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The Race in the Far East.

THE RUSSIAN: "What oh, boys! A'int I luring him on? I intend to lap him, you know."

People Talked About

The Late Mr. George Adams.

The late Mr George Adams ("Tattersalls"), who arrived in the early fifties from England, was a native of Herts., England. In the early stages of his Australian career Mr Adams started on a venture to the gold fields in Queensland, and making some money, he returned to New South Wales, and took the Steam Packet Hotel, at Kaima; afterwards taking up a station property at Crookwell, and a butchering business at Goulburn. His next important move was to Sydney. In 1878 he took over Tattersall's Hotel, Pitt-street, from the late Mr John O'Brien. Possessed of great business capabilities, the new landlord quickly made improvements. Prior to

pidly grew in favour, and it is pretty safe to say that nothing more popular or profitable than Adams' sweeps could be imagined; the great feature in connection with them being that they were always fairly and honestly conducted. As his wealth accumulated, Mr Adams speculated freely. Always taking an interest in South Coastal affairs, he took in hand the Bulli Colliery and Coke Works, besides no end of gold-mining ventures, the Palace Theatre, the Palace Electric Light Station, and the Waterloo Paper Mills (now closed), Broken Hill Electric Light Station (since disposed of), the Newcastle Electric Light Station (subsequently disposed of to the local municipal council), and, most recently, the Tasmanian Adams' Brewery.

When the authorities forced Mr Adams to transfer his great sweepstakes business to Tasmania, he naturally became interested in other business

John Strange Winter.

I do not think, although I am blessed with an excellent memory, that my remembrances extend to an abnormally early period of my existence, writes "John Strange Winter" autobiographically in a London weekly. What I do not remember is really more important than what I do remember, for I do not remember ever learning to read, and cannot look back to any time when I could not read with as much ease as I can at this moment. Tradition goes that I never was taught that necessary accomplishment, and my people never knew at what precise date I acquired it.

Still, the household was not quite certain whether I really could read then (when I was hardly three years old), or whether the knowledge came to me somewhat later. I can look back to about this period, because I remember wearing a sort of black and white mourning for one of my brothers who dies when I was 20 months' old, and I remember dressing myself up as a cavalier, in a large felt hat with a steel buckle, and dancing in front of a looking glass. This was probably some trace of my play-acting blood.

The most vivid recollection that I have after concerns a time when I must have been about four years old, and it is of waiting one Sunday morning in the afore-mentioned hall, dressed in my best, which was a white frock and a black silk jacket edged with lace, singing the "Te Deum" in a very loud voice out of my mother's gilt-edged Prayer-book. I think she must have been rather late that morning, for when I had finished the "Te Deum" I went on to "Oh, all ye fowls of the air."

From that time I was a voracious novel reader, but of toys I had none, and did not want them. I possessed two dolls in the course of my life, one of which I gave away, in an excellent

state of preservation, when I was six-and-twenty.

I was not what might be called a studious child—Heaven help, me far from it! The acquirement of the art of reading was, as far as I can remember, the one sign of grace of my childhood's days. I preferred boys to girls; romps to games involving intellect; I began everything and finished nothing. I had large ideas—what I may call world-wide ideas—and looking back I can see myself a queer and distinctly ugly little figure of fun, always in the position of a leader. I dominated the games, I was the ring-leader, I was the enthusiast who fired all the others to naughtiness. I did many and awful things when I was a child, but I do not think, to be quite honest, that I was a wicked child—I certainly was not a mean one. But I was extremely adventurous, and considering that I was tied down by the fact that I was a girl—and a parson's girl to boot—I certainly got myself into about as many scrapes as ever an unfortunate child did in this world.

A very great actress once said to me in speaking of the possibility of writing her autobiography, "Why, my dear, I should have to leave out all the interesting parts!" Now, in writing of the days of my youth, ought I, or ought I not, to leave out all the interesting parts? I think not. Well, to confess, this was my crowning naughtiness. I used regularly and continually to play truant from school. Whenever there was a big race on, or a review, or any function of that kind, I found school much too tame for my expansive mind, so I used to make provision in the shape of hard-boiled eggs, and such like, and with a pal, several years older than myself, who attended another smart ladies' school in the town, I used to witness some most interesting sights, and spare myself many days of bore-



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT.

that, the premises, known as the Craven Hotel, had been included with Tattersall's, and a new room, on the site of the present Palace Theatre, was built for the accommodation of Tattersall's Club members, who previously met in the long room, now the dining-room of the hotel. So well-known in various parts of the country were Mr and Mrs Adams that the hotel business grew rapidly, and material alterations had to be made in the hotel.

However, it is in connection with the popular Tattersall's sweeps that Mr George Adams' name became world-wide known. With the late Mr Hunt and a few others, Mr Adams was always to be found participating in a sweep got up on the various events at Randwick. The idea grew upon him that the public would readily participate in a sweep if they had the chance. After chatting the matter over, Mr Adams decided to draw one in connection with the Sydney Cup of 1881, won by Progress. The sweep was limited to 2000 members at £1 each, and was drawn in the main parlour of the old building. The sweeps ran

in matters in the island, and he is said to have spent £200,000 in the island in recent years.

So extensive have been the alterations and improvements to Tattersall's Hotel in Sydney, that, except the bar and little back room at its rear, close to the Palace Theatre, nothing is left of the old place; and, with his marble bar, and splendid bar in George-street, it is now one of the leading hotels in the city. Without a doubt we have lost in Mr Adams one of the best men we ever had in the licensed victualler's business in the State (says the "Town and Country Journal"). He did not take a prominent place in sport. Still he owned and raced several horses, trained mostly by his old friend, the late Mr William Forrester. Generous, just, and honest in his dealings with every one, we must say that all who knew the late Mr George Adams had nothing but a good word for him.

Mr Adams leaves a widow, who is now in Tasmania. He had two brothers living in Sydney.

Mr W. J. Adams, a nephew, the son of a deceased brother, has been general manager of the businesses for some years past.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND AND HER HUSBAND.

dom. But the brightest dream has its awakening, and one day, when I was about 13, having laid an elaborate plan for spending the day at a yeomanry review, I was baulked of my pleasure by the fact that the rain began to fall, and continued falling with a steady persistence, which left no hope of sunshine during the rest of that day. Now, for my part, I always liked my creature comforts, and having, with my pal, sheltered under a railway arch, we ate our stolen lunch. At two o'clock I made the best of my way to school. I went in quite in an ordinary way, as if I had just arrived from home, and was greeted with: "Hallo, Etta Palmer, you've got yourself in for it this time."

"Hav' it?" I said.
I felt the game was up, and that there would be a Nemesis to follow of the most unpleasant description, but, in spite of a sinking heart, I put a brave face on it.

"What do you mean?" I asked.
"Mean? Well, your father is upstairs." I said, "Oh!" and sat on the edge of a box and wondered what I should do

was received with looks of distinct disapproval. My mother sighed and looked tearful, my father told me I should bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, and that one day I should regret deeply that I had neglected my opportunities. And so they talked to me and at me, and, at last, it dawned upon me that neither my father, my mother, nor the head, were in the least aware that I had not been at school all the morning! You can imagine the relief to my mind, and you can imagine that a conviction had birth and grew and thrived in my brain, that it is better to be born lucky than rich. The explanation of my mother's tearful looks and my father's reproaches was, he had been recommended to take me away from a school where I was learning nothing, and where I would not learn anything, for, as the head delicately put it, "We really feel we are not earning your money."

I suppose it was my shrewd North-Country blood that told me such an extraordinary piece of luck would never befall me again. Certain it is this near shave was the end of my truant days. I

tude he had toward failure of any kind, no matter how blameless the failure might be; these and many others are not qualities that are usually found in gentle and amiable natures, and they do not as a rule attract sympathy and affection. But they saved the whole expedition from annihilation many a time, they dragged us out of difficulties which would have overcome an ordinary man, they drew us through places where there seemed to be only death before us, and they gained for him the absolute trust and confidence of all those who followed him. In the early part of the expedition, we, Stanley's four officers, Captain Stairs, Captain Nelson, Dr. Parke, and myself, did not entirely understand his character, and at first the things that he did seemed to us sometimes to be hard and unnecessary. But as the months went on our estimate of his character changed, for we saw how absolutely right and necessary all that he had done had been, and we realised that sometimes it was very necessary to do hard things for the safety and preservation of an expedition like ours. Stanley has often been accused of cruelty, but I can only say that during the three years we four officers were with him in Africa we never once saw him do a cruel or wanton thing, or anything of which our consciences disapproved."

In the same number is a poem by Winifred Coombe Tennant, the sister-in-law of Lady Stanley, which is a protest against the policy which forbade the burial of Stanley in Westminster Abbey by the side of Livingstone.

Touring Team Titles.

As the county cricket clubs wind up their season the period of third-class cricket begins to reach its meridian, and all manner of amateur teams go on tour (says the London "Daily Graphic"). There is no doubt that the number of these touring teams has shown signs of considerable increase this season, but the development is accompanied with one tendency which, it is complained, is derogatory to the dignity of the game. As with one mind, a quantity of the new teams have indulged in alliterative titles more catchy and, perhaps, witty, than dignified. There are some titles of this nature, such as the "Hampshire Hogs," justified by antiquity and grounds of derivation. "The Guinea Pigs," again, a name given long ago to teams which boasted the absence of a "tail," has an appropriateness that must be recognised. But the stylist has some excuse for objecting when a locality beginning with "D" thinks it desirable to call its team the "Dumplings," and plays the "Stragglers" from Somerset; and this surrender to the fatal attraction of alliteration becomes genuinely lamentable when Chorley or Chestnut, or some such sounding place, supports an eleven of "chappies." No doubt most of the synonyms for "touring" are used up. Wanderers, Peripatetics, Nomads, we have in excess, but the imagination of cricketers should be able to advance beyond snipnet assonance.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOtha.
The young Duke, better known as the Duke of Albany, is shown in his dress as a student of Bonn University.

next. My first impulse was to run out of the house and bolt altogether; my second, to face the music. I did face the music, and went up into the schoolroom in the usual way, and presently in came the head-mistress. She was a woman of extraordinary dignity, who did but little of the teaching, being the figure-head of the establishment. She sauntered round, swishing her silk skirts and glancing over the shoulders of first one and then another of the girls bending over the long desks. Then, when she came behind me, she took hold of my skinny little shoulder with a firm but not unkindly grip.

"Etta," she said, "your father has been here."

"Oh, has he?" I said, in a very meek voice.

"I have told him what I think about you," she said, in accents more of sorrow than of anger. "I don't wish to say anything to you on the subject, but you will hear all about it when you get home."

This was prolonging the agony. I felt that facing the music was postponed till I reached the paternal abode. How I suffered that afternoon! The whole school knew exactly what had happened. Some were sympathetic, some admired my courage, and some contemptuously put me down as a little idiot for running the risk of getting myself into such a horrible scrape.

So home I went to face the music. I

left school at the end of that term, and began private lessons under my father's eye. They included Latin and Euclid. Latin I loathed, but it was Euclid which undid me and cast me out of my father's study!

After that for several years I was entirely given up to music. I did nothing else, cared for nothing else. Then came a time when I realised that, neglectful as I had been of my opportunities, there was something in me which could only come out through the point of a pen, and that was the literary birth of "John Strange Winter."

Stanley as a Leader.

The feature of "Scribner's Magazine" for September is a striking tribute to Stanley's memory by his last surviving officer, Mr. A. J. Mounteney-Jepson, who visited New Zealand a couple of years ago. "His faults," he writes, "were never of a mean or petty kind, and were easily forgiven when one saw the true greatness and nobility of his nature beyond. . . . His seeming hardness and callousness in working to achieve what he had undertaken, if he felt that the end was a good one; the curiously hard and unsympathetic atti-



NAPIER NOTABILITIES INSPECTOR MACDONELL.

Nubian Desert for Tired Nerves.

Seven weeks in the desert and a new set of nerves is the hope held out to neurotics by a Swedish nurse who has hitherto found her skill greatly benefited but failed to bring a complete restoration to health of women suffering from neuritis and its attendant ills. Far from communications with the outer world, living in an exclusive camp, on the simplest diet, a party of English society women are now breathing the pure air and basking in the sun of the Nubian desert, confident in their nurse's promise of a reawakening interest in life.

Sun baths and sand baths there have been and are in plenty, but always ac-

companied with the distractions of more or less fashionable resort life. To this Swedish masseuse belongs the credit of conceiving a camp in the Egyptian desert as an ideal haven of rest for tired nerves. Egypt in recent years has come prominently to the front as a health resort for many reasons. Under British administration the land has been cleared of several epidemics that at one time were regarded as necessary evils in the country.

This desert cure, as it is called, is the idea of a clever woman who has gained a reputation as a masseuse. Among her clientele are several society women suffering from neuritis and its attendant ills, and they have been benefited greatly by the particular form of

Swedish massage practised by the nurse.

Something, however, was wanted to complete their perfect restoration to health, and the idea struck the masseuse that the pure and beautiful air of the Nubian desert was the one thing necessary to bring back the elasticity of youth.

Acquainted as she is with the desert, the masseuse made arrangements to take a party of her English patients to the sandy expanse of Nubia. Selecting a spot far enough removed from the regular caravan routes to avoid publicity, a tent has been erected for each patient in the party.

A certain number of fellaheen women have been engaged as servants, and no male is allowed within its lines. Neither are letters or papers permitted to enter the reserved enclosure, and the

diet is of the simplest, consisting as it does of fruits and cereals.

The great cure is to be the air, the pure air of the desert. The clothing is of the lightest and most ethereal description, so that the patient may enjoy the air and sun baths with little trouble. Simplicity is also the keynote of the furnishing of the camp.

No amusements, except perhaps a lip-painting for the artistic, no fine dressing, no distractions such as are found in the foreign spas and health resorts, will be permitted. All day long they will be breathing in the life-giving air, which in its elasticity will prevent any feeling of ennui from gaining ascendancy over their minds. The directress of the cure will see that her patients have just enough to soothe their tired out brains, and will herself superintend all the arrangements.



AFTERNOON TEA, THE BOTANICAL GARDENS, LONDON.

“ROUND THE WORLD” PICTURES.

NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST RESORTS

THERMAL SPRINGS, WONDERLANDS, SCENIC EXCURSION ROUTES, AND HEALTH-GIVING SPAS.

TE AROHA.

A beautifully situated health and holiday resort at the foot of the Aroha Mountain, 115 miles South of Auckland; accessible by rail direct or by steamer and railway via the Thames. It has several good hotels and boarding-houses. There is a large supply of hot mineral water, with excellent public and private BATHS. The hot waters are efficacious in cases of Gout, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Eczema, and other Skin Diseases, and in disorders of the Urinary Organs, Liver and Spleen; also in ailments due to excess of acidity. Dr. Kenny is the Government Resident Medical Officer, and may be consulted. Male and Female attendants in charge of the Baths. There are two Tennis Courts and a Bowling Green in Public Domain adjoining the Bathing Pavilion.

ROTORUA.—THE WORLD'S SANATORIUM.

ROTORUA, on the shores of the lake of the same name, 915 feet above sea-level, is 171 miles South of Auckland, with which city it is connected by a daily railway service. It is the Centre of New Zealand's Thermal Wonderland, and its unequalled natural Hot Mineral Waters are sure remedies for many painful and distressing ailments. The climate is healthy and temperate; there are several large and comfortable hotels and many boarding-houses. Easy facilities for side-trips are provided by steamer, coach and buggy. Spouting Geysers (including WAIMANGU, the largest in the world), boiling springs and lakes, miniature volcanoes and other thermal marvels abound. Beautiful forest, river and lake scenes. The Government Gardens cover 250 acres of the lake-side. Lovely flowers; artificial geysers; ornamental shrubberies; winding walks; lakelet covered with native water fowl. Pleasant recreation grounds; afternoon tea; music. Tennis Courts, Croquet Lawns, and Bowling Greens are provided.

PARTICULARS OF THE BATHS.

THE HOT SPRINGS OF ROTORUA are beneficial in a very large number of cases of Chronic and Subacute Disease; more especially in cases of Chronic Rheumatism and in Convalescence from Acute Rheumatism, in Gout, in Rheumatoid Arthritis, and in such local manifestations as Sciatica and Lumbago, in Peripheral Neuritis, Neuralgia, and many other nervous diseases when not of central origin, in Neurasthenia, and in certain cases of Hysteria, and in certain Uterine complaints; in many diseases due to failure of excretory organs such as the Liver or Kidneys, and in many skin diseases.

THE PRIEST'S BATH.—This is an immersion bath; the water is of a strongly acid and albuminous sulphur nature, acting as a powerful stimulant to the skin, relieving pain and stiffness, and stimulating the circulation. Hot douches and cold showers are provided for use after the bath.

THE RACHEL PUBLIC BATHS, supplied by the Rachel Spring, are immersion baths like the Priest, but the water is of a bland, alkaline nature, and distinctly sedative in its effects.

THE RACHEL PRIVATE BATHS are also supplied by the Rachel Spring. In addition to privacy, there is the advantage of obtaining a bath at any desired temperature. Special baths and towels are reserved for those suffering from skin diseases.

THE POSTMASTER BATH is similar in nature to the Priest, but the waters are even more acid and stimulating.

THE SULPHUR VAPOUR BATH.—This is a natural hot vapour, highly charged with sulphur gas, conducted into a properly constructed box, in which the patient sits, while Sulphur in an impalpable form is constantly deposited on the skin.

LOCAL SULPHUR VAPOUR BATHS, for treatment of a single limb or a part of a limb, are available.

THE MUD BATHS.—A part or the whole of the body is immersed in hot mineral mud. These baths are especially useful in cases of stiff joints and localised pain.

THE AIX MASSAGE BATHS.—These baths, only recently opened, are in charge of trained operators. Various kinds of powerful douches, under high pressure, play upon the body, while at the same time massage and various manipulations are employed. The installation, though at present comparatively small, is very complete, while the Rachel water possesses in a very high degree the "glairy" quality which makes the waters of Aix les Bains so peculiarly fitted for massage purposes. There is no bath in the Southern Hemisphere to compare for a moment with this.

THE DUCHESS BATHS.—These consist of a large, hot, covered Swimming Bath and two sets of private baths. For those who desire a luxurious bath at a reasonable price there is no better bath in the world than the Duchess. In addition to the Duchess Swimming Bath, there are

THE BLUE BATH, an open air hot swimming bath, fed by the Maitrey Geysers, and furnished with cold shower baths; and

THE LADIES' PAVILION SWIMMING BATHS, an open air hot bath, similar in arrangement to the Blue Bath, but fed by the Rachel Spring.

THE NEW BATHS now in course of construction will, in point of completeness and luxury of baths and appliances, rival the most famous baths of the Old World and in the variety of Mineral Waters supplied they will completely eclipse any other baths in existence.

The Famous Te Aroha Drinking Waters are obtainable at Rotorua.

THE GOVERNMENT SANATORIUM

The charge for admission to the Government Sanatorium at Rotorua is 30/ per week. The fee includes board and lodging, medical attendance, nursing, baths, and laundry. Owing to the accommodation being limited, and the great demand for beds, intending patients are advised to secure accommodation in advance. Patients recommended by Hospital or Charitable Aid Boards and members of duly registered Friendly Societies are admitted at 25/ per week. To these patients are extended all the privileges given to those paying the higher rate. Beds available for Friendly Society patients are limited to six.

The Government Balmist, ARTHUR S. WOHLMANN, M.D., B.S., London, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., Eng., is in charge of the Government Baths and Sanatorium, and is assisted by WILLIAM B. CRAIG, M.A., M.B., and C.M. (Ed.). Either of these medical officers may be consulted at the Sanatorium, or will, on request, attend at visitors' residences.

TARAWERA-WAIMANGU TOUR.

Chief among the side-trips in the Rotorua District is that to Tarawera, Rotomahana, and the mammoth Waimangu Geyser, which frequently bursts its water, mud and stones a thousand feet into the air. The coach route passes the beautiful Lakes of Tikitapu and Rotokakahi, and lands passengers at the ruined village of Wairoa, which was destroyed by the Tarawera eruption in 1886. Thence boats convey the visitors across Lake Tarawera. A short portage is crossed, and a boat trip is made across Rotomahana, a wonderful lake, where excursionists may be rowed over boiling water. Thence visitors walk to the Waimangu Geyser. Government accommodation house at Waimangu.

LAKE WAIKAREMOANA.

This fine lake, surrounded by great cliffs and forest-clad mountains, is accessible from Wairoa (Hawke's Bay). The most convenient route is that via Napier, whence coaches and coastal steamers run to Wairoa. From Wairoa a coach leaves for Waikaremoana bi-weekly, at 7 a.m., arriving at the Lake the same evening. "Lake House," a large, comfortable, and well-equipped house, established recently by the Government, stands on the shores of Waikaremoana, for the accommodation of tourists. Excellent trout fishing is to be had, and interesting excursions may be made on the lake and also to the lovely little neighbouring lake of Waikareiti. Oil launch and rowing boats are available for the use of visitors at moderate charges.

Moreere may be visited from Wairoa. It has hot mineral waters, but the baths are at present in a very primitive state. Hotel accommodation is available.

HANMER HOT SPRINGS.

These hot mineral springs, at which is established a Government Spa, are situated on a healthy plateau of the North Canterbury Plains, 1218 feet above sea level. The climate is excellent, the air clear, bracing and invigorating. Hanmer is easily reached in one day from Christchurch by train to Culverden, thence by coach. Accommodation may be obtained at the Government Spa (Manager, Mr. Jas. Baring Gould). Natural hot mineral private baths are provided; also, hot air and douche baths and massage. The springs are sulphuretted saline water, possessing valuable properties for both external and internal use in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, certain forms of indigestion, Kidney complaints, and Skin Diseases. Inhalation in certain forms of Bronchitis and Asthma is also found effective. Dr. Little visits Hanmer Spa on behalf of the Government. Tennis Court, Croquet Lawns, and Bowling Green are provided for the use of visitors.

SOUTHERN ALPS. MOUNT COOK.

The Hermitage Hotel (under the control of the Tourist Department) is situated near Mount Cook (12,340 feet) and within easy distance of the great Tasman Glacier. The Hermitage (2500 feet above sea level) is reached by rail from Christchurch and Dunedin to Fairlie, thence by coach. On the coach journey the night is spent at Lake Pukaki, where there is a Government Hotel. Guides, horses, and Alpine equipment obtainable at the Hermitage. Alpine huts with bedding, etc., at elevations of 2404 feet and 5700 feet. Cook's Tourist Coupons accepted at the Hermitage Hotel.

LAKE WAKATIPU.

The Southern Lakes are unsurpassed for the grandeur of their surroundings. Wakatipu is the most easily accessible. Queenstown, on the shores of this lake, is reached in one day from Invercargill or Dunedin, by train to Kingston, thence by Government steamer 25 miles. From Queenstown the Government steamers run to the head of the lake, past scenes of majestic beauty. Meals are provided on the steamers. From the head of the lake excursions may be made to Mount Earnslaw (9300 feet), Paradise, the Routeburn, Rere Lake, and other places of remarkable scenic charm. Comfortable hotels in the district.

LAKE TE ANAU AND MILFORD SOUND.

The overland route from Lake Te Anau to Milford Sound is one of the finest scenic tracks known. Te Anau is reached from Dunedin and Invercargill by train and coach. The coach journey from Invercargill is 50 miles, thence a coach journey of 52 miles lands the traveller on the shores of Te Anau, the largest of the Southern Lakes. At the head of the lake (which is 38 miles long) is Glade House, available for the accommodation of visitors; here a guide is obtained for the overland Alpine trip. There are huts at convenient distances on the road to the Sutherland Falls, the highest in the world (1904 feet). Accommodation house at Milford Sound, in the midst of majestic and sublime scenery. Oil launch on Milford Sound. Lake Manapouri is easily accessible from Lake Te Anau.

ALL INFORMATION

as to Charges, Fares, etc., in connection with the above and other Tourist Resorts in the colony may be obtained free on application to the GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT OF TOURIST AND HEALTH RESORTS, WELLINGTON, or on enquiry at the Branch Offices, Auckland, Rotorua, Christchurch, Dunedin, or Invercargill. Information is also supplied at the London Office by the Agent-General (Hon. W. P. Reeves), Westminster Chambers, 13, Victoria Street, S.W.; and by Mr. J. G. Gow, Commercial Agent for New Zealand, Durban, South Africa. For details as to routes, fares, and time-tables, see Tourist Department's Itinerary.

Minister in charge of the Tourist and Health Resorts Department.

The Hon. Sir JOSEPH G. WARD, K.O.M.G.

Superintendent, T. E. DONNE, Wellington, N.Z.

Cable Address:—"MAORILAND."

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THE BLACK MOTOR CAR.

By J. B. HARRIS BURLAND,

Author of "Dacobra," "The Unspeakable Thing," Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS. CHAPTERS I TO III.

The story opens in the house of Mrs de la Motte, young, of rare and exceeding beauty, clever and utterly unscrupulous. She describes herself as a widow, but there is some mystery concerning her late husband, and some doubt if he is dead, or if there ever was such a person. The latest victim to her charms arrives to call, Jack Porteous, a brilliantly successful young bank manager. When they are alone Jack hands over £5000 which he has embezzled from the bank, in addition to £6555 which he has recently abstracted for her. She gives it back to be changed into gold or smaller notes, and tells him she has booked a berth for him for Buenos Ayres, on a steamer leaving at once, and she will follow him. Thinking for a second of his little son and his wife, with whom he has lived unhappily, Jack hesitates, but is quickly overcome. He spends the evening at the Empire, and on returning home, having drunk heavily, is horrified to find his wife dead of apoplexy. The shock pulls him up, and though he must fly because of his embezzlement, he feels he cannot now marry the temptress, Mrs de la Motte. He calls to tell her this, and the woman who has loved for once pleads with him, but is scorned. Her love turns to hate, and as he leaves her she murmurs, "He shall suffer for this. My God, how he shall suffer."

CHAPTER IV.—Madame de la Motte is not long in seeking vengeance on her quondam lover. Porteous had perfected arrangements for getting away undiscovered, and was in the act of saying farewell to his little son, to whom he is most devotedly attached, when he is arrested, notice of his defalcations having been given to the bank authorities by an anonymous letter in a woman's handwriting. Porteous is sentenced to 14 years' penal servitude.

CHAPTER V.—Twenty years elapse since the last chapter, and readers are introduced to some new characters. The Earl of Heatherstone, an enormously wealthy and unscrupulously proud peer, is giving a political garden party, to introduce to the electors of the "right colour" Lord Harry Guy, a young and handsome nobleman standing in the Conservative interest. Lord Harry is a fine fellow, a thorough sportsman, and is in love with the Earl's daughter, Agnes, who does not, however, as yet suspect his passion. The two, who are old playmates, meet at the party, and Lord Harry admits he would not be afraid of his antagonist, one Stacey Clarke, but for the popularity of his agent, a certain Holme, who is a fine yachtsman, and who has captured the affections of the sailors. With the idea of breaking the state of his affections of his sweetheart, Harry asks Lady Agnes to meet him after the speech, and after some demur she gives a half-promise to do so.

CHAPTER VI.—Lord Harry's avowal is interrupted by a runaway. In trying to stop which he is thrown into a creek and saved by Arthur Holme.

CHAPTER VII.—Introduces the reader once more to Porteous, who, under the name of William Behag, has taken refuge in the neighbourhood of Heatherstone Hall. Porteous had gone into the prison a man who had lusted lost his honour, but who still retained many admirable traits of a fine and gentlemanly nature. It came out of it a wild and ravening beast, insensible, save for the love he still bore his son, to every passion and emotion but revenge. A callous, cold-hearted ruffian, a misogynist, who wanted only one thing in the world, and whose brain would never rest until he had found it. He learns on coming out that both Mr and Mrs Behag are dead, and that his son had run away to sea. Porteous joins a motor car firm, makes a fortune, and returns to England, bringing with him a 60 horse power motor, his one idea being to find his long lost son.

CHAPTER VIII.—Porteous, alias William Jordison, has but two objects in life—to find his son and to revenge himself on Mrs de la Motte. He has spent much on both pursuits and has failed fruitlessly. A chance meeting with Arthur Holme, the electioneering agent, who has a passion for yachting, results in Jordison questioning Holme—who has been at sea—if he ever knew a lady named Richard Behag—under which name his son passed. Holme announces that Behag is dead, but his manner satisfies Jordison that he knows more about the matter than he cares to say. Meanwhile, he instructs his agents to make all inquiries, and to spare no expense.

CHAPTER IX.—Lord Harry Guy, who wins his election, proposes to Lady Agnes and is refused. A friendship springs up between the Earl and Holme, and a love affair commences to kindle between him and Lady Agnes.

CHAPTERS X, AND XI.—After months of thought and study, Jordison invents a wonderful new motor car. On returning from the trial trip there is a terrific explosion of some dynamite in the engine house, which shakes the Red House to its

foundations, and leads to the discovery of large subterranean chambers under the cellar with a long passage leading in an easterly direction. At this juncture, Jordison received word of the failure of the motor firm from which he has drawn his wealth.

CHAPTER XII.—To replenish his depleted coffers, Jordison, with the help of some of his gaolbird servants, takes up the role of burglar, in which he is greatly aided by his phenomenally swift motor car. Heatherstone Hall is the scene of Jordison's first essay, and the incident leads to the murder of Lord Overcliffe, heir of Heatherstone Hall, who surprises the marauders and falls a victim to Lipp, one of Jordison's servants.

CHAPTER XIII. takes the reader back to Jordison's boy. Inquiries made by the father's agents elicit the fact that the son, under the name of Behag, had passed some wild years of his life in Valparaiso, where he was in the employ of a wealthy firm. One day he and Sterious, son of the senior partner in the firm, go out in a yacht and are never seen again. It is then discovered that they have robbed the firm of many thousands. Some time afterwards the yacht's dingy and a body are washed ashore north of Valparaiso. The body is apparently that of Behag, and appearances point to his murder by young Sterious, "a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow with fair hair and grey eyes." Strangely enough the firm subsequently receives from London a package containing valuable securities which had been taken away in the yacht.

CHAPTER XIV

WHAT JERMY FOUND IN THE CREEK.

Lipp was right in his conjectures. Two weeks after the murder of young Lord Overcliffe a bill was posted throughout the length and breadth of the county proclaiming that Lord Heatherstone would give £5000 reward to anyone who would give such information as would lead to the detection of the murderer. The keenest professional inquiry agents in England gathered to that part of the world, as vultures to a carcass; the police moved on in their own silent, methodical way; and the number of men who left their legitimate business and assumed the role of amateur detective was so considerable that it amounted to a serious disorganisation of labour in the Eastern counties. It seemed, however, as though the murderers had left no trace behind them. Lipp and Jordison feared only one danger, and that was within their own house.

It came home to them at last. One morning Lipp, half-dressed, saw a figure far down the road that led to Gorehaven. At first he thought it was the postman, then, noticing that it was moving away from the house, he rushed downstairs, and found that Susanson was missing. Half an hour later, Jordison was driving his motor furiously along the road between the creeks, and Lipp was sitting in the tonneau behind with a pair of field glasses in his horny hands. Jermy, bound hand and foot, was lying on his back in a locked room, and contemplating a patch of dull grey sky through a barred window. He felt it to be an indignity, but he realised the necessity of the precaution. Hour after hour he spluttered horrible oaths through the gag that had been fastened in his mouth, cursing Jordison, cursing Lipp, and cursing most of all Susanson, the dirty little Jew, who had forestalled him in his treachery. He pictured to himself Susanson squandering his £5000 on diamond rings and fat little Jewesses with black, greasy locks.

But the sense of fury and disappointment in Jermy's mind soon gave way to an overwhelming terror. He knew that he had not many hours to live. He realised that his death would be a most desirable event in the eyes of Lipp and Jordison, and that neither of them were likely to have any scruples about taking his life.

If Susanson had reached the police

station at Gorehaven, Lipp and Jordison would have all their work cut out to save themselves, and probably they would not even return to the house. If, on the other hand, they overtook Susanson, it was quite certain that the poor little Jew would never have another chance of betraying them. In which case Jermy would be the sole possessor of the secret and it would be almost necessary for them to ensure his silence.

In either case Jermy realised that he must free himself from his bonds. He would either be left to starve to death, or else he would be murdered, or else he would himself fall into the hands of the police, an event which, though preferable to the other two alternatives, would be by no means a thing to be desired.

All through the day his mind had been trying to evolve some method of loosening his bonds, but he was as helpless as a man with a broken spine. Not only was he bound hand and foot, but several separate ropes had been passed round his body, till he was swathed like an Egyptian mummy. As an additional security a rope had been passed round his neck and fastened to the leg of a heavy iron bedstead. Lipp had done his work well. The prisoner could not even roll over on the floor. Jermy knew that he must free his hands, but it seemed almost an impossibility. The wrists were lashed tightly together, and his arms were bound close to his body. Even if he could have raised his wrist to his mouth he would have been no nearer to freedom, for the gag effectually prevented him from doing anything with his teeth.

All through the day he lay like a log, hungry, thirsty, half choked, and aching with the pressure of his bonds. And yet all the time forgetting physical discomfort and pain in the agony of terrible suspense, with ears strained to catch the sound of voices outside the window and the tramp of footsteps on the stairs.

It was not until the sunlight had died from the sky that a humble friend came to Jermy's assistance. Shortly after the clock in the hall had chimed five, he heard the patter of tiny feet on the floor of his bedroom. He knew at once that it was a rat. The house was literally over-run with them. His mind at once travelled back to stories he had read—thrilling stories, where a kindly rodent had nibbled through the

bonds of the hero. He glanced at the ropes. They looked unappetising, and he remembered that the hero had generally managed to rub them over with oil or fat. However, he lay still and hoped, for it is wonderful what straws a drowning man will clutch at.

The rat moved round and round in search of something to eat. Once it came within a yard of Jermy's head, and looked at him with beady eyes. Perhaps it recognised a brother, for it was the animal of which Jermy was the human type—the unclean ravenous thing that man stamps under foot and exterminates. Jermy held his breath and wondered what it would do next. He recalled unpleasant tales of men being eaten alive by rats, and the sound of others in the wainscoting by no means reassured him. The rat, however, did not seem to care for a closer acquaintance with the lump of silent flesh on the floor, and, turning round, it ran up the bed clothes, and made its way up a bell rope to a long dealshelf, some eight feet above the ground. The shelf was covered with tins, jars and bottles, and Jermy heard the clink of glass as the animal crept along on its tour of inspection.

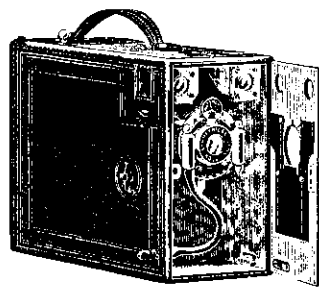
Then the rat did a thing which, if it had occurred in the middle ages, would have earned it a place of honour on the Jermy coat of arms. It discovered a large jar half full of axle grease, and in its efforts to taste this rich dainty, it sent the whole thing crashing to the ground. The bottom half, with its jagged edge of thick earthenware rolled to Jermy's side.

In less than a quarter of an hour Jermy had sawed through the rope that bound his wrists and arms. The broken edge of the jar was as keen as a razor. Rolling his body from side to side, he worked carefully and with enormous difficulty. His hands streamed with blood, but the loss of a finger would not have stopped him.

With hands and arms unbound the rest was easy. He cut through all the ropes in five minutes, and, rising to his feet, moved painfully across the room to a cupboard, where he found a bottle of brandy. A deep draught of the fiery liquid put fresh life into his aching limbs and body. He went hurriedly to a dirty old cigar-box full of papers, and drew out a purse with twenty-five sovereigns in it. Then he glanced at the window and door, and decided on the latter, and burst it open with the heavy iron fender.

Then he made his way downstairs, crammed half a loaf and a chunk of bacon into his pocket, and slipped out into the road.

There was no one in sight, but he could not see far in any direction. A white mist was rising from the marshes, and the road disappeared from view three hundred yards from the Red House. The sun had set, but the sky was clear, and not yet dark. The full moon showed large and yellow on the horizon through a bank of sea fog. Jermy stood a moment at the gate and listened. The silence was complete and unbroken. He wondered what lay beyond the wall of mist; whether Jordison and Lipp were tearing at full speed to the nearest seaport, or whether Susan-



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man had been captured. The motor was so silent that it might flash upon him at any moment out of the mist. Any other machine would have given warning of its approach, and the low throb of the engines would have been heard two miles away. But this black monster moved like a ghost, and till its lights flashed suddenly out of the darkness, no man could know how near it was to him.

Jerry had, however, to take his chance, and he set off along the route to Gorehaven. It was the only route open to him. In all directions he was cut off by winding creeks, full almost to the banks, for a spring tide was running up from the sea, and it was nearly high water.

On either side of the road lay two tall banks; beyond them were two strips of marsh land intersected by a thousand tiny channels and gullies. At low tide these were merely narrow ravines of mud, some more than six feet in depth, and some but shallow little gutters, tapering off into a point, losing themselves in thick masses of purple sea lavender. But on this night they were full to the brim with water.

Jerry decided that the open road was too perilous for his purpose, so he climbed a steep bank on the left and descended to the marsh land on the other side of it. A rude pathway ran at the foot. In some places it was overgrown with glasswort, now turning to a mass of crimson spears, in others it was a narrow stretch of mud littered with corks, bottles, scraps of wood and sticks, reeds, and a thousand and one pieces of debris that had drifted up the creek with the tide. The bank was over six feet high, and he was well screened from observation, but the walking was difficult, and he moved slowly on his journey. Every now and then he crawled cautiously to the top of the bank, and peering over the edge looked up and down the road.

A faint wind had risen from the south-west, and the mist was gradually being scattered before it. In half an hour's time he could see nearly a mile in every direction. At the end of an hour he had travelled little more than three miles, but his limbs were still stiff from the ropes that had cut into his flesh and muscles, and he was beginning to be tired of his journey. He lay down on the bank to rest, so that his eyes could scan the long road beyond. The bank was wet with a heavy dew, and so steep that he stood almost upright as he leant against it. But it afforded a certain degree of comfort after his weary tramp on the slippery and overgrown path. He pulled out the bread and bacon and ate heartily; then he filled a short clay pipe with black shag and smoked till a sense of peace crept over him, and he saw himself the owner of £5000. He had no doubt that the stupid little Susanson was dead.

His happy meditations were interrupted by a yellow glow in the mist, where the road vanished from sight. A few seconds later three bright sparks glittered in the distance like stars, and every second they increased in size, till he could see the black car behind them. In less than a minute they had flashed past him, and the fan of light receded farther and farther till it died away in the mist beyond.

He sprang to his feet and continued his journey. He had noted that there were only two people in the car. It was quite evident that Susanson had been effectually disposed of, for it was hardly likely that the two men would have returned to the Red House if the little Jew had made good his escape. The reward was in Jerry's hands, if he could only get off the marshland into the open country.

At present, he was bound up among the creeks and inlets on either side of the road, that he could only escape by hiding. He knew well enough that before long the motor would come tearing back along the road, and that the occupants would organise a systematic search on either side of it.

He sprang to his feet and continued his journey. He had nearly three miles to go before he could take to the fields, and strike across country to Gorehaven. He had a few miles start, but this, even with the time that they would occupy in discovering his absence, was not much for a man in a race with a motor that could run 100 miles in the hour.

The wind had cleared away the last remnant of the fog, and the full moon shone clear over the country. The marsh land was richly veined with silver where the light fell on the thousand creeks and gullies. It was a singularly beautiful sight, but Jerry cursed it with a foul mouth. He would have liked a fog so

dense that a man could not see his own feet. In ten minutes time he peeped over the edge of the bank, and again saw three bright eyes in the distance, and a blotch of black on the long white road. He nestled on his way, bending down a little in case they should catch some glimpse of him from the passing car.

When at last he heard the swish of mud, he lay flat on the ground among some tall marsh weed. The car passed, and he rose to his feet. He knew well enough the method of his pursuers. They would go to the end of the marshes where the road joined the old Roman causeway, and then they would beat backwards on foot, one on either side of the road. In the bright moonlight it would scarcely be possible for him to escape their notice. A pair of night glasses would detect a moving figure on that flat surface for miles around. He stopped and hesitated whether to go forward or return. If he proceeded on his way, he would be bound to meet them. If he went back, he would perhaps escape them for the moment, but he was only running further into a trap, and further from safety. If he had been armed, he would have stood his ground and fought, but Jordison had taken good care that there should be only one revolver at the Red House.

He finally decided to go back. He crept as near to the bank as he could, and in a few minutes crossed it, and kept close to it on the other side. If his estimate of his pursuers were correct, he would be hidden from their view.

For a quarter of an hour he trudged homewards. Every now and then he turned back and saw the distant twinkle of the Blériot lamps, motionless at the far end of the road. Then, as he looked, they seemed larger, and a minute later he realised that the motor was moving rapidly towards him. He saw now what had happened. He was discovered.

He crawled over the edge of the bank again and leant against it, sweating at every pore. Once, twice, three times he saw a figure stand on the edge of the bank, and each time nearer to him. They were reconnoitering as they proceeded along the road. When the figures had disappeared for the third time he turned swiftly aside towards the creek, and looked sharply round for some place of concealment. The water was flush to the edge, and the banks afforded no shelter. He was unable to swim, and dared not risk the crossing.

Then a few yards away he saw that one of the little gulleys narrowed up till it almost disappeared under the tall weeds on either side. He did not hesitate for a moment, but flung himself into it. From its narrowness he had estimated its depth at about two feet, but to his surprise he sank down and down until his head was under water and he felt the soft mud banks press into his shoulders. With a stupendous effort he dug his feet and hands into the mud and raised himself up to the surface, spluttering and gasping for breath. One of his hands had caught something hard, and he brought it up with him. As he held it above the water in the moonlight he saw that it was a gold watch and chain. He thrust it into his pocket. It represented an additional item in his small exchequer. He found he could just touch the bottom with his feet, and his head was concealed by a bunch of weeds overhead. As he felt himself sinking into the mud, he moved up a little towards the road in the hope of finding a better footing. His feet encountered something firm, but elastic, like a pillow stuffed with straw. He put one toe under it and gave it a lift.

And then a horrible thing happened. He felt the object rise from the bed of the gully, and a few seconds later a white face rose from the water. He moved aside the weeds and let the moon fall on it. It was ghastly, distorted, and streaming with black mud. A small crab was hanging to one of the ears. It was the face of Susanson.

Jerry forgot all caution in his terror and shrieked aloud. And looking up at that moment he saw two figures on the bank against the sky. He knew he was discovered for they had descended and came hurriedly towards him. He struggled out of the gully and was on his feet to meet them before they reached the spot. He was a powerful man, and had no intention of dying like a rat in a sewer. As he rose from the water the white face of Susanson sank slowly back into its muddy resting place.

The two men came to within five feet of him, and he saw that Jordison held

a revolver in his hand. They then stopped.

"What are you doing here, Jerry?" Jordison asked in a quiet voice.

The man did not answer, but braced every muscle in his body. He had an idea that Jordison would not fire, and that it would come to a physical combat.

"Well," Jordison repeated. "Yer bloomin' sannaik!" Lipp growled, "Yer thought yer'd got the 4000, eh?" and he laughed horribly.

Jordison raised his revolver, but Lipp had a hand on his arm and muttered in his ear. The next second they were upon their victim, and the three rolled over on the spongy ground. The contest was short but decisive. Jerry drove his teeth into Lipp's face with such force that nail of the water's front teeth went down his throat, and the next second he had bitten a piece out of Jordison's ear. But he was overpowered, and Lipp began to choke the life out of him, while Jordison held down his legs and arms. With a stupendous effort he freed one of his hands, and thrust it into his pocket. He had a confused idea that there was a weapon there.

Quick as thought Jordison gripped his wrist, and as he inserted his hand into the pocket, the fingers touched the gold watch. He drew it out. Now Jordison knew that Jerry had no gold watch, and he gave a quick glance of curiosity at it, before flinging it aside. In that brief moment he caught sight of a name engraved on the back of the case, and for the time being he forgot everything else. He loosed Jerry, and slipping the watch into his pocket, sprang to his feet.

"Let the man go, Lipp," he cried. "I want to speak to him. I can shoot him if he runs."

Lipp loosed the throat, but stood over the fellow like a cat watching a mouse. Jerry did not move. He was nearly black in the face, and struggling to get his breath.

"Where did you get this watch?" asked Jordison. A faint hope flickered in Jerry's breast. He noted the look on his master's face as he asked the question. Here was something that was required of him, and he knew that no answer could be got out of a dead man. He regained his wits—the wits of a professional scoundrel.

"I'll tell yer if ye'll take me 'ome," he replied, gasping for breath, "and swear you won't try this game again."

"If you'll swear you won't peach on us, and tell me what I want," Jordison replied, "I'll give you my word of honour as a gentleman, that we will not harm you."

Jerry swore the oath in picturesque language, and Jordison gave him the required assurance. Then Jordison and Lipp grasped the man by the arms and led him to the motor car. In a few minutes they were in the Red House.

Then over a substantial supper Jerry told his comrades how he had found the gold watch, but he said nothing of the body in the mud. Jordison's face fell, and there was an ugly look on it, but he remembered his promise. He felt that he had been tricked, for the news was quite valueless.

Yet that night in his bedroom he turned the watch over and over in his hand, looking at it as though he expected it to speak to him. But it only

spoke the five words engraved on the back of it:

"Arthur Sterious, from his mother."

CHAPTER XV.

LOVE'S BITTERNESS.

Arthur Holmes was dining at Heatherstone Hall the night that young Lord Overcliffe was killed. This fact, unimportant in itself, formed a close bond between him and the grief-stricken family. It was he who carried the dead boy from the garden to the smoking room. He saw Lady Agnes turn white as death, stagger, and fall in a heap to the ground. He heard the shrieks of the distracted mother crying out for vengeance on the murderers of her only son. He accompanied Lord Heatherstone in the midnight hunt, and through all the vain hue and cry of that wild night, he and Lord Harry Quay supported the old man in his hour of sorrow.

To be with people in an hour like this counts for many days of ordinary intercourse, and so it came to pass that Arthur Holmes became very intimate with the Heatherstone folk, and found his way into the heart of at least one person in the family.

Before a month had elapsed from the death of Overcliffe, Arthur Holme

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found himself fighting against the dictates of his own heart. His whole nature cried out for love, and he knew that Lady Agnes loved him. No word of it had passed between them, no look betrayed it, and the clasp of the hand, when they met and parted, gave no sign of it. But some subtle and undefined instinct told each of them the truth. If anything, the knowledge made them over careful and over reserved in each other's company. A stranger seeing them together would have said that the relations between them were strained, and that only common courtesy obliged them to have anything to do with each other.

Arthur Holme fought a terrible battle with himself, but he conquered. He was a strong man, and in his own rough way, an honourable man. He knew that Lady Agnes loved him, and he knew that she probably would be as wax in his hands, and that nothing would keep her from him, if he chose to storm the stronghold of her own family pride and her father's displeasure. But he knew also that to marry her would be to drag her from her high estate. And he knew also that he would take her from Lord Harry Quay, a man who was not only his friend, but who would be a more suitable husband in every way for this sensitive and high-born girl. It has been said that love conquers all. But though a strong man cannot conquer love, he can put it down till it only cries out faintly from his own soul. He can bind it, and stifle it, and stamp on it, till its existence is as unknown to the outer world as that of one of the prisoners in the old dungeons of Venice.

Arthur Holme resolved to deal with his heart in his own way. He knew the limitations of human nature, and decided to break off all communication with the people at Heatherstone Hall. His only home was in the fifteen ton boat that lay in the Essex creeks. It had no ties. There was no question of changing house or shifting furniture. He had but to set sail, and move into another part of the country. Save for Lady Agnes, he did not care a straw for the ultra civilisation of Heatherstone Hall. His friend, Lord Harry Quay, was up in town contributing a solid vote and gold-silence to the conservative cause. Dress clothes and a footman at his elbow did not appeal to Arthur Holme. He was only really happy when he was hanging on to the tiller with his feet pressed against the butwarks, and the frothy

water was sweeping past him like a mill race. To break off all connection with the Heatherstones would only mean the loss of Lady Agnes. And that would be all for her good. And so the young man resolved to fly from temptation. It was no act of weakness, for a man must be super human to be long with the woman he loves and be silent. It was rather, from a man's point of view, an act of strength, a sacrifice for the good of the woman.

Yet it is pitiful to learn how small a thing will shatter all the resolutions of a brave man.

Arthur Holme sprung his news on the Heatherstone household at dinner one night. He longed, so he said, for a breath of the sea. He had work to do, work that Lord Heatherstone did not approve of, but still, work that had to be done. His heart was with the toilers on the deep, and he had resolved to take the "Rover" to Yarmouth, and, if possible, adjust a dispute between the smack owners and the men, which threatened the livelihood of thousands.

Lord Heatherstone received his news with genuine regret. The other guests murmured various commonplaces. One lady said she had worked woollen countertops for the North Sea fishermen. Lady Agnes was silent, but a close observer might have noted the tremor of her hand as she lifted a glass of water to her lips. Arthur Holme did not dare to look at her face. He felt the cruelty of this sudden and public announcement. But he had resolved that there should be no farewell scene between them, and that the girl he loved should both receive the news of his departure in the presence of her family, and be finally included in a formal leavetaking.

It was therefore the irony of fate that brought these two together after they had said good-bye in the presence of a dozen other people. A few minutes before midnight Arthur Holme and Lord Heatherstone sat alone in the smoking-room. The guests had departed, and Lord and Lady Gaunbridge, who were staying in the house, had gone to bed. The noble Earl was expounding his views on labour and capital, a subject introduced by Holme's projected visit to the scene of a great labour dispute. He quoted copiously from the speeches of men long dead, and from the words of authors who were deservedly forgotten. He was a man of accurate memory for unimportant details, and referred to fifty works that Holme had never heard of. In one case, however, his memory

failed him. It was necessary to refer to the book. Holme protested that he would accept the quotation without reference. But Lord Heatherstone would have none of this. It would be better, he said, to refer to the book. He was not quite sure if he had the book, but he fancied it was in the library. If it was in the house, it was in section II, shelf 7.

Holme rose to his feet. "I will look for it, Lord Heatherstone," he said, perhaps a trifle wearily. It was getting late, and he did not care a rap for the authority in question. But he was anxious to humour a man from whom he had received much kindness and whom he might never see again.

As he made his way across the hall to the library he was surprised to see the door open, and noticed that there was a faint glow in the room, as though a single light had been switched on at the far end of it. It was an enormous apartment, nearly 200 feet in length. The bookshelves covered the walls to the height of eight feet from the ground, and ran out in wings to the centre of the room. He entered quietly, and his footsteps made no sound on the thick pile carpet.

He knew that section II was half way down the side opposite the door, and making his way round one of the projecting walls of books, he walked down the centre aisle. As he did so, he heard a faint sound at the far end of the room, the sound of books being replaced in their shelves.

He walked rapidly past section II and then paused, for another sound came to his ears, the heartbreaking sobs of a woman, low, stifled, but distinct in the silence. An expression of pain crossed his face, and he stood irresolute, trembling in every limb. He knew well who it was that wept. And then in a single moment his whole being went out to the woman he was deserting, the woman who loved him. Prudence, honour, the knowledge of what was best for both of them, were all swept to the four winds of Heaven. His love and his pity rode triumphant over everything. And yet for a moment he paused. He had pur-

posely avoided a farewell scene. Here it lay, ready made to his hand. He was a strong man, but he paused only for a few seconds. In that time he prayed that the sobbing might cease. But it did not cease, and the sound of it made him a poor weak thing. He clenched his hands in despair, and strode rapidly to the end of the room.

He purposely made a noise before he came to the last wing of books, and when he passed it, Lady Agnes Cliffe was looking diligently at the shelves as though in search of something. She half turned towards him with a faint smile on her flushed face.

"Mr Holme," she said in surprise, "whatever—"
"Your father sent me to find a book," he broke in hurriedly. "I wondered who had turned on the light, I—"

"Section II," she said, with a laugh. "Father only favours that particular part of the library. It is his armoury for political purposes. This is N—pure fiction. My stepmother is unwell, and wants something to send her to sleep."

Holme did not answer, but coming close to her side, glanced at the title of the book she held in her hand. It was Beatrice Harraden's "Ships that pass in the Night." He wondered if this was a mere coincidence.

"Ships that Pass in the Night," he said slowly, and then he laughed bitterly. She looked up at his face, and the next moment she was sobbing in his arms.

It was all very sudden, and very unaimed, but the look on his face compelled it. For the moment her reason had left her, and she had acted as her heart commanded. But a second later, she broke away from his clasp, and burying her face in her hands, cried as though her heart would break. He came to her side again.

"Agnes," he said, softly, "I implore you, dear Agnes—oh God, what have I done? Don't cry, dearest; don't cry like that."

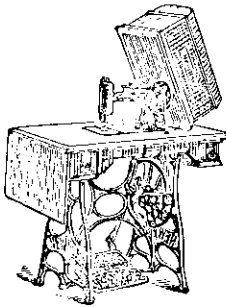
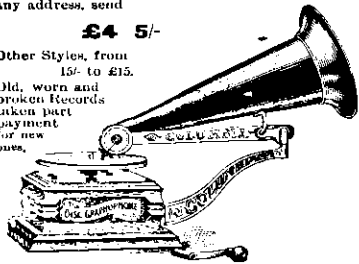
Again he took her in his arms, and this time she did not try to free herself from his embrace. But she looked up at him with pleading eyes. He bent down his face and kissed her tenderly

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on the forehead. His whole nature cried out for the touch of her lips, but he was man enough to subdue the passion that burnt within him.

She looked into his face again, and he saw that glad light of love shine through the tears in her eyes. But still she did not speak.

"Agnes, dearest," he said in a low voice, "I have something to say to you, and I must say it quickly. I would have left without saying it, but it must be said now—after what has happened." She turned her eyes away from his face, and he drew her closer to him. He could feel her slim body tremble in his arms.

"Agnes," he said simply, "I love you. It sounds weak to say you are the only woman I have ever loved. It is a stock phrase; the ridicule of cynics; in most cases a lie, that no intelligent woman believes. But in my case it is the real truth. Yet to-night I must leave you, and never see you again. I will not drag you down to my level. But for a moment of weakness, but for the prank that chance has played on us, I should have left without telling you this. Now that I have told it, I must go."

"Arthur," she murmured, but so faintly that the sound hardly came to his ears. It was the first word she had spoken, and all the love of her heart was concentrated in the softly breathed name. An appeal, a despairing cry, a prayer for him to stay. It was all these blended together by love in a single word.

"Yes, I must leave you, Agnes," he continued, "I am no fit husband for you. It is not only that you are a great lady, and I am a poor man. Were I but the son of a farmer on your father's estate, I could look you honestly in the face and ask you to be my wife. But being what I am, I could not drag you down to my level. I see you for the last time, Agnes. I must go now."

"Yes, I think it is time that Mr. Arthur Holme went," said a stern cold voice behind them. They sprang apart and turning round confronted the Earl of Heatherstone. His heavy handsome face was flushed with anger, but he controlled himself with the skill of the trained diplomat. Lady Agnes hid her crimson face in her hands. Arthur Holme clenched his right fist, and said a word that would not look well in print.

"Mr. Arthur Holme is going, Lord Heatherstone," he said. "How long have you been here?" He snapped the last half dozen words out so savagely that Lord Heatherstone shrank back a pace. But he recovered his composure in a moment.

"Agnes," he said quietly, "go up to your bedroom at once. Mr. Holme, I will have a word with you before you go."

Lady Agnes went up to her infuriated father and kissed him mockingly on the cheek. "Good night," she said in a low voice. He did not answer, but turned his back on her. She held out her hand timidly to Arthur Holme.

"Good-bye," she said in a whisper. Holme looked at her father, and the devil rose in his heart. He stepped forward to clasp her in his arms and kiss her passionately on the lips. But his finer nature prevailed. He stopped suddenly and held out his hand.

"Good-bye," he said hoarsely, "and God bless you."

She took his hand, and looked for a moment into his eyes, and fled. He turned to the great Earl of Heatherstone.

"Well, my lord," he said sharply, "what have you to say for yourself?" It was characteristic of the man that he assumed the attitude of a judge at the time when his proper place was in the dock.

"It is for you to speak, Mr. Holme," Lord Heatherstone replied; "but let us return to the smoking room. It is cold in here."

The two men went back to the smoking room. Lord Heatherstone flung himself in an easy chair by the fire. Holme remained standing. For a while neither of them spoke.

"Well, sir," said Lord Heatherstone, after a pause.

"As you have been listening, my lord, I think you know everything. It is possibly clear to you that I love your daughter. It is equally clear, if you heard rightly, that I shall not see her again."

"You damned scoundrel!" cried Lord Heatherstone, rising to his feet, "what right have you to speak of love to my daughter! Who are you, you damned ad-

venturer! Don't you know your place, confound you? Do you think that because we—"

"That'll do, Lord Heatherstone," the young man replied; "I know my place quite well. And it is because I know it that I have resolved never to enter this house again. I will wish you good-bye, my lord."

"Stay, Mr. Holme; you cannot go yet. How long has this been going on?"

"It commenced five minutes before you came into the room. It ended when your daughter left it. But I shall answer no more questions. I wish you good-night," and he turned to go.

Lord Heatherstone laughed. "When I was your age," he said in an insolent tone, "I had more pluck. I would not have broken the heart of the woman I loved for all the social distinctions in the world. Bah! I thought there was more fight in you. I do not think Agnes has lost much."

Arthur Holme turned sharply round, and his face paled for all the bronze that the sea and winds had given it.

"There's plenty of fight in me, Lord Heatherstone," he replied in a strained voice. "And, by God, if you rouse it, you will bring the devil into your household. I am man enough to retire without wrecking your home. Even if I thought that your own case had made you lenient to us both, even if I thought that your second marriage with a woman whom you dragged up from obscurity had made you less punctilious about the alliances of your house, I would not offer myself as a suitor for your daughter's hand."

"You have no money," said Lord Heatherstone. "It would, of course, be an impossible match. We do not even know who you are."

"I know this," Holme replied gravely, "that I am no fit husband for any woman. But, mark you, Lord Heatherstone, if you rouse the devil in me, I may cast all scruples to the winds. I am a strong man, and I care little for your lands and your titles. If I did resolve to follow my desires, Lord Heatherstone, I would indeed, leave your house unto you desolate."

Lord Heatherstone sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. Arthur Holme had struck hard, and struck deep. It was but a month since Lord Overcliffe had died.

Holme was disgusted with the brutality of his own words. He stepped over to Lord Heatherstone and laid one hand on his shoulder.

"I am sorry, Lord Heatherstone," he said quietly, "I did not mean to hurt you. You would forgive me much if you knew what this brief glimpse of love has been to me. Good-night and—good-bye."

(To be continued.)

(Copyright Story.)

IN DUTY BOUND,

By EDRIC VRIEDENBURG.

{Author of "The Haunted House in Berkley Square," etc.}

He was in duty bound to leave her.

He loved her dearly, she was the whole world to him, and now that he had to turn his back on her and go, that real world that was before him seemed an utter blank, a desolate, dreary waste.

And she loved him as truly and devotedly as he loved her, yet she was in duty bound to let him go. All the dreams of the happy future, all the castles they had built between them, all his ambitions, in which she was to share, were shattered.

Shattered—in such a simple, ordinary, everyday, unromantic sort of way, but nevertheless, shattered to atoms!

It was ruined, that's all, just ruined. Yesterday he had been a man of money, to-day he wasn't worth a shilling. He received the news by telegram, and then by letter; quite a short letter. His trustee had speculated with his money, lost it, and fled the country.

At first he could hardly realise all the loss of the money meant to him, that it meant the loss of his life's happiness, the loss of her he loved beyond all measure. But her father realized the truth immediately; he was a poor man himself and knew the sorrows and sins of poverty, so he quickly opened the young man's eyes, and his daughter's eyes—they were in duty bound to part.

So they parted—John Strong and Muriel Leslie bade good-bye as thousands of lovers have done before, and thousands of lovers will do again; which fact, by the way, does not lessen the individual sorrow in the slightest degree.

Muriel stood at the garden gate to see the last of the man she loved as he walked down the road with the setting sun before him. He came shortly to the point where he had to turn away to the right, so he stopped a moment and waved his hand; then he strode quickly on, and the sun went down behind the hills.

John Strong was by no means a perfect man, he was nothing so uninteresting. He was an ordinary being, with his good points, and his bad. At present, of course, Muriel Leslie was uppermost in his mind, and in conjunction with her in his thoughts was the man who had robbed him, robbed him of all the glorious happiness in store for him; and he cursed this man body and soul, swore that if ever he met him—swore that which he would not utter aloud, swore that which made his blood boil in his veins, and caused him unconsciously to stride along the road like one demented.

John Strong went to London to arrange his affairs. This did not take him long. As a matter of fact he had very few affairs to arrange. There was not even a remnant of his fortune left to give him the trouble in settling. His trustee had cleared off everything, Cash, papers, and himself.

Strong had relations in town, poor relations certainly, but between them they managed to scrape together sufficient money to send him to Australia and to give him a little, very little, cash in hand when he arrived there.

"I will go to the goldfields, and make a fortune, or die for it," he said to himself, which remark certainly shows that he was distinctly an ordinary young man.

"The placing of one sixpence on the top of another is too slow a process for me," he continued, "I shall be old before I have enough to marry on." And then he cursed again the man who had robbed him.

So he went to Australia to make his fortune.

Time and the good ship brought him eventually to the island continent. On board ship he made the acquaintance of two young men, ordinary young men like himself, and the three would talk together of what they were going to do, the fortunes they were going to make, and of their happy return to England; but Strong never mentioned his lost love, it was too deep a feeling for him to speak of lightly, neither did he ever refer to the man who had robbed him; this also was too serious a subject to be idly talked about.

These three young men resolved to try their luck together; they were about the same age, and all equally poor; between them they had only sufficient money to take the train part of the way to the Land of Ophir, to the Land of Golden Nugget and Golden Happiness, so they resolved to walk the remainder of the distance.

It was a foolish, mad idea; but foolish, mad ideas have before now succeeded in the end.

Be that as it may, when they could go no further by train they started out to walk. They walked till they were foot-sore and weary, under burning sun for three days, with little to eat and little to drink. It was in the evening of the third day that, as they dragged their tired legs along, they saw a cottage in the distance. It was a welcome sight, for they were out of the beaten track, and night was upon them; they were confident that the inmates of the cottage would give them such hospitality as they were able, so they pushed on with renewed energy.

A half-starved dog met them in the garden of the miserable little house, while half-a-dozen unhappy looking fowls pecked about the door.

The young men knocked, but no one answered; knocked again and again with the same result, so at last they lifted the latch and walked in. The door opened into a room which was close, evil-smelling, and empty. They stood for a moment in silence, and then one of them shouted. There came a reply, a faint cry from above stairs; they shouted again, and the cry was repeated.

"I will go and see what the matter," said Strong, and he went up to the room above.

He was not long away; he came down hurriedly. His face was white, and his hands were trembling; he went into the garden for air, he breathed with difficulty.

"Why, man, what's the matter!" cried his companions, "have you seen a ghost?"

"Matter—matter little enough. It's nothing," he replied, disjointly. "There are two men lying ill upstairs, that's all, that's all; go and see them."

Strong's two companions wet upstairs and left him alone for a few moments. He was glad to be left alone; his thoughts were running riot.

"To think of meeting him here," he



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said to himself, as he paced the wretched garden to and fro. "Damn him—God or the Devil has placed him in my hands, this robber who has robbed me of all I love on earth."

When his friends joined him he was quite composed, quite himself again, or appeared to be.

"They are in a bad way," said one of the young men as he came downstairs, "stricken down with fever, and hardly conscious. Come, we must help ourselves."

"They caught and cooked a couple of the unblappy looking fowls; they were thin and very tough, but they were better than nothing, better even than the worm-eaten biscuits they found in a cupboard. They discovered water in a shallow well, dirty water, but they boiled it in a rusty kettle and drank it with a relish, for they were parched with thirst."

"This is a fearful place," said the second of Strong's companions after a while, "and gives me the horrors. I am decidedly of opinion that we should move on. We are rested somewhat, and the moon is rising. It will be pleasant walking."

"I'm with you for certain," said his friend.

"I'm not," remarked Strong emphatically.

"Not what, Strong?" said the other two together.

"Not going."

"Not going? Why, man, let us get away from this beastly hole; we shall surely catch the fever if we remain," replied one of the others.

"You go on, I'm resolved. I remain," answered Strong, with his lips compressed, and determination written on every line of his face.

"But why, why should we stay?"

"I cannot leave these two sick men to die alone—it isn't right," was the reply, and John Strong looked on the ground, and at the ceiling, anywhere but in the faces of his companions.

"Oh, rot," cried one of them, "they'll be all right, the neighbours will look after them—we cannot be expected to do so."

"Neighbours," exclaimed Strong. "Why, we are in the wilds; there is not a house within miles of us, I'm certain. I remain, I say—I remain."

No argument would induce him to alter his mind, except the death of the two men upstairs would release him, he said, from the spot.

The two companions left him: left him with regret, but they had their way to make in the world, you know, and a couple of fever-stricken men must not stand in their way to fortune.

John Strong watched them go, then turning fed the half-starved dog with the remainder of the fowls. After that he leant against the side of the door for a while and looked out on the barren country.

The moon was shining brightly, and the flat land was bathed in silver light, except where the black shadows were thrown by the cottage and a few stunted trees in the foreground.

A bright light, too, shone in Strong's eyes, while there was a black shadow in his heart. He was no ordinary man now. Opportunity had changed him. He had his grand opportunity, his enemy had been delivered into his hands.

His face grew very hard as he turned into the cottage and went upstairs.

Rivers, Strong's late trustee, the man who had ruined him, lay on his back on a low bed, his hollow cheeks and bright eyes told their story. He was at death's door. He recognised Strong immediately, he entered the moonlit room, but for the moment believed him to be the spirit come to torment him last hours.

The other man was on the floor in a sitting position, half covered with a rug. He appeared to be deadly ill, as he held his head between his hands and rocked himself to and fro.

"For the love of God," he exclaimed in a choking voice, "give me some water!"

"Some water!" faintly repeated the man on the bed.

Is there a more fearful torment than that of thirst? The two men were burning with a fever. Until the last few hours one at least had been able to drag his weak limbs to the shallow well and bring water, but at last the sickness took such a hold of them that they were both unable to move.

Strong went downstairs and fetched the rusty kettle, which was half full of water. He filled a cup and gave it to the man on the floor. He drank greedily, and then another cupful; and all the while the man on the bed watched him with staring, eager eyes.

"Give him some," said the man on the floor, "he wants it more than I do. Look at his poor eyes."

"Don't you wish for more?" replied Strong, hoarsely.

"I could drink the well dry," was the answer; "but give it him, see how he suffers—a drop of water is worth more than the gold of all Australia to him."

John Strong rose from his knees and hesitated. The man in the bed followed his every movement with the keenest anxiety; and then of a sudden Strong became an ordinary man again, the hardness died away from his face, his lips trembled slightly, and his eyes became moist with tears.

He turned and tenderly raised the head of the man who had done him so great an injury, and gave him water. He did more; with a hand as gentle as a woman's he pushed back the tangled hair from the hot forehead; he smoothed the pillow, and made the bed tidy.

He did more, he whispered words of comfort and encouragement in the sick man's ear; he did more still, he whispered his full forgiveness. He nursed him day and night, and the other man also with equal care.

It was an awful week, a fearful seven days, the sun shone down with increasing heat, the dog died, the fowls died. No living thing came near that little cottage, the only thing to eat was the worm-eaten biscuits, the only thing to drink the dirty water from the shallow well.

To look out on the dreary waste with the stunted trees and brown grass, hurt his eyes, to see never a living thing or hear never a sound drove him almost to madness.

Was this then the end of his ambition? Where was that fortune he had come to seek? Where was that revenge he had sworn to have? He went upstairs and prayed by the bed of the sick man.

He was sorry when the man died, he wept like a woman, perhaps it was because he was weak and ill himself. The man died in his arms, and with his last words blessed him for his loving kindness. The other man who was the owner of the cottage, died the same day, he also blessed the stranger who had found them in their hour of need and stayed by them and comforted them.

"You will be rewarded for your charity," had said the dying man. "He told me all about it" (and he pointed to the bed), "all about it. How he robbed you, ruined you. I know now your thoughts when you held the cup of water in your hand. Praise be to Heaven you gave him drink."

There was a pause for a moment or so.

"Where are your two friends?" asked the man on the floor.

"Gone to the goldfields to seek their fortunes," replied Strong with a sigh.

The man smiled, but was silent for some time, then he said suddenly:

"You will do the last thing I ask you, I am sure. There are two trees in the front garden. Short trees both; one I think is dead but I'm not sure. I want you to bury me exactly between these two trees, and four feet deep—four feet deep, mind you."

"I will do exactly what you wish," answered Strong.

"Four feet deep, and exactly between the two trees," repeated the man faintly, and a minute later he drew his last breath.

John Strong rose immediately, he realised the task before him, two graves to dig, and the ground as hard as iron, and the sun burning like a furnace, and never a breath of wind to cool him, or a soul to help him.

Some men would have fled the place with horror, but not so John Strong; he was in duty bound to see the whole business through to the fearful end.

He was surprised at his own strength of character, surprised at his own strength of arm, for it was terribly hard work; it took him hours to dig the first grave, but it was done at last, and Rivers, the man who had done him so much injury, was laid to rest for ever. Strong said a prayer over him, and then taking his spade, went to the spot between the two trees.

If anything the ground was harder here, or, was it that he was growing so very weary! Four feet, was it possible for him to arrive at such a depth? It seemed not, for he had not dug a foot down when he fainted. When he came to himself, he was unable to stand, so he dragged himself along the ground out of the heat of the sun, and lay in the shadow of the house for some hours.

"I look like digging my own grave," he said to himself grimly; but when the night came he felt much better, and was able to resume his task. He worked slowly but steadily, and at length came to three feet down.

Three feet, surely that's enough," he muttered, and he leant on his spade. "I've half a mind to let it go at that."

After a moment or so he put the spade aside, and walked towards the house. He was anxious to get it all over, the moon was shining brightly, and to his fevered imagination everything seemed unreal; it certainly was all

very uncanny and gruesome, while the solitude and silence were appalling.

"But he made a point of four feet, such a point," he said to himself hesitating, "and I gave him my word; I will go on."

And he went on. "Damn the stones," he cried suddenly, and savagely, as he stooped down to pick up that which the spade had struck against.

It was a remarkably heavy stone for its size, remarkably heavy. He held it to the light and noticed that when the spade had struck it there was a long glistening line.

"My God," cried John Strong hoarsely, "He turned hot and then cold, his heart beat so hard and fast that it was positively painful. He held the stone, it was large, again to the light."

Stone, it was no stone, but a lump of pure gold! The man shrieked aloud with excitement. He laughed, he danced, he threw the nugget besides him and, seizing the spade, went on digging with strong, powerful arms. Dig, he could not, it was only a matter of picking out the gold, some nuggets were large and some very small, but all pure, all pure and bright.

He understood it now—the space between the two trees, the depth of four feet, and the reward he was to receive.

When dawn broke it found John Strong a rich man. He had found a fortune, while his revenge had turned to loving kindness!

Having performed his duties to the dead, Strong with a little of the gold in his pocket, wandered forth to procure assistance. After some hours he came to a homestead, where he was able to purchase a horse and cart, and some much needed food. He drove back to the cottage, and from there, with his wealth, to the railway.

About three months later John Strong strode along a country lane; he was humming a tune as he went, his ruddy cheeks glowed with health, his bright eyes shone with happiness.

As he turned suddenly to the left, and came on to the high road, he could see a house in the distance. With what anguish in his heart had he last looked at that house!

And was it chance, or could she be waiting for him—she was there at the garden gate. He shouted to her and waved his hat, and a few moments later he held her in his arms.

Muriel's father had heard from John Strong, and heard of his riches. He came smiling down the garden path, and before the day was out gave his ready consent to the marriage, as, of course, he was in duty bound.

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(Complete Story.)

Coronation of Mrs. Beacock.

By MARY B. MULLETT.

Suddenly Mrs. Beacock's heart sank, and she turned to look out of the window. The cheap glass gave to the tumbled outline of the Tennessee mountains an even wilder exuberance of humps and hollows than they really possessed.

But Mrs. Beacock did not see the mountains, nor the tricks her poor window played with them. Neither did she hear what her visitors were saying in their peculiarly well-trimmed speech, polished and pointed with a certain precision, quite unlike the negligent drawl of Mrs. Beacock's world.

Somehow, for the moment, the current of life had tossed two city women into this mountain settlement, and here they had found a minister's wife. She, like them, had been whirled in here, out of the big sweep of things. It was the minister's wife who had taken the strangers up to Mrs. Beacock's, up past the Institute which Northern women had planted here, and which would have dominated the huddle of houses had not the besting mountains dwarfed even it into insignificance.

"It's for the mountain girls," explained the minister's wife. "Most of them come alone and board at the Institute, but the Beacock family has moved here in a body. You may think there are eighteen children, if they're at home, but I assure you there are only eight. Mrs. Beacock—"

"There is still a Mrs. Beacock after such a crop of little Beacocks?" asked one of the strangers—a tall girl, with a quizzical smile looking out of its home in her eyes.

"Indeed there's a Mrs. Beacock!" said the minister's wife.

"She must be a really remarkable person," said the other stranger—a little woman who wore three veils, one over another. She looped the outer one up on the brim of her hat as she spoke. She was always looping one of them up. "She weaves these er—bedspreads?"

"Like the old blue-and-white ones of our grandmothers' days. An interesting survival, isn't it, like the hand-industries abroad? And I'm trying to play the part of guide, philosopher, and friend." The minister's wife was silent a moment; then she laughed woflly. "As a matter of fact," she said, "that's all absurd. I'm afraid I don't care very much for all the hand-industries in the world—except Mrs. Beacock's. But I care awfully for hers. They're a sort of land back in the mountains, where they were living the life of the average mountaineer. Not one of the family could read or write until Mrs. Beacock taught herself her letters and passed this sublime piece of knowledge on to the older children. But there were no schools and there was no prospect that the little Beacocks would ever get beyond the words of one syllable to which their mother had so laboriously introduced them. So Mrs. Beacock said that the mountain must go to Mahomed. At least, she said something to that effect, and they came. I don't suppose we have any idea what a convulsion of nature it was when the family took itself up by the roots from its little yellow patch of ground and moved itself bodily to the settlement, so as to be near a seat of learning," with a smile toward the Institute.

"They left a few sheep out there," she went on, "and Mrs. Beacock goes out and shears them, cards and spins the wool, dyes it and weaves it. I'm sure she works harder than any slave ever worked under the whip of an overseer. And yet, every time she can get five minutes to herself, she pores over the children's schoolbooks, struggling along after them as if she were trying to keep within hailing distance. Yes, as you say, she is quite a remarkable person."

The bevelled one assented complacently, with the air of having invented Mrs. Beacock, and looped up another veil, she better to see the rude shack they were approaching.

"By the way," said the minister's wife, as she knocked at the door, "Mrs

Beacock is just getting over typhoid now."

It was just fifteen minutes later that the temperature of Mrs. Beacock's heart dropped. For a quarter of an hour she had been in a fine glow. When the precious coverlets had been opened out, and at each new apparition the bevelled one would exclaim, "Very remarkable!" Mrs. Beacock's heart had throbbled with pleasure. At last, however, with a sudden dash of intuition, she knew how little it all amounted to. And even while the bevelled one mechanically repeated her formula of praise Mrs. Beacock's heart grew cold. They did not like her coverlets. They did not mean what they said. For a little while she had forgotten the awful weakness which had hung like lead upon her during these days of convalescence, but now it reasserted its dominion over her. She was suddenly in terror of crying.

"Won't you let us help you put them away?" said the minister's wife. The sudden going out of the light which had filled the tired eyes had made a shadow in her heart.

No, Mrs. Beacock could put the coverlets back, thank you. Anyway, the children would be coming from school, and they would do it; which reference made the visitors hurry away with profuse apologies for having taken up Mrs. Beacock's time. She looked after them as they trailed out of the yard, a final "very remarkable" drifting back as the home-made gate was closed.

"Words is cheap," sighed Mrs. Beacock, a trifle bitterly, as she turned to put away the praised, despised coverlets. But the noon bell of the Institute rang at the moment, and she left them untouched. Nine hungry mouths would be demanding dinner before she could get it ready.

Outside the gate, the tall girl looked back rather wistfully from her place at the end of their single-file procession. They walked thus along the brink of the omnipresent gully.

"Really very remarkable," said the bevelled one yet once more. "But quite impossible, you know."

The minister's wife, at the head of the procession, stopped.

"You mean the colours?" she said. "I know they're impossible; but as soon as I get my role of guide, friend, and so forth, into better running order, I'm going to manage a change. Last year's wool had been dyed before I had fairly discovered Mrs. Beacock. Then the little Beacocks entertained the measles—not unawares. Then the typhoid fever claimed Mrs. Beacock's attention, to the exclusion even of my well-laid schemes. So that here we are on the brink of June, and the time has only just come for me to carry out a beautiful plan for the reformation of those colour schemes. I'll admit they're enough to make one bark and bite, even if it's not one's nature to."

"Why didn't you tell us that?" said the tall girl, abruptly. "I'll order two pairs of portieres if you can devise a way of getting them done in dull green and white. I was going to ask you to take one of the coverlets for me, anyway, and—do something with it. I didn't know just what. I thought you might put it in a missionary box. Missionaries are so used to hearing up under afflictions that they might not mind one more blow. But if you can manage the green portieres, why, I shall be delighted. And we'll let the missionaries off this time."

"Blessed it!" exclaimed the minister's wife. "All I needed was an order like yours. I've the thing all arranged. I'm going back to first principles; hickory bark, you know, and mulberry and—things like that," somewhat vaguely. "They're good principles. They're the dyes that 'mother used to make,' and they're the real thing. I'll find something—or Mrs. Beacock will—that will make the most chastened green portieres ever hung." And the minister's wife laughed gayly.

"Well," said the bevelled one, "it would be a kindness to the poor soul. I don't think I ever saw a more hideous

lot of hues than that pile of coverlets made when they were all in a heap. Ugh! they've set my teeth on edge for a week."

"Well, you'll find us all reformed characters the next time you come," said the minister's wife, as she turned and went on picking her way along the edge of the yellow gully.

While the others talked the tall girl was watching the outpouring of scholars from the ugly brown Institute. One young girl came running across the open space, laughing, and looking back at the others. Quite close to the path she turned, and, seeing the group of strangers in the path, hesitated a moment, then came slowly nearer. Suddenly, however, she stopped short; her eyes widened; she flushed scarlet; wavered a moment; then turned and ran swiftly back to the Institute yard. The tall girl looked after her, smiling and wondering at a timidity which was almost beyond the bounds of the possible to those who dwell in cities. She was the only one who had noticed either the approach or the retreat.

"Is that yew, Lily?" said Mrs. Beacock, looking up from the spluttering bacon as the eldest of the eight, a dark-eyed girl of sixteen, stepped in at the open door.

"Yes," said the girl, shortly.

Lily Beacock was the pride and the puzzle of the Institute. The teachers, who seem to have been selected for their piety rather than for their learning, were no match for her eager intelligence. Not one of them but drew an apprehensive breath when Lily Beacock opened her lips with an interrogation behind them. When Lily Beacock's class (it was thus that they privately spoke of it) filed out of the recitation-room, Piety sighed with relief as the door closed.

The girl was as keen and as ardent in her feelings as in her mental processes. Sometimes she knew why she was happy; oftener she wondered vaguely. Yet intensely happy she was at times; almost as happy as, at other times, she was wretched. Unfortunately, she had the rather common failing of being stung by joy. Happiness seemed to paralyse her tongue. Anger stung it into speech. Poor, stormy-hearted child! She divined as by intuition the mysteries of books, but over the heart's problems she alternately glowed and glowered.

When Lily raised questions of grammar and of arithmetic, Piety fell back on the rules in the Institute text-books. In quite the same way, it fell back on another text-book in matters of life and love, sin and sorrow, duty and devilry. When these subjects raised their heads, forth came an inevitable Scripture verse appropriate to the occasion. Piety recited the verse precisely as it gave the rule for finding the common divisor of the classic injunction that verba must agree with their subject in person and number.

Sometimes Lily saw how to work out these Scriptural rules. Oftener she recognised only the voice of perfunctory Piety.

If it had not been for the minister's wife, Lily would have had a low opinion of Piety as a medium of explanation. The minister's wife was different. She knew "why." Sometimes in words, sometimes in dumb questioning, the cry for the wherefore of things was always repeating itself in Lily Beacock's mind. Why was it "ungrammatical" (the bugaboo of the Institute) to say that you had done been there? Why did the farmer have 13.14dol to spend for provisions, after spending one-half of his money for a corn-sheller, one-third of the remainder for a dress for his wife, and 2.62dol, which was half the price of the dress plus one-tenth the price of the corn-sheller, for a yellow dog? Why not let your angry passions rise, when you are so sure that you have an excellent reason for being angry? Why do unio others as you would have others do unto you, when they won't return the compliment? Why be meek when every instinct of self-respect is up in arms, protesting? Why, why, why!

And the minister's wife knew why. She and Lily had talked these things out a good many times, and Lily was slowly learning her way through the mysteries of life.

When she stepped into the smoky kitchen, however, that moon in late May, she did not look as if she had found her way very far. Judging from her expression, life was a gloomy wilderness of error, and she, Lily Beacock, was in the middle of it. Mechanically she went into the next room to put away her hat—a military specimen which had migrated hither upon one of the semiannual tidal waves of missionary boxes, but on the threshold she stopped short, as if she had seen a wild animal.

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"Oh, Lily," said her mother, wearily, "wun't ye put them spreads up? The minister's wife was here 'th some folks from town ez 'nowed ez they wanted ter see the weavin'. I ain't had no time to git 'em put up."

"Did they buy any?" asked Lily, standing tense and unmoving in the doorway.

"No," quietly. Then, with a note of appeal in her voice, for the hurt heart cried out to confess its hurt and be comforted, "I reckon ez they ain't s'ppen for town folks."

"Oh, 'tain't that, mother!" cried Lily, flinging into the kitchen and standing with her back braced against the wall, in a defiant way she had at times, "Can't you see that they're ugly?" she went on, "Lily! That's what they are. I 'eard 'em talkin' jes now down the path. They called them hidjus. They said it set their teeth on edge. Of course they woun'd buy 'em. Who'd want sech a lot o' hidjus hures as them?"

Lily was quoting, but her mother scarcely grasped the fact. She was looking with shrinking eyes at the girl, who, with a smothered exclamation, flung out of the room as she had flung into it and began folding the despised coverlets.

Mrs Beacock stood motionless. The fork with which she had been turning the bacon dropped from the hand that hung nerveless at her side. She picked it up and turned blindly toward the stove, putting her hand to her throat a moment as if it pained her. Then, mechanically, she pushed the frying-pan to the back of the stove and stirred the potatoes, which were adding to the tumultuous sound of sizzling.

Dinner, that noon was an orgy of such unwanted freedom on the part of the younger Beacoeks that the unusual silence of the elders was much more than counterbalanced. The meal was late, and as soon as it was over the children hurried off to school. Lily went without a word, the storm-cloud still in her eyes.

When they had gone, Mrs Beacock sat still for a long time, staring at the ugly wreck of what, at its best, had been a most unesthetic meal. The quality of a headache, however, is not turned, chameleon-like, to the colour of the circumstances the eyes look upon. It can be tragic even when one sits staring at scraps of bacon being slowly imprisoned in the grip of cold grease.

And Mrs. Beacock's heart did ache. It was the ache of the mother who is proud of her child, and presses that pride to her bosom, even though, wonderful flower that it is, it has thorns that wound. Lily was her first-born. Sixteen years of love and longing were summed up in Lily. She was to be, in fact, what her mother had been in only the wildest of dreams. She was to have a richer life, an unbound soul. It was in Lily's future that her mother, who had walked in darkness, saw a great light.

Blindly she had willed these things, blindly toiled and prayed for them, without ever realising what gulfs she might be opening between her heart and her heart's desire. Even if she had seen the abyss there, black and impassable, she would not have turned back. She thought she did see it now. The revelation about the coverlets had gone farther than the

mere wounding of her pride. It had shown her a gulf, and Lily on the other side. She sat at the mossy table and stared at the scraps of bacon, but she was looking into the depths of that gulf.

It must have been an hour after the family had gone that someone tapped at the door. Mrs. Beacock looked up with a start. It was the minister's wife. Mrs. Beacock tried to get up, but she felt as if there was no Mrs. Beacock at all from the waist down.

"There! Please! Don't get up. You're not anywhere over that miserable fever yet!" exclaimed the minister's wife.

Mrs. Beacock smiled a wan smile. "Looks mighty shifless," she said, with a glance at the table. "I dunno's I ever did let the dinner things set before. I ain't feelin' myself yit."

"I should say not! You ought not to be out of bed. Now I'm going to clear off the table and wash the dishes while I tell you something. No, no!" holding Mrs. Beacock down. "Ah, please!"

When the minister's wife said "please" in that tone, adamant was discovered to be water.

"You remember the tall young lady who was with me this morning," began the self-constituted maid of all work, gaily scraping the plates.

"Yes," Mrs. Beacock's pale face slowly flushed a dull red.

"She wants you to make her two pairs of portieres this summer, as soon as you are able to get to work again. Do you think you can do it, say next month?"

The red faded out of the thin face. There was a puzzled look in the eyes. The pause was so long that the minister's wife looked around.

"What does she want 'em for?" asked Mrs. Beacock, slowly.

"Why, for portieres," "Oh, I know," quietly, "that's what she says. But she ain't a-goin' to hang up things ez ugly ez she thinks my spreads air."

The minister's wife stared. "They air ugly," insisted Mrs. Beacock. "Yew think they're ugly, don't ye?"

It was the turn of the minister's wife to flush.

"There, there!" said Mrs. Beacock, with quiet dignity. "Don't yew worrry 'bout hurtin' my feelin's. I know they're ugly. Lily?"—a pause—"Lily told me."

"Lily?" "Yes. She heard yew all a-sayin' so this morn'. An' I reckon it's t'rew, tew. It's jest a sight o' work that'd a heap better not ben done. That's all. Only— I'd rather not make the portyaires for the young lady. Yew understand, don't ye?"

The minister's wife had a mind and a heart which worked quickly and in unison. She drew a child's low chair up beside Mrs. Beacock, sat down, and took the worn, toil-stained hand.

"I do understand," she said, "and I like you better, if that's possible, than ever. Now, what do you say to that?" She laughed and put her cheek against the rough hand.

In all Mrs. Beacock's life she could not remember ever having had anyone lay a check to her hand. She flushed, and a little thrill went through her.

"Those coverlets, dear Mrs. Beacock, are ugly, as you put it, chiefly because they are out of style. Style is a king whom even this free republic can't seem to shake off. In fact, I rather think he

lords it over us more than over anybody else. Everything nowad-ys is in these queerish softish, die-away colours; and therefore, dear Lady of the Loom, all our fine coverlets out there are just simply useless to those who follow the fashion. That's what they are; they're useless."

The minister's wife pouted her lips dejectedly, as if the affliction were a mutual one.

"I've been meaning to talk it over with you as soon as you were well enough. You're not a bit well enough now, but because of these portieres, you see, I couldn't wait any longer. The young lady is furnishing a summer cottage and she wants them in green and white to match her other things. Dull green—that's what I said, you know. Everything's dull. I reckon that's to match the people; don't you think so? Anyway, it's to be dull green, and I've a great scheme. Let's do our own dyeing!"

"But I ben a-doin' that all along!" "Yes, but I mean let's make our own dyes and have them good and permanent. Did not your mother do it?"

"Why, yes, she made blew outen indigo, an' braown outen bark, an' green outen hickory, an'—"

The minister's wife clapped her hands.

"That's it! that's it! Why, Mrs. Beacock, we'll have an infant industry here that will be the bounciest baby you ever heard of!"

Mrs Beacock's face had brightened, but at the reference to babies the cloud fell again.

"Dye think, Lily—" she stopped.

"What about Lily?" "She's found out the spreads is ugly. She'll keep on. Where's it a-goin' to end?" suddenly cried the mother from the brink of her grief.

The minister's wife turned sober an instant. "End? End?" she repeated.

"There! you mustn't pay no attention to me," said Mrs Beacock, quickly recovering from so unaccustomed a dis-

play of feeling. "I'm not myself yit!" "You're afraid of losing Lily's love and admiration? Is that it?"

"Oh, I warn't thinkin' of admiration. It's suthin' else. When yew all has childern a growin' up araound yr, yew'd understand."

"But of course Lily—" Mrs Beacock interrupted with a gesture. She shook her head and slowly got to her feet.

"My eyes is open now," she said. "Lily's 'll be open pretty sune, ef they ain't already."

She got the dishpan and began putting the dishes into it. The minister's wife helped her. She said nothing more about Lily, and when the kitchen had been put to rights and Mrs Beacock had seated herself with a tired sigh on the doorstep the minister's wife went thoughtfully down the path.

When school was "out" that afternoon Lily Beacock stayed—by request. She was unconscious of having done violence to any of the rules, and this consideration, along with the storminess of her mood, put her in a finely defiant frame of mind when she was called up to the official desk. But her bravado melted when Piety said, "The minister's wife wants to see you in the parlour."

All afternoon Lily's heart had been bitter and hard and comfortless. Now, it suddenly thirvled and warmed. Her emotion seemed somehow to get into her knees and they felt stiff and awkward as she walked to the parlour door; but her heart—suddenly, with her hand on the knob, Lily remembered the coverlets. She stopped to think. Then, with her lips set in a line, she went in.

It was a long hour before she came out, the minister's wife with her. They went into the yard and to the gate together, where they stood and talked and talked; at least, the minister's wife talked.

"Have I made it plain to you?" she

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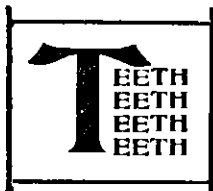
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said. "I want so much to help you to see, now, what might not come to you until too late. It is with people, Lidy, as it is with most other things. Sometimes you can judge better of their grandeur and their beauty if you are at a little distance. If you were right up there on the side of Round Top Mountain, for instance, you wouldn't know that it is so high and so beautiful with its mingling of the colours of the trees. Would you?"

Lidy looked at the mountain blocking the eastern sky.

"No," she said, after she had reasoned it out.

"Well," went on the minister's wife, "that is the way it is with people, and perhaps, most of all, with our own people. We ought to try really to see them. When you are able to do that with that mother of yours, dear child, you will realise how wonderful she is. Stop and think about it now, Lidy. Do you know any one with so much pluck, persistence, patience? Do you know any one who has the ingenuity, the skill, the cleverness that she has? Do you know any one who has done as much with a little as she has? Do you realise that she is made out of the stuff of which the great women of history were made?"

Lidy's dark eyes took fire in their depths and her lips quivered.

"Your mother—the ministers' wife stared at Round Top a minute, then her eyes came back to the young girl's face—"your mother, Lidy Beacock, is a woman whom I delight to honour, and whom you, dear little girl, will always reverence beyond words—oh, no!" with one of her sudden, gay laughs, "not beyond words! That's the very catastrophe we want to avoid, isn't it? Well, you know what I think, and you're going to flatter my judgment by following it, aren't you?"

Lidy's lips being occupied in struggling with quivers, she said nothing except with her eyes.

"And to-morrow you and I will go bark-hunting for the new dyes. I must go now—and so must you." The minister's wife looked wistfully at the girl. "It may be wrong to envy, but, oh, I do envy you! To think that you can, in five minutes from now, put such happiness into a human heart! There, go on, and God bless you!"

Lidy looked after the minister's wife a moment, then turned and ran up the slope beyond whose crest sat the Beacock dwelling.

During the hour since the close of school Mrs Beacock had been wearing a path to the bedroom window. It was not that it was unprecedented for Lidy to remain after school—by request; but, somehow, Mrs Beacock's troubled mind could not help connecting this hour of absence with what had been, for her, the tragedy of the noon revelation.

So, while she sliced the inevitable potatoes for supper, she continually wandered, knife in hand, to the window from which she could get the first glimpse of any one approaching from the Institute. When, on one of these excursions, she saw Lidy coming at last, Mrs Beacock hurried back to the potatoes and began slicing as if her thoughts had never wandered from that particular occupation.

She did not even turn around when she heard Lidy on the porch. She wanted to say, in her usual quiet voice, "Is that you, Lidy?" but somehow the voice insisted on being altogether quiet. It stuck in her throat. Then, before she could arrange another course of action, two strong young arms were around her own tired ones; a red but rather shapely and unmistakably young hand took the potato-knife out

of her own fingers, flap with surprise. The two arms turned her about.

"I reckon I know somebody that 'I have to learn to do as she's been told," said the girl, with mock solemnity. "Didn't I tell you to leave supper for me to get?"

Lidy was beginning with banter. She wanted it to be in the style of the minister's wife. She didn't want to precipitate things. She intended to do it all very naturally and permanently. But, suddenly, all her intentions went to nothing, dissolved in a rush of tears; and she put her arms around her mother's neck, and her head on the breast that had nursed her as a baby and yearned for her ever since, and there she clung and cried and tried to say things, and, happily, could not.

Mrs Beacock stood transfixed and transfused. Her arms were tight around the girl, her head bent a little and resting on the brown hair, which she began to smooth soothingly, as Lidy kept on sobbing. She did not say a word. Her eyelids were heavy with joy.

Finally the sobs grew less violent, then stopped altogether, except for little catches of breath. It was so still that an exploring hen, advancing with much jerking of the head and with muted cluckings away down in its throat, actually adventured within the open door and stole a fearful joy from the contemplation of the cook-atove.

Mrs. Beacock had not moved except to stroke Lidy's hair while the girl was sobbing. Now she stood absolutely still. One would have said she held her breath. She caught it as Lidy's hand stole timidly upward and rounded itself to her mother's thin cheek. Here were marvels! Which was greater, that a cheek should be laid to one's hand, or a hand to one's cheek? Mrs. Beacock had felt a soft thrill of pleasure and surprise at the pretty caress of the minister's wife; but only the mother heart, which knows the purest yet keenest of raptures, could vibrate as did Mrs. Beacock's at Lidy's touch of tenderness.

"Yew're the best mother that ever was," whispered Lidy.

Mrs. Beacock's arms tightened convulsively, but she said nothing. Lidy's hand patted the thin cheek. The burst of tears had relieved the tension with her, and her heart was ready to be flooded with sunshine.

"Yew air the best mother," she repeated, unconsciously going back to her ante-institute accent.

She was not at all conscious that the little speech lacked variety. Something within her impelled her to words, but she did not choose. Without realising it, she took those which said everything.

"Just the best mother," again. Then with a sigh, somewhat hopeless but far more happy, "If I could ever be as nice as yew air!"

That brought words at last.

"Yew'll be findin' yure mother aout some o' these days."

"I hope so," said Lidy, suddenly serious and strangely older. "I hope so. The more I find out about you the more I'm bound to think of you. I've found out that much already."

At this point Lidy remembered that she had had a plan of campaign; a plan which was to have begun with banter, after the manner of the minister's wife. She made haste to resume operations along that line. Shaking her finger at her mother—her mother whose eyes were shining softly and whose face was indescribably altered by happiness—she exclaimed:

"Now I'm goin' to play I'm your hired girl, so you've got to set down—set, sit—oh, anyhow, you've got to set in this here chair an' boss me. No, air! no,

sir!" as her mother protested. "Now, mother! you got to let me or you—you—air! you ain't the best mother!"

Thereupon wise Mrs. Beacock sat promptly down in the splint-bottomed chair and prepared to boss her hired girl. She proved to be a very cheerful person, the hired girl. She laughed and chatted while she finished the potato-peeling. She told tales out of school about school. She rehearsed her latest encounter with Piety on the subject of why you must say "the Beacock family is," when said family is plural to the extent of ten members. She referred to the papering of the kitchen walls, which, so she informed the mistress, was "almighty well put on."

"An' where'd ye git the paper?" asked the hired girl, with her best twang. "Tears ter me ez if I done seen that thar patron afore. It's one o' them new ones that's black 'nd white 'nd read all over, ain't it?"

Mrs. Beacock dutifully and, it must be admitted, delightedly laughed at the old pun. Lidy had used it to good purpose, for her mother had papered the walls with old newspapers.

"Yaas," said Lidy, halting, dishes in hand, in front of a staring head-line. "Naow here's a nice figger in the patron." She read aloud:

"GREAT PREPARATIONS FOR THE CORONATION OF EDWARD VII.

"Yaas'm, I dun'no's I ever seen a paper I tuck a better likin' tew. That coronation figger's almighty interestin'. Yew ain't a-thinkin' o' goin' tew the coronation yerself, be ye?" with a happy carelessness as to present possibilities. Mrs. Beacock drew the girl down to her knee.

"No, honey," she said, with a wistful smile. "I don't care much ter see other folks's coronations. I'd a heap ruther stay ter home an' hev one o' my own—same's I've hed it to-day."

Mr Choate, the American Ambassador, is a first-class after-dinner speaker, and altogether one of the wittiest of men. Everybody knows the old story of Mr. Everts, when Lord Coleridge expressed surprise at the alleged feat of George Washington, who was said to have thrown an American dollar across the Potomac at its widest. "Well," said Mr Everts in extenuation, "you must remember a dollar went very much farther then than it does now." This story was once told in Mr Choate's presence. His eyes twinkled. "I guess," he remarked, "that wasn't much for George Washington. I've heard that once he threw a British sovereign back across the Atlantic." Mr Choate is a tall, fine-looking man, with kindly eyes, the smile of diplomacy, and the mobile mouth of the practised orator.

The East and the West.

In the days when we imbibed wisdom from a governess, we were first informed that the East and West are opposites. The statement is true in more ways than regarding the compass. Of mighty London, the East is synonymous with poverty, toil, and squalor; the West, with wealth, leisure, and splendour. Of the world, the East stands for apathy and stolid contentment; the West, for restless energy, an unceasing striving for better things. The Mahomedan merchant of Bombay or Lahore sits cross-legged in the bazaar, dreamily smoking a pipe some three feet long, his goods heaped promiscuously around him, and will scarce raise his eyelids when spoken to by a probable customer. The merchant of Melbourne or Sydney sits in his office, surrounded by telephones, by aid of which he is, in effect, present in all his departments at once, while the cables keep him in constant touch with his agents scattered throughout the world. The Man of the East and the Man of the West are as unlike as a burnt-out crater and an active volcano. "Hussein Ali is dead," said a Chicago man to the American Consul at a Turkish port. "You don't say so!" exclaimed the Consul; and presently added: "Well, I guess it makes very little difference to him."

When a man of the Anglo-Saxon race is notably deficient in energy, it is a thousand to one ill health is at the root of it. He is not apathetic from conviction, but because he can't help it. 'Tis the same with a woman. Listen for a moment to this, written by Mrs M. J. Clark, of 68, Hull Street, Adelaide, S.A., 22nd February, 1904. "Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup has made such a blessed change in my life that I cannot speak too highly of it. For years I was in a low state of health—thin, weak, pallid, utterly without energy. I had no appetite, and suffered extremely from indigestion and flatulency. Doctor after doctor exerted his skill upon me, and many medicines were recommended to me and faithfully tried. But all my efforts were barren of good results until a relative brought me a bottle of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After so many disappointments I had little faith in it, and was therefore very agreeably surprised to find, after taking a few doses, that it was doing me much good. Thus encouraged, I continued to use the Syrup until I had taken five bottles of it, by which time I was perfectly well. That was ten years ago, when I was living at Edwardstown, a few miles from Adelaide; and I have remained well from that day to this."

It is a prominent characteristic of the dominant race, that it is only patient under such physical sufferings as cannot be removed. Thanks to modern science, suffering that can be so described grows less with every year.

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Here and There.

Things one would rather have expressed more gallantly.—"A tramcar was overturned at Birmingham last evening. . . . Fortunately the only passenger was a woman."—"Daily Graphic," July 15.

The German army has a swimming school for troops, where every one must learn to swim. The best swimmers are able to cross a stream of several hundred yards width, even when carrying their clothing, rifle, and ammunition.

In some of the patents taken out 69 years ago we find (says "Engineering") clearly stated all the essential points for the construction of an excellent steam turbine. Many of these early inventors seem to have such very clear ideas as to essential features of a successful steam turbine that their failure to make their ideas commercially successful is somewhat singular.

A travelling savings bank, lately established in the North of France, is an electric motor carriage, carrying a small safe, a desk (made of folding shelves) for depositors, and seats for the driver, two clerks, and a cashier. It journeys about the country, making short stops in the villages on stated days, to receive such sums as the thrifty workfolk may be desirous of saving.

The following true cat story may interest your readers: A cat climbed up an elm tree in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, where a pigeon had its nest, and having devoured two young pigeons it deposited two new-born kittens in their place.—Marion C. Bedford, in "Nature Notes."

The Japanese generals who are directing the campaign against the Russians are by no means youthful. Marquis Yamagata (field marshal) is 66 years old, Marquis Oyama (field marshal) is 62, Count Nodzu is 63, Count Katsura (Premier) is 57, Viscount Sakuma is 59, Baron Kuroki (first army), is 60, Baron Oku (second army) is 58. The facts are from the "Japan Weekly Mail."

"At the beginning of my musical career I had a wonderful confidence in myself," remarked Mr George Cross-Smith. "I was so positive that I had made a great hit at my first public entertainment that I turned up my collar, pulled down my hat, and went and mixed with the audience as they filed out, that I might listen to the favourable verdict. I heard one man say, 'Well, what did you think of the youngster at the piano?' The answer was prompt, 'Think of him? Why, I've heard better at a penny gaff!'"

"They were talking about a friend of hers who had married a bishop stationed in Kamshatka, or Timbuctoo, or some other heathen land. 'I could never understand why she married him,' said the young woman. 'She seemed the best girl on earth to marry a bishop. See cared so much more for having a good time than she did for church work and sewing circles!' 'Girls are pretty wise nowadays,' said the young man, 'and they generally have a good reason for marrying as they do. A girl friend of mine married a doctor so that she could always be well for nothing and maybe this girl married the bishop so that she could be good for nothing.'"

In the mountains of Tyrol, it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is bedtime, and sing. Their husbands, fathers, and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails. There, the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset, and sing a melody. After singing the first stanza they listen awhile for an answering melody from off the water, and continue to sing and listen till the well-known voices come borne on the waters, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fishermen, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the

loved ones at home that sing to cheer him, and how they must strengthen and tighten the links that bind together these dwellers by the sea!

Great American editor: "Are you sure there is nothing in this story of yours that might conflict with the interests of our advertisers?"

Contributor: "Absolutely nothing."
"Nothing that could possibly offend our readers."

"No, sir."
"You know I'm working on a salary. Have you written it with due regard to the prejudices of the owners of the magazine?"

"I have. Not only that, but I have endeavoured to suppress myself, and written something that might please you."

"Good. You wish to sign it, I presume."

"Certainly. Sign it with the names of your oldest subscribers, your best advertisers, the owners and yourself."

They accuse Australians of being selfish and ungalant, especially in keeping their seats in a crowded train or tram while weak women, who have perhaps felled up and down The Block all the afternoon, and are just sinking from fatigue and the want of another cup of tea, are allowed to stand (says a writer in the "Australasian"). My friend Macnamara, who was born in Kilkenny, is not one of that sort. After the football match last Saturday he climbed with difficulty into a Forak tram, and was obviously tired. Yet the moment a lady entered Mac rose with his finest bow and said impressively, "Take my seat, madam. Now I—hie!—insist. Couldn't I owe a lady to stand? Then he hung on to the platform, and the car went with the lady and the chivalrous Mac as the only passengers. The lady explains that she has often been mistaken for another woman, but never before for a tram-car full of them.

"We are apt to imagine," said a naturalist, "that because birds can fly they are in the habit of doing what we should if we had wings, namely, to take long journeys, and see the world. As a matter of fact, the average bird seldom travels any great distance from any place where it can find its food. It is firmly attached to its native haunts, and never cares to fly far from home. In some parts of the world birds are found inhabiting localities to which they limit themselves as exclusively as though they had no powers of flight. They find all the food they need in those particular regions, and there is nothing to tempt them to visit other districts, even those comparatively near at hand. There are probably thousands of town birds—sparrows and pigeons—who pass their whole lives among the chimney pots, quite indifferent to the charms of the country. The birds of passage are practically the only birds that habitually travel."

There are two forms of sunstroke. The mildest is that known as heat exhaustion. This manifests itself in the case of people who are overcome by heat without being actually sunstruck. In this form the skin is pale, cold, and clammy, and the pulse feeble. While death sometimes results, the patients under good treatment will usually recover. Persons affected in this way should be removed to a shady spot and have their heads and chests dashed with cold water. Spirits of ammonia (hartshorn) should be applied to the nostrils, and sometimes it is necessary to administer small quantities of stimulants.

Heat-stroke, or insolation, is the serious form of this trouble, and the one to be most closely guarded against. In cases of real insolation the face becomes purplish, eyes bloodshot, veins swollen and corded, and the skin dry and burning hot to the touch. It is not always fatal, but many of those whose lives are saved are ever afterwards invalids, with brain power more or less impaired. Heat-stroke is so dangerous that a physician should be called as soon as possible. While awaiting the doctor's arrival much good

can be done and life often saved by applications of ice to the head and spinal column. It is best broken in small pieces and placed in cloth or rubber bags, but when these are not to be had ice can be placed directly about the head and neck.—"Science Siftings."

The Bible is the best selling book in the world. It leads, and by a long interval, all other publications in copies purchased in the ordinary channels of trade, without regard to what may be called the official distribution. Every book store which undertakes to carry a full line of stock sells the Bible. Several important corporations confine themselves to the manufacture and sale of Bibles, and others find in the Bible their leading feature. Of no other book can this be said. Speaking some time ago of the insatiable demand for the Bible as an article of merchandise, an officer of the Methodist Book Concern, which till recently issued cheap editions of the Bible, said: "Like all publishers, we have to keep watch of the sale of books in general, even the most popular, so as not to get overstocked. But this never occurs in printing the Bible. We just keep the presses steadily at work, and if we happen to find that we have 40,000 or 50,000 copies on hand it gives us no uneasiness. We are sure to sell them, and we go straight ahead printing."

Mr A. E. W. Mason has been questioned as of the central idea of his novel, "The Four Feathers"—that of an officer of highly-strung nature, who falsely fancies himself a coward, and exposes himself to the accusation of cowardice. The novelist says:—"I have always been attracted by the idea of a man with a great deal of imagination weighed down with the idea that he was going to shirk his duty, and, since the book has been written, soldiers have corroborated my view. I mean to say that I have had letters from distinguished soldiers, some of whom personally I don't know, men who have won the Victoria Cross, and have a great reputation for bravery, and those letters have all been sympathetic. Nowadays there are many men with highly-developed imaginations, who have to go through much more than the merely stupid people who do not realise the dangers, and I was very glad to find my idea confirmed, as it is one I have always been rather keen on."

With the excellent object in view of improving the national physique, 15,000 British doctors have signed a petition to the Board of Education, says a London newspaper.

This petition urges upon educational authorities the necessity for making the teaching of hygiene and the nature and effects of alcohol compulsory subjects in all public elementary schools.

The main points of the petition are as under: Doctors have constantly before them the serious physical and moral conditions of degeneracy and disease resulting from the neglect and infraction of the elementary laws of hygiene. They therefore urge the central educational authorities of the United Kingdom to include in the curricula of the public elementary schools, and to encourage in the secondary schools, such fencing as may lead all children to appreciate at their true value healthful bodily conditions as regards cleanliness, pure air, food, drink, etc.

Such instruction should be compulsory, should be commenced at an early age, and should be given in such a manner that no tendency towards unwholesomeness is developed.

The committee responsible for the preparation of the petition includes Sir William Broadbent, Sir Lauder Brunton, Sir Thomas Barlow, Sir Victor Horsley, Sir Henry Littlejohn, Sir J. W. Moore, Sir William Turner, and Sir Samuel Wilks.

Sir Walter Foster, M.P., a distinguished member of the medical profession, was interviewed on the subject. "The starting point," said he, "would be to teach school children some simple facts as to the general laws of health. These include the necessity of pure water, fresh air, bodily cleanliness, and the purification of the home, with simple rules as to food necessary for maintaining health and the dangers arising from infectious disease. Compulsory hygiene should undoubtedly go with compulsory vaccination. The logic of compulsory hygiene is to make a man wash himself."

The inventory at the sale of the bankrupt Marquis of Anglesey's worldly goods included 362 fancy waistcoats, 227 suits, 142 pairs of boots and slippers, 100 gervetas, 130 suits of pyjamas, 61 lounge suits, 8 kites, 73 smoking suits, 278 pairs of gloves, 29 bathing gowns, 82 dressing gowns, and 453 ties, together with a number of expensive barbic robes, Lord Anglesey having been initiated a bard at the Bangor National Bisteddoff two years ago. A feature of the sale was a sable overcoat with 20 tails and 10 head fronts, for which the Marquis is reported to have given £1000. Nearly all the hosiery and handkerchiefs were adorned with the Anglesey monogram and crest.

The way they advertise for artists in America: "Wanted, lady banjo or guitar player who is a good singer. Work on wagon once a day. Week stands. Stop at hotels. I pay good salary and all expenses. I am a gentleman, a money-getter, and an entertainer, and must have good support. I mean business. I want lady without any incumbence— you know what I mean. Can't stand for visits to sick husbands and sweethearts every few weeks. You get your salary every Sunday morning. Long engagement and good treatment guaranteed. State salary, what you do, age, experience, etc., in first letter. All letters answered. If you use cigarettes, snuff, or booze, please don't write. I sell medicine that cures that."

The man before the magistrate was a stranger in the district, but he was most acutely indignant, that he should be suffering the humiliation of his present position.

"The constable seems very certain about everything connected with any case," he sneered; "but there is one weak point in his evidence. 'Why?'— impressively—"does he not call his fellow-officer to corroborate what he says?"

His Worship turned an inquiring look upon the policeman, who vainly endeavoured to conceal an expansive smile behind an ample, but, for that purpose, all too small hand.

"There's only one constable stationed in the village, sir," said the officer.

"But I saw two last night!" indignantly asserted the defendant.

"Exactly!" grinned the policeman. "That's jest the charge against you!"

A lantern-jawed young man stopped at the country post-office one Saturday, and cried out, "Anything for the Wattses?"

The polite postmaster replied, "No, there's not."

"Anything for Jane Watts?"

"Nothing."

"Anything for Ace Watts?"

"No."

"Anything for Bill Watts?"

"No, sir."

"Anything for Tom Watts?"

"No, nothing."

"Anything for Joe Watts?"

"No, nor Dick Watts, nor Jim Watts, nor Sweet Watts, nor any other Watts, dead, living, unborn, native, foreign, civilised or uncivilised, gentle or barbarous, male or female, white or black, franchised or disfranchised, naturalised or otherwise. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Wattses, either individually, severally, jointly, now and for ever, one and inseparable."

The boy looked at the postmaster in astonishment, and said, "Please look if there is anything for John Thomas Watts."

"Whenever I see an English bishop," said Marcel Urevost at a dinner-party, "I laugh a little to myself, for the good man's stately presence reminds me of a terrible mishap that once befel me. I entertained a certain bishop last year at dinner. My butler, an elderly man, had brought in from a friend's house an inexperienced lad to help him in the dining-room, and it seems that this lad during the laying of the cloth annoyed the butler beyond endurance with questions as to his duties.

"How shall I hold the plates? Do I serve the dishes on the right or on the left side of the guests? Must the bishop be served first or second?"

"So he continued interminably. And at last the impatient butler said: 'All you will need to do will be to stand behind the bishop's chair, and whenever his lordship puts down his glass you must reach over and wipe his mouth

with a napkin.'

"That, as the butler expected, silenced his assistant. But the young man actually took the butler's ironical remark for a serious order. As soon as dinner began he stationed himself behind the bishop, waited till his lordship had drunk and put down his glass, and then, as deliberately as his nervousness would permit, he opened out a large napkin and wiped the dignified old gentleman's mouth."

"Good-night," he said; the parlour light was soft and dim and low.

"Good-night," he breathed again; "Good-night."

It's true that I should go."

She rose and smiled into his eyes.

Then shyly bent her head.

"Good-night, be murmured, howeverwise;

And then, "Good-night," he said.

"Good-night"—Ten minutes later they were standing in the hall.

But he was on his homeward way.

"Good-night"—He was so tall.

Her head came barely to his heart.

And she was fair and slight.

"The hour has come for us to part."

He said, "and so, good-night."

"Good-night"—A half an hour had gone; He had his hat and cane.

And said that he must hurry on.

"The night," "Good-night," again.

"Good-night," "Good-night," "Good-night," and so.

"Good-night" they ever sighed;

'Twas really time for him to go;

"Good-night"—The door swung wide.

"Good-night," he said, and took her hand;

"An hour or so went by;"

"Good-night"—They could not understand

The greenness of the sky.

"Good-night," again, and then "Good-night;"

Upon the steps they stood;

"Good-night"— He kissed her fingers white.

As every lover should.

"Good-night"—The eastern sky grew pink

As though about to blush;

"Good-night"—The stars began to wink.

The breeze whispered: "Hush."

Soft on their ears there changed a knell

That smote them with a light.

The ringing of the breakfast bell—

That time he said "Good-night."

Differing must be practised with the perfection of a fine art somewhere en route from Milan, in Northern Italy, to Auckland, for a case containing silk consigned to Mr John Court, the Queen-street drapery importer, arrived last week minus a valuable length of material, but packed and sealed as securely as when it left the manufactory. To minimise the risk of loss, valuable goods are packed in small substantial cases, tied with strong cord. The knots in the cord are carefully sealed, and it needs but a glance to tell, as a rule, whether the case has been breached. One of these cases was included in a consignment from Milan last week. It had come via Genoa, Lisbon, and Australia, and Mr Court's shipping receiver gave the shipping company a clear receipt for it. The seals were right and the box was undamaged, but nevertheless a 47-yard length of silk, worth nearly £5, had been abstracted, and a wrapper torn by dirty fingers showed that someone had tried to secure a second piece. It took some time to puzzle out how the trick had been done without breaking the seals, but a badly driven nail gave the clue. One of the boards on the bottom of the box had been carefully prised open, and slid from beneath the loading. When the case was sampled, the board slid back, and the nails being replaced the pilfered case looked as good as any other. This unique specimen of artistic stealing is being exhibited by Mr Court.

The electrical ore-finder which, the cables tell us, has located enormous hematite deposits in the Barrow district of Lancashire, is the invention of Messrs. Daft and Williams, an American and an Englishman. Professor Sylvanus Thompson (one of the leading authorities on electricity in England) recently passed a very favourable judgment on the invention. Professor Thompson's verdict, which was the first given by an independent English expert of high reputation, is based on a series of practical tests carried out in Wales. For five years the inventors have been experimenting in British Columbia, in Alaska, in Siberia, and in the United Kingdom. Recently the invention was successfully tried at Coniston. The Romans worked copper mines in the Coniston Hills, and in modern times more than £750,000 worth of copper has been dug out of the Weatherham Heights. But 40 years ago the lode was lost. The mineowners knew it was somewhere in the heart of the hills, but all their seeking failed to

discover it. Recently the invention of Messrs. Daft and Williams showed to an inch where the lost lode was, and dynamite laid it open for all to see.

In principle as in results the invention is most simple, though many electrical difficulties had to be overcome in perfecting it. A current of electricity conveying a series of taps or ticks, like an ordinary Morse message, is put into the earth by means of special transmitters. This current makes its way through the earth over a larger or smaller area, yards or miles, as the operator may choose—but to what depth none can say—from one electrode to another. Then, with a telephone receiver, and a steel spike, two operators walk over the charger areas, and sticking the spike into the earth anywhere, pick up the current, and the mysterious ticking tells what is hidden in the earth as plainly as though one saw with the X-ray eye.

The Marquis of Anglesey will not have to mourn the disposal of his entire wardrobe, for many of his choicest "connections" have been bought in for him (says a London paper).

The good Samaritan has been his aunt, Mme. Coquelin. The secret of her sympathy leaked out at the recent sale, when her representative secured a sky-blue silk bath-gown for £8 10/.

Saved from the spoiler also was the Marquis' favourite dressing-gown—a dream, as the auctioneer called it, of heliotrope silk, lined with fur, for which Mme. Coquelin's representative bid £27.

Eighty-three silk dressing-gowns, of every shade to match every change of countenance, formed the bulk of the sale.

Eighteen pounds was given for one, which was embroidered in silks on a pink ground, and three gowns made of grey moire silk by a Parisian firm realised £50.

Barbic robes were at a discount. One, of the finest crimson silk with a black-and-white silk hood, was sold for £5 1/, and a lady secured another, of green silk, for £3 10/.

An Oriental gown in silk tapestry cloth of various colours was knocked down for five guineas, and three gowns in Japanese rice cloth at £1 6/.

The gowns alone realised almost £550.

The average price paid for two dozen white linen ties was 13/, and silk scarves were sold at 5/ each, and ties at half-a-crown.

There was brisk bidding for the butterfly bows, 120 of them being knocked down at £9 2/.

Two black silk hats and one grey hat only realised 7/, but a single Panama fetched £16 10/.

Six assorted tan-o'-shanters were bought for 14/.

World-wide publicity has produced a welter of contradictory theories about the mysterious experience of Mr. Rider Haggard. The popular novelist, it will be remembered, dreamed about the agony and death of his retriever dog, and five days later discovered what he considered conclusive evidence that the animal had been run over by a train some miles from the house three or four hours before the time of the dream. It is decidedly illustrative of the tendency of the age, that of the multifarious explanations suggested, only one seeks to solve the enigma by normal methods. This suggestion is from a hard-boiled "Public Prosecutor" who is prosaic enough to believe that the railway accident never happened. The dog, he thinks, was possibly bludgeoned under the windows of his master, who heard his dying yell. Or possibly he yelped as he scampered away to meet his death elsewhere, and the sound suggested the Rider Haggard dream. It is very significant, thinks this sceptic, that the railway track men should not have breathed a word about the fate of the missing dog until they found Mr. Haggard, five days later, on his way to offer a reward. Needless to

say, neither this well-meant explanation nor the "long arm of coincidence" finds the slightest favour with Mr. Haggard and his roll of sympathetic correspondents. He has an ample choice of more fascinating theories. The grave "speculator" while not admitting the hypothesis of animal telepathy, suggests that Mr. Haggard's "subliminal consciousness" may have travelled to the fatal spot, and actually witnessed the tragedy. Certainly this sort of seeing would be little less wonderful than the telepathic message despatched by the disembodied dog some hours after death. In looking to that solution Mr. Haggard has the support of a large number of correspondents who have experienced exactly similar intercourse with "dogs, horses, cats, and even birds." It is tolerably clear that the proceedings of the Psychological Research Society, backed by such unsettling utterances as have fallen from Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Mr. Andrew Lang and other men of eminence, have fostered a widespread belief in the "supra-normal." Mr. Rudyard Kipling writes a fantastic story supposing the reincarnation of a Greek galley slave, and in a few years later, Mrs. Campbell Prand actually meets a modern young lady who has a perfect recollection of her former existence as a slave girl in the reign of Domitian, and takes down a novel from her lips. "Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer droom, without our special wonder." Mr. W. T. Stead has encountered various people who dwell habitually "on the verge of the fourth dimension." It looks as though we should all soon be dwelling there, and find it a perilously uncomfortable habitation.

The following poem called "The Lesson of the Watermill," by Sarah Doudney, was a great favourite with the late Mr. B. Smart:

Listen to the watermill
Through the live-long day,
Hear the clicking of its wheel
Wears the hours away!
Loquaciously the autumn wind
Stirs the forest leaves,
From the field the reapers sing
Blending up their shaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind
As a spell is cast:
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."
Autumn winds revive us more
Leaves that once are dead,
And the sickle cannot reap
Corn once gathered;
Flows the ruffled streamlet on,
"Traquill, deep, and still;
Never gliding back again
To the watermill,
Truly speaks that proverb old,
With a meaning vast—
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Take the lesson to thyself,
"True and loving heart;
Golden youth be fleeting by,
Summer hours depart;
Learn to make the best of life,
Lose no happy day,
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away!
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while love shall last,
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Work while yet the daylight shines,
"Glean of strength and will;
Never close the streamlet gates
Gone by the mill;
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon thy way,
All that thou cannot call thine own
Goes in thy today;
Power, and intellect and health
May not always last—
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

O the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by!
O the good that might have been,
Lost without a sigh!
Love that we might once have saved
By a single word unsaid,
Thoughts conceived but never pouced
Perishing unheard;
Take the proverb to thine heart,
"Fate, and hold it fast—
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Ailments of Horses and How to Cure Them.

Eminent Veterinary Surgeons, and experienced Stud Grooms, strongly recommend **Condy's Fluid** as a speedy and absolutely certain cure for **Sore Shoulders, Sore Backs, Broken Knees, Grease, Cracked Heels, and Thrush in Horses.** Sold by all Chemists and Stores. All substitutes are inferior in composition and strength. Insist on having "Condy's Fluid." A useful 32-page Veterinary Book is attached to every bottle.

Poor Wilson Barrett, writes "M.A.P." had no idea of the gravity of his malady, and, thinking that the operation was for gastric ulcer, looked forward with no feelings of misgiving whatever to starting his London season at the Comedy on September 1. To the surgeons and physicians he turned and said, a few minutes before the chloroforming, "I was to have opened myself on the 1st of September, and here are you fellows going to open me on the 20th of July!" "Never mind," answered one of them, "we'll close you up again alright!" The actor smiled, never dreaming for an instant what grim meaning Fate was capable of giving to the words, "close you up." The operation, which was for intestinal obstruction of a very serious character, was in itself a remarkably successful one, and Mr. Anmour, an American surgeon, who is said to be only 28 years of age, was complimented by the two great physicians present, as well as by the Duke of Portland (a close personal friend of the actor), upon his skill in carrying out what they (Sir Victor Horsley and Sir Thomas Barlow) declared to be the biggest operation of the kind ever performed on the human body. But heart failure, through fatty degeneration, was waiting to turn into melancholy uselessness a brilliant man and a brilliant operation, and within half an hour of the calculated time of the crisis, about 30 hours after the beginning of the surgeon's work, Barrett sank peacefully and painlessly to rest.

A decidedly acid story, which may or may not be true, is told of Mr. Hall Caine in "Harper's Weekly," on the authority of Mr. Silvey, a member of Mr. Beerbaum Tree's company. When the King and Queen recently visited the Isle of Man, Mr. Hall Caine was asked to drive with them, in order to point out the objects of interest. He appeared to think that the only people of the island were the characters in his novels, and regaled their Majesties with something like this:—"There is the exact spot at which Gory Quayle is first introduced to the reader!" Again, "Donald MacSheaf passed through that gateway as he encountered the trusty laird from Douglas." And at another place, "Here the blacksmith shod the landlord's horse in 'The Manxman.'" Thus the eulogium continued for two mortal hours. Their Majesties were dreadfully bored. King Edward asked to be driven back to town, and abandoned sight-seeing. When Caine stepped from the carriage he dropped upon one knee. "Rise, Mr. Caine," commanded His Majesty, according to the story. The author got on his feet, much chagrined. He had confidently expected, it is said at Douglas town, to hear words that would create him a knight—"Rise, Sir Hall!" Knight-hoods had been liberally doled out, and Caine couldn't understand why he failed to get one.

Some time before the ashes and lava of Vesuvius in 79 A.D. covered up Herulanum and Pompeii, a municipal election was held in the latter city. Mr. Joseph Offord read a paper before the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts concerning this election, about which nothing would have been known but for the terrible eruption, which from 79 to 1755 buried the municipality and its electors alike in a lava tomb. Mr. Offord showed that many of the inscriptions uncovered on the walls of the city relate to elections and claims of candidates, much in the same way as do the placards posted in our streets to-day. Some were rudely inscribed, others set forth with artistic embellishment, and one, at least, contained a topical verse written by some minor poet and painted in red. Like our candidates, those in Pompeii were run by their supporters, who represented various trades and interests. The woodcutters, fishers, perfumers, dyers, barbers, and the like, had their men pledged to promote or protect their rights and privileges. There were faddists, too, in Pompeii, who were looked after by such societies as the Ball-players, Long Sleepers, Deep Drinkers, and Little Thieves to accept a free translation of some of their titles. At Pompeii's civic contest the Long Sleepers and Deep Drinkers appear most appropriately to have run a candidate in common—the main plank in their platform being the suppression of street noises. Even Pompeii had its religious difficulty. As every visitor to those wondrous unburied ruins knows, it was the home of a cosmopolitan, and, for its age, cul-

tured and tolerant people, and to this day stand aloft erected to Egyptian gods side by side with those of the established worship of Venus. Naturally there arose some differences between them. It is suggested that further excavations may prove that at the 79 election there were Isis passive resistors. Thus near came imperial Rome to representative Government.

In the encounter of wits the American has generally the best of it, but not always. A Melbourne man who recently returned from a tour of the world tells how his train was delayed for some hours at a Western town, and he took advantage of the opportunity to walk round the place. The day was hot, and he was attracted by a soda water fountain in a chemist's shop, so went in for a drink. "Make me up whatever you think best," he said; "I'm a stranger passing through, and I don't understand your American drinks." As he turned to look out of the door he saw reflected in the mirror opposite an emphatic wink from the chemist to his assistant, and guessed that he, as a casual customer, was to be the subject of a joke. He watched the material used for the drink, and knew enough of pharmacy to realise that nothing objectionable was being used. He was right in his surmise, though, for the draught was bitter, but he struggled through it without comment. "I'll take a couple of dozen of Hadu powders," was his next order. The chemist had never heard of this wonderful specific for headache, but the traveller mentioned half a dozen expensive drugs, the proportions to be used, and was informed that four dozen would be ready for him if he called again in an hour. Then the Australian returned to the station, and caught the express for San Francisco. The chemist has probably worked off the Hadu powders on some other casual customers, but not perhaps before the peculiarity in the name struck him.

"It is a great mistake, in my opinion," remarked a young married woman, "for husbands and wives to call each other by any term of endearment. It generally begins in the first part of their married life. They feel it is rather nice to say 'Dear' and 'My love,' etc., in public—it emphasises their sense of possession. Later on habit makes them continue the epithets, but they become meaningless; they might just as well be 'Molly' or 'Billy,' as far as sentiment goes, and the simple Christian name sounds, to my way of thinking, in better form. When special names have been adopted, as is sometimes the case, they are obnoxious in the beginning, and later on become absurd. I know a man who began by calling his wife 'Baby.' They have been married now for several years, and he keeps it up through force of habit, but it does sound ridiculous. I was playing bridge the other day with a quondam pair of turtle doves, who have become quite peckish with a decade of married life behind them, and it was funny to hear the old names used with marital sharpness. They were playing together, and were losing, which made them quite cross. 'You should never have taken that trick, Honey,' he said, sharply. 'A baby could have played that hand better, 'Ducky,' she retorted. And so on. Neither of them seemed aware of the incongruity of the epithets 'Honey' and 'Ducky' with their irate voices and expression."

One of the most famous of London wine buyers has been making some disclosures in regard to the tricks practised by certain hotelkeepers who plunder their visitors. It appears that claret is not the only wine that is bottled up from one cask and sold to visitors under many different names at several prices ranging from 2/ to 8/, or even 10/ a bottle.

"In my opinion," said the buyer, "the main reason for the falling-off in the consumption of wine is that they have not in very many cases been getting proper value for their money.

"Practices which occur at some of the hotels which do a 'chance' trade—a trade for occasional visitors—and swarms of holiday makers as against a trade consisting of regular customers, are simply fraudulent. The landlord buys, say, five hogsheds of claret at 25 per hoghead, or at about the rate of 9/ odd per dozen. This he bottles, and from the same cask gets his Medoc, his St. Estephe, his St. Julien, his Margaux, and the rest, charging from 2/ to 8/ per bottle.

"Then he gets his aim of hock for £12 or £15, and in the same way produces his Niersteiner, Hockheimer, Liebfraumlich, etc.

"Burgundy he will buy at £10 per hoghead, and bottle it into Beaujolais, Beaune, Volnay, and Pommard at prices from 2/6 to 10/ per bottle. People who get such wine after paying a good price naturally take whisky and soda next time.

"In champagnes it is the grower himself who nets the huge profits, and most of the shippers have during the past twenty years become great merchant princes and millionaires. I will undertake to say that the finest champagne made does not cost more than 2/ per bottle, and that none of the 1900 wines cost the grower more than 20 per dozen.

"Of course, he has also to pay 10 per cent. commission to his English agent (there is one such agency worth £15,000 per annum), and also his advertising expenses; but you see how large a margin he leaves himself for profit. Of course, in champagnes, as in other wines, there are shady practices by the unscrupulous.

"There are champagnes without names which can be bought at 16/ per dozen, or, say, 24/ per dozen, after paying duty and charges. Such wines are imported labelled with a hotelkeeper's ported labelled with a hotelkeeper's own or 12/ a bottle."

An ostrich in harness is not a novelty, but a trotting ostrich, known as Black Diamond, and valued at £1000, has been establishing new records in America of late. Harnessed to a track wagon, and driven by its owner, W. W. Ford, formerly of Delaware, but now of Florida, this bird is doing a mile at 2.40, and even better.

A trotting horse was entered against the ostrich, but when time for the race arrived the horse did not appear. The ostrich, however, took Mr Ford round the track at a 2.40 pace.

The first heat was unsatisfactory, as the bird broke twice, and it was necessary for Mr Ford to climb out over the shafts and grasp his steed by the neck after a leap in the air to stop him. When once the ostrich is held firmly by the throat, like a serpent, it is powerless to resist.

Only a command is required to start the ostrich. With its head poised nine feet four inches in the air, the bird raises its great, sinewy feet quicker than the eye can follow them, and trots across the park and back again, then across again and again, with much of the grace and regularity of a young trotter on the turf.

For a race the ostrich is harnessed to the track wagon in much the same manner as a horse. The reins, which Mr Ford holds fairly tight, extend from his hands out over the bird's rich plumage to an especially constructed saddle, which is really a breast strap.

There they run through two rings, and take an upward course four feet into the air, where the steady, almost motionless head is held at a lofty perch. The reins are attached to a bridle with martingales and throat latch, but there is no bit.

The training of the bird was begun when he was very young; in fact, as soon as he had been taken away from the rest of his covey. Since then he has

been used at regular intervals, but not too often or too long at a time.

He has developed remarkable speed, Mr Ford having several times driven him at 1.12 for the half-mile.

"The theatre of the future," said Mr. Cecil Raleigh to an "Express" representative recently, "will probably be a cinematograph on Salisbury Plain."

The recent new ideas in theatre construction have aroused some curiosity as to probable ultimate developments, and Mr. Cecil Raleigh, who in theatrical politics may be said to be the leader of the Radicals, was an obvious person to consult.

"A theatre," said Mr. Raleigh, "built from the point of view of theatrical art—by the way, such a house would almost certainly be a failure financially—should have no seats higher than half the height of the proscenium opening.

"There should, therefore, be only one balcony, or, better still, the seats should rise in the shape of an amphitheatre, and they should begin very much further from the stage than is the usual custom now.

"Theatre decorations are almost always too garish and too pronounced. The auditorium should be painted in some neutral colour, sage-green for preference, while the sides of the proscenium should be black.

"You would in this way get a frame which would throw up your stage picture, and largely increase its effect.

"If the colouring of the auditorium were kept as unpronounced as possible it would not require the present glare of limelight to give the stage the necessary contrasting brilliance."

Nian Noblan Regon
Ja gracion Regon
Dio Savu.
Estu li venkinta;
Felica glorinda
Longe li Regadu.
Dio lin savu!

This is the first verse of "God Save the King," translated into Esperanto; and it was by singing this that the disciples of the new international language concluded their late conference at Dover.

There are many persons who smile at Esperanto, and probably the sentry at Dover Castle who declined to admit the Esperantists on the score that they were foreigners is among the number. The fact remains, however, that the new language is spreading by leaps and bounds.

So greatly, indeed, has it progressed of late, that there is a reasonable prospect of its becoming the "congress language" of the world, and the Salvation Army is considering its possibilities as an aid to its international propaganda.

Soon there will be no excuse for not knowing Esperanto, for 20,000 penny Esperanto grammars were recently put on sale in London, and more are to follow.

At the Dover Congress there was present a Bohemian who could speak nothing but Czech and Esperanto. He found himself able to chat freely with Englishmen, Germans and Frenchmen by means of the new tongue.

Another advantage of the new language is that connection with an Esperanto society enables a man of any nationality to find friends in any country. Every week international Esperanto tea parties are held in London.

NEUROL

IS THE REMEDY FOR

Headache and Neuralgia. . .

A NEW SCIENTIFICALLY-PREPARED MEDICINE.

2/- All Chemists.



BOTTLES, 1/- AND 2/-

After Dinner Gossip

and

Echoes of the Week.

Labour Day.

Labour Day will for all readers save those in Auckland (who will get their "Graphics" on Tuesday instead of Wednesday this year) have come and gone ere this number is in their hands, but after hoping the weather was fine everywhere, and all celebrations a success, one would like to gossip, for a moment or two, on the holiday as it was, as it is, and as it might be. Originally, of course, Labour Day demonstrations were aggressive, and were part of the machinery used for securing certain rights and liberties for a certain section of workers, who then, as now, styled themselves the "working classes." Since then victories have been gained, compromises arranged, and legislation has made New Zealand the paradise of the labouring class and the artisan, and employer and employee have now combined to make Labour Day an occasion of fraternal greeting and mutual rejoicings and congratulations over old difficulties settled. This is well—it is, indeed, very well; but cannot it be made even better? For how much longer are we to set up the absurd class distinction that only a man who labours with his hands has the right to the really fine title of working man? How absurd it is, and how mischievous, to style any one section of the community in New Zealand "the working classes," and to consider that for some inscrutable reason that section is to have more attention from the Government than any other. It may be said with confidence that we are all working men in New Zealand. A leisured moneyed class does not exist, and there are practically no drones in our colonial hive. Why, then, not all join in Labour Day rejoicings? Why leave it to a minority of trades and professions? Why not drop forever the class distinction of "labouring man" and "working classes," and as we all labour or work more or less hard make Labour Day a festival in honour of Work, the greatest influence in all our lives—save love and religion, and not infrequently greater than those. For after all, Work is worthy of a day in its honour. We all like it, or, if we do not, we are not worth our salt. Grumble, we may sometimes, so we do to at other things we love occasionally; but we should be very discontented without it, quite apart from pecuniary results. It is unfortunate that the fixture should come so early in the year when the weather is unsettled; but this might be arranged by consent, and a most joyous carnival arranged. It would be best to take the thing jovially, to make it a children's day. A little nonsense now and then is, moreover, good for all. Wherefore Labour Day procession should be an amusement for all and sundry. The graver professions might be introduced into the procession in ways which would provoke much fun and amusement, and which would bring us all together under the magic sway of laughter. The trades would represent themselves as they do now, only all would join in—tailors, hatters, greengrocers, hardware dealers, and dozens of others. Law could be represented by some ludicrous representation of a mock trial, and medicine by alleged doctors distributing mock nostrums as the bakers now do with biscuits from a model oven on a trolley. And so on throughout the professions. It would look absurd, no doubt, but the absurdity would breed innocent merriment, and merriment would bring classes together in sympathy with each other's life bridge over distinctions which are in colonial society more imaginary than real.

A Prosperous Colonial Concern.

Shareholders in that go-ahead institution, the South British Insurance Company, have every reason to congratulate themselves on the splendid balance-sheet which has been issued for the year ended August 31st last. Good or bad fortune plays an important part in insurance businesses, but, making due allowance for this, the credit for the present proud position of the South British is due to sound management. The shareholders are very fortunate in having a very business-like set of directors, but particularly fortunate are they in the general manager (Mr James Kirker), who has the company's many ramifications at his finger ends, and knows exactly where business can be pushed and where it cannot. His periodical "rounding-up" of the out branches gives him a unique knowledge of the company's requirements and possibilities, and no man knows better how to use it. The accounts show that the premiums for the year amounted to £384,402. Losses paid and outstanding absorbed £159,550, or 56.10 per cent.; the management expenses were £68,890, or 21.22 per cent. of the income derived from premiums; and the underwriting profit was £55,962, or 19.08 per cent., which is a most flattering testimony to the management. To the underwriting profit must be added interest received (£20,139), making a total of £76,101, from which must be deducted £10,000, the additional sum required to re-insure current risks, and this leaves the net profit at £66,101. The dividend for the year is at the rate of 6/ per share—£19,388. The sum of £10,000 is added to the reserve fund, £5000 is transferred to the investment fluctuation reserve fund, and £560 is written off leaseholds and office furniture accounts. The balance to be carried forward is the substantial sum of £58,728 10/2.

Colonial Humour.

What sort of humour will we colonials develop? The same as our forbears, would be the natural reply of nine out of ten, but that by no means follows. Take the case of America, founded from good Anglo-Saxon stock. Could anything be more diverse than the humour of the great continent and that of the little island from which it was colonised? Have not the Americans twisted a well-known saying till it reads, "Laugh and the world laughs with you—except the Englishman," and does he not stand in their comic papers in the same position as the Scotchman does in ours? No, American humour is distinctly new, and is, in fact, one of the very few new things that mark nineteenth century literature. We colonials have no humour of our own. They say that a sense of humour is the last thing that comes to a nation, so we have to depend on outside sources for our supply, and will continue to do so till our own crop begins to sprout. We draw freely on both England and America, and to judge from the selections made by the newspapers we favour the American humour more than that of the Mother Country. Perhaps this is only natural after all. American humour is more attractive at first sight, and has a glitter about it that is very fascinating for the time being. It is bright, quick and keen, but when the laugh it caused has died down there remains an unsatisfied feeling. You feel very much like you do when you have said some smart and cutting thing which has hurt the feelings of a friend. There is a sarcasm about a lot of American humour which raises the cynical laugh rather than the good-natured chuckle

which is really after all what puts one in a good temper, and smooths out the wrinkles caused by life's small troubles and worries. As Sidney Brooks said when explaining to American readers what the immortal "Punch" is to an Englishman: "The American comic paper is like the professional funny man at a party. You listen and laugh for a while, and then you want to murder him. The man you are content to sit at the feet of for hours at a stretch is that quiet, shrewd-looking old gentleman with grey hair, who has common sense and experience, and never cuts capers or tries to force the pace, but keeps you placidly chuckling as he holds forth—in other words, our old friend "Punch." To those who hold these views, and I must confess I do, the manifest predilection of the colonias for the American comic papers is not very fascinating. Young colonias are naturally dependent intellectually, as well as otherwise, upon older countries, so that it is not surprising if we have not as yet developed anything distinctly original in the realms of the humorous. There is, however, a suggestion of newness about the jokes which are fathered upon that peculiarly colonial institution, the "back-blocker," who is a sort of distant relative of the English Hodge and the American Farmer Hayseed. As mirrored in a very well-known Australian weekly paper, the back-blocker is not a lovable creature. He lacks the innocent ignorance of Hodge and the quaint mode of expression of Farmer Hayseed. His jokes are mostly about beer, and his conversation, which is coarse and repulsive, is noted for the frequency of a lurid adjective. As often as not the claims of the joke lie in the fact of putting in cold type certain expressions which no person of self-respect or decent feelings would think of using. This rather questionably amusing person will no doubt have his short day and then drift into well-merited oblivion, taking with him his odour of stale beer and doubtful diction. We will trust sincerely that his descendants will develop a cleaner sense of humour. Colonials, though not what one would term quick-witted, have a knack of seeing the comic side of things, which augurs well for the development of a distinctive humorous literature.

Noblesse Oblige?

During the past week one or two of the larger metropolitan dailies in this colony have reprinted a very amusing article from the "Daily Mail" wherein a rather unscrupulous American writer "gives away" certain members of the higher British aristocracy. The wide-awake but cynically-minded Yank, who signs himself "An American Visitor," considered (it may be explained to those who have not seen the article) that it might be entertaining to see Cowes Regatta and Goodwood races—the former comes last, by the way—amid aristocratic surroundings, and to mix for a week or so amongst the class of Vere de Vere. Money being no object, our friend with admirable acumen wasted neither time nor money in indirect endeavours. He simply advertised. He got several answers, and choosing that which seemed to him the best, paid some £1000 for the month at the races and at the regatta, this including introductions and acquaintanceships with some of the most notable and famous aristocrats whose names are to be found in the pages of DeBrett. It has long been a joke that such arrangements between needy aristocrats and wealthy snobs could be made, but no really substantiated case has, so far as I know, hitherto been brought before the public. In "The Gondoliers," it will be remember-

ed, the Duke of Plaza Toro has a song on the way in which he and his Duchess supplement their scanty income. The following is, if I remember rightly, one of the verses:

"At middle-class party
I play at cards,
And I am by no means a beginner
To one of my station,
The remuneration,
Five guineas a night, and my dinner."

That sort of thing, according to report, had been done several sorts of ways, and instances are on record of dowager countesses having undertaken the chaperonage and presentation at Court of debutantes for a handsome figure; but the new departure goes a good deal further. Had not a respectable and responsible paper vouched for the credentials, one would have been disposed to doubt the bona fides of the affair, but it now seems that certain members of the aristocracy are willing to turn their yachts and their residences into boarding-houses for anyone who can afford the fairly stiff terms they are obliged to ask. Nor is this all. It would now seem that our old nobility are beginning to recognise that in their titles they have a far finer financial asset than that heretofore supposed. According to the "Daily Express," for the paltry sum of ten guineas a week admirers of the aristocracy will be able to go yachting with real live lords during the coming (English) winter. This enchanting information is at present being discreetly communicated through the past to such persons as the directory seems to suggest are endowed with sufficient means to enjoy the delights of this apotheosis of the "personally conducted tour."

Here is a copy of the invitation, which I regret I have not time to reproduce in facsimile, as was done in our London contemporary. It is elegantly printed in copperplate, with an earl's coronet in the corner, and reads as follows:

THE EARL OF TANKERVILLE
presents his compliments to

and on behalf of the Invitation Cruise Committee invites him to join the Winter Cruise to the Mediterranean described overleaf, R.N.A.P. to

The Lord Muskerry,
Queen Anne's Mansions,
London, S.W.

Opening this document one finds the composition of the "Invitation Cruise Committee," and it is of a nature that should be sufficiently dazzling to satisfy even the most fastidious and aspiring. It is set forth as follows:

THE COMMITTEE.

Chairman.—The Earl of Tankerville.
Committee.—The Earl of Craven, the Lord Baddo, the Lord Braye, L. Vernon Harcourt, M.P., Captain R. D. Chichester.
Hon. Secretary.—The Lord Muskerry.

For the benefit of any colonials who may contemplate making the cruise we give a few brief particulars of the noblemen who would be their hosts.
The Earl of Tankerville.—Born 1852. Educated at Radley. Former midshipman R.N.; Montanari Rifle Brigade; A.D.C. to Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Owns about 31,500 acres. Address: Chillingham Castle, Northumberland; Thornhill House, Cornhill-on-Tweed.
The Earl of Craven.—Born 1868. Captain Royal Berks Yeomanry; D.L., late A.D.C. to Lord Zealand, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Married Cornelia, daughter of Mr Bradley Martin, of New York. Owns 40,000 acres. Address: Combe Abbey, Coventry, and Ashdown Park, Hampstead Marshland, Newbury, Berks. Clubs: Carlton, Turf, Barchinon.
Lord Baddo.—Born 1879. Eldest son of the Earl of Aberdeen. Is unmarried.
Lord Braye (5th Baron).—Born 1849. Educated Eton and Christ Church.

C. BRANDAUER & Co's, Ltd.


Circular Pointed Pens.

Seven Prize Medals.

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil.

Ask your Storekeeper for an assorted Sample Box.

Works: Birmingham, England.



Lieut.-Colonel commanding 3rd Battalion (Militia) Leicester Regiment. Married Cecilia, daughter of Mr W. G. Walmesley, 1873. Address: 4, Buckingham-gate, S.W.; Stamford Hall, Market Harborough.

Lord Muskerry (4th Baron). late R.N. - Born 1854. Owns about 15,000 acres. Address: Springfield Castle, Drumcullogher, co. Limerick; Club: Carlton.

Continuing the circular issued in these gentlemen's names goes on to state that:

"The above committee has been formed to invite ladies and gentlemen of recognised social standing who are likely to form a congenial company for a pleasure cruise to visit the Mediterranean during the coming winter in the Parliamentary recess. As this invitation is personal, the honorary secretary will be obliged by receiving the names of our guests who intend to accompany those invited. It is scarcely necessary to say that ladies will join the cruise."

Several items of information given in this section of the circular are worthy of note. First it will be seen that the "guests" will secure their status in society for all time as the noblemen who invite them will "recognise" their "social standing."

Apparently, however, the obliging and noble hosts do not expect to know everybody who joins the cruise. That is probably why they lay encouraging emphasis on the fact that the invitation is "personal."

It is not explained exactly what the privileges secured by this "personal" invitation will be, but presumably the "ladies and gentlemen of recognised social standing" will have the honour of shaking hands with one of the noble lords as they step up the gangway.

Presumably, too, one of the noble hosts will always be in attendance to amuse the "congenial company."

No ordinary yacht would, in fact, accommodate the anticipated rush of people of "recognised social position," so an entire Atlantic liner has been be-looked for the occasion.

This vessel is the Canada, a "twin-screw ocean liner," with a tonnage of 10,000, belonging to the Dominion Line.

The cost of the cruise, the circular goes on to say, will be about ten guineas a week and upwards, according to the value of the berth selected.

There are, however, a few points still to be cleared up. What, for instance, will be the social status of the guests when they return home? Will invitations to baronial halls follow the conclusion of the cruise?

This must positively be settled before you and I and other "Graphic" readers cable for our tickets and our berths.

It is funny, but it is also rather sad. No doubt there is no harm, but it is rather a blow to find the great families of the Empire willing to sell their titles in this way for a few pounds a week. It upsets one's ideas of what ought to be, and jars against one's sense of the eternal fitness of things.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.
All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 1s. 6d. The genuine is stamped.

"L.B.Q."
Agents: SHARLAND & CO., LTD., AUCKLAND and WELLINGTON.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR FOR THE SKIN
COOLING, SOOTHING, HEALING and Emollient; Preserves the Skin, heals all eruptions, and Beautifies the Complexion more effectually than any other preparation; removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness, Roughness and all Irritation and is warranted harmless. Ask Stores and Chemists for Rowland's Kalydor of 67, Hatton Garden, London.



TURF FIXTURES.

October 11 and 12—Napier Park R.C. Spring
October 12 and 13—Otaki Moori R.C. Spring
October 12 and 13—Dunedin J.C. Spring
October 15 and 19—A.T.C. Spring
October 20 and 21—North Otago J.C. Spring
October 20 and 22—Wellington R.C. Spring
October 23 and 27—Gore R.C. Spring
October 27 and 28—Poverty Bay T.C. Spring
November 5, 7, 9, and 12—C.F.C. Jubilee Metropolitan Meeting.
November 5, 9, 12—A.R.C. Spring

TURF NOTES.

Whitcomb, the dam of Spatheen, has visited South.

C. Cooper is to ride Canteen in the Melbourne Cup.

Mr H. Brush has been appointed judge by the V.R.C.

At Cambria Park, Request, by Dreadnought—Legacy, has foaled a colt to Eton.

Thirty-three new members were elected by the Wellington Racing Club last week.

At Wellington Park, Sister Francis, by Scenton Debarat—Agatha, has foaled a filly to Hotchkiss.

J. Lowe, who took Canteen to Australia, has entered Mr W. J. Crick's employ as private trainer.

During last week Rangou and Maroon and Gold were schooled over the small hurdles, both slugging well.

The Wellington Racing Club will use Robertson's double totalisator for their Spring Meeting.

The horses Irish and Hippopotam were brought back from their unsuccessful trip to Wanganui by the Harawa last Tuesday.

Last Wednesday morning, at Ellerslie, Westcast and Geologist were schooled over the hurdles, both jumping well.

Mr F. Shannon handicapped for the second day of the Marlborough meeting, Mr Henry being engaged at Hawke's Bay at the time.

Sally Horner, who has been indulged in a spell since last June, is again in work at Ellerslie. She is still an inmate of K. Hewton's stable.

It was hard luck for J. R. Williamson to make the journey to Wanganui with Irish and then bump up against a mare like Trumpery.

Convoy seems to have been backed for the New Zealand Cup all over the colony last week; £1200 was secured about his chance in Auckland alone.

In the interests of owners the Canterbury Jockey Club wisely deferred the judging of the weights for the Stewards' Handicap to a later date than usual.

D. Moraghan, who has found Gilsborne a lumpy hunting ground for some time past, has not nominated a single horse for the Poverty Bay Club's Spring Meeting.

Returned visitors from the Wanganui Meeting pick Trumpery, who won the two back hurdle events out as a mare likely to win high honours over big country.

Hellman, who has been off the scene for some time, figures amongst the nominations for the jumping events at the A.R.C. Spring and Summer Meetings.

Golden Lily's time, 1:42 3/5, for the Hawke's Bay Guineas has only been beaten on one occasion, when Menschikoff won in 1901 in 1:42.

"The Australasian" says that Hewitt is far and away the best jockey New Zealand has sent to Australia since W. Clifford was over with Luckly.

G. Absolon has had an addition to his string, a pony by Scenton Debarat—Hosam going into his hands to be prepared for future engagements.

Scoble, who has had charge of Emily since he was a yearling, still holds to the belief that he is one of the best horses Australasia has produced.

At Cambria Park, Miss Annie, by Scenton Debarat—First Love, has foaled a colt to Eyreton, and Guinevere, by Sir Lancelot—Oriental, filly to Eton.

Asop, while being schooled over the hurdles last Wednesday, struck one heavily and came down, his rider (Nelly) escaping with a shaking. The horse was unhurt.

Mr J. Chadwick will handle for the second day of the Napier Park meeting, and Mr Hyde will act as starter, after which the appointments for the year will be made.

Mr C. F. Mark, the secretary of the A.F.C., notifies that all ponies engaged at the club's Spring Meeting must be measured before being allowed to start.

The following foalings are announced at the Hon. H. Moseman's Favour Park Stud:—The Gold Arrow colt to South Marston, bay filly to Hengist; Dimoon, chestnut filly to Hengist.

V. Cotton, the Auckland light-weight, is still keeping up his reputation. At the recent Hawke's Bay meeting he was at the head of winning horsemen with four wins to his credit.

The Otahuhu Racing Club have received splendid acceptance for the annual meeting, which takes place to-morrow (Wednesday), October 13th, and a good day's sport ought to result.

Gwendal, who has shown herself to be possessed of a rare dash of pace, has been leased by her owner, Mr F. W. Arnold, to Frank Ross, and is now being trained at Avondale.

Golden Rose, who has been mated with Menschikoff, is in work at Ellerslie, and although there are grave doubts about her standing a preparation, no effort is to be made to get a race out of her.

The Auckland Trailing Club's acceptances for their Spring Meeting, which opens next Saturday, 15th October, are above the average, and a successful meeting can be confidently expected.

Rogson, who was purchased a short time ago from Mr Donald McEldon on behalf of a Southern sportsman, was shipped South on Saturday by the Tahara, and will go into W. Clark's hands.

On the first day Mr H. D. Tackle, long-time secretary to the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club, and recently returned from England, was present at the Spring Meeting of that club, looking very well.

The two Auckland representatives at the Hawke's Bay meeting both succeeded in earning a winning bracket. Le Beau accounting for the Blenheim Handicap and Alia Rose for the Third Handicap.

Sir George Clifford and Mr Oliver Samuel met during the progress of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's meeting, and spent several evenings burning the midnight oil in working on the revision of the rules of racing.

Waikiki's absence from the training track has not had the effect of sending him back in the Cup betting in Melbourne. A local sport wired to Melbourne asking his price on Thursday. The best offer available was 100 to 10.

It was fully intended to give Tip-to-Date a turn over the steeplechase fences on Saturday, but owing to the heavy state of the ground it was considered advisable to postpone the task till the track gets a bit more solid.

It is intended to put St. Olen to Eton, so we shall not see much more of the daughter of St. Leger on the racecourse. Our local starter will not be sorry to get the last of her, as he has caused them a lot of trouble at the post lately.

There seems little doubt, from the notices in the Sydney papers, that Nightfall would have won the Members' Handicap on the last day of the Australian Jockey Club's meeting but for being interfered with when Optimist fell.

The ex-Auckland Promoter, who was purchased last autumn by a Wellington sportsman, has succeeded in giving his new owner his first return for the money expended upon him, the Telegraph Handicap at the Marlborough meeting falling to his share.

The Trenton mare Palmy days, with 8.7, started a 9 to 4 favourite for the Great Ebor Handicap, 1 1/2 mile, last month, but was beaten half a length by the 5 year old War Wolf, 7.2. The winner's price was 6 to 1. Palmy days is the best of Trenton's progeny at present racing in England.

Messrs G. G. Stead, H. P. Donnelly, E. J. Watt, T. J. Lowry, H. Fiedler, and J. E. Richardson are owners who were not present at the Hawke's Bay meeting, which would have been a poor one indeed without their horses. It is fortunate that the Hawke's Bay Club has so many good names. Messrs Watt and Donnelly have not returned from their Continental trip, but Mr Lowry's absence is accounted for from illness which has confined him to his home for over a fortnight.

Nothing definite has been decided as to who will have the mount on Waikiki in the Melbourne Cup, but it is understood that the club has offered the services of three of the leading Australian horsemen, Burden, Huxley, and Parker. Mr Bradley will decide the question when he arrives in Australia.

Mr Percy Martin, who was for a long time trainer to Mr S. H. Gollan, acts as judge for the Hawke's Bay and Napier Park Racing Clubs. At the H.B. Spring Meeting he had one particularly close thing to decide when Tyrone in the last stride got his nose level with that of Blazer in the Welter.

Mr G. G. Stead was second on the winning owners' list at the Australian Jockey Club's Spring Meeting with £1480. A Melbourne writer says the Victoria Racing Club would not be grudge the same amount of prize money for the sake of seeing Mr Stead and his horses at Flemington in November.

If a pet name had to be suggested for Jim Scoble, the Derby Demon would fit pretty well. Three Sydney Derbies, three Victorian Derbies, and three South Australian Derbies in four years constitute a pretty good record. It's a wonder (says "Javlin") the treetalkers don't run Scoble for Parliament as the champion Blue Ribbont!

Immediately after the race for the Members' Handicap at the recent A.J.C. Spring Meeting, Mr A. Moss, the New Zealand bookmaker, laid 500 to 20 against Nightfall for the New Zealand Cup. The majority of the Australian writers cannot see how Mr Stead's filly is to be beaten in the N.Z. Cup—that is, provided she is Mr Stead's elect.

Amongst the visitors at the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's meeting was Mr J. Nicholson, who trained Wellington for some of his winning engagements in Australia, and had a Dunlop when that horse scored in the Melbourne Cup and other races. Nicholson would settle in New Zealand if he could get a few horses to train, and he comes highly recommended.

People will be carried away by the time horses run races in, and are apt to magnify them accordingly. The race for the Hawke's Bay Guineas was started without a barrier, and the horses were all into their stides when they raced from the mile post. It is doubtful whether the race would have been run under 1.44 from a barrier.

The young Merriwees made a favourable impression in running for the Hastings Stakes, and Mr Watt will be delighted at the news that his pair ran first and second. Both are inbred to Huxley, and King Billy's dam (Indian Queen) was a brilliant filly who won the same race and afterwards sprung a surprise on Menschikoff in the Welcome Stakes, which was Menschikoff's best essay.

Mr Witty, having asked the Government whether it will consider the advisableness of giving a premium out of the moneys secured from the totalisator to owners whose stables are serving approved mares if the fees demanded are not less than those usually charged, and so bring our position somewhat into line with the conditions prevailing in England in connection with the King's premium, has received the encouraging reply "that the question will be considered."

At the monthly meeting of the A.R.C. Committee on Thursday the following programmes were passed—Kawakawa, Walli, Takapuna, Kamo, Galatea, and Whangarei. Gentlemen riders' certificates were issued to Messrs W. C. Flexman and H. Ferguson. Trainers' licenses were granted to Messrs W. B. W. A. Smit, and Edwin Kelly; and jockeys' licenses to A. Langdon, A. McLeod, E. E. Hart, W. Sharp, R. T. Barratt, W. B. Ross, G. Henderson, and H. White.

Old Blazer stayed out a mile in moderate company in the Welter on the first day of the Hawke's Bay Spring Meeting, and it was his only good race, seeing that he was presenting weight to all the runners; still, Tyrone's win was overdue, and Mr Douglas's success was popular. On the second day, meeting Tyrone on 8th better terms, and over a furious shorter course, he beat his rival by a fair margin, and also defeated Pilot at level weights.

A statement has appeared in print to the effect that Geologist, who won the Publicans' Purse at the recent Avondale Meeting, was resold by the gentleman who purchased him in 1902 to his old owner, and that he was the original owner's colt. This is not a fact as the gentleman who secured him in 1902 is still his owner, and has leased him with a purchasing clause to the gentleman whose name he has used in for the past twelve months, and whose lease has still some time to run.

In Christchurch and Wellington and locally in the New Zealand Cup is a dead letter amongst pencilers, as backers are in doubt which of Mr Stead's horses to follow, and many have narrowed the big race down to this owner's stable—a thing they have not before with persistent regularity. Mr Stead has, indeed, supplied more winter and spring favourites for the New Zealand Cup than all the other owners put together.

A STRONG FAVOURITE.
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but has not won the race since Lechiel broke the ring in 1887, and then set a penny was invested by or on behalf of that owner on his horse. It was all public money he carried.

There have been no really first class three-year-olds out so far. Had there been some of the handicappers horses in which horses of that age have failed to get into the first three would have required differently. Such colts as Blaxio, Mr. Hippo, Trellick, Merton and Sena horse would carry the class seen at recent meetings. In present form a mare of the class of Armistice could present the best of the three-year-olds with weight, and the re-back Mahitanga would have difficulty in giving over to the best of them at a mile or beyond.

In conversation with a gentleman well acquainted with the Flemington training tracks, he stated that Canteen's gallop of 11 furlongs on the sand in 2.23, which was called last week would be a miracle one. Before Lechiel won the Australian Cup of 1886 he was credited with running a similar journey in 2.23, and on the strength of that he was backed down to a very short price. Canteen is evidently getting back to his form of last spring, and he will be a hard horse for the best of them to beat in the Melbourne Cup.

At the last Avondale Meeting a certain horse was not allowed to start owing to his name being on the forfeit list for an amount due by his owner to one of the leading Southern clubs. The amount owing, it is stated, was telegraphed by the owner of the horse to the secretary of the club early in August, and the Secretary's duty to see that the horse's name was removed from the defaulters' list. The owner interested has instructed his solicitor to apply for compensation from the club, failing which he is likely to be ventilated in the law courts.

A lot of uneasiness has been felt by backers of Warlike for the Melbourne Cup owing to his absence from the training tracks at Flemington. From an outside source, I learn that Mr. S. Bradley, the owner of the crack, received a cable during the week from J. McAlister stating that the horse had struck himself while exercising, but that the injury was a very slight one, and was giving him no cause for anxiety. That it is not considered serious is evidenced in the fact that Mr. S. Bradley left last week for Melbourne to assist at the big Flemington gathering.

A New York paper remarks that the Hawthorne (Chicago) management recently promulgated an order that entices would not be received in the names of married women. It had become quite the vogue for such entices, and it is not surprising that the seven or eight assumed lady owners were Mrs. Hildreth, Mrs. C. E. Durwell, and Mrs. R. Bradley. All complied with the rule except Mrs. Durwell, entices being made in the names of husbands instead of wives. But Mrs. Durwell, rather than comply with the innovation, decided to sell her horses, and they were disposed of in the paddock.

In conversation with Mr. J. Beckett, the well known penciler, who has just returned from a trip to Sydney, being procured at the A.C. Spring Meeting, informed me that, in his opinion, the Australian form was a long way behind that of New Zealand, and that some of their top-notchers were in the same class as Achilles or Warlike. A Beckett is very confident that Warlike is nearly a stone better horse than Lord Cardigan over two miles, and, provided he gets to the post fit and well, expects to see Mr. Bradley's crack win the Melbourne Cup comfortably, that is as far as the Australian competitors are concerned.

A number of racing clubs in the Taranaki, Waikato, Wellington, and Hawke's Bay districts, also the Canterbury and a few other Southern racing clubs, employ private detectives to inform them of the presence of persons whom they wish to keep out of their racetracks, and bearing prosecutions, quite a number against whom cases have been previously brought only attend meetings at which these clubs have no power or desire to interfere. It is no uncommon thing to see men kept without the gates at one meeting and a few miles away at another following the game without let or hindrance.

It was generally supposed in the South that Sir George Clifford would be represented by Stronghold only in the Waikato races, when Signalman left Canterbury he had a cold. It was evident that Stronghold was the one upon which the stable placed most reliance, as Hewitt had the mount on that horse. Signalman ran like a stayer last autumn, but some of the best of the race were not of the same quality of him turning out well this spring. Even owners and trainers and riders do not always gauge the merits of horses they are intimately acquainted with. Sir George Clifford's colts finished differently to what was expected of them.

Owing to the place lately occupied by Frank Ross at Avondale changing hands, Frank has shifted his quarters temporarily to H. How's at Kohimarama, where he intends staying till after the A.R.C. Spring Meeting, when he will remove his headquarters to Porora, where he has received the appointment of caretaker of the prominent Jockey Club's premises. Details pertaining to the office will not prevent Ross from still continuing his profession as a trainer, and he will take the string of horses at present under his charge with him.

An amusing incident occurred at a recent Alexandra Park (Eng.) meeting, where J. Hill, the rider of the famous winner of the second in the Manor Welter, was found to be considerably more than two pounds overweight, with the inevitable result that the mare was disqualified and lost her place money. As less than half an hour before the box had weighed out correctly, and as owing to his hot ride he came in bathed in perspiration, the officials were quite at a loss to account for the discrepancy. All the youngsters admitted that just before mounting he had felt very thirsty and had polished off a bottle of beer ginger beer. Had the horse won, there would probably have been a lot of grumbling about the matter; as it was, people only laughed.

According to a London exchange, the stewards of the Hungarian Jockey Club, agreeing with the stewards of the Austrian Club, propose to give a reward of 5000s to each trainer in England who will be the employer of apprentices, native Hungarians or Austrians, giving it whenever one of these boys is able to win three races in England within one year. The example of Little Janek, who, employed by W. Waugh, was last year one of the most powerful and capable apprentices in England, may, with regard to this offer, be taken as a guide to discover some talented jockey among Austrian and Hungarian boys.

Three-year-olds that have been racing this spring in New Zealand will want to improve for any one of the batch to win a decent handicap race during the spring. So far quite a number of those that have been racing in the class and other events have shown that they cannot hold their own in moderate handicap company, even with a liberal allowance in weight. Signalman represented the best form of his age at Wanganui and at Hastings, yet in handicap races at these places he never flattered his friends. A certain amount of consistency was noticeable in the running of some of the three-year-olds, and Signalman must have improved a little on Wanganui form, where Sir George Clifford quite expected Stronghold to prove his master.

It will be remembered that nearly 12 months ago the Jockey Snodgrass while riding Scatons in the Hauraki Handicap at the Thames Jockey Club's Summer Meeting met with injuries which resulted in his death. Under the Racing Conference Accident Insurance Fund, which is practically a fund for insuring horse owners under the Employers' Liability Act, the full number of whom he was the sole support, should have been entitled to a reasonable amount for the loss sustained by her son's untimely death, but so far, no settlement has been arrived at, the amount offered by the trustees of the fund being considered totally inadequate to meet the case. It seems a pity that there is not a specified amount stated in the rules payable at death, which should apply to all cases, as it is anything but pleasant for relatives of a deceased person to have to fight for the value of his life here. It is to be hoped that a speedy settlement, satisfactory to all parties, will be arrived at.

Verdiana, who is an own sister to Volodovsk, the Derby winner of 1901, had given little promise of being able to win a race like the Palace of Westminster at York on August 23rd, and she practically found no market recognition, most of the money being for Renaissance and Galathea. What chance the last-named possessed—and it was not that on the "book"—was destroyed by her breaking a blood vessel in the course of the contest, and Renaissance was left to battle out the dash with Verdiana, for whom, by the way, a couple of pounds extra were put up for the services of Maher, The American foreman got her home by a length, and in doing so won the race for the third successive year. He having steered Cincifool a twelve-month ago, and Skyscraper in 1902, Verdiana started at 100 to 8 in a field of ten.

It is a remarkable fact that both in Europe and Australasia some of the most famous racehorses bred of late years have been bred from mares sent to a sire, and in some cases where a sire was kept, Gallop Mare, and Patrick, and Betty, only were so bred in Ireland, as were Lord Cardigan and Abundance—not to mention many others—in Australasia. This, perhaps, may be accounted for (says an exchange) by the fact that where a studmaster keeps a sire of his own he is likely to mate all his mares with him, without respect to what lines they are bred on a fatal mistake that has cost many a breeder lots of money. Of course, it sometimes happens that the studmaster may, perhaps, have by chance then good judgment, secure a mare that will mix with nearly every mare in such breeder's stud, as happened with St. Albans at Colsterk and Chester at Kilkenny. But those were among the exceptions that go to prove the rule. And personally, I incline to the belief that the sire whose service is available to the public stands a much better chance of becoming famous at the stud than do those sires whose services are limited to one owner's mares.

Much interest was taken in the Hawke's Bay Gallops candidates, and a very good race resulted. The 10th penalty about stopped Signalman from winning, and Goldstone, Mr. Patrick, and Betty, only were so bred in Ireland, as were Lord Cardigan and Abundance—not to mention many others—in Australasia. This, perhaps, may be accounted for (says an exchange) by the fact that where a studmaster keeps a sire of his own he is likely to mate all his mares with him, without respect to what lines they are bred on a fatal mistake that has cost many a breeder lots of money. Of course, it sometimes happens that the studmaster may, perhaps, have by chance then good judgment, secure a mare that will mix with nearly every mare in such breeder's stud, as happened with St. Albans at Colsterk and Chester at Kilkenny. But those were among the exceptions that go to prove the rule. And personally, I incline to the belief that the sire whose service is available to the public stands a much better chance of becoming famous at the stud than do those sires whose services are limited to one owner's mares.

Though Mr. Stoad has four horses in the New Zealand Cup still, it is not known what that owner's intentions are in regard to what he may start, and it is quite likely the Southern owner has not made up his mind, so much depends on how the members of his team train on, so many other engagements have to be considered, and even how it cannot be known what some of his representatives may be capable of doing a month hence. The Yalhurst stable was never stronger numerically, and the average excellence. Judging from Nightfall's running in Australia, in engagements in which she met the Derby candidate Sylvanite and Demos, it would not appear that that filly represents the best Derby form, and it is not improbable that we have better in the colony, and possibly Mr. Stoad may have a better Derby representative in one of his colts. It would be idle to speculate as to which races will be selected for individual members of the team, but it would not surprise me to find the yellow jacket carried by two representatives in each of the more important events, such as the

Welcomer, Oaks, the Derby, Oaks, New Zealand Cup, Canterbury Cup, Andice Cup, and other events, and with Traciform, Machine Gun, Grand Rapids, Martian, Golden Knight, Uranus, Nightfall, Golden Lily, Rubin, Lady Lyonnors, several two-year-olds, and others in commission. Mr. Stoad has arranged that he may have to represent him in a majority of the races at the Spring Meeting of the C.C.C. Without the nominations of that owner and Sir George Clifford, the C.C.C. Spring Meeting would be short of a lot of interest.

Some time back Mr. G. Faithful, of Invertochy, the breeder of Sylvanite, wrote as follows in an exchange: In 1887 I purchased Goldlust at the yearling sales on account of his breeding to Patrick and for that reason only, as she was lame in the fetlock, and did not look much like racing. I tried to train her, but could not, and then turned her out on grass for nearly two years. After looking through the pedigrees of a number of the best winners, I considered Gratton the most suitable for Goldlust, as his pedigree combined the Gallop-Musket strains, inasmuch as Quiver was closely related to Musket, a strain of whom, of course, is to be considered to be most valuable for this cross on account of her Fisherman blood, especially when supplemented by that in Goldlust's granddam. If you look further back you will observe that Sylvanite has seven straws of Touchstone and five of Blacklock on the dam's side, and two of Touchstone and seven of Blacklock in the sire. There may be many theories why Sylvanite should be a good horse (now that he has proved), but the above pedigree may be considered as stout strains of Fisherman and one of Musket with Gallop and one of Musket's relative, Quiver. I said Goldlust, carrying Sylvanite, to Mr. James Thompson.

The Napier Stakes is an event in which interest centres. It is to be decided to-morrow (Wednesday). Penalties and sexual and maiden allowances to three-year-olds and four-year-olds are such that the range in weight is from 9.0 on Signalman, to 6.4 on several two-year-olds. The conditions of the race seem very clear, and the evident intention of the club was when framing these conditions that penalties should be calculated upon every winning achievement, that is of two-year-olds of last season and of two and three-year-olds of this season. A prominent racing authority has advised the secretary that penalties should be calculated from the commencement of August, 1904, giving his opinion that rule 20 of the Rules of Racing must be read in conjunction. If this interpretation is correct, then Bevan Scatons, who was a winner last season, and Solidus escape a penalty. Had Silkworth, Ports, and other leading two-year-old sires who were been engaged, they would not have had any extra allowance on that account. This seems absurd, one would have supposed that had it been intended that penalties should commence from August 1st, 1904, and not sooner, then it would have been so provided, but this is not the case. The question to determine is what weight must Bevan Scatons carry? Under the special provisions of this race, must rule 30 of the Rules of Racing be allowed to override the special provisions under which nominations were taken.

In quite a number of cases of bankruptcy the plea is put forward, "Losses by backing horses." Cases of this kind are continually cropping up. Quite a number of people thoroughly believe these statements, and it is by such means that the turf has gained a bad name, while all who indulge in racing are classed as rogues and vagabonds. It is not possible to find a head of certain individuals claiming to be jockeys or trainers (that are positively unknown to racing men). If some of those who make such statements were cross-examined it would in many cases turn out that they never had any connection with the turf whatever. Commenting upon a recent case which was tried in England, Mr. Berlin, in the "London Referee," says: "I have never heard of a legal defendant's pleading account in detail before a jury before His Majesty's judges or magistrates. And that is so. But I know of a solitary instance where one of the gentry who org. 'Prove, sir, nothing did I' scheduled his employer for a considerable amount of pilferings, treating them as a debt. His

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Explanation of the 'unpleasant position' was getting into the hands of the spectators...

English visitors have come to Traville to witness the 'Sportman's' Continental correspondent...

Mr James Lowther, whose death was recorded a few days ago, was one of the ablest of the active members of the English Jockey Club...

Sixteen years ago Lord Marcus Bessborough wished to try a new method for the Grand International Horse Race...

and Woodcock. Everything went well, and John Day won the trial. His lordship decided not to have the race cancelled...

At the recent Randwick races at least one individual gave some of the bookmakers a very hard time...

Recent American sporting files contain a lengthy account of a race meeting held at Yokohama, Japan, in June last...

The race-horses, whom the American writer describes as fairly good, and one or two in the lot will rank with our American ordinary racehorses...

The race-horses, whom the American writer describes as fairly good, and one or two in the lot will rank with our American ordinary racehorses...

ing by the fact that a number of Australian sires and brood mares have recently been purchased for the Government of that country to form the nucleus of a national stud farm...

HAWKE'S BAY J.C. SPRING MEETING.

The Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's spring meeting opened in splendid weather, but the attendance was not as large as could have been expected...

There were eight runners for the King Edward Handicap, Armistice being the one that looked most seasoned, Shrapnel stripped like one that racing will improve...

can be ready to run out a sound two miles in the New Zealand Cup. He may well acquire an interval with that however...

The contest for the Hastings Stakes was split by an unsatisfactory mix-up at the start, Malakoff running luck and being stumped by Delaware and Marguerite...

Maoriand, who was very well and was served by a light impost, outstayed a useful sort of gelding called Aberration, a three-year-old by The Possible...

With a little better luck in running, Beau Seaton, whom Holmes had in the form to beat the eye, might have won the Flying Handicap...

SECOND DAY.

The Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's spring meeting was conducted in fine weather, the course being faster than on the opening day...

A CARD. Dr. MARTIN, M.D., Edin., M.B., Ch.B., L.R.C.P., E., L.R.C.S., E., L.F.P.S.G., etc.

"ELMLEY HOUSE," 151 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY, Consulting Physician in All Diseases of Men and Women.

MIND OVER MATTER. How to Secure and Maintain Good Health in following out the Combined Knox-Mercer Treatment.

who was finishing strongly, came from further back, and was barely a length behind Signalman. Berts made a good run coming into the straight, but he could not sustain it, and was beaten by the other two. Willie Stronghold, Abberston, and Sir Percival were well beaten before the end of six furlongs was reached. Signalman ran like a stayer, and would have won without his quality, but he was beaten by the other two for Derby honours, but it is questionable whether any one of the starters represents decent Derby form. Submarine is perhaps the most improving, but his wind may cause trouble. Both the Signalman were beaten off in the King Edward Handicap, in which good three-year-olds with their weights should have carried them more prominently. The time was 2.1.5, and the dividends £2 12/ and £1 10/. The weight stamped both Catherine Gordon and Cavalry in the Te Mahanga Handicap Hurdle Race, in which Arnie just beat Taniwha. Time, 2.24 2-5. Division, £3. Boomerang was served up warm for the Jubilee Handicap, but he did not get a guiding by the Officer. Lord Cargill is probable, a son of the Possible, were always in front, and the Hon. J. D. Omond's gelding won, Boomerang, who gave the possible a heads being a close third. Moral by the Possible for Neil, began green, but finished better than anything in the race. Time, 49 4-6. Dividends, £8 11/ and £1 13/.

At the end of a mile, when the Haka had run himself out, the King Edward Handicap, Armistice went to the front, and won with something to spare, Louisa beating the Haka on the post for second place. The Stake carried this over-weight. Time, 2.12. Dividends, £2. The Wakato gelding Le Beau put down a much fancied candidate in Te Haka in the Phoenix Hack Handicap, and eight others. Time, 1.17 3-5. Dividends, £8 0/ and £1 11/. The handi-capped for the Rosa scored in the Punt Handicap after a good race with Wet Reef, Forest Ranger and Koplee, there being five other runners. Time, 1.9 4-5. Dividends, £2 17/ and £1 6/.

Financially the meeting will come out very well.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

I hear very good accounts from Dunedin of Red Gauntlet. St. Denis is also said to be coming back to form, and the unformed Mr. Gaultier is said to be making satisfactory progress, and it is said also that Alisa has wintered satisfactorily.

Mr Henry seems to have made an excellent handicap for the Stewards' Stakes. Without picking anything in it, he has given most of the candidates a capital chance, with the result that the complicated task of picking the winner, brilliant horse as Achilles is, he may find it a difficult matter to concede the enormous weights he is asked to give some of the horses for the last. Probably he will be started in the New Zealand Cup instead. Machine Gun is reported to be extremely well, and this being the case he stands a capital chance of repeating his victory of last year. Martin, I take it, will start for the Cup, but I presume that Red Gauntlet may be regarded as a certain starter, and, fit and well, he is bound to run prominently. Vladimir is not over-weighted.

Of those below him I like Gold Lily, Reels, Nightfall, Zealand, and Alisa. Mr. Henry holds a very strong hand. He has no less than seven engaged, and any one of the number may be capable of winning.

Although the enjoyment of the Otago and Eyreton Jockey Club's annual race meeting on Thursday was marred by a botchery in the morning, the attendance, which included a strong contingent from town, was large, the racing was interesting, and the totalisator turnover exceeded last year's by £20. Speculate was the best of the meeting. He won the Otago and Eyreton Handicap, comfortably, on Sandy, and with a penalty of six approved the District Welter Handicap. A very long delay at the post for the formation of the competitors, and the victory rested with the best horse on the day at the weights. Sandy should benefit from the race, but Oblivion II, who finished third, cannot be improved materially. None of the others ran particularly well, but probably Magnificent and Cerise will suffer from their vagaries at the post. The pony Manless was made favourite for the Novel Handicap, and the daughter of Maulditcher showed a good bit of speed as he is by carrying 9.0 to victory. She was followed home by another pony in Mirota, whose rider, James Pine, received a nasty shaking owing to the saddle slipping just after his mount passed the winning post. The Encrolydon gelding Burns beat Oyster in the Hunters' Flat Race, and the old Apromont gelding Nor-wester appropriated the Novel Handicap. The District Welter Handicap was quite a good appearance during the afternoon; his second was in the Mauderville Welter Handicap, in which he finished unplaced, and the race fell to his co-favourite, who is a promising three-year-old half-brother by Oblivion to Weibick.

The Annual Turf Club has a credit balance of £20. It will hold its annual race meeting on January 5.

The committee of the Canterbury Jockey Club has rejected the appeal of Mr. Jeff against the disqualification of the stewards disqualifying Petrovia in the Criterion Handicap.

Inquiries having been received by the Canterbury Jockey Club from owners as to whether the nominations of certain other owners were in order, the club has decided to decline to supply information of this kind.

Racing men in all parts of the colony will be sorry to learn that Mr. J. E. Reid has decided to break up his stud, and that the stallion St. Harle and all Mr Reid's choice selection of mares will be offered for sale at the end of the year.

Ross Shield has returned from Ashburton, where she has been on a visit to Mr. Higgins Progress.

It is rumored here, with what foundation I cannot say, that Bulwary has broken a blood-vessel.

OTAKI MAORI HACK MEETING.

The following acceptances have been received for the Otaki Maori Hack Meeting:

Tehui Memorial Handicap, 1 mile.—Tomarangi 8.9, Bonheur 8.0, Catrington 7.1, Langford 7.9, Seal Hill 6.7, St. Winifred 6.12, Gaudier Rose 6.12.

Hurdle Handicap, 1 1/2 mile.—Defoe 11.2, Te Kohua 10.4, Miss King 10.7, Murell 9.8, Jeanne d'Alcuer 8.6, Hokio 9.6, Peruvian 9.4, De Wet 9.0, Locked 9.0.

Demonstration Handicap, 1 mile and a distance.—Sea Lion 8.12, Tomarangi 8.6, Postion 7.9, Aureole 6.7.

Flying Handicap, 6 furlongs.—Tomarangi 8.19, Natarua 8.5, Waikakaho 7.12, Horitas 7.10, Hippodrome 7.10, Coxswain 7.8, Present 7.3, Anclia (late Banz) 6.10.

Welter Handicap, 7 furlongs.—Bonheur 9.9, Catrington 9.7, Rapid 9.3, Hippodrome 8.13, Wanganuana 8.12, Furneaux 8.0, Zorro 8.0, Gaudier Rose 8.0, Spur 8.7, Swop 8.7, Haka 8.7, Lock 7.7, 8.7.

Newmarket Handicap, six furlongs.—St. Athor 8.5, Waikakaho 8.3, Coxswain 7.14, Iketas 7.12, Quizz 7.4, Duckles 7.4, Iketaka 7.0, Cecil 7.0, Hekapoi 7.0.

Maiden Plate, six furlongs.—Cecid, Windlass, Quartz, Major, Glad, Swop, Pinston, Reburn, Miss Tonia, Caravel, Seagull, St. Winifred, Olivia, and Spar.

NAPIER RACING CLUB'S SPRING MEETING.

NAPIER, Saturday.

The following acceptances have been received for the Napier Park Racing Club's spring meeting:

Trial Hack Handicap, six furlongs.—Bessar 8.7, Zordergile 8.0, Bazaar 7.7, Haka 7.7, Rapid 7.7, 8.7.

Taradale Handicap Hurdle Race, one mile and three-quarters.—Cavalry 11.3, Aroha 11.2, Confort 10.13, Westward 10.2, Reipuse 2.3, Taniwha 0.3, Hugi 9.0.

County Hack Handicap, one mile.—Bendmoss 8.19, Puffbl 8.9, Puffbl 8.3, Doucle 8.3, Admiral Cerveras 7.2, Kohatu 6.7.

Park Stakes Handicap, one mile and a quarter.—Mahutonga 9.3, Peka 8.9, Madril 8.8, Amistice 8.4, Submarine 7.3, Sir Percival 6.7.

Spring Welter Handicap, seven furlongs.—Blazer 11.0, Hineraua 10.11, Tyrone 9.8, Hardwork 9.5, Java 9.2, Taura 9.2, Tukapa 9.2, Tattle 8.5, Jewel Gun 8.0, Athol Maid 8.0, Galinda 8.0.

Ahurst Hack Handicap, six furlongs.—Patua 8.11, Catspaw 8.10, Merry Kate 8.6, Perdita 7.13, Moorland 7.12, Horatio 7.9, Polyanthus 7.9, Barca 6.10, Anadja 6.8, Melba 6.7, Cadeau 6.7.

Hawke Handicap, six furlongs.—Hineraua 8.5, Wet Reef 7.13, Forest Ranger 7.0, Assayer 7.0, Governors 7.0, Rose Moulder 7.0, Myatation 6.7.

Napier Stakes, five furlongs.—Signalman 9.0, Beau Steaton 8.7, The Snake 8.3, Sir Percival 8.1, King Billy 7.3, Horumua 6.7, The Star 6.4, Whakawell 6.4, Merguete 6.4.

DUNEDIN JOCKEY CLUB'S SPRING MEETING.

DUNEDIN, Saturday.

For the D.J.C. Spring Meeting, the following acceptances have been received:

Sprung Hurdle Handicap, one mile and a half.—Hiku 11.4, The Moleau 10.13, The Guesar 10.12, Victor II. 10.4.

Tahona Hack, 5 furlongs.—Bluesone 8.9, Goldford 8.5, Kaptal 8.0, Storchild 7.7, Witch Willie 7.5, Kestrel 7.2, Kestrel 6.12, Far Niente 6.10, Helroom 6.10, Rubette 6.10.

Mosgiel Handicap, one mile.—Pallas 9.6, Flower of Clutha 8.2, Juniper 7.8, Delancy 7.7, Blackstone 7.0, Crown Imperial 6.7.

Electric Handicap, 6 furlongs.—Red Gauntlet 9.11, Vladimir 9.11, St. Denis 8.13, Flower of Clutha 8.12, Petrovia 8.12, Brighton 7.7, Donna Rosa 6.10, Casquo 6.7, Crown Imperial 6.7.

Barewood Welter, 6 furlongs.—Quaga 9.11, Ouldiform 9.7, Lilystone 9.2, Wee Mackreagor 9.0, Trump 8.7.

October Welter Handicap, 7 furlongs.—Juniper 10.2, Brighton 9.8, Donna Rosa 9.0, Sirus 8.7, Trump 8.7.

The following nominations have been received:

Trial Stakes of 50sovs, 7 furlongs.—Puffbl, Melleon, Storchild, Koptal, Quaga, Cavalita, Marlpoa, Leaside, Kubello.

Farewell Handicap of 50sovs, one mile.—Donna Rosa, Blackstone, Sirus, Melleon, Juniper, Marlpoa, Crown Imperial, Hopp, Koptal.

AUCKLAND TROTTLING CLUB'S SPRING MEETING.

The following acceptances have been received for the first day's events of the Auckland Trotting Club's Spring Meeting, which takes place on Saturday next:

Spring Trot Handicap, two miles.—Tel-hoa scratch, Rebel Boy 6, Thorunda 7,

Wellona 9a, Madcap 12a, Duchess of Rochford 15a, Miss Hwa 19a.

Stewards' Handicap, one mile and a half.—Ballot scratch, Harold Abdallah 12a, Waitemara 10, Typewriter 8a, Le Rustic 12a, K.D. 13a, Colosso 19a, Empress 19a.

Electric Handicap, one mile.—Bartie scratch, Juliette 4a, Duchess of Rochford 7a, Colosso 8a, Donnell 10a, Last Emperor 10a, The Moorea 11a, Miss Muir 12a, Bell Car 13a, Bert 13a, George 13a, K.O. 13a, St. John 13a, Pleasant 17a.

Pony Handicap, trot, one mile.—Isabel scratch, Blunlight scratch, Eric 7a, Miss Curro 9a, Laure 12a, Nut 10a, Little Paul 10a.

Middle Class Handicap, trot, one mile and a half.—Redford scratch, Duchess of Rochford 12a, Empress 2a, Kismetra 4a, Lady Florence 4a, Nat Gould 4a, Alberton 5a, K.O. 5a, George 6a, Little Paul 6a, Bert 6a, Little Paul 6a, Pleasant 13a.

Maiden Trot, one mile and a half.—Tara scratch, Alberton 4a, Bell Car 4a, Red Wilkes 4a, Abougaou 10a, Hoon Clair 10a, Miss Dumore 10a, Pleasant 10a, Albert A. 12a, Clara 12a, Popinjay 13a, Green Lavender 14a, Nut 14a.

Ouhunga Handicap, six furlongs and a quarter.—Amoy 10.10, Eureka 9.12, Gladys Rose 7.12, Mataura 7.0, Lucree 7.0, Sentinel 7.0, Whawhai 6.11.

October Handicap, five furlongs.—Orange and Blue 9.4, Mampouve 8.7, Fashionable 8.0, Mataura 8.0, Gladys Rose 7.12, Sentinel 7.0, Solitary 7.0, Shrawbury 6.11, Whawhai 6.11, Mosquito 6.7.

ENGLISH RACING.

LONDON, October 7.

IMPERIAL PRODUCE STAKES OF 2000 SOVS. For two-year-olds. Six furlongs. Mr Leopold de Rothschild's Ute Khan (murdah), Laclantus—Utes 1 Shah Jahan 2 Orator 3

THE TOROK HANDICAP OF 500SOVS. 1 mile.—Ossian, 7.2. 1; Ballark, 7.5. 2; Daugel, 7.13. 3. Twenty-two horses started. Betting: 7 to 2 against Bangal, 6 to 1 forer, 7 to 1 Currier, 25 to 1 Oshan and the others. Oshan and Ballark came out at the distance, and the last-named pair fighting out a great finish, Oshan gained the Judge's verdict by a head. Time, 1.44.

NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS.

SUPPLY AND DELIVERY OF STORES.

Head Office, Wellington, 3rd October, 1904.

SEPARATE WRITTEN TENDERS will be received at this Office up to NOON of MONDAY, 14th November, 1904, for the Supply and Delivery of the undermentioned STORES from the 1st April, 1905, to 31st March, 1906, at Auckland, Wellington, Addington, and Hillside:—

- General Ironmongery
 - Furnishing Ironmongery
 - Ironmongery: Bolts, Nuts, and Rivets
 - Ironmongery: Tools, etc.
 - Ironmongery: Hammers and Gassifiers'
 - Explosives
 - Steel Fire and Thief Resisting Safes
 - Weighing Machines and Balances
 - Galvanized Iron and Tinware Goods
 - Chemicals, Drugs, etc.
 - Oilstencians
 - Oils, Colours, etc.
 - Oils, Kerosene
 - Ship Chandlery, etc.
 - Indian Rubber Goods
 - Brushware, of New Zealand Manufacture
 - Iron and Steel
 - Iron Sheet, Galvanized, of New Zealand Manufacture
 - Leather, etc.
 - Coloidal Cement and Lime
- Specifications and forms of tender may be obtained at the Railway Store Office, Newmarket, Addington, Hillside, and the Stores Manager's Office, Wellington, at which places statements showing the local consumption of articles chiefly in demand will be on view.
- Tenders to be addressed to "The General Manager, New Zealand Railways, Wellington," and to be marked outside, "Tenders for Stores."
- Telegraphic tenders will not be received, and the lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.
- The accepted tender rates will be published in the "New Zealand Gazette." By order.
- T. RONAYNE, General Manager, New Zealand Railways.

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OUTDOOR SPORTS.

RESULTS OF SATURDAY'S MATCHES.

AQUATICS.

ST. GEORGE'S ROWING CLUB.

The 21st annual meeting of the St. George's Rowing Club was held last week, Mr. A. H. Myers (president) presiding over a good attendance. The report stated that the club was in a strong financial position. During the year £20 had been paid off the boat-house account, £18 3/4 expended on oars, while the plant had been increased by the purchase of a new pleasure boat for the use of honorary members at a cost of £25; £20 7/5 was also spent on general repairs to plant, and £63 10/9 written off for depreciation. The balance of assets over liabilities was £328 17/2, as compared with £514 for 1903. The membership was 75 active and 24 honorary, as against 69 and 16 respectively for 1903. The club was well represented at the various regattas during the season, though there were only three wins to its credit. That of the senior crew at the Ponsonby regatta, and Mr. Richards in the sculls at the Ngarawahia and Auckland Rowing Association's regattas. The total amount of prize money won was £17 12/0. The club trials held during the season were well attended. It was pointed out that the majority of the members had been somewhat neglected in the matter of proper coaching, and that if the club is to hold a prominent position in the aquatic world more attention must be paid to coaching the crews for club trials. The report and balance-sheet were adopted. The election of officers resulted as follows:—Patron, Mr. J. H. B. Coates; vice-patron, Hon. S. Thorne (George, M.L.C.); commodore, Mr. Thomas Russell; vice-commodore, Mr. John L. Craig, Esq.; Mr. E. W. Gordon, Esq.; Hon. G. G. Gillon, Canon MacMurray; Messrs J. M. Brigham, A. S. Bankart, H. R. Bloomfield, Hugh Campbell, A. W. Chatfield, W. R. Colbeck, D. W. Dudge, C. E. R. Gillies, G. E. Kissling, A. Kohn, J. A. E. Kelly, W. B. Lenth, E. Mahony, A. McHardy, J. D. Nathan, E. W. G. Rabbone, J. J. Rogch, J. L. Scott, C. F. Thomas, Herbert Thompson, H. C. Towley, W. S. Whitley; captain, Mr. H. K. Totton; deputy captain, Mr. B. Fiam; committee, Messrs A. Tattler, E. Noonds, T. Stone, R. Park, P. Steele; hon. secretary, Mr. V. Dunn; hon. treasurer, Mr. R. Cauntley; auditors, Messrs A. McHardy and A. G. Buchanan.

WAITEMATA ROWING CLUB.

The 21st annual meeting of the Waitemata Rowing Club was held last week, Mr. A. M. Myers (president) presiding. There was a full attendance of members. The committee's annual report and balance-sheet were adopted. The report stated that the progress of the club, though not as successful as the previous season, was nevertheless satisfactory. The club was represented at all the regatta events, 15 firsts, 5 seconds, and 3 thirds out of 25 entries, and taking second place—9 points behind the winners—for the Auckland Rowing Association's championship regatta. The balance-sheet showed that the receipts amounted to £178 8/5, including balance from last year, £32 15/11; subscriptions, £50 1/2; prize money, £54 3/4. After paying all expenses there was a credit balance of £9 17/3, receipts including £121 17/8 for new boat, rowing, etc. The assets amounted to £346 14/7, and the liabilities to £229 11/6. The principal asset was the boatshed and general plant, valued at £222 10/0. The election of officers resulted as follows:—Commodore, Mr. A. H. Myers (re-elected); vice-commodore, Mr. John Endean, sen. (re-elected); president, Mr. W. Smith (re-elected); vice-presidents, Messrs J. J. Craig, H. Dyer, G. Tuck, T. B. O'Connor, E. Price, W. Lowe, J. H. Gray, C. H. Williams, M. G. Fyfe, J. H. Wilford, M.H.R., W. Sengar, M. Walsh, W. Butler, A. Kohn, A. J. Smith (re-elected); captain, Mr. W. J. Evans (re-elected); vice-captain, Mr. G. Huddleston (re-elected); secretary, Mr. W. Huddleston (re-elected); committee, Messrs A. C. Stead, C. Stead, Treasurer, Mr. H. Boston (re-elected); committee, Messrs A. C. Stead, J. Bollen, Jun., T. D. Bell, Robins, Stevens, Smith; delegates to Auckland Amateur Rowing Association, Mr. Heslop (re-elected); auditors, Messrs C. Short and A. Warwick.

NORTH SHORE ROWING CLUB.

The opening of the North Shore Rowing Club's season took place on Saturday afternoon at Cheltenham beach, when there was a good attendance of the public. In the afternoon four crew races presented by the club were held, and brought out some good racing. The first heat was rowed between crews stroked by H. H. Bayly and W. Smith, the former winning by a length. In the second race, in the second heat crews stroked by H. Patterson, W. Logan and W. Strick took part. The competitors were evenly matched, but just near the finish the first named crew pulled ahead, and at the commencement the third heat proved a close race between crews stroked by W. L. Bakewell, G.

Carline, and B. Yeoland, the last named winning by a few feet from Bakewell's. The three winning crews took part in the final, Patterson's crew winning by about three feet from Yeoland's, who were about half a length ahead of Bayly's. The winners were: H. Patterson (stroke), W. Wynyard (3), E. Wilkinson (2), R. Spilley (bow), C. McDonald (cox).

LAWN TENNIS.

AUCKLAND LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

The annual general meeting of the Auckland Lawn Tennis Club was held last week, when there was a good attendance of members. Mr. T. Jackson, president of the club, occupied the chair. The report and balance sheet of last season were read and confirmed. The President in his remarks mentioned that the club had reason to be congratulated on their present sound financial position, and the success of last season. Through the energy and attention of the Ground Superintendent (Mr. E. B. Valle) the courts had played well during the season, and at present were in excellent condition. From the report laid before him by the secretary, it was pleasing to note that the play of the young members showed improvement, and another pleasing feature of last season's club handicaps was that several new club members were prize winners. The election of officers resulted as follows:—President, Mr. T. Jackson (re-elected); vice-presidents, Messrs R. H. Abbott, A. B. J. Irvine, W. Lottigham, J. A. Manning, E. Benjamin, A. Myers, E. Kent, and Mrs. Parkes; and Crick; gentlemen's committee, Messrs Swinlock, Keating, McLean, and Johnson; ladies' committee, Messrses Dalehorpe, Jackson, Coates, Misses Picken, and Woodroffe; honorary secretary, Messrs H. G. Dalehorpe and E. B. Valle; honorary treasurer, Mr. P. Bullen; honorary auditor, Mr. E. Watkins; delegates to the Association, Messrs T. Jackson and B. Keating. It was resolved to hold the annual general meeting towards the end of April instead of October, as in previous years, and that the present season be open in conjunction with the Bowling Club, on Saturday, October 29. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. F. Hallwell, who so ably conducted the winter entertainments of the club, in conjunction with the ladies' and gentlemen's committee, and who by their efforts had succeeded in placing the club in the sound financial position it at present occupied.

CRICKET.

WAHIA CRICKET.

WAHIA, Monday.

The cricket season commenced on Saturday afternoon on the local reserve between eleven selected by Messrs Duff and Wall. The following were the scores:—Wall, 15; Duff, 10; Maitland, 8; Ryan, 9; Manning, 6; Williams, 20; H. Rex, 6; Ryan, 16; Ker, 6; Ryan, 1; Neskes, not out, 10; Coates, 6; Ryan, 24; Sutton, Jun., 6; Ryan, 0; Paul, run out, 1; Walker, 6; Conthwaite, 0; Johnston, 6; Conthwaite, 0; Williams, 0; Thornton, 6; Conthwaite, 3; Total, 84. Duff's Eleven: Duff, retired, 8; Conthwaite, 6; Manning, 4; Williams, not out, 15; Ryan, 6; Manning, 6; Johnston, not out, 15; Barr, 0. The remainder did not bat, and stumps were drawn.

AUCKLAND CRICKET ASSOCIATION.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Auckland Cricket Association was held last week at the Sports Club, the president (Mr. F. Earl) being in the chair. There was a large attendance of delegates and cricketers from the six clubs connected with the association. In moving the adoption of the annual report, the president commented upon its very satisfactory nature. When the district scheme was hatched a year ago sanguine spectators of its results were slow to rise and they were pleased to see that they had been realized. The success of cricket in the district was now assured. He believed that after the scheme had been in operation for a time they would be able to meet their own in the representative matches. The balance-sheet presented by Mr. C. Hay (treasurer), and adopted, showed that the total income during the year was £148 6/1, including £45 17/10 refund from N.Z.C.C., £31 0/0 club subscriptions, £24 18/6 registration fees, £11 11/11 honorary members, £15 17/10 profit from Wellington match, and £18 17/3 profit from the Canterbury match. A balance of £9 8/11 was due to the bank at the commencement of the year, but at the close the balance in hand totalled £163 14/2.

HOSPITAL COMMISSION.

JUDGE WARD TO PRESIDE.

WELLINGTON, October 7.

His Excellency the Governor has appointed Judge Ward, Mr S. E. McCarthy (Stipendiary Magistrate at Invercargill), and Mr R. Beetham (retired Stipendiary Magistrate) to constitute the Royal Commission to inquire into the allegations respecting the conduct of the Auckland Hospital. The members will be in Auckland next week, and will immediately commence their work.

Of the members of the Commission, Judge Ward, who has been appointed chairman, is well known all over the South Island, where he is engaged as a District Court judge. He temporarily acted as Supreme Court judge some years ago at Dunedin during the absence of Mr Justice Williams, and is at present the president of the South Island Railway Appeal Board. Mr Beetham is well known to Aucklanders, as he presided over the Costley Home Commission last year. He recently held a departmental inquiry into the management of Sunnyside Asylum. He has been in the Government service for 40 years, and recently retired on superannuation from the stipendiary magistrate's bench. Mr S. E. McCarthy is described as one of the most painstaking and conscientious magistrates on the Bench. He was appointed a stipendiary five or six years ago, and was formerly a solicitor in Naseby, Otago.


OPENING OF THE SEASON.

CHRISTCHURCH MATCHES.

CHRISTCHURCH, Monday.

The weather was perfect for the opening of the summer sports season on Saturday. Owing to the fact that rain had prevented play on the previous Saturday, cricketers were obliged to dispense with a "prolonged" center, and they plunged straightaway into the various grade competitions. In the first grade matches, United won the toss against Sydenham and Addington, and batted, but only two batsmen showed any form, and the total reached just 353. Olliver made 80 and Blin 31. For Sydenham and Addington, Patrick and Bennett bowled best. Sydenham and Addington had lost four wickets for 36 when time was called. The Midland XIII, in their game against the same club's XI, only made 73 (Preston 16, Sinclair 10, O'Brien 13). Pearce and Lawrence divided the wickets. The eleven have lost two wickets for 122 (H. Lawrence not out 49, J. D. Lawrence 29, Whittin not out 26). Lancaster Park XIII, batted first against the same club's XI, but only made 71 (North 22, Wusher 11), against Howell and Callaghan. At the call of time, the eleven had made 180 for five wickets (Barnett not out 48, H. C. Ridley 42, Hammond not out 19, R. Ridley 14).

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Music and Drama.

Vescey, the boy violinist, aged only seven, made about £8000 out of his late London season. He shortly begins an American tour for which he'll receive £250 per concert.

Mr Herbert Fleming is importing an English company of eight. The leading lady is to be Miss Beatrice Bay, whose face is familiar to Australians who take in those London publications devoted to picturing pretty actresses.

Clement Scott left a meagre estate, despite his 30 years of successful journalism. His will has been sworn for probate at £4484, of which sum £1500 was the proceeds of the benefit performance given two days before his death.

Insurance contracts for musical artists show some interesting provisions. Mme. Patti insures every one of her concerts for £1000; Josef Hofmann carries heavy insurance on his hands and each finger; Kubelik has insured his right hand for £2000, with a policy for £10,000 against total disablement.

Mr Sam Adams, the well-known Auckland musician, has composed a sprightly polka called "Gaiete de Soir," which has just been issued in London. The music is bright and tuneful, and Aucklanders will have an opportunity of hearing it on November 2nd, when it will be played by Mr Adams' orchestra at his students' annual assembly. Mr Adams has dedicated his work to Miss Rose Nathan, daughter of Mr and Mrs N. A. Nathan, of this city.

One big co. that visited Australia left a big photographing firm in pretty heavily. Photographs were ordered by the hundred all round, and were taken and delivered, but appeals for money were coldly resented. The ladies and gentlemen of the co. said that they were not in the habit of paying for their photographs. Photographers should be glad to take them for nothing.

Williamson's Bio-tableau, which commenced operations at Adelaide Tiv. on October 1, and which shortly comes to New Zealand, threatens to exhibit a film which takes 20 minutes to run itself out. The pictures will be up-to-date, as besides the war items the other subjects will include the big Toronto fire and the Gordon-Bennett Motor Race, latter only run in June last.

The death occurred at Christchurch last week of Mr. Will Watkins, the well-known comedian. Mr Watkins was a very popular actor, and during his long connection with Messrs John Fuller and Sons (for the past six years) he enjoyed a vogue that indicated great ability on his part. He certainly was one of the most able of the many amusing artists that the enterprising firm has introduced. He will be much missed and regretted by the hundreds who listened to his drolleries many nights in Auckland and elsewhere.

Dolly Castles, sister to the great Amy, will presently make her appearance in Williamson's Comic Opera Co. (says an Australian exchange). Dolly is said to have a neat turn for light acting, and is expected to infuse a new interest into the Royal Comica. There has certainly been a long-felt want for a bright female personality in the show, as none of the ladies now shining have quite the qualities essential in a leading lady in light opera. To be sure the Castles is not expected to take front place at the jump, but she should not be long in going up top if she is anything of a comedienne.

Mr Edward Branscombe, with a new Westminster Glee and Concert party, is about to make another colonial tour. Madame Marie Houton (Mrs Branscombe) will again accompany her husband. The soprano boys will be Masters A. Ludlow, W. Egleby, G. Travis, and A. Bates; the male alto Mr Haydon Fraser and Mr R. A. Nelson; the tenors, Mr Branscombe and E. Banhof; and the basses, Mr W. E. Lowell and T. C. Stenradle Bennett. Mr Dudley Canster, whose humorous musical sketches will be remembered, will again accompany the party.

Here's a neat and far from inapt summing up of dramatic criticism and critics:—Dramatic criticism is of three kinds. There is the critic who goes to the theatre to tell the public what he sees; there is the critic who goes to the theatre to tell the public what he knows; and there is the critic who goes to the theatre to tell the public what it shouldn't see or know. The first is impersonal; the second is egotistic; the third is staidistic. The first will tell you what D'Annunzio says; the second will tell you what he ought to have said, and the third will tell you what he shouldn't be allowed to say at all. The method of the first is inductive; the method of the second is deductive; the method of the third is assinine. The impersonal critic has brains; the personal critic has taste, and the eternally moral critic has billingsgate.

Messrs. J. and C. McMahon have just received some interesting letters from Mr G. H. Szazelle, who at the time of last writing was at Rouen, France, being on a cycling tour of the beautiful province of Normandy. In this letter Mr Szazelle says: "I am singing 'Nazareth' here to-night in French at a grand fete to which thousands are being attracted. I have never been in better voice and form in my life, and when I come out to you for our New Zealand tour you may rest assured that my entertainment will surpass anything we have hitherto given to the people of good old Australasia. France is, as of course you know, romantic and delightful for tourists and the leisured class generally, but my heart goes back to the brisk and breezy colonies where I have always been a winner. I have an engagement in England that will occupy me until December, after which I will make for my good old hunting-grounds in the Antipodes. I will cable you, of course, my exact date of departure."

Manager Musgrove brings "The Prince of Pilsen" to Australia and New Zealand next year. This is his latest Shaftesbury success, and is American from the first call to the last curtain. The wheels bag of them is to come to Australia. Mr Musgrove does not intend repeating the mistake that was made over "The Belle of New York," which on its first production in Melbourne was a flat failure, although the opera had made a fortune in London. If the London company had been brought out with the opera, success in Australia would have been certain. Even the Shaftesbury chorus girls are to come out. They are Yankee damsels, and are decidedly on the fat side. America likes material in its ballet girls. Australian taste, however, is not so fleshy; we prefer elegance to weight (says the "Critic"). The bulky chorus girl cannot dance pleasingly, she flops a lot, and breathes noisily, and although she is all right in repose, she purples under the influence of protracted exertion. On the whole, Mr Musgrove would do better to stick to the slim and nimble Australian character. St. Kilda seems to produce sufficient eager aspirants to meet all Australasian demands.

Now that the people of Melbourne have shown themselves eager for Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, it is expected (says a writer in "Table Talk") that J. C. Williamson will go through the list: "The Gondoliers," "Iolanthe," "Pinafore," and "The Pirates" have often been revived, but few people remember "Princess Ida" or "The Sorcerer." The latter would be a particularly interesting production, as the play-goers of Australia have less knowledge of that than they had of "Patience," and it is a bright and whimsical opera, the story of which is as good as new. It is about the length of "Pinafore," and possesses much of the characteristic humour of words and music that has made the later operas beloved by hundreds of thousands. The last has not been said of Gilbert when the operas have been accounted for. His "Engaged" is one of the funniest farces ever written. The only Australasian performance of it remembered by me was given by Brough and Boucault

many years ago. "Tom Cobb, or Fortune's Toy," is another highly hilarious farce. Surely it would be worth Mr Williamson's while to try these on the diango once more through the medium of his bright little comedy company.

"Paree," spelled so, is always held to be the trade-mark of levity, especially levity manufactured in the U.S.A. for home consumption; and, if the adjective "gay" should precede "Paree," then the revels indicated may be expected to be of the most hilarious. "In Gay Paree" sounds much more "cute" as a title than if the piece were labelled "In Mirthful Paris," and the large audience at the bright little Gaiety Theatre, Melbourne, on the first night of Messrs. Perman and Lang's new extravaganza, found the play quite come up to its title, and even go on better than the promise held out, says the "Australasian." "Paree" is the Paris of the American, and around the financial troubles of a New York widow, Mrs. Waldorf Castoria, the plot revolves. "Americo-Parisienne," the useful word coined by the great Jim Pinkerton to describe London Dods, in R. L. Stevenson's "Wrecker," exactly describes the fun and frolics now in progress at the Gaiety Theatre. The extravaganza will probably be seen in New Zealand.

If the newly-formed Auckland Orchestral Society can maintain its present strong membership and avoid those pitfalls which have previously caused collapse in similar ventures, music lovers in Auckland can look forward to a long series of rich musical treats. And, with past experience to guide them, with the true "esprit de corps" which is at present so excellently in evidence to spur them on, and, above all, with so enthusiastic and able a conductor at their head as Mr Alfred Hill, there seems no reason to doubt that a long and brilliant career is before the new society. The first concert, given in the Choral Hall last week, was certainly eminently successful, and fully satisfying from a musician's point of view. Mr Hill has the magnetism of the born conductor, and made the very most of the large and very capable orchestra, which obeyed his every behest with delightfully sympathetic accord. Herr Weilaert was leader, and Mr Cox headed the second violins. A very excellently arranged programme was admirably carried through, the orchestral items being interspersed with songs by Mr Hamilton Hodges and Miss M. Somerset, a young mezzo-soprano with a light quality voice, who sings pleasantly and with good elocution. At the next concert Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" is to be introduced.

It is not generally understood that Mr Tree's "school of acting" scheme has a far wider significance and involves a greater sphere of usefulness than the title implies or than we have yet been given to understand (says the London "Era"). It will therefore be interesting to our readers to know the arrangements which Mr Tree has made for giving lessons, not merely in the art of acting, but in every department of stage work. The principal subject which will be dealt with at the school is voice production, which includes elocution, the teaching of blank verse, Shakespeare, etc. But the curriculum of the dramatic school does not end there. In addition to the pupils being taken through plays both old and modern, they will be instructed in dancing, fencing, and in all manner of acrobatic and pantomime work. They will also receive thorough instruction in the direction of gesture, which forms such an important part of an actor's study. The different styles of speech and gesture in different countries at different periods of the world's history will be properly demonstrated by experienced instructors, in addition to the movement of the hands and feet and the employment of any particular article of personal adornment or use. For instance, the fan used to play an important part in the time of Queen Anne. Then, of course, the old minuets, both for the drawing-room and the stage, will not be neglected in the work of the school. The entrance fee to the institution is one guinea, the charge for tuition being twelve guineas per term, or 36 guineas a year of 36 weeks. Prospective actors who enter the school for the purpose of training for the profession, and who are found totally unfit for a theatrical career, will be told as quickly as possible that they are wasting their time and their money. It is neither Mr Tree's

wish nor intention to make a huge profit out of his scheme, which has been prompted only by his desire to see a better generation of actors and actresses appearing on the British board. Nor has Mr Tree the idea of hoodloding the touring companies with embryo actors and actresses. Not until they have shown themselves really fit will they be drafted into theatrical companies or by allowed to go before the footlights of His Majesty's Theatre in minor parts.

It is probable that M. Louis d'Egville and some members of his family will have charge of the dancing department. It is interesting to remark in this connection that Mr d'Egville's father and forefathers have instructed the Royal Family in matters concerning the "poetry of motion" for the last 150 years. Mr Tree will also secure the services of the best fencer in London to superintend the sword exercises and the finest elocutionist he can engage. A special feature of the school will be that once or twice a week a class will be held for reading or acting a play, either on the stage or in one of the big rooms. In regard to the building in which the training will be given, we understand that a special large house is being leased for the purpose, and that it will be in the near neighbourhood of His Majesty's Theatre. Mr Tree, who will supervise generally over all the classes, particularly interesting himself in the elocution and dress departments, hopes to be able to open the new establishment shortly. Separate classes will be held for the purpose of teaching clergymen how to read the lessons and how to preach. These classes will be taken in hand by Mr Raymond Blaythwayt and the Rev. H. Russell Wakefield, rector of St. Mary's, Bryansdon Square. Both these gentlemen are first rate elocutionists, and are admirably fitted for the work for which they have been chosen. Gentlemen who place themselves under the care of Mr Blaythwayt will be instructed how to avoid what is known as "clergyman's throat," which is merely the outcome of wrong usage of the vocal organs. Another department will be devoted to Parliamentary candidates, who will be shown how to use their voices to the best advantage—an important point sometimes in deciding an election contest. There will be special courses of training for women, and proper breathing habits instilled into them as well as the correct pronunciation of the English language. We can mention that Mr Raymond Blaythwayt, who will have charge of what we may term the "ministerial section," was himself a preacher for some eight or nine years, in which capacity he has worked pretty nearly all over the world. His family is probably the biggest clerical family in the world, for no less than twelve of his relatives are ministers of religion. Mr Blaythwayt is an experienced lecturer, and has always greatly interested himself in the drama.

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BIRTHS MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS

[The charge for inserting announcements of births, marriages, or deaths in the "Graphic" is 2/6 for the first 14 words, and 6d for every additional 7 words.]

BIRTHS.

- ADAMS.—On September 29th, at Shelly Beach Rd., the wife of Raymond Adams of a son.
BENNETT.—On September 27th, at the residence of Mrs. Davies, Carlton Gore Rd., the wife of G. E. Bennett of a daughter.
CLAIRE.—On 20th September, the wife of A. Claire of a daughter.
CORRIE.—On August 7th, 1904, at her residence, Clarence-st., Mrs. R. L. Corrie of a son.
ELLIS.—On September 16, at Auburn-st., to Mr and Mrs W. C. Ellis a son.
FRENGLY.—On September 24th, at Norman's Hill, Otago, the wife of Joseph Frengley, M.D., District Health Officer, of a son.
GEPIN.—On September 26, at her residence, Diligant street, the wife of Chas. Giffin of a son; both doing well.
HARDING.—On September 17th, 1904, at her residence, Nelson-st., Auckland, the wife of Frederick Harding of a daughter. Home papers please copy.
HORSLEY.—On September 28, at "Mataingah," Wellesley-st., to Mr and Mrs A. Horsley, of a daughter.
KEANE.—On October 2nd, at Birkenhead, the wife of W. H. Keane of a daughter; both doing well.
MADDON.—On October 4, at their residence, Pombony, to Mr and Mrs H. N. Maddox, a son.
MEEK.—On October 1st, at her residence, Wellington-st., the wife of J. T. Meek of a daughter; both doing well.
MCQUEEN.—On the 25th, at Pombony, Auckland, the wife of G. Scott of a son; both doing well. Wellington papers please copy.
WALKER.—At Richmond-st., Pombony, on Wednesday, Sept. 21, to Mr and Mrs Maxwell Walker, a son.
WILKINSON.—On October 4th, at her residence, Woodlands, Pakohanga, the wife of A. E. Wilkinson of a son; both doing well.
WILSON.—On 24th September, at the residence, Wellington-st., to Mr and Mrs D. Wilson, a son; both doing well.
WILSON.—On September 26th, at her residence, Morton-st., the wife of Henry Wilson of a son; both doing well.

DEATHS.

- GOODHARE-MOORE.—On 21st September, 1904, at St. Matthew's Church, by the Rev. A. Fowler, Tom Goodhare to Edith Hesse Moore, both of Auckland. Edith, Sydney, and Home papers please copy.
HEFFARD-GREEN.—On August 24th, 1904, at Church of Christ, West-street, by Mr George Aldridge, Lewis George, third son of Charles Sheppard, to Lilian Gertrude, eldest daughter of Frederick Green, both of Auckland. Sydney and Home papers please copy.
WEBB-HOGARTH.—On 25th September, 1904, at the residence of the bride's parents, John-st., Mt. Eden, Alfred Alexander, eldest son of Alfred Webb, Pahmoe, Hameville, to Mary Helen, 4th daughter of John Young, Hogarth, of Auckland. Wellington papers please copy.
WILMETTE-BLAIR.—On September 7, 1904, at the residence of the bridegroom's sister, Balfour street, Baylyd, by the Rev. J. A. Luffford, Walter Blacklock Wilmette, second son of Mr W. E. Wilmette, Pombony, to Annie Gertrude Blair, eldest daughter of the late Captain Maikie.

MARRIAGES.

- BALLARD.—On October 6th, at her daughter's (Mrs T. Ashby) residence, Ellerslie, Mary Elizabeth, the dearly beloved wife of Luke Ballard, Epsom (late of Drury), in her 60th year.
BETH.—On October 3, 1904, at the District Hospital, Elizabeth, dearly beloved wife of John Frederick Beth, Great North Rd., after a long and painful illness; aged 58 years. Deeply regretted.—Southern and Home papers please copy.
ELNCOE.—Accidentally killed on October 7, 1904, Herbert Elncoe, the beloved husband of Sarah Bincoe; aged 28 years.
HARDING.—On September 26th, 1904, at her late residence, Nelson-st., Auckland, Myra, dearly beloved wife of Frederick Harding; aged 25 years; late of Worcester-terrace.
HUGHES.—On September 30th, at Aiken Terrace, Glenora (the residence of her daughter), Sarah, the dearly beloved wife of John Hugh; aged 72 years.
MATHIESON.—At the residence of her parents, Shelly Beach Rd., Helen Bernice Johnston, the eldest and dearly beloved daughter of J. and J. Mathieson.
MENZIES.—On October 4th, at her late residence, Glenora, Auckland, Helen, eldest of the late David Menzies, Dunfermline, Scotland; aged 83 years. Mother of John Menzies and Mrs Thomas Martin.
TULLOCK.—On September 27th, 1904, at her late residence, Newton Rd., Sarah, the beloved wife of John Tullock, in her 64th year.
WALKER.—At her parents' residence, Police Station, Tauranga, on September 20th, Irene, fourth dearly beloved daughter of M. and E. L. Walker; aged 13 years 11 months. Deeply regretted.

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ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jimmie Montgomery, daughter of the late Mr Montgomery, New York, U.S.A., to Charles B. Fenton, chief officer of the s.s. Hudson, Standard Oil Company, and son of the late Harold Hyde Fenton, of Auckland, N.Z.

The engagement is announced of Miss Kathleen Thompson, daughter of Mr Herbert Thompson, Remuera, to Mr Harry McCosh Clark, Remuera.

Orange Blossoms.

HOLLOWAY-RAYNEK.

A bright and exceedingly pretty wedding, in which great interest was taken in Nelson and Stoke, was celebrated on September 20 at St. Barnabas', Stoke, which was prettily and appropriately decorated for the occasion by the friends of the bride, Miss Florence Ettie Rayner, only daughter of Mr. C. J. Rayner, of Otumarama, Stoke, and granddaughter of the late Mr. Thomas Rayner, of Kingsholm, Gloucester, England. The bridegroom was the Rev. A. R. S. Holloway, eldest son of Mr. J. Holloway (for many years manager of the Bank of New Zealand, Nelson), and nephew of Archdeacon Thorpe, of Christchurch. The ceremony was performed by the bishop of the diocese, assisted by the Rev. J. Meyer, vicar of the parish. The clergy were also represented by the Revs. Kempthorne, Baker, and Canon Lucas. The service was choral, and Miss Marsden, who presided at the organ, played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" and other appropriate music. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked graceful and pretty in a beautiful gown of white crepe de chine, trimmed with accordion-pleated chiffon, court train of white broad silk, and particularly beautiful veil, embroidered and designed by herself. She carried a lovely shower bouquet of white azaleas, hyacinths, and clematis, tastefully made by Miss Renwick Robertson. The bridesmaids were Miss M. Peacock (Pombony, Auckland), Miss Renwick Robertson, and Miss Netta Holloway (sister of the bridegroom). They were gowned and looked charming in pale blue mousseline de soie, relieved with black, handsome large black hats. Mr. C. J. Deek acted as best man, and the groomsmen were Dr. Mules and Mr. Houliker. The wedding party also included Mr. and Mrs. Holloway, parents of the bridegroom, Mrs. C. J. Rayner, mother of the bride, Mrs. Laing (New Plymouth), Mr. L. T. Rayner (Sydney), brother of the bride, Miss Thorpe (Mount Eden, Auckland), cousin of the bridegroom, and Mr. North (Geraldine, Canterbury). The pretty little church was filled by friends of the bride and bridegroom, all parts of the district and most of the other provinces of New Zealand being represented, and they were afterwards entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Rayner at their beautiful residence, "Otumarama." Mrs. Rayner was dressed in a very handsome black broad silk dress and floral bonnet. The bridal cake was quite a work of art. It was in three tiers, and was most artistically ornamented by Miss Thorpe. After it was cut, the Bishop of Nelson, in a happy speech, proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. The latter suitably re-

sponded, and afterwards proposed the health of the bridesmaids, Mr. Deek replying. The wedding presents numbered considerably over 100, and included many cheques, also a presentation from the teachers and scholars of the St. Barnabas' Sunday-school, in which the bride had taken great interest for many years. Amongst the guests were: The Bishop of Nelson and Mrs. Mules, Dr. Mules, Rev. and Mrs. Baker, Rev. and Miss Kempthorne, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Lucas, Rev. J. Meyer, Mr. and Miss J. Langley-Adams, Mr. Barnicoat (Palmerston North), Miss Barnicoat, Mrs. Hunter-Brown, Mr. Mrs., and Miss Beatson, Mrs. Black, Mr. H. Beatson, Miss Cook, Mrs. Calder, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. de Castro, Mrs. and Miss Cuthbertson, Miss M. Duff, Mr. Deek, Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Mr. Mrs., and Miss N. Holloway, Miss Harkness, Mr. Houliker, Mrs. and the Misses Jines, Miss Nina Jones, Mrs. and the Misses Ledger, Mrs. Langbein, Mrs. Laing (New Plymouth), Miss Marsden, Mrs. and the Misses Martin, Mr. North (Geraldine, Canterbury), Mr. H. O'Brien, Mrs. Pombony (Wellington), Miss M. Peacock (Auckland), Miss E. Pike, Mr. and Mrs. Pointon, Mrs. Renwick, Miss Renwick Robertson, Mrs. and Miss Richmond, Miss Rutherford (Marlborough), Mr. and Mrs. E. Saxton, Mr. B. Saxton, Mrs. and Miss Trolove, Misses Talbot, Miss Thorpe (Auckland), Mrs. Tomlinson, Mrs. Ward (Wellington).

WILLIAMS-CREAGMILE.

A very dainty wedding was celebrated at the Holy Trinity Church, Devonport, Auckland, on Monday morning, when Miss Vivian Muriel Creagmile, elder daughter of Mr. Charles Creagmile, Devonport, was married to Mr. Walter Beauchamp Williams, of Wanganui. The service was conducted by the Rev. J. M. Devenish, Mrs. Percy Ward presiding at the organ. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very pretty in a soft white silk voile, with folds on the skirt at intervals, and satin ribbon slightly puffed down the seams. The bodice had a fichu composed of chiffon folds, arranged round the transparent chiffon yoke, which was dotted with lace motifs. She wore a becoming white satin straw upturned hat, with gauged chiffon brim, and carried a lovely shower bouquet with ribbon streamers with silver monogram on the ends. The beauty of this toilette was intensified by the artistic simplicity of its style. The bridegroom presented her with a necklace of rubies and pearls. Miss Nora Creagmile and Miss Queenie Williams attended as bridesmaids, and looked charming in cream voile frocks trimmed and inserted with lace, and wore large black picture hats with ostrich feathers. They carried bouquets of pink and cloth of gold roses tied with pink streamers, and wore gold cable bracelets, the gifts of the bridegroom. Mr. Warren officiated as best man, and Mr. Stanley Williams as groomsmen. After the ceremony the guests partook of the wedding repast, when the usual toasts were proposed and duly honoured. In the afternoon the young friends of the bride were entertained at afternoon tea. The presents, which were handsome, included everything the most exacting bride could desire. Numerous congratulatory telegrams were received during the afternoon by the bridal couple. Mrs. Creagmile (the bride's mother) wore an effective reseda green and white spotted silk voile, with black lace applique, and a white hat trimmed with black poppies and pale blue chiffon. Mrs. Williams (the bridegroom's mother) was attired in a handsome black silk striped voile, black and silver bonnet, with touches of heliotrope and a white chiffon ruffle and stole ends; Mrs. E. W. Allison, stylish navy and large white spot voile, with cream lace yoke, black velvet plumed hat; Miss Alison, pretty cream voile over pale blue silk, black picture hat; Mrs. Frank Burgess, handsome black voile, with cream lace Victorian yoke, black upturned hat; Mrs. Hayward Chapman, black striped grenadine gown, white Victorian bonnet trimmed with black velvet and white ostrich plumes, cream chiffon pelérine; Miss Chapman, very pretty biscuit voile, inset with lace, black Gainsborough hat; Mrs. Devenish, black figured gown, cream lace collar, and black toque; Mrs. Mynott, handsome black voile with frilled skirt, and cream lace motifs on bodice, black plumed hat, and white ostrich bon; Mrs. J. J. Roak, smart navy cloth costume, with cream silk facings, and navy felt turban toque; Mrs. Duder, black cloth gown, and becoming black toque with touches of white; Miss Mollie Garrett, cream silk blouse, black skirt, and blue sash, black picture hat.

BYGUM-ORR.

The marriage of Mr. Ralph Arnold Bygum, of Parkhurst, Waikaremoana, Waioata, to Miss Bessie Paikere Orr, only child of Mrs. Orr, of Lewis Villa, Napier, took place at the residence of the bride's mother, on the 5th inst. The bride was attended by her cousin (Miss Bessie Orr, of Gisborne) as bridesmaid. She wore a dress of dainty white muslin, trimmed with lace, and a large white straw hat, veiled with lace and ornamented with white ostrich feathers. The bride wore a dress of soft white voile, draped with lace. She had a wreath of orange blossoms, and a tulle veil. Mr. Ernest Twigg was best man. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. A. Asher.

SMITH-SMITH.

At Holy Trinity Church, Tauranga, last week, Miss Florence Smith, second daughter of Mr. E. J. Smith, proprietor of the Star Hotel, Tauranga, and Mr. Ernest Louis Smith, second son of Mr. A. L. Smith, dentist, of Hobson-street, Auckland, were married by the Rev. Wm. Goolyear (C.M.S.). Miss T. Smith was the bridesmaid. Mr. E. L. Smith, brother of the bride, was the groomsmen. The church was nicely decorated by the members of the choir, of which the bride was a member, and the service was choral throughout. After the ceremony the couple left for Rotorua, where the honeymoon will be spent. They intend to live in Auckland.

HEIFORD-NEAGLE.

At St. Mary's Church, Meaneer, Napier, on October 4, the marriage took place of Mr. Walter Heiford (son of the late Mr. R. Heiford) and Miss K. Neagle (daughter of Mr. R. Neagle), the Rev. Father Macdonald officiating. The bride was attired in pale grey voile, trimmed with lace, a large and becoming hat to match. She carried a bouquet of white flowers. The two bridesmaids' dresses were of white liberty silk, trimmed with cream lace, and they wore fancy straw hats, with roses. They carried bouquets of the same flowers. Mr. P. Neagle was best man. On leaving for the honeymoon, which will be spent in Wanganui, the bride wore a well-fitting dress of blue cloth, with waistcoat of white brocade, and straw hat, with black and cream lace wings.

BEAR-PULHAM.

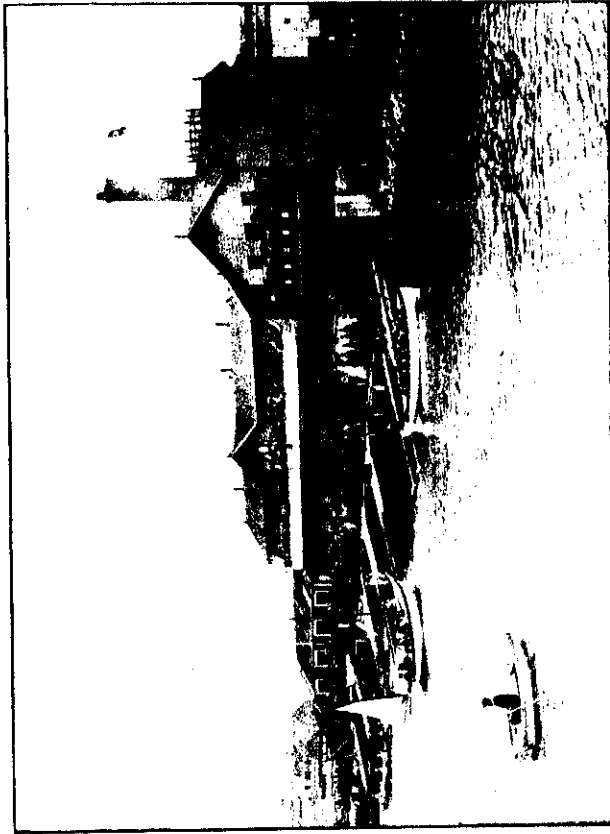
The marriage of Miss Ida Pulham, youngest daughter of the late Mr W. H. Pulham, to Mr Harold Bear, of Normandy, took place in St. Columba's Church, Warkworth, on October 3rd. The Rev. R. McKinney officiated, assisted by the Rev. R. Summerville. The church was tastefully decorated. The bride, who was given away by her eldest brother, Mr W. Pulham, Tairua, looked exceedingly pretty in a robe of white silk with the customary veil and orange blossoms. She carried a lovely shower bouquet of choice white flowers, finished off with white satin ribbon. The bridesmaids, the Misses Pulham and Bannatyne (nieces of the bride), were dressed in dainty white muslin frocks and large chiffon hats. They wore pretty gold brooches, gifts of the bridegroom, and carried pretty shower bouquets. The bridegroom was attended by Mr V. Bannatyne (nephew of the bride). After the ceremony the guests were entertained at "High Holm," the residence of the bride's mother, who received her guests in a black merveilleux silk relieved with white chiffon. The bride's travelling dress was a pretty Scotch tweed, with vest of cream lace, and large fancy straw hat. The happy couple left during the afternoon on their wedding tour prior to taking up their residence in Normandy. The wedding presents, which were numerous and valuable, included many cheques.

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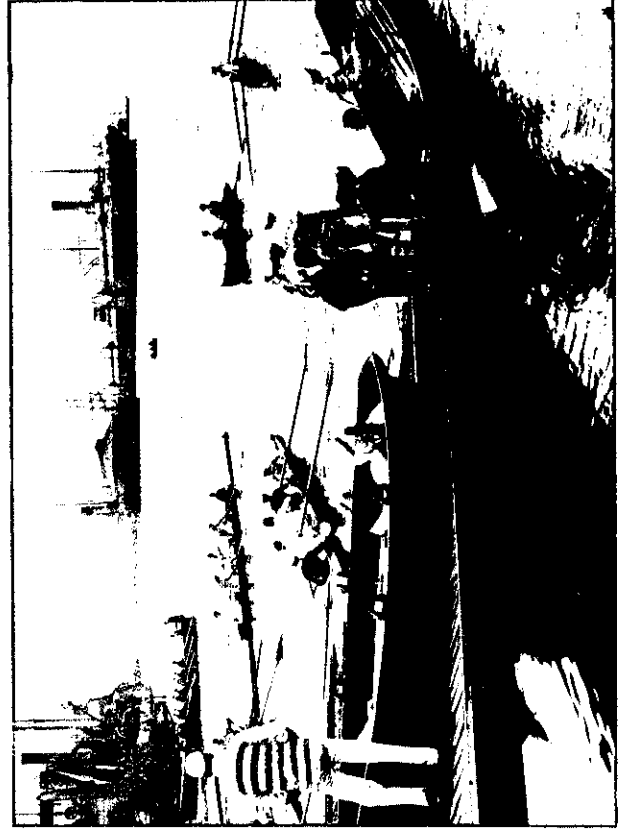


THE FIRST PRIZE SHIRE FILLY "HANDSTEAD DUCHESS II".
ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW, ENGLAND, 1904.

Babbage, photo.



SPECTATORS AT THE BOATING MEETS.



SOME OF THE CREWS WHO COMPETED IN THE TRIAL RACES.



MR. BISS WELCOMES HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR, WHO DECLARED THE SEASON OPEN.



Scheef, Sarony Studio, photo.

OPENING OF THE ROWING SEASON AT WELLINGTON.



1. Mr N. L. Gurr, winner of the Open Handicap. 2. The Napier ladies who won the 'Teams Match'. 3. Miss N. Bealson, winner of the Ladies' Championship. 4. Mr. J. Cato (Secretary) and Mr O. Nelson. 5. Mr F. T. Gordon, winner of the Hawke's Bay Championship. 6. Mr L. A. Abraham, of Palmerston North. 7. Wl Haora, of Gisborne, runner up for the Championship. 8. Tuahine Runga, who tied with J. Strong, T. Crosse and J. Bealson, sen., for second honours in the Open Handicap. 9. Mr Gordon driving.



THE GOVERNMENT TREE PLANTING NURSERIES.



A GENERAL VIEW ROTORUA IN THE DISTANCE.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS OF WHAKREWAREWA.

Winkelmann, photo.



Grantham and Kerr, photo.

RANFURLY BAY, WHANGAROA.



Arthur, photo.

AUBREY'S BAY, WHANGAREI HEADS.

Along the Northern Coast.



Arthur, photo.

Along the Northern Coast.

STUDIES OF WAVES NEAR WHANGAREI HEADS.



COMMITTEE OF WANGANUI ROWING CLUB.

BACK ROW—N. G. Blackmore, P. Pritchard, T. T. Bell, E. Day, H. F. Tilley (Secretary), David Bell, Peter Lewis (Treasurer), C. J. Wray (Captain), T. H. James (Vice-President), C. V. Powell (President), J. R. Orford (Vice-President), W. J. Mahoney (Dep-Captain). FRONT ROW—O. N. Elrth, A. Delves, T. B. Slipper.

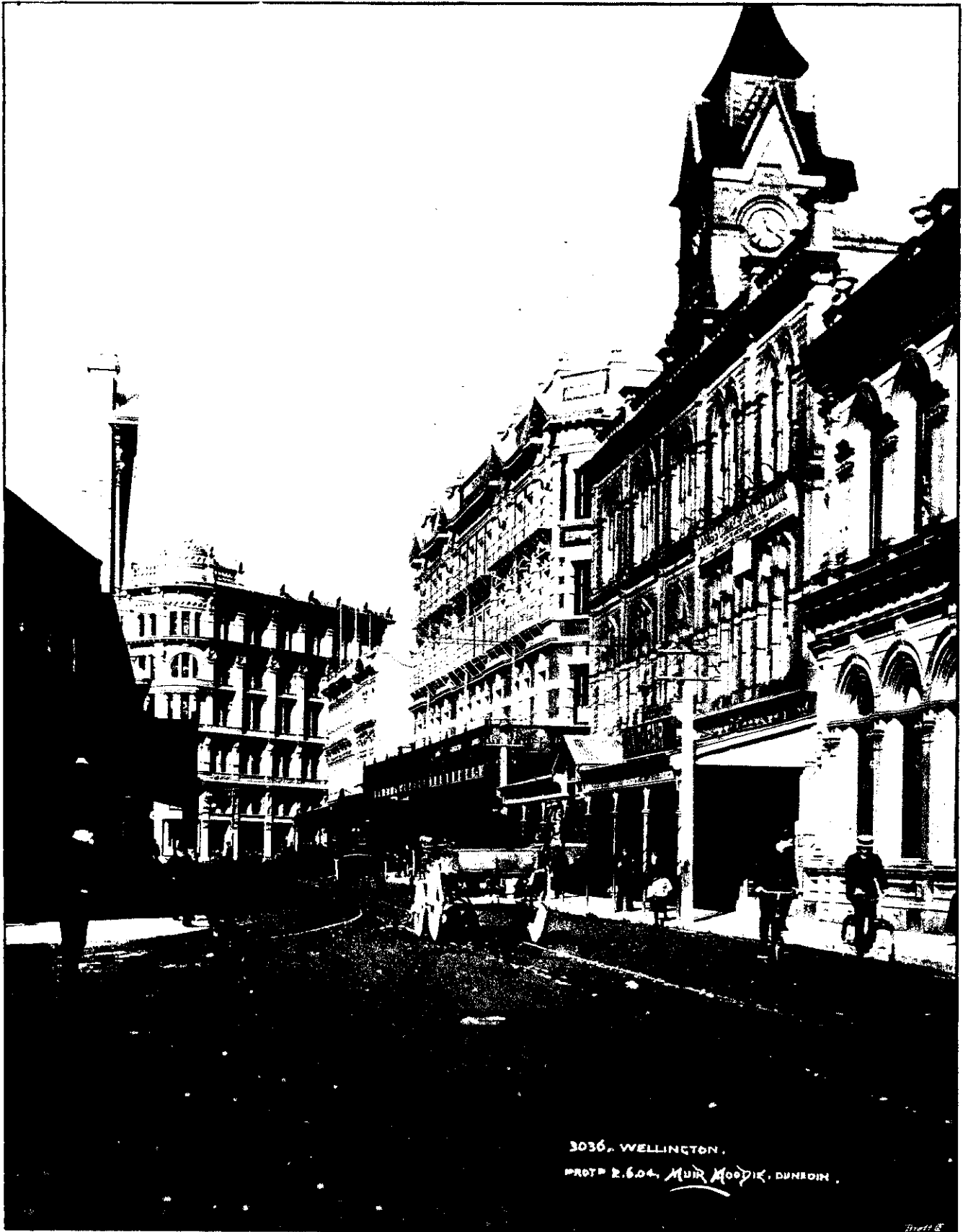


SOME OF THE LADIES WHO TOOK PART.

BACK ROW—Misses C. Mountfort, L. Newcombe, Darley, Lackyer, P. Mountfort, SECOND ROW—Misses Gresson, Dodgshun, Cumulus, Craig, Blanche Cumulus, Purser, Mesdames Cumulus and Dodgshun, THIRD ROW—Misses Ross and Dolgan, Mesdames P. Leake, Wray and Hawke, Miss A. Ross, Mrs H. F. Tilley, FOURTH ROW—Misses Ida Stevenson, White, Bignall, Hilda Biddell.

WANGANUI ROWING CLUB BAZAAR.

Denton, photo.



3036, WELLINGTON.
PROP R. 6.04. Muir Moodie, DUNEDIN.

Lambton Quay, Wellington.



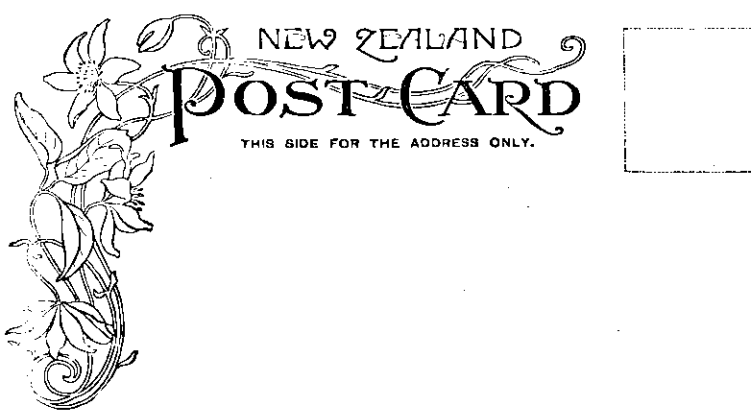
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FASHIONABLE
HOBBY OF THE HOUR

PICTORIAL
POST CARD COLLECTING.

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FRESH POST CARDS EVERY WEEK DURING OCTOBER.

FOR INSTRUCTIONS SEE OTHER SIDE.



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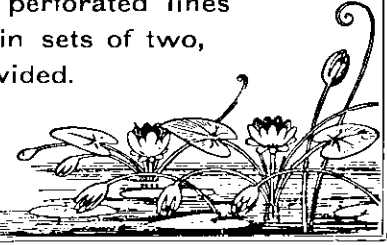
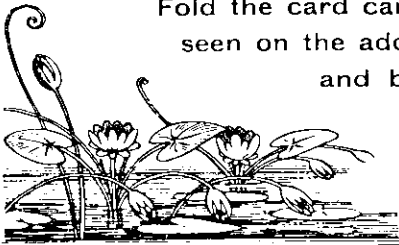
New Zealand Graphic Series Pictorial Post Cards.

SIX CARDS WILL BE ISSUED EACH WEEK.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Fold the card carefully and tightly down on the horizontal perforated lines seen on the address side. They will then easily remove in sets of two, and by a similar process these can be sub-divided.

These cards travel admirably through the post and arrive quite flat and uninjured.



MAORI POE DANCERS.

N.Z. Graphic Series.



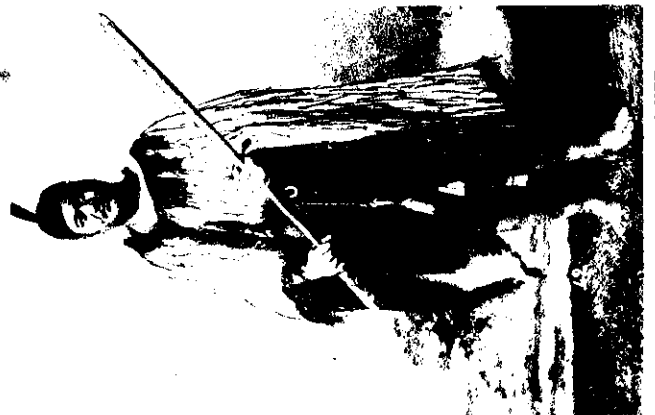
"TE HONGU" - RUBBING NOSES.

N.Z. Graphic Series.



RAPIDS ABOVE HUKA FALLS, WAIKATO RIVER.

N.Z. Graphic Series.



A YOUNG CHIEF.

N.Z. Graphic Series.



"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

N.Z. Graphic Series.



MOUNT DE LA BECHE AND THE TASMAN GLACIER.

Motor-Camping.

A NEW SOURCE OF PLEASURE, HEALTH, AND ECONOMY AFFORDED BY THE MOTOR.

(By Henry Norman, M.P., in the "World's Work.")

The motor-car is now recognised by everybody as a revolutionary agent. Its effects are only just beginning to make themselves felt, but they will obviously be many and far-reaching. A car adds years to many a man's life by giving him several more working hours in the day. It confers a much wider range of personal activity and movement. It is bringing dwellers to houses hitherto practically inaccessible, and is, therefore, raising the price of much land in



A HANDY TENT.

This boy is carrying the complete tent with which he is seen in the other photograph.

the country. It is bringing producers and markets nearer together. It is creating new industries and finding employment for thousands of workers. It is restoring prosperity to the country hotel and creating a new class of country dwellers.

There is, however, one added pleasure and source of health a car may give which has not yet, so far as I know, been touched upon. This is not for the wealthy car-owner, who seeks luxury and must have his formal and many-course dinner every night. The possessor



A VERY PORTABLE STOVE.

These two bags contain the whole stove shown at work in the other photographs.

of the thousand-pound car will not be attracted, but it offers some of the most delightful experiences to the man who rejoices in escaping occasionally from the formalities and the monotony of ordinary town life, who loves the country side and the starlit night and the early morning air, and who finds a genuine pleasure in a "return to nature" which enables him sometimes to do for himself what he is accustomed to pay other people to do for him. I refer to the possibility of camping out with a motor car.

This is what it means: carrying on your car a light complete camping outfit; travelling as little or as long as you like during the day; stopping at the most charming spot you can find; pitching your tent and cooking your supper; spending a quiet evening strolling about, or reading and chatting, going to some hill-top "to see the world turn," or enjoying that most exquisite mental and spiritual intoxication of simply contemplating the stars for an hour or two; sleeping the best sleep to be had in the world; and next morning packing up and away 50 or 100 miles, to stop again in wholly different surroundings. The

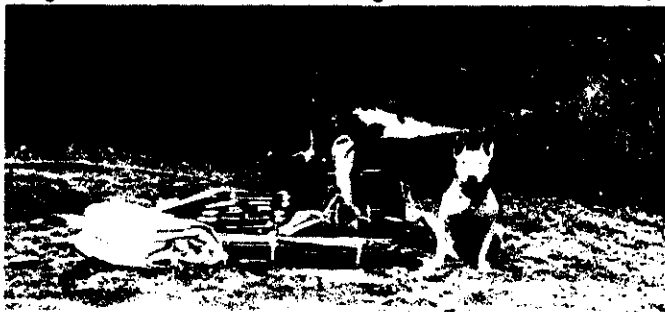


THE BAKER AND ITS CANVAS CASE



POTS AND PANS.

An aluminium cooking and eating outfit for four persons, all of which goes into the canvas case shown here, and weighs 10lb.



THE CAMP PACKED UP.



THE FOLDING-STOVE AND BAKER AT WORK.



"LITTLE BEAVER" AT HOME IN CAMP.

combination of car and camp gives the greatest freedom possible to the ordinary city-dweller, and confers pleasures in his own land which he has before sought only at the end of expensive and tiresome journeys.

As regards the car most suitable for motor-camping, its character is dictated by the kind of people who will ride in

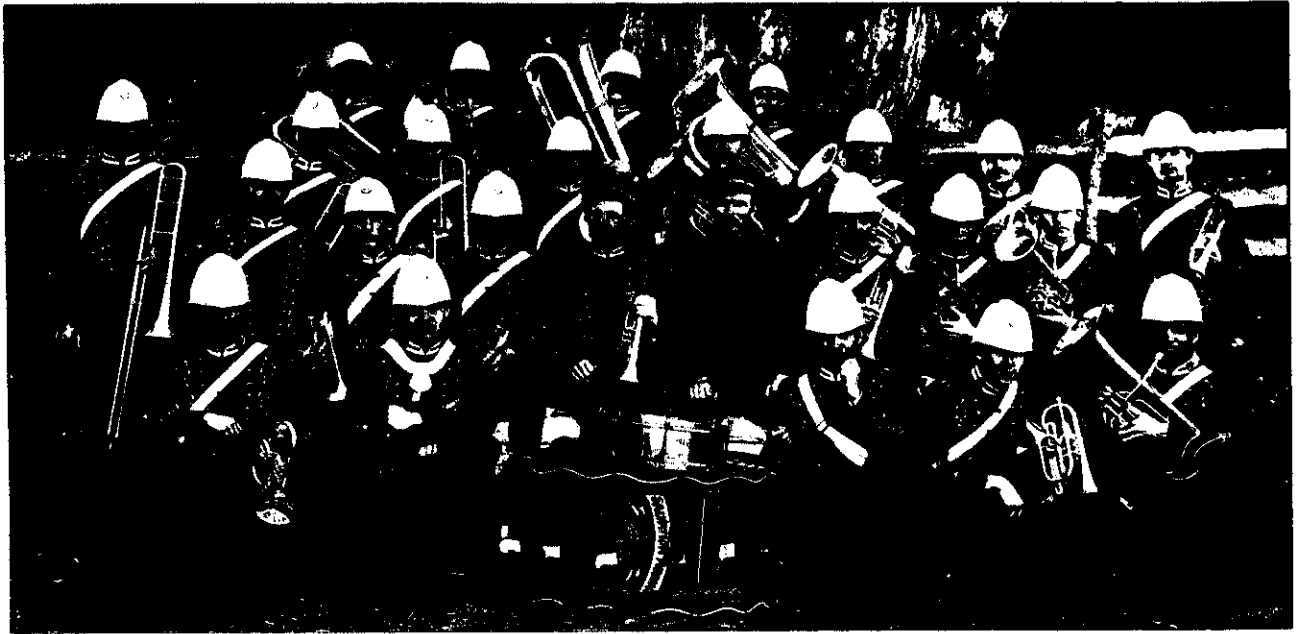
(continued on page 45.)



THE TABLE SET FOR CAMP SUPPER.



EVENING IN CAMP—GETTING READY FOR SUPPER.



THE AUSTRAL GUARDS BAND.



THE AUCKLAND BAND.



Valle, photo.

A GENERAL GROUP OF THE BANDS AND VISITORS.

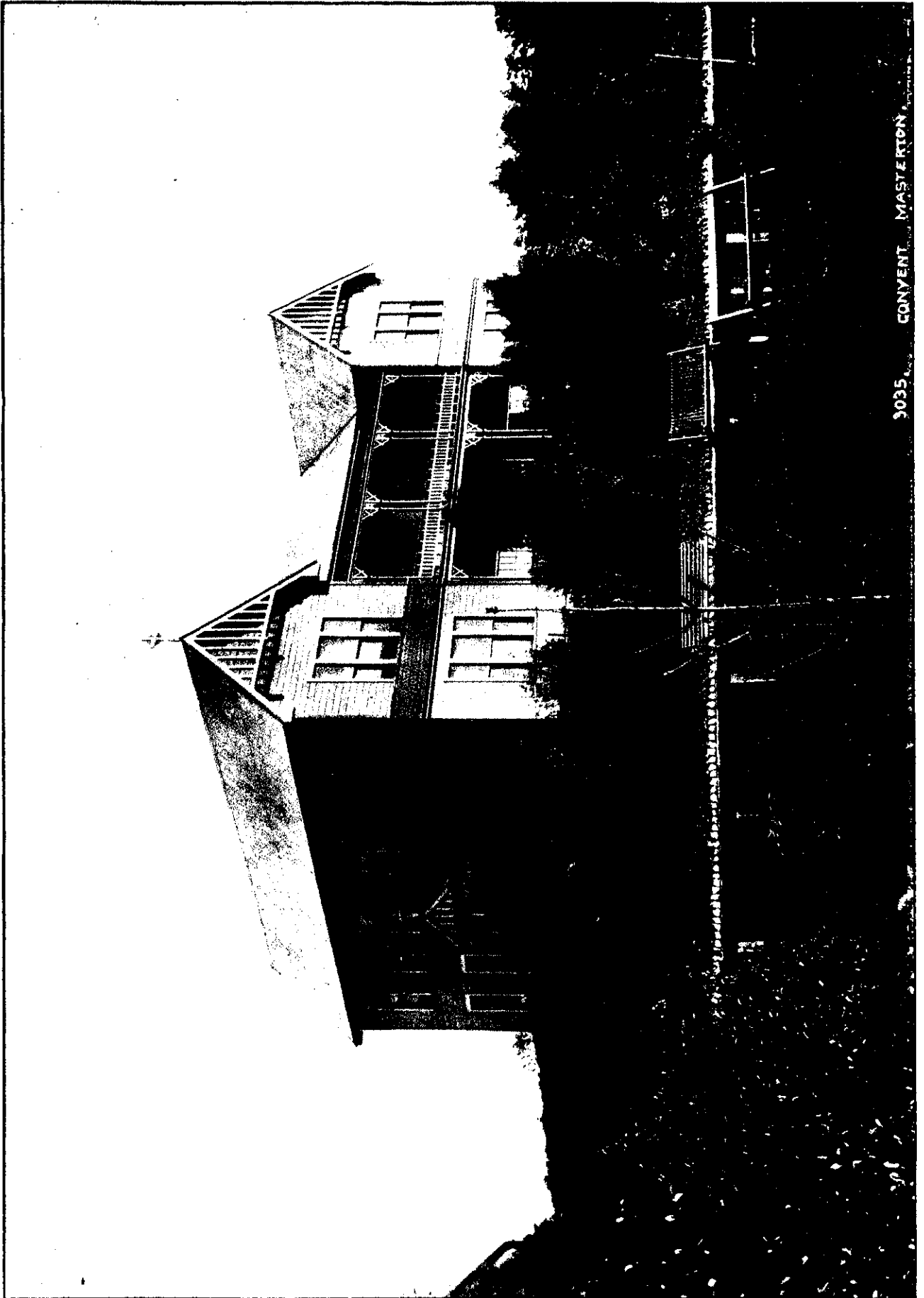
VISIT OF THE AUSTRAL GUARDS BAND TO AUCKLAND.



POULTRY FARMING IN NEW ZEALAND. FEEDING TIME.



A HEAVY LOG—EIGHT SPAN OF OXEN HAULING OUT A HUGE KAURI.



3035. CONVENT, MASTERTON.

A VIEW OF THE PRETTILY SITUATED CONVENT, MASTERTON, WAIRARAPA.

Muir and Macdonald, photo.



THE BRIDAL GROUP.



GROUP OF GUESTS AT THE WEDDING RECEPTION.

THE HOLLOWAY-RAYNER WEDDING.



READY FOR THE BALL.



MUSIC HATH CHARMS.



AFTER THE BALL.



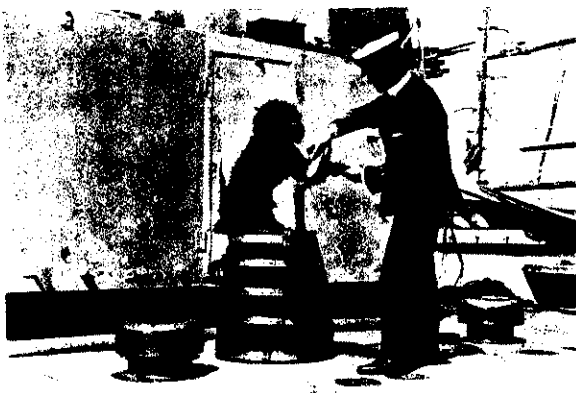
SIT UP! (Note the sugar lump on the end of his nose.)



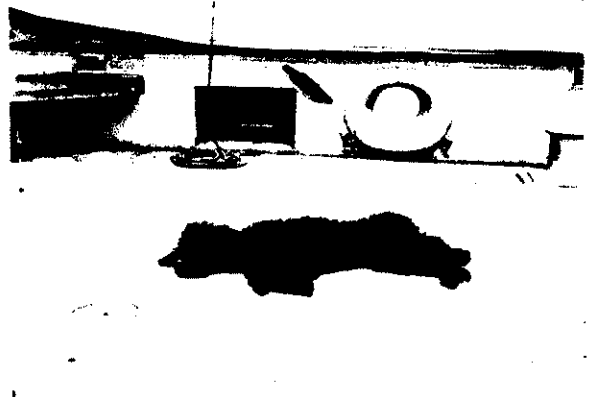
HE'S OVER.



SAMBO BEGS FORGIVENESS.



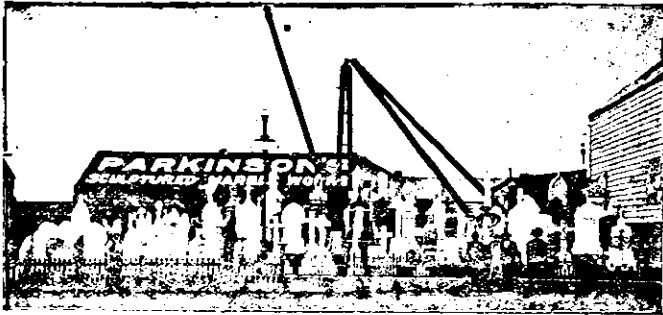
MORNING TOILETTE.



DYING FOR HIS COUNTRY.

THE PET OF H.M.S. "CLIO."

COMMANDER WILKINS' CLEVERLY-TRAINED POODLE "SAMBO."



W. PARKINSON & CO., (TELEPHONE 904.)
Monumental Sculptors, VICTORIA ST. WEST, AUCK AND
 Branch Yard, WAIKURETE STATION. (Between Hobson Street and Nelson Street.)
 Sculptors for the Westland War and Coronation Memorial, N.Z. Battery Commemorative Statue in Albert Park,
 Head Memorial in Albert Park, Rotorua War Memorial.
 The Largest Stock of Marble, Granite, and other Memorials in New Zealand. (Catalogues on application. 100
 Tomb Railings, Cemetery Walls, Shields, etc. A large stock of Porcelain Wreaths on hand.
LOCATION—Take College Hill car and ask the conductor to put you down at Nelson Street.
IT WILL PAY YOU.

R. W. de MONTALK,

ARCHITECT,

22, Mining Chambers, Queen St., Auckland,

ARCHITECT OF THE AUCKLAND INDUSTRIAL MINING EXHIBITION, 1902-03.
 Attends carefully to convenient arrangement of plans, to ventilation and drainage. Good material
 and workmanship. Designs handsome fronts. Supplies correct estimates and quantities.

For Cottages and Large
 Residences,
 Warehouses,
 Factories,
 Churches, etc.

USUAL CHARGES

Correspondence Answered Promptly.

MONEY TO LEND for the erection of all classes of buildings.



For Sheds and Offices, Freezing Works, Coal Storages, Cheese and Butter Factories, Bakerhouses, etc.

USUAL CHARGES

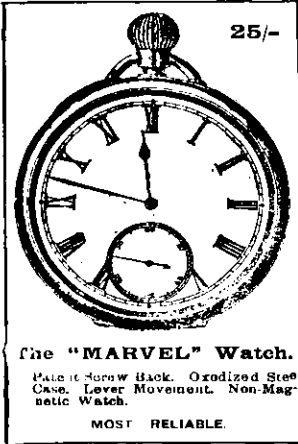
Correspondence Answered Promptly.

MONEY TO LEND for the erection of all classes of buildings.

Designed and Erected by R. W. de Montalk, Architect.

R. W. de MONTALK, Architect,

22, MINING CHAMBERS, QUEEN STREET AUCKLAND



25/-

The "MARVEL" Watch.
 Made it Screw Back. Oxidized Steel Case. Lever Movement. Non-Magnetic Watch.
MOST RELIABLE.

A. KOHN,



178, QUEEN STREET, ... AUCKLAND.

(By Special Appointment) Manufacturing Jeweller & Watchmaker.

TIME IS MONEY! TWO WAYS OF MAKING MONEY.

FIRST WAY.

Have your Watch repaired by A. KOHN.

A BETTER WAY.

BUY YOUR WATCH FROM A. KOHN, 178 Queen Street, Auckland, who is known to be the most reliable Watchmaker and Jeweller in Auckland.

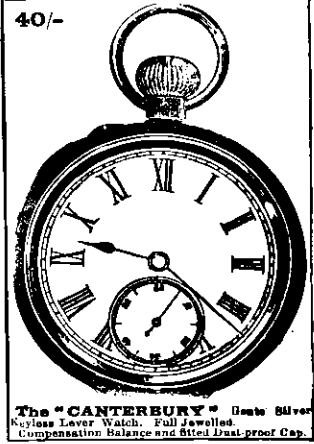
By Purchasing either of these Watches you MAKE TIME and SAVE MONEY.

See our 4-guinea to 8-guinea RINGS.

Being Manufactured in Auckland have no duty to pay, hence these are cheaper than imported. Being Hand-made they are stronger and better than imported at higher prices.

A SPECIAL LINE GREENSTONE BANGLES, 5/6.

Sole Agent RHEUMATIC RINGS. Cured Thousands.



40/-

The "CANTERBURY" Best Silver Gilt Case Lever Watch. Full Jewelled. Compensation Balance and fitted Dust-proof Cap.

SEND OR WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. FREE.

Visitor: Rev. W. BEATTY, M.A. (St. Mark's, Rotuana)
 Headmaster: GEO. BIGG WITHER, B.A. (N.Z.)
 Resident Chaplain: Rev. C. H. TISDALL, M.A.

KING'S COLLEGE, AUCKLAND.

Assistant Masters: ARTHUR PLUGGE, B.Sc. (Vict. Univ., Eng.)
 F. STICKEY, M.A. (Hons. N.Z.)
 F. WORLEY,
 Visiting Masters for Music, Gymnastics, Shorthand and Carpentry.



PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

In order to meet modern requirements in regard to the teaching of SCIENCE, spacious and well-ventilated Buildings have been lately erected. These comprise a Physical Laboratory, a Chemical Laboratory, a specially darkened room for use as an Optical Laboratory, and Galvanometer Room, and a Room fitted with a furnace bench for assay work. Each of the first two mentioned is fitted with benches to accommodate 20 boys and has gas, water, etc. laid on. The buildings are well furnished with the necessary apparatus, and in the opinion of experts are thoroughly suited for the purpose for which they were built. The work done is similar in character to that of the ENGLISH ORGANISED SCIENCE SCHOOLS, and the full course occupies three years. THE TEACHING IS ESSENTIALLY PRACTICAL. The boys are taught entirely BY THE MEANS OF EXPERIMENTS, WORKED OUT BY THEMSELVES, and they thus acquire the faculty of making observations, and putting down the inferences they draw from them.



THE GYMNASIUM.

PROSPECTUS CAN BE OBTAINED AT MESSRS UPTON AND CO'S, QUEEN STREET.

JOHN GREY & SONS, Auckland.

MENZIES & CO., Waikato and Thames.

TELEPHONE 127.

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Head Office EDEN CRESCENT, AUCKLAND.

AERATED WATER and CORDIAL MANUFACTURERS

GOLD MEDAL FOR AERATED WATERS AND CORDIALS. Auckland Exhibition, 1900-9.



Motor-Camping.

(Continued from page 38.)

It. As I have said, this is not a pastime which most owners of thousand-pound cars would enjoy. The motor-camper will mostly be the happy man who uses a "light car," and has intelligence enough to do without a mechanic-driver. In such a car reliability will obviously be the most desirable quality, and we may look forward to a time when the light car (by which I mean any car under £200) will be proportionately as good as the more expensive car. At present I do not think it is.

The question of outfit is somewhat difficult, but to an enthusiast the very difficulties are fascinating. The problem is to combine the maximum of accommodation with the minimum of weight and size. Tents may now be had so light that one can be carried on the handles of a bicycle. My little son, when he was six, could carry on his shoulder a complete tent big enough for both of us. This, shown in one of my photographs, is the green canvas climbers' tent, made by Edington. The larger tent in the picture is of waterproof silk, and was made in New York. Give it a good shake, and it is no heavier after a wet night than after a fine one—a most important advantage. Pots and pans must be made of hard aluminium alloy, and kept scrupulously clean. My own set for four people weighs ten pounds in its bag. In some places firewood can be cut, or bought for a few pence, and in that case a folding-stove, as shown in the photograph, is much the best for cooking, for with it you can boil and bake deliciously. As a rule, however, it will be better to use one of the lamps burning the vapour of ordinary kerosene under air pressure. They are quite simple, perfectly safe, extremely economical, produce neither smell nor soot, and give out a tremendous heat. Every camper knows that a chair is the greatest comfort in camp. That shown here folds up flat, weighs 3½lb, and costs 3/-. The stool weighs 3lb, and costs 2/-. Clothes are, of course, carried in a water-proof canvas bag, and the best way I have ever seen for carrying food—flour, oatmeal, rice, salt, butter, dried vegetables, and fruit, etc.—is in waterproof silk bags, of the same diameter as a cylindrical canvas bag, into which they fit, one tight on the top of another. The extraordinary portability of tents, stove, baker, beds, chairs, tables, and pots and pans, is sufficiently shown in my photographs, and particularly in the little heap guarded by the best dog in the world (who, though he cannot talk, sings with much feeling when requested), which comprises everything shown in all the other pictures. And is, in fact, the complete camp packed up.

This camp has not been specially designed as a whole for motoring, but represents experiments in that direction. Already I have found or designed a number of very successful weight-saving and time-saving appliances, and I am working on a complete camp to be carried on a peculiarly suitable car. Of both car and camp I shall have more to tell my readers by-and-by. Meanwhile these hints may serve to call attention to the opportunity motor-camping offers for new pleasures and a saving of money—since you can camp for a week for what you could spend at a holiday hotel in a day.

The death has occurred of Mrs Margaret Chapman, widow of the late Mr G. T. Chapman, formerly a well-known stationer in Queen-street, Auckland. She was nearly 81 years of age at the time of her death. Mrs Chapman came out from Burnt Island, Fifeshire (Scotland), in the year 1855, with her husband, and therefore was one of the early settlers in Auckland. Her husband started in business immediately, and Mrs Chapman was well-known to Aucklanders of that day, because of her helping her husband in the business. She leaves two sons, one of whom is in business as a bookseller in Queen-street, and the other used to be in the same business at Thames, but is now living privately in Ponsonby. There is also one unmarried daughter and one married, the wife of Mr J. Reid, the president of the Chamber of Commerce. The interment will take place to-morrow at the Symonds-street cemetery, but will be private.

Personal Paragraphs.

The Rev. T. B. Maclean (Wanganui) was recently in Wellington.

Dr. Graham has returned to Palmerston North from Australia.

Mrs A. S. Russell, of Auckland, is on a visit to her daughter at Waverley.

Mr Michelbaum (Wellington) has gone to Sydney for a short stay.

Mrs W. Fitzgerald (Wanganui) was in Wellington lately for a few days.

Mrs Young has returned to Palmerston North from a short visit to Marton.

Miss McLennan has returned to Palmerston North from Napier.

Mr Seales, of Wellington, is spending a short holiday in Wanganui.

Mrs A. Richmond, of Nelson, is staying in Wanganui with her daughter, Mrs Geo. Kissling.

Mrs Justin Aylmer, of Wellington, has been spending a few days with Mrs Colin Campbell, in Wanganui.

Mrs MacKay, of Stratford, is staying in Wanganui with Mr and Mrs J. C. MacKay.

Mrs L. Rees and Miss Muriel Dawson, who have been on a trip to Rotorua, returned to Auckland this week.

Miss Cotterill, of Napier, is the guest of Miss Inlay, "Mount Desert," Wanganui.

Mrs S. Gordon, of Wanganui, has gone to Christchurch to attend the wedding of her son, Mr F. Gresson.

Mr P. Houston, of Wanganui, returned from a short visit to Auckland last week.

Mrs and Miss Edwards (Auckland) are making a stay in Wellington at present.

Mr Bruce Beale, formerly practising as a solicitor at Palmerston North, is a visitor to that town at present.

Mr Arthur M. Myers has resigned the position of Consul for Liberia in Auckland.

Mr and Mrs Fitzgerald, of Wanganui, have returned from their visit to the South.

Mrs E. W. Alison, of Lake Takapuna, Auckland, left for Wellington on Sunday.

Mr and Mrs Bowie (Timaru) spent a few days in Wellington before starting on their journey round the world.

Captain Wozall has taken command of the Monowai, Captain Crawshaw resuming command of the Waikare.

Miss Letty Liggs has returned to Palmerston North from her visit to New Plymouth.

Mr and Mrs P. C. Freeth have returned to Palmerston North from a short trip to Napier.

Mr J. R. Blair, one of Wellington's most prominent citizens, has gone to Sydney for a visit.

Mr and Mrs Coleman Phillips (Wairarapa) are making a short stay in Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Strang, of Palmerston North, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Gordon, of Clifton, Hawke's Bay.

Mrs. Bidwill, of Wairarapa, stayed at Crissage during her visit to Hawke's Bay for the golf tournament recently held there.

Mrs Pratt, of Waitotara, who has been spending a long visit with friends and relations in Christchurch and Wanganui, has returned to her home.

Mrs Rochford, of Feilding, has returned to her home after a short visit to her mother, Mrs A. Lewis, of Wanganui.

Miss McDonnell, of Wellington, who has been staying in Wanganui with Mrs Fairburn, has gone to visit friends in Feilding.

Mrs and Miss Darling and Mr Oswald Dayling have returned to Wellington after a most enjoyable visit to New Plymouth.

The Premier rode from Otira to Benley, making a total of eighty-three miles on horseback, during his tour on the West Coast.

The Consul-General for the United States (Mr. F. Dillingham) and his wife, who have been visiting Te Aroha, have now returned to Auckland.

At the end of this month Professor Wark, of Victoria College, Wellington, starts on a trip to England, travelling by Australia and the Red Sea.

Dr. Leonard E. Hughes, late of Gisborne, has gained the diploma of F.R.C.S. in England. He intends to return shortly to New Zealand.

Mr and Mrs A. Young have arrived in Wellington and are staying at Miss Partridge's while looking out for a house.

Mrs A. Crawford (Wellington) has gone to Hawke's Bay for the races. She is staying at Hastings with Dr. and Mrs Tosswill.

Mr H. C. Hunter (Wellington), who is shortly to be married, has been presented by his comrades with a silver tea and coffee service.

A handsome solid silver tea service was presented to Mr Charles Archibald (Wellington) by the Wellington staff of the District Lands and Survey Office, in honour of his marriage.

The Misses Greenwood (Wellington) have left their house for a few months, and are at present on a long round of visits among their many relations in the North.

The hon. secretary and treasurer of the Palmerston North Bowling Club (Mr J. Nash) has been the recipient of a handsome gold medal, the gift of the members of the club.

Mr T. Cotter, city solicitor, Auckland, left by the Zealandia for Sydney, where he will join Mrs Cotter and daughters. They will visit Melbourne during Cup week.

Mrs Martin (Gisborne), who has been a visitor to Palmerston North for the last few weeks, has now gone on to Wellington for a short stay before returning to her home.

A handsome souvenir has been presented to Mr A. Calcott, of the Wellington staff of the Agricultural Department, who has been transferred to Napier.

The Rev. J. A. Crump, son of the Rev. J. Cump, of Nelson, intends to retire from the field of missionary labour in New Britain, and return to New Zealand to engage in farming.

Mr and Mrs Martin Kennedy and their daughters are expected back in Wellington in about a fortnight. They left last March on a trip to England, via Australia.

Mr W. J. Craferoff-Wilson, a member of a well-known Christchurch family, has come to Wellington to live, and intends to practise his profession—the law—at Petone and the Hutt.

Mr H. S. Wardell who was formerly a magistrate, arrived from the South last week to take up temporarily the magisterial duties relinquished by Mr E. C. Blomfield, who has left the Bench.

Major and Mrs G. N. Johnston (Wellington) have taken rooms at the Belle Vue Gardens, Lower Hutt, Wellington, for some time. Major Johnston holds a position in the Defence Department.

A fine pair of field glasses has been presented to Mr F. C. Hjørning (Wellington) by the members of the local girls' hockey clubs in recognition of his invaluable services during the last championship tournament.

Miss Rosa Acland, of Mount Peel, Canterbury, who has been staying in Wanganui with her sister, Mrs W. Empson, has returned to Christchurch to be present at the wedding of her cousin, Miss Harper.

The ladies of the Otahuhu branch of the St. John's Ambulance Society have presented Dr. Rowley with a silver inkstand by way of acknowledging his kindness in delivering lectures in first aid to the branch.

Mr. Day, of Hokitika, is to be transferred to Dunedin to fill the vacancy on the magisterial bench caused by the death of Mr. E. W. Carrow, the late S.M. Mr. Day was originally in the Auckland district.

Mr and Mrs T. Weston (New Plymouth) are in Wellington for a few days, staying at the Royal Oak Hotel. They have several relations in Wellington, including Mr P. Shailer Weston, of the firm of Skerrett and Wylie.

A band of missionaries from Palmerston North—Misses E. Starck, C. R. Newport and B. Shircliffe, and Messrs E. H. Note and J. C. Melvor—left for Sydney en route to India, by the Monowai last week.

Leut. W. Brinsmead, R.N., who has been on the Australian station for the last three years, returned to England by the Papuanii. He made many friends while on H.M.S. Psyche, who will regret that his commission is up.

An interesting marriage celebrated in London last week was that of Miss Mary Dalziel Newall, eldest daughter of Colonel Stuart Newall, C.B., of the N.Z. Militia, to Mr Frederick L. Bower, of Santa Rosa, Paraguay.

Mr J. M. Walker, of Eierslie, who has severed his connection with Mr A. P. Wilson after being employed by him for the past twelve years, left for Melbourne on Monday on a holiday trip.

Mr. Charles E. Palmer, who has for some years taken a prominent part in the affairs of St. George's Rowing Club, was last week at the club's annual meeting presented with a handsome liquor stand by the members. Mr. Thomas Russell made the presentation.

Residents of Kirikiriroa entertained Mr and Mrs John Kenny, who are leaving for Auckland, at a valedictory social last week, and presented them with a set of silver plate. Mr and Mrs Kenny occupied the same farm at Kirikiriroa for 40 years.

At a social evening held by Lodge Beta, Waikato, last week, Worshipful Bro. A. Swarbrick and R. J. Gwynne were presented with jewels as mementoes of their long connection with the lodge on the occasion of their retiring from active service.

Messrs A. H. Cassey and H. McKeown, of Wellington, are to represent the Catholic Young Men's Societies of New Zealand at the Australasian Catholic Congress, to be opened in Melbourne on October 23.

BLOOD HUMOURS

Skin Humours, Scalp Humours, Hair Humours,

Whether Simple Scrofulous or Hereditary

Speedily Cured by Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills.

Complete Treatment for All Kinds of Humours.

In the treatment of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, crusted, pimply, blotchy and scrofulous humours of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills have been wonderfully successful. Even the most obstinate of constitutional humours, such as bad blood, scrofula, inherited and contagious humours, with loss of hair, glandular swellings, ulcerous patches in the throat and mouth, sore eyes, copper-coloured blotches, as well as boils, carbuncles, scurvy, ulcers, ulcers and sores arising from an impure or impoverished condition of the blood, yield to the Cuticura Treatment, when all other remedies fail.

And greater still, if possible, is the wonderful record of cures of torturing, disfiguring humours among infants and children. The suffering which Cuticura Remedies have alleviated among the young, and the comfort they have afforded worn-out and worried parents, have led to their adoption in countless homes as priceless curatives for the skin and blood. Infantile and birth humours, milk crust, scalled head, eczema, rashes and every form of itching, scaly, pimply skin and scalp humours, with loss of hair, of infancy and childhood, are speedily, permanently and economically cured when all other remedies suitable for children, and even the best physicians, fail.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills are sold throughout the world. Depot: London, 7, Charterhouse Lane, E.C. 4. Sole U.S. Agents, J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A. Sole U.S. Dispensing Chemists, 24, South Broadway, N.Y.

Mr James Morrison, superintendent of the Nelson Mental Hospital for the past 15 years, has resigned his position on compensation, and he will retire at the end of this month. He will settle in Nelson, where he has attained great popularity.

Mr G. N. Goldie, who has been elected hon. secretary and treasurer of the New Zealand Lawn Tennis Association, is one of the most enthusiastic and energetic players in the colony. Much of the successful revival of tennis in Wellington is due to his untiring efforts.

Captain and Mrs J. E. Hume (Wellington) have taken a house in Rosina-terrace. Since their removal from Christchurch a few months ago they have been living with Colonel and Mrs Hume, on the Terrace, while looking for a house—always a very difficult task in Wellington.

Miss Mainie Reed, who has been seriously ill since last February, has recovered enough to go to Kimbolton for a change. I am sure her many friends hope she will benefit from the bracing air of Kimbolton, writes our Palmerston North correspondent.

Miss Rebecca Orr, youngest daughter of Mr Thomas Orr, and Mr Chas. E. Archibald, senior clerk in the Wellington District Lands and Survey Office, were married in Wellington last week, and spend their honeymoon in Auckland.

A fine life-size oil painting of the late Hon. William Rolleston, of Canterbury, from the brush of Mr R. F. McIntyre, is at present on exhibition in Wellington, and it is not improbable that the painting may be purchased for the House of Representatives by some of the late gentleman's friends.

At a farewell social to Mr Manning and his family, who are leaving Carterton for Dannevirke, several presentations were made to the guests of the evening. The Misses Manning each received a handsome gold brooch, and the gift to Mr Manning took the form of a valuable dinner service.

The pluck and presence of mind of Mr Duncan Sinclair (Petone) met with some recognition last week, when his comrades presented him with a gold-mounted chain and a handsome gold Maltese cross pendant. A short time ago Mr Sinclair saved the life of a man who was nearly crushed by a fall of earth.

Mr and Mrs Adams and Miss Preston passed through Wellington lately on their way home to Nelson after a trip to the South Sea Islands. They were away for just three months, and concluded a very pleasant holiday with a week or two in Sydney before returning to New Zealand.

A farewell social was tendered to Mr J. W. Anderson, secretary of the Football Union at Waihou last week. Mr Anderson was presented with a saddle, bridle and breast-plate. The recipient was for many years manager of the Kereme Estate. He is leaving for a selection at Mafanata.

Mr H. Goring Thomas, Clerk of Awards, is taking Mr H. C. Brewer's place as Registrar of the Supreme Court for the three months during which Mr Brewer will be absent on leave. Mr L. M. Tansey, of the New Plymouth staff, is temporarily transferred to Auckland to assist in the office.

It is recorded by Wellington papers that amongst the interesting "old identities" presented to the Governor and Lady Blouck at Havelock during their recent visit was a Mr Fontesque, who claimed that he had seen their Majesties George III., George IV., William IV., and Victoria. The claimant of this unique record was 80 years of age.

News has been received of the death at Braunfontein, Johannesburg, of Mr A. N. C. McGougle, who was a member of the Third and Sixth Contingents from New Zealand. Death was the result of injuries received in a football match on August 6. Deceased was the eldest son of Mr Robert McGougle, Seaford, and brother of Mr C. G. McGougle, of the railway staff, at Hawers.

The Chief Justice of New Zealand, Sir Robert Stout, is at present in very indifferent health, and he is under strict orders from his medical adviser to take a complete rest for some days. In consequence he will not be able to resume his judicial duties for at least a week. Mr Justice Edwards, Mrs and Miss Edwards have arrived in Wellington from New Plymouth, and will be in Well-

ington till the sitting of the Appeal Court is ended. His Honor and the family then return to Auckland, and are not expected for a month at least.

The Rev. Chas. Hargrove, M.A., the well-known Unitarian minister, has returned to Auckland after a very successful visit to the chief Southern towns. Mr Hargrove was delighted at what he saw, and he says that he does not wonder that people who come out here from England on visits so frequently remain. Mr Hargrove is giving some addresses here, and will also make a short trip to Hēnuiwēia to see the country north of Auckland. Mr Hargrove leaves Auckland for England via America by the mailboat at the end of the week.

The death is recorded of Mr Robert Moate, who was an important member of the firm of Nelson, Moate and Co., tea merchants, at Gisborne, at the age of 55 years. He had a great deal to do with the building up of the firm's present extensive business. He came out to the colony 25 years ago, being for some time in the Bank of New Zealand's employ. Then he joined the firm for a number of years, but for the past 14 years he has been in Poverty Bay, following pastoral pursuits. He had no relatives in the colony.

A very pleasing ceremony took place last week at the Onehunga District High School, when Colour-Sergeant Omrod, of the Onehunga Rifles, was presented by the School Cadets with a very handsome set of ivory-mounted dressing brushes in a leather case. Mr Robb, the captain of the corps, in making the presentation, referred to the willingness which Mr Omrod had always evinced in helping the corps, especially in the matter of shooting, and attributed the success of his company in winning the North Island Challenge Shield to Mr Omrod's coaching.

Mr J. Blair Mason, the new harbour engineer at Dunedin, is a Maori-lander, who studied at Otago University. He was in the Ports and Harbours Department of the Victorian Government for nine years, and in 1901 he started independent practice in Dunedin. Curiously enough, the other candidate left in the final selection was another Maori-lander, Mr A. W. D. Bell, who was educated at Christ's College, Canterbury, and apprenticed to Sir John Hawkshaw, the great engineer. Mr Bell was attached to the Public Works Department in New Zealand, and later (1888) was Engineer of Defences, in which capacity he was responsible for the larger part of the surveys of Auckland and Wellington Harbours.

A very pleasing ceremony took place the other afternoon at the Lands and Survey Department in the shape of a presentation to Mr David Smith by the officers prior to his departure for Wel-

lington for the purpose of joining the ranks of the Benedictines. The presentation took the form of a very handsome marble clock. In the absence of the Commissioner of Crown Lands Mr Pellen, chief draughtsman, in a felicitous speech made the presentation, and Mr Smith suitably responded.

Mr E. F. in Thurn, C.B., C.M.G., the new Governor of Fiji, arrived in Sydney on the 2nd inst. His Excellency, who is accompanied by Mrs Thurn, came on this his first visit to Australia by the steamer Orléburg from Ceylon, where he was Lieutenant-Governor and Colonial Secretary since 1901. The greater part of his colonial experience was connected with British Guiana, where he went in 1877, and where he did a great deal of exploration work, about which he has published several books. He was—among other appointments—employed on the Venezuelan Boundary Commission in 1897-99, Mr and Mrs in Thurn left Sydney for Fiji on Monday last by the steamer Minvera.

Dr. Bakewell, who wrote a lengthy review of Lord Wolseley's recently published book, has received a letter from the Field Marshal, in which he says:—"Dear Sir,—I am much obliged to you for your kind letter, and for the interesting enclosures which it contains. It was very kind of you to review my 'Memoirs' in the flattering manner in which you have done. It is a long time since both you and I served in the Crimea. You tell me you were attached to the cholera hospital at Balaklava. . . . I was also sent to Balaklava on duty to help in the embarkation of the troops and stores there. Since then I have paid a visit there as a traveller. It was a strange experience, being in a little out-of-the-way village, as it is now, and to think of it as it was when I first saw it full of soldiers, sailors and dead mules—but that is indeed a long time ago. I hope you are prospering in New Zealand.—(Signed) Wolseley."

PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, September 2.

Mr R. Cranwell, of Auckland, and Miss Cranwell, are shortly leaving England for the United States, on the way to New Zealand, after a very pleasant holiday in the Old Country, part of which they spent motoring in the South of England.

On August 17, St. Michael's, Smarden, Kent, was the scene of an Anglo-New Zealand wedding, the principals in which were Miss Annie M. Blanchop, daughter of the late Mr Robert M. Blanchop, of Port Chalmers, and Dr. Herbert Austen Hinds, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., of Canterbury, and son of Mr William Hinds, of Cheshamden, Smarden.

Lord Raunfury, who arrived in London a few days ago from the colonies, via the States, is staying with Lady Raunfury at their town house, 44, Wilton Crescent, but leaves for the country in a day or two. He is in excellent health.

Miss Hilda Hitching, of Napier, who, in partnership with Mr Margoliouh, also a New Zealander, recently won the Mixed Doubles Handicap at the West Kensington Championship Meeting, has achieved the distinction of having her portrait produced by the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," which, in the course of a brief biography, says:—"In spite of her physical infirmity Miss Hitching . . . is clever in many ways, especially with her needle. She stands six ft. tall, and is a splendid specimen of young womanhood, colonial-born."

Miss L. Cottle, of Auckland, who came home by way of Suez last April, and has been occupying the intervening period by visiting friends in various parts of England, is now spending a month "doing" the sights of the Metropolis. The advent of winter will drive her to the Isle of Wight, and she will remain there till spring comes once more, when a visit to Paris will re-open her sight-seeing campaign. Thenceforward her plans are indefinite, but during next summer Miss Cottle hopes to explore the English Lake district, and does not

expect to sail for New Zealand again till next September.

The Rev. J. T. Pinfold, of Hamilton, who is having an interesting time in England, recently did a couple of weeks' duty at Woolwich, where he was particularly interested in looking over the great arsenals.

The marble statue of the late Sir George Grey, which Mr J. Williamson, of Esler ("the Queen's sculptor" he was known as during the life-time of Queen Victoria), has fashioned for Auckland is being shipped by the Wakannu next week. The statue is double life size, and stands eleven feet high. Mr Williamson, I hear, has achieved a speaking likeness of "the great Pro-Consul," but owing to the exigencies of the holiday season I was not able to pay a visit to Esler in time to see the completed work before the packers had taken it in hand.

Messrs. H. Rountree and C. Holland (Auckland), who have been travelling in Holland, Belgium and Germany, had the unpleasant experience of being temporarily placed in the lock-up at Tereumont till the chief of police was available. He found their papers in order, and saw that they were immediately released with apologies. Their tour was in other respects wholly delightful.

Lord Onslow, your ex-Governor, was one of the party of nine guns which, on Mr R. J. Rimington-Wilson's grouse moor at Broomhead, not many miles from the busy cutlery centre, Sheffield, broke all records on August 24th by killing no fewer than 2743 grouse, an average of 304 birds per gun. This bag surpasses by fifty brace of grouse the previous record for one day's shooting by a party, which was made as far back as 1893 on the same moor by Mr Rimington-Wilson and his guests, when 2618 grouse were accounted for. This record-making shooting party consisted, in addition to Mr Wilson, of the Earl of Onslow, the Earl of Powis, Lord Charles Manners, Lord Savile, The Mackintosh, Major Acland-Hood, Mr Headley Noble, and Mr H. R. Wilson, and thus embraced many of the finest grouse shots living.

Mr Morrison, of Napier, who came home by the Tysler liner Hawke's Bay, and arrived in the Old Country last month, has conceived a vast respect for the light-fingered fraternity of London. One of the brotherhood relieved him the other day of a purse containing twelve sovereigns, a pocket book, and a pair of gold-mounted spectacles in a case. The New Zealander knew nothing of his loss till he entered a restaurant in search of liquid sustenance. Mr Morrison, whose trip is chiefly one of pleasure, expects to remain in England some twelve months.

INDIGESTION AND HEADACHES.

Bile Beans Again Prominent.

"For a great number of years," says Mrs Amelia Perry, of 38, Franklin-road, Auckland, N.Z., "I suffered from indigestion, which, at times, caused me to have painful headaches. I also suffered from pains in the back, side, and loins, and was at times troubled with a disagreeable sensation of fullness after eating, and my sleep became broken, causing me to become drowsy and depressed in spirits. Many so-called remedies were tried to effect a cure, but without result. Three years ago I decided to give Bile Beans a trial, and they have been the means of building up my system. They cured me of indigestion, dispelled the headaches, and dispersed all the pains from my back, side and loins. Bile Beans are, without doubt, a splendid medicine, and I have frequently and strongly recommended them to my friends and acquaintances suffering from similar complaints. It gives me great pleasure to make this statement, as by the use of Bile Beans I have reaped considerable benefit." Bile Beans have been proved a reliable remedy for Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Piles, Debility, Female Weaknesses, Nervousness, Bad Blood, Bad Breath, Aneurism, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, Rheumatism, Spring Ailments, and, in fact, all ailments that owe their origin to defective bile flow, assimilation and digestion. Obtainable generally at 1/4 or 2/6 large box (contains three times 1/4 size).



A little vanity is a good thing. Every woman should try, at all times, to look her very best. But it certainly must be discouraging to have your mirror tell you that your hair is gray when you are only thirty or fifty! Gray hair adds twenty years to the age. Why not look as young as you are, or even younger?

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Society Gossip

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, October 7. THE JUVENILE FANCY DRESS BALL

given by Mrs W. Grey as the break-up of her children's dancing class was held on Friday evening last, and was a very pretty sight. There were over forty children present, each dressed in some dainty or queer costume. Even the smallest mites danced with perfect grace and in excellent time. The fancy dancing was greatly admired by the parents and friends of the children, who had assembled in large numbers. Three little girls - Misses Ursula and Vera Williams and Irene Christy (all splendid dancers) - danced the "Scarlet Dance," and Miss Ursula Williams danced the Cachucha, for which she was encored. Four little girls gave "The Dance of the Flowers," and a Japanese dance by four girls and two boys was a quaint and original movement. The Irish Jig was splendidly danced by two girls, who received an encore, and the ball concluded with a Swiss Jig by all the pupils. A few of the costumes I noticed were: Miss Ursula Williams, as a "Nautch Dancer"; Miss Vera Williams, "A Thistle"; Miss N. Davies, "Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe"; Miss K. Walker, "Autumn"; Miss M. Walker, "Fortune Teller"; Miss P. Allen, "Scarlet Poppy"; Miss M. Allen, "Daisy"; Miss F. Winter, "Pierrette"; Miss M. Rees, "Snowflake"; Miss D. Rees, "Pink Rose"; Miss V. McLean, "Early English"; Miss L. Christy, "Folly"; Miss G. Kennedy, "Milkmaid"; and many others. Amongst the boys were: Ian Dunlop, "Chinaman"; J. Dunlop, "Nigger"; J. Bremner, "Scottchman"; G. Winter, "Pierrot"; J. Christy, "Jack Tar"; H. Christy, "Midshipmite"; P. Davies, "Father Christmas"; G. Brommer, "Toreador"; G. Parker, "Robin Hood"; L. Parker, "Jester"; etc.

On Tuesday Miss Fred. Parker gave a small afternoon tea for her niece, Miss Stevenson, who is saying with her. Besides Mrs Parker and Miss Stevenson, there were present Mrs Mann, Miss Thompson, Miss Williamson, Miss Wallis, Miss Seymour, Miss Bennett, Miss Nolan, and Miss Sherriff.

Mr and Mrs Cuthbert gave a progressive euchre party on Tuesday night, which was most enjoyable.

Another very jolly euchre party and dance was given by Mr and Mrs E. J. Christy on Thursday evening.

The opening of the GISBORNE BOWLING CLUB'S SEASON took place on Thursday afternoon,

there being present a large number of bowlers and visitors. The greens were in splendid order, and the whole grounds were most attractive. The Bowling Club possess one of the prettiest spots in Gisborne, and in the summer, with the well-kept lawns and wealth of roses, it is a picture. Special interest is being taken in bowls this year on account of the Northern Bowling Association's tournament which is to be held here next January.

THE POLO SEASON

opened last Saturday at Wakani. A number of players were present, and good practice was obtained.

The next opening will be that of the Tennis Club, which takes place on Saturday.

There is plenty of gaiety ahead. Two days' show, two days' races, and a dance are the programme for the last week in this month. The weather is very uncertain just now, one day being truly springlike and the next day a return to winter. However, there is a better chance of fine weather at show time if it is broken now. Invitations have been issued for the show dance, which is to be held in His Majesty's on the 24th, and a strong committee are making all arrangements.

In the third bogey match AT THE GOLF LINKS

Mrs King came in first, one up. Last Saturday a ladies' match was played for three prizes presented by Mrs Morgan. £1 1/, silver pin tray, and three balls. The first prize was won by Miss K. Cussen, 91-35-54; the second by Miss Wallis, 91-25-66; and Mrs Harlow, Mrs Cuthbert, and Miss L. Coleman tied for the third prize.

ELISA.

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, October 10. "WHAKAKOHI" TO MOANA.

The gentlemen who have been the guests of the Moana Hockey Club for the past two seasons at its annual dances were moved by the exceeding pleasure of those dances to give the members of the club a return—which is signified in the ingenious term, "Whakakohi"—and the dance was held in the Foresters' Hall, Devonport, on Friday last. The gentlemen, with Mr G. Cardno as secretary, arranged things very well, securing Marriage's band and providing an excellent floor, on which to dance. With the assistance of some of the Shore ladies the supper was made most enjoyable, and the tables were very prettily decorated. Decorations similar to, but not so elaborate as at the girls' dance, were put up in the hall, and looked very effective. The dance itself was a great success, and was enjoyed thoroughly by all who attended it.

Amongst some of the ladies present I noticed:—Miss Philcox, who wore black satin, with white lace berthe; Miss Rogan, black, trimmed with white lace, clusters of pink roses on bodice; Miss Essie Holland, pink crepe de chine, finished with lace; Miss Clark was becomingly gowned in white voile, with fag-gotted trimmings; Mrs George Edgecumbe, smart black crepe de chine, trimmed with lovely cream lace, cream lace panel; Miss Kathleen Wynyard, pretty soft blue silk, trimmed with lace; Miss Goudie, white nun's veiling, with sunray-pleated flounce; and her sister wore a dainty white muslin frock, with crimson sash; Mrs Oakland, rich black broadened silk gown, finished with lace; Miss Eileen Gill looked sweet in white half-shower muslin, with gold belt; Miss Bartley was gowned in white silk; Miss Kathleen Hunt, black crepe de chine; Miss Connie Butler wore a pretty pale blue silk frock, finished with lace; Miss Gwen Hill, soft blue silk, with chiffon frills, edged with lebe ribbon; Miss May Dawson, lovely frock of white gauged chiffon, profusely trimmed with cern insertion, and cream lace berthe; Miss Eileen Anseume, white muslin and insertion, pink roses on corsage, and butterfly bow in coiffure; Miss McIntosh, pretty white muslin, tucked and trimmed with lace, and her sister was prettily gowned in pink and white; Miss Dolly Metcalfe looked pretty in crimson shot silk, with ruffled bands, white chiffon Marie Antoinette collar, caught with crimson chiffon cloud; Miss Julian looked exceedingly well in black

satin, relieved with white; Miss White, soft black silk gown, with sunray-pleated silk bodice, pink roses on corsage; Miss Bell, pretty tucked grey voile, with beautiful point lace berthe, finished with clusters of pink roses; Miss Beatrice Heale, striking gown of turquoise blue voile, with accordion-pleated frills and white ribbon; Miss Brassey looked sweet in white frilled muslin; Miss Frater, white silk; Miss Wood, pretty pink voile gown tucked and trimmed with lace; Miss Ida Senn, white with pale green on corsage; Miss Kelly, pretty pale green satin with accordion-pleated flounces; Miss Metcalfe, becoming black gown with gold art nouveau belt; Mrs Napier, beautiful gown of white crepe de chine elaborately tucked and trimmed with cern insertion; Mrs Cardno, handsome black satin relieved with white; Miss Taitton, pretty white and black lozenge spotted net and black butterfly bow in coiffure; Miss Dolly Taitton looked charming in black crepe de chine finished with sequin trimming; Miss Alison, soft white silk prettily trimmed with insertion; Miss Lily Kissling, charming frock of soft white silk, with touches of blue, and pale blue corsure; Miss Minnitt, dainty white silk tucked and trimmed with insertion; Miss P. Cardno, graceful frock of soft white silk and lace; Miss Cardno, lovely white satin gown; Miss Nellie Graham was smartly gowned in white voile with accordion-pleated frills finished with yank lace; Miss Katie Graham, pink soft silk. Amongst the gentlemen were: Messrs J. B. Graham, Sellers, Senn, Beale, Grierson, Shaw, Cardno, Mackay, Redmond, Best (2), Farrah, Shorland, George (2), Rishworth, Simon, Hanby, Huxtable.

A BRILLIANT AFFAIR.

The Garrison Officers' Club ball last Friday night—one of the chief social events of the year—was a remarkably brilliant affair. Indeed, this had been fore-shadowed. For some days past the Drill Hall had presented a busy scene in the preparations that were being made for the ball. The dance was held in the gun-room, but it did not look at all like one on Friday night, presenting a picture of Oriental splendour, such as is seldom seen in Auckland. All the ingenuity of the officers and the Decorating Committee had been spent upon it. It was a great sweeping, swaying mass of flags and greenery. The end of the hall, where a dais was erected, was effectively arranged with the Union Jack with the Rising Sun of Japan, the tri-colour of France, the Star and Stripes of America, and the Sardinian Cross of Italy on either side, with circles of bayonets, crossed guns and arms of various descriptions arranged in picturesque devices. Every branch of the Army was represented in some form or other. The gun-room was connected with the drill-hall by marquees, which enabled the guests to pass to the cool recesses provided. At the doorway were great trees of mikau, through which the light of lamps shone with pretty effect. The drill-hall was transformed beyond recognition into a winter garden, and was one of the most admirable and comfortable retiring rooms that could be devised. Around the walls were hung huge flags of the Russian, Japanese, American, French and Italian nations. The seats were arranged so that there was no crowding and it can be readily imagined that in the spacious hall there was room and to spare for the 200 guests who were present. The supper, set in the lecture hall, was of a very recherche character. The tables, which were studies in red, white, and blue, were artistically decorated by the Ladies' Committee, composed of Messlames R. H. Davies, G. W. S. Patterson, W. Bloomfield, J. R. Reed, J. M. Shea, Kekewick, and Miss Biddle—the committee of gentlemen, who had so admirably done everything else in connection with the dance, declining to venture, the will to do by no means ensures success in the doing. A picturesque feature of the supper-room was the appearance of the orderlies in the orthodox white jackets with red facings. The orderlies were privates from the different companies, and did their work well. The supper was provided by the Strand Cafe in excellent fashion.

The executive was composed of Major G. W. S. Patterson (Irregulars), Captain Bloomfield (chairman of Ball Committee), Lieut. Murdoch (chairman of Decoration Committee), and Captain Plugge and Lieut. L. Shea (secretaries). A very great deal of praise is due to the energetic secretaries, Captain

Plugge and Lieut. L. Shea, for their work in connection with the ball, and they may claim much credit for its success; also special mention must be given to Captain Moorhouse, Lieut. Hewson, and Lieut. Murdoch, who all worked hard to make the dance "go." There were also a number of officers told off to arrange the smaller details, and they carried out their work effectively. The music for the dance was provided by the First Regiment of Mounted Rifles (under Bandmaster D'Anthrean) for the first two dances, and the orchestra of the same (under Mr A. Bartley) for the remainder. The official set for the first dancers was made up as follows: Consul-General Dillingham and Mrs Davies, Consul Beaufive and Mrs Reid, Colonel Davies and Mrs Dillingham, Colonel Ruks and Mrs Patterson, Colonel Owen and Mrs Murdoch, Captain Wilkin and Madame Beaufive, Major Patterson and Mrs Coyle, Lieutenant Murdoch and Mrs Morrow. The scene was a very brilliant one during the round dances, for the officers all wore full dress uniforms, and many of the ladies wore dressed magnificently for the occasion in either black or white (according to the well-established custom at military balls). The effect produced by the constantly mingling dresses and brilliant uniforms as the guests glided round the room was fascinating and charming to a degree. The dance concluded about two o'clock, and was pronounced a thorough success. It is the intention of the Officers' Club to make it an annual function, and as such it will be one of the principal functions of the season.

LIST OF INVITATIONS ISSUED.

Mr Graves Aickin, Miss Aickin, Lieut. J. Alexander, Mr F. Alison, Miss J. Alison, Miss E. Alison. Miss Bruce Capt. and Mrs W. R. Bloomfield, Capt. and Mrs A. Bartlett, Capt. A. Barragwanth, Mr and Mrs F. Bartley, Mr T. and Miss Biddle, Capt. and Mrs Howarth, Mrs Ashton-Bruce, Mr and Mrs E. R. Bloomfield, Mr and Mrs G. B. Brough, Mr and Mrs G. B. Brough, Mr and Mrs J. E. B. Bailey, Miss R. Buckland, Miss M. Buckland, Col. and Mrs Banks, Miss Banks, Mr and Mrs A. Buchanan, Mr and Mrs Bejnulin, Mr and Mrs Brownlow, Mr and Mrs C. C. Budge, Mr and Mrs C. H. Budge, General and Mrs Buntington, Miss Buntington, Consul-General and Madam Beaufive, Capt. and Mrs Boscawen, Miss Boscawen, Mr and Mrs Brett. Mr and Mrs W. Coleman, Lieut. Carpenter, Miss Carpenter, Lieut. and Mrs Conry, Lieut. Cunningham, Mr and Mrs D. E. Clark, Mr and Mrs Archie Clark, Mr F. E. N. Crombie, Mr and Mrs Caldwell, Mr J. Campbell, Mr J. Cerny, Lieut. and Mrs Gray, Inspector and Mrs Gully, Capt. and Mrs Savage, Major and Mrs Gault, Lieut. Chesney, Sir John and Lady Campbell, Mr H. and Mrs and Miss McCosh Clark, Capt. Campbell. Mr and Mrs D. W. Duthie, Col. and Mrs R. H. Davies, Lieut. and Mrs E. Davies, Miss Downham, Miss E. Dawson, Lieut. H. Dawson, Mrs Dawson, Miss M. Dawson, Miss I. Dwyer, Mr J. E. Duggan, Miss I. Dwyer, Consul-General and Mrs Dillingham.

Miss Ehrenfried, Mr W. and Miss Eudene, Major and Mrs Eccles, Miss Evans.

Miss Erith, Mr and Mrs W. F. Erith, Mr A. and Miss J. Frater, Capt. Forbes, Mr and Mrs Fleming, Capt. Foot.

Capt. and Mrs F. E. N. Gaultin, Capt. and Mrs Gardner, Lieut. Grant, Miss Glenwood, Mr and Mrs H. Gibson, Miss George, Mr C. Gillies, Lieut. Glasson, Mr W. and Miss Gaultie, Mr and Mrs G. Gaultie.

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 Miss A. H. Hodgson, Lieut. Howden, Lieut. and Mrs. H. Brown, Lieut. and Mrs. Hazard, Lieut. Hanson, Col. and Mrs. Hoyle, Capt. and Mrs. Hutton, Mr. Hauer, Capt. Harrowell, Mrs. and Miss Haultain, Mrs. Hitchcock, Mr. J. C. Hewson, Mr. J. E. Higgs, Miss E. H. Hildreth, Miss Muriel Hesketh, Miss Elsie Hillyer.
 Mr. R. and Miss Isaacs, Mr. A. E. J. Irvine, Capt. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. N. Johnston.

Capt. D. M. Kay, Miss Kay, Mr and Mrs G. Kronfeld, Mr. B. and Miss Kronfeld, Mrs. Keckwick, Miss E. Kidd, Mr and Mrs J. Kirker, Miss Kirker.
 Lieut. Leck, Mr. R. Leary, Mr. L. Loid, Miss Lindsay, Miss Lindrum, Miss Lloyd, Miss P. Little, Miss L. Gallala, Bishop Lenihan, Mrs. Leck.

Mr. J. and Miss M. Mueller, Major and Mrs. A. M. Myers, Mrs. L. Myers, Mr. Ben Myers, Miss G. Myers, Mr. B. F. Moore, Lieut. C. P. Murdoch, Mrs. Murdoch, Miss Murdoch, Capt. and Mrs. Moorhouse, Mrs. Markham, Lieut. Blair, Col. and Mrs. Morrow, Mr. J. and Miss G. Morrow, Mr. B. Mueller, Capt. A. Mutton, Mr. W. and Miss D. Mowbray, Miss L. Macrae, Miss M. Macklow, Mr. G. H. McAtam, His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Mitchellson, Miss Mitchellson.

Surgeon-Captain and Mrs J. Hardie Neil, Miss Nelson, Miss K. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Noble, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Nathan, Dr. and Mrs. Nelligan.

Colonel and Mrs Owen.

His Excellency the Governor, Lady Pincket and Staff, Major and Mrs G. W. R. Patterson, Capt. and Mrs Pilkington, Miss E. Pollard, Miss Phillips, Major and Mrs Posker, Lieut. E. Pullen, Col. and Mrs. Forster, Capt. A. Puggis, Miss Chilson.

Misses Richmond, Lieut. and Miss Robinson, Mr and Mrs E. Russell, Capt. and Mrs J. R. Reed, Miss E. Reid, Miss H. Ross, Mr W. J. Riddings, Mr J. S. Ruckerford, Mr G. Reid, Mr A. Reid, Mr G. M. Reid, Mr and Mrs H. Reid, Miss Reid, Mr and Mrs C. Ranson.

Lieut. and Mrs Sherson, Mr and Mrs J. M. Shera, Miss Shera, Miss W. Short, Miss Sago, Lieut. J. D. G. Shera, Capt. and Mrs Skilner, Dr. and Mrs Shorman, Mr E. F. Shera, Capt. Sphynot, Misses Sphynot, Mr H. N. Shera, Mr G. J. S. Sherrin, Mr and Mrs Seagar, Right Hon. R. J. and Mrs Seidson, Lieut. L. M. Shera, Mr and Mrs Horace Shilling.

Capt. Tappin, Miss O. Turner, Miss K. Thompson, Mr K. Thompson.

Mr and Mrs J. H. Upton, Mr R. Upton.

Mr C. R. Vickersman.

Captain and Mrs Wall, Miss M. Williamson, Miss A. Williamson, Mr Alfred Walker, Capt. J. Wynyard, Mr B. H. Wynyard, Capt. E. Wood, Lieut. H. and Miss Whyte, Miss Williams, Col. and Mrs White, Mr D. E. Woodward, Mr W. H. Woodward, Mr W. C. Wood, Capt. Wilkin, Ward Room Officers H.M.S. Psyche and H.M.S. Clig, Capt. Young.

The following are some of the dresses:
 Mrs. R. H. Davies looked exceedingly well in black satin, trimmed with ruched ribbon, with deep accordion-pleated chiffon flounces, and berthe, cluster of butterfly-cups on corsage; Mrs. Morrow was attired in rich black satin, with ecru lace berthe, and spray of lilac on decolletage; Mrs. Dillingham's handsome Limerick lace robe over malmalson pink satin, with touches of ruby panne velvet, was very effective; Mrs. G. W. S. Patterson wore a recherche black silk toilette, with crimson flowers; Madame Hocne was charmingly gowned in primrose silk, with handsome white Chantilly lace flounces; Mrs. W. Murdoch wore a handsome black satin gown; Mrs. Coyle, rich white merveilleux toilette, trimmed with lace; Mrs. J. M. Shera, handsome black merveilleux, with white satin inset round the skirt and front panel, veiled in spangled net; Mrs. J. R. Reed was in a superb black satin toilette; Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield wore a white satin confection veiled in chiffon, berthe caught in front with a huge pink rose; Mrs. Browning was attired in a black lace robe over silk, and ecru lace on decolletage; Miss Browning was pretty in a picturesque frock of white merveilleux, with blonde lace berthe, and large pink roses; Miss L. Browning wore an effective white satin, and tangerine silk rosette in coiffure; Mrs. Eliot Davis was in a dainty cream point d'esprit, trimmed with ruched ribbon, over satin, black velvet Empire belt; Mrs. Keckwick wore black glaze silk, and tangerine silk twist and bow in coiffure; Mrs. Ivy Buddie was graceful in black velvet, with white chiffon corsage under castellated velvet bolero, gold butterfly in her coiffure; Mrs. D. W. Duthie wore an ecru point d'esprit inset with lace, over soft satin, sun-ray pleated chiffon berthe, and cluster of large pink crush roses; Mrs. Edward Russell was in daffodil yellow merveilleux, with white blonde lace berthe, draped with yellow velvet; Mrs. McCosh Clark's black velvet gown had flowing chiffon sleeves and lace motifs on berthe; Miss Pearl Clark was pretty in cream Russian net, trimmed with satin ribbon, over silk, chapel of leaves and maid-hair fern in coiffure; Miss Lloyd wore a lovely

white gauged crepe de chine, with trails of pink roses on decolletage, nil green ribbon in hair; Mrs. Seagar, rich black satin, with white satin fold round decolletage, was charmingly gowned in black crepe de chine, with erminson sash; Miss Haultain wore a pretty cream crepe frock; Miss Nora Gorrie looked dainty in black and pink chenille spotted chiffon, over pink glaze silk, rose pink velvet Empire belt; Mrs. Hitchcock wore a becoming black crepe de chine toilette; Miss Devereux was in an electric blue lake crepe, trimmed with tinted lace; Mrs. (Dr.) Dawson wore a black be-ribboned Russian net over silk, and sunray-pleated chiffon sleeves and berthe; Miss Dawson was charming in black satin, with blue choux on chiffon berthe, violets in coiffure. Miss M. Williamson was beautifully gowned in pale blue silk chiffon over glaze silk, blush roses in her hair; Mrs. Moorhouse, white silk, with eau de Nil floral sash; Miss Little, white and black floral silk; Miss Mowbray, an effective cream Russian net frock, trimmed with satin ribbon, and tangerine rosettes in coiffure; Miss Grierson was graceful in white silk and sunray-pleated chiffon flounces; Mrs. Witham wore a lovely white tucked glaze silk, with foamy chiffon flounces, tangerine roses on corsage; Miss Banks looked pretty in a lovely white point d'esprit frock, inserted with Valenciennes lace, over satin, and lace fichu; Mrs. Markham was distinctive in black Louise silk, with rose pink ceinture and roses; Miss Fifth wore a heliotrope brocade with chiffon, Marie Antoinette fichu caught in front, with pale pink roses; Mrs. George Bloomfield wore a black crepe de chine toilette, toned with pale blue; Mrs. Duncan Clerk was in a lovely Luxeulid lace robe over satin, and a Maltese lace berthe; Miss Downan wore white silk, trimmed with lace, Juliet cap of pearls in coiffure; Miss Morrow, pretty white silk frock and erminson sash; Miss Evans, black crepe de chine and erminson flowers; Mrs. W. Gorrie, black lace over silk, with jetted collar; Miss Gorrie's turquoise blue velvet had a handsome ecru lace Vandyke berthe; Mrs. Ashton Bruce, black chenille spotted chiffon over satin, with pink roses bestrewn on corsage; Miss Graves Aikin, white point d'esprit over satin, trimmed with black lace applique, pink sash and black bird in coiffure; Miss Hardie wore a shimmering sea-foam blue satin, with pink bands and sash, white chiffon berthe; Mrs. Shorman was smartly gowned in a black gauged Louise silk, with ecru lace inset in corsage; Mrs. Kronfeld, black silk and lace toilette; Miss Kronfeld wore a very pretty white and yellow silk, with yellow chiffon sash and roses in coiffure; Mrs. Sherson, black crepe de chine gown with large choux on corsage of mandarine satin; her sister wore a dainty white tucked voile frock trimmed with white satin bebe ribbon; Miss Jeanie Frater wore frocked in a pretty gauged ivory silk with a cluster of pale green leaves on corsage; Mrs. Ernest Bloomfield looked pretty in a diaphanous frock of pearl grey chiffon over silk, cluster of butterfly-cups on corsage; Miss Kathleen Thompson looked exceedingly well in a white Limerick lace robe over silk, garniture of sea green roses on decolletage and Marie Stuart wreath in coiffure; Miss Philson looked well in black crepe de chine with cream lace and turquoise blue velvet round decolletage; Mrs. Pilkington wore a white gauged chiffon and erminson roses in coiffure; Mrs. Arch. Clark's shimmering grey satin had black chiffon flounces, and superb lace on corsage; Miss Torrance wore a very effective white silk gown, inset with Valenciennes lace, with pink and blue chiffon rosettes and tassels down each side of the front panel of skirt and on corsage; Mrs. H. Lloyd Brett looked distinguished in a black satin toilette with touches of jet, and black chiffon bow in her hair; Miss Buckland, black Louise silk, with white sun-ray pleated chiffon berthe and sleeves; Miss Ware was charmingly frocked in foamy azure blue chiffon, with Marie Antoinette fichu; Mrs. Mackay looked graceful in black satin, with clusters of erminson poppies; Miss Myra Reid wore a pretty white shirred crepe de chine over glaze silk; Miss K'idd was in a dainty white silk, brightened with scarlet geraniums; Miss Alison, white chiffon over poppy red silk; Miss Millie Mueller, graceful white sun-ray pleated crepe de chine, with white satin ceinture and clusters of pink roses; Miss Kennedy, rose pink silk, white lace; Mrs. Oxlley, soft white

silk and lace; Miss Pollard, graceful white silk gown with garland of forget-me-nots on corsage and blue bow in her hair; Miss Eileen Hill looked pretty in white silk with a wreath of pansies in her hair and decolletage; Mrs. Gowdie, black crepe de chine, with crystal garniture and cluster of erminson poppies; Miss Noble was gowned in black brightened with pink roses; Mrs. Hazard, black velvet gown with jet spangled berthe; Miss Bruce, black and ecru lace toilette.

The sale of work held in St. Mary's Hall, Parnell, was a very successful little affair. It was opened by His Lordship Bishop Neligan, who made a most eloquent speech, in which he referred to the pictures of the Home which appeared in a recent number of the "Graphic," and for the insertion of which he desired to thank the proprietors. The stalls, which were prettily decorated, did brisk business and over £30 was realised.
 PHYLLIS BROUN.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee,
 October 7.
 Mr Watkin Mills gave
 A DELIGHTFUL CONCERT,

which was largely attended, at the Theatre Royal last week. Amongst the audience were:—Mrs Wenley, wearing black silk, with flounces of accordion-pleated chiffon, edged with pale blue be-ribbon; Mrs Simeox, handsome black silk gown, trimmed with lace; Miss Thornton also wore black; Mrs R. D. D. McLean, black dress, trimmed with cream, handsome opera coat; Mrs Begg, black glaze silk; Miss Begg wore rose pink silk; Miss Humphries looked well in pale blue silk, much trimmed with accordion-pleated chiffon; Miss Ethel Humphres, soft cream silk dress; Miss Macfarlane, cream silk, much trimmed with handsome black lace; Mrs Tanner, black satin gown; Mrs C. Tanner was becomingly dressed in cream, the bodice trimmed with embroidered chiffon; Mrs T. C. Moore wore a handsome gown of black velvet, the bodice relieved with pink; Mrs Antill, cream costume; Miss Locking, lemon coloured satin, with pansies on the bodice; Mrs Kettle wore black and white; Mrs Westall, cream dress, trimmed with heliotrope; Mrs Cargill, cream dress, with black lace on the bodice; Miss Kennedy, pale blue blouse, daintily trimmed with chiffon of the same colour; Miss Burke had a pink dress, and a long red opera coat; Mrs Gurr wore black.

A successful amateur performance of "THE MAGISTRATE" took place in the Theatre Royal on the

5th inst., in aid of the fund for providing a new site for the Old People's Home. The stage was prettily decorated, and the piece exceedingly well-mounted. Mrs Edgar as Mrs Posket and Miss Adele King as Charlotte Verinder were admirable in their respective parts, and Mr A. E. Renouf scored an undoubted success in the character of Mr Posket. Mr G. A. Broad sustained the difficult role of Cis Farrington most amusingly. The piece was repeated the following evening, with continued success. Amongst those present in the audience were:—Mesdames Heney, Moore, Cornford, Hoadley, Broad, Bowen, Baxter, P. S. McLean, C. McLean, Kettle, Martin, Morris, Tanner, Stedman, Wenley, Kennedy, Misses Martin, Burke, Smith, Kennedy, Williams, Seale, McLean, Fannin, Macdonald, Todd, Messrs Dinwiddie, Brabant, Macassey, Tanner, Kennedy, Kettle, Stedman, McLean, Dixon, etc.

Unfortunately the weather was most unpropitious for the last two days of THE GOLF CLUB'S TOURNAMENT,

and the players had to finish their games in pelting rain. A few visitors, however, went out from town to see the matches. Amongst them:—Messrs James Edgar, Baxter, FitzRoy, Wenley, Ronald, Antill, Brabant, Wood, Cato, Gordon, Moore, Morris, Misses Burke, Macdonald, Dean, Davis, McLarenon (2), Russell, FitzRoy, Hamlin, Kirk, etc.

MARJORIE.



Clarke's World-Famed Blood Mixture.—"The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to light." Sufferers from Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind are solicited to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

THE BEST

GIVES BRILLIANT RESULTS.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

WANGANUI.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, October 12.
THE ANNUAL SOCIAL
given by the Palmerston Bowling Club took place in the Fire Brigade Hall last Wednesday. The president, Mr Cohen, occupied the chair. A very pleasant time was spent by the large number of guests present. During the evening Mr Hlaydon presented Mr Cohen with a gold medal as a slight recognition of the way he had carried out his duties. Mr Cohen then presented the trophies won last year, as follows:—Champion-ship singles, Mr F. W. Bunting; senior pairs, Messrs. A. Jack and W. Reid; junior pairs, Messrs. P. Lomax and W. Brophy; handicap singles, Mr F. W. Bunting; colts, Mr H. Mowlem. A new bowling club called the Brache Oak Club has been formed. Mr Lissaman's pretty private lawn is to be used by this club. Palmerston will now be able to send two teams to the tournaments.
On Friday evening last Mrs S. W. Luxford gave a very

PLEASANT LITTLE PARTY
at her residence, Awapuni. Music and games passed the time very happily. Those present included Miss Watson, Miss Currie, Miss Bell, Miss Waidegrave, Miss Reid, Messrs. Luxford (2), Waldegrave, Bell, Hutton, Reid, and others.

A most successful SALE OF WORK

in connection with the Congregational Church has been held during the week. The sale was opened on Tuesday by the Mayor (Mr Hurley), and continued on Wednesday and Thursday. The different stalls were very attractive, and tempted one to spend freely. Every evening competitions of various descriptions were provided for the entertainment of visitors, and there was also a musical programme each night. The following were the stallholders: Plain work, Mrs Burgess, Mrs Buchan, Mrs Smith, and Miss Banks; fancy stall, Mrs Leigh, Mrs Olsen, Mrs Campbell, Mrs Spratt, and Miss Morris; refreshments, Mrs Morgan, Mrs Hastie, Mrs Merriam, and Miss Morton; produce, Mrs McDowell, Miss Perry, Miss Feek, and Mr A. Roe; sweets, Miss Buchan, Miss Mawhinney, Miss Andrews, and Miss Paine; flowers, Mrs Rawlins, Mrs Blackburn, and Mr Nairn. On different occasions I noticed present: Mr and Mrs J. Bett, Mr and Mrs A. V. Merriam, Mr and Mrs Burgess, Mr and Mrs Gelhor, Miss Gelhor, Mrs and Miss Nannestad, Mr and Mrs Pickering, Mrs S. Abrahams, Mr and Mrs Baker, Mrs Baker, Misses Scanlon, Mr Peat, Mr and Mrs Brown, Mr A. Roe, Miss Rich, Mr and Mrs McDowell, Mr and Mrs Rawlins, Mrs Rawlins. The bazaar receipts were very satisfactory, and showed an increase of about £40 on last year's effort.

Palmerston has been **VERY WELL ENTERTAINED** this week. On Tuesday and Wednesday the Scottish Entertainers were at Zealandia Hall, and delighted the large audiences with their Scotch songs. On Thursday and Friday the Montgomery Entertainers performed in the same hall, and also were very much enjoyed. We are very much at a disadvantage at present, having only Zealandia Hall and the small Lyceum Theatre. The Theatre Royal was abandoned as a theatre some months ago. We quite hoped by this time our new Opera House would be well advanced, but after working about a couple of months at the building work came to a standstill, and has remained so for a long time. I understand the difficulty in getting bricks is the cause of the delay. When we do get the Opera House finished it will be a building worthy of the best companies visiting.

A CHORAL SOCIETY has been formed here lately. There are about fifty members already, and more will be continually joining. Mr Drew is the conductor. The practices are held in All Saints' schoolroom. A few of those already joined are Misses Drew (2), Miss Richter, Miss Cherratt, Miss Letbridge, Miss Hadfield, Misses Reid, Miss Short, and Mrs Durward, Messrs. Drew (2), Hutton, Woolley, Vivian, McLean, Fuller, Smith, Taplin, and Durward.

Dear Bee, October 7.
The weather for the second day's racing at the

WANGANUI SPRING MEETING
was showery, and the attendance not as good as usual, but the racing, as on the previous day, was most interesting. Amongst those present on the lawn I noticed: Mrs. H. Jackson, in a dark grey tweed costume, with Russian coat, and collar and strappings of white cloth, black chiffon hat, with black and white ostrich feathers; Mrs. Walter Johnston (Rangitikei) wore a stylish black and white gown, with hat to match; Mrs. C. Johnston (Wellington), pale grey tweed coat and skirt, black and white hat; Miss Inlay, black voile gown, with black silk embroidery medallions, collar and vest of cream lace, black coat, with applique, black and white bonnet; Miss Cotterell (Napier) wore a dainty frock of pale grey voile, profusely trimmed with champagne insertion, black chiffon hat; Mrs. Barnicoat, black voile skirt, pale fawn coat, with bands of insertion, fancy straw hat, with rosettes of golden shaded ribbon; Mrs. Abbott (Wellington) wore a short navy blue skirt, with three-quarter coat of white mackintosh, pretty pale heliotrope straw hat, with wreath of heliotrope shaded sweet peas; Mrs. Speed, grey zibeline, flecked with white and blue, and banded with blue velvet diamonds, cream straw hat, with ribbons to match; Mrs. Holdship, pale grey tweed coat and skirt, the coat with deep basque and faced with white cloth, black chiffon hat, with ostrich feathers; Mrs. Mackay (Stratford), black voile skirt, sun-ray pleated coat of pale grey canvas, black and white bonnet; Mrs. J. C. Mackay wore a pretty pale pink linen frock, the coatee profusely tucked and trimmed with champagne insertion, black picture hat; Mrs. K. Duncan (Wellington), navy blue serge, white mackintosh coat, navy blue and white French sailor hat, with blue and white rosettes; Mrs. Montgomerie, cream serge gown, the skirt made with wide tucks, the bodice relieved with black, crimson straw hat, with veils and birds to match; Mrs. Pratt (Waitotara), pale grey tweed costume, the Russian coat strapped with the same material, Maltese lace vest, cream cloth hat, with pale blue cloth under the brim and edged with champagne lace, rosettes of pale turquoise blue satin ribbon and shaded birds; Mrs. Fairburn, grey tweed coat and skirt, crimson straw hat, with black quill and velvet; Mrs. Blundell, black serge coat and skirt, tan straw French sailor hat, with wreath of corn flowers; Mrs. Mellsopp (Palmerston North), heather mixture tweed, banded with Oriental shaded galloon, hat with crimson velvet and geraniums; Miss McDonnell (Wellington) wore a pretty blouse of tucked white silk, with Tenerife silk embroidery on the yoke, navy blue cloth skirt, piped with blue velvet, black velvet hat, with ostrich feathers; Lady Gifford (Christchurch), slate grey tweed coat and skirt, black and tan hat; Mrs. Vaughan, smart coat and skirt of pale grey tweed, with white silk collar, and a black and white toque, with medallions on the brim; Mrs. Dr. Anderson, cream embroidered muslin, with under skirt of pale green silk, black Victorian bonnet, with a very high crown and black ostrich feathers; Mrs. Fenwick wore a dainty frock of pale grey voile, with champagne insertion, crushed strawberry velvet hat; Mrs. Hughes-Johnston, navy blue cloth costume, with collar, cuffs, and skirt strappings of white cloth, fancy straw hat, with ribbons; Mrs. J. C. Greenwood, pale grey canvas, tucked and trimmed with champagne insertion, black picture hat; Mrs. Mason, black and white tweed coat and skirt, with bands of white silk, black and white chiffon hat; Miss Barnicoat, pale blue voile, with champagne insertion on the skirt and bodice, cream straw hat, with blue ribbons and forget-me-nots; Miss P. Barnicoat, pale pink linen frock, the coatee trimmed with Tenerife work, cream hat, with sprays of pink flowers in it; Miss Phillips (Canterbury), navy blue cloth coat and skirt, cream vest, blue and white hat; Mrs. Gifford Marshall, navy blue cloth coat and skirt, black hat, with ostrich feathers; Miss Moore, pale grey tweed coat and skirt, cream straw hat, with pale satin rosettes and spray of flowers; Mrs. Hoie, pale grey tweed costume, the

coat made with a deep basque, cream vest, black and white straw hat, with flowers; Mrs. Hawke wore a stylish coat and skirt of pale grey tweed, black gauged chiffon toque.

THE WANGANUI ROWING CLUB BAZAAR

was well attended during last week, numerous visitors in town for the races being present. The chorus from "The Country Girl" was most effective. Those who took part in it were Misses Barnicoat (2), Jones (2), Trainor, Newcombe, F. Moore, and Mr Hardwick. The ladies were becoming sailor frocks of white linen, with short accordion-pleated skirts, and caps to match. A skirt dance was gracefully performed nightly by Miss Phyllis Barnicoat. Amongst those present were Mrs John Abbott (Wellington), Mrs C. Johnston (Wellington), Mrs Sydney Johnston (Hawke's Bay), Miss Johnston (Hawke's Bay), Mesdames Moore, Barnicoat, Pratt (Waitotara), Lewis (Fordell), Wilson (Mangamahua), McLean, Brookfield, Rowley, Empson, Sherriff, Atkinson, Montgomerie, Anderson, Marshall, Misses Cameron, Brabant, McDonnell (Wellington), O'Brien, Jones, Empson, Acland (Canterbury), Taylor, Maling, Aitken, Gresson, Montgomerie, Mesdames Blundell, Craig, Stevenson (Auckland), Mellsopp (Palmerston North), Richmond (Nelson), Rochford (Feilding), Watt, Sherriff and Reaney.

LADIES' GOLF CLUB

played their final match of the season on Wednesday, October 5, at the Balgownie links. Afternoon tea was provided by Mrs Christie, assisted by Miss Rawson. During the afternoon Miss Moore (the president), with a few words of congratulation, handed the rose bowl, which she had donated to the club, to Mrs Cleghorn, winner of the 1904 championship. The match resulted in a win for Mrs Cleghorn, and the junior prize fell to Miss Greig. Amongst those on the links were Mesdames Moore, Christie, Cleghorn, Sarjeant, Palmer, Lomax, Holdship, Innes, MacKay, Greenwood, Watt, Dyer, Misses Cowper (2), Greig, Stanford, Lifflon, Darley, Browne, Henderson, Brabant, J. Jones, M. Jackson, Baker, Rawson, Dymock, Anderson, Gresson, Cave, Taylor, Stanford, Knapp, Moore.

On Friday Mrs H. Sarjeant gave **AN ENJOYABLE AFTERNOON TEA** in honour of Mrs Billance, who has just returned from a long tour on the Continent and Great Britain. Amongst those present were Mesdames Stewart, Ballance, Fitzherbert, Moore, Gifford, Marshall, Empson, Hawke, Morton, Jones, Peake, Watt, Krull, Bond, Lett, Wood, and others.

Dear Bee, October 7.
Excitement is beginning to simmer over the much-advertised **FETE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE**, which begins on Thursday next. Did I tell you that the prizes for the baby show have been contributed by the bachelors of Wellington? There is even a thrilling rumour that one of them has been selected to act as judge, and everyone is trying to guess who the heroic individual is. The advertisements cheerily invite anybody who can kidnap a baby for a few hours to enter it for competition, and to avoid too much heart-burning there will not be a prize for the prettiest infant; other qualifications besides mere good looks will be needed.

The theatricals are to be confined to the evening, and among those taking part are the Hon. Kathleen Plunket, Misses Fell, Williams, and Fitzgerald, and the Hon. A. R. Bingham, Captain Braithwaite, Drs. Mason and Purdy, and Mr Waterfield.

Miss Rachel Williams presides over the flower stall, Mrs R. Brown manages the sweets, Miss Harcourt is in charge of a stall at which raffles will be a feature, and Miss Duncan has a large number of assistants for the refreshment tent. The usual side shows complete the programme, and the only doubtful circumstance is the weather.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS, FOLLOWED BY A DANCE

seen a very popular form of amusement, and I hear of several such entertainments. One takes place at Mrs Grace's, when the charming old-fashioned little play, "The Loan of a Lover," will be presented, the performers including Misses Grace and Hishop, and Messrs Denniston, Stoman, and Pollock. Besides being a costume play, there is a certain amount of music and singing

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A French Remedy for all Irregularities. Thousands of ladies who have tried it find it the best of any remedy for the system. It is a timely dose may be administered. Those who use it receive most benefit from their menous etc. All Chemists and Druggists sell them through the World, or sent free by MARTIN, Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

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SUNLIGHT SOAP

We have used "Sunlight Soap" and we want to tell you that it is the best soap made, that's why we are writing. We found out that the Sunlight way is the best way to wash with "Sunlight Soap." At first we used to wash with Sunlight Soap in the old way as we did with common soap, but after we washed according to directions printed on the package, we would never wash the old way again. We first soap the articles, leave them to soak and then rub out lightly on the wash board. Not much to do and it makes the clothes white as snow.

Sunlight Soap washes the clothes white and won't injure the hands.
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, SYDNEY.

in it, so a good deal of preparation has been needed.

Mr and Mrs Malcolm Ross are getting up an amusing little comedy for a small party Mrs Fulton is giving next week. Minor parts in the play are taken by Misses Fulton, Stafford, Edwin and Tolhurst.

On the same night Mrs E. J. Riddiford is having a dance in honour of her daughter, Mrs M. Lindsay, who is shortly leaving for England with her husband, who has to rejoin his regiment.

A very successful little AFTERNOON TEA

was given on Wednesday by Miss Finch. In the study an observation table was placed, at which the guests were allowed to gaze for a fleeting minute and then sternly banished to write down a list of what they remembered. Miss G. Ewen and Miss E. Stafford won the prizes, a silver scent bottle and a photograph frame respectively. The tea table was decorated with silver bowls of purple irises and white hyacinths. Miss Finch wore a pretty dress of ivory cologne, tucked lengthways and bonieged with lace, the bodice was much shirred and y-lucked; Miss Ida Finch was also in white, gauged and inserted with lace. Among the guests were: Miss Reid, wearing a navy tailor-made and a blue and green hat; Miss Waldegrave, grey Eton costume and floral hat; Miss McEataish, white canvas and orange sash; Miss Twigg, turquoise voile and large white hat; Miss McKellar, black dress and white cloth coat; Miss E. McKellar, dark blue tailor-made; Miss Kane, reseda cloth and hat with roses; Miss W. Miles, a lovely dress of white cloth, richly embroidered in white, white and black picture hat with plumes; Miss Stafford, red canvas with white revers; Miss E. Stafford, brown cloth and white felt hat; Miss Kenner, reseda voile kil-pleated, and hat with roses; Miss Webb, navy cloth and black hat; Miss Stuart, black canvas and deep lace ruffles; Miss Fraser, navy cloth relieved with white; Miss Rawson, white serge and white picture hat; Miss Harding, brown tweed; Miss H. Harding, navy and white checked canvas; Miss Denniston, white cloth trimmed with fur; Miss McGregor, ciel blue knoppe cloth; Miss M. McGregor,

dark blue cloth, revers faced with white and blue galloway; Miss Tolhurst, brown tweed and floral hat.

A JOLLY LITTLE DANCE

was given by Mrs T. C. Williams at her residence in Hobson-street on Monday. The house is an ideal one for entertaining, and the spacious hall with its polished floor makes perhaps the best ball-room in Wellington. An additional attraction is the white gallery above, which provides the most delectable sitting-out places. Mrs Williams wore black satin and some fine lace; Mrs A. Russell was in ivory brocade with lace berthe, and the Misses Williams wore graceful gowns of pale tinted shifon and lace. Mrs S. Thorpe George was wearing black crepe de chine; Miss George, Orient satin and lace; Miss Harcourt, grey crepe de chine and trails of roses; Miss Grace, white Louise veiled in Chantilly lace; Mrs Brown, black satin; Miss Foote, pale blue satin and gauze; Miss R. Williams, ivory satin; Miss Dun- can, white chiffon embroidered with pink roses; Miss Fitzgerald, ivory satin and net; Miss K. Fitzgerald, shell pink crepe de chine; Miss Hildop, white mer- veilians; Mrs M. Ross, black crepe de chine; Miss Tolhurst, white lace em- broidered net; Miss Coleridge, pale blue brocade; Miss Miles, white chiffon and satin; Miss Fell, cream satin.

A TEA PARTY WITH A BACHELOR HOST

is rather a novelty in Wellington, but on Thursday last it was voted an emphatic success. Mr F. H. Jorring was the host, and the scene was Carroll's large tea rooms on Lambton-quay, which had been specially reserved for the occasion. A wealth of spring flowers adorned the tables. A string band played operatic airs and popular music. The guests, about 50 in number, thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Among those present were—Mesdames Watson, Fulton, Blundell, Butt and Misses Seed, Edwin, Bulkeley, Henderson, Simpson, Watson, Fulton, Harcourt, Otterson, Blundell, Rawson, McLean, Stuart, Ward, West, Chalners, Wilson, Heath, Willis, Fitzgerald, McKellar, Miles, Drs. Ulrish and McLean, Messrs Sloman, Bridge, Reid, Falconer, Rawson, Rhind,

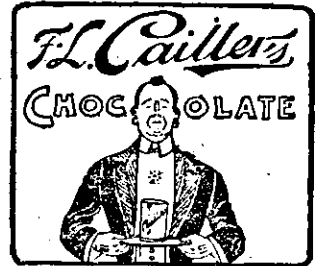
Gibbs, Denniston, C. Bridge, Seed, Finch, Sutton, and Seddon.

A large number of people were

AT THE CONCERT

give by Mrs Glover Eaton and Miss Lloyd Hassell. Mrs Glover Eaton wore black satin and some handsome lace; Miss Lloyd Hassell looked very well in black crepe de chine, heavily embroidered with jet. In the audience were His Excellency the Governor and the Hon. A. Bingham, Mrs and Misses Miles, Mr and Mrs Loughnan, Mrs and Miss Tolhurst, Misses Kennedy, Mrs and Miss Barnister, Mrs Gow, Miss Brandon and others.

OPHELIA.



A BEAUTIFUL FABRIC.
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A PRISONER'S STORY. By JEANETTE COOPER.

"Oh, what is so rare as a day—a decent day—in November!" said Kate fervently. She stood in the warmth of the little side porch and smiled approvingly at the yellow light.

Margaret appeared at the dining-room door, her apron over her arm, obligingly ready for conversation.

"I suppose," said Kate, "that mother would be worried if she knew that we were alone." She smiled with gentle tolerance at this weakness of her parent. "I don't feel in the least afraid, do you, Margaret?"

"Nonsense!" said Margaret, stoutly. The young girl leaned against the banister rope and gazed off across the landscape. "I think I will go for a walk," she said. "Do look at the purple on those hills, Margaret."

Miss Flynn's countenance became dubious.

"It's gettin' a deal colder," she observed, ignoring the purple on the hills. "I'll get my jacket. It is too fine an afternoon to waste indoors."

"I mistrust it's terrible draught," meditatively.

"Do you think so? We haven't had a drop of rain." She disappeared and came back presently equipped for her walk. Margaret still lingered on the porch.

"It's just the weather for snakes," she observed, in an abstract way.

Kate turned accusing eyes on her domestic.

"I believe you are afraid, Margaret Flynn," she said.

"The idea!" said Margaret Flynn.

Kate went off across the lawn, her red coat a bright touch of colour in the grays and browns, and her laugh came ringing back as Margaret called after her that "Farmer Boggs's old bull run loose in them woods."

The sun had all but gone when she returned. Rose colour lay in her cheeks; her eyes were shining.

"Still on the porch, Margaret," she called, gaily, as she spied that damsel's robust form. "What is the matter?" She had come close enough to see the expression on Miss Flynn's map-of-Ireland countenance.

"It's a tramp!" said Margaret, emphatically.

The rose colour fled Miss Farleigh's cheeks.

"Where?" she breathed.

"He's in the kitchen eatin' doughnuts and makin' up lies," said Margaret, with the grin quiet of one whose message needs no added force of words.

"He'll go through the house."

"Everything's locked up."

"The back stairs."

"He won't never think o' them stairs," Margaret had not thought of them herself.

"Margaret, go in at once and see where he is."

"I shouldn't think you'd be wantin' anybody else to find to 'im," objected Margaret. "You've got so many plans for gittin' rid of 'em."

The lack of faith implied in the tone of her own hired help aroused Miss Farleigh.

"Something must be done," she began. "And that's no lie of you, Miss Kate," assented Margaret, encouragingly.

"There is no doubt that he means to rob the house."

"That's what he means, the bla-guard!"

For a moment Kate was lost in deep, strategic thought. Then she bent forward and whispered:

"We must lock him in."

Margaret was staggered for an instant, but recovered bravely. "I knew you'd fix 'im, the villain!" she said, admiringly.

"You must get him up the back stairs," continued the commanding general, hurriedly. "Tell him the lady of

the house wishes to see him. Then you must go through into the blue room and lock the door on that side. Meanwhile I will go after and lock the door of the back stairs behind him."

Margaret's face was a study as Miss Farleigh evolved this masterly scheme and she realised that hers was to be the leading role, but all her objections were overruled, and with a blank face and lagging steps she moved kitchenward.

The dining-room lay between the kitchen and the piazza, and Kate, pausing there, had just a glimpse of a big, red-faced man as he got up and with a slight limp followed Margaret. She crept across the kitchen and listened at the door. She heard Margaret say, "Wait here till I speak to the missus." Then she heard the door slam and the bolt shoot.

The tramp appeared to realise the situation. He turned instantly and was half-way down the stairs before Kate could get the door shut. "What a wicked face!" she thought, with a shudder, as she turned the key and fled back to the side porch. Margaret came forward from the front part of the house, a smile of self-gratulation spreading broadly.

"He won't be gettin' out of there in a hurry," she said, and then they sat down close together on the step to talk it over.

Presently a feeling of compassion, born of their perfect security, assailed Kate.

"Has he anything to sit on?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Margaret.

"What is it?"

"The fire."

Kate looked at her reproachfully. "We ought not to make him stand all night," she said.

"Better order him a settee," said Margaret, shortly.

"I think I'll offer him a chair," Kate said.

She rose, and went bravely back to the kitchen, picturing, pityingly, a worn and tattered vagrant standing wearily at the top of her back stairs. A look of perplexity perched upon her brow as she paused with a preliminary little cough.

"What shall I call him?" she queried, glancing back at Margaret, who had followed as far as the door.

"Hobo" would do.

"I shall not take advantage of a helpless prisoner to call him names," with much dignity.

"Call me Bertie," suggested a voice, so close that they both started.

"He is listening," whispered Kate, as one who imparts a strange fact. "Do you want a chair?" aloud.

"Yes," eagerly, but in a half-choked whisper.

"How queer his voice sounds!" This in an aside to Margaret. "Do you think he is ill?"

"Smallpox, likely," said Miss Flynn.

"I am really afraid he is ill. He is lame, too, and not a chair to sit upon."

Then, approaching the door, from which she had precipitately retired, and, speaking in a firm tone:

"If you will promise to wait at the head of the stairs, Margaret will put a chair in there for you."

Amusement and indignity struggled on Miss Flynn's face.

"I'd prefer bein' excused," she said.

Kate gave her a reproachful look and got the chair herself.

"Do you promise?"

"I do," was the answer, but there was a slippancy about the tone that did not inspire confidence. She hesitated, thought it over, looked at Margaret's uncompromising face, and waited. She heard him go up the steps, but he could so easily, come down, and it takes so

long to put a chair through a door. Pity struggled with discretion. Even as she put her hand on the knob her courage failed.

"Tramp," she called, softly. "I—I'm afraid," after which humiliating confession she retired to the porch to watch for tennis.

A shout of laughter from the back stairs followed her.

"It is a very angry laugh," she thought. "I'm glad I did not trust him."

Margaret followed with great promptness, saying that the prisoner was making all sorts of promises, and telling all sorts of lies. With a businesslike air Miss Farleigh proposed walking to the next house for help, but Margaret refused unconditionally to be left alone with the captive. Neither would she entertain the thought of herself walking to the next house and leaving Miss Farleigh alone, and Miss Farleigh did not insist.

"I believe," she said, "that he is a regular professional housebreaker. He does not look nor act like an ordinary tramp. His face would be almost handsome, except for the traces of crime."

"And dirt," added Margaret.

"I wish some one would go by."

"I mistrust yer smart yerself, Miss Kate. Yer face is as white as anything, and yer eyes as big as a doughnut."

"I am not in the least scared, Margaret," with vehement unceremoniousness. "It is so fortunate that we thought to lock the man up. He is quite harmless where he is and some one is sure to be passing before dark. Isn't it nearly time for supper?"

Her pretence at courage shamed Margaret.

"It's all but ready," she said, eyeing the firm young figure with some admiration. "Will I make you coffee or chocolate, Miss Kate?"

"I should not presume to dictate"—it was the voice of the tramp, and Kate and Margaret seized hold of each other—but my personal preference would be for coffee.

"Where is it?" said Margaret, wildly. She was rapidly coming to the conclusion that there was something uncanny about their visitor.

"It is on the roof of the porch," explained the voice, politely. "My window opens on to it, and nothing was said about not getting out of a window. But if it is against the regulation de pension I'll crawl back," sadly.

The two below looked at each other aghast.

"I think I've sprained my ankle," continued the man overhead, who seemed to appreciate an opportunity for conversation. "You need have no fear of my jumping," at which suggestion the two women retreated to the back of the porch.

"Howly—" began Margaret, in a voice that was all but inaudible.

"Sh! Don't do anything to make him angry. Krep quiet and he won't know we are here."

"Ladies!"

A breathless hush, while mistress and maid looked at each other for courage.

"Though lost to sight, to memory, dear," murmured the voice, after a prolonged pause.

Neither one moved; they scarcely breathed.

"I wonder," went on the voice, sadly, "whether I would be allowed to tame a rat."

The stillness grew.

"Or with a nail to scratch upon the walls a brief account of my young life."

"The new wall-paper" breathed Margaret, rolling horror-stricken eyes at her companion. Suddenly she pointed convulsively. A dusty shoe and a few inches of torn trouser leg were visible.

Fascinated, they gazed.

"Do you think he'll jump?" whispered Kate. "Maybe he's hungry."

"He at seven doughnuts," snorted Margaret.

"Only four," corrected the voice. "If the servant could hand up something, I'd agree not to keep the spoons."

"We had better, Margaret. Come."

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Together they fled to the kitchen. Together they returned with a tray heavily laden with what they deemed most likely to propitiate a hungry burglar. Then Kate, her courage screwed to a possible sticking-point, and herself balanced on the back of a garden chair, while Margaret held her and the chair steady, leaned out and lifted the little tray bravely up. A hand took it from her, whereat her courage slipped down several notches, and she slipped, too, and would have fallen, but that another hand seized her wrist. The tramp bent over the edge of the roof and smiled at her.

"Leave her go, ye villain!" roared Margaret, from below.

"Thank you," said Kate, breathlessly. "I can get down now."

"Praise the saints! There's a team," cried Margaret.

"Where?" demanded Kate and the tramp together.

"Now you'll get what's comin' to ye, ye ould marauder!"—Margaret apostrophized the piazza roof. "Come, Miss Kate, it's turning in," and together they flew through the house and out of the back door to greet the welcome comer.

A young man it was; a young man with a perturbed and anxious face.

"Halloo, Kate," he said, briefly. "I want to water the beast. I can't stay. I am looking for a friend—Robert Graham; you've heard me speak of him. He came out from town yesterday and we had a bet up that he couldn't ride that bay of Flint's. I ought to have known better, but—well, anyway, he started off this morning on a dead run, and then rute came back this afternoon without him." He was getting a pail of water for his horse as he talked.

Miss Flynn, with wide-open mouth, surveyed him.

Kate, with the skill of one practised in strategy, grasped the situation.

"Wait until I come back, Bob," she said, hurriedly, and then she flew up the back stairs and confronted the astonished but still affable prisoner, who had just returned from the piazza roof and was carefully selecting a place on the floor for his tray.

Kate went close up to him with a mixture of shamefacedness and confiding trust that struck him as surprisingly agreeable. She even, in her earnestness, put her small white hand on his dusty sleeve. She looked straight into his attentive eyes.

"You won't tell Bob?" she said.

"Certainly not," he assured her, promptly. "I wouldn't think of it."

"Oh, thank you," cried Kate.

"May I ask," he said, with anxious deference, "what it is that I am not to tell Bob?"

Redder grew Kate. Her eyes sought the floor and fell upon the tray, which did not materially relieve her embarrassment.

"Bob would never stop teasing me," she murmured.

"Bob shall never know," he assured her.

"Why didn't you say who you were?" demanded Miss Faraleigh, plucking up more spirit with this reiterated assurance.

He laughed, and Kate moved away a little and looked reproachful.

"I did tell the cook," he hastened to say. "She was too scared to understand, I fancy. Of course, if you had been here

It would have been a different matter. She flew to propitiate me with doughnuts, and they were so good that I gave up explanations."

"You might have told me."

"I supposed that she had told you and that you shared her incredulity. Of course, I saw at once that you were not frightened, but you did not give me any opportunity for a prolonged recital of my misfortunes."

"Come," said Miss Faraleigh, with sudden haste. "Bob is waiting. Bob is my cousin," she added.

"Oh, thank you," he returned, with quite inexplicable fervour.

They found Bob eyeing with much disfavour the rolling figure of Miss Flynn, who was seated on the top step, her head enveloped in her gingham apron. He turned an amazed gaze upon the approaching pair. Kate, with a confidence that appealed to Mr. Graham's masculine sense of fitness, left all explanations to him.

"Sorry you were worried, my boy," he said, airily. "I've been resting a bit here at your cousin's before starting for your place. I found my ride fatiguing."

"How—?" began Bob.

"Oh, you won your bet, all right. He put me off before I got to my station."

"Well, I'll be jiggered," said Bob, disgustfully. "Here you were comfortable and happy"—Miss Flynn choked in her apron—"while I was chasing around the country for nothing."

"Your disappointment is pathetic. Naturally when you were looking for my lifeless form, it is trying to find me in robust health. I would have loved to gratify you, but life is sweet to the worst of us."

"You were always a selfish brute," said Bob. "Do I understand that we are invited to supper, Kate?"

"Of course," said his cousin. "You will have to take care of your horse yourself. James is having a vacation this week."

"You don't mean you are staying here alone! Aren't you afraid of tramps?"

"No," said Kate, turning scarlet to her ears. "Hurry, Bob, please. It is supper time."

"Will you be havin' coffee or chocolate, Miss Kate?" said Margaret, and she went into another paroxysm of merriment and shook herself into the house.

"Do you think, Kate," said her cousin, confidentially, as the domestic's broad back disappeared from view, "that that cook of yours is all right? All the time you were gone she sat and looked at me and conducted herself in the manner you have just witnessed. I never considered myself such a howling joke as all that."

"We seldom appreciate our own best points," said Mr. Graham. "Come on, let's feed your horse."

"Now this is worth while," said Bob, with restored amiability, as they sat down to one of Margaret's best efforts. "Even worth finding you alive, Robert. I was on the brink of galloping starvation. You don't seem to have your usual boisterous appetite, my dear fellow. You must have been stayed with fruit cake and comforted with iced tea earlier in the afternoon."

"I was stayed with doughnuts," said Mr. Graham. "They were very nice."

Before Kate's inner eye came a vision of her guest sitting cross-legged on her piazza roof while he took his supper from a tray. Her face curved into an irrepressible, though embarrassed, smile. Mr.

Graham's eyes held a sympathetic gleam. Margaret, who had just placed a cup of coffee beside his plate, broke into a sudden roar and retired to the kitchen.

Bob looked at his cousin with an air of final exasperation. "She is drunk, Kate," he said.

Kate shook her head helplessly. "No, she isn't, Bob. Don't mind her. How is your mother?"

"She is all right. She will be out here when she knows that you are alone. You've no business staying here with nobody but that blithering idiot. What would you do if a tramp should happen along, I'd like to know?" He suspended operations to stare with stern inquiry at his cousin.

"I'd trust Miss Faraleigh to manage a tramp," said Mr. Graham, with cheerful optimism, "but if your mother will allow me to drive her out to-morrow it will give me great pleasure."

"The man can bring her out. You've got that polo match on hand."

"I never cared much for polo," said Mr. Graham.

"Never cared for polo!" expostulated Bob. He stared in a dazed manner at his friend. Then he gazed meditatively at the ceiling, and a grin grew upon his countenance and dwell there.

"After all, it is not surprising that I fell in love with you," said Robert Graham.

June roses were red in the Faraleigh garden. Kate, in a thin white gown, sat on a garden bench with a sewing-basket beside her.

"I never considered it surprising," she said.

"I was alluding," he explained, elaborately, "to your evident determination when we first met not to let me get away. When I was immured on your piazza roof—"

"How could any one be immured on a roof?" interrupted Kate.

"When I was immured on your piazza roof," he repeated, "there was a chance of escape. I had not seen you then. Excuse me for moving your basket, dear, but this bench is designed for two."

Miss Faraleigh laid down her work and looked sternly at the young man.

"Why did I promise to marry you?" she asked.

"Because in an unguarded moment I asked you."

She arose and put the sewing-basket in her own place.

"I'll take it back," said Robert, hastily. "That's not the right answer. It was because under no other conditions

would I promise not to allude to a certain November day."

"Have you kept your word?"

"I have not, my beloved, but I am going to from this on." He lifted the basket from the bench, and looked at her invitingly. "It is a good deal to expect a man never to mention the day that set the world singing for him, but— Ah! that is better! Let's leave that basket in the house after this, Kate."

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And every New Zealand man and woman must have new rich blood to build them up to bear the Summer's heat and trying north-west winds. Now Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the greatest Spring tonic in the whole world. Every dose of them makes new rich blood—new vigorous life. They transform weary, weak, anemic girls into bright, graceful, well-developed women—they make debilitated men strong, lusty, energetic members of society. They do this every time—they cannot fail. After a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People every man and woman can withstand the Summer's heat, free from backaches, weakness and despondency. For proof read this:—

Southland Lady: "The Summer always pulled me down," so Mrs. Eliza Cundy, of South Riverton, Southland, told a pressman, "until I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Towards the end of Summer my blood lost its strength and my legs were always aching. My legs swelled and pained until I could hardly stand. The hot north-west winds used to simply make me as limp as a rag. Doctors gave me tonics to increase my appetite, but they really did no good. Then I read that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were the greatest Spring tonic in the world, because they actually made new blood. After taking four boxes I was a new woman. I enjoyed my food, and the pains and swellings left my legs. Eight boxes made my blood so healthy that there was not a trace of headaches or weakness about me. And all last Summer I was as bright and active as every woman should be."

Thames Man: "Every Spring my blood got thin," said Mr. J. D. Fraser, of Waikato, near Thames. "Then it was never rich enough to stand up against the Summer's heat. Loss of appetite, indigestion, and sleeplessness always came on, and I lost every scrap of energy. After eating only half a chop I would feel quite filled out. Then pains in the stomach would start, and scalding heartburn and wind. I was told to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as the best Spring tonic, and I did so. One box improved me so much that I continued them. Three boxes braced me up and made me a strong, hungry, sturdy, vigorous man. Now, I take a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills every Spring, and they keep me strong and well through the Summer. They're the greatest blood tonic any man can take."

Avoid Purgatives: Especially in Spring. They strain the bowels and weaken the heart, so that palpitation and shortness of breath come after the least hurried exertion. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills on the contrary are a permanent Spring tonic—they contain the very ingredients that actually make pure, strong, cleansing curative blood. This blood strengthens every organ and heals internal discharges and outside skin eruptions. Nearly every disease arises from impure blood or want of healthy blood. So that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills by actually making new blood cure such diseases as anaemia, debility, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles, humpago, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance, neuralgia, and chest and lung complaints. Sold by chemists and storekeepers and the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Old Custom House-street, Wellington, 3/ per box, six boxes 16/6, post free. Write describing your case and you will get medical advice free of charge.

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Complete Story.

John of the Desert.

THE STORY OF A DELUSION.

oooooooooooooooooooo

By E. S. MOFFAT.

A little while after the sun came up over the hills of Tuniper, one who had lain all night in the sage-brush, turned in his blanket, and gazed about him. His bed had been a shallow burrow, beneath the white crust of alkali, but now the hot fingers of the sun were searching him out, through the straggling bushes, and a steady drone announced that the flies and insects had begun their daily stunts.

Shaking the dirt from his faded blanket, he turned to the South, upon his knees. He crossed himself, and muttered a sing-song prayer. A few yards off, a rivulet, from a sulphur spring in the hillside, was bravely fighting its way over the thirsty ground, and there the wanderer knelt and laved his hands. Taking up some of the water he sprinkled it on his head, meanwhile crossing himself again. He rose to his feet.

Before him, a mile away, the gray expanse of sage and greasewood melted into a white, rolling sea of sand. It was an endless vista for half the horizon, until, far off, a dim, blue line of mountains rose up, and formed, as it were, the other shore. Upon this desert waste, his watery blue eyes, that until now had been roving uncertainly in their red sockets, fastened themselves, and grew bright with pleasure. It might have been thought that he was smiling, until it was apparent that the smile could not fade away, for the lips, like the grizzled, gray, hollowed cheeks had been seared and cracked by the sun and wind, so that they were drawn crookedly, up on one side, in a perpetual grimace.

From the depths of a tattered shirt he drew forth a dog-eared diary. While he was clumsily thumbing its leaves, it opened in his hand, at the place he sought. But, as his eyes fell upon the writing, it occurred to him that there was little need of reading it again. It had come to him in dreams, and by revelations, piece by piece, and those he already knew; at least, he remembered that he had known them yesterday. He remembered, too, that once upon a time he had fitted it all together, like some queer puzzle-toy of his childhood. What was simpler, then, than to repeat it aloud, in the same way? But almost immediately, with the mental vacillation that showed in every movement, he weakened, and lost courage. His face twitched nervously. Suppose he lost the book! Suppose he found too late that he had not remembered its directions correctly! No! No! The risk was too great; he must read it again.

"And Good Friday afternoon 3 Klock yu shall purify yur Body and yur Soul by the help of the 3 Kings, Melchior, Sbarsis and Balthasar. And yu shall wear upon yur Breast a Breastplate of Parchment, 10 inches wide and 10 inches high.

"From 12 to 4 in the afternoon of the 10th June yu shall begin yur labor upon the Mine of Perpetual Silence on the Other Side of the habitashum of aetan which lieth among the silver sands where there is no water neither shall thou take any water with thee for 2 Arkengels will accompany thee.

"And thou shalt begin thy labors by recitin' the 101st Psalm.

"For thou shalt tread upon the Aps and the Cacilik and shall be known as John of the Desert and shall hev meny followers.

"And then thou shalt be happy.

"Amen, Amen, Amen.

"Pray by night!"

The Wanderer straightened up from the sun-dried pages, and looked toward the Desert again.

His face was transfigured.

"For thou shalt tread upon the Aps and the Cacilik," he repeated, in an awed whisper.

His voice grew strong with some powerful emotion. "Yes, even in the very habitation of Satani!"

He threw back his head, and in the intensity of his feelings flung up his gaunt arms, quivering in their tatters, toward the sky.

The moist, watering eyes grew dry and fierce. The weak old face, scorched and blackened by years of sun and winter snow-light, grew grim, with a mighty resolve. Beside himself with joy, at the nearing realization of a life-long promise, he cried the words aloud, hoarsely exultant in his victory.

"And then thou shalt be happy!"

The sun had climbed a little higher, now. A light morning wind brought the odours of cooking across the plain. Beyond the crumbling bank of a "wash," and on the northern side of the gleaming line of rails that divided in front Tuniper proper, "Denmark" squatted in the alkali and cinders, its dishpans glistening in the early light, the secrets of its dreary backyards in painful publicity.

"Naw, not come here! Ah ben tole yu want, vestiday. Not come here!"

The shiny spots on Mrs Christensen's gaunt, yellow face, glowed with wrath. The trusty guardian of her larder, she raised a prohibitory, red-knuckled hand.

"Ah not got nuddings to eat."

The old man fumbled his hat brim uncertainly. He muttered indistinctly between his puckered lips. With the half-cringing, half wistful look of a homeless dog, he retreated across the ash heaps, dragging after him a small red express waggon, whose ungreased wheels protested shrilly.

The woman watched curiously as he passed from house to house. "Such a foolish!" she muttered. "Vy has he dot wagging? Ah dunno. There he is, at dose Pearson's house. Dey don't got nudding, not nudding, dose poor Pearson!"

She strained her eyes. "Vell!" she murmured, in amazement, "None peoples is crazy! Dey bin askit him in!"

It was Jim Pearson who had come to the door.

"Yu might be settin down over there, old man," he said with grave gentleness, "set right next to Elzmary. She kin move over some. There ain't much besides coffee and sowbelly, but Sue kin rustle yu some o' that."

Little Etta Mary Pearson picked up her bowl of bread and milk, carefully, in her baby hands, and daintily made room next her, on a rough board resting on two soap boxes.

She recognized the visitor instantly, with a birdlike flint of her golden head, and a sparkle in her round blue eyes. It was the builder of the powerful navy of ships, that bravely navigated the raging ocean out in the sage brush, the wise man from nobody-knew-where, who showed her the little gray rabbits, lying in their burrows; who told her why the lizard can shed his tail, and just who it is the cat-spider lates, and how many stars there really are.

"Hello, Thom!" said Etta Mary, affably, and beat on the table with her spoon, so that her greeting might not be missed.

"H'lo!" answered the old man, bashfully. A covert glance of understanding passed between the two. They were old friends, each of whom knew and appreciated the other. He slid awkwardly into his seat. The meal proceeded in silence.

Jim Pearson drained his tin cup, and rising slowly to his feet, went to the door of the house, half of boards, half tent. He looked thoughtfully out toward the side hills, whether the road to the mining camp of Dellabar, twenty miles away, would sinuously through the powdery dust of the flats. "I reckon I'll be movin' Sue," said he, "We've got

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So rustle something mighty sudden. Jake's beginnin' to make a bowl over to the store."

"I reckon I'll try Dellabar again. Mebbe there's somethin' there." Sue Pearson laid her hand gently on his arm.

"You're not going by the Playground road, Jim?" she asked apprehensively. "You can't cross that way now. We've only the one horse, remember. Please go by the old road, Jim."

Her husband nodded gravely, appreciating the force of her advice, for the blistering heat of June lay over Tunipier, and the Devil's playground was no longer safe for man or beast. He slipped his arm fondly about her.

"Sue," he said, and at his tone the woman's face glowed faintly. "I've tried hard for you. Things were agin us, back home, and I thought we'd do a sight better out here. It might hev been all right, tu, if Dellabar hadn't shut down, becuz I could hev freighted steady then. I know it don't look yet as if our luck had come, but still I want you to know that I'm a-tryin'—always."

He left her abruptly, as if ashamed of what seemed an unmanly revelation. "I'll be leavin' about eleven," he said over his shoulder. "Mebbe I'll take Ettamary. The ride'll do her good."

Sue Pearson was still in her doorway, when Mr. Oliver Lee the dealer at the "Little Gem," spotless as to linen, and resplendent as to shoes, picked his way gingerly through the dust toward his breakfast at the Christensen's. "Handsome" Oliver Lee mentally compared Minna Christensen's stolid face and trustful "kornblumen" eyes, with this other man's wife. He raised his hat with an easy grace. He was sorry for Jim, and he admired his wife. But he quickly saw that the light in her face was not for him, and he went his way, just as had Billy Overton had done, and Tony La France, from Clover Valley, and all of Tunipier, in fact, from time to time.

When Etta Mary had surveyed the world from the front door, and found it much the same as yesterday, she thought herself of her playmate. He was sitting on a bench, on the sunny side of the house, pouring over something he held on his knees. She clambered up beside him, and peered over his shoulder. To her surprise he turned up on her with a dark frown.

Snapping the book shut he hid it in his shirt.

Etta Mary Pearson was only five, and Etta Mary probably could not read, but he must take no chances.

"The tenth of June," the book said. It must be nearly that by now. He wondered how he would know when the time came, and trembled lest it should pass him, and he not know it. Then he grew cunning.

"What day do you suppose this is?" the Wanderer whispered to the little girl. He would ascertain the date, without awakening her suspicion.

Etta Mary rolled her blue orbs reflectively.

"Today it's Wednesday," she announced. "Make thum boath, Thon. She pouted his knee, persuadingly.

"Aye, but we had Wednesday last week," he corrected, with convincing intensity. Etta Mary looked puzzled.

"But we have one too, thith week," she asserted, bravely escaping his mental snare.

A shrewd light twinkled in his eye. "But how do you know that this Wednesday isn't last Wednesday?" he asked, with a triumphant air. "They both have the same name."

Etta Mary began to feel perturbed. How indeed? It was a terrifying question.

"It thith, anyway!" she faltered helplessly. "I jutht know it thith!"

The Wanderer looked warily about him. He bent his gray head close to hers. "Does she know?" He nodded toward the tent.

Immediately the little girl slid down, and ran inside. She reappeared out of breath, but victorious. "Mamma thays, it it's the ninth of June, so it it's thith Wednesday, jutht ath I thaid," she remarked, with a complacent nodding of her sleek head. "Snake thum boath, Thon," she commanded.

The Desert Man gazed over her head, with blank, unseeing eyes. It had nearly passed him! Two days more and he would have had to wait another whole year. A year of weary waiting, of fasting and praying! A faint moan escaped his twisted lips. His relief was so great that it hurt him.

Hardly knowing what he did, he put the child away from him, and rising abruptly from the bench, stumbled

away to search for his little wagon. He found it by the door, where he had left it. Fastening the tongue hastily to his shoulder with a piece of rope, he turned his steps toward Jake Snyder's store, across the railroad tracks, leaving the child wondering over this sudden defection of her ornate gentle playmate.

She was still sitting thus when he reappeared, a little later, his blanket now covering several cans of something that made the little red wagon's wheels creak even more dismally than before.

"Come back to make my boath, Thon!" she asked, with a dazzling smile, and a seductive inclination of her yellow curls.

He shook his head gravely, but stopped for a moment. "No; no time now," the Wanderer muttered hoarsely, his eyes beginning to rove again.

"John of the Desert going away now?"

"Where you going?" demanded Etta Mary.

He smothered a smile in his hand. How crafty these women were! Aye, they had always been so, and once he had suffered, suffered. But he knew them now.

"Good-bye," he faltered, and slowly walked away. "Good-bye," he said over his shoulder. His grizzled face took on its wistful look again. Deceiver though she was, without a doubt, she had once been a genial friend.

"Good-bye, Thon!" said the little girl, gravely shaking a wobbly hand. Then, as he started to walk away, in the brush, toward the West, childlike she changed her mind, and ran tumultuously after him.

"Where you going?" she demanded panting, and immediately sat down in the shade of a large rabbit bush in order to discuss the matter comfortably. After much evident perturbation, the old man seated himself under a bush opposite. For some time he surveyed her doubtfully, debating something in his mind. Smoothing out the space between them, until it was level and clean, he took a stick, and drew a rude triangle in the sand. Along its lines he put small pebbles. At each corner he stuck a forked twig, pregnant with mystery. In the centre he placed a bright red stone, which he drew from his pocket. This done, he fixed his watery eyes upon the one opposite, and raised his voice in a tone of command.

"By Aldebaran, and that Greater Star!" he said, crossing himself rapidly. "Aldebrum and the Great Tar," repeated Etta Mary, vaguely, following his motions with an uncertain hand.

"By the three Kings, and my hope of Death—"

"Kings—hope—death," murmured the little girl automatically.

"I swear never to reveal—"

"Veal!" Her eyes brightened. Amid it all, this at least she knew.

"The Great Secret!"

"Secret!" gasped the Deceiver, with relief. The Desert man's intensity had been a little oppressive. Besides, she was glad that there really was a secret after all.

Replacing the red stone in his pocket, notwithstanding her plainly evident desire to handle it, he piled the twigs together, and lighted them with a match. While they burned he kept silence, by his finger pressed against his lips.

He produced his book, and read its passages to her, line by line.

"For thon shalt tread upon the Aps and the Cathlik!"

"What's an 'aps'?" demanded Etta Mary, instantly. For answer he drew his finger along the ground, making a sinuous line.

"A thnake!" hazarded the child, with a quiver of repulsion. He nodded. "The reptile of history."

"And the Cathlik?"

This time his explanation was not so lucid. He screwed his face into a terrifying scowl, and glared at her, with blazing eyes. Etta Mary drew back a little, but when his features relaxed, and he smiled crookedly, she saw without an investigation, which she did not care to pursue, that the Cathlik was something that took pleasure in frightening little girls to death.

"On the other side of the habitation of Satan," he murmured, and paused a moment to consider.

Etta Mary grew restive. It was a secret and yet she could not understand. It was most disappointing.

"Which side?" asked Etta Mary, petulantly.

The Wanderer looked up in surprise. "Why—the other side," he responded,

with easy assurance. "This side is here; the other side, of course, is over—over—there." His voice trailed away, with the last words. He began to stare at Etta Mary. "The other side," he repeated, frowning. Then, as if to convince himself of its truth, by saying it out loud, "The other side—is not here, therefore, it is over there." He brightened perceptibly. This solution was easy. Still, he observed her narrowly, to see if she concurred.

"But, thuppothe you are on the other thide," objected the Deceiver, with merciless common sense.

The old man's face became a blank.

Etta Mary chuckled with glee, and clapped her hands.

"Thon dothn't know? Thon dothn't know!" she screamed, triumphantly. With a shrewd realisation of her power to force further disclosures of the Great Secret, she drove his ignorance home, and clinched it tight.

"Thon dothn't know the other thide! Poor old Thon! Etta Mary Pearson knowth! Poor old Thon!"

He felt that here was a crucial point. All too late, a fatal omission was being uncovered, something that should have been discovered years ago. He realised, with torturing shame, that he did not know which was the "Other Side" of which the book told. He surveyed her doubtfully. Was it possible that the yellow curls dancing before him, as she constantly repeated the agonising chant, covered a knowledge of the right, in fact the only direction in which he might proceed?

"Poor old Thon!" chanted Etta Mary, for the twentieth time. The Wanderer made up his mind. Adjusting the rope of the little red wagon to his shoulder, he rose to his feet, taking pains to keep his face turned away. He busied himself with some mysterious preparations. Immediately she became curious. Scrambling precipitately over the back of the wagon, she sat down among the blankets and tin cans. "Take we widin," Thon! said Etta Mary. The Desert Man turned away, to hide a crafty smile.

On the approach to the Devil's Playground the sage brush gradually faded away, growing sparsely where the glistening sand begins to creep with long white fingers into the darker soil of the mesa land, finally becoming only an isolated dot here and there. It is here that an intimation comes of the great heat in the centre of the basin and the vastness of that trackless, waterless waste. For twenty miles it stretches to

the north from Tunipier; and twenty to the west, a hideous blaring sear upon the face of God's green earth. Here the little red wagon came to a halt. On either side of him juttled out, as if into a lake, great barren headlands, capped with a now of black, lava rock, cracked into uncouth snags, jagged and sinister. In undulating mounds and swells, the Desert spread itself before him, white, soft, deathly silent. As he looked, a forgetful rabbit hopped lazily out on its surface and sat, blinking in the light.

Then, although it did not see him, it scurried hastily back to its shady covert, with more speed than grace. He waded a little to one side, and coming into another current of air, a blast struck him full in the face. It was hot as the breath of a furnace. The sand on a nearby hillock slid down and spread itself abroad; he thought he could hear the grains rattling one on another, in the ghastly silence; then, whisked together by a gust of wind, resolved into a whirling dancing pillar, that threw itself around him like a shroud, blinding his eyes, and stinging his flesh, with pricking, irritating particles. The twist in his lips became unconsciously exaggerated. He stood for a moment, nervously considering the prospect. A nebulous forecast of the task before him seemed floating through his mind, trying to wage warfare with a comprehension that shifted, evaded, and constantly refused the battle, prophesying bitter moments to even such as he.

And yet far beyond, faintly wavering through the eddying waves of heat, their snow-tipped peaks shimmering and sparkling in the bright sunshine, lay the dim, blue mountains of the promised land.

He turned back to the wagon, wherein the child lay curled up a corner of the blanket drawn over her face, for the hot sun had made her drowsy. It seemed a long journey for a woman. If she had not seemed so sure that she knew, perhaps, perhaps—

The child opened her eyes. "Where you going?" murmured Etta Mary sleepily. "Thon, dwice on!"

He picked up the tongue, and took a step forward. The wagon's wheels sank softly into the yielding sand. "And three Archangels will accompany thee," he muttered.

He threw back his head with a quiver of joy that extended to the extremities of his limbs. He cried his fore word again. "And then thou shalt be happy!"

It was nearly eleven when Jim Pearson



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Stamp Collecting.

The 1d green of Gibraltar has appeared on the new watermark paper.

Southern Nigeria has added to its set of stamps bearing the portrait of King Edward a 2½d. ultra-marine and black.

Two additional stamps have been issued for use in the Virgin Islands, the values being 1c and 3c. Instead of the usual oval, the King's head appears in a plain hexagon.

The 1/ vermilion stamp of New Zealand, on paper bearing the watermark, single lined N.Z. and star sideways, has been overprinted in deep blue, "Tai Tiringi," for the Island of Aitutaki, "Taha-a-Sileni" for Niue, and "Tahi Silingi" for Penrhyn.

French colonies keep up a steady supply of over-printed stamps either to exploit collectors' pockets or else because of bad calculations on the part of officials as to the quantity required for a given time of any particular stamp. Ivory Coast has added a few provisional over-printed in black, 5c on 30c, 10c on 75c, and 15c on 1 franc.

A series of the ordinary United States stamps have been over-printed diagonally in black for use in the Philippine Islands with the name of the possessions in Roman capitals. The values are 1 cent green, 2 cents red, 5 cents blue, 13 cents dull black, 15 cents olive black, 50 cents orange, and 1 dollar red and black.

South American republics work nobly for stamp collectors who are foolish enough to gather the frequent crops of new issues. Bolivar has a fresh set of stamps, and probably in order to ensure their rapid distribution, it is whispered that a very large proportion were despatched direct to a German dealer.

A new set of the stamps of Travancure has appeared. The design is the same old one, but the paper is somewhat thicker, and of a slightly different colour. The values and colours of the stamps are as follow:—1½ chukram, deep mauve, 3c black, 1c indigo, 2c deep red, and 4c deep green.

The rupee values of the new set of stamps for Zanzibar are of double size with border flags in red. The complete set is as follows:—1 anna green, 1a rose red, 2a brown, 2½a blue, 3a slate grey, 4a dark green, 4½a black, 5a buff, 7½a purple, 8a olive green, 1 rupee blue and red, 2r green, 3r violet, 4r purple, and 5r olive brown and red. The paper is the quarter foil, or multiple crown CA, watermark, and the stamps are perforated 14.

The United States sends the largest amount of letters and postcards annually through the post, the figure being 3,704,000,000; Germany is next with 2,967,000,000, Great Britain 2,713,000,000, Austria 1,250,000,000, and France 1,075,000,000. A London magazine is responsible for these figures. How the facts were ascertained is not stated. With 60,000,000 population it would have been fair to calculate that the United States would have been further ahead of Germany.

It is doubtful whether any innovation suggested to a Government for the convenience of the general public has not originally been opposed by the representatives of red tape in authority.

An instance of this appears in a report presented to the British Parliament in 1837 regarding the management of the Post Office Department. Mr Rowland Hill's suggestion to levy a uniform charge for postal matter was objected to on the ground "that it would deprive the public of the option of sending unpaid letters," and the president of the Department sagaciously adds "that in his opinion any attempt to fetter by the post by compelling payment of the letters when put in would check correspondence, cause much dissatisfaction, and be considered a very oppressive measure."

Stamps for use in the new Republic of Panama, over-printed "Canal Zone," are fine specimens of what can be done if a man is determined to produce varieties. The 5c, for instance, is surcharged "Panama" in red vertically on both sides, and a red bar obliterates the word "Colombia." To this is added an additional surcharge "Canal Zone" done in capitals, apparently with a rubber stamp. This particular surcharge should be scarce, as the following quantities are asserted to have been all that were issued to the Isthmian Canal Commission. 2500 of 2c, 8000 of 5c, and 4000 of 10c value. On July 18th the United States stamps, 1, 2, 5, 8, and 10c replaced the Colombian ones, and these were over-printed "Canal Zone, Panama." At this rate collectors will soon require a separate album for Panama issues and vagaries.

How to Make a Will.

Most people know, probably, that a will must be executed by the maker in the presence of two witnesses, who must also sign their names in the presence of the testator or testatrix, and in the presence of each other, all the three signatures taking place at the "same time"—by which is meant on

the same occasion. But whereabouts should the signatures be fixed? If the will consists of a single sheet, of course, there is no room for doubt, as the natural place for the signature is at the foot or bottom of the document, just as you sign a letter at the end, to signify that you are the author of all that precedes your name. But, suppose the form of will which you use consists of several sheets? There, again, the proper course is to execute at the end, though, in addition, it is customary to attach the three signatures also at the bottom of each of the pages, for the sake of identifying them, and of preventing the substitution of a fresh page in the middle. Assume, however, that, as happened recently in England, a testatrix gets a printed form of will, consisting of three pages, and executes it in due form on the first page only, what is the legal result? You will, perhaps, suggest that the whole document should be treated as invalid, inasmuch as the first page does not express the whole will of the maker, and, indeed, that which is set out on the first page may, possibly, be modified materially by something written on one of the later unsigned pages. The law, however, is that the first page must, under such circumstances, be admitted alone to probate, the rest of the document being rejected. In the instance in question, the first page of the will disposed of property worth £7000, whilst the other two pages dealt with far larger sums. Still the Court found a sheet of paper, duly executed, as required by the Act of Parliament, and so it had to give effect to that sheet, even though the probable result was not to carry out the wishes of the testatrix. Here one sees again the folly of being one's own will-maker, and where the testator or testatrix has a large property to devise or bequeath, the omission to consult a solicitor must perhaps be attributed to the subtle influence which every now and then drives people unbeknown into the arms of the law.

Pears' Soap
 beautifies the complexion,
 keeps the hands white and
 imparts a constant bloom
 of freshness to the skin.
 As it is the best and lasts
 longest it is the cheapest.



CHILDREN'S PAGE.

COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

ANSWERS.

ARITHMOGRAPHIC.

Dictionary.

1. Nora and Dora. 4. Hat. 6. Road.
2. Cod. 5. Corn. 7. Daisy.
3. No and Not. 8. Carl.

CHARADE.

Questionable.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

Brazil.

1. Bengal.
2. Rigi.
3. A moy.
4. Zuyder Zee.
5. I Bley.
6. I yous.

CHARADE.

Pig-tail.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate.—You see we are still at Cromer, and like it as much as ever. I have taken up golf, and like it immensely. Do you play? Another girl and I began at the same time, so it was nice for us to play together. The other day a friend of mine gave a picnic. We went to a place called "The Lion's Mouth." It is right in the woods, and so very pretty. We went half-way in a donkey-cart, and some of the others bicycled. After lunch we had a paper chase, which was simply grand. Have you ever played this? I am sure you would enjoy yourself if you had one. Aircin Carr, from Auckland, is coming to stay with me on Saturday, so I am greatly looking forward to seeing her. I also have another friend coming to stay with me, I think. I am sorry to say we have only three more weeks down here, and we then will go home. Mother has bought me such a lovely bicycle, and I go for some awfully nice rides. To-day I went to a place called "The Garden of Sleep." I suppose you know the song of the same name by Clement Scott. Well, it was composed in this place. There is really not very much to see there, excepting a very small ruin of a church—in which one is not allowed to go—and a churchyard, and some of the tombstones are very old. There was one there dated 1746, I think. The other day we went to Norwich. I have been there before, but still I enjoyed it very much. I think I have told you about it. There is a very old castle and cathedral there, you know. We saw a tombstone there dated 1520, or something like that, and I think some in the 14th century. Did I tell you that just before I left London I went all over the Houses of Parliament, both Lords and Commons, and Westminster Abbey? I did enjoy myself so much, but it is dreadfully tiring looking over large places, do you not think so? I think my favourite place in the Abbey was the "Poet's Corner." I am reading such a pretty book, "The First Violin." I suppose you have read it? I have nothing very interesting to tell you, so please excuse a dull letter, but one does not have very much news at this

seaside. There are such beautiful walks and rides in this place, and all the surrounding country is beautiful. I expect my next letter will be from London. Good-bye, Cousin Kate, until next mail. I am getting quite a regular correspondent now, am I not?—With love from Cousin Roie, London.

[Dear Cousin Roie.—You are indeed becoming a most regular correspondent, and I can assure you we all appreciate the fact. I much enjoyed hearing about your picnic, and other excursions. I do not play golf, but often think I will begin. It seems a splendid game, and so many of my friends are members of the Auckland Ladies' Golf Club. I expect you have been to the links at Cornwall Park, have you not? The views are perfectly glorious. We are all very proud that an Auckland girl, Miss Eileen Lewis (I expect you know her), won the championship down South, and Mrs W. Bloomfield was runner-up. Do you go out on your bike now you are back in London? It is lovely in the late autumn evenings. Yes, I have been on a "paper chase," and certainly did enjoy it, but am getting too lazy, or too old, to care much about it now. I expect you greatly enjoyed your visit from Miss Aircin Carr, and had a long chat over mutual Auckland friends. I know Norwich fairly well. It is a nice old place. I must stop now, as there are so many other letters to write this week.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am sure you must think I am awfully lazy for not writing to you more, but honestly, Cousin Kate, I have been working hard lately in the day and going out a good deal at night, so that I have not had time to write to anyone. I wrote to Alison yesterday, and I have owed her a letter for such a long time, but never mind, I will make up for lost time now. Last Thursday we had our hockey dance, and although the weather was against us, being very wet, it was a great success in every way. The committee of boys and girls decorated the hall so prettily with ferns and flags, and dotted the hockey caps and sticks over the wall, which gave the room quite a pretty finish. The floor was very good indeed considering that the public school children had had school there for the last six months on account of their own being burnt down. I have just read such a pretty book called "The Years That the Locust Hath Eaten." Have you read it, Cousin Kate? It is by Anise Holdsworth, and quite worth reading. It is very sad indeed, but I think that makes it all the nicer, as you don't want books to end all the same way. I am reading another by the same author, but as I have only begun it I cannot tell how I shall like it. We have been having such horrid weather here for the last few weeks, but to-day is a lovely bright clear day, so we hope it will keep like it for some time yet. Mount Egmont looks simply glorious to-day with its dazzling whiteness against the exquisite blue of the sky. When the hot weather comes I don't think the mountain ever looks so good, as almost all the snow melts off it. I am glad summer is coming, though, aren't you, Cousin Kate? as I like the hot weather much better than the cold days of winter. In the evening we go for such lovely walks, and early in the morning can run down to the beach for a dip, and the day seems so beautifully long, while in the winter directly the office is closed I rush home and deposit myself before the fire, and stay there as long as I

can, as I never seem to keep warm. I believe we are going to have grand doings here at Christmas time. A carnival and exhibition to last for a fortnight. I suppose a great number of strangers will be here, and the town itself will be quite busy. I just love being in town on Christmas Eve to see everybody bustling about with huge parcels tucked under their arms for Santa Claus to put in the stockings. Oh! we generally have such a lovely time then, and such crowds of people laughing and talking together, everyone looking as jolly as possible. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I am afraid I shall have to stop now, with heaps of love to yourself and the cousins from Cousin Dora, New Plymouth, P.S.—[I see you forgot to ask Cousin Roie about the post-cards, but I suppose you are too busy to remember everything, so never mind.]

[Dear Cousin Dora.—I don't think you at all lazy for not writing oftener, because I know how hard it is to find time to write letters when one is in the office all day, and out enjoying oneself in the evening. Of course I should like to hear from you oftener, but I really don't expect to. There is a long letter from Alison this week, and you will be glad to hear that she has got a billet, but she doesn't know yet whether it is to be permanent or not. I am glad your hockey dance was such a success. The hall must have looked very pretty, and it would have been very disappointing if it hadn't after all your hard work! I haven't read "The Years That the Locust Hath Eaten," and if it is sad I don't want to. I think there is quite enough sadness in the world without making it worse by reading about imaginary griefs. I can just imagine how Mount Egmont looks. When I was in New Plymouth I never tired of gazing at it, and could never make up my mind quite how I liked it best. New Plymouth is going to be very gay at Christmas time. I wish I could come down and see it all. Have you ever had an exhibition there before? They are great fun, I think.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I went out for a walk with father this afternoon. We went round Greenlane way. I am longing for the summer to come, so that we can go out for rides, and also for the holidays and other things, too. I am not quite through the book, "The Lamplighter," yet, I think I will read a chapter or two to-night. Have you ever read it, Cousin Kate? I have not written to you for a good while, have I? But you see I had the mumps. Do you get the magazine, "The New Idea"? We do. We go in for the puzzles in it. It is school again to-morrow. Oh, I do wish we had another week. We will have to look forward to Christmas holidays now, and I hope the months will go quickly till they do come. I really have not much to say this week. And I hope you will excuse this very uninteresting letter. I think I will close now, Cousin Kate. So, with love to all the cousins, and not forgetting your dear self, I remain, your loving cousin, Amy S. Auckland.

[Dear Cousin Amy.—You must be quite a grand little walker if you can walk from your place to Greenlane and back. I hope you didn't get caught in any of those heavy showers, for it wouldn't do for you to get wet so soon after your recovery from the mumps. Summer is the best part of the year, isn't it? I am looking forward to it, too, though I shan't have six weeks'

holiday at Christmas-time like you will. Yes, I read "The Lamplighter" a great many years ago, but I'm afraid I have forgotten nearly all about it now. You are taking a long time to finish it—don't you care for it very much? We always have "The New Idea" in the office; it is a very good magazine, I think. I haven't noticed the puzzles in them, I will look at them next time and see if I can make any of them out.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I have not written to you for the past few weeks, as there has been absolutely no news at all. We are very busy practising up for our annual music concert, which comes off on November 2. I am playing the triangle in the Toy Symphony, and my little sister is playing the drum. I got such a lovely book the other day, called "The Girl of Galway," it is by the same author as "The Handsome Brannons," which I also have. They are both Irish tales, and awfully pretty. Have you seen the D.S.C. window, Cousin Kate? We were passing there to-day, and could hardly get near it; it is certainly very clever. They have the whole of the window filled with waters, and three or four boats steaming on it. We are going to "Sweet Lavender" next Tuesday evening. I think it ought to be very pretty. Father has seen it two or three times, and he liked it very much. Last Sunday evening I went over to North Shore. We caught the 5 p.m. boat over and the 9.30 back. I had supper at my cousin's, who has two such dear little children; the boy is five years old and the girl about 11 months. I am now going to leave off for to-night, as I am rather interested in a book called "Blanche," by Mrs Molesworth, and I have not had time to read it at all to-day.

Wednesday Morning.—Have just a few minutes to spare before I begin lessons to end this letter. Next Monday evening I am going to a cantata in St. Paul's schoolroom. I have been to one a few weeks ago, it was "Soot and the Fairies," and I liked it very much, the children acted so well. Have we not been having horrid weather? I think we deserve a good long summer to make up for it. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I am afraid I must close this short note until next week, with heaps of love to you all from Cousin Gwen.

[Dear Cousin Gwen.—I am glad to have a letter from you this week, because so many of the older cousins have written, and it will be nice to see all your letters in print at once. Cousins Dora, Roie, Alison, and Carl have all written. You haven't very much more time to practise for your concert. The weeks seem to just fly at this time of the year, and before we know where we are it will be Christmas-time. I hope the concert will be a great success; it ought to be, and a toy symphony is always pretty, I think, don't you? I haven't read either "The Girl from Galway" or "The Handsome Brannons," who is the author? I saw the D.S.C. window when the boats were not steaming, but when they were there was such a crowd round the window that we couldn't see anything. I wonder if "Sweet Lavender" will be good; I have seen it twice before, but not by amateur. It is very pretty indeed when it is well done. Did you get wet coming from the Shbre last Sunday? We went over in the afternoon and caught the 8.30 boat back, and got dreadfully wet. It was raining very hard about half-past nine, too. I suppose your mother is not back yet; don't you miss her dreadfully?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am not going to miss writing this week if I can help it. Last week I think I told you I would tell you how I spent my holidays. Monday I did not go out, as Amy was pretty sick. On Tuesday I went to town with mother, and enjoyed myself very much. On Wednesday I went out with Nora; we had a grand time together. The following day we all went to town, and enjoyed ourselves immensely. Friday being the last day of our holidays, we spent it at home. I only wish we were having another week. What do you think, Cousin Kate? All the bees are dead; isn't it simply awful? All the honey has been eaten out of the comb. Well, we will have to make the best of a bad job. We have neither cat nor bees now. Frightful, isn't it? Amy has gone out for a walk with father this afternoon. We generally always go out for a walk on Sunday afternoon. I have not had the mumps

yet. Have you? I must really come to an end, as I can't possibly help it. The reason is, I haven't anything more to say—to write, at least. With fondest love from Mary S., Auckland.

[Dear Cousin Mary.—I hardly expected to hear from you and Amy this week. I thought you would be too busy preparing for your sister's wedding. I hope you will have a fine day for it. We have had so much wet weather just lately that I really think we ought to have a few nice days now. A week's holiday isn't nearly long enough when one is having a good time, is it? I suppose you were very busy shopping all the time you were in town? Some of the shop windows are so pretty I think. You have been very unfortunate just lately; first your kitten disappeared; now all the bees are dead. I wonder what killed them? Have you ever seen the apiary up the line? It looks so pretty; all the bee hives are white, and there are such a number of them all dotted about on the side of the hill. No, I have not had mumps yet. I wonder you did not catch them from Amy. Wouldn't it be dreadful if you got them now and were unable to be bridesmaid at the wedding?—Cousin Kate.]

[Dear Cousin Kate.—I am writing to thank you for the badge you sent me. I received it to-day (Tuesday, 4th). You will be sorry to hear that I have had the mumps; I caught them at school. We went back to school on Monday, September 26. One of the boarders had them, so I must have caught them; was in bed for three days; went to bed on Thursday night, and stayed there till Sunday afternoon. I am quite well now all the mumps have gone. I am going back to school on Monday, 10th. What are you going to do on Labour Day? I think we are going down to town to see all the carts and all there is to see; then in the afternoon we will go into the Domain and see all the sports. Did you see the fire in St. Stephen's Avenue on Monday afternoon? What a good job the people were not burnt out! The firemen turned the hose on the children because they got up on the fence and broke it all down; it served them right. I am going to bed, so will say good-night.—Yours affectionately, Cousin Daisy, Parnell.]

[Dear Cousin Daisy.—I am glad you got your badge safely, and that you liked it. I don't think I am sorry to hear that you have had the mumps. You know it is ever so much better to have them when you are young, because then you don't have them half so badly as you do when you are older; besides, they are over now, and you can't have them twice. I haven't thought about Labour Day yet, and don't know what we are going to do. I like seeing the procession up Queen-street in the morning; some of the exhibits are awfully good, but if it is a really fine day I think I should like to spend the day out in the country somewhere. No, I didn't see the fire in St. Stephen's Avenue. I didn't even know there had been one. Where was it? The children must have got rather a surprise when the firemen turned the hose on them; they must have got awfully wet.—Cousin Kate.]

[Dear Cousin Kate.—I did not write to you last week because I did not have any news to tell you. This week we have holidays, so on Monday we went to Onehunga, and we had afternoon tea at San Souci, and after, while waiting for the train, we saw the Rotoiti go out, and just as she had left the wharf a motor-car came rushing down the road with a passenger. The boat came back so that the gentleman could get on board. I heard when I came home that they had gone out from town in nineteen minutes. It was lucky for some other people that the boat came back, because a tram brought some out; and it was such fun to watch them running down the wharf. We went to my auntie's coming home, and Eva came in to spend a few days with me. We are having such fun. We spent this morning making a woolen ball each, just to fill in time. They are quite nice. Gladys is coming in on Friday next Saturday, so I will spend my holidays all right. Good-bye.—Cousin Lyndal.]

[Dear Cousin Lyndal.—So many of the cousins complain that they have had no news to tell me the last week or two. I wonder why it is? It is such a pleasant trip, I think, going out to Onehunga and having afternoon tea there, especially when the West Coast boats

are going, because then there are ever so many more people out there; the Sans Souci rooms are so pretty, too. Isn't it funny how there is nearly always some one late for a steamer? But I never knew that they would come back for them. I went down to see a "Frisco boat" off once, and the steamer left five minutes too soon, and there were several people left behind, and one man who was not a passenger taken off. The steamer did not come back for them though, so they had to go off in a small rowing boat. Fancy going out to Onehunga in nineteen minutes! It was pretty quick work, wasn't it? You ought to enjoy your holidays very much having your cousins in to stay with you.—Cousin Kate.]

[Dear Cousin Kate.—Is there going to be a letter competition? I saw in the "Graphic" last week that a few of the cousins mentioned something about it, and I am hoping there is going to be, although I do not think I will have much chance of the prize, as I cannot write nice letters a bit. What nice interesting letters Lorna writes, does she not? I have just been given a book called "The Old Curiosity Shop," by Charles Dickens. Have you ever read it, or heard of it? Mother had such a dear little canary sent to her about three weeks ago. He is such a funny little fellow; he comes down on the bottom of the cage and pokes his head through the bars, and looks all round in such a cunning way. How funny Buster Brown's friends are, don't you think so? I wonder how they draw it so that when you look at it upside down it makes another picture, as well as the one when you look at it the right way. Our cat is playing and running up and down the hall as if it was half-mad. My exam. is not put off after all, but Mr Moor (the examiner) will begin to examine the candidates on Monday, October 10, so I expect I will have been examined when I write my next letter, and I will tell you if I passed or not. It is getting rather late now, so I must say good-bye. With love from Cousin Betty. P.S.—Does it matter me writing on both sides of this paper?—B.G.]

[Dear Cousin Betty.—We haven't decided yet about the letter-writing competition for the cousins, because everyone has been so busy with the Christmas "Graphic" that we haven't had time to think about it. However, I will ask the editor about it, and will let you know next week. I think you have as good a chance as anyone else for the prize, and your letters are very nice indeed, I think. Yes, Lorna does write very nice letters indeed, but then she has had a good deal of practice, for she has been writing to me for a long time now. Is "The Old Curiosity Shop" the first book of Dickens you have read? I have read that one, and many others as well. Have you got a name for the new canary yet? You are getting quite a collection of pets by degrees, are you not? Well, Betty, I must close now, as I have not time to write any more this morning. It would be better if you could manage to only write on the outside sheets of the paper.—Cousin Kate.]

[Dear Cousin Kate.—Some while back I wrote you a letter, and have not as yet seen it in print. Did you receive it, Cousin Kate? I was pleased to see my story in print, though, the other week. I wrote you a letter yesterday, but missed the mail this morning, so I love it up, and here I am writing you another one. Last week we had a football seven-a-side tournament here, and nine teams competed. The Thirds have only one more match to play, and if we win that we will win the Third's championship for this year. I wish some of the cousins would like to exchange post-cards or stamps. I don't you think it would be a good idea, Cousin Kate, if some of the cousins write to one another? It would, I think, be very interesting reading their letters in the "Graphic" when they replied there instead of sending a reply. Of course, all the letters in the "Graphic" are very interesting now, but I think it would be even more so if this idea was carried out. Last Sunday I went to a place called Curcoran's Hill, and although it is a little way out of the town, I enjoyed my walk very much. There is a dwelling on the top, and I went to see the owner, accompanied by my two little sisters. He has a little dog, and we had fine fun with him. There is a train line about half a mile long, and we also enjoyed ourselves on this. It leads to a small forest, but we did

not go the full distance out.—He told my little sister he would let her into a secret, so he took us into a small bush at the side of the tramline. He said he would show us a bird's nest with a bird in it. We followed him into the bush and tried to keep very quiet for fear we would frighten the bird off the nest. What then do you think was our surprise when he showed us a hen sitting on ten eggs. It was a capital joke, and we laughed over it for a long while afterwards. This man is an expert gardener, and keeps a lovely garden, so before we went he gave us all a beautiful bunch of flowers. Labour Day, 12th of next month. There are sports on that date, but I don't think I will go to them now. I was going to go and run in the Sheffield Handicap, but since I made up my mind I find out that it would cost me 4/ to enter and 3/ to accept my handicap for this race, so I have come to the conclusion it is better to stop out of the race than perhaps lose 4/ over it. I am going to a picnic to be held on the hill I have just been telling you about. Here is a riddle. I was had over it the other day, so I will just tell it to you to put you on your guard. I was asked what was the difference between a cabbage and a cart wheel. Now, of course, anyone can tell a cabbage from a cart wheel. I do, at any rate, but not thinking I said I did not know the real difference between them—I meant the difference he wanted to fit in with the riddle. "Well," said he, "you would be a nice one to go to the shop for six-pence worth of cabbage and bring home a cart wheel." But I had my revenge. The same person asked me to go to a party, and I went. He asked me could I play, and after a minute's hesitation I told him I could. "Good," said he, "play something at the party. What do you play?" I said the mouth organ. He told me he would find the mouth organ, and everything was settled. At the party he asked me to get up and play, and handed me the mouth organ. I looked at him in wonder, and laughed outright, and asked him what he was up to. He asked me didn't I intend to fulfill my promise. "Oh, yes," I said. "I promised you I would play the mouth organ, so I will, but I am sorry you will have to wait until supper time." Everyone else in the room saw the joke, and we had a good laugh, but he asked me why I had played this sort of trick on him. To this I simply answered him by asking him "What price cart wheels?" He dropped to it at once, and told everyone else in the room the reason I was paying him back in his own coin. I can play the piano, but still, Cousin Kate, I think the mouth organ is the best of all instruments to play, don't you? The Salvation Army Biorama Company was around here last week, and was very good. Swimming is just starting here, so now will be the time to enjoy one's self. I only started swimming last year in earnest. Now I can swim fairly well, and I can dive, too. I must now close with love to you and all the cousins.—Yours truly, Carle.]

[Dear Cousin Carle.—It is some considerable time since I heard from you

last, so I have come to the conclusion that your last letter must have gone astray. However, you have written me now a long one this time that it has made up for the last one. I am quite anxious to hear if the Thirds have won their championship or not, so be sure to tell me next time you write. I think several of the cousins have written about exchanging stamps and post-cards, but I don't think any of them have got beyond that yet. I haven't had time to consider whether it would be a good idea for the cousins to write to one another, but I should think it would be worth trying, and then if it wasn't a success we could leave it off. I hope we shall have a fine day for Labour Day, and I certainly think we deserve one, as we have been having such miserable weather lately. Isn't it rather early for picnics yet in your part of the world? I'm afraid you will find it rather cold. You managed to get even with your friend, and it was very clever of you to think of that way of doing it. Have you been writing any more stories lately?—Cousin Kate.]

[Dear Cousin Kate.—I expect a "Graphic" soon with my letter in it, as Dora promised to post it, so, though I haven't seen your answer yet, I am sending you this letter so that it will reach you about the same time as the "Graphic" arrives in Capetown. Cousin Beatrice, who has all those pets, is very lucky. I love animals as much as she does, but am not able to keep any here. My only cat, Jane by name, died when she was about seven months old, but I hope to get a dog soon. Did you ever see our old dog Tip sitting on the high fence at "Claybrook"? You seem to know us, so perhaps you do remember him. Poor old fellow, he died two months before we left; my brother had him on the beach, where Tip must have eaten some poisoned meat, and he died the same night. Cousin Roir wrote to you a little while ago, too, and isn't she lucky to be travelling? I wonder if she remembers when she played "Knuckle Bones" in the shed by the well at Miss Hill's school? That and "I spy" are her strong points in games. Cousin Gwen (Auckland) evidently enjoyed "The Letters of a Self-made Merchant." I thought it was a fine book too, and such a change from the usual run of books. Who is Betty, who lives near our old home? The American quarter is here at present, and great is the excitement thereof. Flags everywhere with "stars and stripes," and numerous thin sailors all over town. The Brooklyn is one of the boats. She was in Auckland about three years ago. One of the owners we knew very well there wrote to our address, which he found in the directory, asking mother if she was the Mrs. S., of New Zealand, he knew so well? Since then we have seen a good deal of him. To-night we are having a walking picnic, to which he is coming, too. It ought to be fun all the way by the sea, in the moonlight. Most romantic, isn't it? To-day the fourth New Zealander who has passed through since we arrived met us. It is grand seeing faces you have

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known before. A though I have been going up Table Mountain so often it has never come to anything, and last week I had arranged to "make the ascent," having had thick soles put on my shoes for the occasion, but when I awoke in the morning a lively south-easter was blowing, and later on the rain "made the descent." We made the same arrangements for next week, but it is sure to be wet, for although we have had a particularly dry winter the week-end is always a failure. (A few days lat. r.) Two "Graphics" have just arrived, so I thought them a good hint to help me to finish this letter. Dora's photograph was splendid—it is the same as one she sent me. One cousin says she looks younger than she thought, so she is in reality younger, that is, than she is. (That sentence might be a little clearer without being too plain, I am afraid.) Dora is really one of the nicest girls anyone could wish to know and have for a cousin, and with absolutely no nonsense about her. I have begun my collection of wild flowers at last, having been given a huge office diary, unused, with blotter facing each page, which is just the book for pressing flowers in. I will get a few specimens of each flower at first, and then thin them out by degrees till I have only one or two of the ordinary wild ones. (Of course South Africa is just the place to begin collecting in, because there are over 100 different specimens of health alone, there being 70 in Caledon. I've been promised some flowers from Buenos Ayres, so I hope they arrive. I must ask for some Clematis. I think, from some New Zealander who lives near a bush, and would love some kowhai and rata if they were possible to press. Poor little Normal! I do pity her too, and wish I could send her something to cheer her up, but as only post cards and stamps are available, am rather afraid they would not have much power to "cheer," as she would be too young to collect. It was interesting reading the letter from the little South African girl, and I wish I could persuade some of the girls I know to join the "band." You have quite a variety of cousins, young and old, girls and boys, living at home (that is, New Zealand) and abroad. For the first time since leaving Auckland I had a short ride on a horse. I can't ride properly, only being able to stick on, but it is in my idea of bliss to have a horse and be able to do more than stick on. The following day, dear Cousin Kate, stiff was not the word for what your beloved "relation" felt—and starch is not a stiff enough comparison. For four days my short walk up-town seemed endless, but to-day I feel more "bump." Did I tell you that my latest attraction in the book line was "The Road Mender," by Michael Fairbairn? It is only quite short, and not exactly a story. If you haven't read it, and do, be sure you tell me, and your opinion of it. To me it is lovely, and the little bits about flowers and Nature in general are perfect. I want to get "The Gathering of Brother Hilarius," by the same author. Please excuse this if I wrote it in my last letter, because I have so many to write that it is hard to remember. What a dear little story that is in the "Graphic" about Emmy Lou and the spelling medal. Kitty isn't the only person unable to spell "creative" is she? I've finished "Diamond," am in the middle of "Pendennis," and have been given a copy of "Vanity Fair," so am well set up, and might be said, when I have read them, to have "improved my mind." They are the first and only ones of Thackeray I've read, and I simply enjoy every page, and wonder how I ever looked at crowds of books I have lately devoured, though I am positive I will go back to them. The only book I truly detest is a love story. Some are very prettily written, and then it is all right—like the "Star Dreamer." This letter is very dry, but I haven't been anywhere lately. For three weeks I have been working for a firm whose typist is ill, and as to-morrow is the end of the month, I am rather anxious to hear if I am to be kept on or not. It is a good firm, and the work is always plentiful, especially on mail-day, Wednesday, when I work at the typewriter from a quarter to nine till after the mail is done, about a little after two, go home for luncheon, and then return. Last Saturday I had to work till three o'clock to finish some letters for the Buenos Ayres mail. I felt most delighted to spend Saturday afternoon that way, as you may imagine. Still, if I am kept on I don't mind anything, because everybody is so polite and does such a lot for me; and last, but not too late, the salary is a little over £100 per year, which is fair just now when no bills are to be had, though many typists get from £10 to £12 in a good firm. How I envy my "Argus" sister! She gets two press tickets for every opera and theatre, sometimes going three

nights in the week. She has to go to make little notes, though the plays have all been reported properly, and she and I can't go alone, so mother or my brother takes her. To-night she is seeing "Old Heidelberg" played by Miss Nelson's company. I would so like to see Catherine Pole again, and of course she is acting in it. (To-morrow is mail-day.) The "Voice," which is being published in Auckland, seems an interesting little magazine—such pretty little pieces here and there, and altogether has something about everything. Auckland is coming ahead with her papers. At Three Anchor Bay, where we get into the tram every day, the road is being cut up to lay pipes for water and gas to the exhibition grounds. First, huge channels are cut deep down, great piles of clay are heaped upon both sides of these ditches, which again are on each side of the road, so when the rain arrives, as it never fails to do when not wanted, the road is a lovely pond of mud, with pools on the foot-path to fall into. I was getting off the Sea Point express car last week, and had forgotten about the clay, so as I jumped off I saw it, and was not decided where to put my foot. I finally landed on the top of one heap, from which I promptly slipped, and, deciding it was better to put out my hand to stop myself than sit down on it, I did so, and carried away a few hundredweight of road, mixed with water and mud. Of course it was raining, and of course people I knew were riding on the express. Last time I wrote I asked for Cousin Olive's address, but if too many have written to her I hope she will tell me. I'd like to write to some of the cousins if they feel inclined to send me letters. It is such a good way of getting to know each other. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I decided this was to be a short letter, but alas, this is the fifth page, none of which contain any news. Good-bye, I must stop. With love to all the cousins; love to yourself too, Cousin Kate, and thanks for your long answers to my letters. From Cousin Alison.

[Dear Cousin Alison.—Thank you very much indeed for your nice long letter. I cannot imagine how you manage to do your work, keep up your own private correspondence, and still find time to write so much to me. Tell me the secret of it next time you write, will you, dear Alison? For lately I haven't been able to find time to write to my oldest friends. You are such a busy person that I'm afraid you wouldn't have time to enjoy your pets even if you did have some. I remember your old dog very well indeed, and have often seen him sitting on the fence down Brighton road. Cousin Rosie is very fortunate to be travelling about and seeing so much. Perhaps we shall all be equally lucky some day; any way, we will hope so. I wonder if either of you could play "knuckle bones" now? You guessed Betty's other name quite correctly. Betty is such an uncommon name nowadays that you ought to have guessed it quite easily. A squadron in port does cause a great deal of excitement, doesn't it? We have had the French warship Protet in just lately, and the Phycer and Clio too. I wonder if your sister remembers the night we were all invited to the American Consul's to meet the officers of the Brooklyn. Your collection of wild flowers should prove very interesting. I'm afraid I can't send you the Clematis, kowhai and rata, but perhaps some of the cousins will see this and send some in for you. You will be glad to hear that Norma is quite well again. I can quite imagine your feelings after your ride. I have experienced them often myself, but it doesn't stop me from going for a ride the next opportunity I get. I haven't come across the "Road Mender" yet, or "The Gathering of Brother Hilarius" either; but your praise of them has made me quite anxious to get them. A fall in the street such as you describe does make one feel so undignified, doesn't it? I am so glad to hear you have got such a nice position, and hope it will be a permanent one, and the salary seems to me to be very good indeed for a beginning. I used to think it was lovely being able to go to the theatre every night if I liked, but now that I have got used to it I never go unless there is something particularly good to see. Well, Alison, I really must stop now, as there are ever so many more letters to answer. —Cousin Kate.]

"Judging from the appearance of that bright thing up there," remarked the young trout, "I conclude it's a nice fly."

"My child," cautioned the wise mother trout, "don't jump at your conclusion or you will be your finish."

Only a Waster:

(BY FLORENCE BEACH.)

Brown-Boots sat in the corner of the yard, and felt very depressed and wretched. His mother had just told him that he was a disgrace to his family, and that she was ashamed of such a puppy, and when your mother is ashamed of you things are pretty bad. He told himself that it wasn't his fault; he couldn't help having been born a waster. Now, "waster" is a term applied to a dog who has some defect, and is not a well-marked, straight-standing animal, and out of all his mother's family Brown-Boots was the only "waster," so that, naturally, she was very much ashamed of him. All his brothers were fine fox-terrier puppies, and a credit to the family.

Jim, the stable-boy, had taken a fancy to Brown-Boots, or he would have been drowned. Jim called the puppy Brown-Boots because his two front legs were brown just at the paws, so that he looked as though he had brown boots on.

Brown-Boots sat in his corner and watched his mother giving lessons to Kit, his sister, in the art of pricking up his ears. He knew he could prick up his ears as well as Kit, but nobody took any trouble to teach him anything; he was of no account at all. His meditations on his sad lot did not make him angry and bad-tempered; but, on the contrary, made him very anxious to be a good dog and make himself useful.

"I wouldn't mind," he said to himself, "if Mother would only love me a little."

"What do you mean by taking the coolest corner of the yard?" said his brother Rufus, coming up and roughly edging him out of the way.

"I am very sorry," said Brown-Boots humbly, "I didn't know you wanted it."

"Of course," said Rufus, "it doesn't make any difference to you, because you are a 'waster,' but with me, now, it's different. I have to be careful of my complexion, and, besides, the sun gives me a headache. I am going to be exhibited at a show next month."

"Are you, indeed?" said Brown-Boots, "but what for?"

"What for?" said Rufus disdainfully. "How silly you are! Why it's a beauty show—a dogs' beauty show. I am considered a very handsome fellow."

"I wish I was a handsome fellow," said Brown-Boots wistfully; "I suppose I am very ugly."

"I should think so, indeed," said Rufus, complacently licking one of his paws, "your hair is too long and rough, and you have nasty brown patches where you shouldn't, and one leg is shorter than the other. Ugly, indeed!" and Rufus laughed.

"Jim likes me," said Brown-Boots.

"Oh, Jim!" laughed Rufus, "he would like anything. He isn't any judge of beauty."

Just then Brown-Boots stood up and shook himself. "Ha ha, ha!" laughed Rufus, "your tail will be the death of me; I know it will. Why it will soon be long enough to use for a clothes-line."

Now Rufus and his other brothers and sisters had all had their tails docked long ago, but Brown-Boots, who was of no account at all, had not had his docked, so that instead of having a little stump like Rufus he had a long wavy tail.

"Well, I don't see why Nature gives me a tail if it is going to be taken away," said Brown-Boots. "And that little dog who comes here sometimes with the tall, grey gentleman has a long tail with hair like a brush, so what's the difference?"

Rufus didn't quite know, so he said vaguely, "Oh, well, you see that dog is a Pomeranian. It makes all the difference."

Just then Kit, the belle of the kennel, strolled up. "So you think you are going to win prizes at the show, do you?" she said to Rufus. "Don't be too sure, though! Now, I think Brown-Boots," looking at him with a mocking laugh, "your brother here, would win a first prize."

Rufus burst out laughing, and Brown-Boots felt very uncomfortable. "What do you get for a first prize?" he said. "Oh! money generally," said Kit. "Well, what do you do with it?" asked Brown-Boots.

"What a stupid puppy you are!" said Kit. "We don't have the prize—the master gets it."

Just then they heard their mother calling: "Kit! Rufus! come here; I have something important to say to you."

She didn't call Brown-Boots, but he thought he might as well go and hear the important news.

He found his mother in a little flutter of excitement. "A very great honour has been done us," she said to her puppies. "A Lady—a very great lady indeed—is coming down this afternoon to choose a dog. It will be a beautiful place to live in, a most superior place. The one whom she fancies will be able to turn up his nose at all the other dogs in the streets." She looked at Rufus as she spoke, for she thought Rufus would most likely be chosen. Rufus immediately began to practise the upward curve of the nose. In fact, he turned his nose up so high in the air that he couldn't see, and fell into the water-trough. Brown-Boots couldn't help laughing. His mother pulled Rufus out of the water and gave him a good spanking.

"Now we must all make our toilettes!" she said. "I am sorry we haven't more time, there is only four hours, and a full toilette takes at least eight. But we must do the best we can. Don't get flurried, but take things calmly; and Brown-Boots," catching sight of him in the background, "you can help your brothers and sisters."

Soon they were all so busy that they hadn't time to talk. Rufus secured the looking-glass first, although he wasn't the eldest, and shouldn't have had it. Of course, you know a dog's looking-glass is his water trough; if you bend over the water you can see yourself quite plainly. Rufus practised the little tuck of the head which the department master had taught him, until he had just got the right mixture of sauciness and humility. Unfortunately, he had recently had a bad cold, so that his eyes were not quite so bright as they might be, but he blinked water into them to give a little more sparkle to them. "Now, where's that big bone for my teeth?" he called out.

"Here you are," called Brown-Boots, bringing it to him. So Rufus sharpened and cleaned his teeth on the bone with great vigour.

"Mother, shall I bark when I see the lady?" he asked of his mother.

"Certainly," she replied, "we are going to practise a welcoming chorus of barks in a minute, and you can take the solo."

"Ahem!" said Rufus, clearing his throat, "my cold has not improved my voice, I'm afraid." He barked a little scale to try. "Hum, tolerable—tolerable."

"May I bark too?" said Brown-Boots. "Oh, yes, if you like," said his mother hurriedly, for she was just giving the finishing touches to Kit's coat.

At last they heard voices coming the way of the yard. They all struck appropriate attitudes, all except Brown-Boots, who sat in a corner. "One last instruction," said the mother, "don't be too profuse with your kisses, especially if the lady has nice white gloves on."

"Here they are, your ladyship," they heard the master's voice saying; "it's rather a rough way to them."

She came along the yard daintily, picking her way, holding her fluffy white skirts in her hand.

"Oh, what nice dogs," she cried; "oh! aren't they sweet!"

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They all barked the welcoming chorus, but Rufus, Brown-boots noticed, was a little flat in the solo, but the lady didn't seem to notice it.

Rufus tossed his head and looked sprightly, while Kit put on a pensive air, which rather became her. Brown-boots watched the lady, for he thought he had never seen anything so pretty and delicate before. The mistress sometimes came to the kennels, but she wasn't in the least like this lady. The lady had such a sweet voice, so gentle and kind, and her smile reminded Brown-boots of the sunshine.

"Oh, dear! I shall never be able to choose, they all look so nice!" she said after a little inspection.

The master laughed. "Well, here's a very good dog," indicating Rufus, who gave a little bark of agreement.

"Oh! what's that dear little dog in the corner?" she cried, suddenly catching sight of Brown-boots. Brown-boots didn't think she could possibly mean him, although she looked in his direction, for nobody had ever said anything nice to him before.

"Oh! that," said the master, "ought not to be here at all. He's only a waster." The lady didn't understand, so he had to explain to her that a waster was a dog that was of no use. "But he has such a jolly little face! Come here, little dog," she called.

Brown-boots knew she meant him this time, so he ran up to her, waving his long tail and jumping with excitement, making, as his mother said afterwards, a fearful exhibition of himself. Brown-boots forgot that he was not to be profuse in his kissing, and covered her hands with them. They were so soft and pretty, and had a faint perfume on them. "You dear!" said the lady, "he's sweet, isn't he?" turning to the master. The master laughed. "He's not a good dog," he said; "he hasn't even been docked."

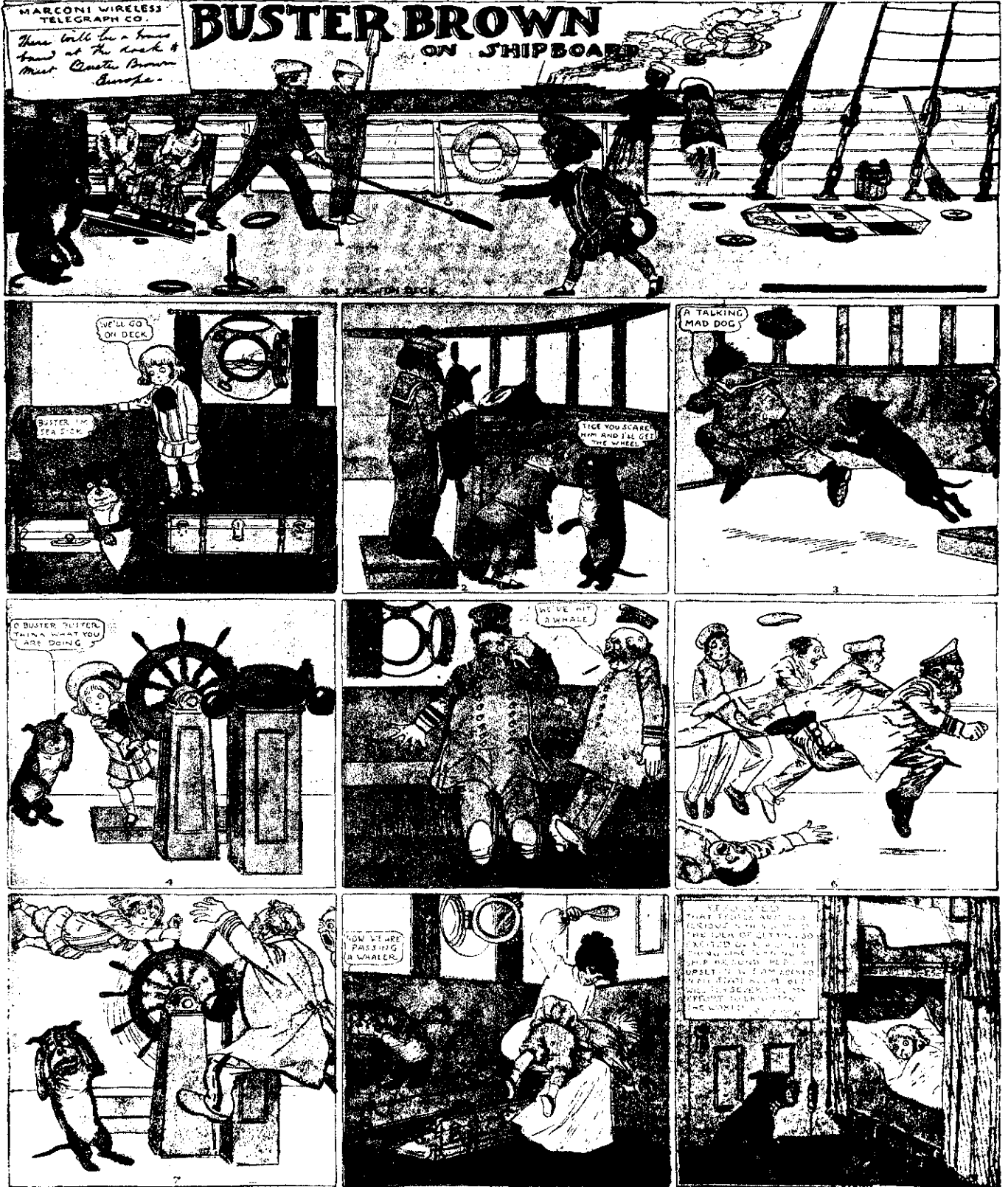
"I am glad he hasn't," said the lady; "I think it's a cruel practice. I have made up my mind. I am going to have this little dog. I like his jolly little

face and bright eyes. Doggy, dear," she said, bending down to him, "will you be my little doggy?"

And wouldn't Brown-boots? He was so delighted that he felt quite light-headed. In spite of the master's protests the lady insisted on having him, and carried him off to her carriage, where he lay on a soft fur rug with the lady's hand on his head. He was just the happiest little dog in the world.

As he left the kennel he barked "good-bye" to his mother and brothers and sisters, but they were so jealous and cross that they wouldn't even say good-bye.

"Why," said Rufus contemptuously when he had gone, "he's only a waster!"



AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

The "Only-Daughter" Wife.

(By an "Only-Daughter's" Mother.)

Many men are afraid of the "only daughter." "She is sure to be spoilt!" is the pet argument.

But she ought to be well trained, since her mother has had plenty of time to devote to her.

And an "only daughter" should understand housekeeping in all its branches. In a household of many girls, domestic duties are divided. One superintends the linen, another the stores, while a third looks after the "fripperies," such as the flowers, arranging the drawing-room, and setting off the table to decorative advantage.

The only daughter helps her mother in everything. She begins social life earlier than the girl with many sisters; as a rule she is her father's darling, and a real helpmeet to him.

Thus she gains a knowledge of the ways of a man, his tastes and dislikes; and usually, too, she learns how to manage him, and twist him round her slender white finger.

And the man who is well managed by a woman—so long as he does not discover it—is the happiest soul in the world.

If an only daughter has two or three brothers, she ought to make an ideal wife; for she will then have had a thorough training in all the intricacies of masculinity.

An only daughter possessed of several brothers is usually very tactful in dealing with men.

In a family of many boys and girls, these do not try and "get on" with all the others.

They usually divide up into cliques; twos and twos become special chums, and don't bother very much about the rest.

But the only daughter tries to get on well with the entire family. Perhaps she runs the gauntlet of a bit of spoiling. But the writer always maintains that a girl's character is softened and sweetened by a certain amount of spoiling.

"Unkissed, unkind," is a very true proverb. And in a large family mother is often too busy to devote much time to the individual child.

Of course, she loves them all; but there is so much to look after, and so many to divide her tokens of affection amongst, that the very ones who need her love most suffer terribly from heart-bunger. The desire to be loved softens the nature, so long as the hunger is satisfied by a certain amount of the sympathy and affection it craves.

But in the rush and hurry of a big family there is many a little heart which eats itself out in silent yearning for the token of love which is a child's birthright; but of which, as one of a crowd, he gets but few. So a certain reserve and harshness is apt to form; the child looks to strangers for the love he ought to get at home. Sometimes the strangers are also too busy to show much affection.

Thus a gradual withdrawing into his own nature, a certain coldness and reserve, may spring up.

In an only daughter you will usually find less reserve. She is so accustomed to being valued and noticed and petted, that she takes it for granted that everybody likes her and is interested in her.

This in itself is a great charm. If there are no brothers, and she is an only child, there is a danger that she may be a little selfish. She will not have learned the valuable lesson of "giving up," which all the members of a large family have to take to as naturally as little ducks to water. On the other hand, the only child will not have had to face the friction and opposition and the fighting for her rights which is the rule in families of brothers and sisters. In some cases the family fights prepare the members for the world.

They learn to give and take, to exchange blows, to plan revenge, and to seek and offer forgiveness. But the process may harden and spoil a sensitive nature. The constant bickerings and

jealousies in which some sisters indulge cannot be said to elevate and improve a girl.

The atmosphere of peace and calm an only child has been used to makes for harmony in the home when she marries.

A tendency to argue and quarrel are habits which—like ill weeds—grow apace. If a girl is accustomed to stand up for her rights, and fight for every privilege with a couple of sisters or several brothers, she finds it dull when she marries, and the opportunities of nervousness and scenes are removed.

So she begins to quarrel with her bridegroom. And the fallacy that it takes two to quarrel is the most absurd error ever invented. One person can accomplish it to most artistic perfection!

The delight to a lover of wooing his lass without having to run the gauntlet of a regiment of critical brothers and sisters is almost too obvious to need dwelling on. Many brothers detest the men who pay attention to their sisters. Part of this is jealousy. Some of it is a kind of contemptuous pity for a chap who manufactures romance and sentiment over a girl "who is a good sort," but having been their sister all their lives, presents no romantic possibilities to them.

And few girls are friendly disposed to men who fall in love with their sisters.

To begin with, he has shown such obvious bad taste! And Nell feels horribly "out of it" when the prospective brother-in-law comes a-wooing. In fact, the whole family feels out of it. And they think Dolly a cold-hearted little wretch to throw them over, and cease to take any interest in her own people, all for the first strange man who comes along.

They forget that little Dolly is in the grip of a relentless power, stronger than her own—the law of Nature, which makes a woman forsake all and cleave unto her own masculine mate.

Lastly, there is the ultimate advantage of any family heritage, furniture, and worldly goods wherewith papa endows his only daughter.

Mrs. Wick on "Picnics."

Of course, some folks take their pleasures queerly. As the man said when his wife proposed invitin' relations for Christmas. I never did, an' never shall, understand the way people who are accustomed to comfortable meals in their own homes will move mountains to get one in a slippy-sloppy fashion in the open air.

I've a prejudice, myself, in favour of tea that's hot, and I've never thought that curries an' such-like improved its flavor.

Last time I let myself be over-persuaded to go into the country with our Bible-class treat I set my teeth, anticipatin' into a ham sandwich, an' before I'd had time to do more'n suspicion the mustard there was a green fly in the back of my throat, that kept remindin' me, as you might say, for the rest of the afternoon.

For those who prefer a flickerin' spirit-lamp, that the wind puts out constant, or a fire that won't neether lay nor light, to a kitchen range that settles a kettle in five minutes, or who get more enjoyment from traumpin' over fields in the broilin' sun to carry water from a stream than turnin' on a tap, an' don't mind a hillowin' table-cloth, nor one that gets up an' wraps itself round them an' the food at intervals—to say nothin' of seeds of lumbago an' rheumatics thrown in—I don't say that a picnic's not a good way of gettin' amusement cheap. That is, if they don't spend their money an' tire themselves through into the bargain with a train journey to find a place where they can take their teas uncomfortablely.

An' I quarrel with the unsociableness of a picnic. 'If you gather a few friends indoors, you sit up to your tea round a table all within easy talkin' distance, an' nobody's left out in the cold; an' if you should chance to be discussin' matters that don't exactly concern the parties present, you've no call to raise your voice. But with a field, or woods, or sands, it

seems as ef the space, an' the waste of it in sittin' huddled, got into your blood. You'll have your meal—an' what with the drawbacks I've named at startin', it'll take you all your time to do that, let alone tryin' to converse—an' when it's over, you'll all get up an' scatter about in ones an' twos an' threes, for all the world 's ef you were so many sheep browsin'. An' as fer conversation, ef you should get together again, I remember Mary Jane Wilkes at the treat tryin' to cerlect a few of us in Barcomb Woods to tell us about her visit to Ellen Seaford, who'd married into the villidge of Barcomb below. What with a worryin' brook one side, an' a wind blowin' from the other, an' birds chirpin' themselves silly overhead, she'd got to shout 's ef she was addressin' a meetin'; an' just when she was explainin' the poor quality of blankets put on her bed, there was a cracklin' of twigs, an' who should step along the path behind but Ellen Seaford herself an' her husband, who she'd gone to meet from his work at the quarries. "You needn't worry about their thinness, Mary Jane," said she, loud an' very perliite, 'fer you've slep' between them fer the last time!"

No, to my thinkin', picnics are a disappointment, unless it's from the point of view of courtin' couples, who like to come across new places fer meanderin' separate. But in that case, as bein' in love seems to have a contrary effect on people's appetites, the main idea of gatherin' of the kind would be somethin' of a waste.

First Proposals.

Everybody is supposed to be able to manage their own affairs best, but as a rule at no time in her life does a girl stand so sorely in need of a wise woman friend's help and advice as during that time just preceding her first offer of marriage. But it all has to be done so tactfully that even the girl herself does not know she is aided, and her mind led to see things in their right light.

A curious blindness usually afflicts a girl who is being courted for the first time, and it prevents her from having the slightest inkling of what her lover is endeavouring to lead up to. Then when he proposes she is so astonished and perturbed that not knowing her own mind he is perhaps refused when

ne should be accepted, or accepted when a gentle refusal would tell more truly the state of her affections.

Girls seldom consider sufficiently their first proposal. It seems hard to a girl that in the midst of a particularly happy companionship with a friend she is suddenly stopped for all the responsibilities of life to be arrayed before her, and for her to decide if she will walk this new road with the man who is pleading at her side, or, refusing his hand, see him no more, and empty her life of at least the enjoyment she had found in his society.

But there is the other girl who, on being proposed to for the first time, thinks only of the joys and importance of the being engaged period. In a moment she is in a flutter of excitement, and answers "Yes," without a moment of thought. It is only afterwards that she learns that the delights of being engaged usually come only to those engaged to the right man.

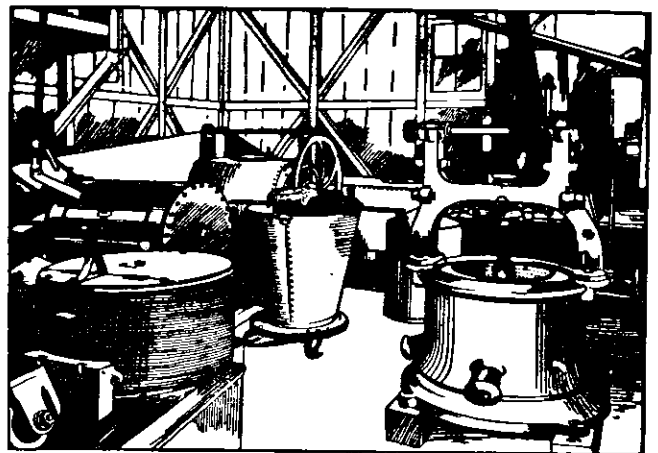
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The Girl Who Has Had Experience.

(By Dorothy Dix.)

As a general thing the sophisticated woman appeals to a man as more enjoyable as a companion than desirable as a wife. He may like to spend his leisure hours in the society of a woman who knows her world, but when he marries he is apt to pick out some gentle creature who has, at least, the illusion of artless ignorance about her, for there is no gainsaying the fact that an impression prevails among men that the less a wife knows the better.

This explains the fascination of the debutante, and the reason why men so often pass by the cultured, elegant, socially experienced woman of their own set to fall in love with some rustic maiden with whom their marriages are as incongruous as the union of the Sevres jar and the earthen pot. To men, ignorance in woman still means innocence and absence of opportunity, lack of desire, when, in reality, they are as far apart as the poles.

Still, this is a mistake that men almost universally make, and, strangely enough, the older they are and the less excuse there is for their making such an error, the more apt they are to fall into it. If an old bachelor marries, for instance, he almost invariably picks out some little girl just out of the schoolroom, with the aroma of bread and butter still about her, instead of some woman of his own age, who has arrived at his own cocktail state of experience, so to speak.

The average man's ideal of woman is still Eve before she ate the apple, not the Eves who refrain from eating apples because the fruit is bad for their digestion, so when his delighted gaze falls upon the ingenuë he says to himself: "Here is the modest little flower-let I have been looking for! She doesn't know anything about admiration and adulation like the splendid big roses that bloom in the conservatories, and so I will transplant her to the secluded shade of my own home, where she will be perfectly satisfied just to shed her perfume for me. Heaven defend me from acquiring, for my own pleasure, one of the prize-winning flowers that every man that comes along has admired, for I apprehend that that kind of woman can't live except in an atmosphere of perpetual adulation, and I do not care for any married belle in mine."

Thereupon the wise man marries a young girl during her first season in society, firmly convinced that because he is the first and only man who has ever made love to her that he will be the last and only. This depends on circumstances. The girl may be sufficiently in love with him never to crave the admiration of any other man, or she may be so situated as to be cut off from it, and so safe, but the path to the divorce court is kept hot by wives who were married when they were mere children, and before they found out how intoxicating is the draught of admiration, and flattery, and love-making that man offers to woman's lips. If a woman acquires a taste for this after marriage, God help her husband, for there is no cure for the married flirt. She may not be a bad woman, or an actually immoral one, but her craving for admiration is

like the hunger for opium. It grows by what it feeds on, and there is no limit to the depth of imbecidity into which it will lead its victim.

If you will trace back the stories of the infidelity of wives, half of the time you will find that the woman was married when she was young, before she had experienced the thrilling delight of listening to a man's vows of deathless devotion, or had known the subtle sense of power with which a woman finds out that she can sway men by her beauty or her charm. Few husbands ever make love to their wives, and so it is the woman's natural desire for this courtship and this adulation that she has missed that leads her into seeking it away from home and in forbidden paths.

Far otherwise is it with the woman who has been a belle before she was married. She has had her fill of adulation and admiration from men, and it possesses none of the charms of novelty to her. She has heard the verb to love conjugated in all its moods and tenses until it is as wearisome as a school exercise. She has played at the game of flirtation until it has palled upon her, and as a married woman she would no more think of finding amusement in carrying on a surreptitious love affair than a Paderewski would think of grinding out ragtime from a barrel organ. She has had all she wanted. She is tired of it. She has outgrown it.

Above all, she has picked out the man she prefers, after knowing many men, and the woman who has been a mart before marriage may be depended upon to hang up her bow and arrow when she marches to the altar, and never to indulge in the sport again.

An old negro woman once put this matter pitifully to me when, in speaking of a frivolous matron, she made this excuse for the light woman: "You see, honey," said the dusky philosopher, "Miss May done married before she had any gal time, and a woman just oweened to have a gal time. At it don't come while she's young it's got to come when she is old. Miss May is just getting her gal time now." A profound truth is wrapped up in this homely axiom. The reason that the American married woman, as a whole, is more trustworthy than her Continental sister is that, as a rule, the American woman has had her girl time of love-making and flirtation, and true admiration from men before marriage, while marriage first opens the door to these pleasures to the majority of European women. So, in reality, in choosing a wife the man who picks out a woman who has been surfeited on admiration gets a preferred risk. Not so with the man who marries the ingenuë who still has her debt of admiration to collect from man.

Another mistake that men make is in thinking that the best way to assure themselves of getting a domesticated wife is to marry a woman who never has been in society. Men marry to get a home far oftener than women do. The city man, at least, seldom commits matrimony until he is utterly weary of the deadly round of social gaieties and until the sight of restaurant fills him with loathing, and the glare of electricity above the theatre door makes him want to run from it instead of into it. In his picture of domestic bliss he sees himself spending the evenings in slippers ease by his own fireside,

and the mere thought of being dragged about in a wiles wake to balls and parties and late nights hits him with such terror that he feels his only safety lies in marrying some woman who knows nothing of them.

Never was a more fatal error. There is no other woman in the world who is so absolutely crazy for every form of amusement, as the woman who has never known any society, and who after she has been starving for it. She is like a man dying of thirst who is suddenly plunged into a river where he can steep himself to the lips. Perhaps she has never been to a ball before, and the anticipation of dancing becomes a frenzy with her that makes her mad to go to every party to which she is invited. Perhaps she never has been to a restaurant before, and the golden streets of the new Jerusalem do not appear so desirable to her eyes as to eat in a gilded public dining room. Perhaps she has never seen to a 5 o'clock tea before, and the innate clatter of woman's tongues at a reception is like the music of the spheres, of which she can never get enough. I have seen a country bred wife, whose most potent charm in her husband's eyes was her promise of domesticity, converted as soon as she reached town into the most insatiable of theatre fiends and restaurant goers, and a gadabout who counted every minute lost that she had to spend in her own home, and who could never by any stretch of the imagination understand why her husband preferred to have dinner at home and spend an evening in the library, when he might be eating at a table d'hote down town and going to see a musical extravaganza.

Not is there any social climber equal to the woman who has always sat at the foot of the ladder and envied the women who were perched on the top rung. Almost without exception the women of whose insane extravagance we hear, and who bankrupt their husbands trying to break into society, by means of bizarre entertainments whose every feature is gold plated, are women who are not used to society and to whom seeing their name in the society column of the papers is a new and undiluted joy of which they cannot get enough.

the continual faultfinding and suffer in silence.

What makes matters worse for the little ones is that there are many women who are regarded by their husbands as model wives, but who, on account of their thoughtlessness toward their children, are really very inferior mothers. It is no exaggeration to say that there are thousands of children who are subjected every day to that nagging treatment which makes a man repent having entered the bonds of matrimony far quicker than anything else.

In fairness to many mothers it must be said that they unwittingly fall into the habit of nagging their children. The tiresome ways of the latter seem more than they can bear at times, and the result is that they are apt to forget them-selves.

"Don't do this," and "Don't do that"; "Why can't you let things alone?" "I never saw such a child!"; "You are a perfect torment; but what can one expect from such a child? You are exactly like your father," etc., ad nauseam through all the nerve-racking catalogue of "nag."

And then these mothers honestly wonder why their children are reduced to a state of sulky irritability.

Such mothers never seem to take into consideration the fact that children are the most sensitive beings in the world, and that their whole experience is made up of small joys and small sorrows that mean happiness or misery to them. Children are such little people in such a big world. All their little privileges and pleasures depend so much on the whim of the grown-ups and not on any basis of right or justice to the child. Unless the rights of the little people are kept carefully in view by the big people, it is small wonder that they sometimes rebel openly against the authority whose pressure they feel in galling jerks and unreasonable restrictions.

Under such circumstances a child, instead of learning to love and trust its parents, becomes frightened of them. It becomes nervous of doing anything openly, for fear of irritating its mother. Of course, children do many wrong

The Way Some Mothers Spoil Their Children by Nagging.

When one talks of a nagging wife, it is generally to refer in pitying terms to the man whom she has married. Much more to be pitied, however, are the children of the marriage. A man can endure much and find a remedy in retaliation. But sensitive children shrink from

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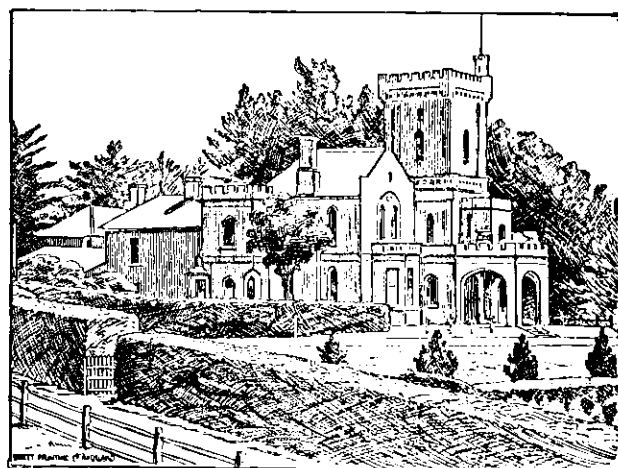
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things during the course of a week, about which they have to be told, or for which they have to be punished. But it is foolish to try and teach a child the difference between right and wrong by constantly reminding the little one of its faults and calling it "an imp of mischief," or some other like name on every possible occasion.

Perhaps one of the main reasons why some mothers develop nagging habits is on account of their extreme love of order and neatness. As every mother is aware, it is impossible to always keep the house in a condition of apple-pie order, when the family includes three or four growing children. They will upset the neatness of a room and do those things which in the opinion of the order-loving mother they should not do.

But even this should not cause a mother to lead her children to think, owing to her remarks, that they are "perfect nuisances," to use an expression common in many homes. Neither should she be led to make harsh and thoughtless remarks about those petty faults from which most children suffer. Instead, care should be taken to show the difference between right and wrong in as gentle a manner as possible, and once the lesson is impressed upon the mind of the child there is no necessity to refer to that particular fault again.

Why so Many Pretty Girls Become Unattractive Wives.

Why do girls who, before their marriage, were considered extremely pretty, bright and vivacious, seem to have developed, in the short space of three or four years into unattractive and uninteresting women? "How she has changed," is the remark one frequently hears applied to the young wife. No longer is she the neat, winsome little woman we knew during her single days. That charm which made her the centre of so much admiration seems to have totally disappeared. She has disappointed us, and we cannot help regretting that she ever entered the bonds of matrimony which seem to have brought about so great a change.

Of course, one cannot expect a wife to always retain that beauty which made her so attractive as an unmarried girl of 19 or 20. The duties and responsibilities of married life are bound to bring about some change. But does it necessarily follow that it should be for the worse and not for the better?

It may not be possible for a wife to always exhibit that freshness which characterised her girlhood, owing to the cares of wifehood and motherhood. But there is practically only one reason why marriage should be allowed to make women ugly or unattractive in other respects. In most cases the fault is to be found, not in the fact that she has married, but in the woman herself. If you see a wife who seems to have lost all her attractiveness and personal charm since marriage, you will probably find in the majority of cases, that she herself is responsible for the deficiency.

There are hundreds of bright, blooming young matrons in this country whose charms are a direct denial to the assertion that marriage makes women ugly. These are women who have not allowed matrimony to take away their good looks. In a word, they have never ceased to take a pride in themselves. That is the secret of their perpetual youth. They take as much interest in their appearance and good looks five and ten years after marriage, as they did before meeting the man they ultimately wedded. Vanity, you say. Maybe, but such vanity is to be recommended to every wife.

Did every woman follow such examples, matrons, spinsters, bachelor girls, and even cynical bachelors themselves, would be forced to confess that marriage was an aid to beauty. What a number of women there are who, immediately they are married, seem to think that there is no need to add to their attractiveness. Maybe it is the thought that now they are married, it is not necessary to make any special efforts to retain the love and admiration of their husband. Consequently they drift into a state of indifference regarding themselves.

The one reason why some women lose their beauty after marriage, for which

they are not to blame, is that of un-happines. The essential thing to a woman's beauty is happiness. A week's fretting will age her to an astonishing degree, while a real unhappiness robs cheek and lip of colour, eyes of light and life, and destroys all the soft, rounded curves of winsome femininity.

Woman's Lost Art.

FEMINE CRITICS DEPLORE THE LOSS OF THE SWEET AND SILVERY VOICE.

If we are to attempt any importance to feminine critics, the sweet and silvery female voice is a thing of the past.

"Listen to the so-called conversation in any crowded assembly, and what do we find it amounts to?" asks a writer in a leading ladies' journal. And she replies: "A few set phrases shot from our larynxes in a series of shrieks."

"The female voice is becoming like that of a parrot; we are abbreviating our words so as to reduce them to the most easily emitted sounds, and, in short, we are coming by sure and not altogether slow degrees to bark at each other."

"If only women would take as much trouble about their speech as they do about their looks," says another ladies' paper, "its progress towards barking could yet be arrested."

No one has ever heard a parrot bark, but if the metaphor is a little mixed, it is obvious that the writer intends to level the serious charge against the modern woman that her speech is rapidly degenerating. She means to imply, in fact, that the sweetness of a woman's voice has given way to a piercing, jerky shriek of almost unintelligible slang.

"This jerkiness," declared Mr Charles Seymour, an expert in voice culture and elocution, "is technically known as 'shock to the glottis.' It is very easily explained. Suppose two of your adjoining fingers to be the lips of the vocal chords. When the air is sent very rapidly through the wind-pipe it causes the lips to come together too suddenly, thus producing a kind of barking utterance."

"It is not correct to say that this style of speech is becoming more common than it was. In my opinion, we notice it more because our ears are becoming much more refined and sensitive, while the people generally are better educated. The average person who never noticed these things before does so now."

"As the result of over eleven years' experience in elocutionary work, my pupils having included a number of ladies, I am convinced that people are now asking for more sweetness in the tone of the voice. This has always been my object in giving elocutionary training to girls. It is no easy matter, however, as to secure reinforcement of tone without affectation you have always to remember that the mind must first act upon the voice."

"When a great singer smiles as she is singing it is not merely a mannerism or affectation. It is because she knows that only when in a joyful frame of mind can she impart the necessary happy ring to her voice. That pleasant expression absolutely affects her voice."

"It is the same with the speaker as with the singer, and to obtain a really sweet-toned manner of speaking a smiling face is a necessary accompaniment."

Though Mr. Seymour would not admit that the feminine voice was deteriorating, he was loth to confess that the use of slang words among women was becoming more common. "I put it down," he said, "largely to the fact that we are admirers of the American style, though I think it may also be that we have less time to talk now, and so need a more expressive vocabulary. It takes too long for the busy society lady to express herself in old English, so she is introducing new words, first known as slang, which afterwards become incorporated in the dictionaries."

"Why," he said, pointing to a huge volume lying on his desk, "that is the very latest dictionary published, and I find that such a word as 'bamboozle' is now allowed to be good English. A few years ago it would have been regarded as unmitigated slang."

There is, in fact, general agreement as to the justice of the feminine critic's accusation regarding the use of slang by

her fellow women. A walk down any crowded thoroughfare in the West End will prove it. One of two smartly-dressed ladies in Regent-street was heard saying that she would "mooch around outside" while the other went in to get a few yards of chiffon.

The writer of this article also happened to witness a homely little scene in Hyde Park of which a baby in a pram-bulator was the centre of interest.

"What a little ripper!" remarked a young lady to the mother of the child, "darling" evidently being insufficiently expressive. And when she had finished her sister buried her head in the pram-bulator. "Oh, you little dinky pinky child," she said, and pointing to its almost hairless little head, "Has nuns got a little bitmuss off the toppuss?" Such phrases may be expressive, and suit the purpose better than a long and laudatory speech, but they are certainly not English.

In regard to the introduction of American slang words into the English vocabulary, it will hardly be credited, but there are cases where English ladies and gentlemen have been known to go over to the United States simply to acquire Yankee slang and a twang. Now that so many of the English nobility have married American wives there is quite a rage in society circles for people who have acquired the Trans-atlantic mode of speaking to perfection.

The mistress of a large ladies' school declared that rigorous steps had now to be taken to suppress the use of slang among her pupils.

"I put its growing use down to the bad influence of their brothers in holiday time," she said. "At the beginning of the term it is always more noticeable. If a girl is too lazy to do a thing now she ejaculates, 'What a fag!' while such expressions as 'Hang it!' are frequently heard. These expressions would have sent a thrill of horror through our grandmothers."

How Jewel Thieves Work.

Every now and then the world is startled by the announcement of some great theft of jewels. Jewels worth thousands of pounds vanish in a most mysterious manner, or the thief goes off with them from right under the very nose of their owner, and in the majority of cases they are never recovered.

Only a few weeks back a well-known firm of Vienna jewellers was robbed of jewellery to the value of some thousands of pounds by a very snappy, though at the same time highly ingenious, dodge. A carriage and pair, with footman on the box and elaborate crest upon the carriage door, drove up to the jeweller's shop. A lovely young lady, dressed in the height of fashion, stepped from the vehicle, while the footman bowed to the very ground, and swept into the shop with a truly regal air, followed by her maid.

The shopman had seen the arrival of the carriage through the window, and had noted the crest, and when the gorgeously-dressed creature entered he was all attention and subservience. In her sweetest manner she asked to see some jewellery, diamond necklets, bracelets, brooches, etc., announcing at the same time that she was Countess X., a name which the shopman recognised as that of a Russian family noted for its wealth. She further named as her friend who had introduced her to the firm a lady of the Austrian nobility who was one of its best customers.

The finest jewels in the shop were placed before her, but they were hardly what she required nor good enough. She explained exactly what she wanted, and the shopman answered that they could supply the articles, but it would take a few days. And he was delighted when the countess agreed to wait, for her order ran into £10,000, which

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meant a handsome commission for himself. Just to go on with she chose a few articles from amongst the stock displayed before her, paid for them, and left.

She called again in the course of a few days, and on this occasion was met by one of the partners of the firm. She was charmed with the display laid before her, made her choice, and said she would return to the hotel to get the money, for she wished to show the jewels to her husband, who was unfortunately laid up with gout. She went, leaving her maid to await her return.

The maid chatted and laughed with the partner and shopman, and the former, mentioning he hoped she would not fail to remind her mistress of the existence of his firm in the future, pressed upon her the present of a diamond brooch. Hardly had she placed it in her pocket when two police officers entered the shop, caught the girl in their grasp, and announced to the astonished jeweller that both she and the so-called Countess X. were a couple of the smartest thieves in the world.

Luckily, said the officer, they had had the pair under close observation; they had arrested the countess, and lodged her at the police-station.

They hurried the woman outside, whilst the jeweller hastened to get his hat; and that was the last he ever saw of the maid, the bogus police officers, and the so-called countess.

The theft of the Earl of Anglesey's jewels is too fresh and well known to need mentioning; but passed into the annals of forgotten robberies, that is, forgotten by the public, for the police never forget them, is the theft of the jewels of the Countess Deyn, some 13 years ago. While the family were at dinner clever rogues were at work in the upper apartments of the mansion, with the interior arrangements of which they were as well aware as the family occupying it. Ere effecting an entrance, which they did by climbing on to a balcony, they blocked all the paths and side-walks leading to the house from the grounds by tying wire from tree to tree and across the gates. Any discovery of this would have raised the alarm that something was wrong, and given them a chance to escape, but the wires were not discovered until too late. Then it was found, too, that the Countess's jewel-box, which had been left open in her dressing-room, had been cleared of £8000 worth of jewels, none of which were ever recovered or even heard of again.

Hatton Gardens, the centre of the diamond trade, where men on the kerb, in the street, display handfuls of the gems, cut and uncut, to each other as though they were but so many peas, has been the scene of more than one great robbery, but a more daring coup than that planned and carried out a dozen years ago it would be well-nigh impossible to imagine.

By some means a gang of thieves learned that a certain merchant, who was in the habit of receiving large parcels of the gems every few months, was expecting the arrival of a consignment from South Africa. The actual date of its probable arrival they were, it seems, unable to ascertain, but they knew the packet was to be delivered by special messenger.

They rented an office immediately under that of the merchant's, and kept a sharp look-out for the arrival of the messenger, whose personality was known to them. They marked his arrival, but did not permit him to mount higher than the landing on which was their office. Reaching there, the men sprang upon him, wrapping his head in a drugged cloth, and dragging him into the office.

It was the work of an instant, and the man had never the chance to cry for help. Insensible, he was relieved of the diamonds, bound to a chair, and gagged and while the merchant awaited alone the coming of the diamonds, the robbers were away with their booty, valued at £8000.

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Young Mother: "Doctor, that bottle of medicine you left for baby is all gone."

Doctor: "Impossible! I told you to give him a teaspoonful once an hour."

Y.M.: "Yes; but John, and I, and mother, and the nurse have each to take a spoonful, too, in order to induce baby to take it!"

Old Sweethearts Meet and Wed Two Hours Later.

They met on the sands of the beach near the Cliff House in San Francisco just before the last mail left. As children they had been sweethearts in America. He drifted to South Africa and became a Kaffir king, a miner of fabulous wealth, and, incidentally, a husband. But he never forgot Anita Mallory, his California child sweetheart. He accumulated millions in the Rand, but he was not happy. His wife and he could not agree. She drifted away from him, and he got a divorce. In the far land of the nether realms of Africa, with all his wealth, with all his power, Jim Burslem could neither buy nor summon happiness. His dreams were of an American sweetheart, and last spring he came to America.

In New York he learned that his Anita had married a Los Angeles banker, Hugh Glassell, and in an aimless and yearning frame of mind the rich young widower set out for the pacific coast. He had made up his mind that he would not seek out his old sweetheart of childhood, but he could not resist the temptation to revisit the scenes of the early happiness of his boyist dreams. He went to San Francisco, got a room in the Cliff House, and, day after day, from his lonely window, watched the seals sporting on the rocks far out in the harbour.

One day in the dining room he saw a young woman who recalled his childhood. She was beautiful, dainty, lonely, and she knew him. She smiled upon him, and in five minutes he was exchanging the experiences of a decade with the girl whose heart had been his for all that time, but whose life had been not less adventurous than his own. He learned that she, too, was alone in the world, her husband having crossed the great divide, and left her a widow a year previously. She had not forgotten the old, simple, guileless days of their childhood, nor had the years effaced or diminished the tender regard in which she held him. For half an hour they talked over the intervening years, and then he said:

"Anita, we have both made our mistakes. We are sorry, are we not? But let us quit grieving and start it all over again. Let's start right now. Let's be married."

A sympathetic hotel clerk summoned Deputy County Clerk Baker, who accompanied the groom-to-be to the county clerk's office, where the license was made out. The Rev. John Rich, of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland, was summoned, and within two hours after their meeting this lover and sweetheart of an old romance were man and wife. Mrs. Glassell became Mrs. Burslem, and the delighted couple set out for St. Louis, whence they will go to New York, returning to the western coast to make their home in San Francisco.

"I did not know that she had been married, and she did not know that I had," explains Mr. Burslem—Jim Burs-

lem, the multi-millionaire of the veldt. "I had never forgotten her, and my own failures and disappointments had brought her memory back with renewed affection and regret. Her story was so like mine; we met so unexpectedly, we sympathized so readily and so sincerely that there seemed to be something fatefully happy in our reunion. I proposed marriage five minutes after I knew her story. She accepted me promptly, and we were married within the hour. It was the happiest hour of my life. I was a boy again. I know that I am the luckiest man in the world. Suffering seldom works to the end that its victims shall be doubly happy. But that's what it did for me."

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THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

SLEEVES AND NECK-BANDS.

It has seldom been our lot to see such a remarkable change in the various sleeves of the moment as there has been during the last few months. Of course, all extremes are exaggerated, and we see not only the tight coat sleeve, but also the new enormously puffed sleeves on all sides. Still, I would recommend my readers to keep always to a happy medium. This is safer, unless we have a very great deal to lay out, as very marked fashions bear their dates horribly; and a happy medium is generally suitable, and will continue for an indefinite period without very much notice.

Among the various sleeves which are worn, and well worn too, may be mentioned the bell shape, with a handsome turn-back cuff of velvet or embroidery. We have also the

FULL BELL SLEEVE

caught up to the wrist with a handsomely shaped cuff. Such a cuff is often scalloped with braid or trimming or various

kinds, and may be cut to shape either short or long, as we will. Then, again, comes a simple sleeve of the same description, the big bell being caught up with a neat pointed cuff, the point being carried up the sleeve a little way on the under side. Again comes the double sleeve, showing the upper half finished with a point at the elbow and the lower half being cut on the same lines with an open bell at the wrist, also finished with a sharp point, the point being almost over the hand. This shape is especially useful to those of us who are anxious to alter the shape of an existing sleeve which may be out of fashion, and which, by such a contrivance, can be brought up to date.

As to collars and collar-bands, their name is legion. Many of the

PRETTIEST COLLARS OR THROAT-LETS

are finished with tabs at the front, two or three tabs being used variously. These are not of the stiff linen kind; instead,

they are of embroidered cambric, or even a fine make of soft linen. Then we have the tiny turnover collar of embroidered cambric, which I have mentioned, not once, but often, in these columns. To such a collar the finish of a soft tie should most certainly be added. It is newer to finish this tie in a dainty knot, leaving the two ends to fall one below the other. Then there is the Swiss neck-band, which is specially suited to the owner of a long thin neck. It should be made of net, soft fine muslin, tulle, or lace, while it should be finished with a single big bow of pleated ribbon or tulle, or with three-rosettes set from left to right, one below the other.

QUITE THE NEWEST ARRANGEMENT.

is a yoke and epaulettes, or a sort of cape piece, of a plain or rich material, such, for instance, as silk, or even fine cloth, the yoke being stitched right the way round with several rows of machine stitching, and the edge of the epaulette

being stitched to match. Of course, such a style could not be adopted for a very plain or a very elaborate gown; but it should be remembered that in dressing simplicity should be the keynote. With a simple muslin gown, the rather flat French sailor hat will be eminently becoming. This is arranged with a particularly broad brim and a rather flat crown. Very little trimming is necessary, merely a band of plain ribbon or velvet, and a good-sized puckered rosette set on either side of the front. The colour used to trim the hat may be repeated in the waist-band, and again in the scarf or dainty under-front carried down the centre of the loose blouse bodice.

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A PRETTY HAT.

Hats are still most picturesque in design, and boast beautifully curved brims and rather higher crowns than we have of late seasons been accustomed to. The simple but pretty hat given in my sketch has a wide, shady brim trimmed with pink and white gauze ribbon, which forms a chou at one side, and also wide strings which are brought round and tied under the chin. It is a charming though simple piece of headgear, and would look well



TWO STYLISH COSTUMES.

with any sort of dress, whether serge or muslin. The shape of the hat could be copied in fine chip if a rather dressy hat were required, or coarse rustic straw for a morning hat. The high jam-pot crown



has become very popular. I recently saw an exceedingly pretty hat of this kind made of fine black chip and trimmed with a single black ostrich feather, which was arranged a little to one side of the front, with the end of the plume curling over the brim. Black velvet strings were brought from behind, and form the only other trimming, except an ornamental buckle securing the plume and apparently holding it in exactly the right position.



THE MODERN CAPE

is a detail of more than a little importance. It is, however, by no means a mantle—that is to say, the summer cape that is at the moment receiving so much attention. Instead, it is an airy-fairy garment, made very often of the same flimsy material as that which composes the rest of the bodice, or, indeed, the entire costume. I have seen not one but dozens of such capes. But a week ago I met a lovely muslin frock, costly, no doubt, in its simplicity, yet well worth copying by any of us who have but a limited amount to lay out. The muslin frock in question was white, and absolutely untripped, but mounted over a charming shade of fairly dark green silk. The pretty cape, which was cut into a sharp point at the back of the waist, was arranged in long hanging



points at the front, the points reaching almost to the knees, and were then finished with a tassel to match. The back of the cape showed a noticeable novelty. It was caught in at the waist by a Swiss shaped band made to match of the silk. Now

THE WHOLE CHARM.

of this dainty garment was that the cape was composed entirely of green silk to match the shade used for the foundation of the whole gown. A perfectly plain glace silk it was, untripped except for several rows of machine stitching set right round the edge; and yet the effect of the whole, although so plain, so simple, and so untripped, was absolutely fascinating in its novelty and uncommonness. Surely every

reader who can use a needle at all would be quite able to make for herself a summer costume for best wear such as I have described, finishing it with a cape as well; and I promise her she would score a well-merited success, and feel certain of looking smart and well dressed upon every occasion. All this, remember, could be obtained with a particularly small outlay, so, you see, the idea is worthy of note, and of imitation as well. With such a costume, either a large hat or a small toque would look equally well. The costume I am describing was finished with a smartly-shaped toque of green straw to match the cape, while the whole was trimmed with unmounted pink roses, without any foliage, and a large bow of black velvet ribbon was set on the left side rather at the back of the head.



A SMART BLOUSE.

I have rarely seen a prettier or smarter blouse than that depicted in my illustration. It is made of rose-pink silk, with a handsome lace yoke and numerous ruchings of the silk. The sleeves are made in a novel design, with the fullness caught in a puff at the top and then falling in a fringe edged with the silk ruching over the full undersleeve, which is again caught into a very wide wristband of lace. There is no collar, but the blouse is cut a little low in the form of a V at the throat, this giving it a very dressy effect. The front of the bodice is drawn into the yoke, and the fullness is again confined at the waist by a wide silk band. The yoke is, of course, long on the shoulders, for no really smart blouse is seen this season without this feature. A muslin dress would make up very prettily in this style, with the skirt slightly gauged round the hips and made with an over-dress or pannier edged with a ruche of silk and falling over a fringe of the muslin. The bodice could also be finished with silk ruches, though, of course, muslin treated in the same way could be substituted, though with not such a good effect.



A CHARMING HAT.

In the charming hat illustrated, the loose strings are of pale pink tulle tied into a careless bow under the chin. The hat is of the variety previously described, with a high crown, and is trimmed by a large cluster of pink and red roses. It is a very becoming style of headgear, and looks equally well seen from the back, where the brim bends down and fits closely to the coiffure. These large cabbage roses are much used on the smartest hats this season, and make a trimming of once pretty and becoming, and quite inexpensive. Sometimes some bows of handsome ribbon of a contrasting colour are intermingled with the flowers, and a soft, faint tone of pale blue looks well interspersed among the pink roses.



A SMART CYCLING COSTUME.



DAINTY LINGERIE IN NAINSOOK.

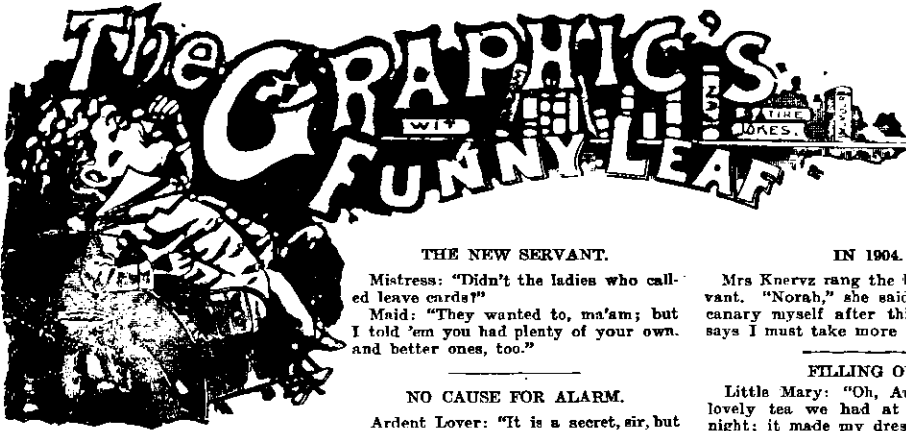
PARIS EXHIBITION, 1900. High est possible award.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S

The ONLY "GRAND PRIX" PENS

Exclusively Awarded for Steel Pens

No. for BANKERS.—Barrel Pens, 225, 226, 282. Slip Pens, 332, 305, 287, 168, 404, 7000. In fine, medium, and broad Points. Turned-up Point, 1032.



A CRUEL BLOW.

"Did she return your affection?"
"Yes; unopened."

AS AN INVESTMENT.

"Yes, he sent her four dollars' worth of violets."
"But can he afford it?"
"Oh, I guess so. She's worth half a million."

A LEGAL LIGHT.

Judge Codex: "Define law, young man."
Mr Blackstone Kent: "It's the last guess of the Court of Appeal, sir!"

ALL THE MORE ANNOYING.

"But his statement about you is a tissue of malicious lies, is it not?"
"No; it's a very substantial combination of malicious lies, with a tissue of malicious truth."

"Doctor," said the patient, after paying his bill, "if there is anything in the theory of the transmigration of souls, you'll be a war horse after death."
"That sounds rather flattering," remarked the doctor.
"Yes; you're such a splendid charger."

GOODNESS.

With deep feeling, the count quoted Kingsley's line:
"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."
Mildred, not doubting that the psychological moment was come, trembled like a startled fawn and cast her eyes shyly down.
"I am good for ten millions in my own right," she faltered.



"I DON'T WANT TO TALK TO YOU, YOUNG MAN!"
The Government of Tibet at Lhasa, has resolutely set its face against meeting the envoys of the British expedition into that country.

THE NEW SERVANT.

Mistress: "Didn't the ladies who called leave cards?"
Maid: "They wanted to, ma'am; but I told 'em you had plenty of your own, and better ones, too."

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

Ardent Lover: "It is a secret, sir, but your daughter is in love with me, and—"
Mr Bonds: "Well, don't let yourself feel any uneasiness, sir. I'm not the fellow to give her away."

A CRUEL ALTERNATIVE.

Downton: "Here comes Binkers. He's got a new baby, and he'll talk us to death."
Upton: "Well, here comes a neighbour of mine who has a new setter dog. Let's introduce them to each other, and leave 'em to their fate."

ALL WRONG.

Nell: "The idea of calling marriage a 'lottery.'"
Belle: "What's the matter with that?"
Nell: "There's a law against using the males for a lottery."

HE WAS A BEAUTY ACTOR.

The Young Man: "Delightful play, wasn't it?"
The Dear Girl: "Yes; but it was horrid of the author to kill that darling hero in the last act."
The Old Man: "Um, when he might have done it in the first."

PROMPTITUDE.

An Irishman who had been out of a job many weeks found in the river that flowed through his town the body of the keeper of the railroad drawbridge. He immediately betook himself to the superintendent of the division and applied for the vacated job, saying that he had seen the body of the former keeper in the river. "Sorry," said the superintendent, briefly; "the place has been filled. We gave it to the man who saw him fall in."

IN 1904.

Mrs Knervz rang the bell for the servant. "Norah," she said, "I'll feed the canary myself after this. The doctor says I must take more exercise."

FELLING OUT.

Little Mary: "Oh, Auntie, it was a lovely tea we had at the party last night; it made my dress fit me beautifully."

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE.

The Big Wife: "He says I am the sovereign of his heart, and yet he is always running after neat, little women."
The Mutual Friend: "Ah, they are his small change, I presume."

WHAT HE LIKED.

The Spoiled Twin (to his mother): I think you might have given the Noah's Ark to me instead of to Lydia.
"Why, what a selfish little boy! Sister hasn't nearly the number of birthday presents you have. Aren't you sorry she hasn't as many as you?"
"Yes—but I like to be sorry!"

INDEFINITE.

"You think Bro'r Jinkins went to glory?"
"Well, it's accordin' to how high the mule kicked him."

DOING WELL WITHOUT IT.

"Have you had brain fag yet?" young Furbish asked the rising author.
"No," replied the latter. "Just at present I don't need the advertising."

SIGNS OF GENIUS.

"I reckon John must have been cut out fer one o' these here geniuses that writes for the magazines," said the old man.
"What makes you think so?"
"Can't make money enough to git his hair cut, an' would rather watch a star than dig a well!"

WATER.

Hicks: He hasn't been in business long, but he seems to be quite at home there.
Wicks: Yes, he takes to stock-jobbing like a duck.
Hicks: You mean "like a duck to water."
Wicks: Yes, but why be tautological?

THE REASON WHY.

"Your little boy is sick this morning," said Mr Naybor, sympathetically.
"Yes," replied Popley, "he was naughty last evening, and I sent him to bed without his supper."
"Ah! and the long fast made him ill!"
"Long fast, nothing! Before he got to sleep his mother and grandmother sneaked a lot of things upstairs and simply stuffed him."



A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE.