward the water jump that her senses quite return to her. She sees now! She throws up her head; the light returns to her eyes. He is leading. Firewater is a good head beyond all the others. He is racing madly for the water jump. Vere lifts her well, she rises to it—she is over!

Over! What is this? What is this sickening heap upon the ground? The horse—one can see the horse, but the man——Somebody carries Miss Gascoigne fainting out of the stand.

* * * * * * *

She is kneeling beside his bed. They had given her permission to enter awhile ago. He had been restored to consciousness last night, and had spent each hour since, at intervals, asking for her, demanding her. The doctor had at last said that she must be brought to him if they wished to hold him back even for a little while from the land of death. Mrs Margrove, her married sister, had brought her, but outside his door she had begged piteously to see him alone, and even the doctor had not the heart to refuse her.

'You have come,' says Vere, softly, faintly. For all answer she lays her cheek against his hand.

'I—wronged you.'

'Oh, no—no—no,' cries she, 'you shall not reproach yourself. And what is your sin to mine, Digby? You condemned me unheard, I know—but I—I heard you say you were going to ride that,' with a shudder, 'that awful horse, and yet,' bursting into tears, 'I said nothing to dissuade you. Oh! it was not that I did not love you, Digby—only —only—I thought——'

'I know! you could not bear to lower your pride!' says he. 'My darling, don't cry like that. I could not bear to lower my pride, either; I said, do you remember, to Carlton, that I would not hear an explanation from you. But I—'

'Oh! It wasn't that,' said she, lifting her head, and looking at him through lovely, tear-stained eyes. 'It wasn't pride of that sort. My pride was that I was sure you would win, that you would conquer Firewater. "If"—hurriedly—'if I had thought there was any real danger for you I—I would have gone to you, to dissuade you from riding him, even if I had to run into the messroom before them all.'

In spite of his weakness he laughs a little at this. He holds out his feeble arms to her. She creeps into them.

'You are nobler than I am,' says he. 'I wonder you ever came near me again. I wonder, too, Florence,' looking at her very sadly, 'if you do really in your heart forgive me. You are sorry for me now, seeing to what a sad pass I have come. But if I were to get well and strong again—would you forgive me then?'

He draws her to him—even closer—but he does not attempt to kiss her.

'What do you take me for?' says she, half laughing, half crying. 'There is nothing to forgive, and even if there was —why, I have forgiven it.'

'Then—if you have—and if you love me even a little,' says he tremulously, 'you might—might—?'

'Why, I've been longing to kiss you,' says she, with a little sob. She presses her lips to his.

'Now, I shall get well,' says he, smiling at her a faint but radiant smile.

'There is, however, one thing I don't forgive,' says she, her old happy self come back to her again. She is laughing a little, sitting on the chair by his bedside, and holding his hand.

'And that, my own?'

'That you didn't win that race. I was so longing to see you come in at the head of them all.'

'Never mind. I have won something else; something far better; the best in all the world.' He draws her to him again. 'I have won you,' says he.

SERVING TWO MASTERS.

A JOURNALISTIC STORY.

VERILY, what induced me to establish the *Weekly Herald* at Calabash City is more than I can say. No one invited me to come, welcomed me when I arrived, or expressed a wish to have me stay.

The place had no newspaper, it is true, but it seemed to need none. Most of the population were silver miners, who were so much underground as to be little interested in affairs on the surface. Again, a large part of the inhabitants could not read; another large part did not want to, and a majority of the remainder objected to paying for the privilege.

Subscribers being so few, you may imagine that advertisers were not very plenty. Those I secured insisted on paying wholly in goods that were never of use to me.

One advertiser was a saloon-keeper—I never drank. Another was a tobacconist—I did not smoke. A third was a harness maker—I had no horse. A fourth dealt in gunpowder, rend-rock, dynamite, and other explosives—while I never blew up anything or anybody in my life excepting figuratively.

Nevertheless I managed to live, or at all events, I did not die. At the end of the first year I had four hundred and eighty six subscribers, two hundred and ten of whom remained such because I never attempted to collect their bills. A few paid for Eastern advertisements and some job printing enabled me to keep my head above water as a general thing. For the rest of the time I had to hold my breath.

At last I reached such prosperity that, after paying off my one journeyman on Saturday night, I occasionally found a dollar or two left for myself.

Just at this time an opposition paper was set up.

'The *Calabash City Spy*, George Rowe, editor and proprietor,' appeared in all the glory of second-hand type—mine was third-hand—and a grade of paper somewhat resembling real 'news'—mine did not resemble it at all. The *Spy* had a brand-new vignette head, representing the town as seen from Gringo Mountain. This utterly eclipsed my worn-out woodcut of the Goddess of Liberty sitting on a large cog wheel surrounded by ploughs, anchors and steam-engines. She held a book in one hand, and in the other a wheat-sheaf which looked so much like a birch rod that it gave her the air of an old fashioned schoolma'am holding a session in a machine-shop.

Rowe was a good-looking, bright, active, well educated young fellow, with whom I should certainly have been friendly under different circumstances; but this was now quite impossible. Aside from business rivalry, it is a part of the business of country editors to be irreconcilable foes in order to satisfy the public's demand for excitement.

How we did quarrel! We quarreled about politics,—though we belonged to the same party—about law, religion, and medicine, about the amount of silver to the ton in the last clean-up at the Muchacho Mine, about the distance of the earth from the sun, and the distance of Juan Moreno's ranch from the town plaza—about all things terrestrial, subterranean and subterrene.

By practice we grew so expert that I really believe we could have carried on a lively discussion about the four rules of arithmetic.

When this war had gone on for several months, I detected a falling off in the vigour of the *Spy*. It was as truculent as ever, but written with a certain langour which seemed to show that Rowe was losing courage. This, of course, inspired me to renewed efforts, and I began to hope that I should drive the foe off the field.

One publication day I sat down early to do up the customary batch of 'scattering exposures' and 'unanswerable arraignments' of the *Spy*, when Bud Haskins, my editorial assistant, compositor, job printer, mailing clerk and man-of-all-work, came in, beaming with joy.

'Got some good news for you, Mr Warren!' said he, grinning. 'Cordin' to the way it looks now, there won't be no *Spy* this week—p'r'aps not nex' week—p'r'aps never.'

'How's that?' I inquired, much pleased.

'Rowe's sick abed—fever or sunthin'. He can't do a stroke of work, 'n' that feller McKay he has with him aint of no great use. No *Spy* this week, I tell you.'

He triumphantly slammed the door, and retired to begin his day's work.

For a moment, mean as the emotion was, I felt glad. If Rowe missed an issue or two he would lose the ground he had gained, and probably have to give up altogether. Then I should be left with the whole field to myself. Yes, I actually felt glad.

'I'm going out for a few minutes, Bud!' I called to Haskins.

'Goin' far?' he asked, eyeing me with an exceedingly penetrating scrutiny.

'Oh, no, just up-street a bit,' I answered, embarrassed.

My reception at the *Spy* office was chilling. As I entered the dingy, pine-boarded room, McKay, a big, stupid-looking man, stared, and then sidled toward a mallet on the composing-stone.

'I want to see Mr Rowe,' said I.

'He's in bed upstairs?' growled McKay, lifting the mallet. 'He's too sick to fight to-day.'

'Nobody wants to fight,' said I, laughing. 'I came to see if I could do anything for him.'

'You don't want to fight him?'

'No.'

'You don't want to fight me?'

'Not a bit of it.'

McKay's astonishment took away his power of speech. He motioned towards the stairs and stood gazing after me without any expression, rubbing the side of his head with the mallet as if to stimulate his paralyzed brain.

On a camp bed in the attic lay Rowe, flushed, breathing with difficulty, and rolling his head irritably about the coarse pillow. He seemed a combative person. It took some little time to convince him that my intentions were friendly, but when he became assured of this he met me with the manliest frankness.

'You're a good fellow, Warren!' he exclaimed, seizing my hand. 'I've been a fool—'

'No more than I.'

'Well, then, we've been a pair of fools. If ever I come out of this we'll be a pair of friends instead; but—' He broke off with a groan.

'Come, come!' said I, 'you aren't going to die. You'll be well in a week or two.'

'I know that, but the paper—the paper! I can't do a solitary thing, and McKay alone won't get the matter up in a week. Then there should be two columns of editorial at least, after the *Herald*—' He again broke off in confusion. I finished his sentence.

'After the *Herald* comes out. Right enough. Now, let's see how we can arrange it. I can do your part of the composition to-day, and finish up my own to-night. If we're both a day late it won't make much difference. I'll begin setting at once.'

Hurrying downstairs to escape Rowe's thanks, I came upon a spectacle which took my breath away. Standing at a case, sleeves rolled up and thoroughly at home, clicking the type into his stick at a great rate, was Bud Haskins!

'Hullo!' said he, looking around. 'How's your ed'tor, publisher, 'n' proprietor to-day? Fin' him pretty com-f't'ble?'

'How on earth did you get here?' demanded I.

'Same way you did. Got to thinkin'—that's all.'

He turned round to the case again, winking hard, as if something had got into his eyes. McKay, positively smiling, came over from his place to shake hands with Bud, and I rushed back to Rowe full of delight.

'Hurrah! The *Spy* 'll be on time to-morrow!' I exulted. 'Bud can set type three times as fast as I can, and do it cleaner, too. Now, about the editorials.'

'No use talking of them,' said Rowe, despondingly.

'But there is. I've got a scheme.'

'You're a good fellow, Warren!' he exclaimed, seizing my hand. 'I've been a fool—'

In a few moments I was scribbling away on an improvised desk by the bedside almost as fast as Bud was setting the type below. Scratch, scratch—think an instant—scratch, scratch again—think once more—and so on until a pile of 'copy' had accumulated. Then I was ready to read. This was the beginning:

A FATAL FALSEHOOD!

Our by no means courteous and not in the least esteemed contemporary, the Spy, which is at once a disgrace to American journalism, a libel upon the name of newspaper, and a blot upon the fair city in which it is as yet still scornfully suffered to drag out an existence noxious to others and of no value to itself, etc., etc.

Rowe listened without saying a word. At the end he quietly remarked:

'That's a powerful article, Warren.'

'Well, now, see how this one strikes you.' And I began reading again:

DESPICABLE DECEPTION!!!

We had hitherto supposed that the utmost imaginable depths of reckless, shameless, honourless, conscienceless mendacity had long ago been reached by that sheet unknown to fame, but intimately acquainted with infamy, under the name of the Herald—

Rowe bounced up in bed.

'What?' he exclaimed. 'What's that?'

'"—intimately acquainted with infamy, under the name of the *Herald*,"' I re read calmly. 'It's the answer to my article, don't you see?'

'Do you mean to say you're going to abuse yourself like that?' said he.

'I mean to say that such a savage article as mine has got to be replied to a little more savagely, if possible.'

'But to do it yourself—'

'Who will if I don't? That's what I'm here for. By-the-way, do you usually call me a "falsifier" or an "ignoramus?"'

Rowe, by this time, had taken the humour of the situation into his fevered brain. He replied faintly:

'I think you'd better call yourself "falsifier" first, and save up the "ignoramus" for use later on. Toward the last you might work in some reference to your general resemblance to a donkey, if you don't mind.'

'Mind? Why, it's the very point I want. I'll say that the only thing in which I *don't* resemble a donkey is my utter incapacity for any useful employment. That'll be sure to please your people, for a good many of them have told me so already.'

'Suppose you attack me again,' suggested Rowe, when the article was finished. 'There should be at least two sharp leaders in each paper. You might mention the probability of my being ridden out of town on a rail because the citizens can't stand my continual lying any longer, and, for a finishing touch remark that it's all I can do to pay my bills. That last'll be true enough, anyway,' he added, smiling ruefully.

'It's the same with me, my boy. Poor Bud hasn't had a cent of wages for three weeks. Well, never mind. Let's go on.'

Aided by Rowe's suggestions I wrote until I had matter enough for four columns, two for each paper. There were a pair of outrageously abusive leaders for the *Herald*, a pair of outrageously abusive leaders for the *Spy*, about a dozen short paragraphs bristling with libels, several scathing communications from 'Indignant Citizen,' 'Justice,' 'Taxpayer,' and 'Fair Play,' besides two strings of satirical verses which I chanced to hammer out.

Bud Haskins and McKay, working first at one office, then at the other, got the precious stuff into type, and then, with my assistance, made up the *Herald* and ran off the edition that night. Next morning our united forces did the same for the *Spy*.

All this was ten years ago. Calabash City is beginning to taunt Chicago with the certainty of being second to her in population, wealth and resources by A.D. 1905 at latest. The *Daily Spy-Herald* is one of the leading journals of the West.

Rowe and I might call ourselves rich men—though we never do. We have always been the best of friends—

'And always will be,' interrupts my partner, who has been reading what I have written. 'We wouldn't dare be anything else after what we've said about each other—eh, old falsifier?'

'Never, old mendacity!' I reply.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

ROD—COFFEY.

MR JAMES ROD, of the firm of Rod Brothers, Wellington, was married to Miss Sarah Rachel Coffey, eldest daughter of Mr Paul Coffey, at St. Mary of the Angels' Church, Wellington. The church was full of friends and sightseers, and was prettily decorated for the occasion.

THE bride, who was led to the altar by her father, wore a handsome gown of cream satin, made with full sleeves and long train, and completed by the usual tulle veil caught with orange blossoms, and she wore a diamond brooch, which was her present from the bridegroom.

THE two bridesmaids were both sisters of the bride, and wore very pretty costumes of pale salmon pink material with bronze velvet hats, and bronze shoes, stockings, and gloves, and each wore their gifts from the bridegroom—small gold brooches.

MR H. ROD, brother of the bridegroom, and Mr H. Coffey, brother of the bride, both attended the bridegroom, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Devoy.

THE party afterwards drove to Mr Coffey's residence at Oriental Bay, where Mrs Coffey received a large number of guests. She wore a handsome black silk gown trimmed with lace and a small black bonnet with flowers. A number of beautiful presents were received, among them being a large painting of the Johnsonville encampment, this being a present from the employes of Rod Bros.

CHRISTCHURCH CARNIVAL WEEK.

VERY gay indeed has the City of the Plains been the last few days. Fortunately, the weather for Cup Day was magnificent, a good wholesome shower the previous day tempering the air delightfully, freshening things up, and making travelling a pleasure. The town was simply like a hive of bees, and gradually the stream set in down to the railway station and along the Riccarton Road, where might be seen numbers of private carriages, drag parties, and an occasional imposing four-in-hand with tokens of luncheon which could not be hidden. These were strongly suggestive of real enjoyment at the course, being independent of everybody. The arrival of the trams followed close upon one another, and the stand was quickly filled to overflowing with an elegant and well-dressed crowd. The brilliance of the ladies' dresses, the velvety sward in front of the stand with its gay border of flowers, the course in perfect order, backed by a dark belt of trees, with the snow-capped Southern Alps in the distance, made a most charming picture. It is a well-known fact that ladies take a keen interest in racing, and many were the signs of the little bits of paper being drawn by the daintily gloved hand from the opera glass case or some such receptacle 'just to add to the fun.'

ON CUP DAY

some of the gowns worn were extremely handsome, notably, Mrs Heaton Rhodes, in an opal-tinted satin trimmed with *point d'Alençon* lace, Leghorn hat with cream feathers and ribbon to match the dress; Mrs Hunter-Blair, in a lovely shade of grey with three small frills headed with silver passementerie round the skirt at wide intervals, grey hat and feathers to match; Mrs Rhodes (Elmwood), grey brocade with fine black lace flounce, satin and lace mantle, grey passementerie bonnet with pink flowers and aigrette; Mrs Alfer Clark, a yellow crepon trimmed with black velvet, hat to match; Mrs George Rhodes (Timaru), pink and white crepon flounced to the waist, floral bonnet; Mrs G. Rhodes (Meadowbank), a lovely grey silk gown trimmed with brocade and lace, hat with foliage and grey feathers; Mrs Arthur Rhodes, handsome black satin dress trimmed with white lace, bonnet to correspond; Mrs A. Boyle, very pretty costume of fawn trimmed with lilac, floral bonnet of lilac; Lady—Boyle, simple and pretty costume of white with large hat; Hon. Mrs Parker, very dark silk with bands to the waist of white lace insertion, lace shoulder cape, hat with pink flowers; Mrs G. G. Stead, pretty grey and blue shot gown trimmed with pale blue, bonnet to match; Mrs Harley, very handsome moss green satin with vieux rose brocade front and vest, bonnet to match; Mrs Pitman, pale blue and pink crepon flounced to the waist, and frilled sleeves, tiny jet bonnet with pink roses; Mrs Ronalds, black silk, and lace mantle; Mrs James Mills (Dunedin), a very stylish gown of figured brown and electric silk with trimming of plain electric, and jewelled trimming, black bonnet with jet butterfly and wreath of yellow roses; Mrs Kettle, black silk, the bodice trimmed with blue, black lace hat with blue plume; Mrs Wynn-Williams, black silk gown and lace mantle, bonnet relieved with white; Misses Wynn-Williams, pretty white spotted muslins, white hats with pink roses, sunshades of frilled spotted muslin to match; Mrs Ranald Macdonald, cinnamon brown cloth with black moiré revers, lemon-coloured silk vest, hat trimmed to match; Miss Gould, pretty grey gown with shot rose coloured trimmings, picture hat with sprays of roses; Mrs Wilding, grey shot gown, lace trimmed, hat *en suite*; Miss Royse (Dunedin), heliotrope, and white check, white hat; Mrs Denniston, fawn-coloured dress trimmed with black lace, bonnet *en suite*; Mrs Wason, pink and white striped crepon, lace trimmed, bonnet with pink flowers, feather boa; Mrs George Lee, pale pink crepon, bands and bodice trimmed with green, bonnet to match; Mrs Ogle, paler shade of pink crepon with bands and trimmings of black velvet; Miss Palmer, rainbow crépon, picture hat with wreath of cream roses; Miss Hutton, tussore silk gown with lace flounce, and bodice prettily trimmed with lace, hat to match; Mrs Cowlishaw, handsome brocaded silk, black mantle with velvet shoulder frills, gold wire bonnet with pink roses; Miss Cowlishaw, green shot crépon with pale pink vest; hat to correspond; Mrs P. Campbell, an exquisite gown of pale green silk, pale pink trimming veiled with black lace, bonnet *en suite*; Mrs Peacock wore a handsome black costume; Mrs C. Clark, very handsome blue silk covered with fine black lace, lace mantle, and bonnet with blue; Mrs Tabart, in black with floral bonnet; Miss Tabart, white crépon with black velvet sleeves, lace and jet hat with yellow roses; Miss — Tabart, very pretty soft grey and pale green, picture hat with flowers; Miss — Tabart, pale pink; Miss Buchanan, very pretty costume of black relieved with white; Mrs M. Campbell, black silk, puff sleeves and vest of white veiled with black lace; Mrs J. Milton (Birch Hill), grey and pale blue gown and hat; Miss N. Hadley, primrose coloured crepon, lace hat with flowers; Mrs R. D. Thomas, very pale soft material with grey-blue silk trimmings, bonnet to match with blue wings; Miss Thomas, pretty pink and white dress; hat to match; Mrs W. P. Reeves, brown cloth trimmed with braid, hat with yellow; Miss Reeves, black and white striped silk; Miss N. Reeves, pale green crépon with pink trimming, floral hat; Mrs Lascelles, pretty costume of black and pink; Mrs W. D. Mearns, handsome brown silk and velvet gown with yellow crepon vest, small bonnet to match; Miss Mearns, very pretty white dress with silver passementerie, white hat; Miss N. Mearns, white pique costume, sailor hat; Miss E. Helmore, pale blue gown, hat to match; Mrs W. Stringer, handsome brown satin and velvet, gold lace bonnet with lilac wreath and aigrette, white lace sunshade; Mrs Quaine, pale corded material with tiny green spot, bodice prettily trimmed with silk lace, bonnet with roses, white embroidered chiffon sunshade; Mrs E. Deacon, dark brown corded dress stylishly trimmed with green silk and cream lace, white hat and feathers; Mrs Overton, fawn dress with heliotrope shot silk trimming, small bonnet with heliotrope flowers; Miss Overton, grey dress with shot vieux rose velvet, lace hat; Mrs Burns, cream silk trimmed with green, pretty cream hat; Mrs Jennings, pale green dress with purple and green shot puff sleeves, bonnet to match; Mrs H. R. Webb, black costume, bonnet with white wreath; Miss M. Webb, grey dress with zouave and bands of electric blue velvet, cream hat and flowers; Mrs F. Thompson, pretty grey dress trimmed with green velvet, bands and lace, bonnet to match; Mrs Gilbert, grey gown with petunia velvet trimming, small jet bonnet; Miss K. Deacon, very pretty pale pink and white gown, white hat; Mrs H. Nelson, fawn and green figured dress trimmed with green silk and cream lace, hat to match; Miss Willis, apricot dulaine with heliotrope sprays and foliage, puffed yoke of heliotrope silk with bands of green plush, hat to match; Mrs Appleby, fawn gown, bodice with green velvet, small jacket trimmed with jet, fawn hat with foliage; Mrs C. Cook, brown and white tweed with white and gold heliocate vest, brown hat and feathers; Mrs Walcot Wood, pretty black fancy material, pink silk yoke veiled with lace, hat trimmed with wreath and pink bow, fawn cloak faced with pink; Mrs G. Martin, black and white silk trimmed with white lace, small bonnet to match; Mrs Symes, pink and green shot dress, hat trimmed to match; Mrs James Henderson, tan-coloured gown with black bands on bodice and skirt, bonnet to correspond; Miss Walker, pale green and black lace, hat to match; Miss Naider, very pretty pale blue dress trimmed with white lace, white hat; Miss King, pale blue with bands of velvet of darker shade, jet and blue tulle bonnet; Miss Clark, white crepon trimmed with deep lace, white hat; Mrs Rousse, black velvet with pale pink facings, bonnet to correspond; Mrs Carrick, rseda green dress with black trimmings, black bonnet with flowers; Mrs A. Ollivier, black costume; Miss Thomson, pink and white crepon, white hat; Mrs Hamer, petunia-coloured gown, velvet-trimmed, black hat with flowers; Mrs Robb, pale blue and white costume, white hat; Mrs Graham, shot costume of pink and green, floral bonnet; Miss Graham, very pale green with small satin flower of pale pink, puffed yoke of white net with gold galoon, white hat; Miss Kinsey, pink crepon with bands, zouave and puff sleeves of shot green and pink velvet, cream hat and feathers, and pink roses under the brim; Mrs J. Anderson, Mrs Lomax-Smith, Mrs Wanklyn, and numbers more helped to make the bright picture it was. Nearly all the gowns were short, and much be-frilled and trimmed with lace. Green seemed the favourite trimming, and many gloves with coloured stitching were to be seen. Miss Myra Kemble was on the lawn during the afternoon in an elegant dress of cream crepon with accordion skirt and bodice, Swiss belt and cuffs of handsome gold passementerie, cream hat and feathers, and lace sunshade.

Among the

VISITORS TO CHRISTCHURCH

are Miss Ida Johnstone (Wellington), and Mr and Mrs James Mills (Dunedin), who are guests of the Hon. Mrs E. W. Parker. Mrs Royse (Dunedin) is staying with Mrs G. G. Stead. Mr and Mrs Hosking are also up from Dunedin. The latter looked charming the other day in a grey and red shot dress, with red shot silk accordion bodice, grey hat and feathers. Major and Mrs George, Mr and Mrs Beetham, Misses Williams (Wellington), Miss Le Cren, Miss Hay, Hon. G. McLean, Mr and Mrs G. Buckley, Mr Werry (Wellington), and many others.

The old Provincial Buildings were completely transformed on the occasion of the Christchurch Jockey Club Ball. This is notably *the* ball of the year; but the stewards, Messrs E. W. Parker, H. Allen Scott, W. D. Meares, P. Campbell and G. Palmer, have this time eclipsed all previous efforts. Supper was laid in the pretty Council Chamber, which looked like a large conservatory. Numbers of small tables were used, and with the wealth of floral decorations which were in the capable hands of Messrs Nairn and Son, made a charming supper room. The front of the gallery, and the niches of the windows were filled with palms and pot plants in full flower; azaleas, pelargoniums, and geraniums. The catering was entrusted to Mr J. B. Buggy; seating accommodation was for over 100 at a time, and everything in and out of season was to be found. Passing along to the drawing-room, those who use it as the Land Board room would not have recognised it, pretty draperies of orange and white and pink and white Liberty muslin were festooned from the ceiling, the walls gracefully draped, and the spaces filled in with mirrors and fans. Inviting lounges and chairs were arranged with A. J. White's well-known taste, he having charge of the decorations. The floral display was also lovely. The corridors were wreathed with evergreens, the number of Chinese lanterns making a pretty show. The ball-room, which opened off the corridor, was put up for the occasion, the floor space of the Council Chamber being found too small for some years past. Here again the decorations were exceedingly pretty, crimson and white only being used, the beautiful nikau palms showing to much advantage; mirrors, fans and flowers everywhere, and plenty of light, the gas being laid on. Smokers were not forgotten, a large marquée was erected outside for their benefit, with plenty of lounges etc. Several of the offices were used as dressing-rooms, the whole arrangements being perfect. The music was supplied by Mr Fleming's band, and the visitors, numbering over three hundred, can only sound its praises.

GOWNS WORN AT THE JOCKEY CLUB BALL.

Mrs A. Bullock, in a handsome dress of dark fawn and black brocade, looked remarkably well; Miss Bullock, pretty dress of yellow crepon trimmed with chocolate ruche; Miss Nessie Bullock, cream silk and crushed strawberry; they both carried lovely shower bouquets of roses to match their dresses; Mrs A. Boyle, very handsome dress of pale pearl grey satin; Mrs Burns, cream satin with elaborate trimmings of buttercups (one of the handsomest gowns in the room); Mrs Alister Clarke wore decidedly the handsomest dress rich white watered silk and yellow satin, costly diamond necklet and ornaments; Mrs Cameron, palest pink brocade trimmed with pale green (a very pretty dress); Miss Courage (Amberley), white brocade with long Watteau train; Mrs Graham, wallflower brown trimmed with velvet of a darker shade; her daughter, in a pretty green; Mrs Hunter-Blair looked charming in a turquoise blue satin and primrose velvet, with turquoise and diamond necklet; Miss Helmore, eau-de-nil silk; Miss Hutton, in cream satin and silver brocade, looked well; Miss May Kinsey, in buttercup silk and mignonette green velvet, was very pretty; Miss Lean, pale heliotrope chiffon; Mrs Laurie, cream silk with wallflower brown velvet; Mrs Kettle (Napier), handsome gown of pale blue silk with pink trimmings; Mrs Mills (Dunedin), white satin and crystal with diamonds; Mrs Ranald McDonald was pretty in dark striped silk; Miss McIlwraith looked sweet in palest pink silk and lace; Mrs Ogle wore a most uncommon and striking dress of olive green satin and heliotrope, with wreaths of violets on each shoulder, and a beautiful heliotrope feather fan; she was very much admired; Mrs Pyne, cream brocade and silver; Mrs Pitman, white satin and lovely lace with pink roses; the Hon. Mrs Parker was charming in pale blue brocade with diamond stars, and necklet of large moonstones; Miss Olive Palmer, charming dress of pale green silky crepon; Miss Nina Meares (*a debutante*), white satin and lace; Mrs Ronalds, black velvet; Mrs Heaton Rhodes looked very graceful and pretty in cream and palest mauve brocade, with trimmings of crystal on the bodice, lovely diamonds; Mrs W. P. Reeves, black satin and gold; Mrs Stead, pale blue and grey; Mrs Lomax Smith looked very graceful in black lace and jet ornaments; Mrs W. Thompson (Kaiuri), black and white; Miss Thomas, black satin trimmed with white; Miss Wynn-Williams, white satin and lace; Mrs C. Wood (Kaikoura) very elegant cream silk and lace; Mrs P. Campbell, lovely gown of fawn silk, green trimmings; Mrs Cowlishaw, handsome dress of brown satin; Miss Babington, electric blue bengaline with shrimp pink velvet trimming; Miss Cowlishaw, yellow dress with bands of black velvet; Miss Mabel Gould, white and pink gown; Miss Maggie Hay, pale blue; Miss Mills, tasteful dress of white silk; Miss Carrie Millton, yellow surah with sapphire blue trimmings; Mrs Devenish Meares, brown velvet with pink front; Miss Meares, pretty white dress with black trimming; Miss Violet Meares, pink and white; Miss Powell, deep yellow bengaline; Mrs G. Rhodes (Timaru) handsome gowns of eau-de-nil brocade; Miss Thomas Try was pretty in eau-de-nil brocade; Miss McKae (Tekoa), red net; her sister, white, with crystal net sleeves; Miss Edith Tabart, white with bright green trimming; Miss Mary Tabart, all white; Miss Greenwood, a pretty gown all white; Mrs Mason, white brocade with vieux rose trimming; Miss Todhunter, white and black; Miss M. Courage, white brocade; Miss Davie, white with buttercup; Miss Studholme looked very graceful in white

brocade: Mrs W. C. Walter, white silk with dark trimming; Mrs France, black; Miss Ida Cowlishaw, white; Miss L. G. Cowlishaw wore yellow; Miss Royse (Dunedin), white satin and lace (very pretty); Mrs Courage, black; Mrs Tanner, white satin with crystal trimming; Mrs G. Helmore, light brown satin with darker shade of trimming; Mrs Denniston, green silk with dark trimming; Miss Lingard, black lace; Miss Palairet, white; Mrs Henry Slater, white and buttercup silk; Miss McDonald, black; Miss Allan (*débutante*), white; Mrs Allan, brown silk; Miss E. Mendelsohn (Temuka), pale blue silk; Miss A. Mendelsohn, white; Miss E. Stringer, pale blue brocade; Mrs Quane, lovely brown embossed dress trimmed with pink; Miss River, yellow; Miss Winter, white; Miss Turton, pale green; Mrs Bruges, white; Miss Mabel Gray, pale blue; Miss Isabel Hill, Miss Hannah wore white; Mrs H. H. Prius, handsome black gown; Mrs and Miss J. Hardy Johnston, Mrs F. Lance, Mrs Birch, Mrs G. A. Buckley, Mrs Cutten, Miss E. A. Davie, Mrs Gaisford, Mrs H. F. Gray, Mrs Hoskings, Miss Russell, Mrs J. F. Smithson, Mrs J. A. Sutton, Mrs Wilder, Miss Walker, were also present handsomely gowned. Many of our Christchurch girls spoil a pretty dress by a bad carriage, and cannot be complimented on their deportment in a ballroom. Some of the gentlemen present were Messrs W. Devenish, Meares, W. H. Montgomery, H. Goodson, Johnston, J. B. Reid, T. W. Anderson, Welcher, Clarence F. Turner, J. Way, F. Quince, Turnbull, C. W. Williams, Dr. Meares, Messrs H. N. Watson, W. Donnelly, W. B. Scott, H. Acton Adams, Starkey, Burton, Burns, Lane, Malcolm Lean, J. F. Reid, H. W. Perry, Geo. Palmer, H. P. Slater, M. Clarke, Birch, Y. D. Reid, Anderson, Wanklyn, R. Allan, Quarle, Haydon, J. H. Sutton, G. Cotterill, Eden George (Mayor), Justice Denniston, G. A. Buckley, Pat. Campbell, G. Gourgie, Hon. Reeves, Messrs Boyle, S. F. Smithson, Duncan, Cameron, G. Williamson, Wyndham, Gray, Helmore, Dr. Palmer, Messrs G. Tabor, J. D. Williamson, Hon. W. C. Walker, Messrs W. J. Dundas Walker, W. A. Ridings, Mendelsohn, Dr. Prius, Mr F. J. Cowlishaw. One half of the gentlemen and a large number of ladies omitted to insert their names on their cards, which prevents our giving a complete list.

THE METROPOLITAN MEETING

on Wednesday was ushered in by a strong nor'-wester, with clouds of dust. The heat during the early part of the day was oppressive, but the visitors who had come, and others bent on seeing the Derby won or lost, were not, however, to be put out by a little inconvenience, and the stream again set in by the principal routes to Riccarton course, where by afternoon a large assemblage had gathered, though not equal to that on Cup day. Mr A. Boyle acted as a starter, Mr Lance having resigned, and the races were got off in capital time, avoiding the tedious waits of Tuesday. Mr Boyle gave the greatest satisfaction, gaining hearty cheers for his clever piloting, and the pretty starts effected on several races. Mr Reid's 'Skirmisher' had the honour of being decorated with the blue ribbon, which was deftly performed by the Hon. Mrs E. W. Parker, the horse looking very conscious and proud himself as he paraded the lawn. Some little disappointment was felt that 'Yellow Silk' and 'Reflector' did not show up first, but such is life. Rain came on during the afternoon, but not enough to do much damage. The ladies for the most part wore light gowns; white and drill costumes of tussore colour, or blue, etc., with coloured silk blouses were very much worn.

Mrs A. Boyle wore her fawn and heliotrope, with hat to match; a young lady with her wore a blue drill gown and jacket trimmed with rows of white braid, the fashionable burnt straw hat with plain band of ribbon, very hard and unbecoming to most people; Hon. Mrs Parker, navy blue and white silk double skirt trimmed with white lace, white chip hat with feathers; Mrs Pyne, grey drill trimmed with black, brown hat trimmed with pink and black quills; Mrs Lomax Smith, cream dress trimmed with lace, small hat with feathers; Mrs G. Lee, white spotted muslin over heliotrope, bonnet to match; Mrs Lee, shot green, with heliotrope bands on bodice and skirt, hat *en suite*; Mrs Ronalds, handsome black silk and lace mantle; Mrs Kettle (Napier), brown silk with electric blue on the bodice, hat to match; Mrs James Mills, dull green striped with orange, heliotrope silk sleeves, heliotrope hat to match; Mrs Hankins, dark green satin trimmed with black brocade, bonnet to correspond; Mrs Stead, light green silk covered with black net, small green bonnet; Mrs George Rhodes, pale grey satin with sleeves brocaded in pink, grey hat and feathers; Mrs G. Rhodes, black and green figured silk, green silk frills covered with black lace, black hat relieved with green; Mrs Hunter-Blair, cream gown with three flounces to the waist edged with pale blue covered with lace, *chapeau en suite*; Mrs Slater, shot green and red terry trimmed with green velvet and cream lace, small bonnet; Miss Ronalds, cream silk trimmed with lace, brown hat with sprays of lilac; Miss Campbell, white dress and jacket, sailor hat and coloured blouse; Miss Hewitt, pale green with white lace, white hat; Mrs W. Stringer, white drill costume, black and silver blouse striped with pink, sailor hat; Mrs Quane, tussore-coloured drill dress and jacket, with heliotrope blouse, sailor hat; Mrs E. Deacon, blue serge skirt, white blouse, black velvet zouave trimmed with jet, white hat with ostrich feather; Mrs Cox, electric blue dress handsomely trimmed with gold passementerie, bonnet to match; Miss Hardy Johnstone, brown hat trimmed with bands of velvet piped with pink, hat with roses; Mrs C. Louisson, fawn costume trimmed with green veiled with cream lace, black hat with tiny wreath round the brim and red roses; Mrs W. C. Wood (Kaikoura), fawn dress with small pink flower, white bonnet; Mrs Walcot Wood, black and pink, black hat with wreath round the brim, and shaded pink bow; Mrs Harley, handsome black costume; Mrs A. F. Roberts, pretty grey dress with full yoke of pink silk, black and pink hat; Mrs Nelson, fawn and green figured dress trimmed with green silk and lace, hat *en suite*; Mrs Wills, white muslin, sailor hat; Mrs A. Cuff, black costume, purple flowers in bonnet; Mrs K. Turner (Timaru), brown dress with shot silk purple and green trimming, bonnet with small purple wreath; Miss McRae (Wellington), light brown and white tweed dress and jacket, pink blouse, white hat with feathers and pink roses; Mrs G. H. Croxton, pink and white delaine with black bands, bonnet to match; Miss Raphael, shot corduroy, shoulder capes and bodice trimmed with velvet, black hat; Mrs A. Wilson, fawn dress with bands of brown velvet, small bonnet; Mrs H. Johnston (Dunedin), very rich dress of grey poplin, accordion chiffon sleeves, grey hat and feathers, cloak to match lined with grey silk; Mrs P. Campbell, blue drill costume, sailor hat; Miss King, pretty grey dress, black hat with pink wreath; Mrs G. Martin, black and heliotrope silk trimmed with cream lace, small bonnet; Mrs Weymouth, shot green and brown with passementerie yoke, flower-trimmed hat; Mrs Lyell, brown dress trimmed with velvet, velvet jacket, cream hat and feathers; Miss Deamer, pretty grey dress, white hat with pink roses; Mrs A. Gilbert, fawn dress with violet, greeny-grey velvet trimmings, small bonnet; also the Misses Way, Wilson, Godfrey, Blakeley, Pilliett, Meares, Graham, Martin, Thomas, Powell, and numbers more.

DOLLY VALE.

Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, NOVEMBER 14.

As it was fine for the Prince of Wales' birthday, I have a good many items of news for you. First, however, I will describe the frocks worn at

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL SPORTS

in the Domain on Wednesday. Among a host of stylish costumes I noticed Mrs J. W. Tibbs, black silk, stylish lace bonnet; Mrs Sloman, navy costume, navy bonnet relieved with red; Mrs Lippiatt, coral pink flowered delaine, hat with watered silk ribbon to match; the Misses Whitson, white and pink blouse dark skirts, large white hats; Mrs Brown, pink and fawn zephyr cloth, bonnet to match; Miss Sybil Davis looked pretty in a simple pink blouse over dark skirt, white sailor hat; her two small sisters wore pale cream-coloured dresses and large hats to match; Mrs Rice, black silk and lace, small lace bonnet relieved with deep lemon-coloured velvet; Miss W. Rice, navy, hat to match; Misses Daisy and Stella Rice, white blouses over dark tweed skirts, large sun hats trimmed with pink and white; Miss Wilson (Whangarei), pearl-grey tweed, trimming of white brocade, hat to match; Mrs T. Peacock, handsome black satin richly trimmed with lace, dainty lace bonnet; Miss Peacock, black and white blouse over dark skirt, large hat; Miss M. Peacock, pretty pink blouse, tweed skirt, hat to match.

DRESSES AT PONSONBY JUVENILE 'AT HOME.'

The costumes were for the most part fancy. Among others I noticed:—Girls: Miss Hanna, pretty Italian Peasant Girl; Miss T. Hart, Flora; Miss F. Hudson, Skirt Dress; Miss Hudson, evening dress; Miss Florrie Dixon, Japanese Lady; Miss Mabel Leighton, French Zouave; Miss Kate Devore, Fairy; Miss Eva Beale, Red Riding Hood; Miss Blanche Devore, Fairy; Miss Constance Bach, Stars and Stripes; Miss A. M. Caldwell, pretty cream evening dress; Miss Lands, Kate Greenaway; Miss Belle Bach, Sweet Girl Graduate; Miss Muriel Thompson, Little Dame Durden; Miss Winnifred Hartley Leys, Skirt Dancer; Miss Grace E. Whitelaw, Powder and Patches; Miss Gittos, pale blue evening dress; May Scott, Fairy Queen; Miss Woodyear, 'Zouave'; May Woodyear, Tambourine Girl; Ethel Atkinson, Watteau Shepherdess; M. Stodart, Hospital Nurse; M. Whitelaw, Nancy Lee; S. Campbell, Court Lady; M. Macindoe Court Lady; Mrs Ralph, evening dress; Miss Hill, stylish shot lavender evening dress; Effie Hanna, Romp; B. Stodart, Nancy Lee; Miss Campbell, evening dress; Alma Crawshaw, 'A Daisy'; Lilian Crawshaw, Esmeralda; Miss Douglas, Good Luck; Linda Connolly, Court Lady; Miss Connolly, Tambourine Girl; Miss Beale, black evening dress; Lilian Devore, Fairy; L. Bell, Little Sweetheart; Mrs J. J. Holland, evening dress; F. E. Holland, Oriental Dancer; M. Raynes, Romp; L. Raynes, America; Mrs Hanna, handsome black lace evening dress; Miss Dennes, Skirt Dancer; Nellie Douglas, Esmeralda; Miss Porter, Romp. The remaining costumes I cannot give, as the characters were omitted on the tickets, but the names are as follows:—Misses Nellie Scott, Ettie Squirrel, Beatrice Ponsford, Marie Ralph, J. Squirrel, L. Haven, Ethel Percival, Eva Leighton, J. Tye, Bertha Butler, Constance and Madge Butler. Boys: Master Alfie Woodyear, Sailor H.M.S. Pinafore; his brother looked well as a Neapolitan Fisher Boy; Fred Bach, Page; B. Upton, Jack Tar; P. Upton, Irishman; W. Morpeth, Hungarian Prince; Trevor Gulliver, Middy; A. G. Holland, Corkman; Bert Holland, Cricketer. The remainder of the boys (whose characters have been omitted from their tickets) and gentlemen in evening dress are as follows: Messrs Edgecumbe, Joe Caldwell, F. A. Clarke, W. Russell, Jourdain, James Caldwell, Ralph Collins, Duthie, Gerald Ralph, Ray Adams, B. Osmond, Bach, Hatton, A. A. Hough, Roy Squirrel, A. G. Bennett, Scott, King, Scott, Hanna, Airey, C. Ballantyne, etc.

DRESSES AT THE RACES

on Prince of Wales' Birthday. The lawn looked very summery, as so many of the ladies were frocked in white and other light colours. Mrs W. Bloomfield appeared to advantage in grey, marked with bouton d'or spots; the bodice was profusely trimmed with Mechlin lace; she wore a picture fawn hat with yellow roses; Miss Griffiths was very much admired in rose pink nun's veiling with dark green velvet bands, picture openwork straw hat with pink roses; Mrs (Colonel) Dawson, stylish cornflower blue, gem hat; Miss Rookes and Miss Forbes were similarly attired in three-quarter bodices, but differing in colour, the former wearing light grey, and the latter simple white; Miss Bursill was charming in cornflower blue skirt, white blouse with cornflower spots, sailor hat *en suite*; Miss Flossie Whyte, navy dress and white vest; Miss Gypsy Walker, grey skirt, white blouse; and her sister, steel grey; Miss Beale, brown; Mrs Walker, black, lace bonnet; Mrs Nolan, pretty small pink and white bonnet, blue zephyr; Mrs L. D. Nathan, handsome black silk with beads and lace, fawn hat with pink roses; Mrs Alfred Nathan, very stylish gown of brown corduroy, pink vest of tulle, and bands of pink, straw hat with feathers; Mrs Devore, black silk, bonnet *en suite*; Miss Dunnett, neat-fitting navy; Miss Percival, brown; Miss Edith Percival looked pretty in lavender crinkley material, hat with flowers *en suite*; Miss L. Baker, grey dress with velvet bands; Miss Ella Baker looked well in white, sailor hat to match; Mrs Worsp, lavender brocaded silk; Miss Ida Worsp, Chartreuse green cashmere relieved with white silk, picture hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Hilda Worsp, brown holland, white vest; Mrs Hope Lewis, brown dress with blue trimmings; Miss Fenton, grey, and her sister, navy; Mrs Dennison, white frock, lavender vest; Miss Lawford, white with pink vest; Mrs C. Haines wore one of the most striking gowns on the lawn—blue, yellow and green in small stripes on a black silk background, bonnet with red velvet; Mrs Moss Davis, fawn frock trimmed with black satin; Miss Moss Davis, navy skirt, pink and white blouse, hat with pink ribbon; and her sister, Miss Sybil, navy skirt and zouave, white blouse, sailor hat; the Misses Thorpe were attired similarly in fawn holland, one wearing a pink vest and the other blue; Mrs A. Taylor, steel grey; Miss L. Von Sturmer, navy serge skirt, pink blouse, flat sailor hat with pink ribbon; Mrs Frank Buckland, black; and her daughter looked well in grey with black velvet; Mrs Goodhue, handsome black flowered delaine; Mrs Isaacs, black trimmed with lavender veiled in black guipure lace, bonnet with lavender flowers; Miss Kate Isaacs, brown with green velvet trimmings; Miss Edith Isaacs, black dress, hat with violet veil; Miss Cashel, black cashmere with heliotrope bands; Mrs Isidor Alexander, lavender silk with deep lace flounce and bands of lace for trimmings, black tulle hat with heliotrope flowers; Miss Cora Alexander, electrique green cashmere; Miss Johnston, dark skirt, red plaid blouse, white sailor hat; Miss Blanche Banks, galois grey with white sleeves and Empire sash, white hat with roses; Miss Edith Banks, dark skirt, cream blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Harry Jackson, handsome pink crinkley gown; Miss Elliot, plain white and grey crinkley gown; Mrs Robert Walker, buis gown, buis hat with pink flowers; Miss Walker (Parnell), a combination of fawn and beige; Mrs Lucas Bloomfield, white canvas, sailor hat with pink; Miss Devereux, tabac cashmere with flowered vest, crinkley hat with pink roses; Mrs Upfil, black. I think the gentlemen are quite as worthy of notice as the ladies, so I will mention a few of the stylish suits. Mr W. Bloomfield looked well in Ardoise grey tweed; Mr Hanna, galois grey; Lieut. Hume, navy, with becoming white sailor hat; Mr Angus Gordon, dark check suit with striking plaid waistcoat.

MRS WHITSON'S LARGE DANCE IN MASONIC HALL.

Mrs Whitson wore a handsome old gold silk veiled with white lace; Miss Whitson, stylish canary silk with bows and trimming of black velvet; her sister was extremely pretty in pale pink with border of white silk on the skirt; Miss Nashelski, pretty white gown; Mrs Worsp, black silk trimmed with old gold; Mrs Seigner, pale pink flowered gown trimmed with green velvet, tulle sleeves; her niece, bouton d'or crêpon; Mrs Ireland, black silk; Miss Griffiths was fascinating in rich brocaded white silk; Miss Lily Ireland, colons sateen; Miss E. Ireland looked nice in a rich white silk; Miss Whyte, mexique blue art muslin; Miss Flossie Whyte, white silk; Miss Blanche Banks, black lace and yellow roses; Miss Edith Banks, white tulle; Miss Cogswell (Melbourne) looked remarkably well in a rich white silk relieved with deep white lace; Miss — Hesketh, white Liberty silk; Miss Buckland, becoming light navy silk with cream chiffon trimmings; and her sister a striking lavender; Miss Thorpe, black lace, bouton d'or bébé sleeves; Mrs Walker, black silk; Misses Kerr-Taylor, white silks; Miss Worsp, Gobelin blue with terra bands; Miss Hilda Worsp was a pretty study in white; Miss Suttie, black lace with mauve flowers and ribbons; Miss Ethel Hull, white; and her sister was admired in a rich pink silk; Miss Johnstone, pale pink bengaline with green silk trimmings; Mrs A. Taylor (Parnell) looked very well in lilac; Miss Gould, white crêpon; Miss Von Sturmer, white crêpon with blue Empire sash; Miss Singleton, black velvet trimmed with light pink; Miss Firth, white crêpon with royal blue sleeves; Miss Cameron, white cashmere; Miss Elliot, simple white gown; Miss Gypsy Walker looked remarkably well in maize-coloured Liberty silk; Miss M. Gorrie, pale pink veiled with silver and grey gauze net; Miss (Frank) Buckland pale grey silk; Miss Bankhardt, pale grey and pink; Miss L. Gorrie, white and green silk, and many others I did not know. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs H. Bloomfield, Busby, Bush, Clark, Battley, Noakes, Wynyard (three), Elliot (two), Suttie, Gould, Watkis, Kissling, McCormick, Frater, Johnston, Taylor, Thorpe, Stevenson, Goodhue, Anderson, Hull, Hulme, Thomson, Carr, Bruce, Jervis, Herrold, Bell, Lieutenant Hume, Captain Worsp, etc., etc.

PHYLLIS BROUNE.

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, NOVEMBER 10.

Next week I hope to have a more interesting budget of news, for we shall have the Show at Petone, which is always a very large gathering; a large ball, which is to be given at the Hutt by several ladies who reside there—Mesdames Riddiford, Scales, Treadwell, Beattie, Jackson, Whitehead, Wilford, Purdy, Fitzherbert, and Lady Hector—on Show night; the Flower Show, a Chamber Concert, and the Palmer-Beaumont concerts, so that our dull time is over for a while.

BLAND HOLT AND COMPANY

have just finished a most successful season. 'A Million of Money' seems to have taken better than anything else, the scenery and general stage managing in this being the admiration of all.

As soon as the Palmer-Beaumont Company leave, Miss Myra Kemble opens at the Theatre Royal in her comedy, 'A White Lie,' which is said to be very good, Miss Kemble and Mr Sass taking the leading parts.

You will be sorry to hear that Mr and Mrs Tudor Atkinson have been

BURNT OUT.

Some few months ago they moved from Wadestown to a new house in Wright-street, and this was a few days ago burnt to the ground while the whole household was out. Much sympathy is felt for them, for Mrs Atkinson has lost all her beautiful wedding presents, among which were some valuable pictures painted by her father, and many other things which can never be replaced. I believe there was absolutely nothing saved, and Mr and Mrs Atkinson and family are now staying with their relatives until some arrangements can be made.

The weather on

THE PRINCE OF WALES' BIRTHDAY

was most disagreeable—a strong northerly wind was blowing all day long, so that, although fine, it was hardly the day for excursions, picnics, etc. However, in spite of the wind, large numbers of people went into the country or else visited the Basin Reserve, where the sports took place.

Mr and Mrs George Beetham, and Mr and Mrs Comber, of Petone, leave for England by the next direct boat.

The Horticultural and Florists' Society have arranged a ladies' committee for the coming Spring Show, the ladies having undertaken the refreshment and flower stalls. The show of roses this year is expected to be very large—that is, if the weather continues mild until the show.

OPHELIA.

Letters from Nelson, Picton, Napier, and Oamaru are unavoidably held over.

SLUMBER LAND.

'MAMMA, take her darling baby,'
Says a tired little voice;
'Baby sleepy; sing "Row, brothers;"'
This is often baby's choice.

Little head of silken ringlets,
By the summer sunlight crowned
Till its golden rays entangled
Fast in baby's curls were bound,

Drooping rests on mamma's bosom,
And forgetful of the day,
Happy thoughts to dreamland gliding
Fade in sunset light away.

'Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.'

Snowy lids, like tender petals,
Close upon the eyes of blue;
Mother thinks no gem could rival
That serene and perfect hue.

Little hands devoutly folded
Seem to speak a silent prayer;
Surely some sweet angel whispers
To my sleeping one so fair.

'Blow, breezes, blow; the stream runs fast;
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.'

So may I, my darling treasure,
Lay me down in peace to sleep;
When the night of earth is over,
'Pray the Lord my soul to keep;'

And with such divine composure
Fold my weary hands to rest,
As I drift into the haven
Where immortal souls are blest.

ANNIE RUSSELL.

CURIOS IN JEWELLRY.

RINGS MADE TO ORDER—TWIN LOCKETS—INTERNATIONAL LOVE TOKENS.

'Do you have many orders for making engagement or other rings from special designs?' was asked a leading jeweller not long ago.

'No, very seldom,' was the reply. 'It is an expensive notion and unless the designer understands such things it is not apt to be satisfactory.'

Nevertheless there is a pleasure in having odd jewellry, and for the cost of a diamond it is possible to procure an odd ring which shall be a delight all one's life and a valuable heirloom for one's children. I know of two such; one an engagement ring and the other the symbol of renunciation—a foregone engagement.

The first is of Etruscan gold, the ring formed of three strands of rope and across the back is laid a tiny anchor, on either side of which is a pearl. It was the fancy of a young girl who met her lover by the sea, and whose courtship was inseparably connected with nautical scenes. To the suggestion that diamonds should be substituted for the pearls she replied, 'No, pearls are more appropriate, for they are of the sea.'

The other ring is a golden serpent, whose head is caught beneath a cross. Shall I tell the story? It was of a true love thwarted by a conscientious difference of creed.

'The girl is living, unmarried, 'tis said,
Perhaps she is single for his dear sake.'

'The cross triumphed, you see,' she said, with a sad, sweet smile when she showed me the ring.

These special rings remind me of a pretty custom that was fashionable in England some score of years ago, and may be still, for aught I know. It was for a jeweller to have designs made for a locket, only two of which were manufactured, and then the design was destroyed. These two lockets were sold, one for a boy baby, the other for a girl, and—well, you may weave any little romance you choose about the idea. I have a strong suspicion myself that some marriage which may have resulted from the discovery of the ownership of twin lockets—those between cousins, for instance, might have taken place without the jewels. Or perhaps foresight on the part of relatives aided the wooing. In short, as Mr Micawber might say, there are cases of 'assisted fate.'

Speaking of lockets reminds me of one designed for an international love-token. It was formed of two coins, the reverse of a St. George sovereign and an American five-dollar piece which were set in a wheel, the spokes of which were diamonds. It made a charming pendant for a watch chain.

A love-emitten gentleman, after conversing awhile with a lady on the interesting topic of matrimony, concluded at last with the emphatic question: 'Will you have me?' 'I am very sorry to disappoint you,' replied the lady, 'and hope my refusal will not give you pain; but I must answer "No."' 'Well, well, that will do,' said her philosophical lover; 'and now suppose we change the subject.'

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN GERMANY.

A FRIEND writing to me from Germany, given some interesting details in connection with wedding ceremonies and engagements in that country. It seems that an engagement is not considered binding until announced in the paper. Then the *fiancés* devote a whole day to driving round and visiting all their acquaintances. Printed cards announcing their betrothal are sent to friends at a distance in the name of the bridegroom elect and the bride's parents. Both *fiancés* wear rings; on the left hand before marriage, on the right after. The bride provides all the furniture, linen, glass, etc., with the exception of her husband's own study or office appurtenances. The civil marriage takes place at the Registry Office early in the morning, in the presence of two witnesses, after which the bride returns to her parents' house, and some hours later is married again in church, when all the guests wear full evening dress. At the civil marriage the bride invariably dresses in black.

There are seldom any bridesmaids, oddly enough, but when there are they are not uniformly dressed. The guests seat themselves in rows of chairs before the altar, two seats being left vacant for the bride and bridegroom, who—in opposition to our English custom—enter the church together, and go first to the vestry, then to the altar. After the wedding a breakfast is given, but our home fancy of a wedding cake is unknown.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

SUMMER SUGGESTIONS.

BEFORE beginning on the important subject of feminine headgear, let me call your attention to Mr Clement Scott's latest word picture of a Japanese belle's head adornment, from observation in the land of the Japs. It is not too fascinating. 'Her head (he tells us) is a marvellous structure. It was done up a week or so ago, and there it has remained intact ever since.' Into 'Ink-black rolls of well-oiled tresses, pile upon pile, roll upon roll, are stuck sprays of artificial flowers, skeins of silk, pins and combs of every imaginable device and colour; and this smart, dust-catching, oily headgear will rest contentedly on a wooden pillow on the mat for the next ten days.' Nor are Mr Scott's impressions of the little 'Misumi's' personal attractions any more alluring; but my lady readers should secure his 'Japanese Curios' and read for themselves, as they will certainly find subject matter to interest them.

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BOWS.

Bows are still worn on summer hats. Here is a good suggestion for those girls who are clever enough to make them at home.

When making a bow, never skimp your ribbon. Three yards should be allowed if you wish to trim a fair sized hat. Never cut the ribbon until the bow is finished. To make a nice full bow of six or eight loops, take the end of the ribbon in your right hand, the wrong side uppermost, holding it towards you. Then pleat it, keeping the pleats as straight as possible. Change the ribbon into the left hand while—with the right—you join the pleats by winding them tightly round with thick (No. 16) cotton. Change it back to the right hand, and make a loop, as long or as short as you desire, by bringing the ribbon over to where the first pleats are fixed. Pleat this loop and join again. Turn the loop and hold it towards you, make another loop, and proceed in this manner until your bow is as large as you require—to keep velvet, etc., the right side outwards, before pleating give it a half-twist. Pass the remaining end round the centre of the bow, being careful to hide the cotton, and slip it through, drawing it tight. If using one of the popular buckles, pass the end through the buckle, and, in either case, cut it sharply off, or secure it at the back.

In making velvet bows, be careful not to crush the velvet when passing it through the buckle or in knotting it. The tighter your ribbon is tied the better your bow will stand up. The length of the loops can be varied according to fancy or requirements, sometimes cutting some of the loops to make sharp ends. In piece velvet such ends must be neatly hemmed.

For the straight bows, now so much worn on hats and bonnets, the loops on each tie bow should exactly correspond in length, though you may have two short loops and two long ones, a long and a short on either side. For practising bow-making get some long strips of coloured glazed calico, and make as many different-shaped bows as you can devise.

When a bow is once made, and firmly tied, it can be pulled into any position. In narrow ribbon it is not necessary to join each loop; turn the loop each time, holding it firmly, as in the broader bows, and when as large as required, form the bow by passing the end through and drawing it tight.

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The first illustration is a young lady's hat in fancy Tuscan, with frilled edge, and small crown with twist of apple-green

velvet. Large flat bows of green broché ribbon, with paste buckle in front.

The third sketch shows a pretty cape in ombré fawn silk, with jetted yoke and shoulder cape with black guipure pleated over it. The cape has two rows of jet round the edge. Small toque with gold jewelled crown; jetted osprey in front, and heliotrope osprey at the back, rising from a cluster of mauve polyanthus, black velvet rosette in front.

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The black dresses are chiefly seen in transparent materials, lace, gauze, grenadine, chiffon, or silk muslin, this last

fabric having been taken largely into favour again as possessing a firmness of substance that chiffon has not. As an instance of the elaboration of the present styles, we illustrate a gown to which this trimming was applied. It was a rich white satin, and on the skirt were five flounces made of black silk muslin, each edged top and bottom with black satin. The sleeves were composed of three frills of black silk muslin. It is trying even to think of the millions of stitches that go to the making of one such gown, and of the poor girls who sit crowded together in sultry workrooms during this torpid weather. Fashion just at present is having a very good innings, for it is many seasons since so many pretty gown were donned. The truth is that the styles adopted this season are remarkably becoming.

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Owing to the tremendous and unexpected popularity of the cross over blouse with ends tied behind, heaps of the ordinary shaped blouses have been left on the shopkeepers' hands, and are being sold off at a tremendous reduction, pretty and fashionable though they are. This is always the result of a run upon any one particular article, and wiser people profit by it, knowing that the fad of the moment will wear itself out all the sooner for being so much run after. And this is particularly so with regard to these handkerchief blouses. Owing to their having got so much over-worn this summer no well-dressed woman will be seen in one next summer, and so the more orthodox ones will come in for a greater share of attention than ever by then.

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By the way a capital way of freshening up a rather plain dark gown, and making it look quite smart and dressy, is to make yourself some fichus to wear with it. One might be made of pale pink crêpon with a frill of the same all round, and another of black fine net with a deep frill of coffee-coloured lace. Both of these look very effective on a plain black gown. The centre of the fichu ought to be a yard square, then the corners are just rounded as the frill is put on, and the fronts are drawn together and fastened, or loosely knotted, just on the chest, the ends hanging below the waist. They give a peculiar old-fashioned grace and charm to a gown.

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A rather quaint old fashion is just beginning to come in again, in the wearing of a narrow band of black velvet round the throat, the collar of the dress being cut rather low to allow of this. A similar band is often worn on the wrists at the same time.

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BLOUSES, AND HOW TO CUT THEM.

Blouses, which are in reality only slightly loose bodices, are made with or without a sack back as you may decide and are designed to be worn beneath the popular jacket.

But unless the material is very costly, or for some reason you are limited as to quantity, it is far better to use silk for the whole, as the false backs are extremely likely to make themselves seen and are also of no use whatever without a figaro or a zouave.

Unlike the bodices, the blouses have no fitted linings, but are made either entirely without, or over cambric of the same cut as the outside.

If you have no pattern, lay that of your fitted bodice, upon the cloth. Cut each front and under-arm piece in one, allowing down the front edge extra width for fulness, and cutting the side seam about midway of the side form, with little or no curve. The darts are not taken up.

Fold one length of your cloth double and lay the back of your back pattern on the fold, ignoring entirely the curve of the waist, preserving the straight line down the middle of the back. Then fit into it, and pin in place the side forms, and then cut beyond the line of the seam on the curve of the arm-hole, then down to the loose edge.

Baste the shoulder and under-arm seams; gather the fulness at the front of the neck, also that at the waist line slightly below it; baste on to neck band and belt. Try it on, make any slight alterations that may be necessary, and stitch the seams.

The extra length between the waistline and the belt will ensure the true blouse effect; and if you have followed all the directions there should be no question as to success. The jabot blouse shows one of the most popular of all that have been seen and makes a really excellent model for silk of any sort. The pleated collar is straight across the back, but falls in long points in the front, and both the collar and the belt are full and soft. For a young girl it is peculiarly good in plaid silk of any soft make, as the bright colours seem to belong exclusively to youth. But in changeable silk or in any quiet colour it is suited to matrons and to maids alike, for so prevalent is the fashion of wearing bodices of all sorts that differ from the skirts, that distinction as to age and rank is very nearly swept away.

HOT WEATHER HINTS.

KEEP CLEAN: KEEP COOL.

As we are threatened with a hot summer, we ought to take special precautions with respect to our drains and drinking water. There are many good houses where the drainage is enough, with a little provocation from heat and dry weather, to breed excellent cholera or diphtheria. There are other houses where the dirty water is quietly and systematically pitched out of the back-door, with no reference to the smell that too frequently arises from it. Bury or burn every scrap of waste food or rubbish or foul water. Boil and filter the drinking water. Eat plenty of good, sound fruit; not so much meat as in winter. Avoid all excesses. Dress loosely and sensibly. If you be a woman, choose clean prints, muslins, and linens; if a man, for the sake of your friends, leave off the hideous, foolish black coat and hard hat, and buy a linen, alpaca, or silk coat, and a decently shaded straw or pith hat. Why should you get sunstroke because you are afraid your cool attire will not be considered *comme il faut*. Once start it, and other men will speedily follow suit. In the North Island go to

sleep in the middle of the day and get up earlier and retire later. Keep your blinds down from 8 to 6 o'clock, and sleep with your windows open. We have yet a great deal to learn of the art of making ourselves comfortable, as we have likewise to learn that prevention is better than cure. We terrify ourselves with those summer bogies cholera, diphtheria, and fever, but take no precautions against them while there is yet time.

QUERIES.

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

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

RULES.

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

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

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

QUERIES.

COLD ENTREES.—Can you tell me if these are likely to be much in vogue? Also, can you give me any hints for them?—A WIFE.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

'Little B.'—Here is a good description of what you want from a first-class English cook. Roux is quite easily made, granted a little trouble. It is simply a flour and butter thickening, and is made in this way: Put an ounce of butter into a delicately clean saucepan, and as it melts sift in with one hand gradually as much flour as the butter will absorb without becoming actual paste, stirring it steadily all the time with the other hand to prevent lumps forming, bring it to the boil, and let it cook steadily for twelve to fifteen minutes, taking care it does not colour in the very least, or it will be spoilt for white roux, and must then be allowed to become a lightish brown, when it can be used for thickening brown sauces. When the butter and the flour are smooth and thoroughly blended, add in half a pint of boiling water, milk, or white stock according as you wish for melted butter, white sauce, or velouté; stir it carefully all the time till it has become a smooth velvety liquid of about the consistency of cream, then wring it through a tammy or a hair sieve, and serve. The only secret is to get the flour and butter thoroughly amalgamated and cooked before adding the liquid, for if you do not attend to this point your sauce is certain to be lumpy, and to have a horrible raw, pasty flavour. Roux brun is made in exactly the same way, only it has to fry together longer to get the flour and butter the right brown shade. Where you require a good many sauces it is well for the cook to prepare the roux either white or brown in its paste condition in the morning, as it is a process that to be successful must on no account be hurried. It will keep good in a jam pot for several days, and in winter for even a week. It is quite easy to use, for all that is required is to take whatever amount you require for your gravy, put it in the stewpan, stir it gently, then add in the boiling liquid, stirring it carefully till amalgamated, and then tammying it. It is possible to make very good sauce without using either a tammy or sieve, by being careful over the initial stirring, but sauce thus made has never the velvety smoothness of the properly-made one. Besides, it introduces an element of risk, for the cook who objects to a tammy or sieve on account of the 'trouble' is just the very woman to get flurried, begin making her soup and sauces just at the last, and so, from not having time to do it properly, she rubs the butter and flour together hastily, pouring in the water or stock in a lump, stirring it for a minute, going off to mind something else, which the sauce profits by to lump together, and then when she pours it out just at the last she finds there are a lot of 'kernels' or cores in the melted butter; but up it has to go, and she can only hope it has passed unnoticed and 'will do!'

RECIPES.

BAKED FLAT FISH.—Butter a baking dish, lay a couple of fish on it, add pepper and salt to taste, pour sufficient white wine and common stock free from fat in equal parts to cover the fish well. Put a piece of buttered paper on the top, and bake for twenty minutes. Melt 1oz. of butter in a saucepan, and mix with it a tablespoonful of flour, strain into this the liquor in which the fish have been cooked, add a little more stock or water if necessary, and stir on the fire till the sauce thickens, throw in some finely minced parsley, pour over the fish and serve.

DISHES FOR INVALIDS.—Veal Sefton: Beat three eggs till quite light, strain them, and pour on them half-a-pint of really good, clear, boiling veal gravy; sprinkle in the grated rind of one lemon, a little pepper, salt, and mace, and lastly, 2oz. oiled butter. Bake in buttered cups, turn them out, and serve with good gravy lightly thickened with a little cornflower. Baked Sweetbreads: Wash and blanch them, flour them, and set them in a tin with a little good, fresh butter in the oven. Baste them well, frothing them up, and serve with a little bread sauce. Lambs' breads are very good done this way. They may be also blanched and parboiled, then let get cold, rolled in egg and fried breadcrumbs, and fried a golden brown. Dutch Sweetbread: Chop very fine ¼lb. of good suet and 2lb. of lean veal (freed from the strings and sinews); soak four tops and bottoms well in boiling milk, and let it steep; then mix it thoroughly to the veal with a silver fork, add three eggs, well beaten, grated lemon peel, salt, pepper, and nutmegs, and shape it like sweetbreads, roll it in egg and breadcrumb, and either fry or bake it. It may be served plain or with good Bechamel. Savoury Custards: Beat the yolks of two eggs till light, and one white till quite stiff, and add to them one gill of stock (if white so much the better). Mix very carefully, and pour it into a jampot, tie a piece of paper over it, and boil it for a quarter of an hour in a bain-marie, or in a pan full of boiling water. Serve either hot or cold. Friar's Chicken: Strain some good veal or chicken stock into a clean saucepan, and lay into it a chicken cut into neat small joints, season with pepper and salt (mace if liked), and parsley chopped fine, and let it all stew very gently till done. Lift the fowl on to a hot dish, thicken the gravy carefully with the yolks of two eggs (mind it does not curdle), and serve with the chicken. Rabbits can be used instead of fowl.

ASPARAGUS SOUP.—I have always found very nutritive and palatable the soup made by this formula: After cutting the tender tips to serve as petits pois cut the rest of the stalks up and boil in boiling salted water until tender. Bring to a boil three pints of new milk and stir into this a teaspoonful of flour and as much butter that have been blended together. Rub the asparagus through a colander and add to the milk; simmer about a quarter of an hour, stirring often. Put some croutons in the bottom of the soup tureen; just before lifting from the fire stir three tablespoonfuls of cream into the soup: it must not boil after the cream is added.

TWO HINTS ON KITCHEN SMELLS.

CEDAR sawdust and chips sprinkled on the top of the range drown the smell of cooking. Charcoal also has the property of absorbing many times its own weight of gas, and if in sufficient quantity will do the same to culinary odours. Bread or toast boiled with greens will prevent the sickening and unpleasant smell from pervading the house; while Condy's fluid, poured down the sink immediately after such refuse water, will do much to abate the smell.

For these as such, unless they arise from absolute bad management, there is, I fear, very little help. But kitchen smells are in many cases distinctly (though no doubt unwittingly) encouraged. For instance, it is a great and common mistake to pour down the sink any water in which greens have been boiled, which is one of the causes of a most objectionable odour. Whenever possible, this water should be thrown away outside. The washing-up should be done promptly too, and the refuse ought to be burnt while the fire is very hot, a thick layer of hot cinders being placed on the top. By the way, a great amount of rubbish can be satisfactorily disposed of in this manner. Baize doors and suitably arranged ventilators are also a great help; the latter especially, when conveniently placed and regularly opened, make a vast improvement. Any good builder, if called in, will advise as to the best way of locating them. Some people hold that Condy's fluid kept exposed in the kitchen will have a good effect; but, personally, I have found that care and cleanliness are the best helps in this universal trouble. In some houses the floors are so faulty that the smell must inevitably rise if the kitchen is underneath, in which case the boards should be looked to, and thick brown paper or cedar felting placed under the carpets, which might also lessen the noises complained of.—ROBIN.

THE WORK CORNER.

A CASE TO HOLD PHOTOGRAPHS.

PHOTOGRAPH cases have been evolved through many forms into cluster panels of varied shapes. The double panel, with a series of pockets, in each of which three or four pictures may be held, is simple and sensible, and easy to make. The folds are of heavy cardboard, with curved top and foot-rests. It would be better to have these cleanly cut by some frame-maker. The size and shape can be first made in brown paper as a pattern. Cover the back panel with a pretty figured India silk or cretonne. A thin wadding is sometimes laid over the edges to prevent wear. Cover the front panel across the top, low enough to go under the first pocket. The pocket strips are of thin card-board or Bristol-board. These are covered separately and placed on the panel so as to overlap each other half an inch. Glue the pockets to the panel and place, face down, under heavy weights until quite dry; then glue the back to the front in the same way. The panels are joined by ribbon bows: the ends may be glued in when placing the panels together.

Single photograph frames of cardboard covered with white duck or tinted silk, embroidered with a network of gold or delicate silk. The openings for the pictures are all sorts of unique shapes—round, oval, pointed, heart, or lyric curves.

THE CILLAN EMBROIDERY.

NOWADAYS we are practical in everything, and embroidery comes under this general category. To be successful in any department of stitchery we must exhibit at all national, international, and local exhibitions; we must have agents to dispose of our work, and every means which leads to publicity must be availed of. With all the various schools of needlework and societies formed for the encouragement of this department of woman's work in England, there is naturally a great impulse given to every branch of it. Competition is keen, and to acquire any degree of perfection in needlework it is necessary to strike out in some special style of it. This has been the case with the originators and sole workers of the Gillan embroidery; some very handsome and effective work in a variety of stitches, and a multiplicity of designs. Everything connected with it is original, or, at any rate, a reproduction of Oriental patterns. It is done on a frame, and the material on which it is worked is home made linen from Windermere, from the Island of Harris, and Ions, Cockermouth. The silks are Pearsall's, but so beautiful and varied are the shades used in the work that they have to be especially dyed for it.

Many of the stitches were discovered by Miss Gillan herself from old pieces of Oriental embroidery, and, as they are most intricate, the time required for producing a piece of the embroidery is considerable. This, of course, together with the quality of the materials necessary, makes the *ouvrage* somewhat costly. Sometimes the designs are gathered from Turkish brocades, and the effect obtained by the stitchery is wonderful. The stitches are so even that it is almost impossible to believe that it is done by hand and not by loom, which can produce such varied forms and colourings as we see in brocades and other figured materials.

In copying the Turkish brocades of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Misses Gillan use what they call the 'Turkish stitch.' The colours in this include a beautifully bright yet mellow blue, brown, and a rich terra-cotta. Some of the original designs, in conventional styles, show an Algerian stitch. Here there is a bluish mauve and a deep (almost golden) yellow, thrown into greater relief by an outline of black; in another there is cerise and sage-green. A beautiful piece of work is founded on a design of oranges, their blossoms, and their leaves. Here, again, comes in the Turkish stitch. Very original is the 'custard apple' design, with its softly toned red flowers and blue fruit of a dark peacock tint, split, and showing the seeds in pink and white knots.

Very ambitious is a large piece of embroidery in blue and red, done in a sort of basket stitch known as the 'caught down,' and intended as a piece of drapery for a sofa or a screen. In design this is a reproduction of an old Arab camel saddle cloth. This took six weeks to accomplish, nine or ten hours a day being given up to it by one worker; it has been valued by an expert at £22 10s. An exquisite piece of colouring is to be found in a piece adapted from some Indian brocade worked on a white ground and introducing some beautiful open stitchery, and some pale shades of green, lemon, and mauve. The handkerchief sachets are backed and lined with English silk corresponding with the most dominant colour in the work. The Gillan embroidery has gained several awards and prizes at recent exhibitions.—*Exchange.*

AT HOME WITH THE LADY EDITOR.

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

'MISS PRIM.'—Yes, you can wear a sailor hat on the river, only remember they are much more trimmed than last season; some with a large bow of either white piece velvet, or white silk ribbon, others are more elaborate. A brown straw, for example, with yellow chiffon, had a bunch of thistles on the left side, while another was ornamented with poppies or cornflowers.

* * *

'Madame B.'—I came across a description of just what you require, I fancy, the other day, that is, a 'pocket sufficiently large and strong to hold a purse, scent-bottle, little pocket-book and handkerchief in a safe place for travelling.' I hope this will meet your case. Cut out a flat double pocket in ticking, bind with good cotton braid, also down a cut on the upper side about nine inches long. Sew the top of this pocket to the edge of the corset, at the hip; then, in the frock, in a seam under a deep pleat, open about nine inches, through which the hand easily reaches the pocket, which, if properly placed, need not even be suspected, and the comfort is great.

* * *

'Maude.'—It is not necessary to take any spring medicine for the blood if you will pay attention to your diet. Leave off eating meat as freely as you eat it in the winter, and eat an orange every morning at breakfast, and drink lemonade at dinner; also put a little lemon juice on all the greasy food you eat. As soon as strawberries and other fruits come in, let them figure largely in your diet, also salads, lettuce, and all vegetables except cooked cabbage. Try bathing your nose in hot water—as hot as you can bear it—with a few drops of ammonia in the water. Then rub out the blackheads with the end of a coarse towel; afterward apply the cream of milk, or bathe the nose in sweet milk.

* * *

'Mrs L.'—I would not try to bleach my hair if I were you. Leave it to nature. It is very difficult for an amateur to alter the colour of her hair in any way. If you wish to dye it as you suggest, instead, go to some good hair-dresser, and he will give you the right stuff, and show you how to put it on.

* * *

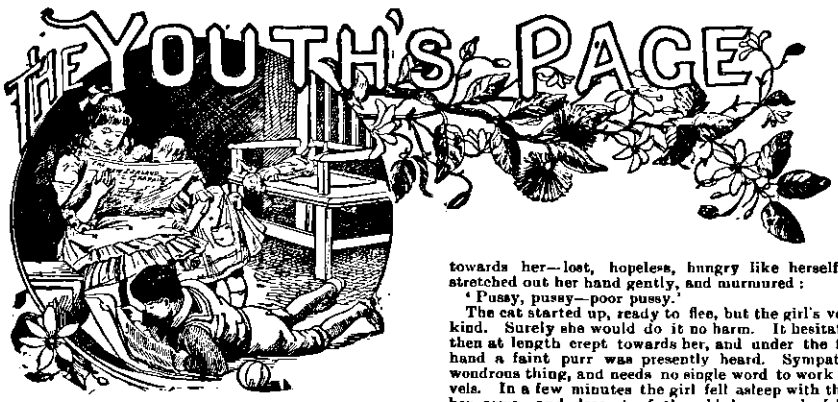
'Boat Woman.'—For regular boating there is nothing so useful as a serge skirt, a cool, loose blouse, and jacket with wide sleeves tapering to the wrist, large revers and capable of being buttoned down the front if necessary. The front should be lined with silk so as to fly back, if not wanted for much warmth. You must wear gloves if you value your hands. The sailor hats on the back of the head do not afford the least protection to the face. If you are wise you will wear yours—and a wide-brimmed one at that—well over your fringe. Not only does the sun spoil your complexion, but it injures your eyes when not used to its full glare.

* * *

'Mr George.'—It is not the correct thing for a gentleman to turn down the corner of his card when he leaves it on a lady. That implies that he calls on everyone in the house. There might be unmarried girls there, and it is not correct for him to leave a card on an unmarried lady. He leaves two cards—one for the host and one for the hostess.

* * *

'RAGGED ROBIN.'—I do not approve of girls' betting in any form Of course if you have made a bet with a young lady and she has won it, you must pay up and look cheerful. But don't do it again. I suppose you must send her a nice little box of gloves. But you were very foolish, you know.



THE QUESTION.

So tall, so stout, so firm of mien,
Such eyes for looking in between,
The great inspector stood ;
He scanned the children, then their tasks,
He looked about as one who asks,
What better for their good ?

The teacher stood in anxious plight,
Smiling when some poor child was bright,
Trembling when such was mute.
One thin and weird young lad was there ;
His work was bad, and he did not care,
Though under that gaze acute.

'Boy, 'tis idle and careless withal !
When I was your age, and not so tall,
I could do the rule of three !'
The boy said, after a little space,
And quietly raising his grave young face ;
'Please, sir, was you fed like me ?'

MINNIE DOUGLAS.

CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I saw in your paper a fortnight ago, a riddle, 'When is a door not a door ?' and I think the answer is, 'When it is a jar.' Hoping it will be right, I remain, your affectionate cousin, MAY NOSLEN.

[Your answer is quite right, May. You seem to have been the only clever little cousin. Here is another riddle for you. A friend of mine made it up for the GRAPHIC : 'What size is a tumble ?' Perhaps boys could guess it more easily than girls. We will see.—COUSIN KATE.]

SYMPATHY IN DISTRESS.

IT was only a homeless, lost cat, thin, gaunt, and miserable. Its draggled fur was thickly coated with the mud of the streets, while blood flowed freely from a deep cut in one of its ears. It looked the picture of wretchedness as it slowly crept along the street under the friendly shade of the houses. It shivered in the cold wind which swept along in fierce, cutting blasts. It was late. But few passengers were abroad, and of these few or none took notice of the cat. A lost cat is such a common sight, alas ! in all great towns. It arouses no surprise, no concern, little pity.

And the poor thing was glad to be thus unnoticed, for lately it had learned that its safety alone lay in keeping out of sight. A quick step or the whoop of a belated newsboy made it dart away or shrink into the darkness of some doorway. It had become half wild with fright. It had found that the mercy of the streets is cruel. Only a few weeks ago it had been a happy favourite in a comfortable home—petted, spoilt, caressed. There it had known no fear. Everyone was a friend, to be purred upon, to be welcomed. Now all that was changed. Since the morning it had probably wandered away from the house after the tempting clank, clank, of the milkman's cans, it had never known a happy moment, never heard a friendly word, never tasted a good meal.

A poor outcast. It had lived on any odd scraps lying in the streets. It had been the butt of cruel thoughtless children, one of the most wretched things alive. And now it had come to the end of it all, it appeared. It hardly possessed strength now to evade its foes, though it had been able to run and leap in the old, happy times. The stone from the hand of a cruel errand boy that had so hurt its ear and head would never have reached it. It mewed feebly at each closed door, it looked longingly at each warm, well-lighted house but none heeded it, and, full of despair, it dragged its frozen limbs into the shelter of a dark archway, and lay down exhausted.

But it was not the only lost one that had obtained this shelter. A young girl lay at the far end of the archway, gazing into the darkness with despair in her eyes. She, too, was homeless, hopeless, and hungry. She had come up from her village home to the great town, full of brightest hopes, tempted by the stories she had heard of the money that might be obtained there. She had always been poor. Her father's scanty wage had never been sufficient for the wants of his large family. She, the oldest, would go to the big city to search for the fortune—a situation would be easy to find. She had heard that gold might be picked up in many easy ways there. And so, came. And now, a month after, she lay on the cold, bare ground, starving, all her bright visions gone—all her glad hope crushed for ever. No one wanted her here. She could never walk back to her village home—she was too weak, too ill. She heard the roar of the river running near, and dreadful thoughts crept into her mind, and took possession there. And just then, in the flicker of a gas lamp, she saw the cat creep slowly towards her—lost, hopeless, hungry like herself. She stretched out her hand gently, and murmured :

'Pussy, pussy—poor pussy.'

The cat started up, ready to flee, but the girl's voice was kind. Surely she would do it no harm. It hesitated, and then at length crept towards her, and under the fondling hand a faint purr was presently heard. Sympathy is a wondrous thing, and needs no single word to work its marvels. In a few minutes the girl fell asleep with the cat in her arms, and dreamt of the old home and of her own favourite cat she had left behind her there ; and the poor lost animal dreamt too of other days, and both were happy again.

But these visions did not last long. A heavy tread, the gleam of a lantern cast upon them, and they awoke to their misery again.

'Come, come, what are you doing here ?' said the policeman. 'This isn't the place to sleep in ; you should go home.'

'Home,' said the girl, in a low voice, 'home—I wish I could ; I wish I had never left it. Oh, dear ! oh, dear !' There was so much misery in her cry that the man stood perplexed. His duty was clear—he must make her 'move on.' These were his orders ; but where was she to move to ? He glanced out into the dark street, and then at the rain drops that were running off his cape, making a small pool on the ground. She had no shawl, no hat, and what was that she held clasped in her arms ? 'A cat ; well, I never ! You look as if you had enough trouble to feed yourself let alone a cat,' he said. 'Is it yours ?'

'No, but it's friendless, homeless, lost like me,' she said, with a sob. 'But I'm going, I really am ; only I'm so tired, and I know no one here. I can walk about till morning—then—then——'

'Nay, nay, you're not fit for that, lassie,' he said, as she half staggered against the wall. 'I don't know you ; but you look honest. Come with me. I'll find you a shelter for to-night at least ; ay, and for the cat, too.'

She followed him to a house near, his own home, where he lived with his mother. At first the old lady looked doubtfully upon her two unexpected visitors, but, after a whispered conversation with her son, she let him have his way, and both the outcasts slept a dreamless sleep of happiness that night under her roof. It was the beginning of better times for both of them, too. The girl, with the aid of her protectors, soon found a situation, where she stayed, happy and contented, until again the policeman took her home to his mother, not now as a friendless wanderer, but as his loved wife.

And the first night as they sat round the fire hand in hand, he said, stroking the cat purring loudly on the rug at their feet, 'I've to thank you, pussy, for all this. It was my wife's kindness to you that made me first loth to move you both on, as my duty was. A lot often turns on as little a thing as a poor lost cat, you see, pussy.'

FIGURES CARVED FROM TEA-ROOT.

A RECENT visit to a well-stocked Chinese shop revealed to us many objects of curious interest, none more so than the articles carved from the tea-root. Then we learned for the first time that tea-root carving is one of the oldest industries in China, and that to-day hundreds of artists make their living by this kind of wood-work.

The art of carving the tea-root is peculiar to the Chinese. They claim to have known it a thousand years. However that may be, few things illustrate the wonderful ingenuity and patience of the Chinese better than their tea-root carvings.

The root of the tea-tree seems to be well adapted to the wants and purposes of the artist. It is one thick, irregular, bulblike mass, with a large number of tiny shoots. The surface is always rough and gnarled. The most valued root is one that naturally suggests a group of figures or an artistic design. Thus some roots can be worked into animal and human forms without much trouble, and some require the utmost skill in order to bring out beautiful and striking effects.

Here the art of the carver comes in, for one man will see nothing, where another pictures in his mind an elaborate group or design. The favourite figures are mandarins, dragons, birds, and mythical heroes. It is surprising into how many rare and curious figures the roots can be worked. There seems to be no limit to the carver's ingenuity. For, if the artist cannot make all the figures out of one tea-root, he will add figures from other roots so skilfully that you are hardly able to detect the addition.

The art requires infinite patience and pains, and only a Chinese or Japanese workman would spend so many days over a little piece of wood. Some of the more elaborate designs take an artist two, three, or six months to carve and put together.

DIRECTOR OF THE SUN.

THE petty sovereign of a tribe of North American Indians has a custom by which he displays his superiority, not only to all the world, but to the heavenly bodies as well.

Every morning he stalks solemnly out of his door, and stands until the sun appears above the horizon. Then with his finger he indicates the course through the sky which he expects the sun to take. Then, having marked out the sun's course for him, he devotes the rest of the day to directing his tribe. Although the poor Indian's notion of his own importance is absurd, yet so many of us have equally absurd notions of our importance that we can afford to think twice before we laugh at him.

TWO BOYS AND A BEAR.

THE common black bear of northern latitudes, as is well known, usually lies in a torpid state during the winter, securely hidden in some cave or hollow tree, where he is not likely to be disturbed by hunters. But a correspondent of a paper, writing from Bay City, Michigan, relates an aventure which seems to show that Bruin does not always sleep soundly at such times. Our correspondent was going to his office, one January morning, when he saw a crowd of people standing in front of a butcher's shop, staring at the carcase of a bear. Blood was still oozing from two bullet-holes in its head. The creature had been killed by two Bay City boys, one of them sixteen years old and the other fifteen.

The two boys, Henry Meisel and Charles Bodey, went out in the afternoon hunting for rabbits, the weather having taken a mild turn. After some time they missed their dog—'Little Spot.' They whistled and called, but without success, till by-and-bye they heard him yelping as if in great agony. Apparently he was not more than two hundred yards away, but before they could get to him the cries ceased. They found him crushed, bleeding, and just breathing his last on the snow before the up-turned, earth-laden roots of a fallen tree.

Under the tree was a small cave, almost concealed by a clump of bushes. Out of this cave proceeded low growls, and on peeping cautiously through the bushes the boys saw a big black bear lying flat in the hole, with his head on his paws, quietly watching the intruders.

The youthful hunters were pretty badly scared at first. They had never seen a wild bear before, and had with them no ammunition heavier than number eight shot. This would have been as effective as a bullet, if fired at a distance of no more than six feet ; but the boys did not know it, and probably would not have ventured so near even if they had known it.

The bear manifested no disposition to break cover or attack the boys, but lay still, mumbling and grumbling, as if satisfied with having killed the dog.

'What a glorious thing if we could kill him !' the two young fellows said to each other ; and with that they ran off to a farmer's house, a quarter of a mile away, and borrowed two rifles.

When they got back, the bear was still there. They knelt down, took aim at his head, and fired together. Both bullets took effect, and the bear was dead before the smoke cleared away.

The happy boys then got the farmer to bring out a bob-sleigh and draw the carcase to his barn ; and the next morning they brought it to the city and sold it to the butcher. It weighed two hundred and eighty-two pounds.

WHAT HE DOES.

ROSY and smiling and dirty and tanned,
Gazing up from his pile of sand—
'Tell me, my little man,' I say,
'How do you pass your time away ?'
And gravely answers the dusty mite :
'I plays all day and I sleeps all night.'

SYDNEY DAYRE.

THE LITTLE STAGE DOOR.

THERE'S an odd little door in a grimy blind alley,
A door that is broken, black, battered, and small,
And it stands at the end of a shadowy valley,
'Twixt a tenement house and a factory wall.
All the panels are splintered, and since they were varnished
The long years that have passed near amount to a score,
And it swings with a squeak, for quite rusty and tarnished
Are the hinges and lock of the little stage door.

A belligerent Celt by the name of McNally,
Who, to use an old phrase, is as ugly as sin,
Stands a vigilant guard, and keeps accurate tally
Of the people who go to the regions within.
For the stranger who thoughtlessly taps at the portal
He awaits with a frown and a terrible roar
Of, 'Say, what t—what d'ye want?' so the average mortal
Has a deep-rooted fear of the little stage door.

There's the young leading man, with his dresser and valet,
The second old man with his property frown,
Mam'zelle Somethingorother, the queen of the ballet,
Who but lately was known as Miss Smithers or Brown.
The soubrette, the dancers, and all of the chorus, too,
With the gasmen, musicians, and several more
Who aid in the bill, are the fortunate beings who
Freely pass in and out of the little stage door.

Ah, the phantoms that fancy can conjure around it,
Of the faces and forms of those players who came
To it far in the past, and who finally found it
A hard conquered gate to the temple of Fame!
It has opened for those who gained riches and glory,
It has closed upon hearts that were weary and sore,
And in many a lost and forgotten life story,
What a part has been played by the little stage door!

OBSERVATION.

'GENTLEMEN, you do not use your faculties of observation,' said an old professor, addressing his class. Here he pushed forward a gallipot containing a chemical of exceedingly offensive smell. 'When I was a student,' he continued, 'I used my sense of taste,' and with that he dipped his finger in the gallipot, and then put his finger in his mouth.

'Taste it, gentlemen, taste it,' said the professor, 'and exercise your perceptive faculties.'

The gallipot was pushed toward the reluctant class one by one. The students resolutely dipped their fingers into the concoction, and with many a wry face sucked the abomination from their fingers.

'Gentlemen, gentlemen,' said the professor, 'I must repeat that you do not use your faculties of observation; for, had you looked more closely at what I was doing, you would have seen that the finger which I put in my mouth was not the finger I dipped in the gallipot.'

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

MCFERGUSON (proposing): 'Oh, Maria, be considerate and put me out of my misery at once!'

Maria: 'I will, Mr McFerguson; you stay there till I get the shot gun.'

THE ARTFUL TRAMP.

'MORNIN', miss. Is yer mother in?' asked a tramp of the track-walking type to a lady who responded to his knock at the kitchen door.

'I am the lady of the house, sir,' said the plain faced woman he had addressed, and who was about forty years old, and had a wart on her nose.

'W-w-what,' said the tramp. 'You don't mean to tell me yer old enough to be married?'

'Why, to be sure,' said the woman, 'and I've got children old enough to marry.'

'Well, well, well! I've seen a heap o' women in my time,' said he, 'but I never seen one as youthful lookin' as you air who was the head of a family. I kin hardly believe my own eyes. An yer the woman o' the house air ye?'

'Yes, sir,' said she brushing her tangled hair out of her eyes and smoothing the wrinkles out of her apron.

'I'd never have guessed you was married,' said he. 'An' ye have charge o' the cookin' and bakin', and so on? Well, that beats me,' said he. 'Just to think that a woman I'd take to be only a mere girl is at the head of a fine house like this, an' does her own cookin'. I s'pose you know then if there was anything left over from breakfast, don't ye.'

'Yes, sir, there was,' she replied.

'Well, it seems as though I'm askin' a favour of a young person not old enough to be in authority, but could you gimme a bit to eat?' he inquired.

A half hour later when he appeared on the street with a square meal safely stowed away beneath his vest, there was a smile on his face that reached from the torn rim of his hat clear down to his soiled shirt collar.

NO HEELS FOR WILLIE.

MRS SLIMSON: 'Why, Willie, whatever are you doing?'

Willie: 'Oh, never mind, ma. I'm just chopping the heels off pa's slippers, 'cause they hurt.'

TRY TO SMILE.

MA-IN-LAW'S LATEST.—Mrs Guggles: 'Now, tell me, Algernon, has my daughter still got the full, entire, and undivided love of your heart as she had when you were courting her two years ago?' Algernon: 'She has, mother! she has. I swear it!' Mrs Guggles: 'Then what an unprincipled, unfeeling, unmanly scoundrel you must be—to have a sweet little baby like yours, and to give it not a grain of your love! You monster, you brute. I could kill you!'

* * *

He was an artist at sleight-of-hand,
A song-dance lady she;
They met at one, they loved at two,
They married at half-past three!
A brief, brief dream of wedded bliss;
Then she criticised his tricks.
They wrangled at four, they quarrelled at five
And parted forever at six!

* * *

Detective (hurriedly): 'Where did that fellow go who just now ran out of the hotel?' Citizen (still rubbing the toe that the fugitive stepped on): 'I don't know, but I hope he'll go where I told him to.'

* * *

Coroner: 'Is this man whom you found dead on the railway track a total stranger?' Mike (who has been told to be careful in his statement): 'No, sor. His legs was gone entirely He was a partial stranger, sor.'

* * *

THE SAME OLD DUN.—'Did you tell the grocer that I am not receiving calls of any kind to day?' 'Yessir; but he said as how you ought to appoint a receiver, then.'

* * *

A JOURNALISTIC BOOMERANG.—'The polls are now open in this office for a citizen's vote to determine who is the biggest liar in this town. No public-spirited citizen will neglect the duty to vote.'—*Arizona Bluffsheet.* The ballot: Editor *Bluffsheet*, 2,994; scattered, 7: total, 3,001.

AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT.

'DID he get down on his knees when he proposed?'

'No; he couldn't.'

'Why not?'

'I was on them at the time.'

A CURE FOR TALKATIVENESS.

'TELL me, now, honestly, does it really give you pleasure to hear your wife playing the piano?'

'Well, I cannot truly say that it does, but I console myself with the thought that while she is playing she must keep her mouth shut.'

THE SAILOR.

THERE is such a saline flavour, when he first lands from his ship, about the person of Jolly Jack Tar, that to be in his company for a few hours is almost as invigorating as taking a day's trip to breezy Brighton and back.

When Jack is ashore with a 'quid' in his mouth, and a few 'quids' in his pocket, he is the happiest of mortals; and the fine aroma of rum that he freely dispenses aroond him is strong enough to make even an ostrich's lower regions qualmish. Jack is a free sort of fellow; he is free with his money, free with his language, and especially free with his love, of which he carries a full cargo. It is said that he has a sweetheart at every port he visits, but this is not strictly true, for he has two or three; his heart is so expansive that it is ready to embrace everything in petticoats from fifteen to forty-five.

And the fair sex reciprocate his lavish love. The 'beauties' (inverted commas, please, Mr Printer) that congregate about the docks, hail him, when he has been paid off from a long voyage, with an enthusiasm that must surely touch his heart, and without a doubt does touch his pocket deeply.

Jack's life on board ship is hard—the biscuits and salt junk especially so—and until he 'knows the ropes' thoroughly, and is well-seasoned, he sometimes clings to the shrouds and half wishes he were in his coffin. When the wind is howling through the rattlins—in short, when there is a rattlin' good storm—the young sailor's stomach turns seawards, but his heart turns homewards.

When we were tenderly young we had an ambition to traverse the mighty ocean, but a sixpenny row literally 'took it all out of us!' and our advice to those who are now fortunate enough to be 'tenderly young,' is—Oh, shun the ocean!

Once Jolly Jack Tar has got over his 'prentice days he is contented enough with his lot. So long as he has his 'bacca, and his tot of rum—he doesn't get enough to make him tottery—he cheerfully breaks his biscuit with his teeth—we mean, breaks his teeth with his biscuit, gulps down his rancid pork, and looks forward to the glorious time when he will return to port, and have the deliriously-delightful opportunity of wasting his hard-earned wages on people who, generally speaking, if they saw him in the gutter, would first rifle his pockets, and then kick him!

MAMMA: 'Everything I say to you, Maudie, seems to go in one ear and out of the other.'

Maudie: 'Oh, mamma, is that why little girls have two ears?'