

The lady was somewhat excited when she entered the grocer's shop, and she placed the small tin she carried on the counter with a bang.

"This," she said, witheringly, "is the paint you sold me for use on stoves. You said it would dry in five minutes, and make home look like a palace. I've had it on my stove for a week, and it isn't dry yet. And, worst of all, it's that sticky I've done nothing but wash my hands every time I've touched it. It's disgraceful to deceive people so!"

"I beg your pardon, madam," said the grocer, "but you bought a pound tin of treacle and a pound tin of paint at the same time, and that is the treacle."

"Treacle!" exclaimed the lady, in an astonished voice. "Treacle! Well, I suppose that accounts for the other thing!"

"What other thing?" asked the grocer.

"Well, I made some treacle-coffee with the other, and I suppose that is why the children have been ill ever since."

The last ten years have witnessed quite an upheaval of old-established drinking customs of this country, and the beverages which gave our fathers gout are now out of fashion. A striking feature of the present fashion is the quantity of champagne. This is consumed, not only at dinner, but at luncheon, and people, who, in old days, would have considered this an expense only to be incurred for a very grand gathering, now dispense this expensive wine on all occasions. Brandy and soda is coming into vogue again, and is now almost as often asked for as whisky and soda, while the once tabooed sherry is growing in popularity. A few years ago creme de menthe was the fashionable liqueur, and half the people dining at the Carlton and the Savoy might have been seen drinking through a straw that brilliant green drink in wine glasses filled with crushed ice. Then creme de la had its day, and the millionaires were inclined to favour a special drink which had tiny scraps of pure gold floating in an amber-coloured liqueur. But old liqueur brandies are now more popular than any of these fanciful concoctions, and cherry brandy is much in favour. Beer is very seldom seen in fashionable circles, being reserved entirely for family parties. At the same time some of the heads of the great brewing houses—Lord Burton, for instance—make a point of always handing round at dinner tiny tumblers filled with strong ale of some special brew—"Express," London.

Mr F. Kückmann tells some interesting stories in the "Leisure Hour" of "Problems of Bible Translation." In these days when the Yellow peril is so much in evidence, it is worth while recalling the precautions taken by the Chinese a century ago against the first encroachment of the White peril. The death penalty was over any native who assisted a foreigner in the study of the language. The writer says:—"Morrison entered Canton in a business capacity, and became translator to the East India Company, who provided him with a hiding place where he could carry on the Bible translation. This was in a warehouse, used for the storage of merchandise, which was lighted by small windows in the roof. A low tunnel, through which a man could creep, was constructed of boxes and bales from the door, for about half the length of the building, then up to the roof and back to the gable, then down to the floor on the other side, and on to the end of the wall; in this way it wandered on and on, a perfect maze, till it ended in a corner where boxes were built up so as to form a shaft to the skylight. There Morrison worked, with two Chinese scholars whose confidence he had gained, until the colossal task he had undertaken was completed. He dared not ask the natives to his house, and so great was their dread of detention that they never came to assist him without bringing arsenic in order to poison themselves should they be discovered by the Mandarins. The preparation of this Chinese Bible cost the Society about £10,000." Perils of another kind have beset the translator. In the Eskimo language "the missionary had to render 'the Lamb of God' as 'the Little Seal of God,' since sheep were unknown in Labrador." In New Britain the translator was seeking some native idiom to convey the idea of a binding oath, when a chief suggested that the desired phrase was, "I would rather speak to

my wife's mother than do such and such a thing." In British Columbia a missionary wanted his catechist to translate "A crown of glory that fadeth not away." This was done to the satisfaction of all concerned, but ultimately the missionary found to his horror that it had been rendered "A hat that never wears out!" A Hindu Pandit was much exercised by the promise in Genesis, "Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes," which is generally taken to refer to the closing of the eyes after death. The Pandit said, "I can't understand this story of Joseph. He seemed such a good son, and his father so fond of him. How comes it, then, that they have a stand-up fight, and Joseph, being the stronger, hits his father on the eye so hard as to close it?" There was no help for it but to render the passage: "Joseph shall conduct thy funeral ceremonies."

Belgium is probably the most democratic of all the monarchical States. The King of the Belgians not only does not habitually wear a crown, but has not even got a crown to wear. No coronation ceremony is known to the Constitution, the Sovereign inaugurating his reign simply by taking an oath to govern according to the laws. Moreover, the births of his children, if he has any, must be registered in exactly the same phraseology and in the same set of books as the births of the humblest of his subjects, and anyone who likes to pay a small fee is entitled to obtain a copy of the certificate. King Leopold himself is entered as "natural and legitimate son of Leopold George Christian Frederick, King of the Belgians, and Louise Maria Theresa Charlotte Isabella of Orleans, Queen of the Belgians," his name immediately following that of the son of an artisan of the Rue Haute. The King, when his health permitted, used to be a great walker, his favourite companion on his walks being his English gardener, Mr. Knight, who has often expressed astonishment at his great pedestrian powers. His own subjects do not always recognise him on these occasions, and a story of a familiar kind is told of his visit to the cottage of an old Flemish woman who gave him a glass of milk. Presently he heard her muttering in Flemish, "Well, I wonder how much that long-nosed Englishman is going to pay me for the milk." The King replied in the same language, presenting her with a five-franc piece, "Madam, do me the favour of accepting this portrait of the long-nosed Englishman."

In "La Revue" M. Henri Coupin discusses the facetious spirit of animals, the extent to which they play practical jokes, whether simply for amusement, or, as much more often happens, to revenge themselves, or get something on which they have set their hearts. As might be expected, monkeys are fondest of playing practical jokes. Darwin long ago noticed in them an unbounded feeling for the comic, though it must be admitted that in all jokes played by monkeys there seems more vengeance than any other sentiment. Dogs, however, often show a genuine sense of fun, but what is much less generally known, so occasionally do bulls. Some years ago, relates a Frenchman resident in India:—"I occupied a house surrounded by several acres of fine pasture land. The fine grass of this enclosure tempted much cattle from the village, and, when the gates were open, they did not scruple to come in. My servants did their best to drive away the invaders, but one day they came to me, considerably perturbed, saying that a Brahmin bull which they had beaten had fallen down dead. (These are, of course, sacred and privileged animals, inviolable.) Learning that the marauder was dead, I went at once to see it; there its body lay, seemingly quite dead. A good deal annoyed by this circumstance, which might cause me trouble with the natives, I was not long in making a detailed examination, and I hastened to return to the house, meaning to go and inform the authorities at once of what had happened. I had been gone some time when a man arrived running delighted to tell me that the bull had got on to its feet, and was quietly grazing. Suffice it to say that the animal had a habit of pretending to be dead, thus rendering it impossible to turn him out, whenever he found himself in a place which pleased him and which he did not wish to leave. This ruse was repeated several times so

as to enjoy my excellent turf." Elephants can also play practical jokes, as also can certain birds, notably parrots. But most of the cases cited certainly show little trace of pure fun or humour, and a great deal of malice or simple greediness.

Jerome K. Jerome is contributing weekly some "More Idle Thoughts of An Idle Fellow" to "M.A.P." Although these "after-thoughts" do not equal the first workings of his quaint brain, they are occasionally reminiscent of his earlier work. He discussed the American girl:—"How does she do it?" That is what the European girl wants to know. The American girl! She comes over here, and, as a British matron, reduced to slang by force of indignation, once exclaimed to me: "You'd think the whole blessed show belonged to her." The European girl is hampered by her relatives; she has to account for her father; to explain away, if possible, her grandfather. The American girl sweeps them aside. "Don't you worry about them," she says to the Lord Chamberlain. "It's awfully good of you, but don't you fuss yourself. I'm looking after my old people. That's my department. What I want you to do is just to listen to what I am saying, and then hustle around. I can fill up your time all right by myself." Her father may be a soap-boiler, her grandmother may have gone out charring. "That's all right," she says to her Ambassador; "they're not coming. You just take my card and tell the King that when he's got a few minutes to spare I'll be pleased to see him." And the extraordinary thing is that, a day or two afterwards the invitation arrives. A modern writer has said that, "In Murricau" is the Civis Romanus sum of the present-day woman's world. The late King of Saxony did, I believe, on one occasion make a feeble protest at being asked to receive the daughter of a retail boot-maker. The young lady, nonplussed for the moment, telegraphed to her father in Detroit. The answer came back next morning: "Can't call it selling—practically giving them away—see advertisement." The lady was presented as the daughter of an eminent philanthropist. It is due to her to admit that, taking her as a class, the American girl is a distinct gain to European Society. Her influence is against convention and in favour of simplicity. One of our greatest charms, in the eyes of the European man, is that she listens to him. I cannot say whether it does her any good. Maybe she does not remember it all, but while you are talking she does give you her attention. The English woman does not always. She greets you pleasantly enough. "I've so often wanted to meet you," she says; "must you really go?" It strikes you as sudden as you had no intention of going for hours. But the hint is too plain to be ignored. You are preparing to agree that you really must when, looking round, you gather that the last remark was not addressed to you, but to another gentleman who is shaking

hands with her. "Now, perhaps, we shall be able to talk for five minutes," she says. "I've so often wanted to say that I shall never forgive you. You have been simply horrid." Again you are confused, until you jump to the conclusion that the latter portion of the speech is probably intended for quite another party with whom, at the moment, her back towards you, she is engaged in a whispered conversation. When he is gone she turns again towards you. But the varied expressions that pass across her face while you are discussing with her the morality of the fiscal policy bewilder you. When, explaining your own difficulty in arriving at a conclusion you remark that Great Britain is an island, she roguishly shakes her head. It is not that she has forgotten her geography, it is that she is conducting a conversation by signs with a lady at the other end of the room. When you observe that the working classes must be fed, she smiles archly while murmuring: "Oh, do you really think so?"

The story of "Kathleen Mavourneen," the beautiful song composed by the late Professor Crouch, is recalled by a claim that has just been made by the dead musician's daughter. Sixty-seven years ago Professor Crouch was a bankrupt. Now a dividend on the estate has been paid to the creditors, and a daughter of the composer has appeared in London as claimant to the residue of her father's estate. Professor Crouch was born in 1808 in Warren-street, St. Pancras, and died in the United States in 1880. His famous song first appeared in the "Metropolitan Monthly Magazine," and he obtained £100 for the performing rights. That was all the author ever obtained for his composition. It has, however, earned thousands of pounds for singers and publishers. In the early days of the nineteenth century there were two beautiful actresses named Lydia Pearson. They were aunt and niece, the aunt being associated with Drury Lane. It was the niece whom Professor Crouch married, and it is her eldest daughter, Mrs. Cynthia Mawdsley, a resident of the United States of America, who has instituted the present claim. She is now seventy-one years old, but many years ago she sang at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, at the time when Mme. Alboni and Signor Lablache were in their zenith. A garden at Pentonville that once belonged to the professor is said to be included in the estate. It has now been built upon, and has become a valuable property.

Some people spend a lifetime
In hunting after germs,
And by the time they've killed them,
They've grown as big as worms;
Microbes would bid adieu to carth,
'Cause troubles would be fewer,
Life would be gay, if every one
Took WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT
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